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Thomas Maurice Mulry

(Laetare Medalist, 1912)

TO the long honor roll of Laetare medalists, which began with John Gilmary Shea, is added a notably worthy name for this year, that of Thomas Maurice Mulry, a well-known and highly respected business man of New York. The service which especially drew the attention of the President and Faculty to Mr. Mulry was his signal devotion to the poor, first as a devoted member and now as the honored head of the great society of St. Vincent De Paul. As president of this organization, Mr. Mulry is known everywhere.

Writing of his character and high civic worth, His Eminence Cardinal Farley of New York pays Mr. Mulry the following enviable tribute: "As a citizen and man of business he stands in the first rank in the esteem of his fellow citizens. His education and intelligence have made him a leader among all denominations in charity work. I know for a fact that for many years he gave fully as much time to works of charity as to his private business, and God blessed him in both."

This is high praise coming from one who

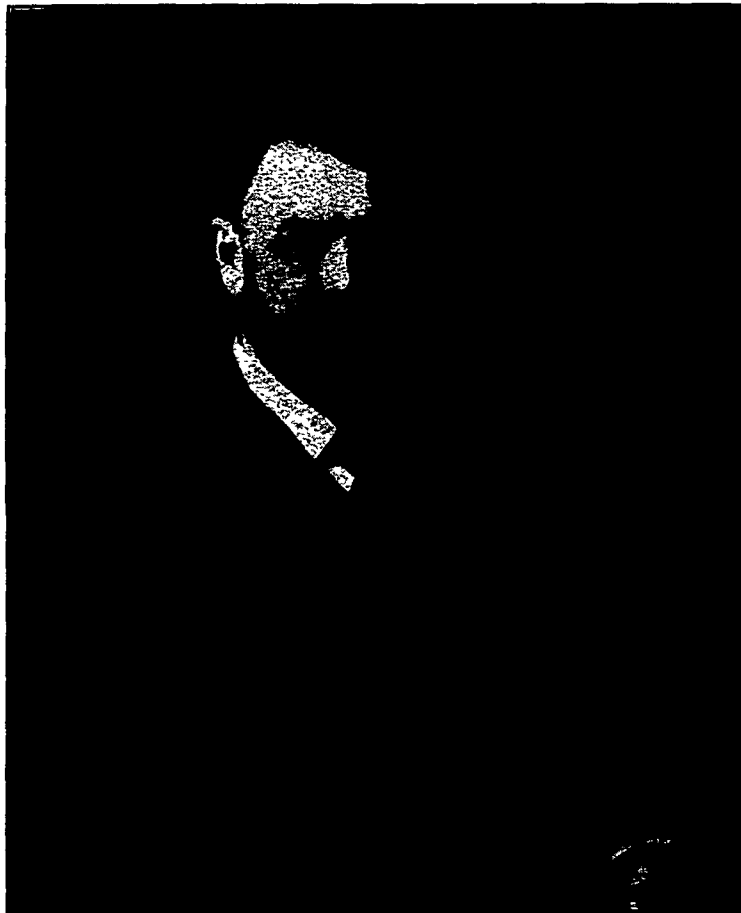
stands high in the councils of the Church. It is, however, but one out of many tributes which attest the high esteem in which Mr. Mulry is held.

The Laetare Medal dates back to the year 1883 when it was founded for the purpose of encouraging Catholic lay effort for the advancement of education, morality, philanthropy and religion. It was then decided that some lay person distinguished for sincere, unselfish service in any of these large fields of effort should be selected for this honor, and the person so honored should be announced on Laetare Sunday.

The medal has gone to wellnigh all parts of the country; New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other smaller cities,—

all have citizens whom the University has set apart for its choice.

Mr. Mulry is fifty-seven years old, is the father of thirteen children, two of whom entered the holy priesthood and one is a sister in a religious community. He is the seventh New Yorker to receive the Laetare medal.



The Shamrock.

THE snow, sure 'tis frozen hard all round
And the green grass is hid away;
But were I back on Irish ground
Faith I'd pluck a sprig today.

'Twould be all adrip with the morning dew,
In the hush of the early Spring.
Sweet Shamrock, at the sight of you
I know my pulse would sing!

Though you're not so fragrant as the rose,
Nor tall as the lily fair,
Yet faithful you cling to your mother close,
Till you die on her bosom there.

O Shamrock! at the sight of you
Sure my eyes would be hot with tears;
And I'd ease my pulse with your morning dew
And I'd keep you for all the years.

But you'd die away from your mother's breast
From the milk of her mountain streams.
Then there on her mothering bosom rest,—
And I'll keep you in all my dreams.

C. L.

A True Hero.*

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.



MANKIND has an instinctive reverence for heroism. Deep in the human heart is the impulse to pay homage to the doers of brave deeds. Men cherish the names of their heroes and find delight in relating their glories.

It sometimes happens, however, that men are deluded into the worship of unworthy idols. The brilliant conqueror may prove to an admiring world that might is right. In defiance of justice and truth, in defiance of man and God, he may trample over the bodies of millions, and erect his throne above their graves.

We naturally respect power. We are very prone to admire even the abuse of power. Hence, splendid villainy, if it be vast enough, or wonderful success, even though in unworthy enterprises, may impose itself on our weakness. Remembering a conqueror's success, history overlooks his motive and means, forgives cruelty and wicked influence, and exclaims, "Here is a hero!"

* Oration delivered at the State Oratorical Contest held at Indianapolis, Feb. 23.

No one would deny that conquerors may be genuine heroes. That warriors and princes have achieved real heroism is true; but that prominence and heroism are the same; that heroism consists in the ceremony and trappings of royalty, or in the glitter of military conquest; that it comes from the wielding of mighty influence, or that it is surely proved by world-wide applause,—is false.

A century ago Europe was trembling under the scourge of one of the most striking military heroes in history. Every schoolboy knows the career of the great selfish emperor, thirsting for applause and glory, crushing every sentiment but self-love, abusing his friends and family; of the hero who butchered gallant men and violated the laws of God. Behold him creating kingdoms and dictating to a continent, Napoleon the Superb, the hero of power and glory; behold him again after a revolting record of evil, after defying the Omnipotent, dying at St. Helena like a wounded, hunted thing away from the sight of men,—and say if this herosim is real.

Far-spread fame need not prove true heroism, for there are heroes without notoriety. While the nation is in an ecstasy of admiration over some man, while his exploits are burning themselves into the memory of millions, there are thousands of unnoted men and women fighting the armies of evil with a fortitude quite beyond the reach of our staunchest world heroes. Many of their names will never be published, the world will never inquire; but these heroes are real.

Among these thousands was an obscure man who worked out his life in silent exile. He despised honor and fame. He despised his own life; and gave it for love of his fellowmen. But the gratitude of mankind discovered him, paid honor to his memory and proclaimed him a noble type of human greatness. While he lived his heroism was not attested by eloquent praises; no recognition of his deeds encouraged him in his labor. His was not the heroism of trumpet-announced triumphal marches, of pageantries, of acclamations. It was silent, sincere, unadorned, but it was as true, as noble as any heroism the world has seen. That hero is the humble Belgian priest, Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers of Molokai.

He was not a hero such as Napoleon. He destroyed no lives, burned no cities. He was a hero of peace. Far away from the cities of

men, on the desert isle of Molokai, he buried himself among horrors which no other man would look upon, and began a life-long sacrifice for the progress of humanity. This hero of obscurity and pain fought on the field of leprosy until he himself became a leper—and on the field he died. This was a hero, loving his fellow-men, and glorifying God in the fulfilment of a mission, unnatural and sublime.

It is now half a century since the government of Honolulu refused to aid the lepers of Molokai. They begged mercy, but their cries were unheeded; they implored medicine and nursing, but were left to die. Religion came forward to raise these stricken creatures, and the call for a priest went forth,—a priest for a colony of two thousand lepers. Two thousand lepers on a narrow, mountainous stretch of land that had never been reclaimed, without a building of any kind except filthy grass huts, without a doctor to alleviate their sufferings, without decent employment to give them even the necessaries of life, without a government of any form to restrain and protect! Such was the land which cried out for a priest, and it was Damien who answered: "I will go."

There were two careers open to him. On the one hand he saw an inviting prospect stretched out peacefully before him, a life of pleasant labors among his own people, surrounded by old friends and old memories. Here was no grievous toil, no incurable disease. All this was his; all this he might have kept,—but he sailed for Molokai. As his ship drew out from shore, the familiar sights of his native land smilingly besought him not to leave. He stood and watched the receding land where all the ties of friendship, home and country soon were lost forever from his eyes. Dawn illumined Belgium, and again her beauty shone in the freshness of spring, but not for him,—nevermore for him.

After many days the Island of Molokai rose in the twilight to his anxious eyes. Lofty mountains shuddered against a glowing sky; unlighted huts huddled together in disorder; along the shore thronged a whining mass of loathsome beings, whose bodies were half rotted away; while over the whole island hung the stifling breath of leprosy.

What a different prospect was this from the one he had abandoned. Here were strangers, poverty, vice; at home were friends, prosperity, peace. It is for him to choose between the

two. He is yet free to return to the land of his birth; but still he hears the divine call. The call is to forget the happiness of friends and home, and to bury himself in this horror-pit of Molokai. In the echo of that call he hears the awful wail of suffering, of hideous leprosy, of death; but his answer, unshaken, still returns, "I will go."

Damien was in the prime of life. Youth was in his step, roses on his cheek. Yet he did not falter in puny calculations and misgivings; he cast no backward glance toward his home; his purpose was firm; he offered himself in willing sacrifice. He wasted no time among the lepers in barren speculation; he saw there was work to be done and he began to do it with tireless energy. He began at once that career of heroism which will forever remain the admiration and marvel of the world,—toiling days and nights amid unspeakable filth to give the lepers homes and hospitals; forgetting his own convenience and caring only for his people, sacrificing during all his painful life whatever the heart of man holds dear. When Damien came to Molokai it was a land of misery and desolation; there was nothing but distress and shame. When he ceased his labor, the island was civilized and advancing.

Here was a labor which might have immortalized any man had he been courageous enough to do it for pay, and had he returned to his home after a number of years to enjoy his fame, forget his hardships and watch from afar the growing of his seed. Damien received no pay, had no comforts. No hope of earthly rest and reward urged him on to complete his task. Newspapers never trumpeted his achievements; an admiring world never shouted encouragement to this lonely toiler on Molokai. Had he resigned the work, his splendid victories would have been discovered; but scorning advertisement, he remained. He remained caring for the stranger people he had made his people, as long as he could raise his hand in blessing; he remained though he knew that the dreadful taint of leprosy would one day touch his blood, that he should linger for years rotting away under the power of that incurable malady.

When he was gone the world somehow learned of Damien's noble career. It began to pay his memory tributes of affection. The man who had turned his face from all that the world could offer, who had buried himself in solitude to devote his life to that disinterested task, was

now held up as an example of heroic manhood, was hailed as a splendid type of human greatness.

But strange beyond words, Damien was not allowed to enjoy, even in death, the honor he had unknowingly achieved. His heroism was questioned, charges were made against his character. Inspired with envy, one of Damien's unsuccessful rivals, one who had refused the labor which Damien performed, dared to say, "The simple truth is he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted." Instantly the most remarkable living writer, though professing the same religion as the accuser, denounced the miserable charges. "The simple lie!" answered Robert Louis Stevenson. But no—it was the truth! Coarse, because his life was not spent in the flattery and frivolity of effeminate tea-parties, because he slaved and prayed and did the work of a man in a hole whose vileness is too revolting to be described and whose memory is a horror! Dirty, because a sewer of leprosy was his drawing-room, and a cancer on the earth his parish! Dirty, as a victorious flag that has survived terrific and bloody assaults and has trailed in the dust of laborious marches, is dirty! Headstrong and bigoted, because he hearkened not to the bland words of the Enchantress, Error, because he spurned her, and fled from her perilous embrace to the rough strong arms of Truth! When important measures call for prompt solution, or when evil is on the verge of triumph, then the forces of Right must be headstrong and bigoted! All the martyrs for faith have been so, all the champions of virtue, all the great heroes of history.

It is not claimed for Damien that he was an angel of light. He was one of common men, not highly educated, nor wondrously talented. He had faults, he made mistakes. There was nothing superhuman about him; but he did possess the genius of action. He was essentially a doer, not a dreamer, and his life was not the unsweaty career of a visionary, but of a man led by a sublime thought to the accomplishment of a sublime work.

The monument which his heroism has erected in the memory of men, perpetuating his name and his cause, rests not on unrealized high ambitions, or on glorious ideals published to a hero-worshipping world, but on the firm ground of noble aspirations attained and of mighty plans fulfilled. Firmly that towering

shaft is grounded in the memory of posterity. It will never crumble, it will never fall: for the sun of man's devotion, gilding its broad sides, reflects, not the brilliant sparkle of words or promises, but the eloquent grandeur of things done. The Apostle of the Lepers lies buried in Honolulu. It is more than twenty years since this standard-bearer of Christ's Army completed his service. The grasses above his grave and the flowers strewn there by loving hands have withered and blown away; the inscription on the slab has begun to be erased by the hand of time; his body is now compounded with the dust. These parts of Damien have perished. But above the decay and corruption of that grave,—the memory, high above all monuments that devoted men might erect to commemorate his worthiness, deeper than even his love for humanity sounded, brighter than the golden dream which lured him on to splendid deeds, shedding warmth and courage and light over all races, creeds and generations, testifying that such heroism has a living meaning for us all, and that Damien has not served in vain—the memory lives!

The Work of Hamlin Garland.

CYRIL J. CURRAN, '12.

Hamlin Garland, in some respects the most remarkable of present-day novelists, was born at West Salem, Wisconsin, September 16, 1862. His boyhood was spent in Iowa, where his family moved soon after his birth. He attended the common schools in Mitchel County of that state, and subsequently was graduated from Cedar Valley Seminary, at Osage, Iowa, where he had taken a course in literary science. During the time of his education, when not actually engaged in his studies, he worked on the farm. He also taught school in the country districts of Illinois. He went West in the early eighties, and took up a claim in McPherson County, Dak. His experiences there apparently were not such as to make him desirous of remaining permanently, for soon after he went to Boston and began his literary career. He was recognized as giving promise of much in a literary way almost from the beginning, and has ever since been among the first American authors.

His essays in the field of the short story

have been neither numerous nor particularly successful, as regards literary merit. "Main-Travelled Roads" is a collection of short stories written by him during the nineties, and these are fairly representative of his ability in this department. Because his genius is best expressed in the novel, it is hardly fair to criticise his literary methods in the short story. He is seen to much better advantage in the longer story, and this is because he is given more room for the descriptive matter with which he is accustomed to set off the other parts of the story. In the short story his work is too sketchy. It lacks the power of sustaining interest, although it is beautifully composed, and, in a large sense, answers all the rules of technique. His descriptions of scenery are unsurpassed, perhaps, anywhere. The man seems to feel the wonder of Nature, and certainly he possesses the faculty of giving admirable expression to all that he sees and feels. But this has no place in the short story. Some of it, no doubt, increases the reader's enjoyment, but much of it is irksome to him. The short story is like a fiery breath. It should blaze for the moment, and then fade into nothingness as quickly as it took its apparent life. Hamlin Garland's short story certainly lacks this quality. In some degree, it has life, vivacity, attractiveness, but it does not leave that sort of thing in its wake for the reader to hold in pleasant remembrance. His too great fondness for artistic description has rendered his shorter stories, in their general effect, lifeless and unimpressive.

He has made the West the background for most of his work. Usually an announcement of this sort is enough to provoke the discriminating reader to disgust. The western story has become so common a thing in these United States, and it is so invariably handled in the same way, that we have ceased to find any enjoyment in it. But Hamlin Garland has a different way with him. His westerner is not the conventional sort,—he may be big and hulking, but at least he is civilized in thought and conduct. The cowboy, with all the familiar antics and quasi-cuss words, is pressed as much as possible into the rear. What he does bring to the front, however, is the great rolling sweep of the prairies, the mystic haze lying over the mountains, the fine odor of the earth that is found only close to Nature's heart, and the glorious feeling of power and

life and ambition that necessarily possesses every son of that wonderful land of freedom and hope. That is the charm of Garland,—that is his strength, and in that he has earned his greatest distinction. He is not poet of the West, perhaps, nor the greatest of those who have used her for their theme, but at least he has done her credit, and reaped well the harvest of ideas that she grew for him during the years of his living there.

These are some of the thoughts that present themselves to the readers of Garland. Wholesome, natural ideals, untouched by the over-refinement that seems to possess the bulk of our present-day literature. Yet he is not so fortunate in his choice of plots. Some of these lead to conclusions which, if logically followed out, could hardly fail to be disastrous. An example of this is "The Moccasin Ranch," which was published by him in the latter part of 1909. It is not necessary to give the plot in full; a brief outline will serve to illustrate the point.

A man and his wife come from the East to a newly opened section of farming land in the Dakotas. During the summer, all goes well, but when the winter comes, they have little fuel, very little money, and no food save what they can buy or borrow, and that is very little. The wife had been very friendly with a land agent during the summer, and he returns to her in the midst of these misfortunes. The husband happens to be absent. It is disclosed that she had had improper relations with the other man, and that she was about to give birth to a child. Baldly this appears worse, perhaps, than it is told in the story, but it is the substance of it. Finally the wife leaves with the other man, whom she begs to take care of her, and to protect her from the unkindness of a cruel and misunderstanding world. He apparently loves her, and promises to do his best. They encounter the agent's former partner in the course of their escape, and he refuses to permit them to go farther, but finally succumbs to their wish, and says that he is not competent to pass judgment upon their action. That is, in effect, the story.

Now it is very evident that there is something wrong with a man who can foist such rot as this upon the public, and has the presumption to attach his name to it. Forgetting for the moment his undoubted literary genius, and considering only the good taste of a plot of

this character, we can find very little justification for the author. Not only is the plot itself disgusting, but its conclusion is positively immoral. All the woman's misfortune was brought upon her by her own free actions. Her surroundings as the wife of her poor husband were not altogether luxurious, perhaps, but at least they were endurable, and were no worse than those existing in the homes of her neighbors. She was a very foolish woman, and richly merited all the unhappiness which she brought upon herself. That her suffering was alleviated by her succumbing to the vile love of the other is what makes the book almost as bad as it could be. Had she found no consolation in her retrogression, there might be some ethical justification for the story. As it stands, there is none. It is not only built about a forbidden topic, but it leads to a conclusion, which, if approved by the reader, cannot fail to sow in him the seeds of immorality. It may present life as it is, in some quarters of this sinful world, but those of us who try to keep clean of such things are much better off in blissful ignorance of the truth, if this be truth. The old-fashioned ideals of love and marriage are best. Whatever unhappiness may come to pass because of belief in them had better be borne in silence, for at least it is virtuous. The other, be it joy or sorrow, is infamous,—unspeakable.

Garland, however, is not always so unfortunate in his story-making. An example of the finer sort is "Hesper," a novel which has enjoyed considerable popularity ever since the time it was first published. It is the story of a girl whom the artificial restraint of a wealthy home in the city has trained into a creature with no likes and many and pronounced dislikes. Her brother is an invalid, and obliged to seek health in the rare air of the mountains. She is induced to accompany him. She likes the West, after she has become accustomed to it, and falls in love with a big westerner, who apparently has no family to speak of, no money, and very little in the way of the "humanities." She learns more of him after many and exciting experiences, and finally consents to marry him.

In the course of the story, a miner's war is introduced, and the heroine is very cleverly involved in the entanglement. The description of the desperate zeal with which both sides of the controversy fought, or were prepared

to fight compares favorably with anything of the sort in literature. The mine-owners, blinded by their pride to the real state of affairs, and the real justice of the case, were ready to resort to any means, however fateful, that they might force the miner's union to accede to their demands. The union, for its part, was no less determined, and stood on the mountainside with guns loaded, ready to fight off the whole United States, and confident of its power to win. Hesper, so typically feminine in the face of these fundamental forces in the nature of man, and so womanly in her resolve to remain until the end, as long as her brother and the man she loved were involved, is a splendid example of the modern heroine. Her character is just whimsical enough, just different enough, to be worth occupying the place the present-day novel gives its heroine. She is in no sense ordinary, but she is not extraordinary enough to be impossible. With the progress of the story she becomes more attractive, until finally she holds full place in our affections. The hero is a type common enough in literature, big and intellectual, masculine, but gentle. He fills the part required of him admirably, and counters to perfection all the moves made by Hesper.

We have touched in a very cursory way upon two novels of Garland, one of which is in every way admirable, and the other of which has so many bad points that the good parts are evidently not worth considering. This much can be said of the latter,—it was published and written at a time when it was fashionable among writers to weave plots and stories about the unmentionable. There was a market for that kind of literature then, as there is now, but it was a livelier market then, without doubt, than it will ever be again.

Garland has much about his work that is delightful, but he is not so great a genius that he can afford to tamper with fire and risk its burning. As a writer of short stories, he is of doubtful fame. He surely is not a master at the art, and does not seem to possess the same ease in it that he has with the novel. Whatever his shortcomings, however, in any department, it must be admitted that he has written some stories that are in every sense delightful. As for those that are not up to the standard, they are the exception and not the rule.

A Mother's Song.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

CLOSE your eyes, my little darling,
 Close your eyes and sleep:
 In their nests are finch and starling,
 In their fold the sheep.
 Bright blue eyes and golden hair,
 Dimpled cheeks and lips that dare,
 Little wonder you ensnare
 Your mother's kiss!

Rest your head, my little birdie,
 On your mother's breast;
 Though your limbs are young and sturdy,
 Yet they need a rest.
 Chubby hands and snow-white feet,
 Infant laughter, honey-sweet,
 Listen to my glad heart beat
 In boundless bliss.

An American Humorist.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

Samuel Longhorne Clemens, or as we are wont to know him, "Mark Twain," needs no introductory biography to American readers. In one form or another the story of his life has been told in his books, and he is surprisingly frank and true in revealing his experiences.

Less than twenty years ago, a writer and critic of some repute, remarked in a passing allusion to Mark Twain, "Only a very small portion of his writing has any place in literature;" but changes in literary opinions occur with the years; time is the only test of the real value of a book, and the position of Mark Twain among American men of letters has undergone a change in the past few years. Surely American literature would lack much of its present charm and perfection were it not enlivened by the artless, rich humor, and the subtle, lambent wit of the "great Boston Brahmin."

The American character is distinct and individual, unrestrained by any precedent of royalty, and equal in a political, social, and moral democracy. Mark Twain was through and through an American. Democratic in the extreme, there was nothing sacred to his piercing wit, except the inviolable right of every individual "to do exactly as he pleased."

Some critics have believed that his dialect and humorous style were but a guise with which to cover his philosophical ideas. True his beliefs were radical in the extreme; at one time

even leading him to the denial of the existence of God and immortality; but these religious theories were short-lived, and he returned to the Christian belief. He is not generally considered a moralist, but if we overlook his scorn of affectation and assumed superiority, his hatred of snobbery and pretense, and his ardent loathing of meanness and injustice, we shall know Mark Twain only in a vague and general way.

His philosophy of life underlies his travesty of Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," where he has reversed the statical relations, and produced a world-famed burlesque. "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" is simply a democratic view of chivalric ages. Perhaps it is a harsh satire, but apparently the author's purpose is to have us believe that the present is the age of magic and miracle, and that we live in the very midst of romance. The medieval times, he wishes to show, were truly not so much the age of chivalry as our own; and indeed in his writings he reveals himself to be as true a knight as he is a keen wit and brilliant humorist.

There is, however, a distinction between wit and humor, and the supremacy of the latter is evident. "Wit laughs at you; humor, with you." Mark Twain was a humorist above all things, and Bellezza clearly points this out when he says: "When Mark Twain tells a story, he seems to have not the remotest suspicion that there is anything funny in it;" this is the essential difference between humor and wit, for humor springs from a perception of contrast and incongruity, and, as has been happily said, "is an oscillation between laughter and tears."

There are so many different phases of Mark Twain's character that they would seem to be contradictory, yet it is this capacity for different moods and traits that makes him the agreeable man that he is; without them he would not be himself. Essentially he is realistic, but in his writings he is sometimes romantic, striving to create a stately and ideal work of fiction; yet he desired to show life as he had seen it, not with the eye alone, but also with the imaginative soul of an artist. He was truthful in an aggressive way, yet he could and did lie when he was convinced that a greater good would result therefrom; but there was always the impulse to say what he thought, and he was fearless of the consequences. As we would

expect from one always willing and anxious to declare his opinions, he was extremely histrionic, using all his art in the endeavor to make others feel and understand what he had so strongly conceived.

In the characters of his books he has portrayed and interpreted real types. Because they were actualities, however humorously painted, he possessed such a delicate appreciation and knowledge of his characters, that he acquired a sincere sympathy for their faults and manner of living; and thus intimately connected with them, he has drawn them with such a force and truth that makes them immortal in the realms of fiction. There is only one way to account for this, and that is the author's own nature rather than his art. The majority of his characters are youths, and Clemens himself was a youth to the day of his death. He wrote of his impressions and experiences; and throughout his boyhood he lived in unrestrained adventure, while grown to manhood he kept alive his boyish ideas and temperament. His heart was always as the heart of a boy; a good boy sometimes—a bad boy perhaps no less often; but always was he a wilful, unheeding boy, anxious as a youthful bravo to display his powers and show himself as just the boy he was. As time progresses and age withers the bloom of vivacious youth, we are apt to forget the pleasures of boyhood, and the childish romps and games we so delighted in; but Mark Twain never outgrew his youthful desires; he never forgot that he was once a boy, but even prided himself on the possession of a boyish heart till the end of his days.

In the development of incident and plot, Twain based his originality on an intimate knowledge of the life of "Young America." How vivid is the scene and how we have laughed over the incident of Tom Sawyer and the whitewashed fence, and how simple and true is the character of Huckleberry Finn! In maturer life, this originality was developed to such an extent that we find a striking example of it in his method of writing. He never confined himself to even the iron-clad rules of literary composition; he considered them artificial, and more ornate than suited his spontaneous character. Perhaps his writing is disjunctive and in orderly; yet he is so distinctly an artist that we are not annoyed by his digressions from his main theme, but rather enjoy them as they bespeak the author's

individuality, and are always suggested by what goes before. He seems to follow the order of his thoughts, irrespective of their sequence. If the thought he was occupied with suggested another, or if a new one interrupted his trend of consciousness, he would immediately insert it into his page; leaving the former one to be completed when the civilities of an intellectual host had been performed. This delightfully loose construction he followed in the arrangement of his paragraphs, and even of his sentences.

In private life he detested all that savored of affectation, and he wrote with the same scorn of all that was unnatural and factitious. Twain was no copyist, drawing from lifeless casts; nor was he an idealist, creating new and lofty types. But he was an observer of world-wide experience, and what he saw he expressed in his books, in an unconscious, natural manner, making them refreshing and delightful by this verisimilitude. There is no sense of the inevitable in his stories; and unlike art, which is studied and premeditated, we can not see with the unfolding of the incidents the trend of the plot in its progression towards the climax. Mark Twain did not carefully gather his material into orderly fashion, but wrote spontaneously, and his art is natural rather than the result of a labored practice.

There is perhaps no other English author who has dared to offend the prescribed standard of word usage as Mark Twain has, and it is doubtful if any other could have successfully attempted it. It is one of his characteristics that he disregards the philologic meaning of words and uses them in the plain, suggestive, sometimes irreverent sense, that common usage has given them. As Howells admirably expressed this trait: "He writes English as if it were a primitive and not a derivative language."

The reason for this straightforward expression and chaotic manner of telling his stories, may perhaps be found in the life of the author and its influence on his character. From a youthful age he was a wanderer, moving from one place to another with new and violent ambitions at each successive change. He met so much of untruth and deceit that he came to loathe them as the greatest of evils; and all the years of travel and adventure left their impression, and only a light suggestion was necessary to call up in his mind experiences

that resulted in a character ironical but not cynical, empirical but not vain.

Notwithstanding this intimate knowledge of the world, Mark Twain kept alive and glowing, his irrepressible flame of humor. The greater majority of his works are the outpourings of his capricious nature; and the charm of these lies to a great extent in his style and in the stories themselves. But not as a humorist alone can the success and fame of Mark Twain be justified; for some of his works show a quality of literary excellence very high indeed.

The characters he has created are real characters; they live and act and speak as true men and women, actual, live boys and girls; and many competent judges concede to him the creation of the most widely known character in American fiction,—that of "Sellers." However, this is not all. Without exceptional descriptive abilities he would only be an artist of mediocre rank; but he has seen with the keen, observant eye of an artist, and retained his impressions with the memory of a Pascal; and with God's gift of the instinct for the one suitable word, more specific and suggestive than any other, he has painted for us with a few words, scenes that are as real and which stand out as prominently almost in our minds, as they did in the mind of the writer.

These two qualities, character delineation and description, are the two most essential qualities of an author; but Mark Twain possessed also a third and hardly less important one. As a story-teller he is among the foremost, resembling to a certain degree the delightful, inventive character of De Foe. You who have read "Tom Sawyer" and the "Prince and the Pauper," judge Mark Twain as a story-teller, and can you conclude that he is not deserving of a rank among the greatest of English writers? His imagination flows freely from one incident to another, not hesitating and deepening into positive, permanent situation; and it is as unfaltering in its succession as his memory is unfailing in its suggestions.

Personally Mark Twain was, as has already been stated, of an histrionic disposition; and it was impossible for him not to wish the conceiving and publishing of a successful drama. His dramatic talent was exhibited in innumerable passages in his books, and it was not surprising that his play gratified his every desire for it. Many eminent critics have declared the drama in the "Gilded Age,"

with the leading character of "Colonel Sellers" to be the most successful American play ever penned. Nature had bestowed on him the gift of clearly and dramatically presenting, in simple, emotional language the realities of life, and it is doubtful if any American writer has ever equaled him in this respect.

The distinguishing quality of Mark Twain's humor is its inconsistency. There is nothing to foreshadow or suggest what is to follow; a sentence may begin in all seriousness, only to end abruptly in a colossal absurdity, or the apparent caricature may be only the glass wherein our own faults and foibles are reflected. However, it would be unjust to classify him as a satirist, for his humor was primarily the result of an earnest contemplation of the excentricities of life. A great measure of the charm in his works lies in the natural and easy style in which he writes. There is no suggestion of a forced expression or labored construction; he writes spontaneously from an internal impulse, and there is no artificial or affected wit or counterfeit dialect. His humor is not elegant or nicely discriminating; but it is direct and simple, striking the right note in the harmony of the whole; it is not refined, but boisterously good-natured and genial, and sometimes it may descend even to coarseness, but withal it is remarkable that he has kept the medial character so high.

Mark Twain does not possess the pure style or consummate art of Nathaniel Hawthorne; nor has he the subtlety or charm of Howells; but the field of literature is uncommonly diverse, and Mark Twain has created his own rank, and no other American has ever risen to dispute his claim.

Dancing Waves.

JAMES V. ROBINS, '13.

RIPPLING, laughing, dancing waters;
 Mother waves and many daughters
 Jumping up to catch the breeze,
 Perfume blowing through the trees.

Dancing onward, never stopping;
 Over falls and rapids dropping.
 Dancing 'till they reach the sea,
 Then no dancing waves for thee.

Wildly roaring, madly plunging,
 Little waves that once were dancing;
 White-caps breaking on the sands,
 Carry ships to foreign lands.

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—The selection of Thomas Maurice Mulry as Laetare Medalist for this year should prove a popular choice; and yet the recipient is not a man who has been much in the public eye. His service has rather **A Happy Choice.** been of the kind that does not catch the fancy by any *appearance* of the spectacular. As a member, and later as national president, of that most worthy organization, the society of St. Vincent de Paul, Mr. Mulry has labored unflinchingly for the uplift of the poor and lowly by organizing and forwarding generous, well-directed, but not red-tape and officious charity. He has done much, yet he has labored so quietly the world knows little of the extent of his service. If the University were to bring about no further good by conferring the medal than to call the attention of the country to the disinterested work of Mr. Mulry and this great organization of which he is the head—that good would justify the choice. The SCHOLASTIC congratulates the President and Faculty on the happy selection of Mr. Mulry, the noted charity worker of New York, as the Laetare Medalist for 1912.

—There is something about the feast we call "St. Patrick's Day," indefinable but none the less delightful, which distinguishes it from any other similar celebration **St. Patrick's Day.** throughout the whole year. It is, first of all, the day set apart for honoring a great saint, to whom

the Irish people owe their conversion, and who is remembered and venerated now just as much as he was centuries ago. If that were all the day meant, it would still hold a firm place in the hearts of all Catholic peoples; but it has another meaning, peculiarly lasting for the descendants of the men whom St. Patrick converted. It recalls vividly that marvelous turning of an entire people from ignorance and paganism to the path of living faith,—that path which they have never left, whatever may have been the inducement or the coercion. All that the Irishman of today is or can hope to be depends upon his fidelity to the religion which St. Patrick taught the ancient Irish. It is his ideal, the end of all his hopes and purposes. On St. Patrick's Day, his heart is filled with longing for a return to the glorious days when Ireland was a free nation, free to speak her own language, free to govern herself, free to worship God in her own pure way. Persecuted Ireland! Scourged through the centuries, dependent upon the whim of the tyrant for everything, hardly able to maintain her character as a nation, but clinging always to the faith that St. Patrick brought to her! These are the pictures that will present themselves to millions of wet eyes tomorrow; and these the ideals and hopes which will drive away the tears and bring happiness to millions of Irish hearts.

—In his recent speech at Toledo, President Taft gave his opinion of the proposed remedy for the judicial problem—the recall of decisions.

President Taft's Toledo Speech. He deplored the spread of this false doctrine, which teaches that it is the duty of judges to be guided in their decisions by the will of the people.

To the President, who was once a judge, and who is a firm believer in judicial independence, the advocacy of such principles is inimical to liberty. With this form of the recall in operation an unjust majority may freely trample on the rights of a minority. In his speech, however, he did not launch forth a tirade against those who criticise his policies and administration. On the contrary, he handled himself with dignity; calmly refuting the arguments of opponents, and pleading earnestly for true representative government—a government such as was intended by the makers of the Constitution, and one that

would contain that most essential of elements, stability.

Throughout, his speech was characterized by a degree of calmness and deliberation that bespeaks a power of self-restraint. Practising, therefore, that which he urges upon the people, he asks of them to be content with the present safe machinery of government, the defects of which may be remedied, not by revolutionary and perhaps regressive action, but by methods that are reasonable and constructive.

Within the sixty-five days of Notre Dame's baseball season, thirty-eight games have been scheduled. This includes a trip through the East where they will play West Virginia University, Penn State, Mt. St. Mary's College, Georgetown University, Brown University, Dean Academy, Tufts College and University of Vermont.

As will be seen from the above figures, much more than half of the entire time in the season is spent in playing varsity games, to say nothing of practice. When does the team go to school?—*Purdue Exponent*. Quoted by *Indiana Daily Student*.

The above quotation is a splendid illustration of how people with little to do flatten their noses against other people's garden fences.

Interested in Our Welfare. Purdue and Indiana are two state institutions which are run on good old Hoosier state support, while Notre Dame's course of studies, and her baseball schedule are strictly private and personal and not run from down the country.

If Miss "Exponent" and Miss "Daily Student" were especially anxious to find out when the team does go to school, we could have mailed the information for two cents, that the baseball team never misses a schoolday during the home season. One doesn't need a whole afternoon to play a baseball game. An hour and forty minutes or so will do for any average non-Conference white team.

We suspect, however, the aforementioned down-state school marms weren't so anxious for information as to poke old N. D. in the ribs. Thanks, and try it some more. You will be glad to know too that our boys are good boys. They shine their shoes, wear clean collars and sit up straight at Sunday school. They never miss a class for a baseball game and keep their books on the bench to study between innings. They love their teachers and their school. Are your boys good boys and do they love their teachers and you? They do. Very well then, shut the door from the outside.

—Notre Dame is represented in the great Catholic order, the Knights of Columbus, by a council which is distinctly a student body.

One reason why Notre Dame may feel proud of her achievement is that this council is the first and only student council in the order. The Knights of Columbus today constitute what is perhaps the most strongly organized and most highly purposed lodge of the Catholic laity. It has attained the remarkable prominence which now it occupies because it has received its support only from men of the finest character whose loyalty to the Church has been unflinching. There are men of this type and enthusiastic men in this University. Such men have made the college council. To maintain here the standard of the order it is essential that every man admitted to membership be of high moral character. Only those will be admitted who are qualified by their excellence of character. This is another reason why Notre Dame may well be proud of her student council. As long as this council thrives she shall know that there is some force immanent in the student body working for the Christian brotherhood and moral betterment of the students.

—Neither the Commandments of God nor of the Church bind Catholics to refrain from Lenten theatre-going; neither do they bind them to attend vespers, **Lenten Theatre-Going.** nor other services of the Church except holy mass, nor to attend mass except on Sundays and holydays of obligation, nor to visit the Blessed Sacrament in times of special devotion like the Forty Hours, nor to receive the sacraments of penance and the Holy Eucharist oftener than once a year. However, we do not call persons who do only what they are obliged to do fervent. Faith is a gift from God, a priceless gift, and as God gives, so He often takes away from those who do not appreciate His gifts.

It need not seem strange to anyone that Lenten theatre-going, for instance, which is not forbidden, is relatively wrong for the practical Christian. When one considers that Lent is a time of penance, and that everybody's spiritual nature demands certain acts of mortification, the matter of abstinence from the theatre during Lent seems reasonable enough.

Minnesota-Notre Dame Club.

The Twin City Notre Dame Club has changed its name to the Minnesota-Notre Dame Club. The officers elected for 1912 are as follows: president, Louis P. Chute, 7 University Ave., N. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota; vice-presidents, William M. O'Brien, Eden Valley, Minn., and Thomas J. McKeon, 817 Poiney Bldg., Duluth, Minn.; secretary, William D. Jamieson, 1903 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.; treasurer, Thomas O'Regan, 1773 Laurel Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

The executive committee in addition to the aforementioned officers, are as follows: George Freeman, care of O'Donnell Shoe Co., St. Paul, Minn.; Oliver J. Tong, Room 15 City Hall, St. Paul, Minn.; Judge Brady, 712 Osceola Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

There are on the list of the Minnesota-Notre Dame Club seventy-five names, thus making one of the largest clubs in point of membership.

Third Lenten Sermon.

On Wednesday evening Father George McNamara preached the third of the Lenten series of sermons. He took for his subject "Reverence." After some considerations on the love and respect which we ought to show those who in any field of legitimate human effort have achieved great things, Father McNamara came nearer to his theme and pointed out how necessary is respect for the name of God and of Christ. He emphasized the truth that not only those who use the holy Name with irreverence are guilty before God, but also those who lend encouragement by their silence when they hear others speak without reverence. Father McNamara's sermon was timely and strikingly practical for all of us.

Debating Preliminaries.

The spirited preliminaries for the Varsity debating teams held last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, forecast winning trios for the season of 1912. Thirteen men placed during the three trials, and of these, five will be eliminated in the intermediates, taking place April first and second. The remaining eight will contest for the places on the teams in Washington hall on a date to be announced later. On Thursday evening,

with Fathers Quinlan and Hagerty and Professor McCue as judges, the following men scored in the order named: James Stack, Holy Cross; Peter Mcersman, Arthur Hayes, and William Cusack, Corby. Friday evening Fathers O'Donnell, Walsh and Carrico judged. Emmett Lenihan, St. Joseph, William Fish, Joseph Gunster, and John McCague, Sorin, finished in order. For Saturday evening's contest, Fathers Maloney, Schumacher, and Carroll acted in the judicial capacity. Three men of last year's team were on the floor this evening and made the fight interesting. They finished in the following order: Simon F. Twining, John Burns and William Milroy of St. Joseph; while Vincent Ryan and Robert Milroy of Sorin finished fourth and fifth.

Besides the contests in the Notre Dame-Wabash-Indiana League, negotiations are conducted with Western Reserve for a debate on the same subject, namely "Resolved, That the Federal Government should be given exclusive control over corporations engaged in interstate commerce."

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The regular weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held on Wednesday night. The program given was that deferred from the previous Wednesday night because of examinations. The first number was a paper by Mr. Derrick upon "The Engineer and Public Utilities." Public Utilities are such institutions as railroads, bridges, tunnels, all of which are products of engineering skill. The engineer is as essential to modern life as is the lawyer, doctor and other professional men.

Mr. Cortazar followed with a paper on "The Hydraulic Engineer." The sphere of activity of the hydraulic engineer was well outlined by Mr. Cortazar. It includes irrigation, which is of vast importance to agriculture, and dredging of rivers and harbors, important to commerce.

"The Indestructibility of Matter" was well discussed in a paper read by Mr. Kirk. Lavoisier, the famous French chemist, was the first to promulgate the theory that matter is indestructible, and subsequent investigation and experiments have established the truth of his conclusions. Mr. Duque was principal in the general discussion which involved questions relative to the velocity of sound.

Personals.

—James B. Sherlock gives us his "best" by letter from Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri.

—Mr. Robert McGregor of Ligonier, Indiana, called on his nephew, Dan McGregor, of Brownson hall last week.

—Mr. John Murphy of Johnston, Pa., visited his son, John J. Murphy of Brownson hall during the week.

—"Jimmie" Hope (LL. B. '11) was a visitor at the University; Sunday. Last year's athletic manager is engaged in the law at DeKalb, Illinois.

—William Medley of Owensboro, Kentucky, whom the old boys will remember as a student in '02, was a caller at the University last week. Will and his brother Tom (A. B. '99) are engaged in business in Owensboro.

—John H. Mullin (A. B. '11) was present at the dinner given at the American College, Rome, in honor of Sir William Hoynes. John reports progress in his studies at the College and sends regards to all the old boys.

—Leo Hammersky (C. E. '09) is now one of the assistant engineers of the Big Four Railroad, with offices in Cincinnati, Ohio. Leo was in the division engineer's office at Mt. Carmel, Illinois, previous to his recent advance.

—John Shea (06) was a guest of the Notre Dame Club of New York at the banquet in honor of Sir William Hoynes last week. John, who was president of his class, showed the Notre Dame spirit by coming from his home in Holyoke, Mass., to welcome the honored son of Notre Dame.

—From Portland, Oregon, comes the news that Roscoe P. Hurst (LL. B. '06) is a candidate for district attorney of that city. Roscoe has practised in Portland since 1907, and is at present counsellor for the Portland Bar Association. Great work, Roscoe, and here's our support in your campaign!

—Mr. Thomas Maurice Mulry, who is announced in this issue as the recipient of the Laetare Medal is 57 years of age, having been born on Feb. 13, 1855. In 1909 he was elected President of the National Conference of Charities and Correction, New York. He is also president

of Superior Council St. Vincent de Paul Society of the United States. He has been raised to the dignity of Knight of St. Gregory. He has four brothers and two sons in the priesthood and is the father of thirteen children.

—Mr. Pedro A. Serrano (Student '05-'07) writes from Bacon, Sorsogon, Philippine Islands, as follows:

"It is my earnest hope and prayer that Notre Dame may continue her mission and that Minerva may crown our dear alma mater with the laurels of triumph. I am doing all I can here in the far East to proclaim her greatness."

Mr. Serrano will be remembered as one of the group of splendid Filipino boys who attended the University during 1905-1907.

—A letter from Harry Hogan (LL. B. '04) gives the following information about a well-known alumnus:

"While John Eggeman has been very sick—his life for a while despaired of—the doctor reports that he will be up and around and able to leave the hospital next week. At the present time he is sitting up in bed, receiving his friends and smoking good cigars.

"John is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Circuit Court judgeship, and the primaries for the same will be held April twelfth. We are all hoping that John will be well enough to make a fight for the nomination. If he is able to make any sort of a campaign he will be able to win, hands down."

Calendar.

- Sunday, March 17—St. Patrick's Day. Laetare Sunday
Mass: Celebrant, Rev. T. Burke; Sermon
Rev. J. Maguire.
Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
- Tuesday, March 19—St. Joseph's Day. Mass: Celebrant, Rev. J. Maguire; deacon, Rev. T. Irving; subdeacon, Rev. J. Farley; Sermon, Rev. C. O'Donnell.
Philopatrian play, Washington hall 2:00 p. m.
Ex-Governor Yates of Illinois on "The Lives that Lincoln Led," Washington hall, 5:00 p. m.
- Wednesday, March 20—Preliminaries for Peace
Oratorical, 5:00 p. m.
Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.
Reception of Sir William Hoynes, 8:00 p. m.
- Thursday, March 21—Triangular track meet—Sorin
Corby, Brownson.
- Friday, March 22—Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.
- Saturday, March 23—Bostonian Sextette, 5:00 p. m.

Reception to Colonel Hoynes.

At eight o'clock, Wednesday evening the following program will be given in Washington hall as a reception for Colonel Hoynes who recently was made a Knight of St. Gregory the Great by His Holiness Pius X.

Overture University Orchestra
 Introductory The President of the University
 Address in behalf of the Students of the University
 Harry M. Cullen, President of Senior Law Class
 Song of Notre Dame The Audience
 Address on behalf of the Faculty of the University
 Professor Martin J. McCue, Dean of the Civil
 Engineering Department
 Response Professor William Hoynes
 Song—"Notre Dame, My Notre Dame," The Audience

Local News.

—FOUND—A fountain pen. Apply to Bro. Alphonsus, Brownson hall.

—We are waiting for the vision of the first robin—not the winter robin, however.

—Capt. Granfield and Jimmy Cahill have been selected unanimously for the all-state basketball team.

—The library is a busy place these days with the debating candidates looking for matter to ballast their rhetoric.

—At present the rivalry among the halls to get the low score in the Delinquent List seems keener than any other sport.

—The St. Joseph hall boys have shown up well in Varsity debates, but in the interhall tryouts they don't make a quorum.

—Don't forget to learn the Notre Dame song for Wednesday night. Father Maguire will visit the different halls to rehearse the singing.

—The bulletins will be mailed to the homes of the students the beginning of next week.

—St. Joseph hall society is to give an entertainment next Tuesday.

—The members of the staff are busy these days fixing their neck-ties and curling the golden, jet-black or yellow hair for the great staff photograph which is ahead.

—The Philopatrians are about ready to face the footlights Tuesday evening in their annual play. They have been rehearsing

very faithfully, and with half-way good luck will do well.

They will present the "King of the Kelts" in Washington hall. This is a new play written for them by Mr. John Lane Connor, former Professor of Elocution at the University. It centers around James VI. of Scotland when that monarch was sixteen years of age.

—President Cavanaugh will speak in Detroit at the St. Patrick's day celebration there. Father O'Donnell will deliver a sermon on St. Patrick and his Mission at St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich. Father Carroll will speak in Bloomington, Ill., at the Hibernian banquet at which President James of Illinois University is the first speaker on the program. Father Quinlan will preach in the evening at Gary.

—Corby didn't get a passing mark in the track meet at Culver Military Academy last Saturday; but neither did Culver. The result was, Culver 60, Corby 40. Rockne corralled 21 points for Corby, and O'Neill, Donovan, Cavanaugh, Gushurst and Lequerica added the other 19. Rockne received first in the 440, shot-put, pole-vault and high-hurdles and third in the 220. The cadets were well trained and had considerable advantage in being used to the floor.

—The following books have been added to the Apostolate library: "The Wargrave Trust" and "The Light of the Vision" by Reid; "The Story of Cecilia" by Tynan; "The Winning of Barbara North" by Wright (presented by Dr. Lucas); "St. Patrick" and "St. Margaret" (Notre Dame series); "St. Thomas Aquinas" and "St. Bonaventure" (Friar Series); "Mother" by Norris; "Freckles" by Porter and "The Right of Way" by Parker (presented by Mr. Paul Byrne); "In the Footprints of the Padres" by Stoddard; "The Prairie Boy," "The Art of Disappearing," "A Woman of Culture" by Smith; "The Lily of the Coal Fields" by Whaler; "The Disappearance of John Longworthy" by Egan; "That Man's Daughter" by Ross; "My Lady Beatrice" by Cooke; "The Fly on the Wheel" by Thurston; "Chats by the Fireside" by O'Hagan; "The Quest of the Silver Fleece" by Du Bois. "The Common Cause," a magazine opposed to socialism, may be obtained from the director. Many articles in the Catholic papers on socialism are also available.

Athletic Notes.

DEPAUL LOSES SECOND TIME.

Thursday, March 7, Coach Maris sent the second squad back to Chicago to battle in basketball with DePaul University. The Coach had judged aright, for De Paul was not formidable. The cubs did not find their hands overfull, and took a rather good game, 32-20.

LAST GAME A VICTORY.

The question of superiority between the Varsity and the Commercial Athletic Club of South Bend was definitely settled last Saturday night. The teams met in the C. A. C. court, and the gold and blue took the game without exerting themselves to the limit. The Varsity had had some practice on the slick court, and showed that they could play the game on any court. The team worked remarkably well, especially Nowers. Their opponents put up a clean, game fight during the first half, which ended 17 to 14 in the Varsity's favor, but in the second half they were clearly outclassed, and allowed Coach Maris' men to score almost at will. The second half ended with the score 38 to 22. Summary:

Cahill	R. F.	Knox
McNichol	R. F.	Fauber
Granfield (Capt.)	C.	Barnhart (Capt.)
Nowers	L. G.	Pulfer
Feeney	L. G.	Whitaker

Field goals—McNichol 5, Nowers 5, Cahill 4, Granfield 4, Barnhart 3, Whitaker 2, Knox, Fauber, Pulfer. Free throws—McNichol 2; Barnhart 7. Referee—Immenhausen (Chicago.) Time of halves—20 minutes.

Last Sunday afternoon the team gathered to have its picture taken and to elect a captain for next year's five. Feeney, Granfield and McNichol received the same number of votes, and according to precedent, the choice was left to Manager Cotter. In recognition of Feeney's sterling work for the past two years, the honor was given to the giant left guard. Thus closes one of the most successful seasons in recent years.

VARSITY SMOTHERS OHIO STATE.

The Varsity track artists opened the season at home by winning the dual meet from Ohio State in handy fashion Thursday afternoon. The score was very one-sided, the Varsity getting 67 1-2 points to Ohio State's 25 1-2; but the

excellent marks made by the contestants kept the interest of the spectators at a high pitch to the very end.

Two world's records were equalled, one gym record broken, and four gym records tied. Forrest Fletcher, captain of the gold and blue team, tied his own mark of two years ago, which equals the world's record, by doing the 40-yard low hurdle in five seconds flat. Fred Williams, in the 40-yard high hurdles event, likewise tied a world record set by Forrest Smithson, on the Notre Dame track in 1907, doing the big barriers in five and two-fifths seconds. Smithson's feat was performed on the local gym floor. Wikoff of Ohio State, who broke the gym record last year by doing the two-mile in 9:55 1-2, surpassed his former exhibition by again lowering the floor record to 9:52 3-5. Creswell, also of Ohio State, finished a close second, not fifteen yards behind Wikoff. State's two-miler spun off a wonderful time, but the most remarkable part of it was the freshness he showed at the finish, doing the last lap in quarter-mile style. Knute Rockne repeated his performance of last year by pole-vaulting eleven feet, holding, together with O'Neill, the house record. The relay team, composed of Fisher, Buder, Bergman and Fletcher, tied another last year's record by putting the two-thirds mile relay behind them in 2 minutes and fourteen seconds.

Captain Fletcher was easily the individual point winner, taking 19 1-4 points with three firsts, a second, and a position on the winning relay team. Williams was a distant second with 8 points to his credit.

The team is especially strong in the dashes, and its weakest point is shown in the long distance grinds. The gold and blue scored firsts in the 40-yard, 220-yard, 440-yard, and 880-yard events and Mehlem, and Henehan took second in the first three of these; but they dropped both first and second in the mile and two mile runs.

Plant won the half mile after a hard and exciting race against Magee, in which the time was 2:05 1-5 minutes.

Perhaps the event which most pleased the fans was the relay race, and the very fast time set the bleachers cheering wildly. Altogether, the form displayed by the Varsity augurs that our team will be exceptionally fast this year, and we should not have a hard time annexing a majority of victories. Summary:

40-yard dash—Won by Fletcher of Notre Dame; Mehlem, Notre Dame, second. Time, :04 3-5 seconds.

High jump—Won by Fletcher of Notre Dame; Hood, Notre Dame, second. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

220-yard dash—Won by Bergman of Notre Dame; Mehlem, Notre Dame, second. Time, :24 2-5 seconds.

Mile run—Won by Crellin of Ohio State; Hawk of Ohio State, second. Time, 4 minutes 38 seconds.

Shot put—Won by Gussman of Ohio State; O'Neill, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 42 feet 5 3-4 inches.

440-yard dash—Won by Fisher of Notre Dame; Henehan, Notre Dame, second. Time, :53 2-5 sec.

40-yard low hurdles—Won by Fletcher of Notre Dame; Williams, Notre Dame, second. Time, :05.

880-yard run—Won by Plant of Notre Dame; Magee, Ohio State, second. Time, 2 minutes 5 1-5 seconds.

Pole vault—Won by Rockne of Notre Dame; O'Neill of Notre Dame and Kessler of Ohio State tied for second. Height, 11 feet.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Williams of Notre Dame; Fletcher, Notre Dame, second. Time, :05 2-5 seconds.

Two mile run—Won by Wikoff of Ohio State; Cresswell, Ohio State, second. Time, 9:53 3-5.

Relay race—Won by Notre Dame (Fisher, Birder, Bergman, Fletcher). Time, 2:14.

Safety Valve.

We have discovered our friend Norckauer writing that Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807.

You probably have noticed that These Columns gave out the same dope a week ago. Here's something for ye sharks on plagiarism!

We suggest this modification: "The blade of which was sunk deep in the swollen *tonsil* of the other" Tonsilitis will obviously explain the detail of the swollen tonsil.

Brownson copped first place in the regular semi-monthly Interhall Delinquent Tournament with a total of 53. Carroll was a close second with 30. Old C. with only nine entries did pretty well, thanks.

Wish Frank Boos would set Mr. George Baxter, Inventor, to work on charging with an electric trolley dem guys what one sees *semper et ubique* with drooped shoulders, hands in pockets, clouded with the smoke of borrowed tobacco.

Domo, are, ui, tum—to tame, whence we get the word *Dome* meaning *tame*.

This year again it is found best to hold Easter immediately preceding the Senior Ball.

THE MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

V.—Leo J. Condon.

Leo Condon is high up in the ranks of the Battalion. He looks like a soldier and acts like one. "Como un soldado de Mejico," gravely commented one of

our neighboring compatriots, as our hero stalked nigh us in the near past. Also he is perhaps the greatest natural debater in this University up to and including Peter J. Meersman. Of course, there are more expert-cold-storage debaters who appear and disappear in the great annual gas-bag balloon ascension. But for pure natural argument, exposition, narration and description we concede the center of the avenue to Leo J. We ourself have witnessed his prowess in and out of doors, on the straightaway and curved track, yet we confess never to have seen him depart accepting the badge of defeat. We can only apply to him the words of the immortal poet,
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
How one small head could carry all he knew.

THE VISIT OF PRINCE YO-KO-LO.

The University was honored some time ago by a visit from Prince Yo-ko-lo, supreme royalty of the Yo-ko-lo-ko Islands. The grand parade that escorted the prince was formed down near Leper's bridge and wended its weary way up the Niles road. The line of march was as follows: First came the knights of the Delinquent List, a hundred odd, who acted as an advance body-guard; the Knights of the Come-Back-Late-After-Christmas followed hard after. Then the Special Exam Bunch, properly appareled, the Skiver Secret Society, and the Boat Crew in full dress—rather cool and refined—moved along in the order named. A delegation from old College occupied a closed carriage with Main 3826 installed lest *she* should call while *he* was away. The St. Joe hall track team moved in fine form with Pup Traynor bearing on his back the numerals 18 1-2. Arrived at the green gates of the Forbidden Palace there was a dignified nine rahs for the queens, following which the parade moved east to the University. From the front steps of the Main Building Mr. Erich Hans de Fries read an ode in Latin which enjoys the distinction of being the worst we have ever heard. P. A. Barry followed with a dignified speech of welcome which was liberally sprinkled with Ph². Late in the afternoon the prince left for the city on the Hill car which ran off the track as usual, especially in his honor. We hope Prince Yo-ko-lo of Yo-ko-lo-ko will visit us soon again.

The Societies are on again. Nine rahs for copy!

March 8—U. N. D. College Champions.

C. A. A. Independent Champions.

March 10—U. N. D. College Champions.

C. A. A. Dependent Champions.

Captain Tacitus' battle ship *Germania* has been sent to dry dock.

Erin go bragh.

Come friend, let us walk abroad

In the slushy snow.

Please do not cuss us.

The Staff will be pictured for Easter.