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The Leveler.


THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

GREY where the mists of passing years
Were woven with shuttle and loom,
Stained with the dew of sorrow's tears
And robbed of all youthful bloom;
Age totters on with bended back
But heart still undaunted and brave,—
Time may apply its painful racks,
But Justice holds sway at the grave.

The Poetry of Father Tabb.*

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

(CONCLUSION.)

ITH marvelous skill, this poet has succeeded in bringing heaven and earth together, and in that union all objects are holy, for they speak of God. The "Blossom," for instance, impresses him as being rather another and a fairer harvest over and above the mere fruit of the orchard, and so he expresses it according to his own priestly temperament:

For this the fruit, for this the seed,
For this the parent tree;
The least to man, the most to God—
A fragrant mystery
Where Love, with Beauty glorified
Forgets Utility.

He has even gone beyond the outward appearances of things and caught the throb of nature's mighty heart chanting the glorious anthem of creation. In that chorus, flower and bird and star differ from one another as key from key, yet their voices are raised to the heights of a single harmony; their messages, attuned to

a uniform expression of Love. Hence we have the contrariety of subject and treatment in the following:

DISCREPANCY.

One dream the bird and blossom dreamed
Of Love, the whole night long;
Yet twain its revelation seemed,
In fragrance and in song.

Even the tiniest creature can not fall by the wayside without making the place "Holy Ground":

Pause where apart the fallen sparrow lies,
And lightly tread;
For there the pity of a Father's eyes
Enshrines the dead.

And when he plucks a flower from the soil, the very heavens feel the loss of its miniature countenance.

MY CAPTIVE.

I brought a Blossom home with me
Beneath my roof to stay;
But timorous and frail was she,
And died before the day:
She missed the measureless expanse
Of heaven, and heaven her countenance.

The unity of Father Tabb's world is marvelous. Stars do not disappear, but blossom into the glory of the dawn; winds do not disperse, but carry abroad the perfume of the flowers; silence is not the absence of clamor or song, but the great sea into which all sound flows without an echo. In this manner has Tabb harmonized the great body of his nature-poetry, no matter how diversified is its individual expression; for beneath it all runs the same great undercurrent of thought devoted to the evangel that all things are bound together in the love and harmony of creation.

It is only meet that a poet-laureate of the little in nature should have a special place in his heart for the child. Loving them the

* The Meehan Prize Essay.

more, he writes *to* them rather than *of* them. That is a rare genius which can sweep from far heights down to so low a level as the child-mind, without dragging its delicate wings. Yet the majesty of simple thought not only rescues the *Child-Verse* of Tabb from the common fate, but actually gives it independence of its first purpose. This it does by the worth of its own content, keeping all the while, however, within the focus of the simplest intelligence. The "Children's Poet" and the "High-Priest of Nature" might equally have loved these lines of "The Bluebird":

When God had made a host of them,
One little flower still lacked a stem
To hold its blossom blue;
So, into it He breathed a song,
And suddenly, with petals strong
As wings, away it flew.

There is a touch of heaven in our little ones, and Tabb has found it out. Consequently whenever he writes of the child, it is with an eye to the mother. But since language refuses to embody some thoughts, even this artist can only suggest the intimacy of a kinship which was born in heaven. Nowhere is the felicity of his thought so evident as in those peculiar productions of which "Confided" is typical:

Another lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,
Among Thy Father's sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother's breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest waking it should bleat and pine for me!

In only a few poets of our nation is it possible to detect even the occasional power of putting great thought into tiny poems. To still fewer in the language has it been given continually to do so with such little cost to technique and so great a gain to art. The fact of their littleness is in itself a minor consideration so long as other things are right; for form is always subservient to matter; and the complete poem, be it ever so short, is long enough if it fulfils its purpose. Looking to their actual effect upon the reader, we find that it is the very littleness of these same poems which enables them to carry the burden of truth by an easier and far surer route than most longer productions. Indeed, there is seldom any need to carry it at all,—they suggest it with a full and instantaneous flash that compels perception. Occasionally, we must admit,

the intellectual quality of his style so obtrudes itself as to require real hardship of thinking. This is a peculiar failing with Tabb, inasmuch as the over-packing of thought and the over-straining of suggestion are faults particular to his own virtues. The fact that such productions offend against so essential a quality as clearness can only be palliated by the extreme rareness with which they occur. From the foregoing pages, it will be seen that the non-religious poems of Father Tabb have in them that true moral tone which makes for the perfection of life. So constant is the fire of his genius that, even in his most fugitive verses, it sweeps instinctively upwards to that high heaven, which is upon all occasions its ultimate source and aim.

In his professedly religious productions, Tabb transcends even the writers of his own faith in calling his genius his own. So much has he done towards giving the spiritual its proper place in poetry that this individual accomplishment alone proclaims him a mighty laborer in the "Apostle of the pen." Looked at from a critical, no less than a moral viewpoint, the heart of the priest is a valuable asset to the genius of this poet. It has enabled him to touch the hand and follow the lead of God into the very chamber of tears,—the human heart. There, in the sacred exercise of his duties, Father Tabb has learned to read the true harmony of pain and pleasure, of sorrow and joy, when colored in the beautiful light of religion. That his sincerity has a deeper foundation than mere enthusiasm for beauty is evident from the willingness with which he,—a poet,—suffers the loss of the poet's most inestimable treasure,—his vision.

Back to the primal gloom
Where life began,
As to my mother's womb,
Must I a man
Return:

Not to be born again,
But to remain,
And in the School of Darkness learn
What mean
"The Things Unseen."

Yet, however much Tabb may have moralized about life, it is around the altar of his adopted belief that he clusters some of the fairest fruits of his genius. The double nature of the man seems not to be satisfied with seeing and quietly enjoying the great truths of his faith. He must make it a poetic joy, this feeling

after and presenting the beautiful in religion. Accordingly, once apart from the world of men and things, his priestly and poetic powers seem to converge into a single faculty for sounding the depths of his own *credo*. No beautiful event in the life of the Saviour or His Blessed Mother but stirs the power of his pen. At one moment he will color his canvas with a superb picture of the Annunciation or the Crucifixion; at another, he will paint beautiful little legends of home life as it may have been lived at Nazareth,—and all with so sure a touch and in a manner so peculiarly beautiful, as to mark them his own with almost autobiographic exactness. Only Tabb could have conceived of the following in such an eminently poetic way:

BETHLEHEM.

Long, long before the Babe could speak,
When He would kiss His mother's cheek
And to her bosom press,
The brightest angels, standing near,
Would turn away to hide a tear,
For they are motherless.

NAZARETH.

Once, measuring His height, He stood
Beneath a cypress-tree,
And, leaning back against the wood,
Stretched wide His arms for me;
Whereat a brooding mother-dove
Fled fluttering from her nest above.

Of a truth, religion has become so matter-of-fact, so palpable a thing with him that in no other way can we explain the quaint little conceits which have emanated from his pen. The following trifle, although it militates against high art and a proper reverence, is at least eloquent of the simple and generous faith which animated the great heart and mind of a real poetic genius:

OUT OF BOUNDS.

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day,
Comes down to find His ball, the earth,
That sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball!

Critics disagree in giving their meed of praise or blame to such conceits as "Out of Bounds," "Is Thy Servant a Dog?" etc., yet it seems to the writer that the heart of Tabb has for once forgotten the better of his head. In so much, at least, has he trifled with his gift; but certainly the incense fumes of a nobler and more sensible faith is ever hovering about the great remainder of his religious poems.

To cite further evidence concerning the spiritual quality of Father Tabb's poetry would be to multiply proofs for an argument which must be granted almost as soon as made; for, when all else has been said, it still remains a fact that no modern writer recalls so quickly to our minds that God made His prophets poets. Canons of criticism have not been given to us on tables of stone, but no amount of argument can change false morality into true art. That principle is not an arbitrary one, for the beautiful in life can not exist apart from truth,—and truth clings to God. Measured by this standard, many of our so-called poets whose profession it was to portray life, must really be classed as offenders against it. Above such writers Tabb rises far superior, however high certain self-opinioned critics may have inscribed their names. His interpretation of life is true, because it rests upon God and the expression of His love in nature and man; it is beautiful, because, above all things else, it is true. By that common influence of his genius has Tabb realized for himself the second great requirement of poetry, as stated in the beginning,—beauty of substance.

If we are to accept or reject his poetry, it must be upon intrinsic merit alone. No school of expression can altogether claim him; no group of writers carry his name along with their own; for, as he was no imitator, he had no direct prototypes. And therein lies the peculiar genius of the man. His path to Arcady was almost entirely blazed by himself, and the only foot-paths that mingle occasionally with his own are those peculiar to our minor masters of great melody, Herrick, Herbert and Crashaw. Precisely because his is pioneer work, it has all the imperfections of most attempts in new and comparatively untried fields. Occasionally that work will touch upon the borderland of the uninteresting; more often, perhaps, it will suggest the library, the workshop, or even the idle moment,—and this with a frequency that compels attention. Yet he might have offended much more in his art and still live through the vitalizing power of his thought; he might even have fallen short in this, and yet, in accomplishment, be worthy the rewards of great genius. In judging, therefore, we have measured him, and he must always be measured, by peculiar and somewhat unusual standards, not entirely by those that he never tried to attain. It matters little whether Tabb would

have stood higher or lower did he attempt a wider range or a less difficult medium of expression; it is even a minor consideration whether he has actually opened a new field or only recultivated the old metaphysical grounds; the one fact that he has illustrated new and comparatively unknown powers in the language of which Milton and Shakespeare are specimens, is, in itself, sufficient glory. For this was his genius fitted and upon this must his fame for the present rest, until the greater perfection of his poetry will have outlived mere technical accomplishment, and stand upon its own merits during time.

Returning to the thesis laid down at the beginning of this essay, we maintain that the poetry of John Tabb possesses those qualities of greatness which place him in line with the leading singers of English lyric song: 1st. Because, in the technique of a peculiar and heretofore imperfect cast of poetry, he approaches actual perfection of form and artistry; 2nd. Because, in substance, he lays bare to the common heart of man the real beauty and meaning of life as interpreted by the sublimest possible standard,—that of religion. In a word, the poetry of Father Tabb is great because it challenges the scrutiny of art and religion.

The Golden Medal.

BENEDICT J. KAISER.

A peculiar noise coming from the direction of the entrance door threw the entire house of Simon Rozewicz into confusion. The children began to cling to their parents, and the father with his eyes riveted on the door awaited the result. The clattering of swords was arrested for a moment, the door flew open and in a moment there appeared before the calm inmates of a happy home six sturdy Russian soldiers clad in full uniform and with long heavy swords at their side. At this sight Simon Rozewicz grew pale, and although he felt perfectly innocent of any crime, yet he knew that this visit was no omen of good fortune.

One of the six intruders stepped forward, and unrolling a piece of parchment read it to the family who sat astonished gazing at one another. It was a legal warrant authorizing the holders to arrest Simon for some alleged political crime. Learning the fate which had

befallen their father, the children began to cry. Simon offered no resistance, for he knew full well it was useless. He was given a half hour to be ready to leave his family, probably never to see them again.

Simon was taken to the prison and placed in a dark, damp cell. It was about ten o'clock, but he could not fall asleep. All night he paced up and down the cell thus trying to shorten the endless march of the hours. He was fully aware that he would not see his dear wife and children any more, as he knew that the Russian government had provided a very safe place for all loyal Poles whom they called political outlaws for want of a better name. In spite of the terrible punishment awaiting him, Simon was satisfied in his soul that he had done his duty toward his country. He was a loyal Pole and took a prominent part in the insurrection at Warsaw in 1831. The Poles pressed by the heavy yoke of the Russian government, deprived of their country, liberty and all that was dear to a liberty-loving nation, could no longer bear the oppressor's arm, and, however weak and insignificant in the eyes of the powerful Russian army, they gathered up their forces and rose against their oppressors. Many of them were captured and immediately executed on the field of battle, and many more were taken captives and sentenced to life imprisonment in the underground caves of Siberia. Simon Rozewicz, however, escaped the torturing hand of the barbarians only to receive double punishment later. His first night in prison was spent meditating on the future fate of his family.

"Will the Russian be satisfied with the revenge taken on my person, or will he continue to molest my wife and children? What will become of my wife and children without the guiding hand of a father?" These were the thoughts that occupied his mind the entire night.

In the morning the turnkey brought him some food—bread and water. He did not touch it, but falling on his knees sent up his prayers to the Almighty for the protection of his family. All exhausted he fell asleep during his prayer and so remained until called to appear before the magistrate to receive his sentence for the alleged crime. He was escorted to the judge's chamber by two officers. The judge was a rough, mean-looking old man,

seated on a high tribunal and surrounded by several jurors of like disposition. There was little ceremony to the proceedings. The judge read the charge, and poor Simon, without being given a chance to utter a word in his defense, was pronounced guilty by the jurors, and the judge proceeded to pronounce the sentence. It was life imprisonment in the cold, underground caves of Siberia. Subsequently he was led back to his cell to be transported to his resting-place when a sufficient number of the so-called political outlaws would be gathered up to warrant a profitable journey to the distant Siberian wilderness.

Weeks and months passed by and poor Simon saw nothing but the bare, cold walls of his small cell and his small piece of dry bread and glass of water. He was even denied the pleasure of seeing the rising and setting sun. He lost all record of time. His nights did not differ from the days in the dark dungeon where by the faint beams of his little lamp he had almost forgotten their existence.

After several months poor Simon with a large number of his countrymen started to their destined exile. The journey continued some three months during which time the poor lovers of liberty and true sons of their country travelled over three thousand miles through the wild and cold plains of Siberia.

Reaching their destination in the vicinity of Tobolsk on the Obi river, they were put to work in the salt mines conducted by the Russian government. With the exception of the few overseers and officers, the workmen were all prisoners, mostly the so-called political outlaws, men, women and even children. They were compelled to work day and night with the exception of a few hours for sleep. The food was of the poorest kind imaginable and the smallest amount possible was given out. Years went by and poor Simon labored calmly, submitting his fate to the Almighty to whose care he entrusted the fate of his family.

While he was suffering in the deep caves, his family likewise, robbed of their faithful leader and sole supporter, passed through many a crisis. The poor mother labored with all her womanly power and motherly affection to secure means for the subsistence of her five children. Placing her fate in the hands of God she did not despair, and hoped that some day she would see her dear husband. As years went by the children became of more

help to her. Her oldest son, Simon, Jr., was now able to earn a few cents daily and also help her in managing the household affairs. They worked day and night, hoping they might be able to accumulate the five thousand rubles necessary to free their father from the hands of the cruel oppressors. With the help of young Simon, the mother's burden was comparatively easy, but this did not last long. The son was now in his twentieth year and under the compulsory law of military service was obliged to serve nine years in the royal Russian army.

Thus the years went by and poor Simon's condition was no better than in the beginning with the exception that his term of service was growing shorter with every day. A young man when he went, now his face covered with wrinkles and his black hair changed to silver gray. After many years of the regular routine order of life an incident took place which, however insignificant at the time, changed his entire future.

One day while wheeling his cart his eye caught a glittering object lying on the ground. He passed it by thinking nothing of it; but awakened by some internal voice his curiosity was aroused and he turned back to pick it up. He looked at it and then rubbed his eyes, and again examined it by the dim light of his lamp.

"It is impossible," said he, holding in his hand a gold medal, the very same one that was awarded him for distinguishing himself in a battle against the Russians a short time before his imprisonment. Tears came to his eyes at the sight of an object which brought him memories from his own land. What he could not understand was how it found its way into the caves of Siberia. He was positive that he did not bring it with him, however much he had wished to do so, as he knew well it would not pass the Russian inspection, for no object which could recall to the memory of the prisoners the existence of their country were allowed to be had in their possession. There was only one solution to the problem: One of his sons had met the same fate as he himself had, some twenty odd years ago. At this thought he was horrified.

"So at last my dream has come true. To take away a father from his family was not enough punishment? Is it possible that my son is among the poor sufferers of this devildom?" These thoughts dwelt in his mind

for a long time. He grew sad whenever he cast his eyes upon the medal which he now wore strung from his neck. He used all his power to find the loser, but in vain.

Under the command of the new officer, a comparatively young man who was placed in charge of the exiles several months since, the life became much more pleasant. Much of the cruelty of the old commander was abandoned, better food was served and the hours of labor were much shorter. It was his desire to make other improvements, but it was impossible without subjecting himself to the censure of the higher authorities.

Old Simon's life under the new commander went on without any unusual incident for several months, until one day he was called to appear before the new commander who addressed him rather harshly.

"What is that medal you are wearing, and how did it come into your possession?"

"Sir, if it pleases you, it is a medal bearing the expression of appreciation of faithful service to my mother country presented by her to a loyal son who has fought for her liberty. I found it here, and it was apparently lost by the son of the owner whom I have found. Now I am looking for the loser of this precious relic."

The young commander hearing these words which meant so much to him demanded the owner's name not suspecting that the owner was before him. Old Simon replied:

"I am the owner of this medal."

"And I am the loser," replied the commander.

The two men stared at each other for a few moments, neither of them able to utter a word. Then they were locked in each other's arms. "My father," uttered the commander, "My son," murmured the old man.

The joy of the two men can not be described. Parted for upwards of twenty years, with no hopes of ever meeting again and brought together by such strange circumstances is too much for the imagination of others than those concerned.

The loyal son forwarded a plea in behalf of his father to the government authorities, and shortly after Simon Rozewicz was released and sent back to his family.

It is no sign of intellectual greatness to hold others cheaply.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The Logic of the School Tax.

JOHN F. O'HARA, II.

The political question involved in the problem of religious or sectarian education is the question of taxation without representation. The liberty of conscience granted by the constitution makes it possible for parochial schools to exist; the demands of the Catholic Church and of certain other religious bodies, notably the Lutherans, for the religious education of children, have made them a necessity. Compulsory education, enforced by the State, has caused the creation of a general system of public schools, at which instruction is furnished free, the schools being maintained by general taxation. The dual and independent action of the Church and the State, then, in this country, has caused the creation of a dual system of education. The patrons of the clerical system, however, maintain their own schools by private funds, while they must at the same time pay into the general taxing fund a certain quota of the State's school-tax. Unless there can be found a sufficient reason for this tax it is unjust.

The Catholics and others who pay for the maintenance of the parochial schools derive no benefit directly from the public schools. In so far as the purpose of the education furnished by the State is to make good citizens and thus secure a greater guarantee of safety and protection, the Catholics are benefited indirectly by the system of public schools. The school-tax must be justified on either the benefit or the faculty theory of taxation. While the faculty theory is taken into account in determining the amount of this as of other taxes, it is not used as the justification of the school-tax. According to the benefit theory, then, the State must show, for the justification of its action, that the Catholics are benefited in proportion to the amount of their tax. Obviously, there is a lack of proportion between the direct benefit received by the patron of the public schools and the amount of his tax, which is equal to that of the Catholic who receives only the very indirect and indefinite benefit which comes from better citizenship.

In answer to this argument the apologist for the present system replies that the Catholic has an equal right with others to send his

children to the public schools for their education, and that he pays for the right, which is in itself the benefit. But a distinction may be drawn between a potential and an active benefit, for the former may exist dependent on a certain contingency, and in the presence of the contingency, the right, which really exists, may not have it in its power to be a benefit. A contingency exists in this case. In conflict with the right of the Catholic to have his children educated in the public schools is his religious obligation to send them to the parochial school. The right, then, does not exist for the Catholic. The constitution guarantees that no law can be passed curbing the free exercise of his religious duties, nor can he be interfered with in any way in the fulfillment of his obligations. The Church deprives him of the right that the State would confer, and the State can not deny the right of the Church to take away this privilege. The Catholic, therefore, is not paying for either a right or a benefit when he pays his school-tax.

On the other hand, he is conferring a distinct and direct benefit on the State, for which he receives no remuneration. The burden of general taxation for the school fund is considerably lightened by the parochial schools. In matters of public education, the State of Ohio may be taken as a normal and average case. Recent figures published in *America* show that the Catholics of that State have relieved the State of the burden of educating 100,000 children. Basing the cost of the education of one child on figures furnished by the board of statistics, it is estimated that the Catholic Church thus saves the State a total of more than three million dollars annually, for it has been discovered that the per capita cost of education is more than \$32. The question of the manner of distribution of funds for religious education would bring serious problems;—but that is another question. It seems hard to justify the tax on Catholics for the maintenance of public schools.

The Clown.

Poor fool, no revenue hast thou
But the wag o' thy head,
That in the wrinkles of thy brow
Must eat thy bread.

A. L. C.

Characterization in "The Rivals."

WILLIAM E. MCGARRY, II.

Nature presents to us many enigmas. The problem "What is Life," has engaged the attention of the scholars of every race and age, and the results have fallen far short of the mark aimed at. Spencer tells us "Life is the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." This definition suits us for most practical purposes, but does not convey to us the picture of life as we intuitively know it. The biologist is ever confronted with the study of this same problem and as yet has found no satisfying solutions and tells us it can only be defined through its manifestations. To the physicist the problems, "What is Matter," and "What is Motion," are also enigmatic and find an explanation only in their respective manifestations.

To the student of dramatic art the great problem is "What is Characterization." Father Crowley in his work, "Characterization in the Medieval Drama," has defined character, in relation to the drama, as "the sum of man's qualities, the outcome of united nature and personality, reasoning, feeling, and willing as a whole;" this definition is most adequate, yet, like the definition of life, it is vague and defines character not as we know it intuitively. The philosopher, the biologist and the physicist in the explanation of their problems are not unlike the student in the drama. In the manifestations of the problem of characterization lies its solution, from which certain incontrovertible laws or principles are deduced.

The purpose of dramatic art is "to hold the mirror up to nature." Hence it follows that a character must be human and natural. "A character must contain elements of good and evil," says Aristotle. In this only is a character human; he must be liable to err, not divine and inculpable. This, then, is the first principle of characterization; a character must be human, natural and probable.

The characters of those whom we know and observe in our everyday life differ one from another. We can easily note the distinguishing traits of each and find no two exactly alike; so it is in the drama, no two characters can be alike. The distinct and distinguishing traits must be sufficiently pronounced to

awaken our interest and present to the audience a distinct type. "It should be possible to say of every dramatic character which it is sought to identify with another personage; 'this is not the man.'" This distinctness is best obtained through contrast; that is, by using one character as a foil to another.

When once established a character must be sustained throughout the action. He must say and do what is appropriate to his character and maintain those emphasized traits given him. A violation of this law is a breach of the principle of consistency. Paradoxical as it may seem, however, a character may be consistently inconsistent; Hamlet is a good example. He does not offend against the principle of consistency, because he is drawn as inconsistent.

The third principle of characterization is effectiveness; i. e., the characters must promote and give motive to the action. The action must, in fact, grow out of the nature of the character, as the blossom from the bud. "The chief character should determine the source of the action or plot, which should harmonize their distinguishing traits." From this it follows that a character must always act from proper motives. He must not act by chance or fancy but from sufficient motives; otherwise he becomes a mere mechanical puppet and presents not the character, but the dramatist and his work to the criticism of the audience.

A fourth principle to which a dramatist must be true is that of development. To be true to life a character must show development; by this is meant that he must show some growth of character during the course of the play. "The audience would rather see how one becomes a miser than to know he is one." The dramatist should let us feel and see the evolution of the character.

To these principles a dramatist must be true. His characters must possess effectiveness and development, they must be distinct and consistent, they must be human and natural. Shakespeare well knew the worth and strength of these precepts and in obeying them he has given us the greatest characters of the drama. Sheridan knew but very little of characterization and its laws. "His art was theatrical rather than dramatic," which can be seen in all his plays, especially "The Rivals." This play has retained its place upon the stage for over a century and a half as one of our foremost

comedies and for this reason is worthy of the consideration and study of a student of the drama.

The hero of this comedy is Captain Absolute, a manly, lively and romantic young man, who under the inferior title of Ensign Beverly succeeds in winning the heart of Lydia Languish, the heroine. He is pleasing; yet when all is said and done we find him not as a distinct type of a lover. He shows little or no development and is quickly lost sight of in the excellences of the other characters.

In the character of Lydia we find the truly romantic girl, who is bent upon an elopement even to the loss of a great part of her fortune. She is a young, hot-tempered, and sentimental "miss," but we often lose sight of her in what she says. She shows development, yet we sometimes question the sufficiency of the motives from which she acts. The author endeavors to give us a character very sentimental in order to give reason for her conduct in refusing Captain Absolute, when she found out there was to be no elopement. In this he failed; for we can not conceive of her worshiping this man as she does and for such a trifle refusing to marry him.

Mrs. Malaprop, the aunt of Lydia Languish and barrier to Beverly's suit, is a character very much heightened from real life. Her "ingenious derangement of epitaphs" afford much laughter, yet they are unnatural and improbable. Her comparison of Lydia to an "allegory of the river Nile," her "scorn of algebra, simony, fluxions, paradoxes, and such inflammatory branches of learning," her "fears of going into hydrostatic fits," are examples of her absurd mistakes, which suggests too strongly the effort of the author. Aside from her misuse of words, however, we find a character proud and good natured, who is anxious for Lydia's welfare and who is far from being offensive.

As Lydia has an unbending aunt in Mrs. Malaprop, so Captain Absolute has a domineering father in the personage of Anthony Absolute. Some critics consider this character to be the best in the piece. Like Mrs. Malaprop, he is highly exaggerated, but unlike her he shows no development. He is the conventional type of a domineering father, who has made life a success and will permit his son to take no step unless aided and abetted by him. He shows no development; at the end he is,

as a dramatic character, no longer or wider than at the beginning.

The rival of Captain Absolute in his courtship of Lydia Languish is Bob Acres. In the creation of this character lies a great deal of the merit of the play. He is a swaggering braggart resembling Falstaff and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, though not reaching the height of excellency of either. His "referential oaths" and his unique expressions are very life-like. This character is superior to all the others and will outlive the play itself.

Acres counsel and consoler in his trials is Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Sir Lucius carries on a courtship with Mrs. Malaprop, who assumes the name of Delia; the said Delia he thinks to be Lydia. Sir Lucius presents a grave contrast to Acres. He is somewhat of a braggart himself, but possesses more bravery than Acres, whose courage consists only of loud-spoken phrases. When disappointed in his courtship of Lydia, we think, Sir Lucius gives up too readily and without sufficient motive. We expect that he will, instead of becoming resigned to the situation, fight a duel with Captain Absolute for the hand of the fair Lydia.

The characters of Faulkland and Julia will be considered together, since these two sentimentalists are wrought in a sub-plot, which lends nothing to the main action, unless, as has been suggested, to give contrast to the love affair of Captain Absolute and Lydia. By way of excuse for this fault in technique it might be said that Sheridan's object in introducing this sub-plot was to appease the two factions of theatre goers of his time; one followed the school of romance, the other that of sentiment. Faulkland is a type of the highly sentimental lover, ever jealous of Julia. In every smile and tear he sees some new misery to aggravate him. When she is far away from him, he fears she may be "indisposed," but when assured that she is well and happy, he thinks she ought to be sick and long for him. "His sentiment is never fresh, generous and natural, but tasteless and hollow in meaning."

In the character of Julia, Sheridan is faithful to the laws of characterization. True, the language of Julia and Faulkland is too elevated and strained to be natural; yet it is exceedingly humorous. Their love affair makes an excellent contrast to the romantic

courtship of Captain Absolute and Lydia. These are the chief characters in the play. Of the servants but little can be said. Their language is not what would be expected of them; it is too cultured. In several instances they outshine their masters in their pungent repartees.

This play has become dear to the actors of every decade, since it affords many opportunities for displaying ability. As it is now staged, however, the play is different in detail from the original text. Faulkland with his strained language and hollow sentiment is greatly omitted. Captain Absolute and Sir Anthony Absolute are changed to some extent and given development. Lydia and Sir Lucius remain without effectiveness; i. e., they do not act from sufficient motives. The characters of Julia, Mrs. Malaprop and Acres are not changed; they far surpass the others in point of excellency and it is only through these latter two that "The Rivals" continues to be so popular.

Varsity Verse.

DREAM SHIPS.

My Dream Ships are at sea
Seeking the mystic coasts of Poesy.
Now sink they in the deep,
Where half the Unknown Dead forever sleep?
Or does an auspicious breeze
Waft them to me more rich than argosies?

A. F.

A PASTORAL POEM.

He briskly walked from his father's home,
And his heart was light with glee;
He started the great wide world to roam,
His eye caught sight of a golden dome
And a student soon he'd be,
So he chuckled merrily.

The smile is gone from that boyish face
And a frown has knit his brow,
And deepened wrinkles now haunt the place
Where thought and worry have left their trace,
For a pen supplants the plow,—
He is writing verses now.

R. J. F.

A CHOICE.

You take the green of youthful June
Ere yet the year is old.
Give me October's fading bloom
With leaves all turned to gold.

D. E.

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Board of Editors.

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—One young man decided during the vacation that he would not cast his lot with this school this year because there were no "frats," and because there were

The Spirit of Equality. no plush seats in the synagogue for the "immensely wealthy." Needless to say, the young man was given no assurance that there would be next year. We are very tenacious of our traditions, and that about equal opportunities to all and special privileges to none we are wedded to for life, till death does part. The university should stand for equality, tolerance, open-mindedness. The accident of wealth in a young man's family should never create a magic circle around him, nor make the place where he stands a holy ground. The university should recognize "no sovereignty but that of mind and no nobility but that of genius." A "school for the wealthy," as distinct from a school for the poor, is un-American. A "select school" as distinct from a school where, as far as possible, every honest, bright, industrious, broad-shouldered young man may go and secure the benefits of education is a shoddy European importation. Notre Dame will never line up with the "select" in that sense. She stands for democracy and stands for it so effectively she has no need to preach it. Her students come from near and far, north, south, east and west. For all of them she has a genuine welcome, starts them off on an equal footing, and gives recognition to those who lead by force of character and brains. Among the students

themselves there are no class distinctions, no would-be nobility, no shabby aristocrats. They walk shoulder to shoulder as equals under a genuine school democracy. One should be grateful for a spirit of equality so peaceful, so helpful, so inspiring. Snobbishness in any man is despicable; in a student it is an abomination.

—Physical well-being, if not essential to mental health, at least greatly promotes it. The Latins expressed this neatly in a maxim that everybody knows. And **Physical Exercise.** while we may regret the fact that good health has become a great problem in our day, instead of an unconsidered, glowing reality as it was to our sturdier forbears, none the less we must reckon with a worn-down vitality and a constitution tending toward physical dishonor. Happy the lad who has not yet discovered that he has a constitution, for on the heels of that discovery must follow all the modern science of exercise and "treatment." Masseurs, chiropodists, beauty doctors—shades of Hippocrates and the sane Greeks, how the world withers! Be that as it may, not a man in college but needs exercise in some form or another to keep his body in that condition wherein it will best wait upon the wishes of his mind. And no school, we venture to say, will offer him more inviting opportunity in this way than Notre Dame. As to the kind of exercise to be elected, of course that will depend upon the needs of the individual. We hope to come back to that point at another time. Let it suffice now to say that each student should mentally note in his bill of studies, 3:30-5:00 P. M. "Physical Exercise" A 1.

—Last Tuesday evening at a banquet held in the South Bend Y. M. C. A. headquarters, H. Emory Road spoke at some length of the new Men's and **The Men and Religion Forward Movement.** Himself one of the prime movers in the organization, his remarks are entitled to respectful consideration as authoritative declarations concerning its ends and purposes. He told of its inception, of its set-backs, of the interest it finally aroused, and of its ultimate crystallization into an organization with capabilities for working a vast good.

Yet as to the means by which its purpose

is to be carried out, he was singularly reticent. It is to arouse anew the waning interest of men in religion—Protestant religion,—he tells us, yet it is not to be affiliated with any church; it is not to be in any sense similar to the Y. M. C. A.; nor is it to be like the old-fashioned revival movement. If it is not these things, it is difficult to understand just what it is.

He declares it to be the greatest religious movement since the crusades—with the possible exception of the Reformation. Whether he honestly believes this to be true, or whether it is the mere professional clap-trap of the too ardent zealot, is a matter for doubt. The Crusades were one thing; the Reformation was quite another; in no way can they be compared; and to say the least, the Men's and Religion Forward Movement bears no resemblance to either. From the point of view of several hundred millions of the world's population the Reformation was the worse blow religion ever met, and necessarily the present movement must be deemed by them quite as bad, since it is calculated to prolong the effects of the former. The movement may work a good from the Protestant's point of view, but it may hardly be mentioned in the same breath with the Crusades.

Returns from the Class of '11.

Ralph Dimmick (LL. B. '11) is coaching Columbia University at Portland, Oregon.

Rumor has it that Joseph Collins (LL. B. '11) is at Tiffin, Ohio, as coach of the Heidelberg College football team.

Arthur Hughes (Ph. B. '11) is in the advertising department of Butler Bros., one of Chicago's big department stores.

Thomas Havican (Litt. B. '11) has entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Maryland.

John Mullin (A. B. '11) set sail last week for Rome, where he will be a Theological student at the American College.

Pedro DeLandro, a graduate in engineering last June, was a recent visitor at the University.

George Washburn (C. E. '11) is employed by the Pennsylvania railway and is stationed at Syracuse, Indiana.

John Tully, who was graduated in engineering last June, is now in the executive department of the Central Electric Company.

William Heyl ('11) is employed with the Bell telephone Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

Religious Opening.

It is a beautiful custom to preface our work by invoking divine assistance. Among a religious people the custom grows extensive. So much so, that before entering any new venture one ejaculates prayers; in giving thanks for our comforts, we say grace; societies and conventions begin and end with prayer; the laying of the corner-stone of important structures is conducted with religious ceremonies; nay, even our language bears the stamp, our word of departure, "good-bye," being an abbreviated blessing, "God be with you." Hence it seems nearly a matter of course that the school year of a Catholic University should begin with uncommon religious rites, and all the splendor which church functions can supply. And so last Sunday, September 24, the 1911-1912 school year was formally opened by solemn high mass and benediction. At eight o'clock the giant, rich-toned bell rang out a message of hope. Father Walsh, Vice-President, celebrated mass, Father Maguire acted as deacon, and Father Lavin as subdeacon.

Principal among the day's events was, quite naturally, President Cavanaugh's sermon. It might, in a sense, be called an address of a general to his troops on the eve of battle; or rather before commencing a siege. It was an order to fight. As Napoleon before the pyramids aroused his soldiers by the classic sentence, "Forty centuries look down upon you," so Father Cavanaugh stimulated the students, saying: "The whole world looks to you for the preservation and fruition of lofty ideals."

The school-year, therefore, is under way; it is well begun since it began with prayer. We pray that 1911-1912 may be successful, yea, that it may outrank even its greatest forerunners.

Vacation Echoes.

Under the title, "Distinguished Visitors," the *Fredericksburg Star* says in its issue of August 19:

"Gen. William Hoynes, dean of the law department of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and Rev. J. A. Burns, president of Holy Cross College, Washington, were here Saturday looking over the battlefields."

The Crowning Fifty.

On the Fifteenth of August, the feast of the Assumption, four venerable members of Holy Cross rounded out the golden fifty years in religion. Those privileged to celebrate this rare anniversary were: Bro. Titus, Bro. Ferdinand, Bro. Neil, Bro. Hyacinth. The present generation of students does not know these rare types of men who have given their best service to Notre Dame for many years. But the old boys, who are now old men, know and remember them with affection. Bro. Titus was chief baker for many years; Bro. Neil was employed in the tailoring department and Bros. Ferdinand and Hyacinth had occupations within the University proper. The Golden Jubilee was formally celebrated in the Community house on the day of the feast. Father Provincial, Father French, Father Franciscus and several other members of the local clergy were present to do honor to this quartette of men whose humility of life is equalled only by their quiet cheerfulness. We wish them with us for a long time yet to quicken us to better things by the help of their prayers and the inspiration of their sweet and gentle lives.

Dome Staff.

Dome appointments are announced this week, making the complete staff as follows: Editor-in-chief, Cyril J. Curran; Associate Editors, Russell G. Finn, Edward J. Howard. Business Manager, Walter Duncan; Assistant Business Manager, Albert H. Keyes; Art Editor, Bernard B. Lange; Assistant Art Editor, Carmo D. Dixon; Departmental Editors: Baseball and Basketball, Harry W. Cullen; Football and Track, Patrick A. Barry. Interhall Athletics, Dwight Cusick; Interclass Athletics, Leo J. Condon; Calendar, Donald McDonald; Military, William Parish; Society, Fabian Johnston; Drama and Oratory, John P. Murphy.

The Board declares that the watchword this year will be originality. Many of the old-time features are to be abolished, or so embellished as to be scarcely recognizable, while the new things will be frequent and surprising. The policy will be to make as many changes as are consistent with good taste,

and to accurately reflect the life of the whole school. In the accomplishment of these aims, the Board requests the co-operation of everyone. Descriptions of humorous incidents happening in the class room and on the campus may be given to any of the editors, and if they possess real merit they will be published. Snap shots are to be taken at all times and places throughout the year, so that we are apt to find our faces pictured almost any place in the book. The 1912 "Dome" is going to be not only a model "Dome," but a model for the editors of year books in other colleges to follow.

Apostolate of Religious Reading.

The following books have been added to the library of the Apostolate: "The Sentimentalists" and "The Dawn of All" by Benson; "Her Journey's End" by Cooke; "Socialism" by Cathrein; "The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis" by Egan; "The Secret of Fougereuse" by Guiney; "The Collegians" by Griffin; "The Sermon of the Sea" by Kane; "Strayed from the Fold" by Lee; "Robert Orange" by Craigie; "The Queen's Fillet" by Sheehan; "Margaret's Influence" by Geiermann; "Via Dolorosa" by a North Country Curate; "Knacknagow" by Kickham; "The Coming Harvest" by Bazin; "Christian Science" by Mark Twain. Four of these volumes were the gift of Brother Casimir, C. S. C. The total number of books in the library up to date is 367.

Class Affairs.

SENIOR LAW ELECTIONS.

The Senior Lawyers held their first meeting of the year last Monday and elected Harry Cullen of Corby to presidency for the coming year. With Harry presiding the remaining officers for the year were chosen: James Nolan, Vice-President; Edward Savord, Secretary, and Patrick Cunning, Treasurer. After all the honors were handed out plans for a big year were discussed by the legal lights present. All joined in the wish expressed by Mr. Cullen that this the last year at Notre Dame would be one long to be kept a pleasant memory in the heart of every member.

SENIOR ELECTIONS.

The class of 1912 elected officers last Friday evening. The meeting was characterized by

strong class spirit, and by a unity of sentiment that bodes well for the coming year. It seems that every member is satisfied with the rostrum of officers, and that means a great deal when class matters are to be advanced. The officers are as follows: President, Russell G. Finn; Vice-President, Walter Duncan; Secretary, Dwight Cusick; Treasurer, Patrick A. Barry; Historian, Edward J. Howard.

The question of admitting members of the Senior Law class to participation in "Dome" management was presented, and the class acted favorably upon it. This should cement the already amicable relations existing between the two organizations of upper classmen.

Correspondence.

We are pleased to publish the following letter which is a tribute to Prof. Greene, Mr. Ignacio Amondarain and the Junior class in electrical engineering.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,
Notre Dame, Ind.

GENTLEMEN: We have yours of July 1st with enclosed blue prints at hand. We are very much interested in this class of work and in the results which you have obtained. We wish to compliment you on the quality and utility of this work. We appreciate the fact that the electrical heating art is in its infancy, and it seems to us that any effort toward obtaining quantitative data is always of value.

We are also interested to note that the results obtained agree very closely with our own. We are especially interested in noting the relative heating curves obtained for enameled ware and nickel plated copper ware on the same stove.

We should be very pleased to have you send us a few extra copies of these prints, which we would like to incorporate in our salesman's note-book along with our own data.

Very truly yours,
PELOUZE ELECTRIC HEATER CO.,
Chas. P. Madsen,
Electrical Engineer.

Obituary.

Mr. Albert King of Corby Hall has the profound sympathy of the University in the death of his mother who passed away at her home in Chicago, August 28th.

The end came suddenly, but her death was not unprepared. All her life she had been a fervent, consistent Catholic, a model mother and an edification to all who knew her. She was a charming woman to meet

and she was wise as she was amiable.

On last Thursday morning the members of the Sophomore class attended Mass for her Month's Mind, and many received Holy Communion for the repose of her soul. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Frank Hollearn (Litt. B. '10) is in the advertising department of the Chicago *Record-Herald*.

—Edwin Lynch (LL. B. '10) has been secured as football coach by the Toledo High School. "Copper" won his laurels as a member of the Western Champions of 1909.

—Dominic Callicrate, "Bill" Schmitt and Ralph Dimmick, all of whom won fame on the football field, will play this fall with the Multnomah Club of Portland, Oregon.

—Rev. John F. McShane delighted old friends by calling at the University during the week in company with his cousin, a new student. Father McShane was a student of Carroll hall in '93-'95 and is well and favorably remembered. He is now assistant pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Indianapolis, Indiana.

—Mr. John Douglas O'Hara (Student '69-'75) paid a visit to the University last week. Mr. O'Hara is a well-known and successful actor, and came to South Bend with the Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford Company.

—Mr. William C. Daly (Student '84-'85) asks for three catalogues for prospective students. This is the spirit that is building up Notre Dame. Mr. Daly is a successful attorney in New York City, and his address is 7 Pine Street.

—"St. Mary's wins; Notre Dame loses," was the way Byron Kanaley wired the news of the birth of a baby girl, September 4. Well, we offer congratulations just the same—and we have enough other proofs of Byron's loyalty, anyway.

—William (our "Bill") Draper was married to Miss Ethel Eberhart in St. Bride's Church, Chicago, at 7:30 P. M., Wednesday, Sept. 20. The President of the University performed the ceremony. The *Scholastic* wishes Will and his charming bride a full measure of happiness and length of days.

—The Cement Products Co. of Chicago held a competition during the summer for the best plans for a bungalow. Our Prof. Kervick

secured first prize in the contest. This is Prof. Kervick's third notable victory during the past year. The University extends congratulations to a teacher as distinguished as he is modest and wishes him continued success.

—Mr. M. T. Healy (LL. B. '82) visited his Alma Mater during the summer. His sons, Kerndt and Tom, are students in Corby hall this year. Students of an elder day will remember Tom and Michael Healy as among the brightest and most popular of their period. Unfortunately Tom fell a victim to over-work a few years ago, leaving a reputation as one of the most brilliant and successful lawyers of the Middle West.

Calendar.

Sunday, October 1—October Devotions.
Reorganization of Brownson Literary and Debating Society.
Wednesday, October 4—Reorganization of Engineering Society.
Thursday, October 5—First Friday Confessions.
Friday, October 6—First Friday.
Saturday, October 7—Ohio Northern vs. Varsity.
Cartier Field.

Local News.

—The addition to the bake shop is nearing completion.

—The Ex-Minims' football team defeated the Minims' team last Sunday, 10-0.

—Christian Doctrine classes in the preparatory department were resumed Monday.

—Luke Kelly, "Si" Farrell, Arnfield and Frank O'Connell are back to their quarters in Corby.

—"Pete" DeLandro, of last year's graduating class, brought his sister to St. Mary's last Sunday and visited the University.

—The name in the News Stand Laundry Agency "ad" should be the City Steam Laundry instead of Slicks Laundering Co.

—The first scrimmage of the year was held Thursday. Most of the rooters, not to speak of the dopesters, were on hand.

—Walsh hall is a busy place every evening. The billiard tables and bowling alleys are constantly in use till the recreation bell rings.

—Students desiring special training in Elocution should consult with Father Moloney

from 12:30 to 1:00 P. M., room 4, Main Building.

—President Cavanaugh left Wednesday for Cincinnati, Ohio, to attend the Eucharistic Congress at which he delivered an address.

—The Brownson Literary Society will organize tomorrow evening. The Engineers' society and the hall literary societies will no doubt be organized during the coming week.

—Students wishing to take up work in physical culture may make arrangements with the Director of this department any day from 12:30 to 1:00 P. M., in his office in the Gymnasium

—In Corby rec-room last year's orchestra has been revived. Every evening the music floats across the campus and the graceful waltzers may be seen gliding around the room.

—A change has been made in the football schedule. Loyola University takes the De Paul University date, October 28. The De Paul game has been cancelled owing to a conflict in dates.

—Our landscape gardener has caused shrubs to be planted at certain turns on the cement walks where the pedestrians edge in on the grass. One hopes the shrubs will prove a sufficient reminder to "keep off the grass."

—Manager Murphy announces that the open date on the football schedule has been filled by Ohio Northern University. With the short time at his disposal to fill this date the Manager deserves great credit.

—The school for the present year keeps growing. Although no official figures have yet been posted it has been stated unofficially that there is a total of fifty or so more present now than there was this time last year.

—Father McNamara has organized "the feather-weight football squad" in Walsh, made up entirely of prep students. It is expected the preparatory foxes in the other halls will soon be after the feathers of the Walsh chicks.

—During the coming month the October devotions, consisting of the Rosary and Benediction, will be held every evening in the Sacred Heart Church at 7:45. Attendance at these devotions is optional. Still, it is hoped a large number of students will make it a point to be present.

—St. Edward's Hall was officially opened last Sunday. Father Carroll sang solemn high mass, assisted by Father McNamara as deacon.

and Father Carrico as sub-deacon. Father McNamara preached an inspiring sermon. The boys' choir made its first appearance.

—Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus held the first meeting of the school year Wednesday evening. Father Carroll and State Chaplain Father Schumacher, gave short addresses. The council will give a dance on October 11, the eve of Columbus' day.

—The remaining members of last year's Corby hall football team met in the assembly room of Corby last Thursday and fired the first gun for the coming football season. The champions elected Martin Heyl of Pittsburg, Pa., to captain the nineteen eleven men, with Harry Hebner a close contestant for the honor. James Nolan was elected manager for the coming season. While Corby is not doing much talking it is fairly well recognized that the champions will have a strong team on the field.

—The SCHOLASTIC staff held its first regular meeting last Tuesday at which plans for the year were gone over in detail. The names of Russell G. Finn, Cyril Curran and John O'Connell were presented as regular staff contributors and were approved. The following permanent staff assignments were announced by the editor-in-chief: Editorial, Russell G. Finn, Cyril J. Curran; Personal, Patrick A. Barry; Local, Simon E. Twining; Lectures and Concerts, William J. Milroy; Varsity Athletics, John F. O'Connell; Hall Athletics, Edward F. Howard. Four or five vacancies still remain to be filled before the staff is complete.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY ROUNDING INTO FORM.

With the entrance of the large squad of candidates into its final week of practice preceding the opening of the gold and blue football season, prospects for a successful season appear brighter than at any time since gridiron possibilities first received discussion. The work of Coach Marks with the big field is showing steady results, the absence of heavy candidates for line positions alone giving the director the slightest concern. The arrival of Captain Luke Kelley, who reached the University early in the week, insures the appearance of at least one of last year's experienced quintet of line men in the season's games, while another

vacancy may be filled by Oaas, who has written that he expects to return to school in the course of the week.

While the number of aspirants for places on the line is relatively small, the caliber of the men who are striving for berths at the ends and in the back field, insures a team which will make up in speed and aggressiveness whatever is lacking in weight. Dorias put in his first day's workout last Monday, and proved at once that he has lost none of the cleverness which earned a monogram last fall. Bergman and Finnegan, the latter a freshman with a two year's record on the Columbia (Oregon) college eleven, have been aiding in the work at quarter, but there is little likelihood that either will displace Dorias.

In the practice thus far O'Neill has been used at centre, and it is probable that the opening game with Ohio Northern, October 7, will see the interhall star in the keystone position. Larson, Munger, Jones and Horveth have been displaying good form in practice, and it should be possible to develop a pair of strong tackles from the quartet.

The punting of Eichenlaub and Berger, coupled with the speed and knowledge of the game displayed by both recruits, will make the Notre Dame team stronger in kicking this fall than in several years. Each of the men seems able to boot the ball fifty yards without difficulty. McGrath is another of the old-timers who is striving to secure a place in the back field, although his talent can also be displayed to advantage at end. The marked improvement in Rockne's form over that of last season makes him one of the favorite candidates for an end, while Dolan's consistent tackling has raised the ex-Corby hero to the ranks of the Varsity.

McGinnis, Bergman, Kelleher, Pliska, Jones, Salmon, Miller and Morgan are but a few of the numerous other aspirants who are making the competition for assignments to the back field keener this year than ever before. Daily scrimmages were commenced Thursday, and will be continued with intermissions to enable sore spots to heal during the rest of the practice season.

HALL FOOTBALL TO BE SOON ON.

With the return of many of last year's men, each hall is busied in the selection of a team which is to represent it in the interhall football contests. Walsh hall, under the direction

of Captain Newning and Coach Hamilton, is rapidly rounding into form, and judging from present appearances should make a splendid fight for the flag. St. Joseph has many old players back and these, with the excellent material among the new men, should constitute a formidable aggregation. Brownson has secured Rochne, a star of last year's Varsity, as coach and must be reckoned with. Corby and Sorin have not been very active thus far, but many of Corby's players, including Heyl, Gushurst, Jones, MacDonald and Finnegan are daily cavorting as scrubs under the eye of Coach Marks of the Varsity.

A meeting of the different hall managers is expected to be called in a few days and a schedule will be arranged for the season. Walsh has elected K. Murphy as manager; St. Joseph is under the guidance of P. Barry and Brownson has entrusted its business to G. Marshall. Sorin and Corby are to hold meetings in the near future and will then elect managers.

Safety Valve.

Ruby Noud is back.

BIG GUNS WANTED.

Students at the University of Notre Dame will have a number of entertainments to while away, the winter evenings of more than ordinary caliber. —*South Bend News.*

The entrance of Joseph Joy had a cheering effect upon everybody.

And the return of Charles Mann is one more protest against co-education.

A JOSS HOUSE?

St. Joseph rec-room was newly decorated during the summer. New carpets, pillows, pennants of all the colleges and other decorations give the impression of almost oriental splendor. —*Scholastic Local News.*

We have a new carpet in our room. Drop in and see the almost occidental grandeur.

NEWS OF OTHER COLLEGES.

—Yale has a door mat at the main entrance of each building.

—Harvard has a stadium which comes from the old Latin *stadium, stadii, stadio*, with which our first-year boys are so unfamiliar.

—A student named Ubaldus Narcissus Dickinson was requested by Fielding Yost to leave Ferry Field last week during football practice. "Your initials get on my nerves, young man!" exclaimed Y. as U. N. D. departed.

—Coach Alonzo Stagg by his late will turns over

his library in fee simple to Chicago University. The bulk of the volumes are filled with his sage remarks to reporters after football games. That literary prodigy Eckersall contributes a learned introduction 'Tis fine stuff.

Grand Overture—"Poet and Peasant."

Grand March—"Poet and Pedestrian."

A POEM.

Tubby is the same old dog
He was a year ago;
Works his drag with Brother Hugh,
As all the fellows know.

Tubby is a mutton head,
But Tubby has a jerk,
His folks should call him home at once
And make him go to work.

Already the band has begun to practise. Later on, no doubt, it will begin to play.

The other day George Hanlon's thorough-bread ran off with his glass carriage, smashed into a phonograph and broke all records.

The Seniors have elected. Classes may now resume.

The selection of Harry Newning to captain the Walsh team has thrown Houston open to history.

Even if Old College is gone, we still have Chili

Don't let the demerit fever run up.

FROM SON.

DEAR PARENTS:—I have just come to the study hall and as I have been spending a great deal of money here I am short of money as I have been bying book and other things which I could not put on the bill I had to use my one money and before we go farther on I would like you to send a fue dollars to me in the next mall if you send it to me this time I will not ask you for any till thanks Giving when I come home

I hope you are thinking of leting me come home thanks Giving I would like to gat home and see may old friends again and How is every body. I hope well and am having a better time than I am I do not like this school because we donot have enough priv-alages, I would rather begoing to school at home.

Say I would like to quit School and go to work as I believe I have enought edgecation and I do believe I would like work better Well Hoping all is well I will Say Good buy for this time.

From Son.

The Coach has been telling the wise guys newly come from the country to cut the side-line wit during football practice. There are still a few left whose domes are impervious. To tickle a rhinoceros you must use a crowbar.