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Departure.

—
FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.
—

BEYOND the curtains of the west,
Now crimson as the rose,
The day's bright orb with fiery crest
Withdraws to his repose.

The dreams of youth's sweet yester-year
Fade dimly with the light;
And what my heart once held most dear
Wings forth in silent flight.

Yet e'en as darkness comes apace
In silence o'er the sea,
A new-born splendor leaps in space—
Hope's star of life to be.

Its pensive beauty lends surcease
Unto my heart's despair;
When from on high its beams of peace
Remove the shadows there.

Enlightened South America.

—
JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.
—



EDUCATION, in the broader sense of the word, is largely a matter of environment. Its aim is the development, in due proportion and harmony, of the qualities of mind, body and spirit. Its field is the larger interests of life; its school is the home equally as well as the college; the world outside is its university; its lessons are gleaned from the surroundings and influences of to-day and the mistakes of yesterday. In the more commonly accepted idea of the word, however, education is,

subjectively, the acquisition of knowledge along certain lines of pursuit. The problem of administering this form of education to a nation's children is one of grave importance to governments, influencing, as it does so intimately, the nation's future conduct; and in its solution there is contained a peculiarly significant index to national character.

The history of education in South America is varied and interesting. It possesses a mellow culture which can be met with abroad only in the venerable institutions of learning which Europe has inherited from the Middle Ages. Traditions, hallowed and dignified, cluster around the oldest universities in America, and their influence is seen in the courtly aristocracy that has for generations formed the substantial groundwork of Latin-American civilization. It can not be denied that in the matter of æsthetic culture the Southern peoples are far in advance of our own, but the question of the value of it all arises, and finds its answer, though one must admit it almost regretfully, in the adoption of modern American ideas of practical training in South American schools.

Education on the American continent received its first impetus on Latin-American soil, and was in a flourishing condition long before an English colony was established on our shores. Within thirty years after the discovery of America, a university was established on the island of Santo Domingo by the Dominican monks. It was for several generations a center of learning until, during the wars which devastated the little country in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was sacked and destroyed. Its ruins still stand at the side of the magnificent cathedral of Santo Domingo, a silent monu-

ment to the scholarly zeal of the early missionaries.

Three score and ten years before the landing of the Pilgrims, the Dominican Fathers established the University of San Marco, at Lima, Peru, under a charter from Charles V. of Spain, and while it remained under their direction for nearly three hundred years, it was a world-center of education. It had *facultades* (colleges) of law, philosophy, political science, medicine and theology. Students came from all over the world to attend its sessions. The scientific research work done by students and professors attracted universal attention. Unbiased historians give full credit to the magnificent work of these men, but there is a tendency among the Protestant missionaries who chronicle South American events—and most of the contemporary historical work is done by them—to either discredit their work, or ignore completely the existence of the University.

In recent years, under government régime, the classical program has been extended to include a wider scope of practical subjects. Colleges of engineering and agriculture have been added to meet the demands of industrial growth. Practical laboratory work is now done, and an effort is made to interest the youth of the Peruvian aristocracy in the material progress of the country. There are five other universities in Peru, the most notable being that of Arequipa, the seat of the Peruvian Astronomical Observatory. The records and photographs made by the Arequipa Observatory are valued highly by the various astronomical associations the world over.

Another university which dates back to the sixteenth century is that of Havana. It is the third of the great universities founded by the Dominicans, having been established in 1578. The monks continued in charge of it until the recent establishment of the republic, when their places were taken by secular professors, whose standard of education is, unfortunately, far below that so zealously maintained by the clerical founders.

These three, together with the famous Jesuit university at Cordoba, in the Argentine, now in the hands of the government, stood, for centuries, for the highest and

best ideals of culture and refinement. They represent, of course, only the higher forms of education, and give no clue to the condition of the masses, so important a factor in the social economy of a nation, but they are interesting as representing a peculiar institution of aristocratic culture which endured through centuries of turmoil and bloodshed. Most of all, they stand in sharp contrast to the present-day institutions springing up in South America, which, while apparently tending toward reform, have proven sources of malcontent and disaffection. But to trace logically the causes of this change, it may be well to consider the evolution of elementary education.

The class distinctions of the Old World, brought to America by the first Spanish settlers, made the matter of primary instruction a tangled problem. There was, from the very first, a tendency on the part of the poorer colonists to demand equal recognition with their leaders. The spirit of liberty and equality, which later found voice in our own and in the French revolutions, was for a long time brooding. The vast resources of the newly discovered land intoxicated the adventurous spirits who first explored it, and struggles of class were inevitable. The Spanish monarchs found a temporary compromise in the happily conceived title of *hidalgo* (*hijo de algo*—"son of some one") which they bestowed rather liberally on the newly rich settlers who claimed recognition. But something more than a compromise was demanded.

The educational institutions of the Old World were brought in turn to the New. The families of the aristocracy were educated by private tutors, and parish schools were subsidized by the upper classes for their poorer brethren. Little stress, however, was laid on the importance to the working class of book-knowledge, by either patrons or protégés and, as a consequence, illiteracy was quite common among them. However, the aspirations of the "hidalgo" and adventurer type, while they seldom found expression in a demand for learning, made themselves felt in far-reaching reforms which were bound, sooner or later, to affect the system of education.

Their first direct effect was the overthrow of the whole system. The pirates,

the adventurers and the lawless men who followed the missionaries to South America, had little use for books, unlike their English contemporaries Drake, Morgan and Ralieggh, who represented a polished type of English culture. Their hatred of religion vented itself on the work of its ministers, and with the expulsion of priests and friars, the work of education was undone. Where priests were not expelled the clergy was frequently corrupted—their distance from Rome and the difficulty of communication greatly facilitating this—and a double purpose of anarchy was served.

The result of the lawless rule of South America which prevailed in most parts until the middle of the nineteenth century, may be seen in the statistics of illiteracy of the different countries. Brazil probably offers the most striking case, although several other countries are but little better in this regard. The percentage of illiteracy in Brazil, less than twenty years ago, was no less than eighty per cent, and conditions have not improved much under a system of so-called compulsory education. Uruguay and Argentina are a little better off in this respect. A sense of pride contributed by Spanish influence, which is utterly lacking in Portuguese Brazil, seems to have roused them sooner to the needs of good government. Peru has been able to preserve the high degree of culture brought over by Pizarro and his nobles, but the old distinction of class has caused a certain neglect of popular education.

Mexico has not progressed as much as government reports would lead one to believe. Unadulterated statistics rarely leave Mexico. The report that there are a million students in the various free schools of the Mexican government, is believed, on good authority, to be an exaggeration. There, though not so much as in Brazil, compulsory education is a farce. The system of peonage that grinds down and oppresses the people, and is as bad as any slavery that ever existed, permeates every department of national life, and defeats, even in the populous cities of the coast, the vaunted aims of so-called free instruction.

Central America is as backward in the matter of public instruction as in most other respects. The opportunities for political

plunder and public corruption have attracted the worst elements of Latin Europe, and from such a concourse little good may be expected. Training in oratory and diplomatic craft is sought by *hijos de familia*, but no importance is attached to anything else. Venezuela affords a fair system of free education under secular direction. Columbia is the only country in South America in which public instruction is in the hands of the clergy. In Ecuador the teaching orders have been expelled from the country, and education is at a low ebb. Bolivia and Paraguay are so unimportant in this regard that they need not be considered.

Chile has probably the best system of primary education of any South American country to-day. The Chileans are a progressive people, and have made a good start. They have taken the best from each of the various educational systems of Europe and America, and made a judicious combination on the sound basis of the German "gymnasium." They have not only adopted foreign methods in their schools, but have secured American instructors for both normal and primary school. Chile presents, in this regard, a most hopeful future.

The influences at work on primary education have done more harm in the higher branches, where they have been even more active. It is the spirit of social unrest that has characterized Latin government for hundreds of years, actively since the French revolution, that is mainly responsible for the existing state of affairs, and until this whole system is revised little relief may be expected.

Five open and avowed anarchists are at present members of the faculty of the University of Montevideo. Students must attend their classes and listen to their tirades in the lecture rooms. Many of the professors and instructors are notoriously inefficient. The system of corruption extends, of course, to the text-books used. A single example may prove amusing because of its ridiculous aspect: The Mineralogy text in use at the University of Montevideo was compiled by a number of students from notes taken in class, was never proof-read, and is filled from cover to cover with ludicrous mistakes, yet its use is demanded by the catalogue, and it must be used even by private institutions whose students desire

degrees. No institution other than the national university may confer degrees, and although courses may be pursued in other schools, all examinations are conducted by the university faculty, and on the required texts.

A movement toward reform has recently been undertaken, but its operation is along restricted lines. The university has been reorganized and enlarged. Six new buildings are under course of construction, and several new colleges have been added. Dr. Salmon, formerly of the Agricultural Department at Washington, occupies the newly-created chair of veterinary science which was established in recognition of the vast importance of the stock-raising industry in Uruguay. An agricultural experimental station has been established near Montevideo, and an able German professor placed in charge. A fairly efficient engineering college is also in operation. The increased interest in technical pursuits will not fail to work good to the state, which has untold natural resources, but in the meantime, the importance of good citizenship is neglected.

The harm is done in the college of arts and letters. For a great many professional careers a bachelor-of-arts degree is required before specialization is begun. The classes in history, philosophy, literature and political science, required subjects, are, as a rule, hotbeds of anarchy and immorality. All that has been venerated for ages is exposed to open ridicule, and government, law and order are reviled—and all this in a country which has seen and suffered cruelly the effects of such ideas of liberty; for in eighty odd years of existence, it has witnessed forty-four bloody revolutions.

This is what is meant by that elusive Spanish term "*liberal*," the catch-word of the wily anarchist, the false ideal for which Ferrer recently gave his life in Spain. It has gained a strong hold on popular feeling all over South America, and now that it is announced from the chairs of the universities, a black prospect confronts future governments. It affiliates itself with any particular political party that may prove advantageous, and disseminates its doctrines through popular channels. It seems a shame that such a condition of affairs should exist in countries which have taken

such remarkable strides in material progress in recent years.

What is true of the University of Montevideo, which I have taken as a concrete example, may be said with equal truth of nearly every other university in Latin-America. Brazil has no university; neither has Mexico. However, several colleges supported by the governments in these countries have much the same tendency toward "liberalism." In Chile, tolerance accompanies liberalism, and the Catholic University is empowered to confer degrees. In the Argentine Republic the same abuses prevail, without the saving thoroughness of instruction which characterizes the Uruguayan education.

So far, little has been said regarding private instruction, but a word of special praise should justly be bestowed on the noble men and women who, through the dark ages of anarchy and oppression kept alive the light of learning in South America. From the earliest days colleges have existed, founded by philanthropic aristocrats or zealous missionaries, and their work has been marked by thoroughness and sincerity. They have labored under untold difficulties and have been hindered at every step. Their classical courses have always, in accordance with their lofty æsthetic ideals of culture, been standards of excellence, and what is more remarkable, their courses in mathematics and the sciences have been surprisingly good. Witness to this fact is borne by the excellent records made by their engineering students attending American universities. The impress of their work on moral and mental development of these countries will stand as a noble monument to their efforts.

The convent schools of Spain and Belgium have been transplanted to the sunny Southland, and to their care the daughters of the aristocracy are confided. Their training is mostly in the gentle arts, its purpose being to make them ideal wives and mothers. They become expert linguists and skilled musicians. Courtly manners are taught and practised, supplementing their home training, and the señoritas of to-day are the same as their sisters who graced the court of Isabella.

The American missionary schools, estab-

lished generally in the centers of civilization and culture, rarely in the wilds of the interior, have attained a certain degree of success. The natives, realizing the value of English as a commercial language, send their children to the schools, even at the increased rates of tuition, which are generally two to three times as high as those charged at other private schools. There are a great many institutions that were originally missionary schools, but which, when put on a paying basis financially, were taken over by private corporations and conducted for individual profit. Many of these, however, still continue to receive support from the missionary societies of the United States.

Education in South America has hardly developed in harmony with other lines of progress. In fact, it may still be said to be in a chaotic state which offers but little promise for the future. Particular encouragement is afforded by the growing tendency of progressive Latins to send their sons to Europe and North America to be educated, but the condition of higher instruction at home is discouraging.

The Cost of Living.

When, in 1907, in the face of the greatest material prosperity the United States ever saw, the great industrial and financial panic swept over the country, the most experienced minds were unable wholly to account for it. But to-day, with a crop equally as large as in 1907 just harvested, with money reasonably plentiful and facilities for distribution equally as adequate, the universal prevalence of exorbitant prices for the necessities of life presents an even more intricate economic problem for solution, and one which, despite the various and authoritative opinions submitted, has not as yet been satisfactorily solved. Apropos of the current agitation of the laboring classes against these excessive rates, it is significant to note that upon the success or failure of their "starvation strike" to lower prices will be made evident one of two conditions: either that the present extravagant and wasteful standard of living has created a demand really exceeding the supply, thus

naturally forcing prices up, in which case they will as naturally fall as the demand decreases, or that economic conditions are now such as to enable the supply to be so monopolized as to put it, temporarily at least, under the control of the monopolist, in which case prices will be immense from the balancing force of supply and demand, and regulated wholly at the pleasure of the monopolist. The fact, however, that the great financiers and business men, various state legislatures and Congress are respectively starting investigations of the matter seems to relieve it of any political scheming or monopolistic exploitation. Whatever the outcome as to the matter of prices, it will be the means of much-needed publicity which, in turn, will interest the people in general in the great social and economic problems of the age.

Among the many reasons given as the cause of this unprecedented fluctuation of prices are found: too high standard of living; ignorance of domestic economy; the new tariff laws; too little intensive farming; Federal taxation for naval purposes; monopolistic exploitation, and an over production of the supply of gold. Without denying the possible and probable accidental effect of the others, it would seem that the last cited is the most radical and fundamental. To quote President W. C. Brown, of the New York *Central*:

"Economists agree that there is a direct relation between the quantity of metal that is the basis of value and the general industrial condition; that, as the basic metal increases in quantity—and as a consequence decreases in purchasing power—the value, the price of everything measured by and paid for with that metal, is invariably enhanced in value."... That is, "as it accumulates it takes more gold to buy a bushel of wheat, a suit of clothes, a pound of beefsteak, a sack of flour or any of the other necessities of life.

"For this reason the pay of labor has steadily advanced and must continue to advance in some fair ratio with the increase in the cost of the things that labor must buy. To put it in another way, wages must go up in about the same proportion as the purchasing power of the money the laborer earns goes down."

C. C. M.

Varsity Verse.

SOCIALISTIC TENDENCIES.

I DREAMED I saw our wondrous land
 Bedecked with beauties rare.
 Within I saw the countless poor;
 And all the Trusts were there.
 Each poor man handed to the Trusts
 The money paid to him;
 The corporations danced about
 And sang with mighty vim,
 Yank the boodle, grab and run;
 Slip one on the millions.
 Ring the crowd, and get the "mon,"
 And fill your purse with billions.

I woke and saw the self-same poor
 And rich within our nation.
 The poor still gave their hard-earned pay
 To trust and corporation.
 The rich men, though, danced privately,
 And no poor men were near them;
 They sang with zest their same old song,
 But sang where none could hear them.

Yank the boodle, grab and run;
 Slip one on the millions.
 Ring the crowd, and get the "mon,"
 And fill your purse with billions.

G. J. F.

THE WISEACRE.

I have met some queer old fellows,
 Some Sir Tobys some Othellos,
 But the queerest is the foxy one who plays the silent
 game;
 'Tis the fellow with pretensions,
 What they are he never mentions,
 But he always tries to show you that he's some-
 thin' just the same.

You can talk metempsychosis,
 And he'll take it in by d ses
 With an air of higher wisdom that'll make you feel
 quite small,
 Till you'd swear if any college
 Spouted half a ton of knowledge
 That it wouldn't please his majesty in any way at all.

Talk on railroad regulation,
 Tariff problems, irrigation,
 And the number of vibrations in the song of yonder
 bird,
 And you'll end your talk by yearning
 For just half of his wide learning,
 Tho' he's just been looking wise and hasn't said a
 single word.

Be you sage or be you scholar,
 You can bet your bottom dollar
 That there's "hoss sense" in the nonsense that this
 little verse implies,
 For a foxy ignoramus
 May sometimes become quite famous
 Just by shutting up his mouthpiece and by only
 looking wise.

T. A. L.

Breaking the Camel's Back.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.

Duckville College has never occupied a prominent place on any football map of the United States. Duckville adherents will tell you that this is an oversight, or, more truly, a "rotten deal," and that their *Alma Mater* is there with the bells on from the blow of the whistle. She has her sacred traditions of famous teams and renowned players, the same zeal for victory and wild joy therein which the big universities boast. Moreover, she possesses what is really the prime requisite for any school to maintain its athletic character. This is an ancient and honorable rival, Squabtown Academy of Liberal Arts by name, situated about twenty miles away in the next county. Every recurring Turkey day witnessed this rivalry renewed. It was *the red-letter day* on the calendar of sports for both institutions. Both prepared for the struggle several weeks in advance and were usually longer than that getting over it. Of course, it behooved rooters to be there strong with the sinews of war in order to support *Alma Mater* with wagers, and this brings us to our story.

Thomas Theodore Bare, commonly known as "Teddy," was a Duckville Freshman. It must be admitted that when "Teddy" first came to college, some two months before, he had been remarkable only for his negative qualities—seediness and gullibility principally. But a few weeks among his new associations brought about a vast difference in Teddy's view of things. Being by nature a gregarious sort of individual, agreeable to his friends, he soon had a bunch of them. Besides, he always had enough money to keep things going pretty well, and this is ordinarily a quality which makes the matter of keeping one's friends an easy problem.

Teddy, nevertheless, found himself "broke" for once. The big game was but a week distant. He had a reputation to preserve. Matters had come to a crisis with him, and a way had to be found to meet it. So seriously, indeed, did his predicament become, that he missed all his afternoon classes one day trying to think of an expedient. Such perseverance as this always has its reward,

and Teddy got his in the shape of an idea, which he immediately put into effect by jumping from his chair, giving a couple of whoops and starting for the nearest telegraph office. This is the effort which he composed after much painful deliberation:

"MR. SILAS BARE,

Three Corners, Indiana:

"Lost my clothes while rescuing child from a burning building. Please remit.

THEODORE."

The result showed that Theodore had not spent two months as a Freshman at Duckville College in vain. Next day as he was vainly searching his pockets for wherewithal with which to continue in a little tilt at poker, a messenger boy handed him a special delivery envelope. Having examined the contents, Teddy looked up with a pleased expression on his face. "Boys," he announced, "the game may continue merrily. My dear old gov. has come across." All of which merely goes to show that Teddy was indeed learning. The last sentence in his father's letter, which read, "I enclose a bonus of twenty-five dollars as a personal appreciation of your noble conduct," was convincing proof of that fact.

But to revert to that game. On Thursday, Nov. 24, some two hundred joyous youths, sporting Duckville insignia at every possible point of their anatomies, boarded a "special" for Squabtown, with the intent to watch the spectacle of their team burying the ignominious enemy in ten feet of earth. No one knew much about the relative strength of the teams. True, there was a quiet sort of suspicion that Squabtown had been lying low for the crucial struggle, but this fact did not deter Duckville's betting fraternity. There was not a real sport in the entire school who would have considered himself a representative man had he not put up every available cent at his command on the fortunes of Duckville's gridiron warriors. This was the state of things with a large proportion of the contingent that went down to see the game, Teddy Bare included, as a matter of course. Teddy, with a number of his close friends, stood to double his wad or ride the rods back home on the result of the game. Wherefore, it would seem that there was a large element of

personal interest in every yell generated by their lusty throats.

It isn't necessary to recount all the details of that game. It's all Duckville history now, and folks say they've still got the date recorded in the gym. with a big fresco of funereal crape around it. Well may it be true! There never was such a slaughter since the time when Gulliver got vexed at some of his Lilliputian friends. The first half ended with a score of thirty-seven to nothing, or thereabouts, in favor of the hated rival. It was too much for Teddy and his bunch. Reaching in their pockets to make sure that the few remaining dimes were safe, they broke loose to seek good cheer.

"The next time," said Teddy "that I save an innocent child from a horrible death for the fun of betting on a bunch of swaddling infants like that Duckville team, my name is mud."

"Etcetera here," returned "Snipe" Sexman. "Me for some Lethe water—oblivion, desuetude, coma, anything to escape from the thought of utter financial ruin."

"Correct spirit," agreed "Buts" Framer. "I never saw such dubs in my life."

"How the deuce are we going to recoup?" asked Teddy. "I'll be blamed if I'm enthusiastic about drilling twenty miles in Thanksgiving weather."

"You've got me," replied "Snipe." "Can't you suggest something? Too bad "Consty" quit this bunch. His mathematical brain would surely get us out some way."

For several minutes they considered the matter in silence. Finally Framer held up a hand.

"Boys," he announced, "I have it. A telegram. Teddy's the boy to do it. His old man falls like a dead duck to everything he springs on him. Are you on?"

"On?" shouted Teddy. "Buts, you're a genius in her wedding clothes. Show me a telegraph dispensary."

In a short time Teddy, with the aid of his friends, composed the following tribute to his father's intelligence:

"MR. SILAS BARE,

Three Corners, Indiana.

"My suit case containing money stolen by Squabtown ruffians. Another chance for you to make good. Wire money. Am waiting.

THEODORE."

"There, boys," cried Teddy triumphantly, "that ought to fetch him."

"It sure should," agreed the others. "You've certainly got a 'bean' on you for thinking up lies."

It did "fetch" him. In a couple of hours the answer came:

"MR. THEODORE BARE,
Squabtown, Indiana.

"Work yourself for once instead of the old man. Walk.

SILAS BARE."

Teddy walked.

Bill Devers, Detective.

PAUL K. BARSALOUX, '11.

"I guess I will have to give up this idea of running an agency of my own. No one ever comes to a private detective like me, without a 'rep' and with very few friends. Guess I will try for a job with the city force, and after I have shown the people what I really can do, I will start again, and, I hope, with better success."

Such were the thoughts of Bill Devers, a six-foot giant with an idea that he was a great detective. The fact of the matter was that Bill was something of a detective, but not quite so great as he thought. He had come down to his office every day for the last week, and had simply sat there all day with not even a visitor or a telephone call. This particular Saturday afternoon, just after he had come from lunch, the telephone bell rang viciously. Bill was "on the job" immediately.

"Hello! Is this Bill Dever's office?"

"Yes: what can I do for you?"

"This is Bob. I have a case for you. Come over to the house immediately and I will explain to you."

Bill was elated, needless to say, and hurried over to his friend's house. He did not want to appear too excited as Bob might suspect that this was his first case; so upon entering the house he had all the earmarks of a Sherlock Holmes. He hoped Bob had something difficult because he was sure he could solve any mystery now after his long seige of inactivity.

The mystery to be solved as related by Bob was: "Last night about a quarter

to twelve, I heard a noise in my library. I was upstairs in my room at the time, having just returned from the club and did not pay much attention to it at first—thought it was the wind rattling the windows. But soon I became alarmed, for I heard some one walk across the floor. I decided to investigate, but the intruder evidently heard me coming downstairs, for just as I had reached the bottom landing, I heard a window raised and then a dull thud as some one struck the ground. I reached over to the open window and looked in all directions, but could see no one. Being satisfied that the burglar had departed, I began to look around and see how much damage he had done. The first thing that struck my gaze was a gold-headed cane lying on the floor near my safe and beside it a pair of gloves. The cane bore the initials 'C. R.' Evidently, the burglar was after money because you can see the marks on the safe where he had started to bore a hole. That was most likely the noise I heard. Beyond that, I know nothing. Do you think you can handle it, Bill?"

Bill was rather disappointed at this seemingly easy case, but nevertheless, it was his first one so he determined to start hustling. He looked for more clues around the room but could find none.

"Let's take a look at the ground outside under the window. Maybe he dropped a card or some other identifying mark in his hurried flight."

A search of several minutes revealed nothing until Bill's practiced eye discovered a shining object out near the fence in the front yard. Upon investigation, it proved to be a solid silver fork which was exactly like the set Bob had in the house. He rushed back to the dining-room, and much to his consternation discovered that all the silverware was gone together with some gold and silver utensils which adorned the sideboard and buffet.

"I guess that is about all we can learn here Bob, so I will go back to the office and plan my campaign. I will have the culprit in twenty-four hours."

Arriving at the office, he examined the cane very carefully and discovered that the owner was a cripple because the handle had been worn down quite a bit, as had also

the lower end showing heavy pressure on the cane. From these facts and the length of the cane, he decided that the gentleman he was after was tall and heavy. Next he examined the gloves and found the palm of the right one to be worn more than the other. This proved that the cane was carried in the right hand, so evidently the right leg was injured in some way.

Now, the task was to find the owner of these articles. This was easy, he thought. He went to the nearest drug store and consulted a city directory and jotted down the address of every person whose name had the initials of "C. R." "My! What a lot of them," he said to himself. "The only thing to do, I suppose, is to call on every one of these persons till I strike the right one."

He started out immediately, but by evening had met with no success, and was beginning to think he had quite a job after all. Still he was not going to give up now after going so far, so the next morning he started out again and towards noon, after having visited every house but ten, he rang the bell of the eighty-seventh house whose owner had the initials "C. R." By this time he had seen a good many different men and had about decided upon what sort of man to expect in the real Mr. C. R.

The door was opened by the butler who ushered "Bill" into the parlor. After waiting a few moments he heard some one coming downstairs. By the sound Bill immediately deducted that he had found his man, for he was a cripple and was using a cane. He held the gloves and gold-headed cane behind his back.

When Mr. C. R. entered the parlor Bill was more convinced than ever that this was the right person. He did not know just how to explain his presence there, but managed to talk about the weather for an introduction, and when he found he had exhausted his supply of topics he blurted out the charge of larceny. Mr. C. R. was dumfounded, and was about to call the butler to eject him forcibly, but before he had time to do this he was confronted with a gold-headed cane and a pair of gloves.

"Did you ever see these before?" asked Bill.

Mr. C. R. scrutinized them and answered:

"They were stolen from my house last week."

"That's a likely story," replied Bill. "Tell that to the police magistrate. These articles were found in the residence of Bob Hunter the night before last, and I have traced you by means of these initials," pointing to the head of the cane. "And now that you have admitted that they belong to you, you had better come along."

"My name is Charles Randolph," young man, President of the First National Bank here in town. You call up Mr. Bob Hunter and ask him if he wishes to prefer charges against me."

Bill nearly collapsed. How foolish he had been not to get the names as well as the addresses from the directory. His eagerness to trace the robber had caused him to pass the most obvious circumstances. The idea entered his head that the old gentleman might be a kleptomaniac, but there was nothing for him to do for the moment but to call up his friend.

Bob told him to apologize to the old gentleman and take his departure as gracefully as he could, and then come down to his office. This he did, awkwardly and confusedly, of course, and when he arrived at the office Bob was waiting for him.

"You old bone-head," he began, "you did first-rate on that little job, but you can see that you will never make a detective, as I have always told you. That was just a put-up job on you. If you had been any kind of a detective at all, you could have seen at a glance that a man could not possibly have jumped out of that window; it has bars on it, but you didn't notice that when you were here first. If you had, you would have saved yourself a lot of trouble. Mr. Randolph is a personal friend of mine, and I used his case in particular just to try you out still more. A good detective never would have accused the President of a bank of such a thing, and besides, you could have seen, he is a man who can hardly get around by himself.

"I still have that excellent position in my office open for you any time you are ready to accept it. Take my advice, boy, and get out of the detective business."

Bill did not know what to say, whether to be angry with Bob or to thank him. He finally decided to take his advice and accept the position offered, and in a few years, found he had made a wise move.

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—There is a firm whose name we withhold in order not to share in the guilt of advertising it, that is sending the following on postal cards through Cold-Storage out the country:

Oratory. "To THE PUBLIC:—We are still in the business of furnishing outlines and material for orations, debates, essays, theses, lectures, political speeches, etc. We also write the complete article if the customer desires. If you are in need of anything in our line, address——"

This is morality with a meat axe. A student will have his debate, thesis or essay thought out, arranged, corrected and composed if he is lazy enough or dishonest enough to pay for the cold-storage product of this enterprising firm that solicits trade on a postal card. One hears of castor oil done up in capsules and given to infants, but it is left for the unknown of the postal card to furnish oratory and high thinking done up in sardine boxes. Unknown of the postal card, you are a bit hazy on morals and manners. Of Notre Dame one need only remind you that out of sixteen intercollegiate debates against Eastern and Western universities, fifteen have been won by this university. In view of this,—if the larger consideration of morality does not appeal

to you,—is it possible we would patronize your refrigerator product when we have men here who can furnish it at first cost from the hot furnace of the brain? Your stuff, measured by the yardstick, will never win a debate, will never win a prize, will never win honor. It is founded on a lie. It is bad morality. It teaches young men to be liars and cheats. It cultivates laziness and low cunning. Get into a legitimate business and permit young America to think high thought honestly and alone. Put your packed oratory where we have put your postal card—in the ash bin.

—Perhaps it would not be too much to say that the average student underrates the practical value of attention during class hours. The term "plugger" used in the ordinary sense of **Class Room.** a hard worker is usually associated with long hours of study at the desk or in the room; seldom is it referred to in connection with diligence and attention in class. Yet if one looks at the problem of student life in a practical way he will find that conduct in the class room plays a large part in successful scholarship. Study by oneself is the prime necessity of course, but class periods were not adopted for the mere purposes of recitation. If such were the case, machines might possibly serve the purpose required, something on the order of "put your nickle in the slot" perhaps. The teacher is something more than a mere question machine. He is there to explain difficulties, to give suggestions, to remove doubts. Backed by his research work along particular lines and by that wider experience which he has necessarily acquired in fitting himself for his position, the teacher is able to give the student much assistance of a practical nature, knowledge which he could not obtain by mere personal application alone. All this is to be obtained in every well-ordered class room, and yet how often do we dream away those golden opportunities? Yet the laggard will continue to idle his time away during recitation periods, not knowing that intelligent attention in the class room lessens almost by half the labor of private study; that even a moderate amount of application during both periods is far better than the utter neglect of one and the heroic "plugging" at the other.

—The boycott against the use of meat, which has spread itself over the whole country in the last few weeks, has been the occasion for much comment, and High Prices. has called forth a number of theories as to the real cause of the present high prices. Accurate information is hard to obtain, as there are no official statistics for consumption and prices during the past two years. However, no one doubts that the level of existing prices is far above the normal, and above the average for recent years. There are so many interests which are closely connected with value and price it is hard to assign the real cause for the rise, but there are certain factors that must be considered as having a more intimate relation with the subject than others. The power of the monopoly in fixing price can not be denied; its only restriction is the absolute inability of the consumer to pay the price asked. If sales diminish to such a point that this maximum profit may be secured by a greater number of sales at a lower price, then, and only then, unless competition or governmental regulation steps in, will the price be lowered. The standard of living of the American people has been raised to a considerable extent in the past ten years. Prosperity and continued employment have had much to do with this. As long as this higher standard of living exists, and as long as the monopolies have a certain margin of luxuries to operate on, the price for necessaries will not drop. The fault is hard to trace, but it seems probable that effective governmental regulation of monopoly profits, and a radical change in the present falsely maintained social standard would cause a lowering of prices without considerably affecting the wages or the money market.

—One of the sources from which the college man derives the most practical advantages is the Literary Society. Of all college activities its benefits are Literary Societies. perhaps the most far-reaching. The ability to present one's views in plain, forcible language, is a very valuable, if not an essential, asset of the American citizen. The acquiring of a lot of facts and knowledge is of comparatively little advantage to one who has not culti-

vated or developed the power to present them to the public. Men of thought wield a vast influence in the nation; men of thought and speech wield a vaster influence. Those who are preparing to take sides in the great political or social questions of the day, should fit themselves to defend their side in speeches. Notre Dame has a singular record of successes to look back upon in the matter of public speaking. These successes can be traced, in no small measure, to the activities of her various literary societies. The men who took an active interest in them are the men who in after life succeeded as speakers. In these weekly meetings, the earnest student received the experience and training which enabled him to win great contests. Literary societies are well worth the best time and attention of the serious student.

—Opportunities present themselves from time to time for manifestations of inter-hall feeling in the matter of debating and oratory, as well as in athletic Good-Natured contests of various kinds. In Rivalry. the past, these contests have generally been marked by a due sense of appreciation and respect for the prowess and abilities of opponents, and a great deal of harmony and good feeling has always prevailed. Misunderstandings, however, sometimes arise in the most unlooked-for ways, and this is especially true where the fire and energy of youth are concerned; and where no precaution is taken, considerable dissatisfaction and annoyance are apt to result in the heat of rivalry. We should not wait for situations of this kind to take place before exchanging sentiments of good will and fellowship. The time to cultivate habits of courtesy towards one another is in the class-room or on the campus. There is courtesy which we owe to one another as well as to *Alma Mater*; a courtesy which refrains from bitter criticism of any sort, and which, if it has no good word to say, has at least the good grace to say the word that condemns with dignity and calm. This is a part of our education which must be acquired for the most part independently of books and the daily routine of class work.

Father General's Feast-Day.

The Feast-day of Very Reverend Gilbert Français, C. S. C., Superior-General, was celebrated on Thursday, Feb. 3. The anniversary of Father General's feast falls on Feb. 4, but for important reasons he was entertained this year on Thursday. The services were fittingly begun with Solemn High Mass, Father General acting as celebrant. Father French acted as deacon and Father Carrico as subdeacon. At noon the usual sumptuous feast-day dinner was served. Contrary to custom, the address of congratulation was delivered before the banquet. Mr. M. Moriarty, '10, speaking for the students, gave voice to their sentiments in the following words:

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL:—There is, perhaps, no phase of college life that appeals more strongly to the average student than the occasional holiday. Though some look upon this anticipation as a weakness, the student body would still deem it proper to keep certain days, even if the anticipation never became a reality. To this class, Very Reverend Father, the feast-day which we celebrate to-day and which has been, but recently, afforded a calendar distinction in our scholastic year, rightly belongs.

As you remarked last year, when addressing the student body, we but honor ourselves in giving public expression to the kindly sentiments which go to commemorate such a feast-day. It is no less true, however, that there is another motive in view—an opportunity to pay respect to one whom we regard with the highest esteem. We have every reason for believing that your intimate association with Notre Dame activities makes you one with us; we like to feel that you derive real enjoyment from your association with those activities. Above all, we want you to feel that your presence with us to-day is an inspiration, for the sentiments which have prompted this celebration in your honor spring from the recognition of that genuine priestly character, that saintly religious fervor, that unflinching charity, that unswerving loyalty to whatever is good and true; in a word, from the recognition of all those virtues and noble qualities that we find mirrored in your life.

We have satisfied our personal feelings when we tender you our heartfelt thanks for the countless incentives to right conduct which your priestly life has afforded us, together with our heartiest congratulations upon this recurrence of your feast-day. With all the earnest sincerity of the true Notre Dame spirit, we pray that the Almighty Father may spare you to continue your work for many years to come; and that we students, benefitting by the fruits of your instruction and counsel, may ever foster the lofty ideals that we have learned therefrom.

At the conclusion of Mr. Moriarty's remarks, the Very Reverend Father General, in an equally earnest manner replied as follows:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Let me thank you very sincerely for the gracious words you have just addressed to me. These words are the expression of souls that are new, fresh, and ardent; and, like everything coming from such sources, are both gratifying and touching. I know your sentiments with regard to me; you should know mine with regard to you. There is one thing which I feel impelled to tell you over and over again, because I see it more and more clearly day by day: it is that you belong to a very great country, one of which you are quite justly proud, for she is called to play a striking, not to say, a preponderating, rôle in the sphere of world politics. Such a country needs young men of exceptional calibre, fit to understand, to love, and to aid in accomplishing her magnificent destiny. Accordingly, my best wish for all of you is that you may acquire both that strength of character which makes true men and those earnest convictions which make strong character; and that side by side with your love of the future and of progress, you cultivate that profound respect for the past and its traditions which is the gracious fruit of genuine convictions and real strength.

Personals.

—Adolfo Duarte, student of engineering 1906-9, and Raymond Dougherty, student 1906-8, are employed in the testing department of the Automatic Electric Co., Chicago.

—Thomas J. Welch, Law '05, is of the firm of Anderson, Andrews and Welch, Odd Fellows' Block, Kewanee, Illinois. Tom is successful in the practice of his profession. We hope to see him at the Alumni reunion in June.

—C. C. Fitzgerald (C. E., 1894) writes from Havana, Cuba, in terms of wild enthusiasm over the football season. Chris hopes to be gathered in with the boys at Alumni meeting in June. His address is "Zulueta 46, Havana, Cuba."

—Frank J. Dannemiller (Com'l '06), in sending his check for renewal of the SCHOLASTIC, writes:

DEAR SIR:—It seems like old times to get news of *Alma Mater* each week. It has been almost four years since I left Notre Dame but I will never lose "the Notre Dame spirit."

Frank is the right kind. His "Notre Dame spirit" is the right spirit. May it keep growing!

Book Notices.

SO AS BY FIRE. Jean Connor. Benziger. 1.25.

In this book Jean Connor gives to the public a rather remarkable Catholic novel. It meets the demand of a cultured class of readers, who look for good literary style, exalted sentiment and interesting plot. It has all three in abundance. The style is excellent, full of splendid descriptions and poetic expression. The sentiment is noble, carrying throughout a robust religious strain. The plot is clever.

THE UNBIDDEN Guest. By Frances Cooke. Benziger Bros.

An interesting piece of fiction is "The Unbidden Guest" by Frances Cooke. It is a story of feminine virtue and patience, opposed by the cold-heartedness and even cruelty of two men. The story is told in extremely simple and unadorned language. Then narrative is perhaps too strictly adhered to. The plot is exceedingly simple, and this notable absence of intricacies would seem to place the work in the realm of Juvenile reading. The events, however, are well chained together, so as to maintain an interest throughout. In "The Unbidden Guest" story-readers will find wholesome as well as entertaining reading.

SEVEN LITTLE MARSHALLS. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Benziger Bros.

This is a children's story of a very wholesome kind. The atmosphere is thoroughly Catholic and the story is interesting throughout. The make-up of the book is attractive and neat.

ROUND THE WORLD SERIES. Vol. VII. Benziger Bros. 1.00

The book contains a series of essays on a variety of subjects. Its chief fault is over-condensation. The topics treated are such as would interest to the average reader, and the literary style is graceful and pleasing. On the whole, the volume is worthy of much commendation.

DIVISION AND REUNION (1829-1909). Wilson. Epochs of American History Series. Edited by Albert Bushnel Hart. Longmans, Green and Co., 12mo cloth 1.25.

The matter embraced within this little volume covers the most critical period of

American history. No attempt is made at an exhaustive treatment, but select and extensive bibliographies precede each chapter, making it especially valuable as a reference book for the student. It is especially free from political bias or sectional partiality and is written in an entertaining style. Every student of American History would profit by reading it.

Safety Valve.

The stars were abroad upon the blue dome and the silver moon played hide-and-seek among the drifting clouds. Two grey steeds hitched to a bob-sled stood statue-like against the horizon. In the distance seven wise men loomed up from nowhere and were going "nowhere." Stealthily they bobbed into the bob and bobbed west and then north to a little red schoolhouse that stood solitary in the wilderness. And they sang, as did also the sopranos:

Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way, etc.

They danced far into the night and had,
O such a lovely time!

Merely as an afterthought: Several well-known and popular society people owing to the present high cost of living have given up their rooms and are now residing in Brownson Hall.

*
* *

Special announcement: Mr. John O'Hara has positively made his last trip to Indianapolis in the interests of high oratory. From all accounts John has made an impression.

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* *

A number of our boys have moved to Brownson to prepare for the mid-winter examinations. Lots of pep, boys!

*
* *

Dr. Vera, for want of something better to do, is holding hypnotic seances in the basement of Sorin Hall. If the Doctor can hypnotize a few dear friends we know into a lasting passion for study, for ourself we say to the Doctor—*Credo*.

*
* *

Puzzle: When is a Corbyite not a Corbyite? When he's in Brownson.

Local Items.

—The Forty Hours' Devotion will begin tomorrow at 8 o'clock with Solemn High Mass.

—An enthusiastic contingent of local Knights of Columbus will attend the initiation at Niles to-morrow.

—As we go to press word comes that Francis Wenninger secured second place in the State Oratorical Contest.

—Political Science III. (Money, Credit and Banking), VIII. (Sociology) and Irish History will be taken up Monday, Feb. 7, at hours specified on bulletin board.

—The Sophomore Class, which last year immortalized St. Patrick's Day by holding a banquet thereon, met during the week and decided that the memories of March 17th should be still further perpetuated this year.

—The Walsh Hall Social and Literary Club held its regular bi-monthly meeting in the assembly room Sunday evening. The initiation of a new member into the club proved to be the most interesting part of the programme. Mr. Couttelene gave several exhibitions in mental telepathy.

—The question for the intercollegiate debate with Bucknell University is: "Resolved, That Federal legislation should be enacted establishing a central bank in the United States." The debate will probably take place on April 29. The first preliminaries will be held on February 19. Twenty contestants have entered to try for places on the team.

—The daily attendance in the apparatus room of the gymnasium has greatly increased since Knights of Columbus applications have been signed. We are unaware that the two events have any special connection, but the fact remains that nearly all the new men who are training are candidates for initiation in the near future into the proposed Notre Dame Council of the Knights.

—Professor Edwards has secured another valuable addition to the art collection. It is a picture of the monument to the Polish hero Pulaski, which is in course of erection by the United States government to commemorate his services to our republic. Above the picture is a fac-simile of the pen used by President Roosevelt in signing the appro-

priation for the \$50,000 for its construction, and on either side are the pictures of President Roosevelt and Mr. Brick, late Congressman for this district. The relic will soon adorn a place in the Polish gallery.

—Prof. Vera of Sorin has devoted considerable time during the past week elucidating the mysteries of hypnotic influence to large and interested audiences. The professor's demonstrations were quite successful, and the number of his observers who believe in his powers is just about equal to the class which would expect to find Captain Kidd's treasure by digging under the watchman's lodge.

—Resolved: "That a commissioner be appointed by the Governor to control public utilities," was the question debated by the Freshman lawyers, at a meeting of the Parliamentary Law class, Monday. Messrs. Parish and J. Daly supported the affirmative side of the question. The negative was championed by Messrs. Cox and Cunning. The affirmative won by a unanimous decision of the judges. After the debate a general discussion was held. It may be remarked that the gentlemen who upheld the affirmative side in the general discussion were not so successful as their colleagues in the debate.

—The wise ones who were lucky enough to get a hint and attended the minstrels last Sunday night are still wearing a smile. For the benefit of less fortunate brethren we will say the performance was under the auspices of the St. Joseph Literary Society. The burnt cork artists were Messrs. Brady, Smith, Foley and Howard. The regular program contained some fine selections, including a talk on Wireless Telegraphy by W. Finnegan; "King Robert of Sicily," by J. McLaughlin, perhaps the best recitation of the year, a selection from Whitcomb Riley by J. Costello, and some original verses by John O'Connell. The meeting was concluded with some timely remarks by the worthy director.

—About three weeks ago the Parliamentary Law class was formed into a national independent party composed of delegations from the states of New York, Ohio, South Dakota, California and Alabama, each representing the various sections of the country in which they are situated. Mr. Hines was chosen permanent chairman, Mr. Curran secretary, J. Foley of New York, reading

clerk, and Messrs. Brooks and Howard tellers. The chairman then appointed the chairmen of the various states as committee on resolutions, and these gentlemen drew up a platform which is now in process of acceptance. The platform is modelled after the national platforms, and was devised mainly through the efforts of Allan Heiser, chairman of the resolution committee.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting Jan. 30. The program consisted of recitations, addresses and an impromptu debate. C. Lahey recited "A Psalm of Life" and P. O'Brien, "Tears, Idle Tears," G. Marcille spoke on "Henry Clay," and P. Meersman on "Grover Cleveland." R. Clark read "Thonatopsis" and J. Hinde, "Maud Muller." P. Byrne gave criticisms of "A Child of Mary" and "Fairy Gold" and J. Carolan, of "The Coin of Sacrifice." The debate was on Chinese immigration into the United States. Messrs. Devitt, Brengartner and Fischer were the affirmative speakers; Messrs. Scott, Jennings and Kiley, the negative. After an interesting discussion, the decision was given to the affirmative. At the next meeting new officers will be elected for a term of four months.

—A Notre Dame team, be it athletic or otherwise, never returns from a trip without an enthusiastic report from the members of the treatment which they have been accorded by the Knights of Columbus in the cities in which they have stopped. Perhaps no more glowing tributes were ever paid to any council, as a whole, or to its officers, than those voiced by the basket-ball men after the reception which they received at the hands of the members of the Terre Haute Council. The Rose Poly game was played at the K. C. Hall, and the Gold and Blue team was given the undivided support of the K. Cs. After the contest the team was entertained at the club house, and the following day State Deputy Charles R. Duffin and Lecturer Thomas F. O'Mara sacrificed the entire afternoon for the boys' benefit, taking them on a trip to St. Mary's of the Woods, where every attention was shown by the Sisters in charge, and a really enjoyable time was had. The men can not speak too highly in praise of Terre Haute Council.

—The Corby Choral Club, envious perhaps

of the notoriety given in these columns to the Sorin Literary Society, has, through its secretary, submitted the following account of a recent social reunion: The Corby Chorals had a most delightful session in the star chamber last Wednesday night. A pseudo-minstrel show was presented by a few of the dramatically inclined members, and the performance was highly creditable to the participants. Ed O'Herron made a successful interlocutor, and the manner in which he dealt out the mirth-provoking chestnuts won many rounds of applause. Messrs. Luder and Bruce handled the bones, and returned O'Herron's sallies in the most approved style. Martin Heyl and Diebold as end men were easily the star songsters; the ease with which they took the high notes was marvellous. The other performers were equally good in their respective parts. Contrary to an opinion rather freely expressed in the SCHOLASTIC columns, a small portion of the talent that is really worth while seems to be found in Corby Hall.

Athletic Notes.

BASKET-BALL.

Notre Dame, 21; Michigan Aggies, 28.

In a rough and tumble battle with the "Aggies" Notre Dame dropped the first game of the season. Both teams fought desperately and fouls were frequent on both sides, although Notre Dame suffered most in this respect.

The score stood 12-12 at the end of the first half and chances for victory looked good. But in the second round poor team work and frequent fouls began to count against us. The visitors slowly forged ahead and the lead once obtained was held until the end. We were greatly handicapped by the absence of Maloney, and had he been in the game we would undoubtedly have won. However, considering the fact that our quintet included three new men and that the team had not worked together before we made a good showing. Fish played a splendid game from start to finish while Freeze spoiled numerous attempts of the Aggies to get near the net. For the Farmers, Bouch was easily the star, bagging 18 of their 28 points. In the last half McNichols

suffered a badly sprained ankle, and as a result will probably be laid up for the rest of the season.

Line-Up		M. A. C.
Notre Dame		
Burke, McNichols, Mathis	R. F.	Busch
Fish	L. F.	Barnett
Finnegan, Burke	C.	Campbell
Freeze	L. G.	Duthie
Ulatowski	R. G.	Chamberlain

Goals—Burke, Fish, 3; Finnegan, 4; Busch, 3; Barnett, 3; Campbell, 2. Free throws—Fish, 3; McNichols, 2; Busch, 12. Referee—Williams, Time of halves—20 minutes.

The old spirit which has won so many games for Notre Dame was not lacking on the first trip of the basket-ball quintet. Captain Freeze was the only regular man in condition when the team left on Monday, and while Notre Dame never anticipates defeat it was hardly expected that such a whirlwind showing would be made as that which the papers report in the Rose Poly game. Maloney was a complete puzzle to the downstaters and the other men played faultlessly. In one of the most spectacular games ever seen on the Wabash floor, the Little Giants succeeded in winning over the Gold and Blue Tuesday evening by the narrow margin of two points. Captain Freeze, Fish and Maloney are reported as having played remarkably well. To anyone who has seen Ulatowski, Finnegan, Burke or Matthews in action, it goes without saying that these men gave everything they had. In view of the battered condition of the men, the showing made against Wabash should be a source of gratification. Until a few minutes before the close, the score was tied. Following are the summaries:

Notre Dame (33).		Rose Poly, (15).
Maloney	Forward	Webster (Capt.)
Fish, Burke	Forward	Wente.
Finnegan	Center	Hoffner.
Freeze (Capt.)	Guard	Standau.
Ulatowski,		
Matthews	Guard	Rohn, Offut.

Field goals—Maloney, 5; Burke, 4; Fish, 2; Finnegan, 3; Ulatowski, Webster, Wente, Rohn, Standau. Fouls—Hoffner, 7; Maloney, 3. Referee—Reiman, Purdue. Time of halves—Twenty minutes.

Wabash (19).		Notre Dame (17).
O'Neill	Forward	Maloney
Leffel, Lambert	Forward	Fish, Burke
Ebert	Center	Finnegan
Yount	Guard	Freeze
		Ulatowski
Stump	Guard	Matthews

Field goals—Ebert, 4; Stump, 1; O'Neill, 1; Maloney, 4; Fish, 1; Finnegan, 1. Foul goals—O'Neill, 7; Maloney, 5. Referee—Reiman.

WRESTLING AND BOXING.

Wrestling and boxing classes as announced

in last week's SCHOLASTIC will take place Tuesday and Wednesday nights respectively of each week at 7.30. Coach Maris intends to make these sports a part of interhall athletics and to that end contests will beheld between the different halls. As in base ball and football, the winner of the series will be entitled to the interhall championship. Hall teams will be selected by preliminary bouts among candidates of the various weights. The methods of deciding contests will remain the same as last year. A wrestling meet with Beloit is practically assured, the date only remaining unsettled. Preliminaries will decide the team to represent Notre Dame and all weights will be included.

BASEBALL.

Coach Curtis is gradually rounding the diamond performers into shape and it will not be long before the first cut will be made in the squad. All the old men are showing fine form, while there is a wealth of good material among the new men to pick from. Beechnor, Wilson, Ulatowski, L. Fish, and Collins have been working behind the bat; Freeze, Dunphy, Gamboa, Phillips, around first. Foley, Connelly, J. Campbell, W. Fish, O'Connell, Quigley, Carolin, E. Maloney, Hamilton, J. Maloney, Kelly and Falomir, have been swooping up the grounders around the other infield positions. The slab candidates number Molle, Heyl, W. Ryan, M. Ryan, Somers and Reagan, all men of good calibre from whom we should get a strong pitching staff. Of a strong infield there is no question as along with Hamilton, Connelly and Phillips, the last year sack-men, there are several exceptionally good infielders among the new players.

BOWLING.

Considerable interest has been aroused in the interhall bowling contest and in individual record-breaking scores. Brownson captured the high run record Thursday with a total of 237, made by C. Centlivre. Last Sunday afternoon a picked team, composed of E. Ott, J. McGlynn, E. Figel, P. O'Meara and C. Centlivre defeated a team that included four of the leading bowlers from South Bend. On the 29th of January Corby Hall defeated St. Joseph Hall three straight, and on the following Thursday Walsh defeated Corby after the same fashion. Standing of the teams:

Hall	Won	Lost	Average
Walsh	5	1	.833
Corby	3	3	.500
Sorin	1	2	.333
St. Joseph	0	3	.000