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A Song Echo.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THERE'S a little brown bird on a wee little nest
In the shade of the lone river-brakes,
And she sings, and she sings with a full, throbbing breast
Of the joy that her mother-love wakes.

'Tis a secret she hides with her long velvet wings,
Yet we know the one source of her art;
For she wakes a refrain to the song that she sings
In the hush of a baby-bird's heart.

Tennyson as a Dramatist.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



THE subject-matter of the drama is the action of the human will as exemplified in the everyday conduct of men. The drama deals with events in life, and, in this respect, it resembles the epic; but, unlike the epic, it emphasizes "the volitional and subjective rather than the incidental and objective elements in such events." The lyric element enters but slightly into dramatic composition, for the lyric lays stress upon the emotional states as considered in themselves, whereas the dramatic element emphasizes, not so much the "emotional or spiritual state considered in itself, but this considered as issuing from or developing into volition." The exact place of the lyric element in the drama must be kept constantly in mind in reviewing the dramas of Tennyson with the intention of classifying them in respect to their relative values as contributions to dramatic literature.

Tennyson had risen to fame chiefly by his

earlier lyrical efforts. But he seems to have been dissatisfied. He wearied of the graceful path to glory, and would seek, by a rougher road, a higher place than he already occupied among the mighty who have wrought for themselves, with the pen, monuments more lasting than marble. He grew weary of the lyric and, with some confidence, claimed the dramatic bays. It shall be the purpose of this paper to inquire into the justice of this claim, based on a critical study of Tennyson's dramatic productions.

The first play with which our author came before the public is "Queen Mary," published in 1875. One year later this drama was produced by Irving at the Lyceum Theatre in London. Tennyson could not have chosen a better time than he did to present this drama to the English public. Gladstone had stirred up sufficient feeling against Rome and "Vaticanism" to make any fling at the church highly appreciated by his countrymen. If, then, the drama failed, it failed despite every incentive to success; for it was written by the literary idol of the times and presented the English view of a great conflict between England and Rome. But "Queen Mary" failed, and even friendly critics hinted ever so gently that its author was no dramatist. Why did this drama fail?

"Queen Mary" is a drama to be read, not acted. It lacks characterization. Instead of each character being an individual, having a distinct personality; we read "Queen Mary" without receiving definite impressions of any, even of the principal personages; indeed, we forget all about them almost as soon as we have read the play.

A contemporary critic, reviewing the drama in question in one of the leading periodicals of the times, rates it as follows:

"Thucydides' 'History of the Peloponnesian War,' either of the two great classic epics, or any striking historic passage in even so ungraphic a writer as Lingard, is more dramatic than this drama. The feeble plot gives rise to feebler impersonations. Their features are indistinct, their actions insignificant. They are bloodless and colorless; they are ghosts, things of air whom a feeble incantation has summoned from their slumber, who mutter a few laborious Spartanisms in a renewed life in which they seem to have no concern, and vanish without provoking a regret, nor an emotion." Another critic observes in "Queen Mary" a tendency on the part of Tennyson to imitate Shakespeare in his simplicity of plot. And this imitation is, for Tennyson, a fatal mistake. The great dramatist could, by the development of the innermost workings of the human soul, or by a few master-strokes even, embellish every one of his creatures with the sustained interest of a plot. For this reason, Shakespeare needs no complex plot. But to Tennyson, this art of creating sustained interest in his characters is something entirely foreign; hence, complexity of plot would, perhaps, have increased his chances for success as a dramatist.

In the minor characters, we do not miss the "Promethean fire" as much as we do in the major ones. Tennyson's rustics are, perhaps, a little too modern to fit Elizabethan surroundings; Joan, Tib and the other "citizens" are ordinary present-day people, transferred to older times to fill out places. But their language is racy and spicy, and this helps us to remember them. The principal characters are cold, colorless and bloodless. Cranmer might well be a citizen were it not for the deferential treatment he receives at the hands of his captors. But Cranmer was a sinner, and since the poet could not make him a saint, he made him "a more splendid sinner." Tennyson tried to make a hero of a man whose profession of faith followed subserviently his own interest until all hope was gone, and then "placed in the hands of the burning criminal the palm of martyrdom to incite the love within us of the beautiful and the true to echo to a psychical impossibility, and that without an element of greatness." The character of Cardinal Pole presented a splendid opportunity for the dramatist to create a noble ideal. But here again, Tennyson failed. All we have is a very amiable gentleman, but ordinary and ineffective as the others.

And worse than this, the dramatist puts into the mouth of the Cardinal some of the most ludicrous nonsense we have ever heard. Imagine a cardinal addressing Queen Mary with the angelic salutation to the Blessed Virgin, and in Latin:—

Ave Maria, gratia plena, benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Considering the drama *in toto* without attempting a detailed analysis, we may say that its faults are many and serious. Some of the most fundamental defects we have tried to point out; and surely they are such that no criticism, however favorable, can pronounce "Queen Mary" anything but a failure.

In his next dramatic venture,—“Harold,” written in 1876,—Tennyson emphasized the mistakes made in “Queen Mary.” “The first drama,” says a critic in the *Catholic World*, “may have left some minds in doubt whether or not its author could construct a drama; the production of the second has effectually set all such doubts at rest.” No player has ever tried the rôle of the last Saxon king. The reason is that “Harold” is simply narrative throughout. Hence, even the most friendly critics grant that its presentation would be a very doubtful experiment; because a drama is primarily act, not language, no matter how beautiful.

The scenes pictured in Harold are those leading up to the Norman Conquest. But these scenes are not interdependent; they are loose, shifting, disconnected, lacking in unity,—one of the essentials of dramatic construction. The five acts of the play are distinct without a connecting link; there is no centre of interest around which the action turns. In a historical play, especially, where the reader has all the facts before the action begins, there ought to be a skilful weaving of plot and counter-plot to keep up the interest. But in Harold this is not the case. There is only an ordinary plot,—quite as ordinary as in Queen Mary, and no additional complications calling for skilful treatment.

Another objection that might be raised against Harold is that its author seems to veil his own hatred and enmity for the Catholic Church behind the mask of his characters. To make eleventh-century Catholics speak of Rome and her Pope after the manner of the infidel journalist of nineteenth-century England is absurd. But to such an extent is this done in Harold

that we get the impression that Tennyson has a very positive dislike for Catholics. It would seem as if he desired in his dramas to blot out the fair pictures of Catholic influence he had drawn earlier in his career. How so big a man as the Poet Laureate could do so small a thing as stoop to such absurdity is difficult for us to understand, unless, indeed, it be true that he has "lost his temper and his right hand has forgotten its cunning." A fair specimen of this anti-Catholic feeling vaunted in Harold, is contained in the legacy to England. He puts it in these words:

and this for England,
My legacy of war against the Pope
From child to child, from Pope to Pope, from age to age,
Till the sea wash her level with her shores,
Or till the Pope be Christ's.

"This," says a noted critic of Tennyson, "is Tennyson's legacy, not Harold's." If this is true,—and we have every reason for believing that it is,—then surely it shows that the poet was not so great as to be above the small bitternesses of a common mind.

His other dramas show no improvement over his earlier efforts, neither in plot nor in characterization. There are some striking stage-pictures in "The Forresters;" but Augustin Daly's superb mounting and the fascinating personality of Ada Rehan are the factors responsible for the partial success which this drama achieved. "Becket" is the only drama which, in a measure, redeems Tennyson's reputation as a dramatist. But the genius of Henry Irving was "put to its severest test to make the play acceptable to an English audience;" for with all its "literary vigor and charm," "Becket" is notably lacking in stage features. This fact seems to justify the view held by some critics that no man can write a successful play without knowing at least the fundamental principles of stage-craft; and of these Tennyson was woefully ignorant. Theodore Hunt says, "the highest ideal of dramatic art is found when the author and the actor are one and the same personality, as in the case of Sophocles, Aeschylus, Molière and Shakespeare." And some critics have gone farther and have claimed that "no one who has not practical knowledge of the stage can write a good acting play." Just how great shall be the extent of this "practical knowledge," has not been definitely stated; but there is something to be said in favor of the theory

when we apply it to Tennyson.

Tennyson is a lyric poet,—first, last and always. He can not "Yoke the passions of men;" his hand is too weak. His genius is reflective, introspective; it lacks the "white-heat" of inspiration. He can not present the clash of passions; he can only look on from the hill-top and then give us a beautiful picture of what he saw. His is not the game where empires are the stakes and kings the players. He plays best amid beautiful scenery; he sings best the praises of calm truth; and sweetest are his graceful metres which have made his name dearly loved and justly honored.

Berger Keeps up His Training.

C. L.

"Come in, Berg, and we'll talk it over," was Joe's invitation one Saturday evening. Berger stood in the hallway undecided.

"As I see it now, Joe, it's no use. I'm failing fast, and if I keep it up I'll be a shadow."

"Well, come in anyhow. You won't lose weight sitting down."

"How about study?"

"'Tis Saturday night. Remember that." Berg remembered and went in.

"Cheer up, Berg," began Joe when the visitor had slid into the rocking chair, "in a short time the agony will be over."

"Yes, but where will I be?"

"You'll be on the pinnacle of glory and the sophs will be out of commission."

"Joe, you're a dreamer, a mere builder of castles. What good will it do me to have the sophs out of commission when I'm dead."

"But you're not dead."

"No, but I will be."

"Who's talking about death?" Phil blew in and sat on the bed.

"Say, Phil, three is a crowd," hinted Berger.

"All right then, Berg, you may get out."

"I may, but I won't."

"Yes, if I make you."

"But you can't make me."

At once they clinched for perhaps the hundredth time. Joe feebly protested, mentioned something about noise and the danger of being caught. But Joe's efforts were feeble indeed. Truth to tell he was not at all disturbed over the prospect of a catch-as-catch-can. Berger

at last pitched Phil full weight on the bed. The same bed, by the way, had outlived many such an experience. Everything has a breaking time, like the "one-hoss shay." The hour had come for the bed, and it broke. It was a noisy break, as of mechanics tearing down iron fences. The ends fell with a clang to either side and the bottom crashed through. When it hit the floor the whole house shook.

"Moses!" exclaimed Joe.

Berger stood up and watched Phil drag himself from the ruins. There was a noise as of many doors opening.

"Has he heard, I wonder?" whispered Berger.

"O no, he never hears such things!" retorted Joe with biting irony.

"Well, I didn't do it," protested Berger with gentle innocence.

"O no, you didn't do it. 'Twas the wind or an earthquake or a tornado. No, no, you're innocent."

"Yes, Berg, you're innocent. You wouldn't be guilty of such wickedness, you—you blessed Damozel." Berger turned on Phil.

"Well, if I did who's the cause? You butted in here and set your jaw going and started it."

"Yes, I started it, and you see I'm not pulling out of it. I just stand my ground."

"Yes, you do! Suppose Father Devine happens in, what will you stand on?"

"I'll stand on this floor and say I did it."

"And then?"

"Then I'll say, dear Father, I have sinned. Then I'll say you were a boy once yourself. Then I'll say, charity covereth a multitude of sins. I'll work the soft pedal. You watch me, Berg. I'm some diplomat, some strategist am I." Then there was a well-known knock on the door; often a well-loved one too—but not now. Father Devine entered, and, as we say in polite language, surveyed the scene. Skive Maxman, telling of it in later times, said he gazed in horror at the wreck of the Hesperus. He didn't talk at first. He just looked. That was bad.

"You may go to your rooms. I will see you tomorrow." No charity covereth a multitude of sins for this man. Phil and Berger made their exit, and somehow the "diplomat" didn't make the required yardage. They went very quietly, and many is the freshman that opened his door a wee bit and grinned his sympathy.

"Why didn't you hand out your talk, Phil?" questioned Berger mockingly.

"Shut up!" This was Phil's good night and sweet dreams.

"I will see you also tomorrow, Mr. McDermott," said Father Devine as he passed out of Joe's room a veritable iceberg. If he had said "Joe" it would have given promise of a future thaw. But "Mr. McDermott,"—that was the genuine North Pole.

The morrow came, and you may be sure the three young gentlemen were thoroughly frightened. To disturb the stillness of Corby hall is no joke at any time, especially at night.

"Berg, if ever I get out of this alive you'll not catch me in another mix-up."

"I'm with you, Phil, now and forever."

The morning hours wore away, but there was no call from Father Devine. Then grew a hope that perhaps the call would never come, that the memories of the night were forgotten or, like the darkness, melted into the brightness of the day. Not so, however; for shortly after dinner word came that Berger, Phil and Joe were wanted. Their heart-beats quickened to a gallop as the three made their way to the well-known room of their prefect. Phil knocked lightly, half hoping that the man who sent for them was out. But no. There was no mistaking the "come in" which sounded like a sentence of condemnation.

"Have seats, gentlemen." How cold, how far up the mountain, how like an unyielding rock was this man of few words that afternoon! Where was his "Hello, Joe," his "Step in Phil," his "Well, Berg, how is business" fled to-day? On the wall was a sweet-faced Madonna that Phil had watched many and many a time. He remembered saying to himself he would get one just like it. But he forgot or put it off from day to day, and now he wished he had not been so tardy. Father Devine was correcting some papers, and after the lads were seated he continued at the few that remained, evidently intending to finish before he gave his attention to the culprits. There was a breviary on the table. Joe watched the gilt edges, and began to wonder how much of the book a priest has to read every day. A slight wind blew through the open window and shook the curtain; it brought a faint odor of flowers from the lawn below. Berger looked out and saw two Corbyites tossing a baseball back and forth. He thought to himself that he might be out there under a tree only he had heeded Mac's invitation. Father Devine finished his work,

wheeled round and faced his visitors.

"Well, Mr. Berger, and Mr. Donnelly and Mr. McDermott, what account have you to give of your conduct last night?" Nobody seemed to have an answer ready; even Phil's promise to stand his ground proved an idle boast. "Your way of acting," continued this heretofore most cheerful of men, "is very singular in view of what has been done for you boys ever since you entered this hall. I assume you have reached the age of appreciation, the age when one considers one has duties and responsibilities. Or perhaps I am mistaken. Possibly you never think of such things. Possibly you think only of yourselves, of your comforts, your pleasures, never caring whether your comforts and pleasures prove an inconvenience or an injury to others. You young gentlemen must keep in mind that there is a world beyond your immediate selves, and that this world beyond has certain rights which you can not infringe upon. I do not say your action last night was in any sense a moral wrong. But we must bear in mind that there are wrongs which do not enter the scope of morals: wrongs against taste, rule, form, good manners, which, although not sinful, are still wrong." This was serious and measured language. All three were in the freshman debating class, but no arguments for rebuttal happened along. Then Joe summoned up courage.

"Father, we really didn't think we were making a rumpus and I'm sure they never intended to break the bed."

"You really didn't think. Quite so. You didn't think. The fact is you should think, however. You are human, and, being so, your obvious first duty is to act in a human way. Thought distinguishes men from horses. Am I to assume that you are horses?"

No, Berger was under the impression that the premises would not warrant the assumption.

"Very good," continued the immovable clergyman; "then it is for you to give evidences of human thought by human action. By their fruits ye shall know them. If you chew horse nails or wash your faces with sawdust you can not expect to be considered sane—"

"We didn't wash our faces with sawdust," corrected Joe.

"No, but you interrupted me before finishing what I had intended to say.—And if you make the night hideous with noise you must not hope to be given credit for that calmness, that

self-possession, we appreciate so much in a thorough gentleman."

"Father," said Phil, with evident sincerity, "we're very sorry and promise you it will not happen again. We're here now to accept any punishment you may give."

"I can't say it so well, Father, but I am just as sorry as Phil and will do anything you say." Berger who was genuinely sorry too expressed his regrets and stood ready for sentence. Father Devine paused for a little. Then he said slowly, weighing every word.

"Boys, I accept your regrets in as full a measure as you have given them. I never bear personal feelings in such matters, nor do I now. For punishment, I will expect Phil and Joe to get a new bed for Joe's room, No. 227. Berger was less guilty—a sort of secondary cause. I free him from all punishment except the detail of keeping up his daily dieting till the races."

"But Father,—"

"Mr. Berger, I see it's three o'clock. I have some office to say, and it's time for you to move on to the lake. Good afternoon."

"Bab."

J. W. BURNS.

Poor old "Bab"!

What? you never heard the story of Bab? Well, that does seem strange, seeing you have lived in these parts all these years; but then—well, sit down, friend, sit down, and I'll tell you. It isn't a long story, but to me it's tinged with sadness.

You see friend, "Bab" was such a jolly fellow, so good-natured and light-hearted that we never thought he had a serious side. In fact, I don't think he had until an incident occurred which marred—but of that later.

When I first met "Bab," he was managing editor of a small daily. No, it wasn't what you'd call a "big position," but it had its advantages—some, at least. For instance, a man being his own boss and having the respect of his co-workers, as well as the community at large, has some comfort. And it would have been a comfort to "Bab," too, only that he knew he had not reached his limitations.

He had a wife, also, just his height, and, like him, bordering on the corpulent. She was a frivolous creature; somehow, reminded you

of a butterfly, unable to remain still for any length of time.

There was a boy, too; the dearest little "kiddie," with soft brown curly hair and twinkling blue eyes. Dressed in his small, natty blue-serge and tiny pumps, and mounted on his favorite hobby,—his "little bike," as he called it,—he was the admiration of all who knew him, not excepting the stern city editor, the "cub," or even the "printer's devil."

Bab was ambitious. I don't mean that he was a man who loved power and wealth; but can't you see, friend, he loved his frivolous wife, and yet dearer to him was his little Joe. It was to please them, to make them see the world as he had one time dreamed of seeing it, that made him ambitious. Long before this great ambition came, he realized that he would never be a real partaker of those joys. For him, he mused,—and well he knew—it was the ceaseless humdrum existence of an editorial room; but, he added, if they could be partakers of those joys, and found pleasure in them, he would be the happier for it.

Well, one day the poor boy pulled up stakes and made for the West—Spokane, I think, was his destination. He made good, as the slang goes; truth is, he was so successful he never wanted to see the East again.

He wrote and told his wife as much, begging her to hurry on as soon as arrangements could be made. He pictured in most glowing colors the advantages which would be opened to herself and the boy; of that society of the West with its truly cosmopolitan air;—these things he told her, and much more.

She was soon there enjoying the gay, social life, only as one can who feels no weight upon her shoulders, nor any obligations to fulfil, unless it might be her attendance at some social function. The home didn't interest her so much as formerly; neither did the boy for that matter; while as for "Bab"—why, he must be the money-getter! You see, friend, the heart was becoming calloused.

Poor "Bab" noticed this, too, and sometimes you could see just a tinge of sadness passing into his soul; but he said nothing. Poor, patient "Bab!" He passed his evenings in reading fairy tales to the child, or telling of adventures of his earlier days: of the days when he helped a rich boy-friend spend his "pile"—and no mean "pile" at that—in a foolhardy trip through America and on the Continent; sometimes, too,

he told the boy the story of a beautiful woman and a dreamy husband (but, of course, the boy couldn't understand); then he would invent wonderful tales of his early newspaper life, till presently the child, wearied from the taxation of his imagination, fell asleep on his father's breast. And the father, sitting there in the dimly-lighted room, with the child in his arms, and his pipe still giving off blue curls of smoke, dreamed and dreamed till his wife returned.

One day the child was taken sick. Soon the little cheeks grew white, the little white face became thinner, and the little thin face became wan. Though medical attention was not lacking, the child kept sinking away gradually. The father's purse grew thin also; soon he was forced to call for aid.

Back East there was a journalist eager to secure Bab from the rival paper in his earlier days. Hearing of his financial condition, the journalist advanced him a considerable amount, which enabled him to engage the best specialist in the country. The doctor fought valiantly with grim death, but soon the little form passed into the shadows of eternity.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. He came back,—and she with him,—but what a changed Bab! No more could he produce that ever-ready smile with which he greeted us of old; yet, smile or no smile, work he must. So at last, the rival journalist secured him, though I'm sure 'twas against Bab's will; for many were the nights I saw him emerge from his old managerial room with a gloomy, downcast face. I'm sure it hurt. Then, they tell me, when he went home at night, she, after a day of pleasure, would start her little melodrama, which would last sometimes far into the night; and he, poor fellow, must bear it all and say nothing.

I was up there—yes, up there on the hill—to see him, yesterday. Poor fellow! He didn't recognize me. He was talking to a picture of his baby boy.

THERE is no such thing in education as perfect neutrality and impartiality in the matter of religion. Jesus Christ and the great body of His revealed truth are present in the world, and educators can no more be neutral to their presence than they can to the presence of the sun in heaven.—*Rt. Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D. D.*

Varsity Verse.

UNREST.

WHERE sounds the pulse of human feet
Upon the public mart,
A spirit moves amid the throng
And stirs each throbbing heart.
It sends the crowd in eager quest
Of honor and of power,
Unmindful of the price they pay
For glory's fleeting hour.

The singing breeze no message brings
Of heaven's pure delight,
Where nature blends her fairest scenes
With duty, love and right.
The restless hearts are blind with fears
That sway uncertain minds,
Forever changing as the waves
Beneath the veering winds.

Tho' structures rise to stately heights,
Where grovel men forlorn,
And lofty towers and gilded domes
Reflect the hue of morn,
Yet lawless pride this spirit breathes
Wherever it has trod,
For peace departs from souls of men
Forgetful of their God.

C. F. E.

WHY DON'T THEY PLAY WITH ME?
(With Apologies to Chas. K. Harris.)
I beat the Indiana kid,
In his own back-yard too,
And when he wouldn't play with me
I walloped young Purdue.
I climbed our back-yard fence and chased
That Yost kid up a tree,
And now he won't get glad again:—
I guess he's scared of me.

CHORUS.

Why don't they play with me, papa?
Why do they edge away?
Why do they look so bloomin' scared,
When I ask them to play?
I've tried to play so nice with them,
As gentle as could be:—
I've showed them all my new trick plays,
Now, why don't they play with me?

R. F. D.

A SCHOOL QUESTION.

Why doesn't Willie go to school?
Now, what a silly question!
There is so much to think about
He has mental indigestion.
He's got to try and figure out
Who'll win the pennant race,
And dope the Western conference meet
Besides he's second-base
And his team's tied another one
For the Fifth Ward championship.
When he has settled all these things
To school he'll gaily trip. A. H. W.

BACK AGAIN.

With fond reflection and retrospection
I often think of the days of yore
When I climbed the mountain or sought the fountain
E'en played and laughed near the cabin door;
And o'er me creeping, old memories peeping
Soon find me weeping, sweet home, for thee,
Where I oft did dally o'er hill and valley
With the dearest friends upon earth to me.

But, fatalistic yet optimistic,
I wandered far from my childhood's home,
For I took a notion to cross the ocean
And I left behind me the raging foam.
Ah, I left behind me, where love entwined me,
Those haunts that bind me to friends so true;
Now I oft regret them, and will ne'er forget them
'Neath the stars and stripes, 'neath the gold and blue.

P. P. F.

IN PODUNK.

Old Hiram bought an auto red,
A seven-seated touring car;
He paid five thousand plunks for it,
The most expensive one—by far,
In Podunk.

That Studebaker E. M. F.
Old Hiram thought a great big prize.
"By gosh," he said, "I'll let it loose,
And give the people a surprise,
In Podunk."

One Sunday morn, when feeling spry,
He cleaned and oiled the car up fine.
He filled the tank with gasoline,
And greased his boots to save a shine
In Podunk.

When everything was found O. K.
Said he, "Come, wife, let's make her hum.
We'll hit the road to church today
And show the folks we're going some."
In Podunk.

He cranked it up; "chug chug," it went,
The steering wheel with fear he grasped,
Then gave the light-speed clutch a shove
And they were on the way at last,
To Podunk.

The throttle and the sparker too
He notched a little bit too high;
Full sixty miles an hour they sped.
The farms and houses passed them by
To Podunk.

But all at once the auto broke
An awful tale, too sad to tell:
Old Hi and wife shot heavenward
The E. M. F. went straight to—well,
To Podunk. J. F. D.

Stampeded by Storm: A Sketch.

FRANCIS R. CANNING.

As the "boys," eighteen of them, brought the "bunch" over the hill and down to drink in the lake, it was six o'clock by the small alarm clock on the top of the "chuck box," and nearly sundown. Had there been an artist or poet in the midst of these cowboys he would, in all probability, after turning his horse loose, have gazed with joy at the sunset. The sky, down almost to the peaks of the mountains, was shrouded with dark black clouds. Nearer the mountains and the sun, the clouds were thinner and of all the colors of the rainbow. For the few minutes before the sun slipped behind one of the jagged mountain peaks, it was a rare vision.

The cowboys, however, had other interests. Since their meal at ten o'clock that morning they had ridden far and hard. Their first thought was for their horses. They merely took the saddles from their backs and turned them toward the "remuda," a herd of some two hundred saddle horses, in which each man had ten horses for three changes of mounts each day. They next went to the "chuck wagon" where each man helped himself to a cup, tin plate, knife and fork, and a generous supply of thick black molasses; then to the fire, and from different iron pots helped themselves to fried meat, hot biscuit, coffee, and boiled rice. Then they sat down upon the ground and proceeded with supper.

The men were divided into four guards of five men each to watch the herd of two or three thousand cattle which they were driving to a point on the railroad to be shipped. When the men from the first guard came in at nine o'clock and awoke their relief, the weather had greatly changed. At supper time the sky had merely been cloudy, but now it was cloudy, and more. It was pitch save for moments when it was lit up by far-away flashes of lightning. Noting the conditions, the guardsmen each got out from the bottom of his bed a rain coat, commonly called a "slicker," and also his forty-five caliber Colt's revolver. When they reached the herd, a quarter of a mile from camp, the cattle were restless and some of them were beginning to walk off from the herd, while others were standing up and lowing.

"This is sure going to be some fine example of them New Mexican moonlight nights. Eh! Shorty? The night looks *muy mal para los vaqueros*." And indeed it was.

The thunder and lightning came nearer. Soon all the cattle were getting up, some starting in one direction and some in another. This required one man to dash after each one or each little bunch that started off, and required perilous riding in the dark to head them off and bring them back to the herd.

In the meantime, in the distance there was a deep roaring which gradually drew nearer and nearer, a noise like a distant ocean, or an immense pine forest during a gale. Then suddenly with a blinding flash of lightning, a fierce blast of wind, and a terrific crash of thunder the rain was upon them. It fell in torrents, it poured down, it simply fell down. The wind was blowing at a gale. It drove the rain into the faces of men and cattle. Blinding lightning flashes followed by terrific crashes of thunder produced an effect that could only be likened to a night attack of one army upon another. With the first flash of lightning and first sheet of water the herd became panic-stricken. Stone walls could not have held them, far less five men in darkness so intense they could hardly see their horses. The two men on the west side barely made their way from before the herd, in a wild stampede rushing out on the plain.

The men asleep in the camp were awakened by the approach of the storm and they immediately caught their "night horses," which were tied to the wagon wheels, and started out to help "hold" the herd. They were, however, too late. They merely heard the last of the cattle tear over the hill for the plain, crashing through brush and small trees.

As is always the case with a stampede the cattle run in an immense circle. The cowboys were soon spread out in a circle still larger than that in which the cattle were running. They began drawing in on them, firing their guns and yelling. They were always turning the leaders toward the center, and in less than an hour they had them crowded into a compact mass, all trying to get in the center. They soon tired of this and begun to move to the outside and graze. The rain had now nearly ceased and the clouds were rapidly carried away by the high wind still blowing. All the men stayed on guard for some hours. Then half of them

went back to camp for a much-needed rest.

Day dawned with a cloudless sky and the cattle grazed quietly over a wide stretch of plain. The face of the weather is like the face of life, full of calm and storm,—sorrow-clouds with rifts here and there for the blue sky and shining sun.

The Fable of the Guy and the Kiddo.

Once upon a Time there was a Big Guy who ran his Section of Country pretty much as he Wanted and Everybody knew it. He Licked all Kids in town twice over and some he Licked for Practice. There was a Kiddo up our Way on Whom he tossed his Eagle eye for a Bout.

Kiddo was Game and said "Sure." The Guy roared at the Idea. "I'll chew him Up, believe Me." It was Fun for Him. The Day came and Brought a Bunch of Sporting Fraternity and a Vast Crowd of Student Body and Literary Men. They fought. Net Result: The Kiddo landed Eleven Punches, Big Guy landed Three. The Whole West was Horrified and Wondered how it Happened. Guy Bawled and said: "'Twas a Practice Bout for Fun and didn't Count nohow." Critics of the Pastime decided Otherwise after an Investigation. The Guy said Kiddo's Athletics were Rotten. Later on when a Measure of Calm had settled on the Troubled Waters they Made Up and Signed Articles for a second Scrap a Year from Previous Calamity. Big Guy worked hard to Get Back but somehow couldn't Get. On Day before Encounter when Fans had backed some Coin on Issue, Big Guy protested Kiddo's Right and Left hands saying: "You must Cut them off, so I can Lick you. After which I'll Kick you into the Sewer."

"Nixie," responded Kiddo, "Not for Me."

"Then Your Athletics are Dirty" retorted Big Guy. "I'll tell the Conference on you and I'll Write You Up in the Tribune of the People."

"Go to." says Kiddo. "Only I'm sorry I didn't get a Few Licks in First." Big Guy sent in his Kick and the Athletic West Stood Aghast.

"Oh Me! Oh My!" clamored they all and tore off their Phylacteries in Affright.

There was some Controversy over the Tangle in which Big Guy got the Pack from Tribune of the People, and the Kiddo got the Two Spot. The Manager of the Guy talked about Clouding

the Issue and the Makers of Athletic Literature commended his Tall Attitude on Clean Western Sport. It is Expected that Kiddo will be kicked out of the Synagogue by the Elders and the Big Guy will Probably Rent a Front Pew.

Moral: "Don't Cloud the Issue." L. R.

How Dun Made Good.

JAMES ROBINS.

It was a dark, stormy night, and the cattle were restless. Big Jim Foster crawled from under his tarpaulin to take his watch. He saddled his little dun horse, and started towards his post at a fast gallop.

"George," he said to the man he was relieving, "there's going to be a hard night if them cattle get to stampeding."

"There sure is," answered George.

"This is a good little horse I'm riding, but if I had my big roan I could overtake them if they didn't get too good a start on me."

"Yes," said George, "that little dun of yours is quick with the rope, but it isn't fast enough on its feet."

Just then a flash of lightning struck a pine tree, and was followed by a clap of thunder which shook the ground under them. Every animal jumped to its feet and was on its way up the cañon.

"Well, *adios*, George, it's up to me and my little dun nag." Saying which, Jim dug his spurs in the horse's flanks and was off.

"By George! Dun," he said to the running horse, "what's struck you? I never saw you run this fast before."

Over rocks, up banks and beneath trees they went, the branches scraping his back as he leaned over to avoid them. He came out into an open on a hillside, and looked down at the fleeing cattle whenever the lightning enabled him to see. There was one steer ahead of him, the big, mottled-faced one, the leader of them all.

"Now, Dun," he addressed the horse, "if we can dash down this hill ahead of that steer, you have proved good." Down the slope they went, making the mud and rocks fly. They were even with the steer now, but he was doing his utmost to get away. They came to a narrow place, and the horse made a final jump to head off the steer. He succeeded, and Jim said, patting the sweating horse on the neck: "Dun, you sure have made good."

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—Some months ago the athletic section of Michigan University startled the purity-clamoring athletic west with such irregularities as said pious portion of

How We Stand our athletic commonwealth
Toward Michigan. finds singularly toothsome.

To us of Notre Dame these revelations came as a dramatist might have adjusted them to suit the most exacting demands of poetic justice. It was after the loud and frequently uttered protests of Michigan against the eligibility of our football men; it was after Coach Yost proved himself naive enough to call our football victory the result of a practice game; it was after the Michigan football team, beaten fairly on their own field, told a Chicago newspaper reporter that they took the game as a joke. While the athletic west, too ready to condemn, let it be said honestly, fired its hottest shots at Michigan, Notre Dame guns were silent. We sought our justification, not Michigan's humiliation. We were silent by the law of common courtesy, and under like circumstances would be so again.

Last May we played baseball with Michigan at Ann Arbor. Some words passed between one of our players and the umpire. Such a thing is not so unusual as to horrify the athletic west. The *Michigan Daily* called us the "brass-knuckled athletes," and for the hundredth time vociferously demanded that Michigan quit us. The reports sent out from the Ann Arbor seat of learning aired the incident suf-

ficiently to satisfy the most inquisitive scandal monger.

A short time ago the Conference, because of a protest, challenged two of our track men on the charge of having played longer than the three years allowed by the Conference regulations. That body investigated, and acting on the suggestion of an arbitrator decided against us. The reason assigned was that the school at which these athletes competed before coming here was a "college" for Conference purposes previous to 1908 when these students came to Notre Dame. The decision which made it so was declared founded on a retroactive ruling. We decided to appeal the case to the Conference Faculty board which meets after Thanksgiving.

The Michigan athletic authorities entered into discussion at this point and protested the players referred to, and demanded that they be withdrawn from the Michigan-Notre Dame football game in view of the arbitrator's ruling. This protest was made although the case was to be appealed, although Michigan did not belong to the Conference, although Michigan left the Conference for practically the same ruling, although the matter of these men had been taken up and gone over and agreed upon with Michigan months before. Michigan did more than this. Michigan went beyond the discussion and flung in the small insult that is meant to wound. "We had hoped to play this game without attracting undue publicity," Prof. Holbrook is quoted as saying, "and then it was our intention to drop Notre Dame from our schedules." The daily press is hardly a witness of Michigan's desire not to give the incident publicity. Mr. Bartelme in a report to the *Chicago Tribune*, declared that by referring to Cole and Clarke, Notre Dame was "clouding the issue." But the names of Cole and Clarke were first mentioned by one of the Michigan authorities and not by Notre Dame.

We bear no malice for Michigan. The athletic authorities there tried to take us by surprise and to force us to yield to arbitrary demands on the eve of a big contest. They published us without let or hindrance; they secured press notices without reservation and not infrequently exceeded, we confess, the reserve we look for from those who control the athletic destinies of a large, well-known university. But these are matters we will not keep in memory. We are right—we

are sure of that. The ruling which may possibly deprive us of two athletes will be a ruling on a technicality, and no sane man will consider that a fault. Michigan's "dropping" us is a small consideration; it does not figure in the issue. If only Michigan had stayed with the contract signed and the promise given, the matter of afterwards dropping Notre Dame would have adjusted itself. It was a case of attempting to shout us out of a hearing, a handing out of tall talk to newspapers on the 999 per cent basis and doing the business of facts in fractions.

—We all realize that our purpose here at school is to become fit to hold our place in the world of affairs. We realize that our mental equipment is received from the class-room drill. We realize that if we neglect to grasp this training we will have to give way. But is a developed mind the only essential for fitness? The class-room drill will take care of the mind. We now have an adequate means of caring for the body in the system of military drill. Our nation, and nations for ages back, have used the drill as the means of developing the physique. Thus the drill system has the sanction of time and experience. The man who is looking for fitness, physical as well as mental, can not afford to pass by this great opportunity. If you mean business enroll now.

—Clergymen and school teachers, whether they have merited the censure or not, have often been classed as the most narrow-minded of educated men. This assertion is authorized by the remark that more of their learning has been acquired from books than from the observation of nature or of men. There is a deal of truth in this. A book at most is merely another man's opinion, truth as perceived by him and colored by his personality. Observation, however, affords opportunity for direct personal judgment on the real nature of things as they are. Observation acquaints one with the practical in life, books with the theoretical. The one, while increasing our fund of information, enlarges our sympathies for the unfortunate and our appreciation of their difficulties, the other often finds us incredulous and leaves us

either with a passive emotion of pity or an active tendency to criticism. The former creates firm conviction, the latter doubting Thomases. Books make "arm-chair philosophers," observation, heroic philanthropists.

—In the earnest sermon delivered at students' mass last Sunday attention was called to the necessity of the practice of obedience. This is one of the ideas that is included in the broader concept of the word education, which means the development, in due proportion and harmony, of the faculties of mind, body and heart. If education is to fill that office which modern utilitarian philosophy asserts is its chief one, namely to make citizens capable of self-government, it must emphasize the principle of obedience. If its product is knowledge it will be of little avail if not ordered by obedience. Obedience is a recognition of the order of right, and the failure to observe it produces social disorder. At home, at school, particularly here where a fixed discipline is in force, obedience is vitally necessary. Superiors are to be obeyed; their experience and authority give them a right to obedience; and to set one's opinion above their judgment is to display wilful ignorance.

—A gentleman who should know gives the following useful regulations in the matter of writing themes: The preparation of themes, especially on subjects pertaining to the Greek and Roman classics, has a value which the student too often overlooks. But to get the best results, a certain method must be followed. There is not much educational value in securing copious quotations from standard authorities and arranging these according to set rules. A systematic study of the subject should be made from various points of view. The notes taken ought to be only such as bear directly on the question. Quotations should be used judiciously; too many quotations burden the manuscript and serve no purpose. When the whole matter is thoroughly digested, the student should begin writing. After the entire theme is written it should be carefully gone over; sentences improved, superfluities removed until the student is satisfied with his work.

Victor's Royal Venetian Band.

Undoubtedly the rarest musical treat of the scholastic year was furnished to the students of the University by Victor's Royal Venetian Band in Washington hall on Tuesday last. Since his appearance last year, Signor Victor had been eagerly awaited and when he left, there was not a single disappointment over his work. Every number was of a highly classical character and the technique of its rendition perfect. Signor Victor showed himself not only a master conductor but a cornet soloist of the first class as well. His selection was Schubert's "Serenade."

As a soprano soloist Miss Hiltz captivated her hearers from the start and was repeatedly encored. Her artistic powers were displayed best in the extremely difficult aria "Charmant Oiseau," her first selection. She is easily the best woman vocalist heard here.

In a program where every number is of the best it is difficult to make a choice, but perhaps for no other reason than that they are better known, the overture "William Tell" and the selection from "Il Trovatore" were most pleasing. We hope for the privilege of hearing these selections again by the same musicians.

Lectures by Doctor Walsh.

The genial Dr. James J. Walsh was with us again during the past week and delivered two lectures. The first, for the entire student body, was delivered on Monday at 2:15 p. m. Dr. Walsh took up a new theme this time by discussing Shakespeare. He said that new information about the great dramatist's private life had recently been discovered in the archives of the Roles Court in London. He then showed that Shakespeare was a Catholic, or, at least, there is nothing in his plays that can possibly be construed to mean that he was not. Most of what Dr. Walsh said on the subject of Shakespeare's Catholicity is not new to students of the poet.

On Tuesday morning Dr. Walsh delivered a lecture to the collegiate students on the wonderful delineation of character to be found in "Hamlet." The lecturer showed that, "if the time had not been out of joint" and if the Danish prince had not regarded himself as born merely to set things aright, the resulting unrest would have been lost and the character

and play would not have met with the popular sympathy which it commands even at the present day. We believe, with Doctor Walsh, that if many of the critics had made a somewhat deeper research into geographical and historical data they would not commit themselves so readily to finding fault with the allusions made in some of the dramas of Shakespeare.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

A bookcase large enough to hold a thousand volumes has been placed in Brownson hall for the library of the apostolate. The case was made by Brother Columkill, C. S. C., who has done so much to supply the various houses at Notre Dame with excellent furnishings for chapels, study-halls and libraries. The director of the apostolate will be glad to have any of the students come to him for books. It is not possible to send books to the different halls oftener than once in three or four weeks, but at any recreation period a book may be obtained from the library. Those who are reading the books should recommend them to others who may not know how interesting they are, and thus will the purpose in establishing the library be achieved—that of making the distribution of good books a real apostolate.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to remove from all earthly cares our esteemed fellow-alumnus, Father T. D. O'Sullivan.

WHEREAS, The loss to our organization of this devoted priest is keenly felt by us, yet in this hour we bow down to the Will of Divine Providence, Who wills all for the best; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that we, the fellow-members of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago, express our sincere sympathy to the mourning relatives and to the members of Father O'Sullivan's parish, and be it

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread on the records of our Club and printed in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Joseph O'Neill	Thomas Cavanaugh
Francis O'Shaughnessy	Kickem Scanlon
John Hummer	Byron V. Kanaley
Notre Dame Club of Chicago.	

Society Notes.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The Holy Cross Literary society held its regular session on the evening of Nov. 6th. Mr. J. C. Donovan opened the program with a short story entitled "Brady Outwitted." An interesting paper on the "Seminarians of Holy Cross" was read by Mr. G. F. Strassner. The humorous part of the program was furnished by Mr. S. Czyewski in a recitation, after which Mr. Fanelli made a few remarks. The musical numbers on the program were two solos by Messrs. Stack and Burke. On suggestion, the society decided to organize a choral club under the direction of Mr. Wenninger. A committee, composed of Messrs. Toth, Strassner and Wenninger, was elected to revise the constitution.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The sixth regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating society was held last Sunday evening. The subject for debate was: Resolved, That the United States Navy should be enlarged. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. R. Halligan, G. Coyne, J. McCarthy, and the negative by Messrs. J. Flannigan, I. Soisson, J. Robins. The decision was given to the affirmative. Other numbers on the program were: "The Brook" by D. Hilgartner and an address on Lincoln's Home by T. Mahoney. Mr. J. McCarthy was elected treasurer in place of Mr. J. Enright. The critic selected a group from which will be chosen those who are to take part in an entertainment that will be given in honor of President Cavanaugh.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The regular weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held last Wednesday night. In "A Study of the Atmosphere" Mr. DeLandero told of the composition of the atmosphere; the causes to which the changes in the various elements are due; physical phenomena of atmosphere and lightning; atmospheric pressure and how its pressure finds applications; the weight of the atmosphere; the effect of atmospheric pressure upon the human body in passing from dense to rarer portions, as from sea-level up to the top of high mountains. Mr. Frank Enaje made quite clear "The necessity of improving the country roads." In this paper Mr. Enaje showed that the roads should have a crown in order to

let water run to sides, and also that where natural streams cross these roads it is necessary to provide for the disposal of such water by constructing culverts. These culverts keep the road from wearing away and washing out and insure smooth road surface. In his paper on "The importance of English in the work of the Engineer," Mr. Washburn said: "To represent ideas as words is one of the vital phases of engineering. His language must be so clear that it must appeal to the eye and mind—not challenge vision and perception by careless management and faulty diction. There is a prevalent though wholly erroneous notion that the vocabulary necessary for the engineer is a narrowed one, that to obtain sufficient command of that vocabulary is easy, that so long as one has some valuable fact to announce it makes no difference how it is announced. But the vocabulary of engineers should be broad in order to express the ideas presented." The question "Why is matter compressible, and distinguish between mass and weight of a body" was thoroughly treated by Mr. Hebenstriet, who was able to answer the eager questioners upon the subject. Father Carroll addressed the society at the close of the meeting.

Personals.

—Geo. W. Sprenger (LL. B. '08) was a visitor at the University last Tuesday.

—A. G. Drum, student in '04, '05, '06, was married on October 12 to Miss Alice Cassidy of Pittsburg.

—Rev. Father Shannon of St. Malachy's Church, Chicago, Ill., was a guest of the University last Tuesday.

—A telegram was received by Colonel Hoynes during the week telling of the election of Patrick Molloy, '07, as county attorney of Tulsa Co., Oklahoma, by a large majority. Congratulations to Pat!

—Word has been received that the Pennsylvania Club, in conjunction with the Notre Dame Club of Pittsburg, is making arrangements for the annual holiday ball to be given during Christmas vacation. Preparations are under the direction of Raymond Daschbach, president of the Notre Dame Club of Pittsburg.

—Last Monday afternoon several members of the "Travelling Salesman" Company paid a

visit to the University. Among them were "Jimmie" O'Neill, Jr., a student from '87 to '93, who is now playing an important rôle in the play, and Frank J. MacIntyre, leading man of the company and an enthusiastic K. of C.

—A figure noticed by some of the old-timers at the funeral of Father O'Sullivan was that of Ed Roby who finished here in the nineties. We were all glad to see Ed.

—Francis F. Duquette (A. B. 1902; LL. B. 1904) writes to his old friend, Father Regan, giving news of his present location and recalling old times at the University. Frank was a famous musician in his time and was a member of the band and orchestra. His present address is 461 Market Street, San Francisco, care of the Standard Oil Company.

—John E. Scullin (Litt. B. '09) is now a student of St. Paul's Seminary, Groveland Park, St. Paul. He has been adopted by Archbishop Christie for the archdiocese of Oregon. With him at St. Paul are three other Notre Dame men, Gogin, Alfred Hebert and William McKinley, the last named a former instructor in the preparatory department of the University.

Safety Valve.

The lid is on. Nine (silent) rahs for the lid! Quite naturally, Mr. Bartelme, Cole clouded the issue. But we didn't start the fire, please to remember.

Walsh recently kicked on certain Corby braves. Local conference appointed an arbitrator who Waldoed Corby.

Mr. Guy Marshall is reported to have eaten one full meal without mentioning Springfield. Keep careful watch over Guy.

Motto for Michigan: Methinks the lady doth protest too much.

There has really been nothing added to nor subtracted from our worthy director of athletics' first printed statement. There's very little fireworks in it. It has the kind of material that loud talk won't break apart.

The Chicago Tribune had not an inch of space for our side of the discussion. It had all kinds of space for Michigan.—*Sapientibus sat.*

To our judgment the street-car people are "clouding the issue." Put an arc light at this end.

Scene—Voting place. Time—Tuesday last. Enter Joe Murphy, walks up to polls to vote.

Judge of Elections quizzes him.

Judge—What is your name?

Joe—J. B. Murphy.

Villain—I challenge this man's vote.

Judge—Where is your home, Mr. Murphy?

Joe—Notre Dame.

Judge—How long have you lived there?

Joe—Three years.

Judge—Do you pay your own expenses?

Joe—Oh yes, Judge. I pay my own expenses.

Judge—Where do you go during summer?

Joe—Home to Dayton, Ohio, Judge.

Exit Joe *without vote*, Judge smiling.

Any noise that the Sorinites hear nowadays, whether it sounds similar to a siren's lay or the hoarse tone of a foghorn, is laid at the door of "Bill" Arnold who is practising for the position of Battalion Bugler.

Calendar.

Sunday, Nov. 13—Band practice after mass

" St. Joseph Literary Society

" Brownson Literary Society

Monday, Nov. 14—Band practice

" Orchestra practice

Tuesday, Nov. 15—Breen medal preliminaries

Wednesday, Nov. 16—Philopatrian Society

Thursday, Nov. 17—Sorin vs. Corby (last interhall game)

" Edward P. Elliott (Lecture)

" Band practice

Saturday, Nov. 19—Ohio Northern vs. N. D. on Cartier Field

" Conference cross-country at Wisconsin. N. D. will compete.

Local Items.

—The Battalion is fast getting into shape. The uniforms are due to arrive soon.

—Corby can come back is evidenced from that crushing knockout handed to Brownson.

—This week will witness the first course of a long, highly interesting and highly entertaining oratorical feast.

—Found—A fountain pen, a purse, a hat and some caps. Owners please apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—The Brownson Literary Society is hard at work making ready for their program to be presented next month.

—Mr. S. Gillian will lecture this evening in Washington hall. He is the author of the

famous: "Off again, on again, gone again.—Finnigan." Don't miss his lecture. 'Twill be a treat.

—Probably Walsh will proceed with the supper program despite the crushed hopes resulting from that affair with Sorin.

—Next Thursday the University will turn out full force to cheer Corby to victory. (Howls of derision and disbelief by all Corby.)

—The bulletins will be mailed home some time next week. Those having poor marks and desiring the regular monthly allowance had better be quick about it.

—Credit must be given to Walsh for having the best-trained, hardest-working team in the University. We would line them up against any high-school team in the state.

—Another trolley car went out of bounds. The situation has come to a point where means should be adopted to prevent the possibility of the recurrence of such an accident.

—When Sorin meets Corby next Thursday it will be a case of Greek against Greek. The Bookmen expect to gather in a victory against the Braves, and the Braves have like expectations. It will be a great game anyhow.

—Tuesday was a busy day with the Democrats. Preparations were made for a heavy vote, automobiles were on hand to convey the voters to the polls. All the students over twenty-one, claiming Indiana as their residence, were on hand to assert their rights of American citizenship. The student body arrived at the polls, but were there met with a stern rebuff in the shape of a challenge.

—Dimmick and Philbrook are first-class students and exceedingly modest men. "Dim" finishes in law this year and Phil will get his sheepskin in Biology next year. We notice several "literary" ex-football players writing "dope" for the papers whose football and educational careers terminated at the same time. The educational career, however, might be represented by the conventional broken column.

—The *Washington Post* among other things has this to say on the Michigan tangle:

"There is no reason why the word of a man like the vice-president of Notre Dame should be doubted, yet Mr. Bartelme, director of athletics at Michigan, flatly denies ever having agreed to the use of those men, and asserts that the three years' clause in the contract

was especially to govern disputes such as have arisen."

—The students of Walsh hall were indeed jubilant over the showing made by their team against Corby in Sunday's game. That night in their rec. room a demonstration was given the team. Speeches were made by the Rector, by Father Doremus, "Don" Hamilton, and members of the team. After the cigars were passed around a musical program was enjoyed. The talent there displayed presages plenty material for the University Glee Club. The program was brought to a close by the presentation to the manager of a purse to be used in giving the members of the team a banquet. Fine spirit, Walsh. Keep it up!

Athletic Notes.

THE CASE WITH MICHIGAN.

Michigan's cancellation of the Michigan-Notre Dame football game, which was to have been played at Ann Arbor last Saturday, has been the cause of much discussion here the past week. The trouble centered on our intention to play Dimmick and Philbrook, Michigan claiming that both these men were ineligible because of the fact that they had played out their time as collegiate football players. A review of the athletic career of both of these men shows that in 1904-'05 they were preparatory students in Tullatin academy and competed on teams there. The following year both men were students at Pearson's academy, an institution apart from Whitman college. In September, 1907, they registered at Whitman college, taking two freshman studies and three or four preparatory studies. Dimmick remained at Whitman until February, 1908, and Philbrook until June of the same year. Whitman college is not named in the list of conference colleges issued in September, 1907. Because of that it is only reasonable to presume these men as participating in preparatory athletics prior to their coming to Notre Dame. On these grounds we maintain that Philbrook and Dimmick are eligible and will continue to hold these grounds.

Last January when this game was arranged, Manager Curtis inquired as to whether we would be allowed to play these men in the game this fall, and Director of Athletics Bartelme gave his assurance that there would be no trouble on that score. Mr. Bartelme also assured

Coach Longman to the same effect. The reason for Notre Dame's desire that this matter be settled was brought about by various reports which originated from the Michigan camp last fall, after the Notre Dame game, concerning the eligibility of these men.

The fact that Michigan sent down the names of Cole and Clarke as being eligible for this game leads to the one conclusion that they should consider Dimmick and Philbrook eligible, for Clarke and Cole, according to conference rules are ineligible, as Cole played the seasons of '05, '07, and '08 at Oberlin, and Clarke too has played his allotted time according to conference rule.

ROSE POLY-GAME SCHEDULED.

After an intermission of two weeks the varsity will meet the football team of Rose Polytechnic at Terre Haute this afternoon. This game is scheduled to take the place of the game which was to have been played with Wabash on the same date, but which was canceled by Wabash because of the death of one of their players during the present season. The team is vastly improved as a result of the hard workouts of the past week, and will go against the engineers with big chances of winning.

THE ACTION OF THE CONFERENCE.

The decision of Prof. Waldo that Notre Dame won the Western Track Meet last June with ineligible men came as a great surprise to the students here.

The athletic board of control has decided to take an appeal, however, and to present the matter to the representatives of the schools interested, as provision is made in the Conference rules for such action. The decision given out by Prof. Waldo is held as unjust by the board as he refused to allow the introduction of data concerning Messrs. Philbrook and Dimmick which was offered and which it is thought would have gone a long way in preventing such a decision being given forth. This matter will be taken up by Notre Dame at the next regular meeting of the Conference officials.

BROWNSON DOWNS ST. JOSEPH.

Brownson knocked the St. Joseph team off the pedestal of hope with such a stiff arm jolt Thursday afternoon, that when they finally came to themselves they made a noise which sounded like 8 to 0. Brownson was at her best and displayed winning form throughout the entire game. While on the other hand the St. Joseph

boys seemed to be flat footed, and played the game in a listless manner, with not so much as an occasional flash of their early season form. Clever headwork on the part of O'Connell, Brownson's little quarter, did the business. A goal from field and a touchdown were the exact proportions in which the dope was handed out to the gentlemen on the west side. Just eleven men were all that represented the saints, which hardly registers the high-water mark of enthusiasm.

CORBY AND WALSH IN FINE EXHIBITION.

Nothing up was the story when Walsh and Corby left Cartier field last Sunday afternoon. By a system of intricate forward passes the Walsh boys kept the Corby team on the jump throughout the entire game. A one-eyed bob at a three-ringed circus is certainly kept pretty busy getting his money's worth, but his job is a snap as compared with that of Corby in trying to dope out the clever air-line football which the Walshes had up their sleeves. The Braves were partially successful at the old-style game. Their line plunges were at times effective, and it was due to this fact that the score was even, as their work with the forward passes did not compare with that of Walsh. On the whole, the game was well played, and those who shivered to watch it were well satisfied.

THE CONFERENCE CROSS-COUNTRY.

On November 19th a team of five lithe-limbed athletes wearing the gold and blue will compete with the cream of the Middle West in a form of track athletics entirely new to the men of Notre Dame, a conference cross-country run. Madison, Wisconsin, is to be the scene of battle, and the course is laid over rolling hills for a distance of five miles. Five men must face the starter's gun, and five must finish to have the team considered in the awarding of honors. Points will be awarded according to the position of the winners at the finish, the team having the lowest aggregate number of points being declared the winner. There is no doubt among the followers of Notre Dame athletics that the men will give a good account of themselves. There is no greater test of nerve and staying power than a grinding run over miles of rough country, but when men are animated by that spirit of determination that has carried Notre Dame men to victory in every form of competition, they can be counted on to make a good showing.