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A. F.

WE placed him, called away at last,
Deep in the dark vaults of the Past.
Then standing o'er his tomb we said:
"Long live the king!—the king is dead!"

Then enters one with shining hair,
Is robed and takes the royal chair.
Great voices roll and sweet bells ring:
"The king is dead!—Long live the king!"

American Journalism.*

GEORGE GRISWALD HILL.



HAVE been asked to talk to you about American journalism because, I assume, your faculty in its wisdom appreciates that the daily newspaper is the greatest educational factor of the present day. It is the one text-book which follows you when you leave college, which thrusts itself onto your breakfast table every day in the year, which brings the news of current events, suggests opinions on a wide variety of subjects, and often, all unconsciously to the reader, forms his political opinions. The part which the press plays in the formation of political opinions can hardly be overstated. I think it was Thomas Jefferson who declared that he would rather live in a country which had newspapers and no laws than in a country which had laws and no newspapers. Fortunately in this country we have both. But the laws are largely the product of the newspapers.

Because of the great influence which newspapers exert it is important to understand them, to know something of their construction, their powers and their limitations. Possibly too, because a great number of college graduates—the number has been estimated at one half—are possessed of a desire to write for the press, or to adopt journalism as a career, it has been deemed important that you should hear something of the subject at first hand. I trust you will not find it a dull subject, for, paradoxical as the statement may seem, a dry subject is a good deal of a wet blanket.

The American newspaper of the present day is a masterpiece of American enterprise, a compromise between the love of gain and the love of an ideal, a sort of encyclopaedia of universal knowledge and entertainment; and, like the poor, it is always with us. Since its inception—the first newspaper in this country was published in Boston in 1704—it has undergone a radical change. In the old days the newspaper was a sort of forum of public discussion, but more than that, the medium of expression of the views of its editor, and editors in those days attained to an importance and an influence not now possible. In the old days, the editor of a metropolitan daily could make or unmake a public man, especially a politician, with a single editorial; and Horace Greeley, the founder of the paper I have the honor to represent in Washington, was one of the commanding figures in American affairs. Hardly less so was Charles A. Dana, the founder of the *New York Sun*; and there were many other editors who were known throughout the length and breadth of the land. But that day is passed, and with it has gone that element of personal responsibility which in

* Lecture read before the Faculty and students in Washington Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1911.

large part served to keep the columns of the press free from objectionable matter. On the other hand, with it has also gone those exhibitions of personal spleen, those acrimonious debates, which so greatly marred the journals of an earlier day. I remember reading with both amusement and amazement an editorial printed in a New York daily attacking Mr. Greeley on the ground that he was lacking in personal cleanliness, and the reply of the founder of the *Tribune* in which he vigorously repudiated the charge and attacked his assailant in terms hardly worthy of the name repartee.

There are a good many people who like to refer to "the good old days" of American journalism and who seem to think that the faults of the press are chiefly modern. That is a mistake. In 1831 De Toqueville visited this country, and on his return described the American newspapers as full of "open and gross appeals to the passions of their readers... a deplorable abuse of the powers of thought." And some years later, Charles Dickens was equally censorious in his condemnation of the American press. Like other human institutions, the newspapers have always had their faults and always will. Times change and the faults of the press change with them, but I am disposed to believe that those of the present day are hardly as glaring, are certainly not as repugnant to present-day ideals, as those of an earlier period.

In 1835, James Gordon Bennett founded the New York *Herald*, the first exponent of the new journalism which has come to be the rule of the present day. Mr. Bennett's theory was that the people wanted news, rather than views, and the success which attended his efforts attested the correctness of his theory. Little by little his competitors were compelled to follow his example. In the early sixties the telegraph came into general use for the transmission of news, and from that time on the publication of a daily paper has been a constant struggle to secure the latest news from all the world and to present it in the most interesting and attractive form. The editorial, which is an expression of the opinion of the editor, has had to take a secondary place. Useful sometimes as an interpretation of the news, or as a summary of previous events in the light of those more recent, it has come to be hardly essential, except,

perhaps, during political campaigns; and I am disposed to believe that if a newspaper were sufficiently enterprising in gathering and presenting the news it could wholly dispense with its editorials without any serious loss of circulation.

The newspaper has changed from the exponent of one man's views to a chronicle of daily events, published as a commercial enterprise and with an eye, if not single, at least always directed to the accumulation of profits, the payment of dividends. Such a change was bound to be accompanied by some lowering of tone of the press, and there have been notable examples of newspapers controlled solely by greed, conducted purely to make profits for their owners, all of which has led to much talk of the domination of the press by the counting-room. And yet, I venture to say that there are comparatively few papers which do not to some extent strive for an ideal, and fewer newspaper men in places of authority who do not strive to produce good papers and deplore those instances where the exigencies of the commercial side of their profession force deviation from their code of ethics.

The first tenet of the newspaper of the present day is accuracy, and I say this advisedly, and do not except even those publications which, for their own purposes, color or pervert some portion of the news. I know it is the custom of many persons to assert that if you see it in the newspapers it is not so. But in so saying they are guilty of even greater exaggeration than they attribute to the press. And they prove the correctness of my assertion by continuing to read the very papers they condemn. Those who indulge in such sweeping condemnation are really as stupid as certain others, probably fewer in number, who persistently refuse to believe that their favorite newspaper has erred, even when confronted with the strongest circumstantial evidence that it has.

The story of Prof. Hugo Munsterberg's experiments in psychology has been told before, but I venture to repeat it here because it is especially apropos. Prof. Munsterberg carefully organized an altercation between two members of his class. The parts were written out and the men carefully rehearsed. Then, without warning, in the presence of the entire class, the little drama was played.

After separating the men, Prof. Munsterberg requested each member of the class, without consultation with his fellows, to write an account of the fracas as he saw it. He received almost as many versions as there were members of the class. Except as to one or two essentials, all accounts differed and the class was about evenly divided as to who struck the first blow.

Another teacher—I think it was in a Kansas University—wishing to test the matter for himself, organized a similar altercation and arranged that one of the pupils should draw from his hip pocket a large key and level it at his opponent; as if it were a pistol. In the accounts of the affair more than half the class asserted that a pistol had been drawn. The fact is, of course, that in moments of excitement the powers of observation become inaccurate. Impressions are gained too rapidly to permit of definite recording by the memory, and the imagination, seeking to assist, often wholly misleads. I may not speak in correct psychological terms, but I know that, popularly speaking, that is what occurs. Perhaps you can sometime test it for yourself. Should you happen to be present when an accident involving loss of life has occurred, ask others present for the details and make brief notes of the essentials. Continue to ask others as time goes on and the excitement abates, making notes, but contradicting no statements. The chances are your notes will read something like this: A deep sewer caved in and twenty men were buried alive forty feet below the surface—eighteen men buried alive—two men taken out alive—will probably die. Ten men buried twenty feet below the surface, two taken out alive—one may live—and finally, sewer caved in and buried three men twelve feet below the surface, two taken out alive, one seriously, the other slightly injured. One man dead from suffocation. And this will reflect approximately the accounts in the several editions of the newspapers, except that all the figures but the last will have been discounted somewhat by an experienced editor who has made allowances for the excitement attending the accident. You can see instances of this kind all the time in fires, mine and marine disasters, etc., and you may be sure that all along the newspapers have been striving for accuracy.

Of course, there are instances where newspapers wilfully pervert the facts. This is

notably true of politics and political contests. Several journals describe the reception of the President, or of a political candidate. One says the reception was a "frost," another says the crowds were large but apathetic, and another describes the crowds as record-breaking and wildly enthusiastic. I have had no little experience of this kind myself, but I can assure you that deliberate misrepresentation is the exception rather than the rule. In the heat of a political campaign, there is considerable neglect to tell the whole truth, and too often newspapers do not hesitate to describe the past acts of an opposition candidate in terms which do not actually involve falsehood, but which, by suppression convey a false impression, especially as to motives.

Observation has led me to believe that in numerous instances readers mislead themselves and misjudge the newspapers by reading only the headlines of the articles which interest them. A better knowledge of the machinery of a newspaper office would go far to prevent this. For instance, the writer of a newspaper article, or story—and in a newspaper office every article is called a "story"—rarely writes the headlines which appear over it. That task is confided to a little known but important functionary, called a copy-reader. The headlines are subject to great mechanical limitations. Each line must have a given number of letters or spaces, no more and no less, and the headings are often written under pressure and in the haste which almost inevitably precedes going to press. A practice far safer than gleaning one's news from the headlines is to use them solely for the purpose for which they were intended, as guide-posts, and to read the first paragraph of every story which appears to be of sufficient interest or importance to warrant taking any note of it.

The construction of a newspaper story is an exact reversal of an oration; or even of an essay. In the newspaper article or story the peroration comes first. The maxim which is continually dinned into the ears of the young newspaper man is, "Tell your story in the first paragraph. Let less important details follow later." The older writer does not need to be told that the exigencies of the "make-up,"—that is the arrangement of the matter in the pages,—may at any time result in the lopping off of the later paragraphs until, as

not infrequently happens, only the first paragraph remains. Consequently, the good newspaper man devotes the utmost care and attention to his first paragraph and often, when circumstances will permit, rewrites it after completing his story. It follows, therefore, that he who has not time, or inclination to read an entire story or dispatch, can cull the gist of the entire article by reading the first paragraph.

I once sent a somewhat important political dispatch to my paper, regarding which I had consulted President Roosevelt. Early the following morning I was summoned post-haste to the White House, and on arriving Mr. Roosevelt demanded of me, in a voice of thunder, who wrote the headlines, which, unfortunately, were a flat contradiction of the dispatch. I more than half suspect that the Colonel thought me guilty of the egregious blunder. I explained that although I had telegraphed every word of the dispatch I had had nothing to do whatever with the heading, and the President, apparently a good deal surprised, contented himself with a request that I present his compliments to the powers that be in my home office, request that the guilty man be found, and that said powers "chop his head off." Had Mr. Roosevelt understood the machinery of newspaper construction as well as he did human nature he would have realized first that I was in no way responsible for the construction of the head, and secondly, that it was surprising that so comparatively few such blunders were made. Mr. Roosevelt's knowledge of human nature did lead him to appreciate how unfortunate was this particular mistake, for probably seventy-five per cent of the people who read the headlines would go no further and would, therefore, be permanently misled.

I have referred to the fact that newspapers sometimes wilfully mislead their readers. This is a phase of that yellow journalism, which is a sort of malady of the press which few people can define and which is most often employed to denote that form which the user particularly dislikes, a sort of generous generic term broad enough to include all forms of objectionable journalism. Employed in that capacity it would be difficult to discuss it, and so, for my own purposes, I must define it. It is essentially of two kinds. The first and least harmful is that form which invades to a greater or less extent what most people regard as their privacy,

which sacrifices delicacy to enterprise in an effort to furnish to an eager public those details regarding the lives of others, which, whatever may be the ethics of the quest, are all too eagerly sought by an exceedingly large number of people, and,—may I say it?—especially by members of the gentler sex.

The second and less excusable form of yellow journalism is that which wilfully distorts the facts in order to create sensations. This form, when carried to the lengths which for a time characterized the American press, is pernicious in the extreme. The outcome of the severest competition between newspapers, it nevertheless reflected gravely on their publishers, but hardly less so on the great army of readers who gave to the yellow journals such prompt and generous support.

(To be continued.)

To An Old Friend.

Like the pathway that leads through a garden, the
air a sweet-scented balm,
Where the jasmine and rose, where the hyacinth
blows,

And their incense and fragrances blend;
Where the lilac's wet, waving tresses are kissed by
the moonlight calm—

A way that is blessed with enjoyment unguessed
Is the way to your heart, dear friend!

You have been with me long after midnight, through
the dull, leaden hours awake;

You have been in my room in the twilight gloom
When the sad, melting moods are most felt;
You have been with me even till daylight, when
fortune seemed almost at stake,

When the best that I drew was a deuce and a two
After all of the cards had been dealt.

You have been to me ever a solace when life was
most drab and most drear;

You have given advice when evils entice,
When guidance was needed the most.
You have given me will and stern courage when
clinging to doubt or to fear;

You have shown me the way where my duty lay
When I wandered afar from my post.

And a lingering, mellow aroma abides with me when
you are gone,

Delighting my sense with a sweet recompense,
Like a vague and beautiful dream.

And I close my eyes to let fancy, roseate as the waken-
ing dawn,

Upguide through the skies on the wings of surprise
Lured away by a glad sunbeam. G. H. S.

The Solitudes.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

The real reason why Frederick Marvin called his country place the "Solitudes" was known only to himself. Most people believed the out-of-the-way place in which it was situated determined the name of the young artist's home. But the name had a special significance for him; it was a constant reminder of his own position, and he loved it because it was associated with no other than himself. Not that he was a selfish lover of self, but because he was a dreamer, and every path, every tree, every flower, brought memories—bitter ones in truth, yet ones in which he took a certain pleasure, and without which he would not have been content.

The 'Solitudes' was set in a beautiful little valley full of wild nature. Through it flowed a small tributary of the river which formed the northern border; and a mile to the east, upon a high cedar bluff, overlooking the river and the artist's home was an old Colonial mansion of the ancient English manor type, the sole survivor of a period long ago Americanized. There were no cinder paths or well-trimmed hedges in the 'Solitudes'; the natural effect of rampant vegetation was the dominating note of the whole place, yet withal, there was not lacking evidences of the guiding hand of a master of the beautiful, which transformed the little valley and gave it a distinct note of individuality; a note of repose and quiet that seemed to harmonize well with the character of the lord of this miniature Eden.

There was a poetic temperament in Frederick Marvin as well as an artistic talent; yet this phase of his character never found expression in written words; but in his art, every stroke of the brush as a new tint was added and the natural beauties of the landscape grew in replica on the canvas; and even nearly every thought that flashed before his troubled mind, was an expression of the poetic nature of his soul.

One of his daily habits was to walk in the early morning beside the little stream and through the gardens of wild flowers that grew in profusion along its banks. He would often pause beside a pool in the back-current, and in a subdued tone, half sigh, half prayer, exclaim:

"Her eyes were deeper and more clear than this purest of spring-water pools; and far more beautiful and sparkling were they than these pearls of morning flowers," and pressing the petals to his lips he would move on to the great elm that spread its arches over a rustic bench.

"She loved the trees too," he would sigh, "her elm was more favored than the rest." Sinking upon the seat his thoughts would wander back to the time when he was happy—the time when he loved and was loved,—when all the world smiled with his own joyous life.

How well he remembered those years! the fulfilment of every desire was his, but, when on a trip to the West, he found his dream shattered and the seal of cruel fate affixed to his own soul. It was the one great love of his life; and Evelyn had deceived herself into believing her love was as great as his. With tears and vows of faith she had bid him good-bye, and her daily letters were full of only one thought. But one day he received no letter, nor any the second, and when one finally came he thought he detected a note of coldness in it, although it was profuse with apologies. And then came the last—the letter.

"My dear Fred," it ran, and something twitched at his heart as he read, "For ten years we have known each other, and the friendship that has been ours has grown into the love of brother and sister." A great pain shot through his body and his face grew white.

"No bad news, I hope," queried the inquisitive postmaster.

"No—that is—well—no!" he stammered and turning he walked hastily back to his cabin on the edge of the small frontier town. For an hour he sat motionless and silent, hardly daring to think lest passion and grief rend his heart.

"To think!" he finally exclaimed, "and an Englishman! I thought she loved me! I thought she loved me!"

His series of landscapes remained unfinished and he moved farther West where the 'Solitudes' became his home. Here he sought to put his greatest sorrow into the expression of his own interpretation of nature's beauties. Every stroke of his brush was made with feeling and sincerity, and this pouring out of his soul was bringing him fame which he cared not for—alone. His life at the 'Solitudes' was truly

a life of seclusion. There was only one thing that made it bearable, one thing that held some recompense for his sorrow, and that was his art. He loved it; his only ambition now was to paint one picture which would express in the beauties of depicted nature the great and utter loneliness of his heart. For this he had studied for years, and now the time was come when all the little sketches, all the observations, all the broodings of his poetic soul were to be set together on the final canvas.

"My studio shall be the banks of the stream," he had often said to himself, "my easel shall rest against the elm, and with the music of the waters in my ears I will sit on this rustic bench, and my heart, my soul, shall speak unrestrained."

It was an early autumn morning and Frederick Marvin had walked to the little town, a mile distant, for his mail. The postmaster handed him several magazines and a few letters, and while he was examining the postmarks he caught snatches of the conversation of several old men, sitting around a low burning fire.

"Nope!" spoke one, "she don't live hereabouts. She's visitin' up at the hill. Just came yesterday."

"Well, why a woman wants to come 'way out here on a vacation is more'n I can see," vouchsafed another.

"I hear she's some kin to the Misses Remmaux," volunteered one with a tobacco-stained beard. "Mary says she's come out here to recuperate—some society woman, I guess, trying to get her health back 'fore the winter season begins."

"Village gossip," thought the artist, and left the store. On his way back to the 'Solitudes,' he remembered the name he had heard.

"Remmaux — strange! — Evelyn's second name was Remmaux; but no!—it couldn't be! Why, she is in the East—married and happy. Strange though I never connected my neighbors with the name of Remmaux before. I've heard it often enough," and he continued on in a thoughtful mood.

The picture was progressing. For four days he had painted steadily, the only interruptions being for his meals and at night. Each morning found him early carrying his easel down to the stream and only at the fall of dusk did he return with it. As he worked he thought

of Evelyn, and his love and loneliness poured through his brush, and the picture was surpassing his brightest dreams. He fell in love with it;—he talked to it;—he told it his secrets; it became his passion and his solace—because it was himself.

The mansion on the hill became, with the arrival of the guest, a mecca of all festivities in the community. The ballroom floor was polished and dancers once more filled the spacious hall; house-parties transformed the sedate old place, and hunts and games of all sorts were held. The Remmauxs were reviving their old colonial spirit and to their mind their guest was being royally entertained. The frail woman in whose honor all this was being done appreciated the efforts of her hosts. But it was not what she wanted; it was not the peace and quiet she had sought for, and so she was bored by it all. On Saturday while the merry throng of guests were just awakening for the last day of the parties, she stepped into a canoe and idly drifted with the current.

How long she allowed herself to be carried along on the river she could not tell, but finally she saw a small stream that flowed into the river from the south. Its waters were quiet and shady, and into this she turned her canoe, welcoming the restfulness that was suggested here.

The morning of the fifth day Frederick Marvin sat his easel against the elm, and with a sigh, took up his palette to mix the pigments.

"It will be finished today," he said softly, and his loneliness weighed heavier upon him. He knew it would be his last effort of any worth, and he lingered lovingly over the nearly finished canvas. He disliked to put his brush to it again for he wanted to enjoy its comfort as long as it was possible; and so he sat with his eyes upon it, thinking of Evelyn—dreaming of those other years. What did life hold for him now? He had lost that which *made* him live, and the years instead of lessening his love had only increased it the more, and now he felt it almost too great to bear alone.

"It is very sad," a soft voice sounded behind him. At the first word his heart almost failed him; his breath came in quick jerks; he dared not turn his head lest he should find he had been dreaming.

"The picture, I mean, Fred. It is very, very sad."

Slowly the artist stood and turning faced his visitor. His lips framed the words so dear to him, but his voice failed.

"Evelyn!—Evelyn!" finally burst from him, and the woman saw the question in his mind and answered,

"Yes, Fred, it is I. Come let us sit down, for I have much to tell and to ask."

"Now I understand," he spoke, "you are visiting on the hill."

"Yes,—my uncle. I have been there a week. But you? I did not know that you were here."

"I have lived here," he replied, "for five years. I call it the 'Solitudes.' But tell me of yourself. I have not heard in all that time. Where have you lived? And is your husband at the Remmauxs too?"

She looked straight into his face, and he thought he saw something in her eyes that was not there of old.

"No!" she spoke slowly, "a year ago he was injured in a railroad wreck. He died a week later."

"Pardon me, Evelyn, I did not know."

"Of course not, away out here; but who knows? Perhaps it was all for the best," and she turned away at the memory.

"Why?" queried the artist, "tell me—you were happy?"

When the woman faced him again, tears shone in her eyes as she answered:

"Not as I expected, Fred."

"Evelyn! look at me!" he burst forth, "I have loved you all these years—here by myself; and in that picture there I have tried to place some of my love and loneliness. You have judged it, and so you have judged me also; it is a part of myself. You are alone now, and need some one to love you. Let us renew the old faith, Evelyn. Speak to me and tell me your heart."

She laid her hand on his arm and slowly raised her face to his; and in eyes deeper and more clear than spring water pools, and more beautiful than pearls of morning flowers he read her answer.

"I think the picture will remain unfinished," he finally spoke.

"As the individual, in attaining all he hopes for, would lose the motive of life, so the race, could it reach its ideal state, would become incapable of enjoying it."

The Sign.

CYRIL J. CURRAN, '12.

It was very dark. Tall trees hung over the road and obscured what little illumination might have come from the heavens. A storm was approaching. Occasionally the lightning flashed, and displayed with its weird glow the quiet beauty of a northern New York countryside. A man ran swiftly down the road. He knew that he must reach shelter soon, or be encompassed in the drenching rains that the sky foreboded. At last he discerned a light in the distance. When he came closer to it he saw that it came from a single window on the first story of an old-fashioned country mansion. Drooping willow trees guarded the path that led to the house, looking like ghostly sentinels in the dim light. A reflected ray shone on the wall over the doorway, and there the man read with some difficulty these words, worked out, like mosaic, with various colored bricks:

Know, stranger, Stanhope here resides
In ample comfort, and his door
Is never clos'd, e'en as in Hellas,
Long ago.

It was beginning to rain. The man ran up the steps to the massive door, and pounded loudly with the brass knocker. There was no response. Again he pounded, and again, but there was no answering footstep. By this time the rain was coming down in a deluge. The thunder was deafening,—the lightning blinding. The traveller dashed over to the window from which he had first seen the light, and peered in. He saw a well-dressed young man sitting in a large easy-chair, holding a pistol to his temple. There was a sharp report. A cloud of flame spread about the young man's head, and then he fell over on the floor.

Fred Stanhope hurriedly left the bank. He went immediately to the Grand Central depot, purchased a ticket for a small town in Lawrence County, up-state, and was just in time to catch his train.

"It's good-bye to New York forever," he mused, as the train pulled out of the station.

When he arrived at his destination, it was dark. He tipped the porter to let him out on the side of the car away from the station,

and when he had descended, sped swiftly into the night. No one saw him. After an hour's walk, he came to a large house. He unlocked the door, stepped inside, turned into the first room on his right, which was the library, and switched on the electric lights.

"Just the same as it was a year ago," he muttered. "There is no one to interfere."

He brushed some of the thick dust off a large table in the middle of the room, and laid a revolver upon it. Picking up a sheet of paper and a pencil, he sat down and began to write.

"I am Frederick Stanhope, a miserable failure. I have squandered my inheritance, cheated my mother of every dollar that she believes she possesses, robbed Alice Wentworth, who was to have been my wife, of the estate left her by her father, and I have embezzled large sums from the George Washington National Bank in New York City, of which I am cashier. Tomorrow all this will be known to the world, and the proud old name of Stanhope will be dragged into the mire. I have no excuses. I took a chance, and I have lost. So be it. Now I will make my fall complete. I have nothing to live for, and I will die, as I have lived, a poor dupe of Fortune. Whether or not there is a hereafter, I know not. I care less. My lot there can not be worse than it has been here, and will be, if I should continue to live. But this much I promise: if there is life beyond the grave, I will come back. I will tell other poor devils like myself what—"

There was a loud knocking at the door.

"What? So soon? They are after me already. I must hurry lest it be too late."

"—they can expect if they seek the relief that I am about to take. If I do not return, know that I am eternally dead. If I do manifest myself in this world, it will be to tell the truth."

While he was finishing this, the knocking continued. Stanhope took up the revolver, lifted it to his temple, held the barrel there for a second or two, then pulled the trigger. An instant later he fell to the floor.

There was a crash at the front window, and a man leaped into the room. He dashed over to the fallen figure, and put his hand over the heart. It did not beat.

The terrible storm still raged outside. The thunder was incessant. The lightning made it seem like day. Suddenly there was a terrific

detonation. Fire seemed to envelop the whole house. The front wall caved in, and all was ablaze in a moment. The man was unhurt. He seized the paper on the table, and ran to safety outside.

Next morning a crowd of villagers and farmers stood before what had once been the home of the Stanhopes. They surveyed the ruins in silence, for they were no little awed. Nearly the whole of the front wall was gone. A few bricks remained over the doorway, and where once had been inlaid a verse of welcome to the stranger they read:

—No----- ---hope --- -----
 I—am----- --- -----
 ----- --- in Hell--

Third Year of the Apostolate.

The Apostolate of Religious Reading is a free library of Catholic books, accessible at all times, and even brought to readers in their rooms by the various representatives of the Apostolate in all the halls of the University. Besides placing the books within easy reach of all readers, through the director and the promoters of the Apostolate new names are added to the patrons of the library and the interest of old readers is maintained.

The frequent publication of notes in the SCHOLASTIC and other Catholic papers has drawn the attention of the public to the Apostolate and won for it many sympathetic well-wishers and imitators. Those who know the great possibilities there are for good in such an apostolate are glad to help the movement either by their prayers or their contributions.

Perhaps the greatest advantage this library is affording the students is in supplying them with fiction that is both Catholic in tone and of literary merit. No doubt, the majority of readers would seldom or never read a book by a Catholic author, if some such means as the Apostolate offers were not supplied.

To give an idea of the amount of good reading that is done by many of the students, two lists of books read by patrons of the library are appended:

The first list shows the following, read since September 15, 1911: "Heroine of the Strait" (Crowley), "Woman of Fortune" (Reid), "Robert Kimberly" (Spearman), "In Treaty with Honor" (Crowley), "The Mystery

of the Priest's Parlor" (Irons), "The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant" (Mannix), "The Circus-Rider's Daughter" (Brackel), "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky" (Liljencrantz), "Gertrude Mannering" (Noble).

The second list is as follows, covering the same period of time: "The Pilkington Heir" and "Glimpses of the Supernatural" (Sadlier), "Espiritu Santo" (Skinner), "Alice of Old Vincennes" (Thompson), "Nerve of Foley" (Spearman), "Rose of the World" (Martin), "Child of Mary" (Reid), "Ethelred Preston" (Finn), "Princess Nadini," "Chase of an Heiress," "A question of Honor" and "Vera's Charge" (Reid), "Sant' Ilario" (Crawford.)

The promoters of the Apostolate in the various halls were the following: Floyd Shafer, Clarence Williamson, William Coakley, Francis Durbin, Leo Condon, Joseph Walsh, Louis Cox, Francis Boos, Patrick Barry, Joseph Geiger, Joseph Miner, Daniel Shoumlin.

The money contributed voluntarily to the Apostolate for the purchase of new books amounted to \$73.30, a sum smaller than what was received in either of the two previous years. In 1909, \$79.10 was obtained; in 1910, \$137.42 was contributed. The total amount for the three years was \$289.82. This year those who gave generously were Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Mrs. A. L. Sweet, Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., Brother Casimir, C. S. C., Mr. Thomas Hudson, Mr. Earl Dickens, Mr. Michael Dunne, Colonel Hoynes, Professor Maurus and Mr. Thomas Mackin.

In 1911 new libraries were established as follows: Rev. Father Gillis, Antigonish, Nova Scotia; Rev. Father McGinn, C. S. C., Columbia University, Portland, Oregon; Brother Maximus, C. S. C., Holy Trinity Church, Chicago, Ill.; Brothers Raymond and Alban, C. S. C., Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, Ind.; Rev. Mother Ignatius, R. S. U., New Rochelle, New York; Sisters of Notre Dame, Laurium, Michigan; Rev. Father O'Brien, St. Mary's Church, Montreal, Canada. All of the foregoing persons obtained a list of books by Catholic authors from Notre Dame, and are endeavoring to carry on an Apostolate of Religious Reading.

At the meeting of the Catholic Educational Association in Chicago last June, the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., read a paper entitled "The Problem of Reading in Our

Secondary Schools and Colleges." In this paper, he outlined the purpose of the Apostolate of Religious Reading, and showed that the plan is an excellent one for bringing good reading to the students in our schools and colleges. His paper, which was published in the December number of the *Catholic Educational Review*, has brought the idea of the Apostolate before the entire Catholic body. Several Catholic papers also published the excerpt from Father O'Donnell's paper.

In such an effort as that of the Apostolate to bring good reading to as many persons as possible it would be strange if a special endeavor was not made to reach non-Catholics. Through the kindness of the Rev. Charles A. Martin, author of "Catholic Religion," the director received ten copies of his excellent work. This book ought to have as large a sale as Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers." Father Martin's book deals with present-day difficulties of non-Catholics. Besides the two books just mentioned, such works as "Essentials and non-Essentials of the Catholic Religion" (Hughes), "A Troubled Heart" (Stoddard), "Notes on Ingersoll" (Lambert), "Apologia" (Newman), are used to enlighten non-Catholic students about our Holy Faith.

The success of the Apostolate in the three years since its establishment has convinced the director and others, who have seen the good results, that similar libraries should be formed wherever possible and especially in boarding schools. Young people generally read a great deal, and when only good reading is supplied to them, they will derive untold benefits from their reading. May God inspire teachers and pastors everywhere to establish free Catholic libraries for their schools and societies!

THE DIRECTOR.

A Motto for the New Year.

To do the right thing at the right time in the right way; to do something better than it has ever been done before; to eliminate errors; to know both sides of a question; to be courteous; to be an example; to work for love of the work; to anticipate requirements; to develop resources; to recognize no impediment; to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than rule; to be satisfied with nothing short of the best.

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—Making a New Year's resolution is no joke, still less breaking it, and it is time newspaper and magazine humorists should take cognizance of the fact. The New Year "resolutions" at which their cynical jokes are leveled are misnomers,—are not resolutions at all. The true resolution is not made to be broken, as they would have us believe, but to be sacredly kept. A philosopher has observed that man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to; just so he is the only animal that makes New Year's resolutions—or needs to. Man needs to take stock of himself occasionally, to hold the mirror up to his faults, and to take measures to correct them. Development, as opposed to stagnation and retrogression, is a law in both the moral, the intellectual, and the physical order. We are bound to develop, and while for the man who is iron in will, one day may be as good as another,—every day a New Year's Day—nevertheless, the peculiar sentiment attached to the good resolution made on the first day of the year should not be despised. Man is not only a creature of intellect, but also of sentiment,—and oftentimes sentiment is quite as strong an influence for good as reason.

—Blasphemy is never excusable. A man may, through great want, be forced to steal

that he may live. For this he has a kind of defense. But there can be no defense for abusing the name of God. Everyone knows that it is sinful to profane sacred names. To repeat the old arguments against blasphemy would be to increase words to no effect. Men agree that this practice is wrong, but they go on forgetting. This heedlessness produces the habit, and the habit soils the mind and will. The vice dwarfs the soul; it shuts out high thoughts, and makes the mind content with livery-stable ideas.

No breach of etiquette, no mistake in grammar, no blunder in society will lie so heavily against a man as the utterance of profane language. Therefore join the Holy Name Society. If you will not, then be a society unto yourself. Cherish an active reverence toward the Holy Name of God and of Christ as you do for your mother. Resolve at once, and keep the thought uppermost. High thoughts are useful when they are worked out in deeds.

—Richard T. Crane, the foe of colleges, who without any of the "disadvantages of a University training" made his way to the head of a large iron working company, died recently at his home, leaving behind him the name of a marvelously successful self-made man. Probably because it had not been his lot to receive a college education, or, mayhap because his investigations had been confined to the submerged tenth of college graduates, his strong contention was that the university very efficiently unfitted a man for the profitable service of life. This is undoubtedly the conviction of a hard-headed business man who bases his judgment upon utility alone. He evidently cares not for the broadening and refining influences of a well-ordered college life, nor does he consider that the practical work-a-day world offers nothing but a humdrum existence unless there is a proper intellectual appreciation bestowed upon it. If the university has made failures, it has also made scientists, philosophers, even saints, which classes, though they may mean nothing commercially to the business world, are alone responsible for the progress of humanity. It is as absurd to inveigh against such institutions as to advocate the disruption of

society and the code of moral ethics. Properly the university develops the work of the home, but it extends into regions that lie beyond the limitations of home training.

Even amongst students there are many who adopt the philosophy of this man of business affairs and see no benefit in college education. They refuse to acknowledge the ultimate utility of the studies which they pursue, and in consequence are indisposed toward application. It is these who not only pronounce their own defeat, but bring dishonor upon the college they attend and upon university training in general. No amount of education will make a producer out of a sluggard, nor can the man who regards his occupation as a useless and time-wasting imposition be anything but a shirker. If the university student is to be successful he must open his eyes to the truth, and not dwell entirely within the narrow limits of immediate practicability.

—The effort made by a portion of the population of the city of Chicago to stay the right arm of the law from those four degenerates now awaiting sentence in jail is not inspiring. It betrays **Sympathy vs. Justice.** smallness of vision which does not see beyond the false horizon line of misplaced sympathy to the larger, truer and fairer horizon line of justice. No more unworthy subjects of the inevitable "signed petition" could be offered to human tenderness, human pity, human love. For not often, outside of some lurid drama, will one run across details of murder so revolting as the details narrated by the Chicago papers in the murder of Guezlou. The poor boon to spare his life for the sake of his young wife and child at home, made by the inoffensive truck farmer that morning in the silent streets of Chicago was not much to ask. What else he had he was willing to give. A bull-dog would have read the plea for mercy in the beseeching eyes. He would have whined in his shame and skulked away. Those four thugs sent a bullet crashing through his brain as their answer. Then they cut his neck open with a knife, and heaped such acts of infamy on the bleeding body as one feels perhaps in the terrors of a nightmare.

Yes, present the document of sympathy! Some public official, anxious for re-election, may pardon or mitigate the sentence. Of course

we have a free republic and the flag waves over millions of happy homes! What is the life of the poor truck farmer Guezlou compared with a document signed by clergymen, lawyers, politicians and prominent citizens! What is the majesty of the law of Illinois in comparison with the next elections!

In any well-governed country on earth there would be no attempt to stay justice in so flagrant an offense as this. People would withhold sympathy where it is so manifestly misplaced. Or if they offered, they would be promptly and unmistakably told to attend to their peaceful occupations, and let the law follow its own course.

In some things at least we are not the greatest of the great nations of the earth.

—Notre Dame has entered into an agreement with Indiana University and Wabash College which provides for a triangular debate in the near future with these **The Triangular Debate.** schools. There will be two teams from each college, one arguing on the affirmative of the question submitted, and the other on the negative. The debates will all be held on the same night,—three of them—one under the auspices of Notre Dame, another at Wabash, and another at Indiana University. Each college will thus be represented both at home and abroad.

This sort of arrangement has become customary among the larger American universities. It offers many advantages. It is usually a permanent understanding, and that does away with much of the labored and often useless correspondence which is necessary when a new opponent must be found every year. It takes away very largely the excuses which some colleges are able to find for quibbling over the wording of the question for debate. Notre Dame will be represented on both sides, and where there might be an imaginary disadvantage for her on one side, it will be equalized by her being permitted to argue on the other side too. The same applies to the other schools. In our case we have a special reason for gratification. We welcome this opportunity for comparing our scholarship with these other schools of Indiana. The state is justly famous for its advanced place in the march of letters. We hope to show that we are somewhere near the front of the procession.

Wm. J. Milroy Wins Breen Medal.

On Tuesday, December 19, four contestants for the Breen Medal delivered orations in Washington Hall. All the speakers had had experience in former contests thus giving them an advantage in their work. Yet the contest as a whole hardly ranks with the standards set in previous years. Last year the SCHOLASTIC called attention to the fact that there was a seeming lack of interest in the contest as evidenced by the fact that Holy Cross was the only hall represented. It is encouraging to note that this year St. Joseph, Holy Cross and Corby were all represented in the finals. Mr. Milroy, who won first place, had a creditable manuscript and delivered his speech in a clear, emphatic manner. That the others were not far behind in either matter or delivery is shown by the closeness of the decision. We present the program and the decision of the judges.

PROGRAM

- Selection Orchestra
- "The Apostle of the Lepers,"
William J. Milroy, Chatsworth, Ill.
- "The Dangers of the Money Power,"
John P. Murphy, Westboro, Mass.
- "The Mission of America,"
Allan J. Heiser, South Bend, Ind.
- "Why Not International Arbitration,"
Charles A. Hagerty, South Bend, Ind
- Selection Orchestra

JUDGES

CONTESTANTS	Father Bolger	Father Quinlan	Judge Howard	Final Rank
Milroy	1	4	1	1
Murphy	2	3	4	4
Heiser	3	2	3	3
Hagerty	4	1	2	2

Triangular Debate.

A triangular debate with Indiana, Wabash and Notre Dame Universities, each at a corner, will give us considerable oratorical activity during the coming season. Certain minor details are still to be decided upon, but the triangle is substantially completed. Just what the subject for debate is to be has not been given out at this writing, but there is very little doubt the information will be sent out during the coming week.

Dr. Banks' Final Lecture.

Saturday evening, December 16th, Dr. Edgar J. Banks delivered the last of his series of six lectures. His topic this time was "The Hittites." These were among the most ancient people of whom anything at all is known at present. But the information concerning them is very meager, and has been obtained, for the most part; from accounts of them left in the hieroglyphic writings of other nations. They themselves left some inscriptions, all of which have not yet been deciphered. Some few of these, however, have been translated, and among other interesting facts, show that the Hittites had attained a stage of civilization which enabled them to make treaties with their neighbors, which closely resemble the treaties of modern times. The terms of agreement with neighboring nations contain clauses providing for the return of fugitives from justice and escaped slaves, and promise mutual assistance in war.

Student Vaudeville.

The Monday before the closing of school for the holidays the Students' Vaudeville was presented for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Either with the hope of enjoying some good entertainment or moved by a desire to assist the Athletic Association a large crowd was on hand and swelled the receipts to a fairly large total. Those who came with the sole purpose of being entertained could not possibly have gone away disappointed, as the program presented excelled anything in this line which has heretofore been presented at Notre Dame. The bill consisted of twelve numbers, including the musical offerings of the University orchestra. All connected with the program are to be congratulated upon its successful issue.

The Glee Club opened the evening and made a very creditable showing. The singers were followed by Messrs. Oaas and Smith in an interesting exhibition of wrestling. Then a singing act presented by those well-known headliners, McNichol and Byrne, was heartily applauded. The one-act play "Forget-me-nots," lacked life and purpose. It wants the power to grip and to hold. The sentiment is shallow. It is no blame to the

actors therefore if they did not make it go, for one can not climb Parnassus on a hand-car. A vocal solo by James Wasson was deservedly well received—so well indeed that our broad-jumper had to come out a second time. The big hit of the evening was an original sketch written by George Lynch, "The Kidder Kided." The act afforded many opportunities for some good singing and dialogue, and no chance was lost to score local hits by the trio who presented it, Messrs. Lynch, Hicks and Birder.

The University Quartette sang "Under the Southern Moonlight" in measured harmony. Another original sketch followed, "Echoes of the Campus," this one by William Milroy. There was much that was good and enjoyable in this act, but just why the Ethiopian element should prevail is still unsettled in our minds. Why "Boss" Williams should appear as a "colod" policeman when we have two of the real article right from the land of the fighting race is a problem we can not solve. Why festive darkies should disport themselves as local students does not strike one as inevitably appropriate, since the only darkies we have ever seen belong to Bro. Hugh's "life guards."

This is not intended to be destructive criticism,—merely a suggestion, which we know the writer of the sketch will accept in the proper spirit. In the next vaudeville, let us have a sketch with more local color.

Messrs. Milroy, McGarry, Hicks and young Lauren Loker gave a very welcome presentation of Richard Harding Davis' "Littlest Girl."

Again we extend our congratulations to all concerned for the splendid program offered.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

On Wednesday night, January 10, the Civil Engineering Society resumed its regular schedule of weekly meetings. The program of papers which had been assigned for presentation at this meeting, was deferred in order that the members might give consideration to several important alterations in the constitution which had been recommended by a committee appointed for that special purpose. After lengthy discussion, practically all of the proposed amendments were adopted and incorporated into the constitution which it is thought will meet the needs of the society for some time.

Walsh Hall Entertainment.

On Sunday evening, December 17, the students of Walsh hall held a reception for the Faculty of the University and for more than one hundred other invited guests. The large assembly room of Walsh was decorated for the occasion. Numberless pennants, distributed about the walls and ceiling, blankets of various artistic designs, and gold and blue bunting in profusion, contributed to the spirit of good cheer that possessed all who attended the reception.

Besides the members of the faculty there were present the members of the Varsity football team and all others who competed as members of the various teams that were represented in the interhall football games. The managers of all these teams were called upon for remarks during the entertainment. Music was furnished by the orchestra. Monograms were awarded to the members of the junior and senior football teams of Walsh hall. Vocal selections were rendered by the Walsh quartette, the gridiron trio, and George Lynch. A short address was delivered by Colonel Hoynes and various special acts were presented by the Walsh students. These acts included a mixed weight championship burlesque, an exhibition in discord by the harmony club. School days were depicted by the younger members of the hall, and a minstrel show in which Dan McNichol and Joseph Byrne distinguished themselves as "end men." S. D. Newning and Paul Murphy gave a realistic exhibition of the process of undergoing arrest.

Lunch was served during the course of the entertainment consisting of chicken salad, buttered rolls, cocoa, fancy ice cream, and cigars. At the close of the entertainment the president of the University delivered a short address. Rt. Rev. Bishop McSherry was present as a guest of honor and enjoyed the program very much. One can not commend too highly the success with which the committee in charge of the lunch looked after so large a number of invited guests. In spite of the unusual excellence of the program, it would scarcely be safe to say that the artistic skill of those who played their part on the stage was superior to the administrative skill displayed by those who had charge of the general management of the entertainment.

Personals.

—Mr. Armin Hartrath (student '78-'79) is now a practising lawyer specializing in American and foreign letters patent in Chicago. His address is 1657 Monadnock Block.

—Mr. Michael J. McGuinness, (student 1904-1907) is Assistant District Attorney in Albuquerque, New Mexico. He has written lately to tell us of his success, and to get news from Notre Dame, about which the papers, he says, do not satisfy him.

—Mr. Harry Garvey (Short Electric '08) has been appointed manager of the Northwestern Halladay Motor Car Co., whose temporary location is at 1416 Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. For such a young man, Harry has been given a responsible position.

—Mr. Joseph W. Crosby (old student) is in the employ of the Bishop, Babcock, Becker Co., of St. Paul, Minnesota. He has written to say that he is anxious to join the Twin Cities' Notre Dame Club. The secretary of the club is Mr. William Jamison of St. Thomas College, St. Paul.

Mr. George B. Fredell (student '98-'02) has been for the past three months editing the *Northwest Progress*, the official organ of Bishop O'Dea of Seattle, Washington. George's brother, Ed, also an old student, has been working with the Signal Corps Department of the government in Seattle for four years.

—Word has been received at the University that Mr. George W. Wolff, a graduate in last year's civil engineering class, has been appointed assistant chief engineer on the Guadajajara division of the National Railways of Mexico. We congratulate Mr. Wolff and wish him all kinds of success in the fulfilment of his new duties.

Calendar.

Sunday, Jan. 14—Brownson Literary and Debating Society.

Monday, Jan. 15—Basketball: All-Collegians vs. Varsity at Notre Dame.

Tuesday, Jan. 16—Lecture: Joe Mitchell Chapple, Editor of the National Magazine.

Wednesday, Jan. 17—Engineering Society.

Saturday, Jan. 20—Basketball: Northwestern vs. Varsity at Notre Dame.

Detroit String Quartette, 7:30 p. m.

Obituary.

We depart from custom to chronicle the death of Sister Mary of St. Veronique who passed to the reward of her holy life at St. Mary's, January 10th at the age of forty-seven.

Sister Veronique was entrusted with the management of the presbytery at St. Mary's, and will be remembered by many of the clergy throughout the country as well as by lay visitors, for her admirable kindness in word and deed. We request prayers for the repose of her good soul. *R. I. P.*

Mr. Leslie J. McPartlin (Ph. B. '08) and Mr. Leland C. McPartlin (Student '05-'08) have the profound sympathy of the University in the affliction which befell their family December 27th when their father passed away. Mr. McPartlin was known and respected in the city of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and indeed throughout a large part of the state. He was a man of high intelligence and of unusually fine character. The end was sudden but not unprovided. We assure the family of the fervent prayers of the University. *R. I. P.*

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Daniel P. Murphy who passed away in Chicago recently. Mrs. Murphy was a woman of superior mental gifts which had been carefully cultivated. She enjoyed in a high and singular degree the admiration and respect of all who knew her. Her untimely death is a severe blow to Mr. Murphy, President of the Alumni Association of the University of Notre Dame, and to him we extend the sincere sympathy of the University and her graduates. *R. I. P.*

Local News.

—Many new students have enrolled since the holidays, every hall having its quota.

—The severe weather of the past week cut down the number of permission seekers by one half.

—Captain LeBlanc plans to get the Sorin track men in training soon for the spring contests.

—Brownson hall began basketball practice January 9. Tom Ryan is acting as athletic manager.

—Carroll hall will have a track team this year, and Captain Louis Fritch says it will be a good one.

—Sorin has been equipped with storm-windows; the Sorinites anticipate a hard winter, no doubt.

—Carroll hall opens its basketball season next week in Mishawaka, meeting the Mishawaka high-school team.

—Notre Dame Battalion will hold its first annual military ball on the evening of Wednesday, January thirty-first.

—Several new mahogany tables—presumably left by Santa Claus—appear in the Sorin "rec" room since vacation.

—Absence from Notre Dame seems to be conducive to sickness. Instance the large number of students detained at home over the vacation time limit.

—"Old Sorin Pine" was cut down during vacation. Will Cotter recalls that the young Indian braves used to play marbles under its spreading branches. DeFries is writing an ode on the subject.

—Men are at work cutting ice with which to fill the new ice-house. The ice company, which for the past seven or eight years, took ice from St. Joseph's lake, has dissolved, and the University has its own ice plant this year.

—Professor F. W. Kervick, of the School of Architecture, has consented to conduct a party of tourists through England, France and Italy during the coming summer vacation. Students desiring to make the trip may consult the Professor.

—The Rev. President Cavanaugh left Thursday for Washington, D. C., where he will deliver the annual Cardinal's Day sermon at St. Patrick's church, Washington. Cardinal's Day is one of the great ecclesiastical events of the capital.

—The Carroll hall Eucharistic League held its first meeting of the new year Monday evening. Short talks were given by the directors, and officers were elected: president, A. McNichol; vice-president, C. Ricker; secretary, F. Fox; sacristans, F. McDonough and J. Smith.

—The apparatus room in the big gymnasium will be open every day, Thursdays and Sundays excepted, from 9:00 a. m. to 12:00 m.; from 3:30 p. m. to 5:00 p. m., and from 5:00 p. m. to 6:00 p. m. Anyone wishing to take up special work at either of these periods will see Coach Maris whose new offices are on the second floor of the gymnasium.

Athletic Notes.

DORAIS ELECTED CAPTAIN.

The annual banquet of the members of the football squad was held at the Oliver hotel December 16. A delightful menu, selections by George Lynch, William Hicks and Arthur Carmody, and by members of the Varsity squad made the affair one of the big successes of the year. The election of the 1912 captain and vice-captain was the principal object of the gathering. Charles Dorais, quarterback for the past two seasons, was invested with the captaincy of next year's team, and Charles Crowley, with the vice captaincy. Crowley is also a second year member of the team, having won his monogram through meritorious service at one of the end positions.

BASKETBALL.

A slight change in the basketball schedule has been announced by Assistant Manager Cotter. An All-Collegiate representation from Chicago has been substituted for the cancelled Denison University game scheduled for January 15, while Lane Technical school, also of Chicago, has been given the date vacated by Marquette University, January 31. The Marquette team has been disbanded, and all of its remaining games have been cancelled by the authorities of the Milwaukee school.

The delay sustained shortly after the re-opening of school in taking up practice is apt to weaken the chances of the Varsity in Monday's contest with the quintet of ex-collegians. Fries and Scanlan, who won their start in the athletic world under the colors of Notre Dame; Schommer, former center on the University of Chicago five; Ryan, of Illinois, and Ross of Northwestern, comprise the visiting team.

INTERHALL PROSPECTS.

Now that the winter season is here, all attention will be given by the halls to getting out good teams for basketball and indoor track. Those who did not feel strong enough for the hard football games can now get out and cage the ball or do some running. All students need exercise at this time of the year. During the few cold months, the brain will be severely taxed with studies, and development for the body is necessary in some way or other. Students should not remain away because they have not appeared in a suit heretofore.

They need not try to excel in everything, but bend their energies toward becoming good in some one direction; then their halls can count on them in the contests.

After the stormy football season it seems that the hall managers do not exist any more. At least they have not evinced any desire to get together and arrange schedules. Perhaps they will, but this should not hinder anyone from getting out, for in a short time the starter's pistol will set the meets going and the referee's whistle, the basketball contests. Remember the work done now will be a big factor later on. Walsh, Brownson, St. Joseph, Sorin and Corby, take hold and give us this year great exhibitions like we have had in the past.

Safety Valve.

A Happy New Year and Only One Hundred and Fifty-Six Days More.

LET US BE CHEERFUL

January 15, Delinquent List
January 30, Term Examinations.
February 21, Lenten Lid.
Blizzards.
No Vacation at Easter.

A BATCH OF GOOD BOOKS.

Webster's Unabridged by Noah Webster
De Officiis by Tullius Cicero.
The Kidder Kiddled (A Miracle play of several occurrences) by George Lynch.
Bi-Monthly Examination (Blue paper cover. 70 cts. A bargain) by William Hicks.
Registration List.
Echoes from the Campus (A thrilling tragedy containing that ripe joke on the Safety Valve) by William Milroy.
Literary Plagiarism, including all the Latin quotations, by E. S. Twining.
The Preposterous Apollonius Rhodius. A novel of life. Apollonius Rhodius, the hero, tries to work out the reactions of Acetylene. There is an explosion and the hero gets a big climax.
Los Angeles Sunshine. Talks by Breslin and the two Dockweilers on the Warmest Spot above ground.
Basketball and Track. A piece of literature by William E. Cotter (student in law).
Wentworth's Plane and Solid Goemetry.
Telephone Directory.

Milroy, writing a short-story, quit when he found himself in this mess:

Hero is in a well 698 feet deep floored and walled with cement. 521 Indians are throwing snakes down on hero. Get the hero out alive. When sending in your answer write on one side of the paper only, and sign your full name.

In regard to those elegant rimes
'Bout that miss somewhat mystic at times,
That poor poet belated
Passed away, was cremated,—
A sweet belle rang his knell in the *Chimes*.

FIRST STEPS IN LATIN.

1. Maria habuit parvulum agnum—Mary had a little lamb. 2. Dic non me in tristibus numeris—Tell me not in mournful numbers. 3. Ego sum bene et ego spero ut tu es etiam bene.—I am well and I hope that you are also well.

THREE KINDS OF PUP.

The pup that throws apples when coming out from breakfast.

The pup that whistles when the lights go out.
The ordinary, well-behaved young dog.

Old students and friends of the University (as the man who writes the personal column is wont to say) will be pleased to learn that Puck blew in with the New Year to resume his interrupted studies. Make yourself right to home, Puck.

SOME SERIOUS SOPHOMORE SAYINGS.

Come in! The water is fine.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard.

Go west, young man, go west.

Keep off the grass.

Waltz me around again, Willie!

Still waters run deep.

If a man were as cheap as almost any woman can make him feel, no woman could resist him—merely as a bargain.

Tubby he wanted a drag,
So his tail he started to wag
Then a kid tied a pail
To the end of this tail
And gave Mr. Tubby a drag.

CUT THIS OUT AND PRESENT.

I regret that owing to a severe accident in our family it was impossible for me to be present at the Semi-Annual Opening, January Five[th], Nineteen and Twelve.

(Name here).

A skiver is lost in the dark passage of the Corby underworld. The night is piercing cold. The blasts blow in the window with the speed of a hurricane. If skiver lingers in the underworld he may freeze to death; if he wakes the prefect he will go the road of shame. What will he choose, dear reader,—the Lady or the Tiger?

An English A student makes a big kick on Gray's *Elegy* because there's not enough life to it.