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Song of the Wrens.

MAURICE I. NORCKAUER, '14.

WE are snug in our nest,
Two happy young lovers;
Only peace we request
In our snug little nest.
Oh, the peace! oh, the rest!
That so close o'er us hovers.
We are snug in our nest,
Two happy young lovers.

The Vicar of Wakefield: A Study.

HENRY I. DOCKWEILER, '12.



GREATER perhaps than Goldsmith, the poet, the dramatist, and the essayist, is Goldsmith the novelist, who, while he gave to the world of novel fiction only one work, has succeeded in producing a book whose tenderness of feeling, delicacy of thought, and unequalled purity and grace of style, have placed it foremost among all the novels of the eighteenth century. Truly, of all the eighteenth century novels it is the one we would be least willing to part with: for, although it is almost one hundred and fifty years old, the world loves it still as it loves its author. It alone of all the mass of novels—some of them masterpieces—which the eighteenth century brought forth, has in its charm continued as at first, amid the fitful changes of generations and the ebbs and flows of literary likes and dislikes, and is today known in many different languages, and forms a household book wherever the English language is spoken.

Yet, while speaking of the "Vicar of Wake-

field" as an eighteenth century novel, it is really not such in many respects. It forms an exception to that class of work which was a criticism of life. Goldsmith's aim in writing, as he tells us, was to make a book that would offend nobody, and in this we may say he was eminently successful. Practically all the novelists of Goldsmith's time had inserted in the advertisements to their works something to the effect that they intended to say or imply nothing that would "kindle a blush on the face of innocence itself." But, singularly enough, they never lived up to their promises. Goldsmith alone lived up to the letter of this conventional assertion; and in so doing he was instrumental in eradicating and purifying the novel, which, up to his time, had been characterized by brutal and indecent tendencies. He had a beautiful reverence for pure womanhood, which finds expression in almost every page of his novel, and which served him well as a safeguard against the vulgarity so common in the works of novelists such as Smollett and Sterne, who were representatives of the best literary geniuses of the middle eighteenth century.

The story of how the "Vicar of Wakefield" was found by Dr. Johnson forms one of those little anecdotes, which so oddly associate themselves with great literary works. It appears that toward the close of 1766 Goldsmith's rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the assistance of the sheriff's officer, who forthwith conducted the delinquent off to jail. Goldsmith, in a high state of choler, dispatched a friend to dear old Doctor Johnson, who, returning a guinea with the messenger, promised to follow in a short time. When at length he arrived he found his friend even more violent in his remonstrances to the landlady: for by this time,

Goldsmith having spent part of the guinea for a bottle of Madeira, was somewhat under the influence of liquor. Calming his friend, Johnson undertook to discuss means whereby the former could extricate himself from his financial embarrassment: whereupon, Goldsmith displayed a manuscript—"ready for the press." This was the "Vicar of Wakefield." Johnson, critic as he was, looking it over "saw its merits," as he tells us, and immediately went off, sold it for £60 to some publishers, paid his friend's obligations, and had some money left for more Madeira for the much-persecuted Goldsmith.

The "Vicar of Wakefield" is a story of misfortune that leads to fortune, wisdom that leads to simplicity, unselfishness that leads to extreme benevolence, and adherence to the right course of action that leads to peace of conscience during trial and ultimately to the restoration of the Vicar and his family to their former condition of happiness. The English clergyman, Dr. Primrose, passes through all these states. But in his trials—through his poverty, his consequent imprisonment, and most of all the irreparable loss of his daughters—he remains firm in his love of and faith in the Almighty, who, he insists, will direct things aright. The story reveals a very apparent moral, which has its exemplification in the old Vicar, and may be conveniently summed up in this statement: "A good man is unmoved by adversity."

There is no doubt that the "Vicar of Wakefield" is a romance. The qualities of romanticism—illusion, imagination, charm, and poetry—are present in every chapter. And yet, let us not overestimate its romanticism: for that appeals to us singularly romantic which reproduces old manners, etiquette, and grace—that "from which emanates the spirit of vanished years,"—which, written in the time it seeks to picture, would appear far from romantic. The case is much the same with Goldsmith's work. While Goldsmith was a romanticist, his romanticism is of a peculiar sort. It stands in good contrast with that of Richardson: for, we must confess, there is a general tone about the work of realistic detail and truthfulness of effect, which is noticeably lacking in Richardson's "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," or "Sir Charles Grandison."

It has been urged by critics that it is very probable when Goldsmith undertook to write his novel he had in view no very definite plan

of movements and events. A loosely constructed plot is cited in support of this contention. About the truth of this there can, indeed, be no dispute—a loose plot is the one great fault of the book. The story is replete with wild improbabilities and inconsistencies. "The fable," says one commentator, "is indeed one of the worst that was ever constructed. It wants not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants and fairies." The author's insistency upon adding one after another misfortune on the "much persecuted" Vicar, leads to such a deal of trouble that, when the end of the story is reached, he finds himself hopelessly involved. The frantic means then resorted to in order to reunite the Primrose family in their former happiness are, to say the least, a bit unnatural.

Goldsmith evidently saw the impossible position he had created for himself, and gives us two solutions for it. First, in the words of the Vicar he draws our attention upon "those accidental meetings," which, happening, as he maintains every day, all around us, seldom if ever excite our surprise except our attention be drawn to them. Accepting this, the whole maze—improbable but not impossible—can be unravelled. Secondly, if that does not suit, we can take the author's statement that the happy ending is really no part of the story proper. But if these two fail to give us satisfaction, Goldsmith comes boldly forth, and, in vindication of his position, acknowledges, as he has it worded in the Advertisement to the book, that "There are an hundred faults in this thing."

It is for portraiture rather than plot; for a remarkable development of individual characters; for a felicity of manner; for a sweetness of interpretation; and for an equally beautiful rise and fall, ebb and flow of alternating, pathetic and humorous incidents, that we love and praise the "Vicar of Wakefield." The work is essentially a novel of "personality": and as such is a good example. And yet, all the development of character is done in a homely, unpretentious manner. We are carried along with the progress of the story. We grow more and more acquainted with the Vicar, Olivia, Mrs. Primrose, Moses, and all who pass before us until at length they become as personal acquaintances rather than figures in fiction.

Indeed, we can forget the action, the plot, and the setting, of the "Vicar of Wakefield": but we can never forget the characters which the author has so perfectly painted. All are singularly quaint, typical, and beautiful.

In the portrayal of the old Vicar, Goldsmith has been particularly successful. It has been well said, that "There is as much human nature in the character of the Vicar alone as would have furnished any fifty novels of that day or of this." We love him because he is free from the artificial; his ideas of justice and duty are clear; and he always has the courage of conviction to act as he thinks proper. True, he is shrewd and has a bit of vanity; but this is not in the least objectionable in so kindly an old gentleman, and, if anything, serves only to give a human element to his character. We are charmed by his easy conversations, his quaint humor, his unaffected simplicity, his resignation to the decrees of Heaven, and his moral dignity, which he could so forcibly bring forward when occasion demanded it. Truly, as one critic says, even the little secrets he makes known to us of his paternal rule, add their share to making us more and more familiar with him.

Indeed, all the admirable qualities of heart and soul in the Vicar conspire to form a character whose equal is not found in the best of eighteenth century novels, and a character which stands forth singularly brilliant and well defined, high above the mass of even well-drawn characters of later literary epochs. One critic even ventures, to assert that "the 'Vicar of Wakefield' portrays the most amiable, humane and pious soul in English literature." This is probably an over-statement of the Vicar's character. It may be that it is his perfect simplicity and kindness that cause us to fall in love with and become enthusiastic about him. Still, it remains true that if Goldsmith has been successful enough to create such a character he is at least entitled to receive the recognition of having accomplished something which only too many authors have striven for and failed.

In elegance, grace and freshness of style, Goldsmith stands in the foremost rank of English writers. It has been well said that "he who desires to write noble English can not go to a better school than that of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" "Novels," says William Black, "like the 'Vicar of Wakefield' are not written

at a moment's notice, even though any Newbery, judging by results, is willing to double the £60 which Johnson considered to be a fair price for the story at the time." Johnson, it is related, once said of Goldsmith that he had the power "of saying anything he had to say in a pleasing manner." Lord Macaulay calls Goldsmith "one of the most pleasing English writers of the eighteenth century," while Goethe bears testimony to the wholesome effect the "Vicar of Wakefield" had upon his "formative period"; and, among later critics, the eminent professor of Glasgow University, Walter Raleigh, says, "No praise is too high for Goldsmith's style."

Goldsmith, however, had no remarkable intellect; he was no profound thinker; nor was his mind very productive. And this may in a measure account for his inability to put forth sustained plot development. Therefore his fame rests solely upon his graceful literary composition and his charm of style. His delicately sympathetic nature shines forth from every page of his novel, and is especially well exemplified in the kindly old Vicar. What is more, Goldsmith had an exquisite power of criticism; and it is only fair to presume that Johnson's selling the "Vicar of Wakefield" so soon alone prevented its author from giving to it more of that careful polish and minute correction which characterize all his best productions. The light and graceful, copious and pure structure of Goldsmith's sentences are particularly noticeable. His paragraphs are simple, but never homely. Goldsmith's work is never forced. Only a few times, in the course of the whole narrative, do we find evidence of study on the part of the author.

Truly no eighteenth century novelist, other than Goldsmith, was capable of conceiving such a story as the "Vicar of Wakefield," upon which, to quote from Bunyan, "the very dew of heaven is still fresh." Men of letters were too sophisticated—too much dominated by that spirit of satirizing life. Goldsmith was thoroughly different: he did not sympathize with their pessimistic outlook upon life; and, as his writings testify, he was in this regard far in advance of his age.

If there is anything that appeals to the reader of the "Vicar of Wakefield" it is the author's optimism—his philosophy of life. Indeed, he has no dearth of this. The resigned old Vicar, amid all his afflictions, which come not singly but in abundance, still hopes, and

prays, and blesses the Sender of them. At times this optimism seems stretched to the breaking point: and we are prone to believe that, under similar circumstances, even the best of men would not arm themselves with that absolute resignation, which, as we have already said, is the principal characteristic of Dr. Primrose. And yet, this does not detract from the merit of the story.

No better example of Goldsmith's capability of handling the two elements of the pathetic and ludicrous can be brought forward than his "Vicar of Wakefield." One would naturally be led to think that the author's misfortunes—his being knocked about from "garrets to taverns, from lodgings to clubs"—would have affected him, and as a consequence deeply tinged his writings with pathos. This, unquestionably, in many cases was true, but Goldsmith was able to turn to the other extreme, and, as has been well said, "he surpasses all our humorists in the combination of delicate wit and extravagant fun." His jocular spirit was easily aroused; but he never so far forgot himself as to become coarse. Walter Raleigh says, that "its admirable comedy is perhaps the highest merit of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,'" and while undoubtedly this remark is a little overdrawn, it is noteworthy at least in showing what a great part comedy did play in Goldsmith's work. Moses and his gross of spectacles, the sharper and his discussions on cosmology, the Vicar and his treatises on monogamy, the city ladies and their tales of Sir Tomkyns, the young women and their face paint, and many other such humorous incidents, have indeed provoked hearty laughter from every reader of the novel. Goldsmith's devices for arousing a gentle humor as for arousing a tender pathos, are original, says Raleigh, and therefore particularly effective.

In the final analysis, after the critic has made his assay of the "Vicar of Wakefield," we feel sure that he will find at the bottom of his crucible the element of satire. Goldsmith was a satirist: but a lovable one—paradoxical as that may seem. He was free from that fierce satirical spirit, which ran riot in so much of the eighteenth century literature; he had so much of that "milk of human kindness" in him that when he ridicules the follies of his day, it is "tenderly, as if he loved them." His satire never provokes ill-feeling.

At the first appearance of the "Vicar of

Wakefield" it would appear that the literary world for the most part took little or no cognizance of it, and consequently its author was subjected to those penalties that usually attend success. Indeed, if we are to believe some commentators on Goldsmith's life, even the author's own friends were not particularly struck with it at first. Evidently no one appreciated the fact that a new birth in literature was come. Periodicals of the class of the *Monthly Review* and *St. James Chronicle* scarcely deigned to notice it. It was left to the editors of such magazines as the *London Chronicle* and *Lloyd's Evening Post* to pass judgment upon it; but the opinions of these editors counted for very little in the literary circles of England. And yet the success of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is attested to by the acclamation it received from the public—the public, which, although considered fickle, very, very often proves a better judge of a book's real merit than the professional critic. Indeed, such was the demand for Goldsmith's novel that, four months after its first publication in May, 1766, a second addition was hurried through the press.

With Goldsmith's work the eighteenth century novel may be said to have passed. True, there was no lessening in the number of books published subsequent to the "Vicar of Wakefield;" but they were so immeasurably inferior even to the first productions of the century, that they are undeserving of the name eighteenth century novels, and they sink into oblivion amid the rise of a new school of fiction. At best their themes were merely the re-thrashing of the time-worn "satire of life novel." It was the distaste for such works that bred the germ of the new school; but it was not that sort of novel represented by the "Vicar of Wakefield" that provoked the "romantic revival." Indeed, this work stands out singularly great from the mass of eighteenth century novels. It is in many respects no index of its time. Truly, in more ways than one it may be taken as an excellent example of that new type of novel, "which was perhaps," as William Long phrases it, "more remarkable for its promise than for its achievement."

Benediction.

THE sky aglow in crimson o'er the brine,
The sinking sun's last parting ray divine,
Is heaven's monst'rance gleaming on the bay,
A benediction at the close of day. W. J. B.

Varsity Verse.

MAY-TIME.

THE morn awake, but only half
 The lake, with shadows mirrored back,
 With sounds that linger like a laugh
 Arising from its glittering track.
 A man, a boat, a mandolin,
 The stars, full-set in deepest blue;
 There's peace without and joy within
 When life is born once more anew.
 'Tis May, that makes all things rejoice,
 A month, whose days and nights sublime
 Cause man and beast in single voice
 To praise the Author of this time.

B. H. L.

KANSAS

In the warm embrace of the sun's soft rays,
 Where the fair sweet face of Nature smiles
 'Neath the loving light in God's sweet gaze,
 O'er the prairies stretching for miles and miles.
 And the deep unrest of the vagrant breeze
 Wakes the echoes sleeping among the trees,
 And sports with the hours till the gold-tinted West
 Cradles Day in his arms for her night of rest,
 Ah! 'tis there that my heart will ever be,
 Where the soul is filled, and the blood runs free;
 Where the tinge of life thrills the perfumed air,
 'Tis the place I love,—and my heart is there.

F. C. S.

APRIL 20.

Say, mother, bring my old straw hat,
 I long to put it on,
 Old winter's back is broken now,
 His fearful grip is gone.
 So get that good old Panama,
 My summer coat and vest,
 It's always safe to bet on Spring
 When robins make their nest.

MAY 20.

Say, mother, bring my overcoat,
 And the old wool cap please mend;
 I'm freezing now, and creeping chills
 My very soul would rend.
 So shut that door, and keep it shut
 Against the snow and wind.
 Confound this climate anyhow,
 The worst that man could find.

J. A. H.

THE TWOFOLD MEASURE.

Here we measure our life by years,
 While we struggle and fret and plod;
 But beyond this vale of tears,
 It's as long as the life of God.

L. F.

The Wrong Assistant.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

When "Curly" Roger came to Chicago it was his chief boast that he had worked in five of the leading business stores of his home town. Yet "Curly" was too wise to tell any one that he relinquished two of his positions because he was informed that his assistance was no longer required; that his third employer needed a more competent person than himself; that the druggist dispensed with his services when he sold a customer strychnine for cough medicine; that his fifth place of business, a grocery store, went bankrupt when he used gasoline one morning to start the fire instead of kerosene. So "Curly" came to Chicago to seek work chiefly because he was too well known in his own town and because employers and customers had to take out life insurance policies when "Curly" was behind the counter.

He had been in Chicago now about a week, and his dwindling funds were silent yet forcible reminders that he must seek work or go back to father. The latter was not at all inviting to him as his father's anger had never quite subsided since the day he had to reimburse the grocer for Curly's carelessness. Thinking it more expedient to choose the former course he picked up a paper and turned to the "Want ad" column.

"Wanted—Young man, 19-21, Clerk in drug store. Apply at once. 6546 Cottage Grove."

This "ad" appealed especially to "Curly." True, he was only eighteen, but he had experience, and he asked himself, "What matters age when experience has been the teacher?" Accordingly he determined to apply for the position immediately. But where was 6546 Cottage Grove? This was the question "Curly" asked himself. Here he must not show his lack of knowledge of the streets or he would be promptly singled out as a rustic. So he set out to find 6546 Cottage Grove with no more idea of its whereabouts than he had of his watch, which was missing since the first day of his arrival in the city. In vain he walked the streets from early morning until sunset seeking for his future place of business, for "Curly" had no misgivings as to his getting

the position could he only find the store. The next morning his pride yielded to his physical weakness and to common sense. He inquired of the landlady for the desired address. What was his surprise to learn that it was only two blocks distant from the boarding-house! Despite the feeling of self-discontent that came over him, he left the house and started for the drug store.

A small portion of the store was reserved for an ice-cream parlor where there were a few tables to accommodate customers. When "Curly" entered, one of these tables was occupied by an elderly gentleman. But "Curly" did not notice him and immediately walked up to the druggist and made his mission known. A conversation lasting five or ten minutes ensued during which the stranger at the table was an unobserved listener. Finally the druggist addressed "Curly" in tones somewhat more audible to the listener than before.

"Well, I guess we can use you, and you can start work right away. It's only nine o'clock now and Dolan, my assistant, will be here at eleven. At ten o'clock I must go down town. That will leave you in charge for about an hour; but business is quiet in the morning and you'll find it easy. Dolan knows we need a clerk and he will be pleased to learn I've secured one."

At this juncture several customers entered the store and the stranger at the table arose and left unseen by "Curly" who was making his first sale. At ten o'clock Mr. Silverthorne, the proprietor, took his departure and "Curly" was alone. His boss was gone only fifteen minutes when the new clerk went to the show case, picked out a choice cigar and lit it, just as a gentleman entered. He surmised that he was a customer, but soon found he was mistaken when he saw him remove his coat, go behind the counter and put on a white jacket.

"The assistant boss!" thought "Curly" and he began to have misgivings as to what the assistant boss would say should he see him smoking a cigar from the show case. But his fears were soon quelled when the gentleman spoke.

"I presume you are our new clerk?"

"Yes, sir," answered "Curly," somewhat timidly. "My name is Roger. I believe I understood Mr. Silverthorne to say your name was—"

"Dolan," broke in the other as he seated

himself at the cash register and began to count a roll of bills. You may as well finish that cigar you just laid down and enjoy your smoke."

"Curly," eagerly picked up his cigar, tipped the ashes with his little finger into a cuspidor and breathed more freely. The assistant boss wasn't so bad after all; in fact "Curly" was beginning to like him. This time he advanced the conversation.

"Mr. Silverthorne said you would not be here till—"

"Eleven o'clock," again broke in Dolan, "but I got around sooner than I expected. I forgot today was Wednesday and the bank closes at 11:30. So I must get our cash in this morning. Open the safe and bring me the strong box."

"Scuse me, Mister, but I don't know how to open it."

"That's so, you don't, I forgot you were just new here," answered Dolan as he picked up a small card from the cash drawer on which was written the combination. Next he crossed the room and began to unlock the safe. As he was doing this, "Curly" sat behind the counter on a large stove, smoking leisurely.

"When did Mr. Silverthorne say he'd return?" asked Dolan, and as he spoke he slowly opened the door of the safe.

"Eleven o'clock," quickly responded the new clerk.

"Eleven o'clock, eh?" slowly repeated Dolan, more intent on what he was doing than what he was saying. "Curly" remained silent chiefly because he had no excuse for talking and blew rings of smoke toward the ceiling. Presently Dolan closed the large iron door of the safe and walked over to the cash register.

"So Mr. Silverthorne," he said, addressing "Curly" who was enveloped in a small cloud of smoke, "will be back at eleven? Well,—a—I must be off to the bank now. Perhaps I may be back before he gets in. Anyway I'll take these few bills here and make one deposit of it all. I'm leaving you sufficient change in the drawer here should you need it."

"All right, sir," said "Curly," switching his cigar to the other side of his mouth.

Dolan then hung up his white jacket, put on his coat and picked a choice Perfecto from the case.

"If Driscoll calls,—he's the doctor, we fill all his prescriptions,—tell him to choose a good cigar and have a smoke on me," said

Dolan lighting the Perfecto, and then he walked out.

"Gee, he's a trump of a boss," chuckled "Curly" to himself. "Take all the smokes I want and whenever I want. I see where I hold on to this job."

That evening the headlines of the *Daily News* read in large type:

"Extra! South Side Drug Store Robbed in Broad Daylight. Clever robber poses as Assistant Boss when new clerk is left in charge of store. Estimated theft, \$4000.00."

The Realism of Howells.

JACOB R. GEIGER, '14.

The first half of the nineteenth century marked the beginning of Romanticism. When the romanticists broke away from the classic writers their motto was, "Back to nature." The modern school of fiction, Realism, used this same motto when they broke away from Romanticism. When the romantic writers turned back to nature they turned from the clipped hedges and formal gardens of the classic writers to the hills and forests of nature. The realists saw not only the hills and forests but the hot, dusty roads and the sticky, fever-laden swamps. When the romantic idealist went into raptures over the beauties of spring the realist saw also the damp, dreary days of March and April with their attending ills and discomforts. The realist gives up the artist's right of exclusion and takes the photographer's necessity of picturing things as they are.

There are three main divisions of realism: first, the mere copying of facts, the taking of a word photograph; second, the deliberate choice of the commonplace; third, the choice of the unpleasant, the vile or the obscene. In these three forms we may trace the development of realism. The reason that realism started was that romanticism went to extremes. This is just what realism is now doing.

Idealism if carried too far is not pleasing. We know too well that every man is not a hero. On the other hand every man is not a villain. Idealism gives these two extremes, although some realists seem to see in man only a brute. The commonplace is, then, the field for realism. A halfway course is always the better. Extremes are never successful, and as "Virtue lies in the middle" the form of fiction that

"idealizes the real" is the form that should be the most successful.

Dean Howells, the foremost American novelist, is the leader of realism in America. He says, regarding fiction: "Fiction should not concern itself with the hundredth possibility, but with the ninety-nine others." Thus he puts the ratio of the heroic to the commonplace as one to one hundred. If this be true, and it no doubt is, fiction should concern itself with the commonplace, for modern fiction insists upon trueness to life as one of its foremost requisites. Realism in its strictest sense is impossible; we can not portray life just as it is. Should we find a man whose life would make a perfect novel it would be the one from the one hundred and therefore not commonplace. Howells selects real characters and idealizes them to a certain extent. He retouches his photographs of life. He is then not a strict realist, but since he is what the world calls a realist he must be considered as such. Howells says in another place, "As in literature the true artist will shun the use of even real events if they are of an improbable character, so the sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases, but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness." This shows that he took the commonplace even in realism by refusing to write even true occurrences if they were out of the ordinary.

A brief review of one of his famous books will show this spirit of idealized realism in his choice of the commonplace. One of his most noted books is "The Rise of Silas Lapham." The book is realistic in its treatment. Silas Lapham is chosen to represent the class of wealthy people who achieved their fortunes in a short time and had not the education nor the culture of their wealthy fellowmen. Silas Lapham is a farmer who has had little or no education. He worked hard in his youth, but by some lucky chance found a mineral on his farm that produced a superior mineral paint. From this paint he made a fortune and was soon a millionaire. Now this event is far from commonplace. Men do not find paint mines on ninety-nine farms out of one hundred. Therefore it would seem that Howells has selected the one instead of the ninety-nine. However, many of our present millionaires made their fortunes in some such a way, so Silas Lapham represents a class of

uncultured millionaires and their struggles to break into society. The rest of the novel is purely realistic. His daughters are raised in an old-fashioned manner and consequently are not able to enter society as persons of their wealth should. This is all very natural; when we have seen the character of Lapham and his wife we feel that it is inevitable that his daughters should be old-fashioned. In their ignorance of society and its ways one of the girls imagines that a young Mr. Corey is in love with her. Her father and mother and her other sister think the same, but the truth is that Corey loves the other sister. When he tells her of his love it falls like a blow upon the entire family. Here again Howells deviates from the commonplace. But so carefully is his book written that this mistake seems inevitable. In fact his style gives that impression throughout the book. Everything happens because it has to. There is no chance that it could happen otherwise. Many of his results seem very much out of the commonplace. For instance, Lapham's house burns down just at the right time to complete his financial ruin. Yet, when we look back at the cause of its destruction we again find that it is extremely natural that it should happen.

There is nothing heroic in the book. The action is very commonplace. The characters make the story. Howells is noted for character delineation. One can not imagine that any action of Silas Lapham could possibly have been otherwise after seeing the character of the man. The plot of the novel is very slight and somewhat out of the commonplace, yet the characters are so well developed that the story seems perfectly real. His realism, then, is found in his characters more than in his plots. He writes with a very interesting style. He gives pleasure by the mere process of writing, and to this is largely due his fame as a novelist.

Dean Howells, like Jane Austen, may be compared to an artist painting a miniature on ivory. His field is very limited. He has chosen the commonplace; his style of writing makes his novels what they are. It is a middle course between the ideal and the real. Howells has made this form a success. It is a form requiring an artist, and a miniature artist at that. The commonplace life is the piece of ivory and Howells is the master miniature artist required to paint a picture on this small space.

The Laugh of the Loon.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

He who has had occasion to paddle silently over the mirrored surface of a little lake nestled in the pine-clad hills of the northern woods, knows well the cry of the loon. When the sun has set in scarlet splendor, and the first long shadows have begun to blend the sombre green of the pines with the steel blue of the lake, there comes eerily over the silent waters a long, mournful, whistling wail, whose weirdness no writer, however gifted, could adequately describe. As the shuddering whistle dies into silence, there is borne upon the listener a feeling that its melancholy notes are the echoes of Nature's grief over the tragedies daily enacted in the wilderness, in which the principals are frequently Indians, often backwoodsmen, but generally the wary creatures of the wilds.

A young man sat upon the farthestmost log of the rotting pier and gazed stonily out across the unruffled stretches of Namewakon lake. A battered felt hat, shapeless and soiled, half concealed his unkept hair, and three weeks' growth of beard wholly concealed a mouth that was weak but amiable, and a jaw that was none too firm. He wore the coarse red shirt and cheap rough trousers of the typical lumberjack, and the boots on his swinging feet were high and well spiked. But though his garb was strictly conventional in that region, the eyes and brow were not. The forehead was smooth, high and well developed, suggesting a former environment far removed from the fastnesses of Sakawan Valley. The eyes were those of a man fated to gaze regretfully into the past, and with passive hopelessness into a cheerless future.

At his back lay the straggling town of Namewakon. It did not differ materially from any other lumbering village. A single, irregular street sloped toward the water front, faced on each side with rough board structures. Five or six unpainted buildings dignified as saloons, a couple of dance halls, a rickety hotel, general store and company office.

From the dance halls wheezed the tortured strains of the "latest" song hits,—"latest" by virtue of the fact that they had been popular in the cities eight or ten months before. Discordant tumult from the saloons bespoke the

activities of the lumberjacks who were pleasantly engaged in squandering in one night's drunken carousal the proceeds of four months' hard work. An owl hooted from a pine way up on the bluff, a fox barked in the distant underbrush, the riotous tumult of the non-abstainers increased momentarily.

The young man paid little heed to these sounds of revelry. He was staring with unseeing eyes out to where two teal broke the placid surface of the water with silver streaks. His hands were clenched tightly, and the knuckles stood out white upon fingers grown calloused and crooked from manual labor of the roughest sort. Instead of the twilight wilderness, he seemed to see a sun-kissed Adirondack lake. He saw a young man lazily paddling a canoe in which also sat a white-gowned girl. They were listening to the music of a pavilion band, borne to them upon the afternoon breeze, softened and mellowed by the distance.

The young man had asked the ages old question, and had ceased to paddle while he listened to the girl's eager, impetuous reply. She was sorry, of course, as they all profess to be, but instead of a suburban home she had mapped out for herself a "career."

Numerous friends had told her, she explained, speaking very rapidly, that she was better looking, and possessed of vastly more talent, than many a prima donna that smiled out of a picture hat upon the envious readers of Sunday supplements. She wanted to work her way to the top of the theatrical profession. She craved the plaudits of the multitude, the commendation of the critics, the adulation of the press. The young man had attempted fruitlessly to dissuade her, but she had only smiled sadly and shook her head.

As they turned again toward the shore, from somewhere far out in the lake, there floated in the mocking laugh of a loon. For besides its long-drawn-out wail, the loon, that bird of superstition and mystery, laughs with a demoniacal glee that causes the stoical redman to aver that it is the re-incarnation of a lost soul.

The young man started out of his reverie abruptly, and drew his rough sleeve hastily across his eyes. For in the other young man who assisted the white-gowned girl out of the canoe, he recognized his former self.

He lived over again the ensuing years,

when he had lost interest in life, and leaving the East had plunged into the vortex of existence in the dissolute North. He recalled his memories of her, the letters sent but not answered, and the eagerness with which he had devoured every passing notice pertaining to stage life. Not knowing her professional name, however, he could only wonder, as each new star scintillated into temporary fame, whether or not it might be she.

Since then fifteen years had elapsed, years of unrequited toil, morbid retrospection and soul-consuming bitterness. Discarding the ethics of the East, as he had discarded its fashions, he became an ingrained part of the crude North, reasoning, thinking and acting with the simple directness of all true inhabitants of the grim northern solitudes.

But tonight he thought apathetically of the hundreds of other nights he had awakened to shudder with hard choky sobs, or to curse in impotent rage his wasted life, while the branches outside his cabin clashed and the north wind moaned in seeming sympathy.

Earlier that evening he had wandered into the Red Star dance hall. A rough stage had been hastily improvised at the far end of the structure, and to the wailing accompaniment of the two-piece "orchestra" a woman was singing in a deep coarse voice. The face, though it still bore traces of long-vanished beauty, was haggard and seamed with lines of dissipation and privation. The hair was unnaturally yellow, and the eyes cynical and hard. The song had dragged to a listless end, amid mingled cat calls and applause. The orchestra struck up another tune and the raucous voice of the dance caller broke the momentary hush.

But the young man, his face strangely white and drawn, had groped his way to the door and stumbled out into the falling night.

In that hard-eyed, repulsive wreck of a woman, he recognized the girl, who, on that far-off Adirondack lake, had spoken so optimistically of her "career."

He pulled himself together, and still in a daze dragged himself wearily to his feet. As he started with lagging footsteps toward his miserable cabin home, he paused, arrested by a sound coming from far out on the lake. In its hollow, unnatural quaverings, seeming to mock at human frailty, he recognized the derisive laugh of a loon.

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—Memorial Day is with us, and we shall again see the few remaining soldiers of what was once the grand army of the republic marching feebly but proudly

Falling out of the Ranks. through the hot streets of the city. Every year

the holiday becomes more and more memorial in character, so that in a few years none of the old soldiers will be left to remember their comrades, and the duty will fall entirely upon their descendants and the citizens of this republic for whose integrity and honor they fought so bravely more than half a century ago. They were young then, as we are, and their hearts were light and their arms willing. They plunged into the most terrible conflict in the world's history willingly, gladly, not because they were in love with the wild adventure that it offered, but because they loved the country that was threatened, and were ready to die for its preservation.

Notre Dame had its part in the war, and has its Grand Army Post, but that, like all the rest of them, is becoming weaker and weaker in point of numbers every year; but the fire that animated our old soldiers in the sixties burns as brightly as ever, and though they are only a few, the fact of their presence here inspires us to greater patriotism. We congratulate the old soldiers this day; we are

in sympathy with them in the loss of the comrades they mourn; and we join with them in celebrating the heroism of the boys of '61,—for they were just such boys as we.

—The seventh volume of the *Dome* has been issued and now takes its place as an historical record in the later life of the school. It is not the purpose of the SCHOLASTIC **The Year-Book.** to dwell upon the evident merit of the work, but it does intend to voice a hearty wish that the inevitable critic—the man who himself is not over-capable yet takes delight in criticising the work of others—would hide his “hammer” or else loan it to some more worthy person. If he pursues this latter course we will feel assured that the *Dome*, the product of a capable and industrious editor-in-chief and his staff, will be pronounced the neatest and best of the year-books yet produced.

The word *best* has been so much used, or rather misused, that it has lost much of its force. Thus a new thing which does not present any striking defects is often hailed as the “best,” while in reality it may be only mediocre when compared with others of the same species. With a full understanding of the term, we therefore apply to the 1912 *Dome* the word *best*. Without detracting from the merits of previous year-books we can sincerely pass this opinion. There is a reason for its being true, because this year's *Dome* has behind it, in an excellent editorial staff, the cumulative experience of seven *Dome* boards. Following this argument, other things being equal, the *Dome* of the class of 1913 is a future “best.”

—“Monarchy in its healthiest days,” says Gilbert Keith Chesterton, “had the same basis as democracy: the belief in human nature when entrusted with power.

The Mexican Situation. A king was only the first citizen who received the franchise.”

Present conditions in Mexico would seem to indicate that her people have not yet settled down to a firm belief in human nature, that they will be unable, for some time at least, either to set up a healthy monarchy or a stable republic. The normal and natural solution of Mexico's difficulties may not come this year or next. At this time the policy of revolution seems uppermost; and, to quote Mr. Chesterton again,

'The very word 'revolution' means a rolling backward. All true revolutions are reversions to the normal and natural.' Do the hostilities now in Mexico constitute a true revolution? The answer is not so important since, true or false, it keeps the country in an unsettled condition. And when conditions are unsettled progress is impossible.

—The Hill street-cars are a means of transportation between here and South Bend. We hope the street-car company will not get heart failure when we
Better Cars Needed. vouch the information that the cars are hard on the nervous system and the spinal column. Most of us haven't the money to invest in an automobile, hence are necessitated patronizing the aforesaid cars which run between the Post Office and the Terminal Station where students who are not "skivers" get off. The Hill cars are well patronized,—better than most of the other city lines. Progress requires better cars, if the company's self-respect is to be conserved, and if physical well-being of the traveling public up this way is to continue. Larger cars that don't bob up and down on the track like a loping broncho will prove helpful and will not break the company—as we trust. Also a few shovels of sand under the ties will help us to forget we are "rocked in the cradle of the deep" every time we board one of these Hill concerns. Harken to us, Gentlemen of the Company. We are in distress. New cars or we perish!

—Encouraged by many victories in the West, our baseball team directed its campaign toward the Original Colonies. Their old cry, "Give

us liberty or give us
The Invasion of death," had become a
The East. challenge instead of a
 petition. Having an abundance of death to distribute we marched off to the East.

With the banners of our Arkansas campaign defiantly fluttering, we hoped to terrify all opposition merely by the bravery of our appearance. But the "effete East" refused to be afraid, and by way of introduction promptly "sat on" us. We came back the next day and won. We continued to win. The East was not a little surprised. It did not understand how any good could come out of the West. Now it is

converted from scepticism by comparing its three with our seven victories. This is a satisfactory performance for any team. It is especially so when one remembers that our pitching staff was not going at its best. In four or five games it was necessary to relay pitchers in order to get the big end of the score. The big end is the important thing, however.

We have every reason to be proud of our team and to congratulate ourselves on the traditional stick-to-the-finish spirit characteristic of Notre Dame men. The three defeats would have proved knock-out blows for less aggressive players; not for Notre Dame men who do not lie down easily. We concede victory to Brown and to the Catholic University, as we do to all teams that defeat us, without a whine or a whimper. Only we hope the students of B. and C. will not go to rest any single night lulled to sleep by the potion that we out here concede them superior teams. We congratulate you on your victories, gentlemen! Heartily, heartily! We have no excuses to offer. But that you have a better team than our conquering heroes? Gentlemen, do not advance the preposterous. We do not argue axioms out West.

Team Banqueted on Trip.

Washington, D. C., May 20.—The arrival of the N. D. baseball team was the occasion of the most successful reunion of the Notre Dame men ever held in the city of Washington. As hosts to the players, alumni and former students formally received and greeted the team in the large reception room at Maison Raucher, eight o'clock Wednesday evening, after which a delicious dinner was served in the banquet hall. The rooms were decorated with gold and blue pennants and N. D. blankets.

Seventy persons sat at the banquet table which was arranged in the figure of a crescent. A neat menu card in gold and blue was placed on each plate as a souvenir. Elmer J. Murphy, '97, of this city, presided as toastmaster and introduced the following speakers: Rev. Dr. Edward Pace of the Catholic University, Dr. Hannis Taylor, former Minister to Spain, Rev. Dr. Burns, C. S. C., president of Holy Cross College, Hon. Chas. P. Neill, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, Rev. E. P. Burke and Mr.

Jos. Quinlan of Holy Cross College and the Hon. Chas. Karbley and Hon. Henry Barnhart, Congressmen from Indiana. Mgr. John Murphy responded on behalf of the team. Notre Dame, her ideals, her successes, her spirit, her athletic career, etc., were the subjects of glowing tribute from the speakers. Congressman Barnhart pointed out the essential connection between the good athlete and the good man, and emphasized the responsibility which rests upon college men, who should be educated both in mind and heart. Congressman Karbley pointed out the need of men of character in public life,—men with a training in the ideals for which Notre Dame stands. Happy reminiscences and humorous stories seasoned the speeches while college songs added much to the spirit of the evening.

After the meeting, a permanent Notre Dame club was organized with the following officers: Dr. Chas. P. Neill, '93, President; James D. Barry, '97, Secretary; Elmer J. Murphy, Jos. J. Boyle, Dr. Jas. Flynn, Francis J. Kilkenny and F. X. Cull were elected as a committee to draw up a constitution. The success of the banquet and meeting is due principally to the efforts of the committee composed of Messrs. Barry, Cull and Kilkenny. With genuine loyalty they sought out the N. D. men, and no personal effort on their part was omitted to make the meeting a pleasant one. Where such men are found, the Notre Dame spirit is sure to live.

Following the victory over Seton Hall on Friday, May 17, the Notre Dame Alumni of New York banqueted the Varsity baseball team in New York. The principal speaker of the affair was Mr. Joseph Byrne, of New York, an old student and Varsity pitcher. A large number of the New York Alumni were present and the team was royally entertained. The boys think Mr. Byrne the best ever.

At Boston also the Alumni and old students entertained the team royally and made the players feel they were at home instead of in foreign territory. At Burlington, after the Vermont game, the Catholic Club banqueted the players and made their stay most enjoyable. Every man on the team has words of praise for the courtesy and consideration shown on all sides during the long tour.

Junior Prom.

When the subject of the Junior Prom came up for discussion at a class meeting early in the year it was decided, for a number of reasons, to depart this year from the custom of holding a formal dance. That the decision was a popular one was manifested last Wednesday night when probably the largest crowd that ever attended at any class function assembled at Place Hall for the Prom. The Juniors have every reason to congratulate themselves on the successful issue of the dance. It was the commonly expressed opinion that the hall never presented a more beautiful appearance. Hundreds of pennants were festooned about the ceiling and hung along the walls. The corners, which were bedecked with gold and blue bunting and pennants, were made favorite resorts between dances by the breezes of the electric fans.

The patrons and patronesses of the dance were the Hon. and Mrs. T. E. Howard, Hon. and Mrs. Gallitzen Farabaugh, Mr. and Mrs. William Benitz, Mr. and Mrs. John Worden, Mr. and Mrs. James Hines, Capt. and Mrs. Stogsdall, Dr. and Mrs. Frank J. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Knowles Smith. The complete success of the dance is due to the work of the following committee: John T. Burns, Edward J. Weeks, William M. Donahue, Charles Lahey, Louis J. Kiley, Gilbert G. Marcille, James O'Brien, William Tipton, Manuel Arias,—and to the heart co-operation of the members of the Junior Class.

Obituary.

HENRY GEFELL.

On May 20, Mr. Henry Gefell, who was a student here last year, passed away at his home, Rochester, N. Y. Henry was known as a hard-working, well-behaved student who made many friends during his year at the University. We extend to the bereaved family, who mourn the loss of this promising young man, our sincere sympathy. *R. I. P.*

CHARLES B. HENNEBERGER.

Last Wednesday afternoon the entire school felt a shock when word went around that Charles B. Henneberger, a sophomore residing in St. Joseph hall, was drowned while swim-

ming in St. Joseph lake. The body was found near shore, where it sank, some fifteen minutes after it went down. The last absolution was immediately given by Father Schumacher, after which, for three hours, students, under the direction of Drs. Powers, Boyd-Snee, Olney and Halter, worked to restore consciousness. Death was probably due to heart failure.

Charles was a young man of exceptional promise; studious, gentle in his ways and a general favorite with his classmates and with the members of his hall. He was a frequent communicant, having gone to Holy Communion the day before his death. His life might have reached far into the future, for he was only twenty-one years of age. But surely there is consolation in the thought that when God calls the young, very generally—as in this instance,—he calls those who have lived so well they need not fear to stand in the white light of His Holy Presence. On Thursday morning the Students' Mass was said at eight o'clock by Rev. C. L. O'Donnell for the repose of the soul of the departed. We extend to the mourning relatives of this splendid young man our deep sympathy in their great loss. Many a fervent prayer will be offered for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—The Very Reverend Provincial, Father Morrissey, left on last Saturday for his Provincial visit to the institutions of the order in the Southern States.

—Mr. William McGuire (student '04-'07) was the guest of the University last week. Mr. McGuire is the author of the play, "The Divorce," now running in a Chicago theatre.

—Arthur S. Funk (B. S. '06) of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, was a visitor at the University during the week. The old boys will remember Arthur as the genial instructor in Physics and Chemistry during '07-'08.

—The Very Reverend President of the University, Father Cavanaugh, left Wednesday for Loretto, Kentucky, where he was the principal speaker at the dedication of a monument to Father Badin, pioneer priest of the Middle West.

—Another Notre Dame C. E. making things hum in Cuba, is Mr. Virgilio Rayneri (C. E. '05).

He is Chief Engineer for the Province of Pinar del Rio, and with his brother, Eugenio (B. S. A. '04), is working for the general improvement of the island.

—The engineering work now being done on the harbor of Cienfuegos, Cuba, is under the charge of Mr. Francisco J. Gaston (C. E. '02). Mr. Gaston has been in the employ of the government almost since graduation, and that he is making good is evidenced by the position he now occupies.

—It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. Nicholas J. Sinnott (A. B. '92) has received the Republican nomination for Congress from the second district of Oregon. Unless political conditions become very abnormal before next fall "Nick" will certainly be elected. He has been growing in public favor for years among the people of Oregon, who have been greatly impressed with his energy as well as with his great ability. He has labored hard to serve the people in the State Legislature, and this new act of confidence is their grateful acknowledgment of his services.

—Frederick W. McKinley (A. M. '08) will be ordained to the holy priesthood in St. Paul Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota, on Friday, June 7th, by Archbishop Ireland.

Father McKinley was for some years an instructor in the University and is remembered with the greatest respect by all who knew him. Many of his old pupils throughout the country will be pleased to know of his elevation to the holy priesthood. The SCHOLASTIC, on behalf of the University, prays for him a long and successful career in the holy ministry.

—The glad news comes that Michael J. Shea, (A. B. '04, A. M. '05) is to be ordained to the priesthood by Cardinal Farley at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Saturday, June 1st, and that his first holy Mass will be celebrated the next day at Holyoke, Mass. Father Shea is more than an alumnus of Notre Dame. For several years after his graduation he was a member of the Faculty, where in another way he showed the same loyalty to the University that had characterized him as a student. On behalf of his classmates and the boys of his time as well as the Faculty and the students who attended his classes, the SCHOLASTIC offers cordial congratulations and best wishes for a happy and successful career in the holy priesthood.

Local News.

—The small parlor and a number of other rooms in the Main Building are being painted.

—The team arrived home Friday tired but happy. Everybody gave the glad hand, literally speaking.

—Those students who are to take part in the Student Vaudeville are at work every recess practising for the event.

—It is expected the Walsh and Brownson societies will give "wind-up" programs before these organizations formally disband.

—Tennis began last Thursday on the court back of Walsh. Courts are being made ready on the south side of Brownson campus also.

—At the Wednesday evening May devotions the Rev. C. Hagerty preached on the theme: "The Position of the Blessed Virgin by Scripture and History."

—All during the week automobiles bearing members of the G. A. R. drove around the University to give the old soldiers an opportunity to see the school.

—Wednesday afternoon the battalion and band took part in the G. A. R. parade in South Bend. The companies left here at 1 o'clock in special cars and returned at 3:30.

—On Monday evening at 7:30 p. m. the semi-finals for the prep oratorical contest in English D will be held in the room where this class is taught. Guests are not invited or otherwise.

—The *Dome* made its appearance Monday, thereby breaking all records for date of issue. The *Dome* this year is a very creditable production. The tone, finish and general make up of the book impress one favorably.

—The Junior crew might show a little more of the much-mentioned "pep" in practising for the boat races. They should make this year as interesting for 1912 men as 1912 made 1911 for the men of last year, and as the Juniors of next year will make 1913 for you, Seniors to be. Get together, boys.

—The St. Edward's hall boys were up with the sun Thursday morning, and when the average Brownson hall sleepy-head looked out his window he saw St. Edward's park a glory of color. The park is an example of a quick-change, artistic triumph. Those youngsters are hustlers, take it from us in fee simple, and pass on the information to your neighbor.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY HOME AGAIN.

With the return of the team today the Varsity completed one of the most extensive trips ever undertaken by a Notre Dame baseball nine. Two weeks have been spent in the jaunt, three thousand miles covered, and ten games, seven of which were won and three lost, played during the period. The record of the team in its eastern games is as follows:

May 9—Notre Dame, 1; Univ. of W. Virginia, 7.
 May 10—Notre Dame, 4; Univ. of W. Virginia, 2.
 May 11—Notre Dame, 6; Penn State, 1.
 May 13—Notre Dame, 6; Mt. St. Mary's, 5.
 May 16—Notre Dame, 2; Catholic University, 8.
 May 17—Notre Dame, 4; Seton Hall, 3.
 May 18—Notre Dame, 0; Brown University, 13.
 May 20—Notre Dame, 8; Dean Academy, 6.
 May 21—Notre Dame, 3; Tufts College, 2.
 May 22—Notre Dame, 4; University of Vermont, 1.

The record is remarkable in many respects. Overcoming the obstacles of strange playing-grounds, working against the rooters in nine different schools and against teams which have earned mighty reputations in eastern baseball circles, the gold and blue band clearly proved their superiority. A strange feature of the scores of the lost games is the wide margin obtained by the victors in each case. The results attest, of course, to the prowess of those who humbled the Varsity and the scores of the remaining games add further to the prestige of the conquerors, but the luck of the game can not be left unconsidered, nor would it be just to judge the gold and blue on the showing in each of the single games.

Catholic University was the second to defeat Notre Dame in a game at Washington, May 16. The contest was played on a rain-soaked field, a fact which undoubtedly slowed up the speedy gold and blue fielders. Berger, Wells and Kelly were used in an effort to stop the slaughter, but without avail. Green of Catholic University established a remarkable record by holding the Varsity hitless during the entire nine innings. Errors and passes aided in the tallying of the pair of runs secured by Notre Dame.

Wells was in form in the game with Seton Hall, May 17, and twirled the Varsity to a 4 to 3 victory over the collegians. Williams, Gray, Arnfield and Wells broke into the hit column with safeties, while all of the men won

commendation for their fielding. O'Connell received special mention in the press dispatches for his work at short.

On May 18—henceforward a black-letter day in N. D. baseball history—Brown tarred and feathered the travel-worn band to the unlucky total of 13 to 0, the most one-sided score ever tallied against Notre Dame. Poor fielding, wildness on the part of Berger, a sore arm charged against Kelly, and an inability to hit are the reasons for the defeat. Regan was brought in from left field in the fourth inning of the contest and won a niche in the hall of fame by holding the Providence crew to one run for the remaining five innings. From the 18th until the end of the trip the record speaks of naught but successes. Dean Academy provided a victim May 20, when the Varsity scored 8 to 6, Wells striking out 12 men in a fine pitching exhibition. Eight hits were secured by the gold and blue, Carmody taking the major share of the honors with two of the bingles. "Art" was substituted for Dolan in right field, the regular gardener having succumbed to the effects of the frequent banquets forced upon the unwilling band.

"We won today, 3 to 2. Berger pitched. Game very exciting." So says the account of the Tufts College game, May 21. 'Tis enough. There's the whole story in a nutshell.

The windup of the jaunt brought the Varsity a victory, 4 to 1, over one of the strongest college teams in the East, the University of Vermont nine. Kelly twirled for Notre Dame and in addition starred with the willow at which Gray also scintillated. Williams, Regan and O'Connell smote each a pair of bingles. The defeat was the first sustained by Vermont on its home grounds in years, according to our manager, whereat we are much pleased.

St. Viateur's will be our opponents in the next game to be played on Cartier field, May 31. Gene Connolly, captain of 1910 Notre Dame team, is coaching the Bourbonnais band.

NOTRE DAME, 90 1-3; NORTHWESTERN, 26 2-3.

Although there was no great honor derived from beating Northwestern College in track last Saturday, there was a morsel of satisfaction in "getting even" in a manner for the defeat our basketball team suffered at the hands of the visitors last winter. The score was more one-sided even than that in the Vanderbilt meet held Saturday before last, but the races were closer, and the contest was more interesting.

The most pleasing showing, perhaps, was made by Rockne in the pole vault. Our stocky vaulter broke the Cartier field record by going over the bar at 12 feet. We were further pleased to see our weight men better their marks, and to see Birder come up in the long dashes. In connection with the weight events it is interesting to note that Philbrook, though not competing, broke the world's record in the discus throw, 8-foot circle, by whirling the plate 143 feet 11 inches.

Wasson was high point winner again, taking firsts in the 100- and 220-yard dashes and in the broad jump. Fletcher was second with 12 2-3 points got by winning firsts in the high and low hurdles and tying for first with Hood and Gamertsfelder in the high jump. O'Neill came third with ten, a first in the discus throw and another in the hammer event. Summary:

Half mile run—Won by Plant, Notre Dame; Freeman, Northwestern, second. Time, 2:08 2-5.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; Miller, Northwestern, second. Time, :16 1-5.

100-yard dash—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Mehlem, Notre Dame, second. Time, :10 seconds.

440-yard run—Birder, Notre Dame, and Frederick, Northwestern, tied for first. Time, :55 3-5 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Bergman, Notre Dame, second. Time, 22 1-5 seconds.

Mile run—Won by Schleuter, Northwestern; Hogan, Notre Dame, second. Time, 5 minutes 6 seconds.

220-yard hurdles—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame, Schmidt, Northwestern, second. Time, 25 3-5 seconds.

Two mile run—Won by Cavanaugh, Notre Dame; Mattill, Northwestern, second. Time, 11 min. 7 sec.

Pole vault—Won by Rockne, Notre Dame; DeFries, Notre Dame, second. Height, 12 feet.

Discus throw—Won by O'Neill, Notre Dame; Larsen, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 105 feet.

High jump—Fletcher and Hood, Notre Dame, and Gamertsfelder, Northwestern, tied for first. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Shot put—Won by Eichenlaub, Notre Dame; Larsen, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 40 feet 9 1-2 in.

Hammer throw—Won by O'Neill, Notre Dame; Brunner, Northwestern, second. Distance, 111 ft. 5 in.

Broad jump—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Mehlem, Notre Dame, second. Distance, 21 feet 5 in.

Relay race—Won by Notre Dame (Rockne, Birder, Plant, Bergman.)

ST. JOSEPH STRIKING STRIDE.

To battle for fourteen innings against Sorin to a tie and then to fight for ten innings against St. Joseph finally losing is a bit of hard luck, yet this is just what Walsh did last week.

It was mainly a pitchers' duel and the experience of Boland offset the unusually brilliant work of Canty. Leach, the heavy hitting

left-fielder, was woefully weak at bat and the Newning brothers were a little off shade.

As the goose-eggs were registered each inning, everyone settled back for another long game. This was true, till the timely hit of Boland in the tenth cut short the enthusiasm. Two men had reached first in St. Joseph's half of the tenth and the popular flinger from Lansing met one to his fancy. Of course the ball was recovered, but the necessary runs were secured and the game was won.

Walsh 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1 4 1
St. Joseph 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2—3 8 1

BROWNSON SUCCUMBS AGAIN.

Sorin ushered itself more firmly into first place in the Interhall baseball league at the expense of Brownson last Sunday by defeating the Varsity scrubs 6-9.

Shannon was selected to win his first game, but the way the losers got to his offerings showed that "Spike" was due for a setback. All the fireworks came in the second when three runs were scored. San Pedro was then rushed out, and held the men safe for the rest of the game. McQuade twirled a good game for Brownson, but saw visions of lemonade and 4's in the fifth, and before the noise stopped, Sorin tucked away enough to win the game. An error, two passes and a hit were the donation from the sandy-haired hurler to the victors.

Long hitting marked the contest in which respect Brownson had the advantage. Ryan clipped off a circuit and Nowers nearly equalled him, getting as far as third.

Sorin 1 3 0 1 3 0 1—9 7 4
Brownson 1 3 0 1 0 0 1—6 5 4

Safety Valve.

ST. JOE WINS PENNANT.

To Bro. Florian's already large collection of pennants is added a beautiful one from Princeton, given by Miss Margaret Donahue of Princeton, New Jersey.—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

Consider the homo that sells his *Dome* for four bits, which the home folks paid for and would like to look over during the summer. Then talk about sentiment and thoughtfulness in a groundhog!

During the "Eastern Invasion" our team played the game of baseball sufficiently, thank you.

Toddy Ryan's refusal to take first on four balls last Sunday because he wanted to make a big hit is a classical example of vacant-lot baseball.

THE JUNIOR GRAND MARCH.

Promptly at 9 p. m. last Wednesday the Grand March of the Junior Annual ball began its long and solemn way. The Line of the procession passed over the following streets: down Hill street which luckily was not blocked by a car off the track; up the Niles road to the Green Gates; down the railway to the three Eye tracks; then straight on to Michigan Avenue; back Washington; around to the Oliver Plow Works; down to the Grand Trunk depot; up to Place hall, where refreshments were served in alphabetical order. The procession, which took seventeen hours to pass a given point, moved in this manner: I. Mounted Police, II. John T. Burns in a float, III. The Hay Foot Straw Foot Military regiment of Carroll hall under command of Adj.-Gen. Twining with Staff, IV. Old College, V. G. O. P., VI. The University Vaudeville Co. appropriately costumed, VII. The Express Wagon, VIII. The Band, IX. Walsh hall Pin Setters, X. Louis Cox and Denny in full dress, XI. The *Dome* (Take One), XII. Brownson Delinquent List (Well Represented), XIII. The Boat Crews with Cap and no Gown, XII. Leo Condon, XIII. The Uninvited Guests.

No doubt our lynx-eyed contemporary, the *Purdue Exponent*, will propound another conundrum now: When does the N. D. debating teams play baseball?

THE CLIMAX.

St. Joe had 3, Walsh had 1. It was the Last half of the Tenth with Two out and Two on. It was a Time big with Destiny. On the East side of the Diamond were Crowded tier upon Tier the multi-Millionaires of the Palace Beautiful. On the West side, Tier upon tier also, were the Saints, alias Bro. Florian's huskies. Then came Harry Newning to the Plate the scowl of Battle on his Brow, his gray eyes scanning the Distant horizon. Cheers rent the air again And again. "Paste it On the nose!" cried the Multi-Millionaires. "Put 'em right Under his jib!" clamored B. F's huskies. Excitement ran High and over. Tubby awoke long Enough to watch. The band which had been practising for the G. A. R. procession stopped. Everybody cheered. The clock struck Five. Harry Newning picked out Two nice Ones and struck Twice. Then It was two strikes and Three balls and Two on. Slowly the Pitcher raised his arm. Harry Newning was Waiting silently. The Crowd was as breathless as if It were a Dual track meet with Vanderbilt. Below on the lake the Coxswain's voice came Dismally; a cat whined from the cattery; a dog barked from the doggerly. The pitcher Hurlled the Pilota. Harry he swung the palo. When the Dust of battle had settled Down upon the Diamond the general appearance of the score Card remained to all purposes unchanged.

We notice that Corby and Walsh are mad at the editorial in our *Conservative Weekly* about lack of interest in debate work. If the cap don't well sit upon your head, boys, don't wear it yet, as they say in German.