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Lost.

BERNARD B. LANGE, '12.

ASHED, and round it drifts of snow;
A field, reflecting naught but white;
A shepherd dog is crouching low
On guard a form now lost to sight:
'Tis all that dreary waste can show,
So glistening in the lone moonlight.

Emerson and His Influence in History.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

A NATION'S policies are as often determined by its literary leaders as by its political champions. It is said, and Lord Bolingbroke vouches for the fact, that Edmund Burke by his single pamphlet on "The Conduct of the Allies," succeeded in keeping the entire Whig party in power when no other influence could possibly have done so; no less true is it that by his replies to Diderot and Paine, the same author staved off a period in England similar to that which certain French littérateurs actually succeeded in bringing about in France,—a revolution of anarchy and infidelity. This was strictly a literary victory, inasmuch as Burke could never have exerted such a universal and wide-spread influence among the English people at large by the mere wielding of his political power, nor could he have accomplished as much even by the magic of his oratorical genius.

No nation can be entirely impervious to the influence of its great literary leaders, and if this is so among the generality, what must be the results in a nation such as our own, based as it is upon the very foundation stones of individual thought and opinion. One can trace this literary influence at work in the various stages of our national existence, eddying and flowing with the trend of popular thought, sometimes for the better, often for the worse, yet always in some way referring back to some powerful mind, standing, as it were, at the helm of the national conscience. Such a man was Emerson. It will be our task to examine and determine, if we can, just what influence he has exerted upon American life,—where, in fact, he stands or should stand upon our roll of honor, or its opposite.

This American essayist was born in Boston, May 25, 1803, the direct descendant on either side of eight generations of clerical ancestors. Beyond this inheritance, nature had endowed him with nothing save his inborn talent and the self-sacrificing love of poor but honest parents. His youth was the ordinary one of the times, a little more of the struggle with poverty perhaps, but certainly not possessed of extraordinary promise. At college, it is said, he was generally among the youngest of his classmates, bright beyond the average, moderately studious, but not brilliant. In the diary of Josiah Quincy, one of his classmates, we find an essay of his submitted for a prize, classified as being "dull and dry," while his class-day poem is likewise characterized as "rather poor." From these sources, although he was graduated from Harvard at the early age of eighteen, we find no exceedingly great promise for the future.

A few years later we find him installed in the pulpit, following the vocation of a Unitarian minister, probably in accordance with the old family custom of his ancestors. Up to this, as is noticeable, Emerson's existence has been running in the common, uneventful

course of life, filling, at least outwardly, the office of common mediocrity. But within that apparently ordinary mind, a terrific battle was being fought, the results of which were soon to leave a lasting impression upon American life and letters. It had been years since he had first begun to search and grope about within himself after new lights and new ideas, but up to this it had been only a personal struggle. Now, however, he could restrain himself no longer, and his new beliefs began to break away from the bounds of his customary reserve; his mind rebelled against his position in life; various expressions of the most radical kind came from his lips while in the pulpit, and finally, conscious of the fact that he could no longer share the same beliefs as his congregation, he was compelled to resign his ministry and leave the church to which he had been attached. In the face of all criticism, such an action was at least praiseworthy, however we may be tempted to blame the new tenets which he was about to adopt.

A few months later he set sail for Europe where he eventually made the acquaintance of Landor, Wordsworth, and a number of other literary celebrities, prominent among whom was that wonderful giant and "literary savage," Carlyle. Here it is, in this meeting and the consequent friendship which it occasioned, that Emerson might be said to have imbibed much of that reactionary spirit which so characterized his later life. He would become another Carlyle! Wonderful plan that, but plan only it was. Today critics, at least a sufficient number of them, have styled him the "Little Carlyle;" and this single phrase, by whomsoever originated, expresses more than even the most compact sentence that Emerson ever produced, and he of all the modern world has been crowned by Higginson, as a greater master of condensation then Tacitus,—it tells the entire story of a life's failure.

Returned from his visit Emerson immediately entered upon that long career as a lecturer, from which he emerged covered with more real renown than any American author has thus far attained in that line. During almost the half of a century he was undeniably one of the few great lights of his time upon the lecture platform, and surely no one would attempt to gainsay the power and influence he exercised there, but materially this portion of his life does not concern our particular paper; so many and so various were the topics demanded by public opinion of the Lyceum orator in his day, that Emerson's lectures, outside of a few notable examples, are not strictly to be connected with the "Transcendental movement" in literature.

As yet his pen had given no startling production to literature of any kind. And what wonder, for his early activity, while it could not prevent his forming ideals and developing them in his mind, surely had not as yet allowed him the time necessary for systematizing and producing them in written form. In 1834, however, this opportunity presented itself when he retired to the then obscure village of Concord. Here, during the four years which followed, he lived a life of comparative obscurity, appearing but occasionally in the world, and then only as duty called him. We may well hold that this period was the great deciding one in the future of Emerson. Here the beliefs of his earlier age, those great half-formed ideals, vivid as life in their coloring, but as yet only phantom-like dreams, must have been argued by the great essayist into practical realities, as far as his own personal mind was concerned. Yet if Emerson had been in any way connected with a new movement up to this time, that connection was only a vague and meaningless one, for never had he made an open profession of any kind. Now, however, he had drawn his conclusions, made his deductions with the world as it always is, waiting for any new formula of doctrine to be expounded.

In 1838 Emerson published his first book, a thin, harmless-looking volume, bearing for its title the single word, "Nature." At last the *message* had come, and the tenets of the new movement had been launched into the world. There was no mistaking its meaning. One American critic has styled the ninety brief pages which it contains as an "undisguised challenge to the world." And indeed it was. On the very first page Emerson calls the very efficiency of the Bible and Christianity into question. "The foregoing generations," he says, "beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation to the universe? Why should not we have a poetry and a philosophy of insight and not of tradition—a religion by revelation to us and not the history of theirs?" From such a thesis as this, we can well anticipate the ideas which prevail through-

out the entire work,—ideas, which, to say the least, are revolutionary and intensely naturalistic, as regards mental and religious life. From page to page he strengthens these arguments, his assertions grow more and more sweeping, until finally the last page comes to an end in these words: "Build, therefore, your own world."

The only excuse at all, if palliation were possible for this book, is that the author was attempting to infuse a new and fresh young spirit into the body of our American literature. Yet Emerson by that very return, forgot the God of nature, placed the work above the Maker, and made the mere seeking of natural beauty the end and aim of literary labor. A certain class of critics love to point to Emerson as the real deliverer of American literature from the trammelling influence of Puritanism, but if this book is any indication of the particular freedom which they hold him to have given us, then far better would it be, if Puritanism, with all its rigid formalism and stolid bigotry, had continued with us until the present day. Better a Cotton Mather and a Jonathan Edwards than the nonsensical vagaries of a Walt Whitman. But as a strict matter of fact, Emerson did not accomplish what his critics claim for him, and the great reason was,—his own fundamental failure. This fact will be shown later on; sufficient for the present to say, that had the doctrines of Emerson taken full hold upon the literature of his time, we would today be boasting Swinburnes of our own, not wielders of his wonderful power in the employment of words, perhaps, but certainly revellers in all the revolting details of his naturalism.

Six years after the launching of his little book "Nature," Emerson published the first number of the "Dial," a paper destined henceforth to be the official organ of the Transcendental movement. Through it, as a mouthpiece, he succeeded in literally "shouting himself into prominence." Intimately associated with him in this venture was a woman—Margaret Fuller,—to whose marked literary ability the popular success of the paper was in a large measure due. Contributing much more and often better matter than did the leader himself, this gifted lady was comparatively unknown, although she was often obliged in addition to other work to correct and criticise the manuscripts of such literary lights as Parker, Alcott, and the younger Channing, who contributed to the paper. Thoreau is also said to have written occasionally for it, but we can not imagine the great diarist having any great belief in the real principles of the movement itself. At any rate, it was not long after the withdrawal of Miss Fuller from the paper,—her labors being entirely too strenuous for continued effort,—that the venture began to linger on in a somewhat lifeless manner, until finally it died a natural death. In all, the movement had lasted about fifteen years. Upon the advent of Darwin's newer and more interesting theories of evolution, the last vestiges of power possessed by the Transcendental movement relapsed into a profound silence.

Through the influence of the aforementioned Margaret Fuller, in the "Dial," and backed by a few solitary lectures and his book upon "Nature," Emerson had succeeded in winning a perpetual name for himself as the founder and father of Transcendentalism. What that term, as a movement, denotes today has been variously interpreted; but one thing stands beyond a doubt: Emerson could not find what he thought was the truth in his early professed religion, nor in the intricacies of his own reasoning, and accordingly, "he looked for it in nature alone." This was the predominating feature which he succeeded in stamping upon the Transcendental movement in America. Had he possessed the mental power, or the force of language, which distinguishes his great model Carlyle, his doctrine might have flourished; since he did not, it only rose for a few years like some gigantic wave, and then unable to sustain the force of its own weight, broke, and scattered into the broad ocean of obscurity. Today Emerson is known as a powerful master of concentration in prose, generally clear, though sometimes vague and meaningless, yet always enticingly dangerous in the principles he advocates.

The works by which Emerson is best known today are: *Representative Men*, *English Traits*, *Essays*, *Lectures and Addresses*, and *Poems*. Of these, his Essays and Poems are probably read more today than any of his other works. The former have been largely dwelt upon in an indirect way during the foregoing pages; the latter, as a collection, displays now and then a startling beauty of word formation, yet here, as in the poetry of his great master

Carlyle, rules and harmony are frequently cast to the winds, while just as often rhyme and metre are deemed sufficient substitutes for sense. Mathew Arnold says of Emerson's poems, that the whole collection is not to be compared to Longfellow's single production, *The Bridge;* and it must be remembered in connection with this remark of a great critic, that Emerson's first great setback was when Longfellow refused to follow in the path laid out by the "Dial" and its supporters. The relative standing of the two poets today, Longfellow and Emerson, after the flight of years has cleared away whatever haze of prejudice may have hovered about either of them, clearly indicates the failure of the Transcendental movement, in poetry at least. If we would take the word of one who was not only a profound critical thinker but also an intimate and admiring friend of Emerson's, we can see to what a degree of rashness and oftentimes almost blasphemy his verse and prose compositions sometimes carry him. Dr. Orestes Brownson, after reading his collected poems, fond as he always was of Emerson's individual personality, described his production as the saddest book he had ever read. In the entire book of poems, after diligent examination the critic can find that "no deliverance, no day of pleasure without pain, of joy without sorrow, of virtue without vice, of love without hatred, of light without darkness, life without death, is ever to come, to be hoped for or even desired." These are the principles it advocates. "And this is the gospel of the nineteenth century," the critic goes on, "preached in this good city of Boston by one of the most gifted and loving of our countrymen, who has himself once worn the garb of a professed minister of Him who died that man might live! Oh, my brother, how low hast thou fallen! The old heathens themselves might shame thee. Their Islands of the Blest, nay, their dark Tartarean gulf, were a relief to thy cold and desolating philosophy." And this was the man who took upon himself to liberate American literature from the trammels of Puritanism.

For anyone to say that Emerson did not possess rare ability in the use of language or to assert that he did not exercise nation-wide influence among the American people of his time, and in some respects up to the present day itself, would be to do him the most flagrant injustice. We do not wish to deny his power or his influence, but rather to examine how these abilities were employed and to what end this power was exerted. In such a light, Emerson possesses not only a literary but also a deeply historical interest. Without attempting to exhibit the creed of Emerson in a minute way, we have shown its main tendencies as embodied in his first little book, "Nature." The reading of his later essays instead of dispelling these ideas tends rather to strengthen our convictions of his naturalistic doctrines, yet any further exposition along this line, would require so much space as to necessitate another essay. It is sufficient to state, however, that Emerson's other works, if not so openly as his first book, all point to the expression of his life's doctrine—"Build thou thy own world." In other words it might be called purely and simply a doctrine of the eternal self—nature and oneself—nothing less, nothing more. This fact brings us to the point for which this essay was written: What relation does Emerson hold to our nation's history?

As was before noted Emerson did not succeed in bringing literature around to his way of thinking, but his power was not exerted in vain. No nation can resist the influences of its great writers, be they for good or evil. People read and think and act in America more so than in any other nation under heaven. It is one of the necessaries of our form of government that they should do so. In Emerson's time especially, when the race was being formed and moulded, as it were, the ideals and principles of the people were powerfully dominated by the literary lights of the day. Since Emerson, literary leader as he was, must have exerted a great influence upon the thoughts of the day, we may well enquire in what direction that influence led.

Certainly we may judge a book as well as a man by the company it keeps, and Emerson's productions measured by this axiom, are oftentimes sadly in need of a monitor. The fact that one of the most powerful as well as reactionary of Russian statesmen, kept his (Emerson's) essays always upon a table beside his as a reference book and an almost divine guide, speaks no less for the quality of Emerson's influence, than the fact that in the early '60's, the youth of Scotland were in a large measure corrupted by a wholesale reading of the same. If this has been so in foreign countries, what a tremendous influence must that man exert

in a country wherein he labored to sow the seeds of his doctrine and plant the germs (we must call them), of his false philosophy of life. Truly the simple truth-singing tongue of Longfellow revealed the gift of the seer as he said, "When a great man dies, for years the light he leaves behind him lies on the paths of men." And would you know how one critic has traced that light "on the paths of men" which Emerson left behind him? He points to the millions of unbelievers which America harbors today as the great result of the writings of such men as Emerson, whom he styles the leader and in some respects the father of American atheism. Another critic declares that he was "the greatest solvent of Protestantism in America, beyond even Henry Ward Beecher."

Emerson is not a power today, as he once was; his movement is almost forgotten, his works hardly read, for nothing in literature can live entirely unless it possess the inviolable principles of truth for its very essence. But back of it all, back of the neglect that has partly fallen about his name as a writer and a power in literature, back of the greater neglect which will fall upon him in the future, there still exists, and will continue to exist, that influence which he started or at least helped so much on its way, when he lectured, and preached, and wrote to the American people of his own day, urging them to leave the religion of tradition to look to nature, to build their own world.

The Little Girl of Teardom.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

A little butterfly of a girl, with just the faintest tinge of red in her cheeks, and eyes so winsome that they always beckoned me from the rough games which I played as a boy, used to be my almost constant companion. And it all came about in the following way. We were at that age when the sexes usually have an abhorrence of each other, and I was no exception. I had four brothers, and such a delight it was, proudly to point to a family of children which could boast of no girls. O, I repeat it, I was proud; for who could find solace in having for a playmate a wisp of curls and dresses. To please me, my father and mother indulged me in these my pet theories. Why? I do not know,—the fact remains that they did—and I was happy.

Then came the change which sooner or later comes to all mankind. She and I had bicycles, and one day while playing in front of the church adjoining the school which we attended, I, in boyish bravado, balanced myself on my wheel directly in front of the girl, who was pedaling rapidly in my direction. Of course she expected me to wheel about and ride away. I had performed the feat many, many times before, but on this particular day something impelled me to linger, and linger I did—and in consequence of my lingering the girl crashed into my wheel and was thrown to the ground.

Generally when a crowd of boys are together, an incident of this sort provokes laughter. We forget the feelings of the one hurt, and think only of ourselves and our amusement. But on this day there was no one present to join me in my laugh, except the girl—and she was in no mood to laugh. She picked herself up, streams of tears finding their way over the smooth baby face, and limping away, her bicycle laying where it had fallen, she lisped out her hatred for the rude cruel boy who had caused her so much pain.

Had she not left the wheel lie there, in all probability this story never would have been told. But with a bicycle there, what a difference. I felt sure the girl would not return for it, and I felt sure that were I to leave it there it would be stolen, and I would find myself languishing in a prison cell as other boys had, according to the stories with which my mother delighted me.

Half through fear, I picked up the wheel and trudged along beside the girl, trying in vain to make her realize that I had not meant to be rude, and that she should remount her wheel and ride home. She refused to believe me, and she refused to take the wheel. I was therefore forced to follow her home in order that my fears of arrest might not be fulfilled. When in sight of her home a new fear possessed me. What would her mother say, when the girl should tell of my treachery? Again I was tempted to turn and flee, but the thought of languishing in a jail returned and overshadowed the other fears.

The crisis came. The mother, seeing her child limping along and crying bitterly, her dress covered with mud and her face streaked with dirt, from the mingling of dust and tears, came hurriedly down the street to meet her

baby. My time had come, I knew. The girl would tell her of my hateful trick. My mother would hear of it, and perhaps I would be deprived of my wheel. But escape was now cut off. Her mother, suspecting me of the misdeed, had grasped me firmly by the wrist. I struggled to release myself, but it was all in vain. I began to cry and then to my surprise, I heard the child lisping between sobs that I was not the mischief who had injured her, but that some rude boys had thrown her from her bicycle, and that I, finding her where she had fallen, had been kind enough to help her home.

Of course this story changed the situation completely. I was taken into the house, and when the child was washed and her unsightly dress had given way to an unsoiled one, we two were fed on cakes and candies by the indulgent mother. Then the two of us played games during which, small as I was, I demanded an explanation of her strange conduct in lying to save me. But all I received in reply was a smile—a knowing smile, now that I in my age recall it. Finally the dark came, and regretfully I had to hurry home.

From that time on we visited back and forth day after day. The girl became as a sister to me, and for the first time in my life I knew what it meant only to have a family of boys. Certain I am that had this little maid of Teardom not come into my life, those youthful days would not have been so filled with sweet memories—memories which even now I love to linger over.

But, though this gentle child brought me untold happiness, I felt and knew that it could not last forever. Yet sooner than I expected we two were separated. My father's business forced him to take up his residence in a far western city. The little girl was at the train to say good-bye, and mingled with our good-byes were the promises so easily made, but more easily broken.

As usual we corresponded for a short time, but both she and I found ourselves unable to give expression to our thoughts. The spelling was an insurmountable difficulty. To overcome the difficulty, it was necessary to consult our parents each time we wrote. This, in itself, was sufficient to discourage us in our attempts, for children who live within themselves can not tell even their parents of the little heart throbs which fill their breasts—and we were two such children. I am not saying that young ones should be so. Far better to have them confiding; but the fact remains that we told our secrets to no one but each other. Thus it was but a short time till all correspondence ceased.

As the years passed, I gave less and less thought to "The Little Girl of Teardom." I had travelled much, met many cultured and attractive people; but among all those I met, never found I anyone who so filled me with noble sentiments as did this little playmate of my childhood. And yet, I repeat it, in after years she passed almost wholly from my memory. Surely not because I am more selfish than other people, but because it is the way of mankind. We meet some who are to our liking, are drawn to them, become closely attached and finally grow to love them. We believe that were they to go out of our lives, there would be no more to live for, and yet when they are separated from us, though we grieve bitterly for the moment, yet as time goes on we accustom ourselves to their absence, our spirits return, and we go on as joyfully as before.

Since that sad, sad parting of childhood, many, many years have passed. I have wandered from one end of the world to the other. Crowned heads, and men uncrowned, but greater in my eyes than the monarchs of centuries, have been my constant companions. They have been kind to me—yes, more than kind,—and their kindness has in times gone by brought me numberless pleasures. They have banished from my heart the sad strains which are the lot even of the bachelor—I say bachelor, for so far in my narrative, I have forgotten to tell you, dear reader, I have never married. I've been a roamer, and in my wanderings found my greatest pleasure—at least so I thought, for as in my childhood when I boasted that no girl there was to mar the harmonious setting of our family life, so too as I glided silently and swiftly toward the goal of old age and gray hairs, my vision was dimmed by what I now term my selfishness.

Now I have reached the goal, and now too is presented to me, my sad, sad mistake. But unlike the providence of childhood, I am now doomed to pass my few remaining days in the miserable heart-rending thoughts of what might have been, for this morning's mail brought word of "The Little Girl of Teardom," who now lies beneath the fast-flowing, sorrowing river.

Trial Flights.

I.

THERE lived a boy in our school, whom people thought was sane;
He took his spending money, and he bought an aeroplane.
His friends and neighbors far and near they came to see him fly,
And wished to him "bon voyage" as he started for the sky.

But it seemed that his gas-engine was made in our old shop,
So it floated slowly upward and then was seen to drop.
Full forty thousand pieces came down to earth like rain,
And to fly an N. D. aeroplane he'll never try again.

ARTHUR R. CARMODY.

II.

If the engine in your auto bolps,
The auto simply stops.
But if your airship fails to work
Why, then there's something drops.

Perhaps some day the airship may,
Become a thing of worth,
But till that time, I think that I'm
Content to stay on earth.

EDWARD P. MCCORMICK.

III.

When man had conquered land and sea,
And won, from Nature, mastery,
Naught was too much for him to dare;
He strove, and overcame the air.

And now, that men, like birds, can fly,
And wheel and float about the sky,
It may so chance that we will see
A big-league game, or circus, free.

J. CLOVIS SMITH.

His Last Game.

HENRY I. DOCKWEILER, '12.

Michael Ikatoff—or "the Count," as he was familiarly known to his friends—lived about half a league from the village of Birmingham. Here, some ten years ago, he built himself a beautiful country estate, and although he was young and wealthy, he was never married. He lived alone in that spacious house, with his faithful old negro servant, Ebenezer, as his only companion. So the Count had no home life; and soon, in order to pass away the long winter evenings, he became acquainted with some of the rougher fellows of the village and joined in their games, which were usually conducted in the rear room of "Mike" Burtin's saloon. Indeed, Ikatoff became very clever at "playing the chips," and although once in a while his luck failed him, on the whole he was very successful, and seldom left the bar-room without several hundred dollars to his credit.

For months and months, year in and year out, he continued to gamble, but gradually began to tire of the game, the whisky, and the late hours. Moreover, he saw that from his successes he was incurring the enmity of nearly all the frequenters of "Mike's" gambling tables; and now he understood that they permitted him to play in their games only that they might win back their lost money. Then too, on several occasions lately, those who had been losing heavily had drawn their revolvers on him, and had it not been for the timely interference of the proprietor, he might today have been a corpse instead of a living man. This gave him an uneasy feeling. He wanted to discontinue his evening sessions in the gambling den, but he hardly knew how to retire with good grace, since he had won so much money. Many ways suggested themselves to him, but none seemed proper. Finally he hit upon an excellent opportunity—as he thought. The gamblers had planned what they termed "a big night," at which time large sums of money would be at stake on the games—sums, the aggregate of which would probably be much greater than the Count had won for the past six or eight months. This "big night," thought Ikatoff, would pass as an opportunity for the losers to win back their lost fortunes, and then, whether they failed or not, he could retire from their games with all due compliance to the the etiquette of poker. Therefore he decided upon this course of action. The event was scheduled to come off on the evening of December 16th.

"Well, sir," said the Count, as he arranged his greenbacks and placed them in his long pocket-book, prior to leaving the house that night for the saloon, "Well, sir, Ebenezer, after tonight—whether I win or whether I lose—I'm going to quit the gambling game. I've got so I don't like it."

"Yes, massa," answered Ebenezer, "yes, ah guess you is right, but youse so often said dat youse was going t' quit, an' neber did, dat I'se—I'se most prone to disbeliebe you."

"Well, you'll see after tonight. And what's more, I am beginning to fear some of the losers

down there at 'Mike's'—one never can tell what they'll do," and with that the Count opened the door, went over to the shed, unhitched his horse, and soon was galloping down the road.

Ebenezer stood at the doorway, watched his master vanish in the darkness, and then closed the door after him. The wind blew briskly, and shook the windows, and howled; the snow was beginning to fall heavily, and all things pointed to a fierce storm. But Ebenezer was anxious over what success his master should have tonight, and he determined to sit up and wait to hear the news.

To occupy his time he picked up a volume of ghost stories, which lay on the sitting-room table, and began to read it. Soon, however, he had fallen asleep and was dreaming most monstrous dreams. He thought he saw his master killed by one of the drunken poker players, and several times he awoke with a start. But this was probably due to the unsettled condition of his mind after having read ghost stories—at least he thought so.

In the meantime the Count had arrived at the gambling den, and upon entering was, as usual, greeted with a cold welcome.

"Well," spoke up one of the gamblers, "I suppose you're ready to play a strong game tonight, as you generally do," and he snarled.

"Yes, indeed, boys—I am ready," replied the Count, and after a pause he continued, "But it's going to be your last chance at me, so you'd better play hard—because I'm going to quit the game after tonight I've got plenty of money with me now, however, and if you're lucky enough some of you might win back your lost 'fortunes." Here he laughed contemptuously, and some of the players in the rear of the room replied with an equally contemptuous smile. But his words had surprised most of them, and in a second they were ready with an answer:

"You'll certainly get all that's coming to you tonight, then."

The proprietor of the establishment had, by this time, arranged the tables and chairs, and the gamblers sat down to play. For the first few games the Count's luck was apparently against him, much to the satisfaction of the other players, but after a while it changed and he was getting back his "winning streak." Game after game was carried on and nearly every time he won; round after round of whisky was consumed, and most of the losers had retired to the corner of the room in drunken stupors; hour after hour passed until the great clock over the bar strick two, and by this time the Count had gathered in the last cent from his opponents. He had won all their money, and as they saw him pouring it into his bulging pockets, they uttered whispered oaths. One man especially,—the heaviest loser among the players—appeared to Ikatoff to make many vicious threats against him. The successful player realized that it was just about time to take his leave, lest perhaps, under the craze of liquor, they should do him bodily harm.

"Well, boys, awfully sorry to—hic—to shee I've got to—hic—to leave the old gang—hic—but ish growing late; and—hic—as I said, I wont be back again to play poker with—hic—you, 'cause I'm—hic—off the game now," and with that the Count pulled open the big bar-room door,— hardly able to do it because he was so overcome with whisky—and disappeared into the darkness.

It was very cold outside, and the snow was falling heavily; yet he managed to grope his way to the shelter under which his animal stood. He climbed upon the cold beast's back and soon was driving pell-mell down the road towards home. When he arrived there, and was walking the faithful old animal to her barn, he suddenly discovered that he had forgotten to secure from Ebenezer earlier in the evening the key to the stables. Forthwith he went to the house for the necessary key. As he opened the front door, Ebenezer, who had been sleeping in a chair in the sitting-room, awoke with a start. Indeed, he was in the midst of one of his uncanny dreams about his master, in which he thought he saw him killed by one of the desperate gamblers.

"Well, Ebenezer," said the count, "I shertainly—hic—had the luck tonight—hic—I beat every fellow down there at Mike's—hic—but I've quit the game now, shee. Say,—hic—give me the key to the barn—I've got to lock the nag up," and he mumbled a few more words about some of the gamblers, whom he said he feared, because of his late successes.

Ebenezer handed over the desired key, and the Count, still greatly under the influence of liquor, managed to make his way to the door which he slammed after him as he went out.

A few minutes later, when Ebenezer put out the light in his room and was about to retire, he went to the window and drew aside the

curtains. He saw in the distance a black figure hastening in the direction of the stable. He took for granted it was his master.

"Huh! ah reckon massa Count dun gone to de out-house, fo' a heavier blanket fo' pur ole hoss—but I specs it's mighty cold out der in dose stables, on dis yere kind o' night, for de animals." With that he crawled into bed, and stretched himself out between the sheets.

A minute later he heard a commotion, coming from the direction of the barn. Between the pauses of the wind he heard the tread of horses upon the stable floor, the shrill outcries of the chickens and the sound of a human voice.

"Ah reckon," he said to himself, "dat de massa has done got so drunk tonight dat he's a chasing the pur ole beasts about de stable. Ah shor aught to go out der an' atten' to him;" and Ebenezer sat upon the side of his bed debating whether or not he should get into his clothes and go out to the barn to investigate what was the trouble. But in a few seconds more the noise ceased, and old the negro got back to bed.

Shortly he fell asleep and did not awaken until six o'clock that morning. Then he arose and went, as was his custom, to the Count's room to awaken him. He knocked upon the door; but no reply came. Again he knocked, and still no voice answered.

"Well," he said to himself, "ah 'spose he's mighty tired, if he wont answer his Ebenezer. I'll have to go in and pry him out a bed 'cause massa James Armor, de village judge, is a-comin' down to see him shortly." And with that the negro entered the room. Amazed, he stood at the doorway, and looked at the bed. It was unused and in the same condition as he had left it on the day previous. Moreover, nothing about the place gave evidence that the Count had been in the room at any time during the night.

"Dis certainly is mos' peculiar, but maybe de' gemmen's down stairs sleepin' in a chair in de back sittin'-room, fo' las' night he was mos' full ob wisky, and ah reckon he couldn't get up stairs."

Ebenezer went downstairs to the sitting-room, but his search was in vain, for the Count was not there. At last it occurred to him:

"Perhaps he got one ob his freakish desires, and den went off fo' a joy-ride on hos-back, all night long, like he did las' summer—but den las' night certainly wasn't very faborable fo' such a jaunt."

It was now about six-thirty o'clock. As he walked along through the snow, and drew nearer to the barn, he saw the big door open. He looked in. Indeed, his master's favorite riding horse was there, but it was not in its proper stall. Far in the corner, crowded together in one stall, six horses stood motionless, with their eyes riveted upon an object apparently on the other side of the large room.

By this time, Ebenezer was overcome with fear. He would have run, but he could not. Some power forced him nearer to the spot at which the terror-stricken animals were looking. His eyes were bewildered. Indistinctly he could see the dim outlines of a human figure, almost in a standing position, resting against the corner of the horses' feeding-trough. A small dusty window above the stall admitted a ray of light sufficient to discern the distorted features of the dead man's countenance. The head was hanging back—it was cold, smeared with blood, and displayed blue finger marks upon the neck, which indicated that the assassin had choked his victim. There were evidences of struggle on all sides. His pockets were all rifled of their contents, and lay hanging by the sides of his coat and trousers. This told the whole story. Count Ikatoff had been murdered for his money—the money he won at Mike's saloon during the night previous—and the assassin was undoubtedly one of his associates at the gambling tables.

The murder was probably due to the fact that Ikatoff had expressed his determination to quit gambling; and one of the players, who had expected to win back his lost fortune in these last few games, had failed, and had resorted to this desperate means of getting back his money.

Ebenezer wandered about half crazed with grief and pain. He went to the door of the barn, and looked out. There before him in the snow were the tracks of the fleeing murderer. Then half-conscious of what he was about, the negro saddled one of the frightened horses, led her gently from the stable, climbed upon her back, and went galloping down the road to Birmingham to deliver the news of the murder to the county sheriff. All the while as he rode along he muttered to himself:

"Pur ole massa Count done said dat it 'ud be his las' game; and ah reckon he was right."

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The Hero-Worship of Youth.

—Perhaps the first hero that the children of America learn to wonder at and love is he whom they call the "Father of His Country." All through his early life the young American aspires to the ideal that the great Washington has set before him. But as he grows older and comes at last to manhood, so much of heroes and hero-worship has been dinned into his ears, that his emotions are gradually steeled against this particular impression. So the American, well educated and progressive, looks upon all types of illustrious men of history with the faint acknowledgment that they were famous characters. The full-grown American of to-day has almost forgotten George Washington; has almost forgotten his bravery, his honesty, his prudence, and looks upon his memory as that merely of a great man of the past.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour.

If Washington were with us to-day, if in this hour of industrial and political uncertainty, the first hero of America were to assume control of our national affairs, then surely we might have a more just appreciation of his qualities. We are too cautious and unemotional to be inspired by the wonderful deeds of past heroes. Our lives and our loves center themselves only in things of the living present. Yet the truth remains that the great men of to-day will be found only where the memories of great men of the past are fresh and unsullied. If we forget the hero of our childhood, then the heroism of our own manhood may pass unrecorded.

Lenten Penance.

As Christmas is the birthday of Christ, so Easter is the birthday of Christianity,—for, in the words of St. Paul, "If Christ be not risen again, then is our preaching in vain, and your faith also in vain." Lent is a holy season of prayer and fasting in preparation for this great feast, and while we at Notre Dame are by special dispensation freed from the obligation of the Lenten fast, as college men we should remember that increase of freedom is always accompanied by an increase of responsibility. We are freed from the obligation of fasting; but we are not dispensed from penance with the view to preparing ourselves for the feast of the Resurrection. Mindful, then, of Christ's various sufferings in the bitter days before His death and Resurrection from the dead, let us not neglect to fit ourselves by prayer and self-denial to share in the joy He brought to earth on the first Easter morning.

Surrender, Mr. Plagiarist!

—For a month, the heavy guns of our English professors, the virtuous rapid-fire of our local essayists, and the merciless sharp-shooting of our skilled critics, have been battering at the fortress of plagiarism. But perhaps the walls are not entirely down.

This discharge of our little editorial pistol, after so furious an attack, may excite the contempt of the enemy. They will not imagine that such a slight messenger can bring forth powerful forces, or that this is the first bullet of what may become a dangerous conflict. We are still in the field, and are hopeful. We, too, have an ammunition of mixed metaphors and Gordian periods; but we look for the enemy to surrender before we have been reduced to those weapons.

Your instructor wants twice the honest effort from you, even though the result be less handsome than what you might steal. If that energy which lifts you up to the library to scour through musty volumes, were expended doing serious thinking on the assigned theme, your work would prove helpful and beneficial.

Do you expect to succeed by forever using

second-hand material? You will have occasions to use your pen when there is no time for plagiarizing; you will not be able to escape detection for very long in those cases where you have time; there will be letters of great consequence, and speeches or papers which might bring you power; there will be opportunities for the man who can think original and fresh thoughts on old and new subjects, and who can write what men will want to remember. Can you *make good*, Mr. Plagiarist? Are you not drawing shabby plans for your career, and had you not better begin all over, believing in yourself and in the force of honesty? Don't you think it best, Mr. Plagiarist, to surrender?

Come Out for the Debate.

—The question for this year's debate has been published; and the call has been issued for volunteers. Buckle on the armor of energy and take the field. The University furnishes you weapons in books and instruction, offers prizes and honors as your reward—you must supply industry and ambition.

We have a record. Let us keep it. If you will do your share, the record will be partly yours. Set aside all high-school bashfulness; wait till spring to compose your love songs; postpone celebrations till summer, and get down to work. You will either fail honorably or win with glory. Don't say you will go out next year: it is better to fail now than in later years. Lose today, if you must; but learn from that defeat how to win tomorrow.

Take this debate seriously; it means much to you if you succeed; it means much to Notre Dame. Don't sit on the cypher bench. Come out and fight. Show some active loyalty, and quit talking about "college spirit." As the football coaches say: "Now give us something good."

Soap-Box Socialism.

—Mr. Peter W. Collins, Secretary of the International Union of Electrical Workers, spoke to us recently upon the subject of Socialism. He attacked it in rather an original way, dwelling not so much upon the irrational basis from which, as a system, it is built up, but upon those aspects of it which make it inimical to all forms of the Christian religion. He quoted *The Call* and other socialistic organs of the day upon the subject of religion, and read extracts from them dealing with such much-mooted questions as "free love." For one who had not made much study of present-day socialism, his presentation of the matter was certainly illuminating. So filthy, anarchical, irreligious are these doctrines of socialism, that it seems incredible that a man in his right mind would have anything to do with either them or the system itself. Mr. Collins declared that Socialism and Trade Unionism have nothing whatever in common, and quoted responsible authorities on both sides in support of his contention.

In the course of his address, he called attention to the "Soap-box orator," who stands on the street corner, wildly gesticulating, and proclaiming against anything and everything that savors of respectability. This type is to be found in every city, preaching for a few dollars a day, inflaming the ignorant with hate towards that of which they know nothing, and spreading the seeds of anarchy, more pleasantly called "social revolution." Although he is utterly illogical, deceptive, and incapable of arousing one reasonable doubt as to the prevailing order of things in a reasonable man, he is able to reach many who through ignorance or prejudice are ready to accept his violent rhetoric as literal presentation of the truth. That is the pity,—the malignity of it. Heaven knows that in a free country we should have free speech: but sane regard for our country and society should lead us to put an end to the hysterical outburst of the "Soap-Box Socialist."

Mr. Koehler in Excellent Readings.

A varied program of readings by Charlemagne Koehler was the attraction last Wednesday. His work was a full warrant for the title of the "Prince of Entertainers" which he bears. Mr. Koehler was, for a number of years, a valuable member of the company of Barrett and Booth. From the first number of his program it was evident that he was an accomplished actor. Nine recitations were given, including three selections from Shakespeare. A noticeable feature of Mr. Koehler's elocution was the ease with which he effectively presented both humor and pathos. The emotional qualities were perhaps best portrayed in "Lasca," the well-known recitation. Through the entire performance the attention of the audience did not wander for a moment. The entertainment was certainly most enjoyable.

Colonel Hoynes a Knight of St. Gregory.

Thursday morning a dispatch from Rome in the daily papers contained the welcome information that Colonel William Hoynes, dean of the Law School, was signally honored by Pope Pius X. The distinction conferred on the Colonel by the Holy Father was that of Knighthood in the Order of St. Gregory. The honor carries with it a diploma, and among the insignia of the office the most notable is the grand cross worn on all official occasions. The honor was conferred when Colonel Hoynes was presented to His Holiness by Father Provincial Morrissey.

Even at this remote distance from Rome and the Sovereign Pontiff, the University shares by reflection the signal honor bestowed on one of her old-time and well-loved teachers. Many distinguished men have received the honor of Knighthood from the Pontiffs, but no more worthy man or devoted Catholic than Colonel Hoynes was ever so honored. His friends here—and they are many—are very proud of this high tribute from the highest potentate as a fitting crown to the career of a distinguished layman. Congratulations and length of days, Sir Knight!

Two Noted Addresses.

Last Thursday week brought us two speakers who were not scheduled in the regular lecture course. They were here as members of the committee representing the Catholic Federation. Immediately after dinner Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Ill., spoke to the students of the Brownson dining-room, and his message will not soon be forgotten. He spoke of character—manly character,—the work we will have to do, the opportunities offered, the faith we profess, the country that is ours to love. At the conclusion of his remarks Bishop Muldoon was heartily applauded.

At 5 o'clock, Peter W. Collins, secretary and treasurer of the Electrical Workers' International Union, spoke before a large student audience in Washington Hall. Mr. Collins' address was on Socialism as against the Church, the Home and Unionism. Its purpose is to set aside religion, to destroy the home by preaching the doctrine of free love, and to transform unionism into a propaganda for pernicious socialistic doctrines. The speaker quoted from noted socialistic publications, especially the New York *Call*, and the statements therein contained more than established his thesis.

Sincerity is Mr. Collins' distinguishing note. He was listened to with rapt attention, and frequently his telling periods were enthusiastically applauded.

Brother Bruno Laid to Rest.

Yesterday morning a religious well known to the students of other days was laid away in earth in the Community cemetery. Students of the nineties and before will remember without effort the well-known and always popular Bro. Bruno. A soldier in his early years, many and many a time, like the old veteran in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, did Bro. Bruno "show how fields were won" to some little group of students. He was a prime favorite, a figure distinct and apart, well known and well loved. He was as leaven to the mass. He quickened a smile in every darkest hour, and like the sunlight he scattered the shadows. He was kindly and good. The old boys will all remember him and say a prayer for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

Report of Rooters' Association.

Membership fees turned into the treasury by Collectors:

Schumacher	$3.75
Keyes	4.00
Skelley	1.50
Cotter	9.25
Moran	3.50
White	4.00
King	6.50
	$32.50

Paid out for expenses:

Trip to Pittsburg of Cheer Leader	$26.25
Telegram to Pittsburg	.50
To Williams for service	.50
To Lathrop for service	.50
	$27.75
Balance	$ 4.75

DONALD M. HAMILTON.
Treasurer.

Alumni Marriage Announcements.

At this late day comes to us the announcement of the marriage of Mr. José Valdes (LL. B. '06) and Miss Anita Tucson at the Cathedral, Manila, July 30, 1911. In spite of the delay, however, we hasten to send congratulations and best wishes. Mr. Valdes is a bright and promising alumnus who has held an important position under the Philippine government since his graduation.

We are in receipt of an invitation to be present at the marriage of Miss Lillian O'Brien to Coe Aloysius McKenna, a student of the University some years ago. The ceremony will take place in St. Mary's Cathedral, Portland, Oregon. Felicitations to Coe and to his charming young bride.

The announcement is received of the marriage of Miss Velma Gove Cook to Capt. Pierce A. Murphy (C. E. '92), U. S. A., on Feb. 18th, at Riverside, Cal. The bride was formerly of Toledo, O., where she was well known and highly esteemed. Congratulations to our distinguished alumnus and his bride.

Society Notes.

Holy Cross Literary.

The Holy Cross Literary Society held its regular bi-weekly meeting on the evening of Feb. 11th. Following a short address by Mr. Strassner, the retiring president, the following new officers were installed,—A. Brown, president; C. Brooks, vice-president; M. Norckauer, secretary; F. Kehoe, treasurer; J. Stack, critic; W. Burke, reporter; J. O'Reilly, W. Coffeen and F. Strassner, executive committee. The installations were followed by speeches from the new officers, of which Messrs. Brown's and Strassner's are deserving of special mention. After the reading of the executive committee's report some very important business was discussed.

On Monday evening the final preliminaries in debate were held. The contestants were Messrs. Brown, Hagerty, Adrianson, Gleuckert, Dolan and Miner. The first three in order named will represent Holy Cross hall in a debate with Brownson, to be held sometime in March. Fathers Hagerty, Burke and Bolger acted as judges.

Brownson Literary and Debating.

The Fifteenth regular meeting of the society was held last Sunday evening. The final debate for choosing a team to represent Brownson society against St. Joseph and Holy Cross societies occurred. The question for discussion was: Resolved, That the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be repealed. Messrs. J. Laird, E. Walter and C. Smith spoke on the affirmative side, and G. Marshall, R. O'Neill, F. Reily, on the negative. The speakers chosen by the judges, Fathers Carrico and O'Donnell and Mr. O'Hara, were according to rank: E. Walter, C. Smith, J. Laird. After the debate a flashlight picture of the society was taken for the *Dome*.

Civil Engineering.

On Wednesday evening, previous to the regular meeting, the Civil Engineering Society met in the parlor of the main building to sit for the *Dome* picture. The members then repaired to room sixty-five where the usual procedure followed.

Mr. Paul O'Brien told how closely art and engineering were connected. It is the duty of every engineer to put up structures that are not only useful, but also pleasing to the eye.

Mr. Saravia followed with a very thorough discussion of "Geology and the Engineer." Geological phenomena play a very important part in determining the location and construction of dams, bridges, etc.; consequently, the study of geology is essential to the engineering student.

"Mercurial and Aneroid Barometers" were described and explained by Mr. Madden. Both kinds of barometers depend upon the pressure of the atmosphere; the former upon the ability of the air to hold up a column of mercury, the latter upon its ability to cause changes in an elastic metallic cover of a box with no air inside of it. The mercurial barometer is the more accurate of the two, being used exclusively in scientific investigation. The aneroid finds its usefulness in surveying, for by its use differences in elevation between points can be found with some degree of accuracy.

Mr. Shannon discussed the siphon in all its phases, chiefly with regard to its behavior in a vacuum.

The oft-postponed debate regarding the future of engineering took place at this meeting. Mr. Duque and Mr. McSweeney were the principals. No decision was rendered, but it is safe to say that in the opinion of all who heard the debate, the future of engineering is very bright.

Calendar.

Sunday, Feb. 18—Quinquagesima, Mass, Celebrant, Rev. M. Walsh; Sermon, Rev. C. Hagerty.
Opening of Forty Hours' Devotion.
St. Joseph-Brownson; Walsh-Corby in basketball.
Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
Monday, Feb. 19—Varsity vs. Heidelberg University at Tiffin, Ohio.
Tuesday, Feb. 20—Varsity vs. St. John's University at Toledo, Ohio.
Closing of Forty Hours' Devotion at 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday, Feb. 21—Ash-Wednesday. Mass, Celebrant Rev. John Cavanaugh; Deacon, Rev. M. Walsh; Subdeacon, Rev. C. O'Donnell.
Presentation of Flag by the Senior Class. Address of the day by Hon. J. Hamilton Lewis of Chicago.
Civil Engineering Society, 7:30 p. m.
Varsity vs. Detroit University at Detroit, Mich.
Thursday, February 22—Washington's Birthday.
Varsity vs. Hope College at Holland, Mich.
St. Joseph-Sorin; Brownson-Walsh in basketball.
Friday, Feb. 23—State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis.
Electrical Engineering Society, 7:30 p. m.
Lenten Devotions (optional.)
Saturday, Feb. 24—Varsity vs. De Paul University, here.
International Opera Company Washington hall, 5:00 p. m.

Local News.

—The librarians are busy getting literature for the debates at the disposal of the contestants.

—Father Hagerty and certain faithfuls of Carroll hall have partially completed a skating rink in Lake St. Joseph.

—The Lenten devotions will begin next Friday evening at 7:30 with the Way of the Cross. The Friday devotions are optional.

—Next Wednesday afternoon at 5 p. m. the annual presentation of the flag by the Senior Class will take place in Washington hall.

—The *Dome* managers are busy taking flash-light pictures of the different organizations, social, literary and athletic, around the University.

—The annual batch of odes were turned in to English III. last Wednesday. The odes are all dedicated to Washington, and are of varied merit.

—The different English classes were given a genuine spelling test last Wednesday. Jimmy Lawler and Hugo Monnig of English D showed up especially strong, each of the "plucky little guards" caging several words.

—Tomorrow, *Quinquagesima* Sunday, the well-known devotion of the Forty Hours will begin in the Sacred Heart Church at the eight o'clock mass. The devotions will terminate with solemn procession and Benediction Tuesday evening.

—Walsh threw a scare into St. Joseph Sunday, and with a few minutes more to play might have cleared the "cellar" by winning a game. Kane, however, spoiled all their chances in the second half by his usual good work. St. Joseph came away with a 12 to 8 victory.

—Sorin got into some fast company Sunday afternoon and was given a drubbing by Corby to the tune of 32–7. After the first few minutes the score mounted rapidly against the Sorinites, and the audience was busy guessing the final account. Donovan appeared with Corby for the first time, and showed the same "class" that marked him on the gridiron. Gushurst was more or less prominent for the winners and Corcoran for the losers.

—Brownson, weakened by the loss of Nowers, who is with the Varsity, and Maloney, succumbed to the inevitable,—and Corby—Thursday, Feb. 8. The score, 29–10, virtually lands the basketball championship to the men of Corby. Although a few more games remain to be played the Braves anticipate no more trouble. In Thursday's game loose guarding played havoc with Brownson, and befuddled a team which was a strong flag possibility.

—Track was ushered into the arena of sport when the Interhall managers met Feb. 8, and arranged the schedule for this year. On March 7, St. Joseph will meet Walsh in the opening contest. Sorin, Corby and Brownson will come together in a triangular meet a week later, March 14. As was the agreement last year, the winner of the St. Joseph-Walsh meet will join with the teams ranking first and second in the triangular meet for the final three-cornered meet, to be held about March 21.

Through the kindness of South Bend merchants a cup will be presented to the hall ranking first. Sorin won the coveted prize last year, but the wise ones are withholding their choice at this early date. From the number of men who are daily exercising in the gym there is evidence of some excitement coming.

Athletic Notes.

BASEBALL PRACTICE GAMES BEGIN.

The leading events of the week in Varsity baseball circles may be summarized as follows: Sunday, February 10, first practice game; Former Coach "Red" Kelly passes judgment upon 1912 material; Monday, February 12, arrival of assistant Coach Fred Erickson; Lee Tannehill, White Sox infielder, commences spring training in Notre Dame gymnasium; Thursday, February 15, practice game.

Varsity baseball players were given their first opportunity of displaying their ability in real action last Sunday morning when Coach Smith divided the squad and lined up the players in battle array. The game which followed gave the coach his first chance to pass upon the merits of the numerous aspirants for pitching berths, as well as to note the batting prowess of the men. Frequent changes were made in the lineups of both nines in order to give all of the players a trial, and the pleasing result of the contest drew glowing comments from both the coach and his predecessor, Albert "Red" Kelly, who journeyed from Gary to inspect the squad.

Sheehan, Regan, Wells, Roach, Kelly and McGough took their turns on the mound, with Gray, Guppy, McGinnis and Williams alternating at the receiving end. The twirlers are rounding into shape in an encouraging manner and promise to furnish the Varsity with a staff as strong as that of past years. Assistant Coach Erickson arrived Tuesday and was given charge of the outfielders. He will direct the work of the second string in the practice games to be played in the gymnasium on Thursday and Sunday mornings for the balance of the practice season. Candidates for the Varsity were enabled to profit by the example of a major leaguer last Monday when Lee Tannehill, of the White Sox, appeared in uniform for a preliminary workout. Tannehill intends putting in an hour in the gymnasium every afternoon until the departure of the Chicago team for Waco, Texas, on Feb. 29. The workouts are expected to prepare the crack infielder for the heavier workouts of the spring training trip of the big league team.

Manager Murphy hopes to announce the complete schedule in the course of the week. Negotiations with a number of near-by schools have practically been closed and the publication of the dates will end the preliminary work of the manager for the season. With the Easter trip a certainty, the schedule promises to be one of the best-arranged for the gold and blue team in several years.

DETROIT LOSES SCALP.

Detroit University basketball squad was overcome in the first half of the game played here Thursday, February 7. In fact, they were enabled to land but two baskets during the entire first half, while the Varsity scored almost at will. The half ended with the score 25 to 4. Detroit gave an exhibition of form, however, in the second half, and clearly outplayed the gold and blue, but the game had already been won. The final score was 32 to 19. Jimmy Cahill was in the lineup again in place of Kenny who was not yet well, and the erstwhile interhall star played basketball every minute, scoring five field-goals in the first half. Nowers, also a late hall man, did remarkably well too. To say that Granfield and McNichol played excellent games would be to repeat what has been said on this page every week for a long time, so we will leave it to the reader to take that for granted. Feeney tried hard to "inveigle the ozone-filled orb into the elusive net," but the ball wouldn't be inveigled. The score:

Notre Dame (32)		Detroit University (19)
Cahill, Kelley	R. F.	Haigh
McNichol, Byrne	L. F.	Hardy
Granfield (Capt.)	C.	Chabot (Capt.)
Feeney	L. G.	Kelly
Nowers, Pliska	R. G.	Maitz, Elsler

Summary: Field goals—Granfield 8, Cahill 5.

SECOND DEFEAT.

In a hard, fast game last Wednesday the Varsity went down before the attack of the Commercial Athletic club of South Bend, score 24–18. The gold and blue easily took the honors in the first half, and ran the score up to 14, while C. A. C. could account for only 8 points. But when the A. A. U. rules were substituted for the intercollegiate regulations, under which the Varsity has been playing, our boys were at a disadvantage and numerous fouls were called on them. Then, too, there was the difference of playing on a slick wood floor after they were acustomed to a dirt court. Whitaker and Barnhart played tip-top ball for C. A. C., while Captain Granfield and McNichol were the best in the Varsity lineup. Score:

Notre Dame (18)		Commercial A. C. (24)
Cahill, Kenny	R. F.	Knox
McNichol	L. F.	Fauber
Granfield (Capt.)	C.	Branhart (Capt.)
Nowers, Kelleher	R. G.	Whitaker
Feeney	L. G.	Granfield.

Summary. Field Goals—Granfield 3, McNichol 3, Kenny 2; Whitaker 4, Barnhart 2, Knox 2, Fauber 2. Free throws—Barnhart 6, Cahill 2. Referee—Miller of Y. M. C. A. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

BASKETBALL TRIP.

Last Thursday the gold and blue basketball team left on a hard itinerary which is to extend through three states, and during which seven games are to be played. The St. Mary's and Miami games were cancelled on account of conflicting dates.

Safety Valve.

If you want the benefit of an ocean trip for a nickel try Hill car from the post-office to the cemetery or vice versa. ***

Mr. Erich DeFries—you know Erich—promises some ripe Ones for These Columns "just pretty soon all right. And they'll be good, too, I bet you every time." ***

Ah yes, beautiful indeed is the snow! ***

This beauty gives evidence of being a joy forever. ***

Thirty-three "hopeful aspirants" answered the debating call. The "Weeding out process," as John O'Connell would so handsomely say, will follow, and then some of the hopefuls will please take back stairs to the rear. ***

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

[*Our prize playlet.*]

Characters.

Homer Wallerton....The man with the gun.
Wallie.....His valet, the Forget-me-nots man.

Scene—A room.

Time—After dark.

Homer W.—I am sick of it all. I will duh it. I *must* duh it. I must duh it *nuh.*

Wallie—Muh master! not nuh! Wait till the clock strikes nine at the rising of the moon.

Homer W—Nuh. or nevuh. I have wasted muh life. (*Clock begins to strike.*) Ah—what is this I hear? [EXIT Wallie]. I'll duh it *nuh.* One! tuh! three! four! five! six! seven ! (ENTER Wallie *on the run.*)

Wallie—Saved! Muh mastah! Saved! Here is a bunch of forget-muh-NOTS!!!

Homer W.—(*Embracing Wallie and sobbing*) Thanks, thanks muh faithful old slave. I will—I will—go—out—west—and start life anew. (*Slow curtain and a soft orchestra.*)

***

Several of the Younger Set don't catch These Columns. We probably should have said before that These Columns are written for the Upper classmen, i. e., the seniors with cap and Gown. We commend the editorial Page of our Esteemed weekly to those who can understand only the obvious.

***

COOL AND REFINED.

Refrigerator
Ice house
North Pole

***

THE MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

I.—Carl White.

As a kid Carl White used to run around with Bill (Willie in those days) Cotter and Poynt Downing. That was long ago, however, before Carl began to Take engineering, and it was certainly long before he wore a dress suit and went to the First Military Ball. In those days Carl was just plain Carl with no Mr.—and with no Miss for that matter. Carl grew and waxed strong and in due time left Brownson and went to Walsh. Our cousin Cotter went to the Main or Administration Building, and Poynt he went to Corby where the Braves live and that "good old Corby fighting spirit," which you have heard of and read about per omnia saecula saeculorum.

Today, as I have said, Carl White is Taking engineering. He has grown popular with members of the Faculty, the Entire Student Body and the Prefects of the Various Halls. In addition he follows a course in Neckties with the Dean of the Department of Haberdashery. Carl played with the Varsity at the beginning of the football season and later was promoted to Walsh hall regulars. He wears his W. for football, pool, bowling, and pin-setting. Mr. J. B. McGlynn in our next. ***

OVER THE WIRES.

South Bend World-Famed had the Religious Forward Movement shortly 'fore Christmas. South Bend World-Famed had Prize Fight and the Religious Backward Movement shortly aft'.

THE SNOW.

(*Our prize Essay.*)

As I look out of my window I see the snow. It is very butiful. When the frost comes the snow is very hard, and when there is no frost it is not so hard, but just cule and refined. When the thaw is here it is slopy and makes the fete wet.

[Second paragraph] All Nature is covered with the snow which is faling like the white fethers of a gose. Inded, the snow may be said to look like a grate spred covering Nature which looks like a butiful bed. There are no flowers when the snow is here for all Nature is ded.

[Third paragraph] When the snow is here we also have the slay-bells. They make a butiful sound as they tingaling over the rodes, tide to the harness of the horses.

[Last paragraph] One very sad thing about the snow is that it brings winter which brings deth to Nature and to many peple. And when peple di we have many obitury pomes by obitury potes. And that makes us very sad.

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Students with a general average of 50 per cent or under have a general permission to stick around.