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Our Washington.*

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11,

WHEN men so merged their manhood in the slave
That henchmen kings ruled with a steel-clad hand,
The storm-cloud burst and Time's great tidal wave
Rolled into rest where lay a fair new land.
There, Right disowned,
Was high enthroned,
So walled by Justice and so crowned by Love
Its summit linked the earth to heav'n above.

Yet, ere the race could bare its youthful eyes
Unto the splendor of the dawning light,
God asked in pledge—a solemn sacrifice
To seal the nation's new baptismal rite;
Then, Leader bold,
Thy heart of gold
Was placed,—the first upon that fated pyre;—
And from its throbs awoke sweet Freedom's fire.

Thrilled into life and by devotion fed,
The first faint image of our banner grew,
When warm red blood and fair white lives were shed
Beneath God's temple roof,—the bending blue;
And Liberty
Smiled down on thee,
Our Washington, till from the field of strife
Thou led'st thy race to freedom and to life.

Time's magic hand but touched our barren plains
When woke the sinews of another Rome,
Where men stand equal in a thousand fanes
And man as man is king within his home;
For here unfurled
Unto the world,
Its sacred folds grown kindred to the skies,
The blazonry of Peace and Freedom flies.

The race that loves thee needs no wreath of fame
To grace thy mem'ry in the nation's shrine;
While leaps a heart at mention of thy name,
'Twill deem the hand that led thee on,—divine.
By thy renown
The priceless crown
Thy country gave thee, thou her dearest son,
When first she called thee Father—Washington!

* Read at the flag presentation, Wednesday, February 22.

Lincoln's Moral and Religious Life.

WILLIAM I. ZINK, '13.

"I am not a Christian—God knows I would be one,—but I have carefully read the Bible and I do not so understand this book," and he drew forth from his pocket and exhibited a short edition of the New Testament. This statement, referred to by Mr. Nicolay, Lincoln's private secretary, was made by Lincoln to Mr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Illinois. The meeting took place in Lincoln's private office in Springfield, and the attitude of hostility taken by the Springfield clergy towards Lincoln for president during the presidential campaign of 1859 was the occasion that elicited it. The clergy opposed him because of some careless remarks Lincoln made about them. Mr. Nicolay recounts one that is worth telling. He says: "One careless remark, I remember, was widely quoted. An eminent clergyman was delivering a series of doctrinal discourses that attracted considerable local attention. Although Lincoln was frequently invited, he could not be induced to attend them. He remarked that he wouldn't trust Brother—— to construe the statutes of Illinois and much less the laws of God; that people who knew him wouldn't trust his advice on an ordinary business transaction because they didn't consider him competent; hence he didn't see why they did so in the most important of all human affairs, the salvation of their souls." This and other thoughtless statements were misrepresented and distributed throughout the country as evidence of Lincoln's attitude towards the Christian religion. The fact is, it was simply one of his stories, of which he always carried a large store. It hurt him in the campaign—fortunately, not seriously, for he was elected despite the opposition of the Springfield clergy—and it has been since used, in connection with the above statements, by atheists who would have us believe that Lincoln was an infidel.

An incident commonly cited to prove Lincoln an agnostic is one that happened when he was a young man of twenty-five. He was then living at Salem. The country seemed to have gone mad over agnosticism. Agnostic literature was published and distributed broadcast throughout the land, and, naturally enough, some of it found its way into the hands of Lincoln. Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" and Volney's "Primes" were two volumes that came to his immediate notice. These two books he studied carefully all unconscious of the latent poison contained in them, and, it is said, they made a profound impression on his mind. He prepared a review of them and is supposed to have intended reading it before a literary society which existed in the neighborhood of which he was a member. The review was never read, for it was burned by his friend, Samuel Hill. At the time Lincoln was very indignant, but in later life he admitted that Hill had done him a favor. Mr. Nicolay doubts the authenticity of Lincoln ever writing an agnostic treatise, although he mentions it; and Mr. Curtis in his book "The True Abraham Lincoln" assures us that the essay written at New Salem contained nothing more than the views of the authors without any "personal endorsement." At any rate, even if the story were wholly true, it would be a flimsy foundation for agnostics to base an argument. Never could they establish their contention on such a premise in the face of the abundant proofs that Lincoln gives us in his after life of his belief in a Supreme Being, for his public life, in utterance and deed, stands as a monument to his belief in Divine Providence.

The religious training of Lincoln was limited. His earliest days were spent in Kentucky, but on account of his tender age he attended no Sunday school. His parents were of different creeds, so he received few dogmatic principles from them; besides, the struggle of the family against poverty was a keen one; in fact, it was so strenuous that little time was left to devote to spiritual needs. However, the family regularly attended religious services and were known as free-will Baptists. Later when the Lincolns removed to Indiana, they became members of the Predestinarian church. Lincoln was then eight years old,—just the age when religious principles could have been best inculcated into his youthful mind. But the little village could not support a resident minister and so services were held only when a traveling preacher happened to visit. Weeks and months passed without services, and thus the period of Lincoln's youth slipped by with scarcely any religious training. The Bible was not interpreted to him, so when he grew to manhood he gave

its passages his own interpretation. Naturally enough, his explanation of the sacred book coincided neither with the Christian church, of which his parents had become members after their removal to Illinois, nor with the Presbyterian church to which his wife belonged. He says himself that he could join no church, because in everyone that he investigated he found doctrines he could not accept. He was too noble and too conscientious to profess a faith that was not in his heart. So we find him regularly attending religious services but at no time linked to any particular creed.

Lincoln had a deep regard for the bible, both as a work of art and as the word of God. He studied it carefully, for to him it held out special attractions. Being of a melancholy nature he would often turn to it for solace, until in time he began to look upon it as an inseparable companion. He had a small pocket edition which he often carried with him, for he never tired of reading it. He mastered it so thoroughly that it is said he was better acquainted with its contents than many ministers. But he didn't believe everything in it was inspired and consequently rejected much that it contained. The apparent obstacles and the seeming inconsistencies which he found were never explained, and as he formerly rejected articles of the creeds he investigated, so now we find him ignoring passages in the bible which seemed at variance with his religious tenets. They could not be reconciled to his beliefs by the interpretation he placed on them, so he cast them aside. He rejected the doctrine of atonement, and had no faith in death-bed repentance. Nor did he believe in miracles. "The greatness of God was shown by order and method and not by the violation of nature's laws." He had "no sympathy with theology, and often said that in matters affecting a man's relation with his Maker he couldn't give a power of attorney." Mr. Nicolay, who gave us these two quotations, further says that Lincoln "often declared that the Sermon on the Mount contained the essence of all law and justice, and that the Lord's Prayer was the sublimest composition in human language."

The deep religious nature of this man is seen best in the last few years of his publid life, at a time when the eyes of the worlc were centred upon him and princes and rulers were wondering if he were able to successfully prosecute the war, reunite the warring sections, and re-establish a united country. During this period, when the clouds of adversity hung darkest over the life of our young republic, Lincoln gave conclusive evidence of his belief in a Supreme Being. His private and state papers make numerous references to God, in fact, no undertaking of great importance was commenced without an invocation to Divine Providence for enlightenment, guidance and protection. On one occasion through an oversight no reference was made to God and when the bill reached his secretary Lincoln's attention was called to the omission and he immediately had it inserted. He tells us that he prayed long and earnestly before great battles, "The day before the battle of Gettysburg," he related to General Sickles, "I went into my room, and got down on my knees before Almighty God and prayed to Him for victory at Gettysburg."

Lincoln was no infidel, neither was he an agnostic. He was an ardent believer in a Supreme Being and in all his works was ever conscious of an all-seeing God to Whom some day he would have to give a reckoning. His faith in God was as fixed as the stars in the heavens and as pure and simple as that of a child. He firmly believed that he was the instrument in the hand of God destined to blot out slavery in America, and the responsibility of the task lay like a weight upon him, but prayer and faith in God and in the righteousness of his cause made him drudge on until his work was completed.

The religion of this singular man is given by his law partner, Mr. Herndon. Mr. Herndon tells us that Lincoln "often said his creed was the same as that of an old man named Glenn, whom he heard speak at an experience meeting in Indiana: 'When I do good, I feel good, and when I do bad, I feel bad, and that's my religion.'" So it was. It was not given to him to know the true religion, and those he investigated he found wanting. So he cast aside all creeds and governed himself according to the dictates of his own conscience. He had a profound reverence for everything that was good; and in great undertakings always looked to the guiding hand of God for direction.

Lincoln's moral code is reflected in his own words. Once in the Legislature, his colleagues asked him to support a measure which he believed to be morally unsound. They

tried to overcome his scruples by arguing that the end would justify the means. He silenced them by his reply:

"You may burn my body to ashes and scatter them to the winds of heaven, you may drag my soul down to the regions of darkness and despair to be tormented forever; but you will never get me to support a measure which I believe to be wrong, although by doing so I may accomplish that which I believe to be right."

Lincoln was honest and on account of his rigid honesty the name, "Honest Old Abe," was attached to him. But he was no exception, his honesty was only carried to a greater degree than that of his fellowmen. In those days, on the frontier, honesty was considered a virtue, while dishonesty was looked upon as a crime. To be caught stealing was almost as bad as to be found guilty of murder and the punishment was almost as severe—in some parts of our country, notably in some parts of Kentucky, the same rigid law is still applied to theft. Thieves and double-dealers were summarily dealt with and were fortunate if they escaped with their lives. Living in such an atmosphere he naturally acquired an aversion for everything that savored of dishonesty. Two incidents are commonly related about him. They happened while he was still a young man employed in the village grocery. On one occasion he overcharged an old lady and that night he walked three miles to return the overcharged sixpence. Another time he gave four ounces for half a pound of tea, and delivered the difference before he went to rest that night.

His code of rigid honesty he carried into every walk of life. It was his guide in his private life and it became his standard in his public career. In his chosen profession he would defend no case that had the tag of illegality attached to it. He said: "I am a very poor man on a poor case." He would rather lose a good case defending a just cause than win one wherein justice was thwarted and innocent persons made to suffer. It was no uncommon occurrence to find him discard a case after he had found the facts had been misrepresented. Returning the fee he would refuse to go on with the case. Mr. Herndon relates a case that bore the stamp of suspicion. Lincoln soon recognized the fact and when his client asked him if he could win, he answered:

"Yes, there is no reasonable doubt that I can gain your case for you. I can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; I can distress a widowed mother and her six children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars which rightly belong, it appears to me, as much to them as it does to you. I shall not take your case, but I will give you a little advice for nothing. You seem a sprightly, energetic man. I would advise you to try and make six hundred dollars in some other way."

We are told that he was ever ready to help the poor and distressed and never was quite so happy as when doing good. In his early days, while on the frontier, his kind and willing hand, combined with his great physical strength, was often in demand. Wagons overloaded would get stuck in the mud and so "Abe" would be called upon to render his assistance. To the weak and unfortunate he was always kind and gentle, while the poor never had a truer friend. He did the chores for the poor widows of the neighborhood, and sat up nights with the sick. He forgave his enemies and neglected his own business to aid a friend in need. These characteristics he carried all through life. When he was made president he was ever ready to pardon an offender and find excuses for wayward soldiers.

Lincoln's greatest fault was his inability to say no. He once said: "If I have one vice, it is not being able to say 'No.' That this is only too true is seen in his conduct during the civil war. Pardon upon pardon was doled out during that period and few requests for mercy went unheard. His generals argued with him that his leniency was impairing the discipline of the army and that it would have to be stopped. He would promise to be more severe next time, but with the first pitiful pleading he would again sign another pardon. He pardoned the Confederates as well as the Union men when it was possible. He said: "God knows they have had a hard life; I shall not add to their suffering." Here we see that great Christian principle realized, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Lincoln never dreamed of marble monuments being erected to his memory, but he did wish to be kindly remembered by his countrymen. To his lifelong friend he said: "Speed, die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow."

Varsity Verse.

THE MODERN WAY.

ONE sought to win her by his fame
In battles fierce and gory,
But she just smiled on him the same
And said,—"Poor Jim, I'm sorry."

Another sought her love to win
And wrote a magic story,
It seems she did not care a pin,
She said, "Poor Jack, I'm sorry."

One coined his youth to piles of gold
Until his head was hoary.
He said: "Be mine, though I am old;"—
She did, and now she's sorry.

T. A. L.

NAG, NAG, NAG.

Nag, nag, nag,
It's an old familiar song,
For no matter how I conduct myself,
There is always something wrong.

O well for the widower gay,
That he spends his nights at the club!
And well for the reveling youth,
That joy wheels have his head at their hub!

And the fun goes merrily on,
With laughter, and song, and wine;
But O for the sight of a foaming mug
With "Prosit" as its sign!

Nag, nag, nag,
In your accents shrill, you shrew;
But the golden harp of your spouse, when he's dead,
Will never make music for you.

E. S. T.

MELANCHOLY.

Disorder all midst deepest gloom:
A dreary waste 'neath noxious damp
Where loathsome toads at night encamp
And chant, unconscious of their doom.

A sickly, sallow, sulphur'us sea;
And ships adrift with rudders broke:
Among the crags, fierce vultures croak
A dismal dirge,—death's minstrelsy.

An aching pain within the heart;
The soul, a parched and arid plain:
Grim spectres haunt the dizzy brain,
The lips no words of hope impart.

C. C. M.

THE GREEK DRILL.

Brekekekex, sang the teacher:
The soft-breathing students awoke,
Coax, coax, chimed the pupils
As they aped the amphibian croak.

Ting-a-ling-ling, went the class-bell:
The students ensemble went out;
And they marched to the tune of the *Coax*
With *Brekekekex* for their shout. F. P.

The Undesirable Farm.

ALVA H. WRAPE, '12.

Bill Hedges, a newcomer in the small village of Otay, had bought the Bell farm at a public sale held at the county court-house the day before. The Bell farm was one of the most fertile spots in the Sacramento Valley, but everyone that lived in Otay knew that Ed Prall's farm was just west of the Bell place, and it seemed that no one cared to have this Prall for a neighbor.

On the morning following his purchase of the new farm, Hedges walked into the post office where all the "old settlers" spent most of their time talking about the events of the day. Hedges immediately noticed the unexplained glances of the eye and warning shakes of the head which seemed to be aimed at him. He was greatly relieved when Jim Burke motioned him aside:

"I hear you have bought the Bell place," said Jim.

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"Well," said Jim, "we folks hate to see you new people get a bum steer. It's likely to give you the wrong idea about this here valley."

"What's wrong with the place? Isn't it a good piece of property?"

"Finest piece of land in the country—but there's that Ed Prall's place just west of it."

"Well, what about that?"

"You'll soon find out what's the matter; he's so durn hateful, nobody can live by him. Eight families moved away from there in the last three years."

"Is there any reason for him being so disagreeable?" asked Hedges.

"No, none at all, it's just his way of doing things," said Jim as he turned and left Hedges standing somewhat stupefied.

Despite the unfavorable warning, Hedges made up his mind to make the best of it. He knew he had bought the place at a bargain. It was a large and very pretty cottage, with five acres of garden and an orchard. It was located on the outskirts of the village and had all the conveniences of a city residence. Hedges and his wife had always rented before and never thought of getting a home as fine as this one for the amount of money they had to invest.

The next day Hedges and his wife began to move in. Ed Prall happened to drop in about noon time and offered to assist them in any way he could. They thanked him for his kindness and assured him that they were in no need of any extra help. When Prall had left, Hedges and his wife spoke of what a friendly man he was, and it must be that he was misunderstood by the community. But little did they know that Jim Burke knew what he was talking about, and that Prall was already laying plans to get rid of them. So while offering Hedges his assistance, he was investigating and looking around—trying to determine how he could successfully work out his plans. Prall was a man that disagreed with everybody, and his plan to keep the place next to him tenantless usually worked out.

Several days had now past and nothing out of the ordinary happened. But one night after Hedges and his wife had retired, they were awakened by a long-drawn shrieking noise. It was Prall's old rusty windmill set loose. The following night it was the same thing, and there was little sleeping done by Hedges and his wife. The next morning Hedges met Prall at the post office and asked him:

"Don't you think your windmill needs a little attention?"

"What business is it of yours?" said Prall walking away as if insulted.

Several nights later, Prall's cattle ran amuck in Hedges' garden and orchard, doing much damage to both. Hedges was very much enraged now and advised Prall that he had better keep his stock locked up.

"Ain't no law to make me," answered Prall. Hedges soon found there was not, because, being outside the limits of the town they were governed only by the statutes of the state and these statutes allowed a wide range to personal liberty.

Not to be outdone by Prall, Hedges began to lay a few plans himself. He was in need of a new engine for pumping purposes, so he bought a second-hand, twenty horse-power gasoline engine. He set it up on the edge of Prall's property and arranged the exhaust pipe, so as to face his house. The engine was kept chugging away all night long, drowning the shrieks of the windmill, and sending forth an echo that could be heard a mile down the road.

Hedges had just finished making his garden, and when he returned home one day he found fifty or more chickens scratching around, destroying his newly made beds. Then Hedges bought a half dozen cats, all of them warranted to kill any fowl.

These aggravations continued for several months, when Hedges saw that his wife could stand the strain no longer. He was about ready to give up in despair, and as a last resort he decided to have his house moved to a lot in town, and offer his land for sale. The next day, a "for sale" sign could be seen in his front yard and before evening he had several callers. Among the men who were looking at the place, was a Methodist preacher. The minister carefully examined the ground and held a long consultation with Hedges. Prall began to get uneasy when he saw the preacher, and wondered what it was all about. He went to town the next day and heard that his neighbor was selling out to the Methodist preacher. This alarmed Prall very much, so he hurried to the justice of the peace and asked him if he had heard anything of the sale. The justice told him that the deal had not been closed yet, but that the minister was going to buy Hedges' place for a graveyard.

"It will ruin me," said Prall, "and after all I have put into my property, it won't be worth a dollar with a graveyard stuck alongside of it."

"But you will have to stand it," said the justice, "because there ain't no law agen it. It's too bad that it has come to this. Those Hedges are such fine neighbors."

"But it must be stopped," broke in Prall. "I can't have it."

"Well, it's your own fault, Prall; no one is to blame but yourself. After a long talk with the justice, Prall returned home.

That evening while sitting on his porch, Prall invited Hedges and his wife over to his house, and from this on Bill Hedges and Ed Prall were the best of friends.

"INSTEAD of saying that a gentleman is one who never gives pain, it were less untrue to say that a gentleman necessarily gives pain,—pain to liars, cowards, hypocrites, mammonites and sensualists, to whoever is false or base or cruel: for the first requisite of a gentleman is to be true, brave and noble, and to be therefore a rebuke and scandal to venal and vulgar souls."

John Allen's Heroism.

RUSSELL G. FINN, '12.

He stopped before the large gray-stone house, gazed up the footpath leading to the large porch with an air which bespoke disgust. From his expression it might be thought he questioned the right of such a structure to mock his humble existence. Standing in an awkward pose on the sidewalk, his tattered clothes forming a consistent setting for his unshaven and dirty face, he seemed to resent the fortune that discriminated in another man's favor. But this worn and ragged individual had a particular purpose in occupying this particular point of vantage. It was not the first time he had stood here and watched the house of John Howlson, for he believed that within there lived his only earthly possession, and a pang of jealousy disturbed him. He felt that he had been robbed of what was justly his.

If Mr. Howlson at that moment had come out, offered this man his property, bidding him take what was his, in a flash that ragged form would have disappeared, perhaps never to return. This thought struck him and he paled a little. The memory of how it had been taken from him, the vision of how he had lived, bowed his head and he strolled away to his own part of the town.

From the time that he had become a widower, the carousals of John Allen were continued in a much more emphatic manner than even during the life of his unhappy spouse. His strong aversion to honest labor and his passionately declared affection for alcohol, were John's striking characteristics. But on one occasion he had manifested a spark of that tender love which may be seen at times even in a brute. It was when, without a home, without money and hopelessly out of work, he took the one guiding star of his life, his nine months old daughter, over to the orphan's home, and with a tear on his cheek placed her gently in the arms of Sister Loretto. The vision of his whole ill-spent life rose up and struck his heart with the bitterest remorse that he could bear. He was hopelessly a failure, and that very night he would have died by his own hand and volition but for the natural cowardice that restrained him. For the last time in his life he kissed the child, as she watched him intently from the arms of the good Sister. As he bent over her a tear dropped upon a little ringlet of her brown hair which from her birth had lingered upon her forehead. Even John was struck with the peculiar charm of this and called the child in preference to her mother's name, Curlie. The tear that left his unaccustomed eye followed the whole irregular course of the curl, dropped off upon the little pink nose and was lost. He could not remember ever having shed a tear before and this one never left his memory.

His habits were formed and strength of will played no part in his life. He had called to see the child once before he went away to seek new fortunes. Three years later he returned but "Little Curlie" had gone. A nice and respectable lady had watched the child growing healthier and brighter and became singularly attached to her. She had found a new home and John was angry. He felt that some one else was bestowing upon the child, his own child, a love which he himself could not know. It hurt him to know and to tell himself that he was an unfit father; that he now had no claim upon this little girl that once was all his.

Though he knew now, and had for a long time known, where the child lived, he had never seen her. It was twelve years since he first placed her in the arms of Sister Loretto. All through this time, though he had often thought of her, of the little curl and the brown eyes, he felt satisfied to live alone and away from her. But this day as he stood before the house in which she lived a sudden yearning seized him and he felt an irresistible desire to see his baby and be near her. It was this desire that brought John Allen to the gray-stone house of Mr. Howlson. He had left the place in the afternoon, but in the evening after darkness had fallen, he returned.

The stillness of the evening was broken by the soft melody of a child's voice and the heart of the worthless man beat heavily against his breast as he approached the source of the music. Drawing himself up on the porch he stared blindly at the bright interior, and then lying flat for a moment, he crept up closer till from a corner of the window he saw all. The luxury and splendor of the interior dazzled him for a moment, but when he caught sight of the sweet vision beside the piano he gasped

and his body shook dreadfully under the excitement of his heart. She was tall, beautiful, angelic, and in the consciousness of being alone moved gracefully about the room, singing the while with a sweetness of voice that charmed and almost frightened the soul out of John Allen. He was sure it was she, sure it was Curlie, yet could hardly believe his eyes.

How long he stayed at the window John could not say, but as he rested against the sill his arm slipped and he crashed against the window. The girl within turned toward him suddenly and he saw a little ringlet of brown hair fall down over her forehead. He could not move, and as the girl caught sight of the face at the window she screamed and John fled. His flight was suddenly arrested by a strong hand which grasped his collar and flung him to the earth freeing him of both his breath and senses for a time. A half hour later John was attempting to explain his mysterious presence on another man's property, but very awkwardly since he resolved to conceal his real purpose and discoveries. It was while he was attempting a false explanation that a call came in at the police station that the Howlson residence had been entered and robbed. Mr. Howlson had been found in a very serious condition as the result of a blow on the head. All eyes were cast upon Allen and with rougher hands than had hitherto handled him, he was placed securely in a cell.

. . . . . .

Months passed and the case of an unknown "Smith" was about to be handed over to the jury. There was sympathy for "Smith," some even thought him innocent, for it was pitiable to hear him pleading for his exoneration. At every stage maintaining his innocence he still withheld the reason for his presence on the property, and no manner of persuasion could bring it from him.

"Smith," said the lawyer who had taken his case, "I believe in your innocence and I think that I am not alone in this belief, but you must explain. Circumstance and all the evidence point to your guilt. If you can explain you must. Now when we make our last stand, you explain as you say you can."

But Smith was silent. His whole frame shook, for he feared his punishment and feared the eyes that were turned upon him. His cheeks were pale and wrinkled, and the eyes which had sunk back in his head seemed emitting their last ray of light. But he clenched his fists and let not a word escape from his lips, lest it should betray him.

"Worthless," he thought, "worthless, and my angel shall not suffer. Hers is to be happy, mine to suffer. Come what may, what I have not done before I do now."

The following day "Smith" was led into his dark cell, there to mould away and die. The brilliant light of that one act of heroism far outshone the false glare of guilt which the world had turned on him.

An Appreciation.

And books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.

In general this thought of the poet is not true; for today it is quite apparent that many books published are neither pure nor good. The market is already overstocked with books savoring of irreligion and expounding false principles of morality. But however this may be with books in general, the quotation is very applicable to the books of the Apostolate of Religious Reading. Here, at least, the book-lover may find books "both pure and good."

It has been my pleasure to read several of the books of the Apostolate, both fiction and the more serious writings. Through the Apostolate I have become acquainted with "The Story of the Other Wise Man." It is a real classic. In the writings of Bishop Spalding I have found a superior to Emerson. There are two authors who will stand with the best writers of our times and whose works are deserving of great praise—Canon Vaughan and Dr. James Walsh. Every lover of historical truth should read the latter's works.

But there is one man who must not be passed over lightly. If it were only for acquainting me with the works of Charles Warren Stoddard, I would be always indebted to the Apostolate. It is only after reading his autobiography, "A troubled Heart," that one can partially realize the beauties of the Catholic religion. We who are born in the Faith overlook its beauties.

Only a few of the many good books to be found in the Apostolate are mentioned here. For those eager for mental relaxation the Apostolate is heartily recommended. A. READER.

The Tale of a Coat.

GEORGE J. REGAN,

"Skive" Thompson and James Watts shared the same room at Corby, and in spite of the fact that they were of contrary dispositions, and habits, had, nevertheless, dwelt in harmony and happiness.

Poor "Skive" was a marked man as far as permissions were concerned, and on the particular afternoon in question, was bitterly bewailing that fact to his more sedate and favored room-mate. No doubt you clearly see why such rigorous treatment was dealt out to "Skive," for his nickname fully explains all missing details.

The afternoon was bright and pleasant, and there was a good show in town, a show which appealed to "Skive's" easily suited tastes, hence the bitter denunciation of existing conditions in regard to permissions.

"I tell you, Jim, I am tired of being told 'Nothing doing.' Every time I go near the office that euphonious phrase greets my ears, and I am sick of hearing it. I haven't been to the village for over a month, and now when "The Woman or the Tiger" is on I have to stick out here and twirl my thumbs. I'm going down if it does mean 'Siberia.'"

"Better not, 'Skive,'" said Jim, "I have no desire to lose your pleasant company. The room would seem desolate if you left. Who would spill my ink for me, or smoke my tobacco, or muss things up in general? Better not go down, 'Skive.'"

"Oh, cut out the kidding Jim," snapped the irate and outraged sufferer. "I'm going to that show this afternoon. Lend me your hat and overcoat, Jim, I don't know who borrowed mine."

Jim generously furnished his room-mate the required toggery, and watched him as he quickly walked towards the station. Later in the day, Jim wanted to visit the town himself, but since he received two permissions earlier in the week, he decided not to ask for leave of absence, but adopted the French leave, which in our own tongue means "skive."

That evening after supper the two worthies were seated in their room talking over the day's events. Skive was enthusiastically commenting upon the histrionic ability of the yellow kids, whilst Jim spoke glowingly of a certain young lady he had taken tea with the same day. Their discussion was terminated by a knock at the door, and Skive emitted his customary "come in" in a commanding and resounding tone.

The door opened and Morgan informed them that he was an emissary from Father—— who wished to see Jim immediately.

"Bet you were caught, Jim," 'Skive' cried in a happy tone, for Jim was known as an adept in the gentle art in which his room-mate had derived his nickname.

"Bet I wasn't," answered Jim. "I'm a little too sly to get spotted, and besides I was not on the main drive."

"What will you bet,—a supper at the Oliver?"

"Sure. I'll bet six if you want to."

"No, one is enough," answered Skive, and Jim started for the office after sealing the bet with the customary hand shake.

He stepped into the presence of the prefect confidently and was quickly informed of the facts.

"Down town without permission, eh Jim?" asked the dispenser of same.

"Why, Father, I am afraid you're a—mistaken. You know I very rarely go to town. In fact—"

"No use beating around the bush, Jim. I saw you run into the Auditorium this afternoon. I only saw your back, but easily recognized you by that overcoat and hat of yours. There's not another hat or overcoat like them in the place. That means one hundred and no permissions next week," informed Father—— On his way back to the room Jim saw through it all. Skive had been taken for him, and he had to suffer. Not only that, but he would be forced to buy him a supper at the Oliver. The moral: well you have probably figured it out by this time.

Selfishness.

'Tis sweet to hear the gentle note
Of harp or lyre, of flute or bell;
But all this sweetness, mark ye well,
Doth vanish when a discord's smote.

So when the music of our lives
Doth gently flow in dulcet strain,
All heartache, grief and deeper pain
Are fled and gladness only thrives. F. J. W.

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Calendar.

Sunday, Feb. 26, Opening of the Forty Hours. Solemn high mass.
Monday, Feb. 27, Chicago Operatic Company.
Tuesday, Feb. 28, Solemn closing of Forty Hours, 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday, March 1, Ash Wednesday. Solemn high mass. Distribution of Ashes.
" Christian Doctrine Examinations, 7:30 p. m.
Thursday, March 2, Basketball: Walsh vs. Corby.
" Confessions, 7:00 p. m.
Friday, March 3, First Friday Communion
" Bi-monthly examinations
Saturday, March 4, Bi-monthly Examinations.

A Tribute to Her Patriotism.

—On Washington's birthday the senior class added their link to the chain of tradition by the presentation to the University of the nation's flag. No more fitting exercise could so quicken the feeling of patriotism on the birthday of the nation's founder. To the young men who have been a cherished portion of the University's large and diversified family for a number of years, we look for some farewell expression of devotion to country and to Alma Mater before they bid her good-bye. They have been fostered by her; from her they have learned the lessons of religion and patriotism. By word and example they have been taught that man's life is not his own; that it belongs to his country. In time of peace the nation claims unselfish civic duties; in war—should war come—readiness to defend her, and, if need be, to offer up life as the fullest measure of devotion.

The flag is symbolic of the nation. And it is a high tribute surely for the seniors each year to confide the symbol to Alma Mater's keeping. It emphasizes their faith in her high teaching. It proves that from her they have learned the lessons of deep patriotism, and in testimony thereof they honor her with the flag of their country. And Notre Dame may well receive the flag. In war and peace she has given high proof of devotion to country. The old soldiers,—some of whom even now are listening for the last call, while others have answered and are gone,—these are her first fruits to war. The young men who year after year pass out from this University to take up the high and serious duties of citizenship,—these she contributes to peace. The senior class has done well to place the flag of the nation in Alma Mater's keeping, and Alma Mater will guard it well.

Canadian Reciprocity.

—Just now the press of the country is filled with comments, authoritative and otherwise, on the feasibility of reciprocity with Canada. Opinions are by no means quite consonant since they are largely influenced by the local and special interests of their authors. The confederated lumbermen, the great cattle raisers and the fishing interests are the most vehement among the opposition. The country at large, however, seems to be in favor of the measure. The question is not a new one, nor does it conflict with the principles of protection as advocated by the Republican party. Canada has no "pauper labor"; wage conditions and standards of living do not perceptibly differ, and the cost of production, according to so eminent an authority as James J. Hill, is practically equal. It would seem, therefore, that the existing tariff, broadly speaking, operates not only not to the advantage of either country, but really to the detriment of the best interests of both. At most, its removal would cause but a slight and that a temporary loss, to certain local and particular interests. On the other hand,

reciprocity between the two countries would stimulate commerce and trade between them. Users of lumber and wood pulp would be particularly benefited. It is believed that the price of food stuffs would be considerably lowered; and with a sincere hope that such will be the case the struggling American consumer at least bids the proposition God-speed.

—Exercise is necessary for the preservation of health. In a student it serves the twofold purpose of developing the body and mind, for a boy who takes no physical exercise is usually sluggish in his habits and dull in his studies. A course of physical exercise, it it were only in dumb-bells or Indian clubs, under a skilled trainer, develops bone and muscle, and gives the body a symmetry that is a pleasure to look at. A light step, supple joints, and manly bearing, are the result of scientific drill, and these are becoming conspicuous in our midst lately. The cadets show great improvement already from their training, and those who have joined will soon stand out in contrast to those who have not. We often see people, and when they walk the side of the body follows the foot at each step, and they twist backwards and forwards as if the different parts of their bodies were tied with strings instead of being jointed. A short course of training would remedy all this. The so-called college man's walk is but a compromise between the slouch of a street lounger and the lunge of the now happily obsolete cake walker.

The Boys in Gray.

—The Indianapolis Council of the Knights of Columbus is assisting in a meritorious work in the interests of good Catholic literature. It has arranged for the publication and wide distribution of a catalogue of the Catholic books in the public library of that city, with a view to interesting Catholic readers in the books, and informing Catholics where good books can be found. The catalogue is the work of Reverend James Holland, of St. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, and contains an introductory note by Mr. Joseph A. McGowan, Master of the Fourth Degree Assembly of Indianapolis. The value of this work can not be overestimated. As Archbishop Ireland said a few weeks ago, bigotry has in part passed from this country, and it is necessary for a Catholic to properly develop his talents to receive the recognition that he deserves. Good reading must play an important part in this development, and it is necessary for Catholics to know what constitutes good reading. Here at the University the students have every opportunity of knowing good books, and what is learned here should be put to practical advantage on leaving school.

Catholic Books in Public Libraries.

Bishop Maes at the University.

The University was honored this week by the presence of Right Rev. Camillus Maes, bishop of Covington. The distinguished bishop of Covington has always been a warm friend of the University, and we hope he will find an opportunity to address us before he goes away. The bishop is on his way home from Grand Rapids where he assisted at the consecration of Right Rev. Bishop Schrembs.

Fred Emerson Brooks.

Mr. Brooks was with us again for an hour on last Monday. The selections from his own poems, which Mr. Brooks read to us, radiate good humor and cheerfulness with just enough pathos to make them true pictures of life. There is also in Mr. Brooks' poems a healthy optimism and plenty of it. The impressions left by the poet were quite as favorable as those which we got from his former visits.

Mr. MacDowell Gives Views of Samoa.

On Friday, Feb. 17, Mr. Edward B. MacDowell delivered a stereopticon lecture with the far-famed Samoa Islands as his subject. The home of Robert Louis Stevenson and his last resting-place proved the most interesting pictures thrown on the canvas. Mr. MacDowell's voice is rather "preachy" and indistinct. He has a tendency to overdress his scenes with superlatives—a tendency quite too common with our stereopticon lecturers. The "grandest mountain in the world," "the most beautiful landscape ever beheld," are too general and mean nothing because they say too much.

Washington's Birthday Exercises.

Wednesday morning, February 22nd, the faculty and students of the University assembled in Washington hall to attend the annual Washington's birthday exercises. In pursuance of the custom established years ago by that grand old man, Father Regan, the senior class presented the nation's flag to the University. Mr. John Mullin, in behalf of the class of 1911, made the formal speech of presentation. Mr. Mullin's address, though brief, was well delivered and characterized by unaffected earnestness. The text of Mr. Mullin's address is as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE UNIVERSITY—It is now fourteen years since the graduating class of Notre Dame began the beautiful custom of presenting a flag to the University. Growing out of no special occasion, the product of no temporary ebullition of patriotism, that custom has lived. It has been reverently honored by every succeeding senior class. Year after year they have assembled on this stage to present their gift, declaring it to be an expression of gratitude to the University for fostering the right love of country that grows steadily in every student during his stay here.

There can be no misunderstanding the lesson of patriotism which is taught at Notre Dame. It is a virtue, we are told, which must be fit for everyday use as well as for supreme sacrifice. Not on the battlefield alone does it find its test; but wherever votes are cast, wherever laws are made or enforced, civic honor is at stake and there a man's courage is put to trial. We may never be called upon to die for country, but we shall always be asked to live for her in such a clean manner that, if the supreme moment ever does come, our virtue will be unflinching, the generous love of sons, not the measured service of hirelings. Such is the patriotism we have been taught.

And now, in the closing days of our college career, the class of nineteen hundred and eleven are given an opportunity to express our loyalty to country and to thank the University for the lesson taught us. As an earnest of our intention to live that lesson faithfully, we are leaving a flag. From its high peak on the campus it will float through storm and sun, and wherever we shall be our faces will be turned lovingly towards it. To you, Father Cavanaugh, we entrust our flag, and with it we pledge our promise, that in days of stress the class which will be graduated this year will not forget this day and the promise of it. We may fail, but we shall not be unmindful.

In his speech of acceptance, the President of the University spoke on the cross and the flag as symbols of our loyalty to God and country. The Ode read by Mr. Thomas Lahey was a creditable piece of work. The poem will be found on the first page. The assembly joined in the singing of national anthems, after which Senator Proctor, the orator of the day, delivered an eloquent "Message from the Class of 1904."

Captain Stogsdall, who has won a host of friends here was unable to leave home owing to illness. His spirit was present with the battalion, however, as was evidenced from the clever manouvering of the companies to the music of the cadet band. Captain John Murphy, and Lieut. William Helmcamp were in command in the absence of Captain Stogsdall.

The Bostonia Sextette.

Last Thursday, the Bostonia Sextette appeared in Washington hall. From an artistic standpoint, the concert was, perhaps, the best we have heard this year. The company as a whole displayed splendid technique and masterful interpretation, and the selections chosen were such as to bring out these perfections to the best advantage. Mr. Adams is master of the violin. His solos were enthusiastically applauded and he was required to respond to repeated encores. Mr. Staats, the leader of the Sextette, rendered several clarinet solos. His work was well up to the high standard of the company; the "Polka Caprice" was, perhaps, his best performance. Miss Evangeline Hiltz, soprano soloist, assisted the company. Her voice is strong yet sweet and mellow. Her several selections were well received, and she, too, responded to repeated encores. All in all, the entertainment was of high educational and artistic merit, and we shall gladly welcome the company again.

"Know-nothingism and Athletics."

We quote the following from the *Extension Magazine* for the month of March which speaks for itself. It indicates a condition which we have long since realized, and which in due time will make itself distasteful to the fair-minded in the world of sport:

It is a small thing to bring the knownothing tendency even into college sports, but even there it asserts itself. Here is a case in point. The University of Notre Dame has administered a number of defeats to such institutions as Michigan and Chicago. When the "Big Nine" was formed in football, lesser lights were accepted in its councils, but the Catholic

institution was excluded. Notre Dame's opportunity came later, and some more defeats were registered against the so-called "big ones." Now most of these institutions will play no games at all with Notre Dame. "It is no glory," said one of them, "to beat you, and it is a disgrace to be beaten by you." How consoling it is to Notre Dame that the latter condition has usually been to the fore.

Society Notes.

Senior Holy Cross Literary.

The eighth regular meeting of the Senior Holy Cross Literary Society was held Sunday evening, February 19. An interesting program, showing careful and assiduous work, was rendered. The numbers were as follows: Piano selection by Mr. James MacElhone, recitation by Mr. John O'Reilly, essay by Mr. Anthony Rosewicz, sketch by Mr. Alfred Brown. After the program the installation of officers took place. The new president, Mr. George Strassner, replaced Mr. MacElhone. The new officers, after they were installed, expressed their thanks to the society, promising to do their utmost to promote the well-being of this popular organization.

Brownson Literary and Debating.

The Brownson Society held its fifteenth regular meeting last Sunday evening. The third preliminary to select a team for the Brownson-St. Joseph debate was held, the question discussed being: "Resolved, That cities with a population of over thirty thousand should adopt the commission form of government." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. C. Mann, R. Schindler and J. Robins; the negative, by Messrs. G. Hanlon, W. Williams, and E. Taylor. After a few words of commendation, in which the critic said that this debate gave evidence of more preparation than was previously shown, the speakers were rated in the following order: J. Robins, C. Mann, G. Hanlon, W. Williams. The semi-finals will be held March 5; the finals March 12.

St. Joseph Literary.

The trials for the coming debate with Brownson Society were substituted for the regular program last Sunday evening. Those chosen to represent St. Joseph Literary were James Sanford, Joseph Smith, Charles Henneberger, and William Galvin. Reverend Fathers Walsh, Irving and Maguire acted as judges.

Personals.

Quite a number of the Knights of the local K of C. Council went to Chicago where they attended the Fourth Degree Exemplification last Wednesday.

Last Wednesday afternoon, Count Apponyi and his retinue paid a short visit to the University. The Count spoke to the students in the Brownson hall dining-room.

Friends of George Sands (LL. B. '10) will be pleased to learn that his dramatic gift is not yet a lost art. He helped the St. Patrick's Holy Name Society of South Bend stage "Sandy the Half Back," Friday evening last.

Edmund Walsh (student 1908-1909) is now Superintendent of Construction on one of the large railroads passing through Iowa. Ed was married a little less than a month ago to one of the prominent young ladies of Freeport, Illinois, a graduate of the Sisters' Convent there.

Senator Robert E. Proctor (LL. B. '04) was a visitor at the University last Wednesday and delivered the oration of the day at the Washington's birthday exercises. Mr. Proctor said that he had met several of the old students and that they all sent a message by him proclaiming their loyalty to their Alma Mater. Those he mentioned were: Steve Fleming, Harry Hogan (LL. B. '04), Harry Curtis (LL. B. '08) and Chauncey Dubuc.

Local Items.

—The regular bi-monthly exams will be held this coming Wednesday and Friday.

—Luke Kelly and "Lee" Ryan were declared champions of the Corby bridge whist league.

—Rehearsals will be in order Monday for the play to be given by the senior class Easter Monday.

—Co. B of Corby will dine at the Mishawaka hotel on Sunday evening. Plans are laid for an enjoyable evening.

—On account of the illness of several members of the cast the play that will be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association has been postponed.

—The South Bend high school boys held their annual inter-class track meet in the gym

on Tuesday. The senior class succeeded in carrying away the honors.

—Corby hall basketball team defeated Winona College Saturday night. After the game the President's wife graciously presented the local boys with a beautiful bunch of carnations.

—The senior class is now making ready for the Easter Monday ball. The committee on arrangements report that they intend to even surpass, the splendor of last year's brilliant affair.

—Many of the local K. of C's received the fourth degree of that order in Chicago Wednesday. They report that the degree is the most gorgeous and spectacular created by the ingenuity of man.

—A new consignment of books has been delivered to Brother Cajetan for the St. Edward's Library. The youngsters in this hall are quite fortunate to be so well supplied with reading matter.

—A track meet will be held this afternoon with I. A. C., of Chicago in the gym. Coach Maris expects the meet to be an exciting one. It is expected that John Devine will better his record of last week. The mile race between Steers and Waggle should also prove interesting as they are evenly matched.

—The K. of C. held an overflow meeting last evening at which were present all prospective goat riders. Refreshments and cigars were passed around, and Mr. James Sherlock called on the orators. The President of the University, Dr. Schumacher, Dr. Walsh were present and were called on for brief talks. The Knights are becoming the society leaders of the University, which proves the Notre Dame Council is certainly a "live organization."

—Last Wednesday our Rev. President spoke to some six hundred fourth degree Knights of Columbus at the initiation banquet in the La Salle hotel, Chicago. His appearance was a signal for a demonstration that will not soon be forgotten. When he rose to address the Knights, all stood a second time as a tribute of respect and cheered till the marble halls of the gorgeous hotel gave back a thousand echoes. While we thank the Knights for their fine tribute, we beg to add in our own defense that our President is not a prophet without honor in his own country. Had we all been there we would have joined in the greeting, you may be sure.

Athletic Notes.

RED AND BLUE MEET AWAKENS ENTHUSIASM.

If a field meet where Notre Dame only plays half of a part proves very interesting, what about a meet where the gold and blue is the whole show? That of course might be dealing with the philosophy of athletics, and as yet we have to hear from some writer along those lines. Be that as it may, it is a difficult proposition to line up the different men on one track team so that a whole afternoon of warmly contested events is the result, and also where the showing in these events is of the character displayed in the contest between the reds and the blues in the meet held last Saturday afternoon.

As an indication of what was to happen, Wasson, Fletcher, and Martin started the afternoon's entertainment by making the forty-yard dash a dead heat. In the final run-off of the tie "Jimmie" succeeded in coralling the honors, with "Fletch" and Martin dividing the second-place end of it. This is probably the first time that three or more men ever ran the forty in this fashion. In the high jump Philbrook crossed the bar at 5 feet 11-2 inches, again bringing our attention to the fact that "Phil" has the world's record in this event for a man of his weight. John Devine again broke into the spotlight, and proved, as he did the week previous, the sensational feature of the day. His achievement in winning the quarter in the time of 52.1 seconds, breaking the gym record by one whole second, puts him in a class alone with Davenport of Chicago University. Well may the latter gentleman look to his laurels in the Western Conference this June.

The mile was watched with much interest as it was generally thought that "Freddie" Steers would have a battle on his hands in defeating Plant. The youngster made a splendid bid for the honors, but the going told on him in the last lap, and Steers finished with a quarter of a lap to spare.

That the unexpected will sometimes happen was well evidenced when Hogan defeated Dana in the two mile. It was thought, as has always been thought regarding a race where Dana is concerned, that there would be only one kind of a finish, the Dana finish;

but when Hogan shot ahead of the veteran star in the early part of the twenty-fourth lap of last Saturday's two mile and battled gamely for the lead in a mad dash for the finish the awe-stricken bleachers slowly realized that Dana had been defeated. This is the second time that Dana has ever been defeated in the local gym. The first occurrence took place four years ago when John Devine in an effort to even matters finished first in the mile after Dana had annexed the premier prize in the half. This afternoon in the I. A. C. meet both of these men will again battle in the two mile, and it is safe to say that there will be some classy running, for it is not in Dana's nature to take defeat easily. The pole vault attracted a deal of interest, and the fans felt much encouraged when O'Neill and Rochne tied after going over the bar at eleven feet, for the local team has not been as strong in this event as is necessary to win points.

Fletcher made it three straight in the high-point line by winning first in the low and high hurdles, second in the high jump and tying with Martin in the forty, netting him 15 2-3 points. So far this season the "Fletch" boy has demonstrated that he is the best all-around man on the team. The relay was not run off as it was found that the blues in winning 48 1-3 points to the reds 39 2-3 points had a sufficient margin to give them the meet.

Summaries:

Forty-yard dash—Wasson, Reds, first; Fletcher and Martin, Blues, second. Time :4.3.

High jump—Philbrook, Reds, first; Fletcher, Blues, second. Height, 5 feet 11 1-2 inches.

220-yard dash—Martin, Blues, first; Wasson, Reds, second. Time :23.4.

Mile run—Steers, Reds, first; Plant, Blues, second. Time, 4:41.

Shot put—Philbrook, Reds, first; O'Neill, Blues, second. Distance 42 feet 6 1-2 inches.

440-yard run—Devine, Blues, first; Fisher, Reds, second. Time. 52.1.

40-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, Blues, first; Williams, Reds, second. Time :5.1.

880-yard run—Devine, Blues, first; Mahoney, Reds, second. Time 2:5. 3-10.

Pole vault—O'Neill, Blues, and Rochne, Reds, first. Height, 11 feet.

40-yard high hurdles—Fletcher, Blues, first; Williams, Reds, second. Time :5.3.

Two mile—Hogan, Blues, first; Dana, Reds, second. Time 10:49.

NOTRE DAME EVENS THINGS WITH WABASH.

With an even break of luck reigning and the exhibition of considerably more ability, the Varsity basketball team defeated the fast Wabash five at Crawfordsville, Ind., last Monday evening. In the game with Wabash in the local gym the visitors played the locals off their feet in the last half and clearly outpointed them in fast, snappy work, winning the contest in this section; but luck played a part, inasmuch as it seemed impossible for Fish's men to induce the ball to drop into the basket. In the game Monday, Maloney and Grandfield were the star men on the Notre Dame side both in teamwork and in scoring. The game was fast from start to finish and both teams gave the best they had to the last minute. Ulatowski and Feeney played a great game at the guard positions, there being but three field goals thrown by the Wabash forwards.

The local team, by defeating Wabash, holds the state championship as we have held it for the past few years. The line-up:

NOTRE DAME (23)		WABASH (15)
Fish	F.	Leffel, Herron.
Maloney	F.	Elgin
Grandfield	C.	Arnold
Ulatowski	G.	Lambert
Feeney	G.	Gengwish, Stump

Field goals—Maloney, 4; Grandfield, 3; Fish, 1; Elgin, 2; Luffel, 1; Lambert, 1. Free throws—Maloney, 7; Lambert, 5; Herron, 2.

BRAVES DOWN BROWNIES.

The fast teamwork of the Corby Braves coupled with the fact that O'Rourke swallowed his chew early in the second half, spelled Waterloo for Brownson Sunday afternoon. The Brownies started out with a dash and registered five points before the Braves realized that the game had started. This, however, was too good to last, for it was due to this sudden burst of speed and eager expectation that caused the unfortunate accident to Brownson's center. The first half was closely contested and ended 17 to 13 with Corby on the long end. During the remainder of the game it was plainly evident that the Brownies were singing their swan song, the final count being 33 to 18.

Mike Morrissy was the boss of the floor when it came to shooting baskets from difficult angles and his work in this department would even surpass the fondest dreams of Opie Dilldock. Hinde and Mehlem, the Corby guards, played their positions like veterans and stuck around their opponents in a most effective

manner. Moritz, the big peroxide blond, also made his presence known by dropping in a few baskets for Corby.

Walsh and Corby will decide who's to be the Simon Lagree in basketball next Thursday afternoon. Local followers of the pastime will, no doubt, gather in large numbers.

Safety Valve.

IT'S BECAUSE.

Corby hallers skive right on
Every time the prefect shunning.
Do you know why they escape?
It's because they have their Cunning.

Little Walshers try the trick,
After long and careful planning.
They get pickled every time,—
It's because they have their Canning.

***

Master Ffrench is a Ffairly Ffine Ffellow.

***

TO A VOCALIST.

A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me Singing up in Paradise,—
O Paradise were Wilderness enow!

***

The Walsh hall Literary and Dramatic society is furnishing a private club room where members will be served with segars, coffee, sandwiches and poets. There is one Walsh poet I'd like to serve.

***

Setting aside all manner of dope, we are inclined to think that Corby wins because Corby plays the game. "Nonsense!" All right then; have it your way.

***

When four start off a-singing
You call 'em a quartet.
Let us suppose there's only two:
Do you call 'em a pintet?
Why of course not!
Very well then.

***

Ever notice that sign on the trolley: "Don't get off the car while in motion"? Will Company demonstrate process of getting off without motion?

***

Mr. Henry M.—Say, last night the rain came through the roof and gave me a regular shower bath. You ought to do something.

Rector of Bulla—Surely you don't expect me to furnish soap and bath towels in addition.

***

SCHOLASTIC FAVORITES.

The Battalion is still forging ahead.

The natatorium presents a pleasing sight.

The interhall basketball curtain was raised Sunday afternoon.

***

If students, please take stairs to the rear, and if faculty, please take stairs to the right, what stairs please are the rest of us to take?

***

UNCLE TOM'S STORY.

[*Written exclusively for Us.*]

We were walking home together,
Art and I:
Talking maybe 'bout the weather
Or the days gone by.
Burst a cannon to my face,
(*Stiff arm gesture*) Just like that!
Danger, darkness and disgrace
Held me pinioned to the place!
(*Pianissimo*) I felt thereat
A crowd of memories,
Flowers and humming of bees
And one sweet dearie (*Name here.*)
(*Con fervore*) I smote down the robber,
And Art grabbed the horse,
I jumped to the saddle,
Art jumped up behind;—
Away on a mad chase down the wind!
Cannons to left of us, cannons to right:
We plunged like mad demons into the night!
Weary and worn, Art and me*
Arrived at last at dear Old C.
The fellows were out in the balmy air.
Cupid and Jimmy,—They all were there.
I told them my story,
With all its glory
Then fainted away.
They put me to bed, where, with fevered brow,
I dreamed this dream I 've told you now.

***

Dogma B. Professor—Which are the four marks of the Church, Mr. R——?

Mr. R.——The seven Sacraments.

***

ADVANCE NOTICES.

—The so-called Safety Valve is silly and stupid.—Freshman Student.

—By the way, I want to say a word in private about that so-called Valve.—Imprimatur.

—Too personal, too fond of picking out the same people week after week. Occasional gleams of intelligence.—E. S.

—Suggest you leave that page blank if you can't fill it with legitimate reading matter.—J. F.

—Pretty good, but too personal.—R. T.

—Certain good things. Others very vague. E. C.

—A simple Simon hodge-podge of stupidity.—Eng. D. Student.

*Have regular poetic license. Student patronage not desired.