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The Indian Queen.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE guide stooped low and traced a plan of march.
"See yonder mount? Two days the sun must blaze
Along its peaks, before Annona's land
Will spread its beauty to the white man's eye.
Keep where the north-star shines, and may the great
White Spirit guide thee." De Soto laid the reins
Upon his steed, and bade the bugle sound.
From far and near its summons smote the hills
And echo'd till his worthy warriors trooped
To know the call. "To horse, my knights! We seek
The land of gold, and three days hence yon sun
Will greet us in the queen's domain. Now on!"
Two hundred throats burst forth into a cheer,
Two hundred swords flashed from their scabbards bare,
And lo! an army leap'd at once to horse.
The leader swept his eye along the line,
And then like eagles bore they on their way.
Two days the earth lay trembling to the beat
Of iron hoof of heavy burdened horse,
Two nights it bore the forms of man and beast,
Until the sun rose clear and wondrous fair
Upon the morning of the promised day.
Then woke De Soto from his soldier couch,
And gazed in wonder on the new-found realm,
Where at his feet a river clear as light
Bore back the mirrored picture of the land.

'Twas early dawn, yet ere the trumpet blast
Could call assembly for the morning meal,
A native host lined all the other shore
And gazed in wonder at these creatures fair
Who came like spirits of another land.
No sound escaped their pale and bloodless lips,
But from each dark and swarthy face looked forth
The awe they felt, but dared not show in speech.

De Soto saw, and calling forth his guide,
Bade him go forth with summons to the queen.
Full long they waited so to find a glimpse
Of fair Annona's face. The horses neighed
And champed the while upon impatient bits,
Till of a sudden staid and warlike knights
Were stirred to wonder such as ne'er before
Had touched the depths of their war-hardened hearts.
A retinue, bedecked with rarest gold
And with pearls of price, swung into view
And walked with regal mien, until they bore
The queen's own palanquin before the host.
All eyes turned then to see this royal maid
Who ruled so well a nation famed in men
And mothers too, and aged warrior-braves.
The curtains parted and a maiden young,
Fair as the sun and graceful as a fawn,
Leaped to the earth. Each Spanish knight,
Struck with the wonder of the scene, bowed down
Upon his horse and doffed his helmet low.
Yet she, proud as the monarch of all Spain,
Spoke not a word but bade her waiting-maid
To fetch a string of pearls unto the one
That led the band, so peace might ever reign
Between her subjects and the stranger knights.
De Soto led his charger to the front
And laid its bridle at her sandal'd feet,
Then from his finger took a priceless ring,
And placed it on her hand. She smiled,
And through his frame the staid old soldier felt
The breath of love sweep like a mighty stream
And bear its way into his inmost heart.

That night the maiden slept, and peaceful dreams
Threw their enchantments on her savage soul,
Nor thought of harm since peace, the white-winged dove,
Had brooded ever o'er her wooded realm.
Yet, in De Soto's heart fell passion reigned,
For though a belted knight, he nursed the flame
That burned to make the forest queen his own.
Annona could not wed him by her laws,

Then would he snatch her from her savage-realm
 And bear her back to grace the continent,
 To dazzle e'en the royal courts of Spain.

.....
 At dead of night the secret word went round,
 And with a promise of right goodly wealth
 To such as bore himself as soldier should.
 No sound of iron hoof or jingling spur,
 No quick alarm nor chilling war-whoop broke
 In awful cadence on the forest calm.
 Like children, happy in the peaceful sleep
 That knows no harm nor aught of cold distrust,
 Her subjects slumbered till the morning light
 Peeked through the trees and danced upon the stream.
 Yet, far away, with miles and miles between,
 The Spaniards galloped with their precious freight,
 Nor drew they rein until the setting sun
 Had cast its last faint glimmer o'er their path.
 Through all that day the queen had held her place
 Without a tear, without a parting sigh,
 Until the soldiers whispered as they rode,
 That fair Annona loved the Spanish knight.
 So too De Soto thought, for as he rode
 Beside her palanquin, he read mute love
 Within the savage lustre of her eyes.
 That night with joy he sought his soldier bed
 To dream a dream of love and paradise
 Where he was king and she his dusky queen.

.....
 Dawn came apace, yet ere the first wee bird
 Had piped its plaintive song unto the morn,
 The knight De Soto woke and took his way
 Unto the tent where Queen Annona slept.
 Full long he waited, so her gentle face
 Might greet him first upon that happy morn.
 The soldiers woke and made their simple meal,
 Then brought the horses from the thicket near,
 Yet still their leader lingered at the tent,
 Impatient for the maiden's long delay.
 The sun rose high from out its field of flame
 And cast its light along the shaded path:
 Then spoke De Soto in a sudden wrath,
 "What ho! you bugler, sound the morning watch!"
 And standing with his eyes aflame with ire,
 He called her name into the silent tent.
 No welcome voice responded to the call,
 No smiling face appeared to meet his own.
 With nervous grasp he tore aside the flap
 And entered—lo, the queenly tent was bare,
 And on her leafy couch De Soto saw
 The half-hid glitter of a finger-ring.
 The queen had sought again her forest realm,
 Where life among her simple warrior braves
 Was sweeter far than love in alien lands.

The "Logic" of Progress and Poverty.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

A social movement, as that term is commonly understood, is the struggle of some dissatisfied element of society for the betterment of its economic condition. Essentially, it must be a revolt against one or more of those institutions which the state, or society as a whole, has deemed it wise and expedient to establish and maintain. In the history of organized society, there has been a great number and variety of these movements, but a common characteristic of all was a protest against the real or fancied injustice in the distribution of material goods. The genesis of each movement has been the new philosophy of some powerful and acute thinker whose doctrines were, in turn, largely influenced by the particular conditions of the various social strata, his own peculiar experience and environment, and the sincerity and intensity of his desire to do a great service to humanity. This was especially true with regard to the instance in question.

The period from the close of the civil war till some thirty years later was remarkable for the formation and growth of political and economic forces whose respective aims and policies, while pretending to promote the general welfare, eventually, as one or the other obtained the advantage, began to result in special privileges and special powers. Prior to the war, the population was chiefly engaged in agriculture. Their social and economic relations were comparatively simple and uniform. Coincident, however, with the return of peace, which brought new commercial relations and lent a fresh impetus and variety to production, there began a distinct and steady movement toward the development of home manufactures and infant industries. This was greatly enhanced by the protective policy of the party in power, and gradually resulted in more complicated social and economic organization. The rapid growth of the factory system and the urban communities, the increased demand for skilled labor, the application of improved machinery, the minute division of labor, the appearance of the entrepreneur, the tendency of capital to concentrate, as seen in the forms of trusts, monopolies

and corporations, the accumulation of vast private fortunes with their consequent higher standards of living,—all tended to disassociate capitalists from laborers and to divide them into more or less distinct classes. Financially, the inflated war currency made money quite plentiful. Speculation was rife. The most extravagant business enterprises were undertaken, and much borrowed capital unprofitably invested. Concurrently, many of the government credit legal tender notes were being cancelled. The reaction came in the form of the panic of 1873. The “life blood of trade,” money, suddenly became scarce. The wheels of production were checked and business became stagnant. Wages fell, prices rose, and thousands were thrown out of employment and reduced to the direst need. What aggravated the labor situation still more was the introduction of foreign “cheap” workmen. Self interest prompted a union among the laboring men, and it is a significant fact that “The same year, 1873; that marks the beginning of capitalistic aggregation on a large scale marks also the commencement of the national organization of labor” (Wilson-Epochs of Am. Hist. Ch. XIII., p. 301). The almost continual conflict between these two productive class forces, the respective policies and objects of each, the resort to coercion by the economic advantage of the one and the violent measures of the other, and their incessant struggle for favorable special legislation but emphasizes one main fact: that the sole bone of contention and motive for action was a question of the justice of the proportionate distribution of wealth among the three factors of production, namely, land, labor and capital.

At a time when the novelty of these problems most confused and perplexed the public mind, when moralists, statesmen, and economists were judging of their relative merits, endeavoring to determine their nature and genesis and to subject them to the current laws of political science, there appeared a book which purported, not only to explain all these hitherto insoluble enigmas of the manifestly unequal distribution of wealth, or the cause of the existence of swollen fortunes side by side with the most abject poverty, but also to have discovered a remedy, which without the least injustice, would both secure to all men an equal right to the use of land and a full “natural” wage—

indeed, one which would abolish poverty itself—and that book was entitled Progress and Poverty, and its author was Henry George.

Quite naturally, therefore, such a book was most eagerly welcomed. Here was an answer, clear, bold, definite, decisive, to the discontented and dubious multitude; an answer, moreover, expressed in the simplest language and most fascinating style, so permeated with sincerity and enthusiasm as to disarm suspicion and beget confidence and credulity; an answer, finally, backed up by arguments apparently so logical, so extended, so exhaustive that they seemed almost irrefutable. His was a new philosophy in form only; but, like all philosophy, it essayed to determine the proper relations of things as they are, not as they seem. Of abstraction, it contained little, of speculation less. Dogmatic assertion was its chief characteristic. It asked no quarter nor gave any. Axioms of economic science almost universal were thoroughly overturned and a new system constructed. Civil institutions of centuries standing were boldly challenged and as boldly set aside. Whether his premises may be admitted and his conclusions endorsed shall be noted later. A brief notice of the man himself is now in order.

Henry George was born in Philadelphia in the year 1839. Circumstances did not permit him the advantages of a college education. Equipped only with a primary school training, but endowed by nature with a singularly acute, active and inquiring mind, he began his remarkable career as a type-setter in San Francisco at eighteen years of age. He then became successively sailor, miner, journalist, civil servant and author. “His *alma mater* had been the forecastle and the printing office,” and his tutors the rough trials of experience, but he profited by their influence. It was precisely because of his experience as a soldier in the ranks of toil, because he had tasted their embarrassments, suffered their disadvantages and felt their impoverishment, that he lent such enthusiasm to the exposition of the doctrines which he sincerely believed would bring them relief. It was this deep, personal sympathy with their lot and a knowledge of their hopes and aspirations that prompted him to champion their cause. We may add, however, that the influence of this enthusiasm and his unlimited confidence in his ability to solve their problem are the two forces which most detract

from what he intended his book should be—a scientific presentation.

It is a notorious fact that of the numerous criticisms and appreciations of Henry George's writings extant, scarce any two are consonant. Indeed, one can hardly find any judgment upon the merits of them, not so warped by the ignorance of blind admiration or so colored by passion and prejudice that it may be called an impartial estimate. It is therefore appropriate that we make clear our viewpoint of treatment and establish our standard of criticism. We are not so presumptuous as to declare ourselves entirely unaffected by the many admirable and attractive qualities of Mr. George's character, by his courageous and unwavering acceptance of consequences in his search for truth, nor by the high-minded purpose he had in view. All these we admire. We claim, however, that our singular position relieves us of all the artificial restrictions of a paid reviewer or the self-interest of a prospective publisher, and that, being still in the empirical stage of our philosophic inquiry, we have no particular hobbies to uphold or defend. We shall approach this problem, consciously at least, with the unbiassed mind of a student seeking the best explanation of economic phenomena, comparing the theories herein set forth with those of men equally ingenious and far more scientific, rejecting those which fail to meet the requirements of our criterion of judgment, which criterion shall be historical fact and the justice and adequacy of the remedy proposed, namely, the abolition of private property in land and the imposition of the single tax. With this much of an understanding of our author and a statement of our position we shall take up at once our inquiry.

In the introductory to his book (25th anniversary edition, p. 12) he says: "I propose in the following pages to solve by the methods of political economy the great problem I have outlined. I propose to seek the law which associates poverty with progress and increases want with advancing wealth." Again, having cast his proposition into an interrogation, he asks: "Why, in spite of increase in productive power, do wages tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living?" (Chap. I., p. 17). Now the obvious assertion contained in either form of this proposition is, that poverty *has* increased with material progress that want *has* increased with wealth, and that wages *have not* increased

with productive power. We question his right to assume such a proposition as universal and shall submit it to the test of facts. That it can only be verified by this method no one can dispute, since, in itself, it is neither a definition, a bit of intuition nor a generally accepted axiom. Were his assumption true the consequences of poverty would have been more in evidence during his time than previous to the high development of industrial machinery. In other words, there ought to have been more paupers, a lower standard of living among workingmen and a shorter average period of life than before the advent of large scale production. Apropos of this point the evidence of Mr. Giffen, President of the Statistical Society of England, in 1883, as presented by Mr. John Rae in his book entitled "Contemporary Socialism" (pp. 449 et seq.) is pertinent: "Mr. Giffen... on November 20th, 1883 (three years after the publication of 'Progress and Poverty'), compares the condition of the working classes today with their condition half a century since, and concludes from official returns that while the sovereign goes as far as it did then in the purchase of commodities, money wages have increased from 30 to 100 per cent. and, at the same time, the hours of labor have been reduced some 20 per cent." From other and equally authoritative sources Mr. Rae shows that, whereas in 1688 "the number of persons in receipt of relief" in England and Wales was 900,000 that number by 1882 had decreased to 803,718, or, doubling the latter figure so as to allow for Scotland, the result would show that those countries in 1882, with five times the population had less than twice the pauperism of 1688. Now as a matter of historical fact the greatest development of modern industrial processes took place in the latter half of the 19th century, but, instead of its having had the effects insisted upon by Mr. George, it has resulted in conditions notably the contrary. Indeed, in England, during this very period, "the number of able-bodied paupers diminished by nearly half; from 201,644 in 1849, to 106,280 in 1882." This, assuredly, does not augur well for the "logic" of Progress and Poverty. But this is not all. To quote again from Mr. Giffen:—"Mr. Humphreys, in his able paper on 'The Recent Decline of the English Death Rate,' showed conclusively that the decline in the death rate in the last five years, 1876-1880, as compared with the rates on which

Dr. Farr's English Life Table was based—rates obtained in the years 1841-'45—amounted from 28 to 32 per cent. in males at each quinquennial of 20 years, 5-25 and in females at each quinquennial from 2-25 to between 24 and 35 per cent., and that the effect of this decline of the death rate was to raise the main duration of life among males from 39.9 to 41.9 years, a gain of two years in the average duration of life."

American statistics are equally to the point. Reference to the "Bulletin Department of Labor," 1888 (p. 668) shows that, between the years 1870 and 1898, the average rate of wages in the United States steadily increased, and the same index (p. 914.-1900) further establishes the fact that, for 1890 to 1901, wages rose both absolutely and relatively to prices. The proof that the death rate during this same period steadily decreased is established from the evidence of the Twelfth Census, Vital Statistics (Pt. I., p. 61): the average decrease in twenty-two industrial cities being something over 4.1. Abundant testimony of like nature is not wanting, but enough has been adduced to disprove the pauperization theory of Mr. George, and the reality of the "great problem" he set out to solve.

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt but that he was perfectly sincere in his convictions. Even his most caustic commentators grant him this. He believed, indeed, that poverty was increasing with material progress, and in his examination into its cause, he not only denied the efficiency of the current political economy to explain this seeming phenomenon, but, having examined all other remedies advocated and rejected them as useless, he declared private property in land to be the cause, and the abolition of this institution to be the only true remedy. Accordingly, with this as a basis, he promulgated his theory of distribution. He realized the full import of this proposition and the utter hostility and repugnance with which it would be met, yet, with a courage and a confidence admirable in one far less worthy, he calmly offered to meet every objection and to subject it to every test. More than this, so convinced was he of its integrity that upon it he was willing to stake the whole issue. Thus he says (Chap. I., Bk. VII of 'Progress and Poverty'): "If private property in land be just, then is the remedy I propose a false one; if, on the contrary,

private property in land be unjust then is this remedy the true one." He thus narrows the issue to a question of justice and proceeds to state his basis of all ownership. He says: "There can be to the ownership of *anything* no rightful title which is not derived from the title to the producer and does not rest upon the natural right of a man to himself." (Ibid) Obviously, therefore, land, in itself, not being the product of human exertion, its exclusive ownership is unjust. To quote his own words: "Whatever may be said for the institution of private property in land, it is therefore plain that it can not be defended on the score of justice. . . . There is ~~no~~ earth no power which can rightfully make a grant of exclusive ownership in land. . . . The widespreading social evils which everywhere oppress men amid an advancing civilization spring from a great primary wrong—the appropriation, as exclusive property, of some men, of the land on which and from which *all* must live. From this fundamental injustice flow *all* the injustices which distort and endanger modern development, which condemn the producer of wealth to poverty, and pamper the non-producer in luxury, which rear the tenement-house with the palace, plant the brothel behind the church, and compel us to build prisons as we open new schools." Thus he not only denies the justice of private property in land but declares it the cause whence *all* other injustices flow. It is clear that any objection to this argument must be regarding the true basis of ownership. It is precisely upon this point that we shall raise a dispute. Now if Mr. George's basis of ownership is the true basis of all ownership, then, possibly, the private ownership of land is unjust, then must his theory be undone and his remedy proved to be false. Mr. George concluded that the only just basis of property is the "right of man to himself, to the use of himself and to the fruits of the use of himself."

Our readings on this point have furnished us with arguments which, we think, quite disprove that this is the fundamental or universal basis of all ownerships. His conclusion is wrong because (1) "The supposed basis, since it rests upon another basis of wider meaning is not the true basis of property;" and (2) "If the right to own anything rested upon and was limited by a man's right to himself, there would be exclusive ownership of nothing in this world." (J. T. Smith, *Cath. World*.)

Vol. XLV., pp. 118-119). Mr. George was seeking the basis of *all* exclusive ownership; hence, if it can not be shown that his principle does not account for the fundamental right to such ownership in all things, his premise is not an universal one, and his whole argument against the justice of private ownership in land is vitiated by the logical fallacy known as an undistributed term. Obviously, before a man can claim ownership over the produce of his labor he must first establish his right of ownership over the mental and physical faculties which precede and condition all labor. This Mr. George fails to do. That every man has the right to the free use and exercise of his faculties, no one will dispute, but the mere admission of this fact does not warrant the conclusion that he owns himself. Therefore, "before one may ask, why can a man own anything? and be answered, Because he owns himself, one must ask, Upon what title does a man own himself? and must be answered" (*ut supra*). Having once granted that man owns himself it must be conceded that he has a right to the produce of his labor. It is precisely this ownership of man's mental and physical faculties that Mr. George fails to account for. According to his basis of ownership a child could retain exclusive ownership of nothing, since it could not produce; yet no one may deny that it is entitled to necessary food, shelter and clothing, and that, once these things are in its possession, it can not justly be deprived of them. Whence this title? We answer that its only source and the justification for man's title to his mental and physical faculties, as likewise the true basis of all ownership, is the *right of man to life*. In man's right to life is necessarily implied the right to the free use of all things needful for its preservation. Man's mental and physical faculties are necessary for the preservation of life, as are also food, drink, clothing and shelter, consequently man has a right to own, absolutely and exclusively, whatever is necessary to life, and this ownership does not in any way depend upon his having produced it or not.

Concerning our second argument: Mr. George declared that "as a man belongs to himself, so his labor, when put in concrete form, belongs to him" (*'Progress and Poverty' Ch. VIII., p. 332*). It needs no elaborate process of reasoning to demonstrate that the liberties of

self-possession do not coincide with material possessions, nor that if the right to the latter was dependent upon the right to the former, there could be exclusive ownership of anything. For, whereas ownership of an external object produced by man carries with it the absolute right to own, sell, or destroy, the right of ownership of man's faculties is limited solely to use. Because the principle that the right to life accounts for all ownerships as against the principle that it is the right of man to himself, which, as we have shown, does not, we must endorse the logic of the former in preference to that of the latter.

We are not alone in this preference. St. Thomas of Aquin, a recognized authority on philosophic questions, says: "It is lawful that man should possess things as his own. For (because) this is *necessary to human life* for three reasons: (1) Because everyone is more solicitous to procure what belongs exclusively to himself than that which is common to all or many. (2) There will be better order and management of human affairs. (3) The community is kept in greater peace, while each one is satisfied with his own property."

(*To be continued.*)

Varsity Verse.

THE DYING VIKING.

The Dying Viking lay upon the sand
And when he spoke with eyes aflame,
He told of days upon the strand
And breathed with reverence a name,
The name of his dear land.

"Full soon I go," without a groan, he cried,
"For hark, I hear a call afar;
I have failed indeed, though I have tried;
Lash me to a floating spar
And say 'twas for my land I died."

G. W. C.

CONSERVATION OF FORESTS.

(*To one observed in the woods by the writer.*)
Leaning 'gainst a tree and deeply hewing,
Earnest marrer, what have you been doing
All this hour, Orlando-like? What graven,
Happy name of a beloved maiden?

W. J. T.

SUNRISE.

Day after day the tempter, Night,
Leads upward to the mountain height
The white-garbed Dawn
And lo! the efficacious word
Once more athwart the hills is heard
"Satan, begone."

B. T.

How Hawley Got His Start.

JEREMIAH J. MCCARTHY, '14.

The Superintendent of Bridges of the Transcontinental Railroad sat in his office looking over some reports that had just come in from the Eastern Division. A smile of satisfaction beamed upon his countenance as he wrote his signature across each sheet of paper and handed them to the clerk to mail to the General Superintendent of the road.

A report of the Western Division was now wanting, and as it would be a week before the men could get in from the Eastern Division, he thought of asking one of the assistants to undertake the work. Accordingly, he called to one of the clerks:

"Is Hawley around this morning?" He knew Hawley was there, for he had the reputation of being the most prompt man on the Superintendent's force.

"Yes," replied the clerk.

"Tell him I want to see him." Hawley appeared. He was tall and about twenty-eight years old.

"Well, Hawley, I want you to make a report on the Western Division. Get ready to take the 9:45. You'll find your men, Jackson and Murray, waiting for you at the crossing." Hawley turned to go when the chief, as he was known, called after him.

"Just one minute. I forgot to tell you that I would like to have that report by Monday. I am going to Chicago tomorrow to talk over affairs with President McLane. He will return with me and I want a complete report of both divisions ready to hand to him. That's all."

Hawley stepped out of the private office, made hurried preparations and started for the crossing. This was the first real responsible commission he had received during his six years with the Company. He knew the exact spot of every bridge and trestle on the two divisions and almost every beam on each. It was his skill with the ruler and pen that had kept him in the office so long, but being of a quiet disposition and of an observant nature he had made the most of his time. He met his two men at the crossing where they caught a work-train. At the first bridge they had to leave the train and use a handcar for the rest of their work. Hawley took notes and everything went satisfactorily the first three

days. The fourth day found them with only two more bridges to inspect. The first was reported all right, but the second was twenty miles distant, and it would require rapid movement in order to reach it before evening. A wreck train going out to the Tower switch took them part of the way. On arrival they found that the measuring gauge had been left in the train. Hawley sent the two men back to get it.

The bridge was in a bad condition. Only last year some beams had been put in to add to its strength; but the bridge was too old, a new one was needed. Hawley had mentioned this fact to the Superintendent once or twice, but as it was not a big span and from appearances looked entirely safe, he had let the matter slip his mind. This bridge spanned a little creek that formed a kind of outlet for the river when it became very high, and in the summer time was usually dried up. Now it was a rushing stream.

Early April had come, the dreaded season of the ice-floe. The moving of the ice in the river had not yet begun, but was expected at any time. If it began to move the bridge would go down, for the choked river would pile its overflow into the little stream and the combined force of a train and the ice against its sides would be too great a strain. With anxiety Hawley viewed the situation. He waited an hour for his companions to return. It was growing dark. Suddenly, he heard a dull thud, it was the ice-floe. Even if his men were here to help him, he could not now save the bridge. It would last at least twelve hours, but would eventually fall.

Hawley knew that the "Flyer" was due at the next station in one hour and that the only chance of saving the hundreds of lives on that train was to turn it down the gravel pit switch which was six miles up the track. With the aid of the handcar and his sinewy arms he succeeded in reaching the switch just ten minutes before the train hove into sight. He threw open the switch and ran up the track attempting to flag the oncoming train, but it thundered down the incline at top notch speed and passed him like a shot. Hawley feared it would not take the turn and with anxious eyes watched the lights in the darkness.

The engineer, Jones, an experienced man, at once felt that something had happened when the great monster took the sudden leap, but

the speed was too great to stop instantly. About half a mile on he brought the puffing locomotive to a standstill and went back to investigate. He examined his engine and the ground and found that he was on the gravel pit switch. He thought some one had blundered.

Hawley breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the red lights disappear around the curve and went back to the bridge. There the men awaited him and were puzzled at his frightened looks. He said nothing to them about the incident and they asked no questions, for they knew Hawley to be a peculiar man who spoke few unnecessary words. Silently they packed their things and traveled back to the station. There they rested for the night and took the morning train to Summerville.

On Monday morning Hawley handed his reports to the Superintendent. He looked them over, pronounced them well done, and dismissed him. That same morning a message was received at the office that the bridge over Wildcat creek had gone down, but that the "Flyer" was safe. Jones explained that some one had opened the switch leading to the gravel pit, but could not discover who did it. Superintendent Roberts summoned Jackson and Murray to his office and enquired if they knew anything about the affair.

"Some mysterious hand has saved you, Jones, and the hundreds of people on your train. Jackson and Murray say that they didn't open the switch, and I don't see who else could have done it."

Murray then told how he had seen Hawley coming from that direction and that he seemed much excited.

"Say, Murray, tell Hawley I'd like to see him." A moment later Hawley entered.

"Hawley, did you open the gravel pit switch Saturday night to let the 'Flyer' through?" asked the chief with a frown.

"Yes," answered Hawley.

"Jones, there's your man. Hawley, I always thought you would make good, but I feared to trust you because of your inexperience. Step into that room, President McLane wants to see you." Hawley shambled into the room.

"Hawley, I wish we had more men like you," said the President shaking his hand. "Mr. Hawley, we want you to take charge of Mr. Robert's business as Superintendent of Bridges on this line, he is going back to the East with me."

The Origin and Development of Poetry.

THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13.

The nature and origin of poetry are subjects on which it is easy to say a great deal, but hard to say anything definite and satisfactory. So many great minds have attempted to explain what poetry is, and have arrived at so many different conclusions, that we may say with safety that poetry can not be defined with exactness. One says that it is "a criticism of life," another that it is "the beautiful representation of the beautiful, given in words," while Aristotle defines it as "imitation by words." Only a negative definition of poetry can be given in precise terms; so all agree in calling many characteristics of language "unpoetical." Poetry is not a science; it can not be confined within certain absolute limits. As the language of the imagination it appeals to one, to another of a different disposition it does not. Therefore, in attempting to distinguish between poetry and prose, we must look within ourselves or depend upon the judgment of the majority.

It is characteristic of man to express his pleasure or feelings by certain significant gestures or sounds. From these expressions of the feelings,—through laughing, singing and various forms of rejoicing—poetry arose.

Religion probably furnished the incentive for the beginnings of poetry, and in the earliest times poetry consisted of a sort of rhythmical ceremony in which foot and voice kept time. Thus, at first, music, poetry and dancing were united as a single art. Little by little their paths diverged, though in the early ages they were inseparable. The principle governing this art was harmony, which consisted in repetition, or an orderly succession of sounds. There may be harmony in prose, but in poetry it is carried to a system; and under the name of rhythm, or metre, is the distinguishing and necessary mark of poetry. Also in poetry the language is of a loftier character than in prose; and the dignified tone which this loftiness imparts will tend to awaken and stimulate the best of the sensibilities of man. We may be quite sure of the early origin of poetry. The Greeks said that poetry was invented by the gods. It is about as old as language itself, and invariably precedes prose.

This is only natural when we think of the greater ease with which primitive people, unprovided with any system of writing, would remember metrical compositions. Again, poetry is idealistic, while prose is not, and in primitive races the imaginative powers were far better developed than were the reasoning powers. Hence we can easily understand that a splendid epic poem could arise among a people utterly unable to understand the simplest truths of science or mathematics. This is aptly illustrated by the case of the Indians of America. In Peru, before the discovery, a class of men were employed to sing songs and recite epics which told of the brave deeds of the Incas.

An early species of composition in most languages was the didactic poem, in which the rules of husbandry, or it may have been the primitive code of morals of the tribe, were thrown into metrical form with a view to their easier memorizing. An evidence of the influence of these early poems is found in the peasant song and the nursery rhyme of today.

As before mentioned, poetry was perhaps first composed for the celebrations in honor of the gods. Gradually these religious hymns developed, and as new material was introduced, there came to exist that form of poetry known as epic. History may be said to have furnished the plots for the epic, for the mythology of the ancients was their history. Epics existed even before the invention of methods of writing, being memorized and handed down from generation to generation. The early epics, because of the character of the people composing them, were largely mythological, and recited the adventures of characters, who to all present knowledge are not even known to have existed, much less to have performed the deeds credited to them. The tendency to sing about national heroes and the battles which they fought, was not confined to primitive times. It still continues in force, so that in our language we have a long line of epics concerning peoples from the time of Beowulf down to the twentieth century. A large number of the later poems, though lyrics, are really epic in spirit.

With the epic as a source we can trace all the later forms of poetry. Pastoral poetry had its origin in the epics to Pan; while satiric poetry was used to counteract the influence of the religious epics. Allegory finds its im-

mediate source in the early religious epics. Epics were used to teach a moral, and often history had to be disregarded, so that invention began to play a leading part in the composition of poetry. Allegory was a favorite form of poetry with the early Christian Church, which reached its greatest height in the Divine Comedy of Dante.

The lyric marks a step farther in the field of poetry than the epic, and belongs to a later stage of culture. Man becomes cognizant, at least to a greater degree, of the things which surround him, and is possessed of desires, hopes, and fears. These feelings find expression in a form of poetry known as the lyric. "Poetry is to mirror the world." Therefore, the best or highest forms of poetry are found in the specimens which carry out this mirroring with the greatest exactness. This is done in dramatic poetry, a combination of lyric and epic.

English poetry reached its highest forms of development in the plays of Shakespeare. They are written in blank verse, which seems to be a favorite style with the greatest writers. Milton said that rhyme was "the invention of a barbarous age to set off wretched matter and lame metre." Milton was perhaps thinking of epic or dramatic poetry, for in the lyric rhyme is almost a necessity. From present appearances the greatest poetical periods are past, and the greatest poems already written. The future seems to hold out no hopes for the further development of poetry. This is due, in a great measure to the age of commercialism in which we are living. Poetry does not flourish in such times. But just as there have been dull periods before, periods productive of little or no poetry, and bright times illumined by many great poets, we may entertain the hope that this is only another of those dull intervals, and that the future has greater things in store.

Opportunity.

FAR and near, far and near,
 Gleam of another day,
 Bright, bright, beam so clear,
 Gleam of another day;
 Col'ring with gloom or cheer,
 Faces so strange, faces so dear,
 Gleam of another day. T. F. O'N.

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—The singing of the Notre Dame song by the audience on the occasion of Founder's Day celebration should prove the foundation of a tradition. Up to the present we have not set apart any special song as proper to the University. Nor have we set apart any special days when it should be sung. There ought to be one official Notre Dame song, and there ought to be certain celebrations in Washington hall or elsewhere when that song should be taken up by everybody present. At University celebrations proper—such as Founder's day, Flag day, President's day, etc.—the official song of the school should have an honored place in the program. By singing together on such occasions students will get to know the words, and as a result will not be "mute, inglorious" spectators when the band strikes up the college air.

—There are entirely too few literary societies among us. We need at least one for each hall if we are to make anything like a creditable appearance. When the school was much smaller numerically than it is at present there was one society in Sorin, one in Brownson, two in Carroll and one in St. Joseph hall. Corby and Walsh halls were not yet in existence. Each of these societies gave an entertainment, consisting of public speaking, music, and a play once a year on a special day set apart in the calendar. There was a natural rivalry among these societies for excellence in the production of their

plays which had the effect of raising the standard of student acting to a very noticeable degree. A number of first-class student actors were developed and a number of first-class plays were produced. Doubtless there may have been amateur theatricals to excess in those days, but it is just possible we may have swung too much in the other direction in later years. Anyhow, we have a sparsity of societies, and our private entertainments want "snap" and "go." Students in the different halls who have a desire for improvement will not find any difficulty in organizing literary and dramatic societies which will help them to acquire stage presence and address.

—There does not seem to be any particular need to bolster up the work of Coach Marks with words of praise. The SCHOLASTIC has tried as consistently as possible

The Coach: We are with Him. ing the directors of our school athletics by large praise or large blame. However, it is apparent to all that the new coach is a hard worker who gives his best service to the team. He has got together a notably large squad and has held them at work for a notably long time. He is not making any position a sinecure, and follows the policy that he who wins his place must work hard for it. He is a silent man, not given to large promises. He believes he has developed a strong team, and up to the present no one has found occasion to doubt it. There are hard games ahead and we may lose one or two or all of them. That does not matter. We never whine over defeats, and Coach Marks will find us just ready to grin and bear in our defeats as we are to shout our U. N. Ds in victories. We won a Western Championship in football the year before last, and those we defeated flung mud at us. We could have flung it back by the square yard, but we preferred to carry clean hands. The same year the championship which we won in track athletics was declared void on a shadowy technicality, and we submitted rather than wrangle and squabble. All told we are not a bit sorry. We would do just the same things in just the same way under like circumstances at any future time. Coach Marks will find us "game sports," as they say, not very demonstrative, perhaps, yet sincerely his followers in his efforts to turn out a winning team.

—The death of John R. Walsh was a striking instance of poetic justice in real life. He was a man so gifted by God and nature that he might have risen to almost any height of honor and success, but obsessed by an unrestrained craving for the acquisition of wealth he forgot ideals, religion, and everything else worth while in life, and permitted himself to be carried away into the maelstrom of public dishonor. Proud, yet broken in heart and spirit, he found himself in his old age a convict, forced to live among the enemies of society. From his erstwhile friends he received only recriminations, or at best, silent pity. There were few to love or help him in his extremity. It was too much for the aged man, and fighter though he was, he gradually wasted away until, after twenty months of imprisonment, he was a physical and mental wreck. A compassionate chief executive ordered his release upon parole. But it was too late. Eight days after his return to liberty he died.

Denied the consolation of the religion of his youth, which in his young manhood he set aside, his death points its own moral. He sinned against light, and about his death there was pathetic darkness. For all his wealth and activity he is an example of dismal failure. Fiction has no more tragic story than his.

Fred Wile's European Chat.

Fred W. Wile is interesting. If, as he declares, he is not a public speaker, we think he is uncommonly clever as an extempore talker. Being the Berlin Correspondent for the *London Times*, and the Chicago *Tribune*, Mr. Wile was prepared to furnish us with, what is always entertaining, the inside knowledge of European affairs. We received a good deal of enlightenment on German conditions, learned the character of the Kaiser, and were instructed in German university life. It quite startled us to know how narrowly a huge European war was lately avoided in the Morocco controversy. The lecturer was once a student at Notre Dame, and his informality and "old timeness" pleased us all. These are the kind of lectures that do good—they teach us things worth knowing and set us thinking on subjects where thought is profitable. Come again soon, Mr. Wile.

Ralph Dimmick Dead.

When the flag floated at half-mast Monday morning, the thoughts of many leaped over miles of continent out to Portland, Oregon, where Ralph Dimmick (Law '11) was sleeping his last sleep. Not for a long time has the news of death given students and teachers at Notre Dame so great a shock. The deceased was in the rosy hour of life and the future held large promises in store for him. He had hosts of friends here as well as in his field of work out West. He was young and full of vigorous health. The accident in a football game which befell him some days before, we took philosophically, feeling sure it would be only the matter of a week or so till we received the



RALPH DIMMICK, LAW, '11.

welcome news that Ralph was around again. When on Sunday the telegram of President Joseph Gallagher of Columbia University was received, it was hard to accept its full meaning. And when the word was passed around among the students there was a very noticeable gloom everywhere. At once the different halls appointed committees to decide upon a suitable memorial for the well-loved friend whom death called away thus early. A bronze memorial tablet was selected as the most appropriate expression of the students' affection.

Ralph Dimmick is spoken of as a great football player by the daily press all over the country. Without question he rendered noble service to his Alma Mater in some of her grandest battles, and among Notre Dame's great athletes

he has surely won deserved immortality. Yet he is remembered also for qualities vastly more important than athletic supremacy. He was high-purposed, yet gentle in his ways. He was kindly and cheerful, and always a loyal son of the University. What he said in a brief address at one of the Walsh hall social gatherings last year shows his fine spirit of devotion: "Among the deepest inspirations of my life will be the thought that I have received my diploma from this grand old University."

It is a source of great consolation and joy to all of us that just before Ralph died he received the sacrament of baptism from one of the devoted sisters who nursed him. We extend to his stricken family our sincere sympathy in their great sorrow. *R. I. P.*

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

The Notre Dame Club of Chicago, in annual meeting assembled, learns with regret of the death of Ralph Dimmick, of the Class of 1911. The deceased was a clever and brilliant student and athlete who brought glory and credit to our Alma Mater. The future was of special promise to him in the legal profession. Because of his virtues and brilliant promise, we deeply mourn his early death and extend to his family our sincere and heartfelt sorrow.

RESOLVED, that this resolution be published in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and a copy of the same be sent to the family of the deceased.

FRED J. KASPER	FRANK O'SHAUGHNESSY
GEORGE CRILLY	JUDGE GIRTEN
WILLIAM DEVINE	MARK FOOTE.
CHARLES WALSH	FRED STRAUSS.

Additions to the Apostolate.

The following books have been added to the library of the Apostolate: "The O'Shaughnessy Girls" by Mulholland; "Honor without Renown" by Brown; "Blakes and Flanagan's" by Sadlier; "The Job Secretary" by Ward; "In Treaty with Honor" by Crowley; "For Maisie," "That Sweet Enemy," "A Red, Red Rose," "The Lost Angel," "Dick Pentreath" by Tynan; "Questions of Socialists and Their Answers" by Kress; "Explanation of the Mass" by Cochem; "The Magic of the Sea" by Connolly; "Are Our Prayers Heard?" by Egger; "Marotz," "Dromina," "Mezzogiorno," "Hurdcott" by Ayscough; "The Far Horizon" by Malet; a copy of "The Lincoln-Douglas Debates" (presented by Murty Fahey); "A Daily Miracle in a Name," by Vaudry. Total number of volumes up to date, 388.

Travelogue II.—Ireland.

A man of any nationality or a man of no nationality, a nonentity or an Orangeman, would have been persuaded, had he been present last Wednesday night at the views of Ireland, that the Emerald Isle is a fit motherland for any man; and Thackeray, had it been possible for him to attend, would instantly recall that work, which he ought never have written, "The Irish Sketch-Book."

We are pleased to know that a "new era" has been born in Ireland. But that new era, we can not doubt, is nothing but a modernizing of old Irish habits, a growth from within, not a quality added from without. It is not something taught to Ireland: it is what she has seen and striven for through centuries.

Wexford, Sligo, Waterford, Roscommon, Cork, Limerick, the Lakes of Killarney, Blarney Castle and the Shannon,—we have seen to be no less admirable than our grandparents have ever described them. Every castle and village, a fairy-colony; every landscape, a garden of poetry.

This was a delightful lecture on a delightful theme. The pictures surpassed, we think, those on England, and were more effectively grouped. The lecturer spoke with uncommon admiration of the Irish people (in truth how could one do otherwise?) and expressed bright expectations for their future.

Seldom have we enjoyed any picture so well as the Steeple chase. We were so enthusiastic that wagers were laid on the riders,—with the riderless horse a general favorite.

Society Notes.

HOLY CROSS PREPARATORY DEBATING.

The Holy Cross Preparatory Debating Society held its regular meeting Sunday evening, October 22. The following officers were installed: William McNamara, president; Thos. Laughlin, secretary; Hilary Pashek, critic. The executive committee is comprised of Fred Huercamp, Hilary Pashek and William McNamara.

After transacting the regular routine business the following program was rendered: C. L. Liszewski, a story, "Christmas Day;" E. Czamecki, a song, "Just After the Battle;" C. Hogan, piano selection, "Black Hawk Waltz;"

Thomas Laughlin, recitation, "Mr. Dooley on Football;" M. Twoomey, recitation, "The Ride of Collins Graves;" H. Pashek, a story, "A Heroic Deed."

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Newman Travelogue on Wednesday night necessitated the postponement until Saturday night of the regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society. During the course of these lectures the meetings of this society will be held on Saturday instead of on Wednesday nights. At last Saturday's meeting three exceptionally interesting papers were read. Mr. Gonzalez discussed "Irrigation and Its Benefits" in a pleasing manner. He told of the conditions existing in many places which caused the necessity of irrigating the soil, and explained the methods of transporting water from aqueous to arid regions. The "Benefits to be Derived from the Study of Physics" were expounded by Mr. Kirk. In the study of physics one is taught to be precise and exact in the making of measurements and the handling of instruments. The keeping of notes teaches system, which is serviceable in all walks of life, but particularly so in engineering. Mr. Shannon explained "The Adjustments of the Engineer's Wye Level." These are three in number and Mr. Shannon told what they were and how they are accomplished in a clear, concise way. The relative merits of ice and water at zero degrees Centigrade as cooling agents was the subject for open discussion. Mr. Paul O'Brien led the discussion and supported his views of the subject by scientific proof.

Personals.

—Joseph Dixon (LL. B. '11) is in a law office at Myersdale, Pennsylvania.

—George Washburn (C. E. '11) is employed by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

—Francis W. Kervick-Dalton B. Shourds, Architects, is the sign and title of a new firm just established in Terre Haute, Indiana. The address is 311 Terre Haute Trust Building. We wish the new firm a large measure of success.

—Mr. Joseph D. Sinnott (E. E. '08) and Gordon W. Goebel have formed a company for electrical contracting and testing in Medford, Oregon. Mr. Goebel received his training in the State University of New Mexico and Mr.

Sinnott is a well-known alumnus of Notre Dame. Both have been in the employ of the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburg, where their withdrawal is greatly regretted. We augur a large measure of success for the new firm.

—Robert P. Brown—the famous "Red" Brown of fifteen years ago in baseball—is now president and treasurer of the Vancouver Club of British Columbia. The Vancouver boys belong to the Northwestern Baseball League, and Bob has been the owner and manager of the club for the past six years, during which time the boys have finished first in the league for two years and held second place the other four years. Those who knew Bob in the old days are not surprised at that.

—That good old scout, Joe Campbell, wrote a long letter to one of his friends here giving a detailed account of Ralph Dimmick's death. It contains such tender and intimate things that we do not feel at liberty to quote. Joe states that Ralph was baptized a Catholic and was buried from St. Mary's Cathedral, Tuesday. Columbia University has discontinued its schedule, and our Bill Schmitt and our Callicrate have handed in their football suits to the manager of the Multnomah Club out of respect to Ralph's memory.

Examinations.

TUESDAY, October 31, 1911.

Classes taught at 8:15 and 10:15 will be examined at 8:15 and 10:30 respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 and 2:00 will be examined at 1:15 and 2:45 respectively.

THURSDAY, November 2, 1911.

Classes taught at 9:00 and 11:10 will be examined at 8:30 and 10:30 respectively.

Classes taught at 2:45 will be examined at 1:30.

Calendar.

Sunday, October 29—Students' Mission.

Tuesday, October 31—Bi-Monthly Examinations.
Confessions.

Wednesday, November 1—All Saints' Day
Closing of Students' Mission.

Newman Travelogue, "Scotland and Wales,"
7:30 p. m.

Thursday, November 2—All Souls' Day. Mass at
8 a. m.

Bi-Monthly Examinations.

The Cambrian National Glee Singers, 4:45 p. m.

Friday, November 3—First Friday.

Saturday, November 4—Sorin vs. Corby in football.
Varsity vs. Pittsburg at Pittsburg.

Local News.

—Next week there will be no classes Wednesday (All Saints' day) and Saturday in the afternoon.

—Requiem high mass was sung in the Sacred Heart Church last Thursday by the President, assisted by Fathers O'Donnell and Doremus, for the repose of the soul of Ralph Dimmick at which the students assisted.

—The University Glee Club is already practising. A diligent investigation of the records "from '42 on down," discloses the fact that no glee club was ever known to start practice so early. For this and other good reasons we are led to believe that this year's club will be the "best ever."

—The Brownson "Owls" organized by Father Burke played terrible havoc in the roost of Father McNamara's "Chicks" last Thursday. The way those owls opened their sleepy eyes and broke into those chicks was a sight to behold. Twenty-four to nothing was the final count when the whistle blew.

—Instruction in military tactics for those cadets desiring to qualify as officers in the battalion will be given as follows: *For the battalion*, Wednesdays and Fridays in room 12, Main Building, immediately after dinner. *For cadets in St. Joseph's hall*, Monday evenings at 7:30 in Sergeant Herring's room, Sorin hall. *For cadets in Carroll hall*, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:30 in room 12, Main Building.

—Not to be outdone by Walsh, Corby, too, has organized a "feather-weight" football squad, and the Corby "Wolves" purpose to make short work of the "Chicks" and the "Foxes." And now that we are on the subject, we beg to remark that the "Ducks" of St. Joseph hall didn't make any touchdown on the "Chicks" as was reported last week. Or if they did it must have been 'bout midnight when every "Chick" was gone to roost.

—Last Sunday evening the Walsh hall Junior Monogram Club entertained the Senior Monogram Club and other invited guests. A varied program of music, dance and oratory occupied a delightful hour and a half. Cecil Birder presided and introduced such celebrities as J. Byrne, D. McNichol, F. Youngermann, W. Gibbons, C. Farry, H. Baujan and S. Mee—all artists

of the black cork. The Monogram quartette, consisting of R. Blake and the Curry brothers sang in rare form. M. Chavez made a star speech in French. Carl White and Frank McConnell were clever "lady" performers. The Salvation Army trio, and the Uncle Tom's cabin sketch were very clever. W. Megar-gee sang a song impersonating an English dude which was well received. Mr. F. Curry rendered a vocal selection that was greeted with rounds of applause. "Bessie McCoy's" famous Yama, Yama song and dance received an ovation. Refreshments were served by the Walsh juniors to their guests, and everybody had a smoke on them in addition. Fathers Quinlan, Moloney and McNamara in brief talks gave the junior lads words of appreciation and congratulation. Sim Mee, manager of athletics, Harry Newning captain of the football team and others followed with clever speeches. It was the unanimous verdict that the Walsh boys have the spirit that is alive and moving.

Athletic Notes.

BUTLER GIVES FINE BATTLE.

After three periods of the classiest football seen on Cartier field since the departure of the championship eleven, two years ago, Butler weakened in last Saturday's contest, permitting Notre Dame to score four touchdowns in the final quarter and win the game by a score of 27 to 0.

The heavy rains of the later part of the week continued during the entire game, making the field a mass of mud and preventing the speedy play which featured the earlier games. Both teams suffered from the discouraging conditions, although Butler seemed better able to take advantage of the fumbles and misplays resulting from the slippery condition of the oval. Fumbles cost the Varsity no less than three touchdowns in the second quarter. Long runs by Berger and Bergman brought the ball to the ten-yard line several times during the session, where Butler invariably recovered the ball on miscues by Notre Dame.

Captain Thomas, full-back on the visiting team and all-state selection for the position last year, proved the biggest factor in keeping down the score in the early part of the game. In punting and tackling the lanky downstate star was easily the equal of any

man on the Notre Dame team. Eichenlaub and Berger displayed good form in gaining through the mud, while Bergman seemed unaffected by the heavy going, making several long runs around the ends much as if the field were in the best shape.

Captain Thomas won the toss and chose to defend the north goal. Berger received the kick off, and returned the ball ten yards before he was downed by Garner. Kelleher and Eichenlaub were tried through the line without result, and the ball was returned to the visitors. Good defensive work by the line prevented any material forward movement of the pig-skin, and the ball was again returned. Captain Kelly made a convenient hole through which Kelleher darted for the first long run, getting away for thirty yards and only missing a touchdown by the condition of the sod.

Penalties were inflicted on both teams for offside playing during the first quarter, and frequent punts were exchanged to avoid the loss of the ball on downs. Thomas' long spirals aided in making the workout a heavy one for the Varsity. But one forward pass was attempted by the gold and blue during the session, and its failure convinced Dorias of the necessity of depending upon straight football for gains. Butler tried the pass three times, succeeding only once when Burkhardt made five yards on the trick.

The second quarter opened with the ball in Notre Dame's possession, but the offensive work of Schofield and Marsh made it advisable to punt. Berger intercepted a pass in the centre of the field before the visitors could profit by the care of the oval, and then followed a series of plays by which the ball was carried into the shadows of the goal posts several times, only to be lost on fumbles.

With the end of the period but one minute away Thomas punted to the thirty-five yard line, Bergman receiving the ball and dodging through the crowded field for the first touchdown in one of the few sensational sprints of the game. Dorias completed the play by kicking the goal, giving Notre Dame a count of 6.

Several changes were made in the Varsity lineup at the start of the third quarter, Pliska, Jones and "Art" Smith forming a new back-field, O'Neill, Larson and Armstrong taking places in the line. A fumble on the third down gave Butler the ball on the twenty-five yard mark, but after a loss of ten yards on an

attempted end run back of the line Thomas tried a drop kick which Pliska returned for a gain of twenty-five yards. Alternating in the use of Pliska, Smith and Jones, Dorias gained the advantage for the period, but no scoring developed.

The first team was returned intact, with the exception of Yund and Harvat, who were replaced by Dugan and Smith, in the last quarter. Refreshed by the short rest, the Varsity commenced a series of mass plays which demoralized the weakening Butler team. McGinnis made the second touchdown possible when he received a forward pass, the ball being carried to the ten-yard line, Eichenlaub plunging through for the tally. Dorias kicked the goal, increasing the score to 12.

Lee was sent in at quarter at this point, and seemed to inspire the team with new life. Thomas kicked off to Eichenlaub, who returned the ball almost to the middle of the field before being downed. Summerlin made a pretty tackle of the giant full-back, and the ball went over via the fumble route on the next down. Thomas also fumbled, punted to Berger who tallied the third touchdown in a seventy yard sprint across the field. Bergman made a fair catch on the kick out, but Lee failed on goal.

Thomas booted to Eichenlaub, and on the first down the full-back fumbled, recovering in time to make a gain of twenty yards. Bergman was used for fifteen, and a forward pass to McGinnis added thirty yards, Eichenlaub carrying the whole Butler team over the line for the final score as the whistle announced the end.

Loyola will be the contenders in today's game. With the Pittsburg contest but a week away Coach Marks has been putting the squad through a week of strenuous workouts. Coach Bert Maris is overseeing the training of the players, and his care and advice is proving of value in keeping the men in good shape.

Notre Dame		Butler
Crowley	R. E.	Burkhardt
Kelley (Capt.)	R. T.	Lewis
Harvat, O'Neill	R. G.	Mullane
Feeney, Smith	C.	Nevitt
Yund	L. G.	Marsh
Oaas, Larson	L. T.	Schofield
McGinnis, Armstrong	L. E.	Garner
Dorias, Lee	Q. B.	Summerlin
Kelleher, Bergman, Smith	R. H.	Morgan, Traub
Berger, Pliska	L. H.	Brayton
Eichenlaub, Jones	F. B.	Thomas (Capt.)

Summary—Touchdowns, Bergman, Berger (2), Eichenlaub (2). Goals from touchdown, Dorias (2); officials—Tighe (Indiana) referee; Dunbar (Yale) umpire; Callahan (Michigan) head linesman. Time of quarters, 12 minutes.

BROWNSON AND CORBY IN TIE.

On a field too heavy for any display of football science, Brownson and Corby battled to a tie, 3-3, Sunday afternoon. The Brownson team, with one victory to its credit, was expected to give a much better exhibition of the college pastime against Corby. But nobody noticed the exhibition. Line bucking netted but small ground for either team, and forward passes mixed with punts kept the ball pretty much in Brownson territory.

In the second quarter, Corby worked the ball to the 20-yard line from which Hebner drop-kicked, the ball barely clearing the bar. Both teams worked desperately in the second half to score, but stiff offense kept the goal lines from danger. Hines' forward pass in the last quarter was intercepted by Nowers, who got away with the best run of the day, a sixty-yard dash to the ten-yard line. Brownson failed twice through the line, and Ryan attempted a drop-kick which cleared the goal.

While Corby showed good, all-around form, for the first game, Brownson must be praised for plucky fighting. But pluck without practice isn't worth a kick. Corby showed better team work and more snap in the offence, which the Brownson fellows lacked. Nowers, Dunphy and Ryan for Brownson offset the disadvantages of the loose playing. Bensberg, Hebner, Dolan, and Soisson proved reliable ground gainers for Corby.

WALSH TRIUMPHS OVER SORIN.

Thursday afternoon Walsh put one over on Sorin, capturing the interhall game by the score of 9 to 0. The Walsh lads were much lighter than their more sedate brothers, but—with apologies to the Safety Valve—what they lacked in speed they made up in team work and knowledge of the game. The Newning brothers, Baujan, Matthews and McNichol cast a radiance for Walsh. Devine, Dougherty, McDonald shed whatever little brilliance glorified the blue vault of Sorin. Critics of the game are of the opinion that Walsh hall is by no means eliminated in the fight for interhall championship. It is quite possible that Corby's strongest opponent will be the team that lost its first game to the Saints.

Safety Valve.

We counted "driving rain" eleven times in the accounts of last Sat's f. b. g.

Corby thinks Brownson was mighty lucky to kick that goal.

Brownson thinks Brownson was mighty unlucky not to get across with that touchdown.

We notice St. Joe rec. room has a new \$37.00 carpet. Certainly m. g. that's the kind of spirit we like to see at dear old s. j.

Found—A rain coat, a hat (with hole in it), a cap, cuff links (brass), tie-pins, text books (unused), a ring, pair of tooth picks, two safety razors and several other articles caught in the draft of Boos' suction machine. Call and identify.

Pitt expects to have easy picking next Saturday. Wish we were as sure of heaven as that Pitt wont.

PHRASES WORKED TO DEATH.

We have with us this evening
The entire student body
The rectors of the various halls.

We counted twelve notices on one bulletin board last Tuesday, not to speak of those out in (or on) the corridor.

GREAT PAIRS.

Brutus and Cassius
Bogy and Kasper
Lemonade and Fours
Aces.*

We notice that at Ironton high school, Miss Shouts is to lead the girl rooters. Nine shouts for Miss Shouts.

There's a kid in the minims called Phibbs. 'Spose you'll be telling phibbs every time you talk to him. [Bite him Tubby!† One more like that and he goes to Brownson.]

ODE TO COLUMBUS ‡

Hail! hail!
Sail! sail!
Against the gale
Through shark and whale,
And west winds wail.
Mariner true!
We owe to you
The old and dear
Red, White and Blew

[The end.]

When our beloved Director of Studies put "Apologetics" on our bill we thought we were getting a big boost, only to find on acquaintance it was our dear old friend Dogma B. The voice was the voice of Jacob, but the hands were the hands of Esau.

* Printer's suggestion. We fail to see the drift.

† Or Nellie.

‡ Read in Europe.