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Father Sorin.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

HE came, a stranger, to a snow-clad earth,
The blight of autumn over all the scene.
He longed for Spring, a glory and a birth,
To quicken arid places into green.

He had his vision on that vacant field,
And saw bright Summer hast'ning after Spring.
He'd sow the winter seed and wait the yield,
When dews of morning freshen everything.

The planter sowed the seed and watched it grow,
And tended it with care the long day through;
He watched it eagerly each dawn, and lo!
Ere long into a perfect form it grew.

The field was golden when he went away,
Awearry of his labor and his pain.
He sowed the seed and saved it from decay,
That others might thereafter reap the grain.

And still they sow this rich and spacious field,
Which he that bleak November morning knew:
They yearly gather in a richer yield—
The yield of youths sincere, high-purposed, true,

O Sorin, who didst plant so long ago
The harvest which thy sons are reaping still;
Look thou upon our toil that we may know
A little of thy faith and steadfast will.

Guard thou this place of dome and tapering spire
Where men still labor, harvesting the while.
Teach them how best thy wisdom to acquire;
Bestow the benediction of thy smile.

Henpeck.

FRANK H. BOOS, '15.

PINEVILLE was more or less surprised when the news of Philander Bingley's marriage was noised abroad. Everybody knew Philander. He had been editor of the *Pineville Daily Monsoon* for nearly twenty years, and was a good editor, too, but during all that time no one had ever seen him talk to a woman for more than five minutes. The females of the species seemed Philander's greatest dread. Although naturally timid, he was brave enough when he penned vitriolic editorials against the trusts and grafters, but he would rather attack ten thousand trusts and twice as many grafters than attend a Sunday-school picnic, or be interviewed by any lady under sixty.

After the first surprise had worn off, people naturally began to wonder who the bride could be. The village postmaster said that Philander received a letter each week from Yorkville, so we all concluded that *she* must be from that town. Her name, nobody knew; neither did we know where the wedding took place or where the couple were honeymooning.

People naturally supposed that Philander, being little and middle-aged and timid, had picked out some dainty fairy who was just on the dividing line between the spinsters and the "gals." When the Bingleys arrived, we got a stiff jolt.

We saw them drive down the street from the depot in old Si Cooney's rattle-trap cab. Funny, too, that the left side of the cab rode about two feet lower than the right, and every time the old rig went over a bump, the springs on the left side banged against the axletæar

in a most alarming manner. Maybe they had their trunk inside. But it wasn't a trunk: it was Mrs. Bingley. Next day they went down after the mail. Now when Mr. and Mrs. Bingley walked down the street, people snickered. Philander, you know, is a small man, about five feet four, and thin, but Mrs. Bingley—! Dogs that had never seen anything like it before barked as she passed, and every now and then a horse shied.

Her name was Dorothea, but Philander called her "Dot,"—maybe by way of contrast, for a dot is a small thing, and she wasn't. She was built along mammoth lines, was Dorothea, mostly bust and hips, with a full, doll face and a great mass of corn-silk hair. There was certainly nothing very fragile or delicate about her. When she walked, she walked—you ran. Philander, who didn't come up to her shoulder, trotted along at her side, now straining his short legs in a vain endeavor to keep step, now sprinting a few steps to catch up with her. Philander smiled up, she beamed down. No wonder people grinned when he took her hand to assist her over puddles.

The Bingleys lived in a neat, new cottage up the road. Of course the rooms were small, and Mrs. Bingley was a mastodonic personage, but they managed to get along very well. Philander went to work every morning with a smile on his face and his tie on straight, and the wheels of matrimony seemed to run on oiled bearings.

But Philander's walk of life had slightly deviated. The loungers of Casey's saloon missed his cheerful face. He no longer came in just before dinner to sip timidly his foaming glass of beer, or shake dice with the red-faced barkeeper. Also the proprietor of the cigar store now watched him walk by without purchasing his usual quarter's worth of cigars, or playing his regular game of billiards with Curry of the Farmer's Bank. At home, Philander's cigar humidor had been turned into a handkerchief box; and there was a nice, cut-glass vase of flowers on the sideboard where his aged decanter had stood of yore. Perhaps it was Mrs. Bingley's delicate constitution which made the sudden change.

Pineville is one of those towns which never wakes up until election time. The announcement of the candidates was the signal for everybody to sit up and take part in the strenuous campaigns that followed. There were

politics everywhere. The people began to talk politics, eat political meals, drink political beer and dream political dreams. And the most potent political factor of Pineville was Bingley's *Daily Monsoon*.

Everybody was still talking about Philander Bingley's marriage, when something occurred which raised them to the white heat of excitement. The Rev. Augustus Stubbins, preacher, announced himself candidate for mayor on the Prohibition ticket. While the people were still gasping for breath, Miss Henrietta Wilkes, spinster daughter of old man Wilkes who ran the village hardware store, was made candidate for mayoress on the Suffragette ticket.

Old heads laughed. What chance would Preacher Stubbins or Miss Wilkes have against Pat Maguire, candidate on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Maguire, so tradition had it, was once a ward man in Pittsburg, and, being a professional politician, what he didn't know about elections wasn't worth knowing. Two things made him very popular—the *Daily Monsoon*, and his half-interest in Casey's saloon.

One evening Philander and his wife had an argument, and, being so much smaller and weaker than his better half, he was forced to comply with her political sentiments. On the next Sunday, Philander put on a high collar that tortured his neck and went to church with his wife, instead of spending the morning in his bathrobe, reading the papers. Personally, he failed to enjoy the consolation of religion, but Mrs. Bingley seemingly relished it, so it was all right.

On Monday, Pineville read the previous day's sermon by Rev. Augustus Stubbins in the *Daily Monsoon* and gasped. Pat Maguire interviewed Philander immediately after the publication, and demanded to know why a Prohibition lecture was printed in a liberal paper. Bingley timidly asserted that henceforward the *Monsoon* was to be a Prohibition paper, and that Preacher Stubbins was the only man for him;—his wife had said so. Mr. Maguire, seeing his party robbed of a powerful factor, proceeded to call Philander various insulting names, but, being such a small man, the editor did not deem it wise to retaliate.

Every day for a week, the subscribers of the *Daily Monsoon* were urged to vote for the Rev. Augustus Stubbins. Women congrat-

ulated Mrs. Bingley on her husband's reformation; lifelong gentlemen friends of Philander passed him by on the street without speaking.

Every day, as he passed by his old haunts, he heard the loungers snicker and whisper. A crowd of school boys on their way to the swimming hole yelled "Henpeck!" at him. Some malicious person wrote "Henpeck" with chalk on his office door. Incidents like these do not tend to smooth an already ruffled temper.

The next Sunday, he donned another stiff collar and went, at his wife's request, to a Suffragette mass meeting. Philander endured three hours of torture, jammed in with robust and buxom females who obstructed his view and stepped on his toes. Next morning, the *Pineville Daily Monsoon* printed the speech of Miss Henrietta Wilkes, and henceforward, the paper was in the hands of the Suffragettes.

A committee of merchants and men-about-town called on Philander and tried by all possible means to make him listen to reason. Every time that Bingley was tempted to consign the Suffragettes to that place where the temperature is said to be immoderately warm, he remembered his wife and shuddered. No, the *Monsoon* was a Suffragette paper; Dorothea had said it was. The committee departed very dissatisfied. Funny that none of them had ever realized before what a darn-fool man this Bingley really was.

Hosts of women invaded his sanctum and called him a "dear" and a "true apostle of women's rights." Philander squirmed in his chair. He did not enjoy the endearments of hosts of women; at heart, he preferred the righteous wrath of Mr. Pat Maguire.

Poor Philander hadn't had a drink or a smoke in four months. Moreover, his old pals openly laughed at or cursed him, and taught their children to do likewise. The Rev. Augustus Stubbins, to whose party Philander had proven false, denounced him from the pulpit, and half his parishioners stopped taking the *Monsoon*. Life became a burden to Philander. O why hadn't he married a woman smaller than himself. If Dorothea only weighed a hundred pounds less!

Just one week before election Uncle Ben Perkins arrived. Mr. Perkins was Dorothea's uncle, and therefore Philander mentally pictured

him as a murderous brute with a face like the villain in a melodrama and a disposition as rough as the English Channel; but Uncle Ben was not in the least bit like his niece. The first thing he did was to light a cigar in the front parlor; to Philander's intense surprise, Dorothea said not a word. Then Uncle got into an argument with her about suffrage, and scolded her most unmercifully because she sided with the Amazons. Dorothea cried. From then on, Philander and Uncle Ben became the closest friends.

At Casey's, the following day, Uncle Ben learned that Philander was editor of a Suffragette paper, and, swearing softly, went hot-footed to the *Monsoon* office. Philander, in a choking voice, explained everything. Could he rely on Uncle Ben? You bet he could! No living niece of Uncle Ben would ever henpeck her husband or be a Suffragette! Just to prove his statements he went back to Casey's, bought three black bottles, and set them in plain view on the sideboard where the vase of flowers was, and where Philander's decanter used to be. And in the morning they were still there, Uncle Ben being a big man and violent when aroused.

That day's issue of the *Pineville Daily Monsoon* had nothing whatever in it about Woman Suffrage. In the evening, Mrs. Bingley went out to a meeting of the Females Militant. Uncle Ben was opposed to her going and told her so, and when she returned about ten o'clock, she found herself locked out. It took fifteen minutes vigorous pounding to awaken the gentlemen. Uncle Ben, in his pajamas, came down stairs with his shotgun in one hand and a candle in the other, as if expecting burglars. The sight of the weapon nearly frightened Dorothea into a faint. Moreover, Uncle Ben refused to let her in until she had promised never again to attend a Suffragette meeting. It took two hours and twenty minutes to extract this promise, but Dorothea, who found that rage and tears were alike ineffectual, finally gave in.

The next day Uncle Ben, Philander, and Mr. Pat Maguire sat in the editor's office for three hours planning a crushing attack on Woman Suffrage, and composing fiery editorials denouncing Prohibition. That evening Dorothea stayed home and watched the men fill her front parlor with tobacco smoke.

The following issue of the *Pineville Daily*

Monsoon contained a series of speeches by Pat Maguire, stinging, sarcastic, and bitter against Woman Suffrage and Prohibition. Pineville read, and gasped again. The editor's office was besieged by a delegation of militant Suffragettes. If Uncle Ben had not been present, Philander would have been much frightened; but when the rabble of warlike females entered an office which was blue with smoke, which had a display of bottles—for social use and moral effect—set out on every desk, chair, typewriter, and table, and which contained the sharp-tongued Uncle Ben, the sharp-tempered Pat Maguire, and the sharp-witted Philander Bingley, they forgot their remarks and retreated in disorder.

Election day came; needless to say Mr. Pat Maguire was made mayor by an overwhelming majority. All day long, free beer was flowing at Casey's saloon for Democratic voters. The only part of the *Pineville Daily Monsoon* which did not reek of Democratic politics was the advertisements. Uncle Ben and Philander went home about two o'clock in the morning, arm in arm, singing loud and raucous melodies. Both strongly advertised the fact that Casey had dispensed free beer.

Dorothea met them at the door, red-eyed and angry. She was shocked at their beastly condition. She was going right home to mother. Then Uncle Ben, who was just in the mood to enjoy an argument, proceeded to lecture her just on general principles. He became very excited, informing her that if she wanted to go, she could go. He asserted that he didn't give a royal, tearin' rip, and he was certain Philander didn't either. Philander was too busy trying to get up the stairs to care very much anyhow. Dorothea didn't go; she cried a little and then went to bed.

Every noon, at precisely five minutes to twelve, Philander Bingley steps into Casey's saloon and has a glass of beer. Every afternoon, when the hands of the clock in the cigar store point to one, Philander Bingley comes in, buys a quarter's worth of cigars, and plays a game of billiards with Curry of the Farmers' Bank. Every evening, Philander Bingley fills the front parlor of *his* home with cigar smoke, and there is an aged decanter on the sideboard where a cut-glass vase of flowers was wont to be. On Sunday mornings, Philander puts on his bathrobe and slippers, and reads the papers. And Dorothea doesn't say a single word.

Varsity Verse.

IN WINTER.

THE brook that through the woodland creeps
In winter sings a doleful strain.
It mourns the summer's charm, which sleeps
In silence—bound by icy chain.
Throughout the day it sighs and weeps:

"O where have all the flowers gone,
That played beside my rocky bed?
The violet blue, the lily wan,
O where are they? Are they all dead
Whose beauty equalled that of dawn?"

L. J. K.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I saw today a pretty sight
Youth leading Age through busy ways;
For Age saw naught but endless night;
And Youth thus gave his better days
To succor Age in helpless plight.

As pictures lose their great appeal
Through lack of proper tint or shade,
And on them Truth hath not its seal;
So did I lose the impress made—
For Youth a frown could not conceal.

T. F. O'N.

To —

So low, so sweet the music came
As soft as night, and yet I heard
The music of your voice exclaim,
With wakened heart, one single word.
I listened,—and it was my name.

So thrilling sweet, and half so low
The angels never dared to sing;
And now I know you love me so,
I send you on Aurora's wing
This answer, dear: I know, I know!

F. C. S.

THE REVOLT.

Why *must* I dress my thoughts in verse
That *will* not fit them, though I pace
The floor, and tear my hair, and curse
The author of the poets' race,
His scions, and the universe?

The poet is a dreamer, mad
With love or stale philosophy,—
Or drunk with wine and song,—or sad,—
A weak and spineless parody
Of man. Away! I would be glad.

S. E. T.

A History of the Arthurian Legends.

WILLIAM BURKE, '13.

The central figure in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," published in 1859, and in Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," printed by Caxton nearly four centuries before, is the romantic King Arthur, around whose life—whether mythological or real—is cast a cloud of mystery. Yet when we read the "Morte d'Arthur," which Scott has styled "indisputably the best prose romance our language can boast," and then delight in the versified Idylls of Tennyson, interest arises in this son of Uther whose knighthood taught the lofty lessons of service to God and reverence for womanhood, whose followers by holy vows were bound:

To reverence the king as if he were
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their king;
 To break the heathen and uphold the Christ;
 To ride abroad redressing human wrongs;
 To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it;
 To lead sweet lives in purest chastity;
 To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
 And worship her by years of noble deeds
 Until they won her.

We then begin to ask, whence did these stories originate? What degree of historical truth do they possess? It is true, one may read in Britain's history of a certain Arthur, a renowned chieftain and founder of the Round Table, who successfully conquered Denmark, Norway, and France, and whose heroic career came to a close on the island of Avalon, in consequence of wounds received in battle. These fragmentary bits of information, which assign Arthur to a place in the world's history during the fifth century, bear some semblance to legends of different writers of Arthurian tales, which would lead one to believe they were only extracts from the legends themselves, especially since the legends have a priority of time. A short treatment of this will occur in the course of this essay.

In the year 1147 there appeared in Britain the "Chronicon sive Historia Britonum." Some have called this work semi-fabulous. Its author, Geoffrey of Monmouth, was a Welsh priest at the court of Henry I. This history dates back as far as any English history on record to which an author can be ascribed with certitude. Prominence is given to a King Arthur and his knights, but there are those

who contend that literature prior to this made mention of one Arthur to whom like deeds were attributed. In view of the fact that Geoffrey himself declared his work only a translation, some probability must be acceded to the supporters of this opinion. A history of Britain, it is true, appeared some years previous to Geoffrey's, and was attributed to a supposititious Nennius. Whether the history is true or fabulous, it is nevertheless the earliest collection of Arthurian stories known. But the author, Nennius, is only its conjectured composer, and hence Geoffrey is to be regarded as the first writer of Arthurian romances of whom we have any certain knowledge. Since nothing certain can be found on which to establish facts relating to a real Arthur, it is only reasonable to suppose him to have been but a legendary character.

With the Arthur of romance, then, we are chiefly concerned. But how came he into such prominence in literature? A quotation from Bulfinch's Mythology answers this question: "At a time when chivalry excited universal admiration and when all the efforts of that chivalry were directed against the enemies of religion, it was natural that literature should receive the same impulse, and that history and fable should be ransacked to furnish examples of courage and piety that might excite increased admiration." Thus the condition of the times influenced the writers, and Arthur, the courageous and true, was the poets' choice to accomplish their purpose.

The appearance of Geoffrey's "Chronicon sive Historia Britonum" served to awaken interest in tales of chivalry, and it was so universally received that it was not long until it became common property. The tales were reproduced by Geoffrey Gainer in French. Later, Wace and Layamon translated them,—the latter using them to considerable advantage in his "Brut d'Angleterre." The Arthurian romances of Geoffrey of Monmouth had appeared in 1147, in the reign of Henry the first. At the time of Henry II's death in 1189, there were numerable translations current, and, as might be surmised, additional romances had appeared in abundance. Some scholars of Arthurian romances attribute these new stories to discoveries of other manuscripts, presumably of Welsh origin, while others think they are the result of spirited imaginations. It was in this period that the stories of Merlin,

the prophet, the "Roman de Lancelot dñ Lac," and the Holy Grail first appeared. In the beginning of the twelfth century, the character of Tristram was introduced into romance by Luces' Seigneur de Gast. The "Roman de la Mort Artus,"—Tennyson's "Passing of Arthur,"—has been imputed to Walter Map, along with the stories of Lancelot and the Quest of the Holy Grail. In Geoffrey of Monmouth's romances, Lancelot, Tristram, and the Quest of the Grail do not appear. But if these stories were not discovered, then it was the romances of Geoffrey that animated the minds of later poets to create them. The stories of Geoffrey have lived and have been the impulse for the production of others. "The principal if not sole effect of his work was to stamp the names of Arthur, Merlin, Kay, and Gawain with the character of historical veracity, and then to authorize a collection of all the fables, already current respecting these fanciful heroes and their companion."

The literature of Europe at the time of Geoffrey was for the most part only nursery tales of Wales and Armorica. Britain, her people and their customs were as yet unsung in literature. To Geoffrey therefore must be given credit for revolting against this childlike lore of the Welsh, and giving to Britain a literature of her own in which might be found native characters and usages. His work was received with enthusiasm all over England and found eager readers even at the courts of kings.

From the reign of Henry II to Edward IV, there were few translations, and interest in the Arthurian romances suffered such a decline that in the latter part of the fifteenth century men's minds turned to the Greek and Roman classics. Of such excellence were these masterpieces that the literary circles of England became discouraged, and were depressed at their own lack of skill to produce equal productions. Accordingly, study was devoted to the classics of antiquity, and their own vernacular was neglected. It was "an age of preparation, and of getting acquainted with the great ideas,—the stern law, the profound philosophy, the suggestive mythology, and the noble poetry of the Greeks and Romans." Sir Thomas Malory alone stood out as a defender of the Arthurian romances. And while the dispirited scholars of England were zealous over the resurrected antiquities of the ancients, he delved into the manuscripts of three or

four centuries ago. The result was another revolutionizing of literature that brought England back to England; but what was even more important it saved for subsequent literature the now cherished Arthurian romances.

Malory was, without doubt, the source of inspiration for Tennyson in his "Idylls of the King." These wondrous poems—a string of pearls, each independent from the other, yet bound together by the same strand, each shedding its own brilliancy, yet blending its lustre with that of its neighbor—are the climax, the perfect outcome of all the series of cruder tales of Arthurian heroes.

Getting Fired.

JAMES STACK, '13

Jack Brown was graduated from Melville High School with the highest honors. He entered Dale College with a resolution to finish his collegiate course in a similar manner. And the grades he received in his first examination proved the sincerity of his resolution.

At college Jack was not watched as closely as he had been at home, and unfortunately for him the companions he had chosen were not students of the highest standard. Little by little, he was led on by them until he also became a poor student.

When the second examination came round Jack's grades were rather low. He resolved to do better, but still kept to the company of his former companions and soon broke his resolutions. When the third examination took place, young Brown was so disgusted with his grades that he resolved to do something which would cause his expulsion. He knew if he should leave school without his father's permission that he would be forced to return.

"How can I do something which will cause my expulsion and at the same time have it appear to Father as though I got 'fired' for a small offense?" asked Jack of himself as he sat at his desk a few days after the April examinations.

While he sat there thinking, he remembered that the prefect had threatened him with expulsion if he went to town again without permission.

"I know it looks rather bad to be 'fired,'

but when I explain to Father that I was expelled simply for going to town, I think I can make him believe it was not altogether my fault," said Jack to himself.

Believing his plan to be a good one, Jack went to town. He was not long in the city, however, when he met the prefect who saluted him with a smile and passed by.

"I never knew him to let a 'skiver' off that easy before," mumbled Brown to himself as he walked down the street.

Jack noticed that there was a number of students in town, but never imagined that general permission had been given to all who desired to go to the city. Thinking his plan had worked successfully, he returned to the college. He found the campus and even the recreation rooms almost deserted. On meeting one of the students who had not taken advantage of the general permission, Jack asked:

"Where are all the fellows?"

"Down town. Didn't you know there was general permission?" was the friend's reply.

"General permission!" exclaimed Jack, "I never heard anything about it."

Seeing that his plan had failed, young Brown resolved to try the same scheme on the following day. He carried out his resolution, and was fortunate enough, as he thought, to be caught by the prefect.

That afternoon when Jack returned to the college, he sat at his desk patiently awaiting the prefect's knock at his door, and the stern order to pack his trunk and depart. What surprise, however, was it for Brown when his expectations proved fruitless. The prefect did not knock at his door once during the whole day.

Believing his plan had failed again, young Brown resolved to give up his foolish idea of "getting fired," and get down to hard, earnest work. The next morning he began to put this resolution into practice by planning the details of a studious, successful year. He had not studied long, however, when a knock was heard at the door of his room. "Come in!" said Jack cheerfully. It was the prefect. Again Jack's good resolution was broken, for he was told that his case had been decided and that expulsion was found necessary. And so on April ninth, Jack Brown left Dale College for his home in Wisconsin, successful in getting "fired," but unhappy in his success.

Jack London.

HENRY I. DOCKWEILER, '12.

Jack London is one of those typical and picturesque literary products of the West, of California, which has given to the world of letters such men as Bret Harte, Frank Norris, and Joaquin Miller. He is unquestionably one of the most widely read and discussed writers in America today, and is easily in the foremost rank of the writers of the West.

He was born in San Francisco, January 12, 1876. He received his preliminary education in the grammar schools of his native city, and later he continued his studies in the Oakland High School and the University of California. His parents were in poor circumstances, and so, not knowing many comforts of home-life, he sought companionship among the scum marine population of San Francisco Bay. Here he had many experiences which afterward formed the themes for some of his books; and it was here that he "lost his ideal romance, and replaced it with the real romance of things."

Mr. London has played the rôle not only of novelist and short story writer, but also of tramp, sailor, socialist, lecturer, miner, journalist, and war correspondent.

He gathered the material for his first books in the Klondike region, to which place he repaired during the great gold rush of 1897. His first magazine article was published in the *Overland Monthly* in 1899, which was followed the next year by the appearance of his first book.

Some of his best literary productions are: "The Son of the Wolf," "The God of His Fathers," "A Daughter of the Snows," "A Cruise of the Dazzler," "Children of the Frost," "The Call of the Wild," "The People of the Abyss," "The Faith of Men," "The Seawolf," "The Game," "Moon Face," "White Fang," "Love of Life," "The Iron Heel," "Before Adam," and "Lost Face." Among other things, Mr. London is at present engaged in writing short stories for a number of the leading periodicals of the country, one of his latest works being a serial story, "Smoke Believ," now being published by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*.

But it is as a writer of short stories that, in the present work, we are to consider Jack London.

For so young a man, his influence upon current literature has been singularly impressive. Indeed, he has been far more fortunate than most of his contemporaries in more ways than one. The greatest portion of the compositions of youthful novelists and short-story writers are short-lived—they are turned down by the editors of magazines before the critical public gets a chance to read them; but London's work received a place in literature from the start.

In judging of Jack London's ability as a writer, probably the most important thing to consider is his style. This element of good writing is difficult of synthesis but easy of analysis. According to our rhetorics, simplicity, force, and elegance constitute style. And London, throughout all his works, possesses these qualities in a marked degree. But even from a cursory reading it is obvious that the dominant characteristic of his writing is "force." He is, as has been well said, "a worshiper at the shrine of action, and action he interprets through the medium of force." The fact that he has been an untamed and unconventional man from his youth, has strongly affected his writings, inasmuch as it has given them a blunt force and a vital power by no means common.

Charm, which is an outgrowth of force, simplicity, and elegance, and is, in a sense, the measure of all good writing, is felt in all of London's works. He has a sort of rude grace which in a few instances even approaches the exquisite and the beautiful. He has an imagination which is strong, and a mind which runs parallel to nature's laws; but unfortunately—and this is probably due to his environment—he is too much the prose writer, and too little the poet. As a result, his works lack perspective and form. Instead of playing the violin of the beautiful, sweet thought, London plays the viola of the strong, forceful, and even brutal thought. Indeed, he might be called typical of the West in every regard,—he is wild, rugged and uncultured, yet forceful and strong. "The method of London's style," says Mr. Porter Garnett of the *Pacific Monthly*, "is a deliberate hysteria"—and this adequately expresses it. Whatever his deficiencies in style are, they are due rather to the unde-

veloped idealistic side of his nature than to his lack of perception.

London's plots are, for the most part, well contrived. He has dealt a great deal—possibly too much—with the repulsive, bloody, cruel, and brute side of man's nature; but always he has a story, a motive, and a true sense of proportion. He possesses a remarkable power of holding his reader's interest. And this quality alone, since it is the most important requisite of the story-teller's art, would entitle him to consideration among men of letters, even though he had no other peg upon which to hang his literary reputation.

London, as no other American author—with the possible exception of Bret Harte—has infused his own life into his books: he has lived his art. He has drawn his materials from the life of the wild. He is a natural story-teller, and has been eminently successful in portraying incidents and things as they are in real life. Therefore, he is a member of the "realistic" school. He is a sincere writer, and he is convincing, because he has been through the adventures and hardships which he so vividly pictures. In his early life he lived among the "seething submerged tenth;" he understood their life and customs, and could, therefore, write most convincingly about them. In the gold fields of Klondike, prospecting side by side with almost every type of man, he had an exceptionally fine opportunity of studying the idiosyncrasies of human nature. And he availed himself of it. Possessing a keen power of observation and an equally fertile imagination, it was here that his mind was filled with the dreams of the novelist; it was here that he conceived those plots which, later on in the frame of the short story, won for him a position among the literary men of today. In other words, London lives what he writes, and when he talks of the snow fields of Alaska, or the adventures of the sea, or the life of the tramp, he interests you because he has first-hand facts.

When it comes to the architecture of the short story, London may be called an artist, providing that term be used in a broad sense. He has a remarkable power of clinching with skill and force the plots of his novels, and this power is not entirely lacking in his short stories. Some critics have maintained that he "sinks just a little too low after the highest point has been reached;" and while this is undoubtedly true of his novels, it is not true of his short

stories. Of course, as we have said, London's work lacks modeling and perspective: he is too much the analyst, and too little the poet, and this greatly detracts from his stories—even from his best stories.

Throughout his short stories, as in his novels, we find the unmistakable motive of his work. He has a great sympathy for humanity in general, and especially for the lower classes. This motive is sincere, and therefore contributes to making his writings more convincing.

However well Jack London has fulfilled the requirements of the short story in other regards, his delineation of character must be pronounced imperfect and unsatisfactory. This is, of course, due to his lack of "aesthetic consciousness." He is worse when handling women than when handling men; and while he is best when portraying the character of the rugged miner of Klondyke, we must confess this is a poor best. Among many other examples the character development in "A Day's Lodging" is extremely weak.

Now that we have formulated a general criticism of London's style as a short-story writer, it will be well to take up a few of his best and most popular collections of short stories.

The eight stories making up the volume entitled "Moon Face" are such as bring out the virile powers of expression and the dramatic qualities characteristic of Mr. London. They grip the reader's interest; the language employed is fresh and convincing. This very freshness lifts them above the general run of short stories that today flood the magazines of our country. However, once in a while the style of the works is somewhat spoiled by the introduction of a grotesque stroke; yet, it must be remembered that this is thoroughly characteristic of the author, and, indeed, it would not be Jack London unless such grotesque strokes were interspersed here and there. It has been said that this collection of stories presents Mr. London "at his shallowest, but by no means at his worst." There is an ingenuity of plot in each tale; and while some critics have maintained that "Moon Face" and its companion stories will add nothing to the reputation of its author, we are not prepared to agree with them in this assertion. Other stories which make up this volume are, "All Gold Canyon," "The Shadow and the Flash," "Local Color," and "Planchette."

Next we have "When God Laughs," and other stories, which are very good. The title story is partly idealistic, but the rest of the tales are realistic. "Just Meat" is merely another adaptation of the story of two thieves, who, not content with dividing their spoils between them, plot the death of one another, and as a result both die together. "The Apostate" describes "the relentless, surging side of factory life." But while this collection brings out London's literary gifts very well, the good effect of part of the work is marred by the revoltingly brutal element which he infuses into them. It is noticeable, however, that there is a strength of thought and a power of idiom in the short stories making up this group which is lacking in his novels. The volume entitled "The Love of Life" comprises London's most popular short stories, and represent his best work in this line. They deal with life in the far North about the mining regions of Klondike. Mr. London is at his best when his plots are interwoven about "the rim of the polar sea," and therefore in these tales we have probably the best examples of the author's genius as a plot-maker and as an artist of the technique of the short story. Indeed, in that type of short story which mirrors the life of Alaska, London has been eminently successful, and surpasses all his rivals—he is supreme in the Arctic romance.

When the future analyst—the critic of tomorrow—has made his final assay of London's literary productions, we believe he will find those works to possess the three elements of style,—namely, force, simplicity, and elegance, and the first of these in a special degree. Moreover, he will discover a certain power, inherent in London's idiom, of gripping the reader's interest and at the bottom of the crucible, we believe, he will find present in these short stories at least a little of the element of "charm"—which is, in a sense, the measure of all good writing.

London, as a master of the short fiction, will probably never equal Bret Harte, for he has too many deficiencies which Bret Harte had not. But he will always be classed among the foremost writers of the far West; for, as a literary character, he is typical of the West—where everything has the appearance of ruggedness, virility, strength and force. Jack London is a writer of whom America, as well as California, may be justly proud.

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—We call our government democratic. By that we mean that every citizen is intrusted with a share in its administration. The great American fallacy of today consists in an assumption that that share is an inherent right, which the individual is free to exercise or not as he chooses. It is not so. That share is a sacred trust, for the faithful administration of which every citizen will be held to an account by God, from whom the trust comes. The rule of its administration must be conscience, "the voice of God in man," to stifle which becomes, in matters political as well as social, not only a crime against country and fellow-citizens, but a direct insult to Almighty God Himself.

It is manifestly true that a man who does not exercise intelligently and conscientiously his franchise can not be a good citizen; it is equally true that such a man can not be a good Catholic, a good Christian.

—The capacity for genius is latent in nearly every young man. Hard work along proper lines, or the taking of infinite pains with every duty which devolves upon him, will go far towards developing this capacity. The real leaders of this generation have not obtained position through inertia, "pull," or luck. Study the career of any really successful man and you will discover that persevering effort is the open secret of his success. The intuitive power of genius is secured only after

the mind has been systematically drilled into following logical courses of thought—and this drilling is accomplished mainly by the subject himself. In the case of the self-made man, experience is the school; but for the favored one a school of study is provided. True, he has not so difficult a course or so stern a master, but his work is and must be hard if adequate results are desired. A young man may have great talent and secure good marks with little effort, but he is by no means laying so secure a foundation for later life as the student who works faithfully, and, perhaps, does not receive complimentary grades.

Work, therefore, is the only true pathway to success; and the constant application of the best work a man is capable of doing will give him the merit he desires and deserves.

—This year or the next—in a few years at most—your formal schooling will be completed. Then comes the period of strife. If you have played a man's part and are properly equipped, opportunity awaits you; if you have been a drone, make ready to pay the price in shame and failure. The world needs men—men trained to the point of highest efficiency. Don't think that training a supplement to your school-life. Don't think the world has time to teach you. The world is too busy to notice you, unless your very superiority commands attention, and be sure you will not show superiority if you are not methodical in your work during your years of training. Method is the college man's asset, and method is what the world seeks. For this reason method has been taught you daily; for this reason every teacher has insisted that you have a set time for every task, and for this reason courses that you despise have been forced upon you.

In any line of work the unmethodical man is handicapped; in business, especially, he is an absolute failure. The man who succeeds must have a tremendous amount of reserve energy, and he must preserve every ounce of that energy. To do this, haphazard workmanship must give way to scientific methods, which means reducing things to a system. And methodical, systematic methods of working are not only the safest and surest, but the easiest as well. Look yourself over. See if your failure in school isn't due to lack of method instead of lack of brains.

Founders' and Columbus Day.

MASS AND SERMON.

Founder's Day was commemorated last Sunday in the college chapel with solemn high mass sung by Father Walsh, assisted by Fathers Davis and J. Burke, deacon and subdeacon. According to an honored custom, the sermon, delivered by Father Maguire, had for its inspiration the deeds of Father Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame. The discourse was reminiscent of the trials and triumphs, the heroic efforts and the vast success of this noble man and priest. The hardships which Father Sorin and his band of pioneers encountered were graphically pictured. The optimism and faith of these struggling religious, and their zeal in the hour of disappointment and distress, furnished the theme of the sermon. The story is new to some, to others old, yet it never fails to teach a lesson on the value of the human soul. A native country and its love, friends and their well-wishes, home and its comforts, were set before the youthful Sorin. But he heard beyond the waters the cry of souls praying for the solace of religion, and forgetfulness of self and faith in heaven prompted him to relinquish all that was dear to him to answer the call of the needy.

EXERCISES IN WASHINGTON HALL.

Fitting tribute was paid to the memory of two great men last Saturday evening, with exercises commemorative of the four hundred and twentieth anniversary of the discovery of the New World. With appropriate ceremony conducted under the auspices of the Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, the Faculty and students assembled in Washington hall to do honor to the achievements of Christopher Columbus, discoverer of America, and Father Sorin, founder of the University of Notre Dame. The joint observance of the two anniversaries was peculiarly fitting on account of their close occurrence and the kindred spirit of the two great founders.

After an opening selection by the University orchestra, and the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" by the audience, James Wasson rendered Tosti's "Good-bye" in the pleasing manner that has never failed to earn him an encore. In an Ode to Father Sorin, Frank Stanford, '13, eulogized the character and deeds of the heroic priest to whom our Alma Mater

owes her existence. "Christopher Columbus" was the subject of an address by William Milroy, '13. Mr. Milroy pointed out the similarity between the career of the immortal navigator and the history of the great society that bears his name. For the ultimate fulfillment of their great destiny, he declared, the Knights of Columbus have only to emulate the heroic perseverance and tireless activity which led Columbus, undaunted by obstacles, to the final realization of a lifelong ambition. "Lasca" by Mr. Charlemagne Koehler, professor of Elocution and Oratory, was accorded such insistent applause that he was obliged to respond with a second reading. The succeeding number by George Lynch, premier singer of popular melodies, was repeatedly encored, despite his own assurance that his selection constituted "a sop to the lowbrows."

Motion pictures of the Knights of Columbus Pageant, and local scenes, preceding "America" by the audience, terminated an exceptionally pleasing program.

St. Edward's Celebrates.

Founder's Day was celebrated with special solemnity and rejoicing by the students of St. Edward's hall. Though the feast is dear to all the students of the University, it has a special significance and value for the inmates of the hall which was named in honor of Father Sorin's patron saint. Solemn mass was sung in St. Edward's chapel by the Rev. Francis Maher, with Fathers Carroll and Carrico assisting as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon, which was preached by Father Carroll, portrayed the noble character of Father Sorin—unselfishness of life, devotion to duty, unflinching perseverance, and abiding trust in God—as an example for them to love and emulate.

The track meet held the day before on the St. Edward's campus was an enjoyable part of the celebration. Its results were as follows:

Running races—First grade: Won by L. Maguire; W. Sturdivant, second. Second grade: Won by A. Bernondy; D. Outhouse, second. Third grade: Won by A. Schwarts; J. Santi, second. Fourth grade: Won by A. Colby; E. Funasoli, second.

Three-legged race—First grade: Won by J. Polakow and L. Maguire; Second grade: Won by J. Connor and D. Outhouse; Third grade: Won by M. Newgrass and R. Rische.

Hurdle race—First grade: Won by P. Dixon; R. Stoll, second. Second grade: Won by E. Hawley; J. Murphy, second. Third grade: Won by L. Osborne;

L. Gannon, second; Fourth grade: Won by Dick Ward; V. Lamb, second.

Sack races—First grade: Won by B. Anderson; W. J. Herbert, second. Second grade: Won by J. Dunn; G. Viso, second. Third grade: Won by T. Hogan; L. Lamb, second. Fourth grade: W. Landers, first; A. Craig, second.

Consolation races—First grade: Won by P. Johnson; G. Herbert, second. Second grade: Won by J. Favison R. Davis, second. Third grade: Won by J. White; F. Forde, second.

Bicycle races—First grade: Won by B. Anderson; G. Shephard, second; Second grade: Won by J. Holden; J. Hogan, second. Third grade: Won by P. Weckler; R. Miere, second.

The final of the bicycle races for the medal was won by George Shepherd, Chicago, Illinois.

Lecture on Normandy.

In many portions of France, seldom frequented by tourists, there are to be found chateaus that would delight the historian, primitive methods of agriculture and weaving that would afford keen interest for the antiquarian, and strange people, garbed in stranger costumes, that have a common fascination for all. Mr. Newman's lecture on Rural France leads us into Brittany and Normandy, districts famed for their seeming isolation from the other parts of France, remarkable for their steadfast adherence to old customs, for the quaint legends and for the folklore which has given many authors and poets inspiration for famous works. Not the least notable of all the excellent motion pictures were two of unusually perfect photography: one depicting a storm on the English Channel, and the other, a trip over the rural countryside and around an historic chateau in a French military dirigible. Mr. Newman has never failed to maintain the high standard established by preceding lectures, and "Rural France," we were pleased to observe, did not violate this precedent.

The Red Flag.

At this season of the year, in many of our larger cities and towns there are being enacted certain sordid political farces calculated only to deceive and delude. And ever present at these manifestations of economic ignorance and civic unrest flaunts the red banner of Socialism. Linger on the outskirts of any little group congregated about some raucously impassioned orator, and you will hear evolved

a scheme of social revolution so patently absurd, so palpably unsound, so utterly chimerical as to stagger the comprehension of any student of economics, history, or plain fact. Scan the faces of the participants in the representative red-flag parade, and you will have no cause to seek for further explanation of the spread of Socialism. Illiterate, illogical, unarmed against the subtle arts of specious oratory, they seize eagerly upon the agitators' plan for their emancipation.

Every year the constituents of this seething element of discontent land at Ellis Island, cherishing memories of grievances, real or fancied, suffered in the country from which they fled. Exploited, it is true, by ward politicians and unscrupulous employers, they soon acquire that "little learning" that Alexander Pope long since stamped as a "dangerous thing." Inherently opposed to the prevailing social order, they soon unite in attacking those institutions of whose benefits they have freely partaken and in whose upbuilding they have borne no part. It is these prospective American citizens, spoiled in the making, that are swelling the Socialist vote. Native born Americans constitute but a small percentage of the Social Democratic party. Those that do take up with it are not infrequently adventurers, unfrocked clergymen, and social outcasts, impelled by desire of political distinction, momentary gain, or revenge upon the social order that would not condone their crimes. These formulate the maxims, propound the fallacies, and foster the discontent that gives initiative to the unthinking masses. Dominated by a few reckless zealots, allured by its doctrines of atheism and free love, these unreasoning aliens, even before naturalization has given them the ballot, parade and labor for a movement whose ultimate success can only result in a heedless and disastrous reorganization of social conditions.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The second regular meeting of the society was held Sunday evening. The question for debate was: Resolved, That all the states in the Union should abolish capital punishment. The affirmative speakers were Messrs. J. Lawler, S. Cagney, and C. Somers; the negative, Messrs. R. Burns, A. Clay, and R. Downey. The

result was a victory for the negative. The two speakers, Messrs. Byrns and Lawler, were exceptionally good, and caused considerable comment both from the critic and from the other members of the society. The critic criticised Messrs. S. Cagney, R. Downey, A. Clay, and C. Somers for not being serious enough, for nervousness, and for lack of preparation. The remainder of the evening was spent in a discussion regarding the subjects for debate. Some of the members wished to debate on present-day topics rather than questions that had been debated before. This matter was left to the critic who advised the debaters to take it up with Bro. Alphonsus before the next meeting.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The Holy Cross Literary Society held its first regular meeting of the scholastic year Sunday, October 6. The chief business transacted was the installation of the newly elected officers. Mr. Alfred Brown, to the great satisfaction of the society and with due ceremony, was placed in the president's chair. His speech of acceptance was characterized by its short but vigorous expression. Mr. Allan Heiser next took his appointment of vice-president, and exhorted the society to keep up to its established standard of merit. Other officers are Mr. Stanislaus Kusyznski, secretary; Mr. Francis Kehoe, treasurer; Mr. Jeremiah Hagerty, reporter; and Mr. L. Tomczak, critic. The members of the executive committee are Mr. James Stack, chairman; Mr. Joseph Miner, and Mr. John Kelley. Each of the installed officers thanked the society for the confidence reposed in them, and spoke prophetically of the great pleasure and advantages to be garnered in the coming year from their common efforts.

Personals.

—The genial "Hank" Moritz (Ph. C. '11), of Corby football fame, was on the campus last Saturday. "Hank" is engaged in chemical work in Peoria, Illinois.

—Mr. Henry E. Taylor (student '88-'90) visited at the University last week. Mr. Taylor is travelling in the interests of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

—The marriage of Doctor Frederick E. Neef to Miss Kathryn Brandt is announced as taking

place October 11, in New York City. We feel called upon to congratulate a most distinguished alumnus. Dr. Neef received the degrees of B. S. in '92, Litt. B. in '93, and Litt. M. in '95; the Physics medal in '92, and the English Essay medal in '95. Congratulations, Doctor and Mrs. Neef!

—The University was honored last Tuesday by a visit from Honorable Hannis Taylor of Washington, D. C. Mr. Taylor, former ambassador to Spain and United States representative at the Hague Conference, delivered the commencement oration in '10, and many of the old fellows will remember him. We are proud to count Dr. Taylor among the LL. D's of Notre Dame. As a constitutional lawyer and an authority on International law, he is recognized as having few or no equals in the country.

—The *Cleveland Leader* gives prominent place to a picture of William R. Ryan, Jr. (LL. B. '11), who is a candidate for County Recorder on the Bull Moose ticket. It is painful to find "Billy" in such company, but gratifying to hear that he is vigorous in the prosecution of the cause, however, ill-chosen that cause may be. Billy's slogan, according to the *Leader*, is "Positions in public offices must be filled on the basis of efficiency—not on what kind of political work the applicant can do—if ever we are to have public business conducted with anything like the success of private business enterprises." We quote further from the *Leader*:

Ryan was captain of the East High football team. At Notre Dame university, where he graduated in 1911, he was a member of the star team of 1910, which beat Michigan. Into his work and into his utterances Ryan puts all the vigor of the football field.

Ryan is not a politician in the commonly accepted sense of the term. In this he is almost unique among candidates.

He believes the county should adopt at once the Torrens system of registering land titles, so the public may be safe in buying property without the expense of an abstract. The constitutional amendment permitting counties to adopt this system was passed September 3.

"If I am elected I shall do all I can to get the system adopted," Ryan declares. "In fact, I shall do everything possible to put the office on a basis similar to that of a private business. I want to be able to give a good accounting to the people who elect me."

We don't like your party, Billy, but we do snuggle up mighty close to the candidate for County Recorder.

—An alumnus of whom Notre Dame is properly proud is Judge Kickham Scanlan of Chicago. Kickham was a popular student at the time of the great fire which destroyed Notre Dame in 1879. His career as a lawyer and as a judge has been brilliant, but to us it seems that the crowning honor of his career thus far has been his selection as one of the three arbitrators in the case of the big street-car controversy in Chicago. Judge Scanlan was the choice of the men to represent them, a fact in itself significant. Indeed, the striking men declared that any attempt to substitute another arbitrator for Judge Scanlan as their representative would immediately cause a permanent break in the negotiations.

Local News.

—FOUND—A small crucifix and reliquary. Owner may call for them at room 208, Main Building.

—Prof. Petersen announces that there will be band practice during the hours designated for military drill.

—And another thing, is it really necessary to give everybody that comes in the glad hand, in Washington hall?

—Attention, K. of C's: A regular meeting will be held in the Council Chamber Tuesday evening, October 22, at 7:40 p. m.

—The roll of English IV has climbed to the half-century mark. Father Carroll reports this the largest Senior English class in recent years.

—Mr. Edward Dyer was called home on account of the death of his father, thereby losing for St. Joseph the services of a very promising backfield man.

—A recent meeting of the St. Joseph Athletic Association elected Mr. Joseph Stack president, and Mr. Joseph Smith, treasurer. Here's where Bro. Florian cops a few more pennants.

—Excitement is at a premium in Sorin. Our local news reporter reports, in despair, that the football squad is doing nicely. We'd put in more, but we don't dare fake news.

—Have you noticed those fellows from old "Noo Yawk?" They look as gloomy as our local Bostonians look happy. For an example of the latter, what about Father McGarry?

—The St. Joseph huskies have organized their football fighting machine, and prospects

look rosy for the waiters. Under the competent coaching of "Buck" Maloney and the leadership of Captain "Nig" Kane, the team expects to leave a few bruises on its opponents.

—Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 4:30 p. m., the Ernest Gamble Concert Party will give an entertainment in Washington hall. The Gamble Concert Party is not new to the University, having performed here often in the past six years. This concert company enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest on the circuit.

—Word has been received from the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., praising highly the thesis of Father Paul Foik, the able Librarian of this University. Father Foik's work, "The Development of the Catholic Newspaper," was pronounced by the Faculty of History to be the best of its kind ever written.

—Manager Langan, of the Walsh Hall Preps, reports that he has a squad of wonders which bids fair to become an infernal machine. Under the competent coaching of Baujan and Newning, we expect the Preps to do something. We can't blame the Wolves, Owls, and Ducks for feeling nervous about signing up games.

—Some of the fellows made a little noise at the football game last Saturday anyhow, so we congratulate Mr. Byrne. Without rooting, a football game is about as cheerful as a Russian morgue on a fall day, or as interesting as a Chinese opera. Be a *real* sport, do a little noise-making. Mr. Byrne will appreciate your effort.

—A musical and literary entertainment will be given in Washington hall today at 8:00 p. m. for the students in Brownson and St. Joseph's halls. The following is the program:

Reading	Professor Koehler
Violin Solo	Arthur Carmody
Reading	Brother Alphonsus
Song	George Lynch
Reading	Patrick Cuning
Piano Solo	William Hicks
Reading	Robert Byrnes
Vocal Solo	James Wasson
Reading	Professor Koehler
Song	George Lynch
Reading	Brother Alphonsus
Vocal Solo	James Wasson

—During the week, a Young Men's Woodrow Wilson Club was organized and an application made for a charter. Word has been received by the officers of the organization that their request was recognized by the Democratic party and that the required charter would be sent at once. The purpose of the organization

is to secure for "Woody" the largest number of votes possible at Notre Dame, and to use all honorable means for the election of the candidate. Literature and buttons have been distributed, and meetings are to be held each week to arouse enthusiasm in the election, and get all the Democratic voters out to the polls on election day. The officers of the club are: Basil J. Soisson, president; Harry J. Hebner, vice-president; Edward A. Roach, secretary; Knute Rockne, treasurer. If literature is desired by any one, it can be had upon application to any of the above-named officers.

—Among the books of the Apostolate library that need rebinding are the following: "Barbara Worth" and "The Shepherd of the Hills," by Wright; "Don Orsino" and "Marzio's Crucifix," by Crawford; "A Daughter of the Sierras" by Reid; "The Right of Way" by Parker; "The Daughter of a Magnate" and "Dr. Brysen" by Spearman; "Freckles" by Porter; "The Mystery of the Priest's Parlor" by Irons; "Rose of the World" by Martin; "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" by Harland; "The Ball and the Cross" by Chesterton; "Fabiola" by Wiseman; "Saracinesca" by Crawford. The director of the Apostolate has received a few dollars so far from the students, but not enough to have these books rebound. Money may be given to the director or to the promoters as published in last week's issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Athletic Notes.

CORBY TAKES HANDICAP MEET.

The interhall handicap trackmeet, which was held last Sunday afternoon to determine which hall should hold the Stoeckley championship trophy the coming year, was won in a trot by Corby hall. The athletes from the west side took five firsts and six seconds in the nine regular events. Second place, entitling the winner to the football donated by the Athletic Association, was won by Walsh hall.

Liberal handicaps were given to the amateurs, and the regulars were always hard pressed and often failed to overcome the handicaps. Rockne of Corby was high-point man, winning firsts in the 300-yard dash and in the shot put, and second in the broad jump.

A number of novelty races were run, much to the amusement of the audience, and brought out such talent as Kane and Meersman. Con-

sidering the lack of training, the results were very good throughout; and the meet as a whole served to show what material there is for the gold and blue track team this year.

The winners of first and second places were rewarded by prizes generously donated by the leading merchants of South Bend.

100-yard dash—Won by Bensberg, Corby; Newning, Walsh, second. Time: 10 2-5 seconds.

300-yard dash—Won by Rockne, Corby; Pritchard, Corby, second. Time: 33 seconds.

Class officers' race—Won by Wasson, Corby; Sois on, Corby, second.

500-yard run—Won by Bocigalupo, Walsh; Lequerica, Corby, second. Time: 1:25.

1,000-yard run—Won by Miller, Corby; Gibson, Corby, second. Time: 2:29.

Quarter mile free-for-all—Won by McDonough, Brownson; Frawley, Corby, second. Time: 55 sec.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by LeBlanc, Sorin; Pritchard, Corby, second. Time: 14 2-5 sec.

50-yard backward race—Won by Bibson, Corby, Lush, Brownson, second. Time: no time.

Managers' race—Won by Mee, Walsh; Kane, St. Joseph, second; Meersman, Corby, third.

Shot-put—Won by Rockne, Corby; Jones, Corby, second. Distance: 39 feet, 10 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Wasson, Corby; Rockne, Corby, second. Distance: 21 feet.

High jump—Won by Byrne, Walsh; Mills, Walsh, second. Height: 5 feet, 7 3-4 inches.

ADRIAN FOLLOWS ST. VIATOR'S SUITE.

As a result of the special efforts of the manager of the football team, a game was secured with Adrian College for last Saturday afternoon. The Michigan boys were somewhat heavier than the gold and blue men, but the superior team-work of the latter more than offset this disadvantage as the final score of 74-7 amply proves. Captain Dorais took advantage of the opportunity to try his backfield through a heavy line, and as a result, the game was almost entirely straight football. Eichenlaub showed that he is a ground gainer against heavy lines as well as against light ones, and the giant fullback was seldom stopped before he had gone the desired ten yards. Berger and Pliska, too, were consistent gainers, each scoring four touchdowns. The sensation of the game, though, was Dorais' field running, for time and again he carried Adrian's kick-offs and punts past the middle of the field, often dodging more than half of the opposing players. The most pleasant improvement to note in the team was the absence of the fumbles which were so frequent in the previous game.

In the third period, open play was resorted to, and it was in this quarter that McWilliams

intercepted a forward pass and raced off for Adrian's only touchdown. Summary:

Notre Dame (74)		Adrian College (7)	
Dolan, Nowers,			
Morgan, Elward	R. E.	N. Ayers,	Stevens
Stevenson, Keefe	R. T.		Pierce
Harvat, McLaughlin	R. G.		P. Ayers
Feeney, McLaughlin	C.		Patterson
Cook, Hicks	L. G.	Webster,	Hackett
Fitzgerald, Dumphy	L. T.		Byrd
McGinnis, Metzger			
Miller	L. E.	McWilliams,	Dicinger
Dorais, Fnnegan	Q. B.		Stone
Pliska, Larkin, Lower	R. H.		Sala
Berger, Duggan, Gargin	L. H.		Nichols
Eichenlaub, Dougherty	F. B.		Siebert

Touchdowns—Pliska (4), Berger (4), Larkin, Lower, Gargin, McWilliams. Goals from touchdowns—Dorais (8), Pierce. Referee—Dunbar (Yale). Umpire—Callahan (Michigan). Head linesman—Lynch (Notre Dame.) Time of quarters—twelve minutes.

SORIN, 7; BROWNSON, 0.

The first game of the interhall football season, played last Thursday afternoon, between Sorin and Brownson halls, resulted in a 7 to 0 victory for Capt. Heyl and his men. The lone touchdown of the game was made in the first quarter. Brownson was in possession of the ball on their own territory, but, being held, were forced to punt. As the ball was passed back, Voelkers broke through and blocked the kick. The ball rolled back of Brownson's goal line and Rubio fell on it for the only touchdown. Terry O'Neil kicked the goal. With this exception, the teams fought through the entire game on about equal terms, the ball see-sawing back and forth about the center of the field. Toward the end of the second quarter it looked as if Sorin would disturb the score-board again when Heyl and O'Connell executed a long forward pass which brought the ball within Brownson's twenty-yard line. Time was called however on the next down.

Safety Valve

It is said the Chicks are transformed to Preps because hatched in These Columns. And now they remain shorn—not plucked—of the only distinction they ever enjoyed.

The student who put his claws on pressman's claw hammer had better open his claws and cough up.

We received a most cordial invitation to be present at St. Mary's College Founder's Day dance. We were obliged regretfully to decline, however, having previously promised to witness the rapid exit of Mr. Eddie Rose of Noo Yoak, at our Founder's Day program here.

Mr. Rose's exit was a specialty act and was supremely successful. The promising performer extends sincere thanks to Father Davis for able assistance rendered in his dashing get-away.

A hay vote taken by us in the various halls shows up the corrupt methods of our contemporary:

	Main	Carroll	St. Eds.	Boat House
Taft	61	102	107	0
Wilson	13	13	13	0
Bull Moose	23	23	23	0

PEST No. 14.

Applauding everybody who enters Washington hall before performance begins.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS FOR EVERY DAY.

Lycopodium Linn., Gen. Pl. p. 323 (1737) Hort. Chiff. 476 (1737), p. 486 (1757); Sp. Pl. p. 1100 (1753). *Lycopodium lucidulum* Michx. Ches erton, Ind. [Hill*] Pine and Millers [Highley and Raddin], Porter Co. [Deam].—*American Midland Naturalist*.

We have just finished reading Mr. Henry Isadore Dockweiler's excellent thesis entitled "Horace's Love of Rural Life and His Sabine Farm." Our learned commentator hands down the information that Horace spent much of his time working on his beans.

Yes, Henry, but consider how many beans have been working on Horace.

We miss the Calendar this year. O for a Paul Rush!

Several bright lights flickered and went out in English IV. last Wednesday, including such tall candles as our Erich. No perceptible eclipse followed.

"The earth's sweet sunshine set him right" declares one of our leading poets of himself in his latest melodious utterance. Are we to infer that it was moonshine that put him wrong? If so, was he illuminated or just moonstruck?

It has just come to light—through the special efforts of our special correspondent and the good work of the A. P.—that the Dome will surprise us on May 1st. How's that for a scoop—eh?

Fresh—Say, Soph, when are they going to ship the dome away?"

Soph (elegantly)—"What's eatin' you?"

Fresh—"Well, then, what are they boxing it up for?"

So!

A fellow possessed of a paddle
Saw Harper stretched over a saddle

After some contemplation

He fell into temptation—

Wow! You ought to see Harper skeddadle!

TO ADD.

To add to their comical physiognomy, they padded their haunches and bulged out their stomachs with artificialities.—*Greek Comedy*—Eng. IV:

* street-car?