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The Shepherd Boy's Love Song.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

DOWN to the hut in the valley I go,
Down where the murmuring waters glide;
Some one has called me—Who? Don't you know?
Can you not tell by my cheeks all aglow
Who is awaiting me down there below—
Down in the vale where the waters glide?

Daylight has faded, the stars are asleep;
Love's light alone is my guide tonight.
Down in the valley two loving eyes peep
Up through the gloom of the hillside and leap
Bright with my coming—o'er trails wild and steep
Love lights my way to my tryst tonight.

The Crime of the Century.

ALLAN J. HEISER, '13.

IN centuries past the masses have ever been subservient to autocracy. With the advance of learning came the overthrow of tyrannical power. One by one the nations have adopted representative and constitutional forms of government. Through this gradual change the common people of Europe now enjoy constitutional rights, save in one land where "the will of despotism is law and the decree of absolutism final." Crushed by centuries of bondage, and bending beneath the hand of tyranny, Russia, even at this hour, still submits to the will of a Czar whose hirelings rob and murder a down-trodden people. All this in an age when wars for conquest of power have ceased; when nation is no longer dominated by nation; when slavery is forgotten; when people possess political and religious freedom, and when there is a congress of powers to direct and to decide the rights and duties of nations. At this present day, which marks the world's greatest intellectual advancement, Russia still holds the Jew an alien, denies him the rights of citizenship and the protection of the law, murders and outrages him. Above the nation's message of peace and good will to men sound the discordant notes of tyranny and persecution. From the silent, frozen steppes of Siberia there appears the ghastly picture of desolate ruins, charred hovels, abandoned homes, and the bodies of Jewish dead.

The Jew stands the sole survivor of every nation of antiquity. He alone in that great procession of nations remains unchanged. Nations in turn have risen to exalted power only to sink back into oblivion. The Jew alone, "grasping the talmud to his breast with the implicit faith of a child," retains in history the unique character of a conquered yet an undying race. Driven from his native land by foreign armies, he is an exile and an outcast, seeking a fireside, a place which he and his children after him might call a home. Given protection by the Czar, thousands of Jews flocked to Russia. "The rape of Poland and the looting of Turkey" forced two million more under Russian dominion.

In 1786 the Jewish element of Russia was, by royal mandate, segregated and cut off from national intercourse with the people of the empire. Subjected to every persecution that hatred and greed could devise, taxed to abject poverty, hedged like a beast in a den, ravaged by famine, decimated by pestilence, the Jew, denied every right of citizenship, has borne these years of unmitigated and gruelling persecution with the same forbearance as was shown under the task masters of Egypt. And with the same eye of hope he is looking for

the Prophet to come from on high to lead him over the dry, dead plains of tyranny to the promised land of liberty and peace.

Russia, brought into Western civilization by Peter the Great and at one time abreast of Christian Europe in art and literature, "has driven the apostles of modern thought from her borders and is sinking into the lethargy of the Orient." Paralyzed by misgovernment, over-taxation, and the stupid greed of the aristocracy, she is "the monument of impotency." The Russian peasant, for centuries ground beneath the heel of despotism and taught only brutality, has now turned upon his oppressor. Rapine and savagery reign. Racked with murder and rebellion, blinded and maddened by the blight of barbarism, Russia has been a hell of torment to the Jew.

Enter the cottage of a peasant of the plains. Everything there bespeaks governmental oppression and outrage. A section is railed off for the cattle. In a corner stands a rude bed made of split logs, covered with the family bedding, on which lies the wasted form of a young girl. An aged couple gaze at the little white figure before them. It is that of their fifteen-year old daughter, dying from repeated outrages inflicted by a band of Cossacks. And even as they gaze, outside on the pavement is heard the heavy tread of approaching soldiery. A rude summons is made to the occupants of the hovel to open the door. The father pleads for the lives of his wife and child. The cry for mercy is answered with a curse, the father and mother are sabred, a lighted torch is applied to the wretched hovel, and the story is ended.

Who is guilty of these scenes of carnage and bloodshed? Who instituted corporal punishment against the Jew, bars him from every hospital and denies him the right of citizenship? Who caused the massacres of Odessa and Keiff? It is the government that makes criminals and outcasts of all who dare to speak of liberty; it is the weak, vacillating Czar and his ministers; it is the government of Russia that is guilty of "the crime of the century."

Examination of this mad fanaticism, prompted by ignoble greed and inherited prejudice against the Jew, reveals a race unable to grasp the meaning and growth of our Christian civilization. Unable to compete with the foreigner and goaded to frenzy by his losses and failures, the Russian wreaks his vengeance on the poor defenseless Jew. Greedy nobles and rapacious Czars have robbed him of his lands and compelled the Jew to traffic in money which he can carry about with him. So the Jew is a money lender because Russian laws compel him to be so. Yet for this is he persecuted, for this is he murdered.

It is Christmas night in the city of Moscow, 1897. To the west of the city the cold, fitful glimmer of the winter stars reveal a group of huts surrounded by a forest of pines. Nought is heard save the moaning of the wind and the distant howl of famished wolves. The village is wrapped in slumber. A band of Cossacks steal out of the city and surround the little town. With torch and sabre three hundred families are driven from their homes, out into the wintry darkness. Many flee to the forest and kindle fires to keep from freezing, but the merciless Cossacks follow and stamp out the fires, leaving men, women and children to the mercy of the cold. Others flee to a nearby cemetery, and in the mocking light of dawn a peasant finds the frozen bodies of the Jewish dead in a Christian burial ground. And this in a Christian age and in the twentieth century! It is the one dark blot on the name of civilization that cries trumpet-tongued against such murder and against the government that permits it.

The cry of the Jew from darkest Russia is not for revenge, but for justice; for the right to live and labor. His industry, energy and talent have become one of the world's motive powers. He has been the conserver of public credit, the counselor of kings and ministers of empires. For a quarter of a century the peace of Europe hung upon Disraeli, the prime minister of England. It was Gambetta who proposed the dissolution of the hated Napoleonic Empire and first proclaimed the republic of France. The sons of a poor German Jew now rule the monetary world. Jewish intellect and energy have entered every field of human activity. Senates and parliaments have been enraptured by their eloquence. Their statesmen have championed justice and have relieved the burdens of the poor. Jewish scientists have traced the course of the stars; their artists and poets have produced many of the world's masterpieces, and although the voice of Jewish prophets has been hushed for centuries, their teachings are the hope of millions today.

Let not the cry of Jewish sorrow be heard in vain. Let Russia, by applying the principles of Christianity, grant justice to the Jew. Let his inherited woes and unspeakable misfortunes be blotted from memory. After the darkness of ignorance and barbarism has been dispelled by the light of Christian truth; after the prejudice cherished so long against the Jew has been broken down, then will order come out of this chaos; then will peace and justice triumph. Upon the crumbling ruins of autocracy a sovereign people will construct the new regime, whose foundation will be the love and good will of the masses. And under the magic touch of freedom and justice to all men, Jew as well as Gentile, Russia will become a new empire. Then will the crack of the Cossack's pistol and the sound of his lash be forever hushed, and down-trodden humanity will no longer cry for mercy. Then will the Jew be given justice and Russia will have expiated "the crime of the century."

Duckie and the Pink Pearl.

FRANK H. BOOS, '15.

The blazing, fiery Sol had gone to rest, and the purple mists of night were descending, softening the white marble of the Temples of the Gods until those massive piles appeared like phantom ruins in the waning light, tall, mystic, wonderful. As was her wont, the Goddess Yoathena, wife of Plutor, Lord of mists and seashores, reclined upon her couch of gold and pearl and gazed with languid eyes down through the mountains of snowy clouds to the Earth below. Ages before she had dropped a pearl, round and pink, upon the yellow sands of the seashore. This pearl she had kissed and blessed, and of all things upon that ugly, whirling sphere of mortal matter, she held it alone in tenderness. Her blessing followed it where'er it went, at all times, in all places; and now—

"Good Lord!"

Duckie Straus left off staring at an exceptionally pretty young lady a few tables away and gave his companion a half quizzical glance of surprise.

"'Smatter?" he asked, or rather exploded, in his characteristic way.

The young gentleman across from him,—needless to say, it was Bud Fisher,—uttered a dismal groan and handed Duckie the menu card.

"Matter enough!" he growled. "How much money have you?"

"Dollar," replied Duckie.

"Well, we've ordered and eaten more than we can pay for then, because I've got that same identical amount myself, and the bill will be three! Add it up and see."

"Uh-huh! Right! Three bones!" said Duckie after a feat of mental arithmetic. "Wot'll we do?"

"Gosh, I don't know," replied Bud, shifting uneasily in his seat. "Just stay calm and cool and face the music I guess."

"Mebby we better go—make dash fer it—get away," suggested Duckie.

"And have the house detective on our heels in five seconds? I should think not! You ought to know the Oliver better than that by this time. Just sit still and keep cool."

Now it is always easy enough to advise composure and coolness, but, like most advice, it is a thousand times more difficult to follow than to deliver. Bud Fisher started every time a silent-footed waiter passed, trying heroically to remain calm and at ease but achieving only the appearance of a disconcerted pickpocket.

"Yes, I know," exclaimed Duckie, mopping his fat, crimson face for the tenth time in as many minutes, "but who pays? Bill'll come—no money—some'n gotta pay. Three bones—only got two—call man'ger—man'ger call cop—cop call patrol—calm 'n cool? Rot!"

"Sh–h! Not so loud!" cautioned Bud.

"Question is, who pays?" continued Duckie.

"Somebody will hear you, you boob!" cried Bud in alarm.

"Let 'em hear! Makes no diff'rence—ev'-body'll know anyhow—soon's waiter comes. Gosh, wish I could find dollar somewheres. Darn humiliatin'—very!"

"What good will wishing do you," said Bud exasperatedly. "Think! Dope up some plan or excuse or something!"

"A'right. Wot about this—old gag—lef' money in ov'coat pocket—coat out in hall—once in hall, make dash—down alley— up side street—run like devil—coup'l miles—mebby gettaway—eh?"

"Huh!" sneered Bud. Fine, apoplectic chance! Why, the bulls would have you in ten minutes and chuck you in the coop and—"

"Excuse me, gentlemen, if I seem to intrude."

Bud and Duckie looked up simultaneously. A man, tall, dark-skinned, all black eyes and walrus mustache stood beside them.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," he continued in a soft, easy voice, "but, from your late remarks, I am led to presume that you are in rather pressing straits,—pecuniously, I mean. Unseen by others, I will shake this gentleman's hand and deposit in it a bill of small denomination. This, I believe, will clear you of any trouble. I will now go back to my table where my friend is waiting. Join us in the smoking room in about ten minutes Until then, so-long!"

He was gone. Bud looked at Duckie, and Duckie stared at Bud. In the stout youth's palm, rolled into a small ball, was something crisp and new and green.

"Sacred snakes!" was all Bud could say.

"Darn lucky," commented his roommate. "Strange gent'l'm'n—embarrassin' diff'culties—necessary coin—darn lucky!"

Bud was still rubbing his nose and swallowing hard when the waiter arrived. As a young father places his new-born heir in its cradle, so Duckie Straus carefully deposited the three precious bills on the little silver tray. The black-faced cynic bowed, then perceiving that no tip rested on top of the bills, gave the two young men a look of sneering dissatisfaction and sauntered away to the cashier's desk.

Bud and Duckie left the dining-room rather hurriedly, and, after carefully peeking into the Turkish smoking room to see that it contained no members of the Faculty, entered and produced cheroots.

"Gosh, I wonder who he is?" was Bud's first question as soon as they were both deep in the luxurious chairs.

"Dunno—nev'r saw him afore—tot'l stranger," said Duckie, sending a huge puff of smoke swirling towards the little red lights on the ceiling. "Stranger, but gent'l'm'n—real sport—gotta meet'm—pay 'm back earliest conven'nce—sooner the better."

"You bet we'll pay him back!" assented Bud warmly. "What would we have done if it hadn't been for him!"

"Um-m!" mused Duckie. "Wot'ud we done if I didn't have on my lucky ring!"

"Eh? Ring? Aw, Duckie, please don't start on that subject again. You'll spoil the entire evening for me."

"A'right, but my ring—lucky—lil pink pearl, y'know—that's wot got us out of diff'culty."

Bud had just formed his lips to say "Pooh!" when their strange benefactor, followed by another gentleman of equally singular appearance, entered the room.

"Ah, here you are!" exclaimed the tall stranger smiling. "I knew you wouldn't try to run away, although Ceilski here seemed certain that—pardon me, gentlemen, your names. We must be introduced."

The ceremony of introduction over, the two young men were aware that the tall man's name was Brown and his friend's, Ceilski. The latter, Duckie noticed, was undoubtedly of the Jewish race, for he had the sharp ferret eyes and the humped nose of the Semitic branch of the human family, and its singularities of speech and gesticulation besides.

"You were," continued Mr. Brown in his oily voice, "discussing the luckiness of something. Pray go on. Don't let us interrupt. It's one of my favorite topics, anyhow."

Bud looked troubled, then nodded slowly.

"Duckie—Mr. Straus, I mean,—has a certain odd little ring which he always wears on his little finger to—"

"Lucky—ver' lucky," interrupted Duckie, leaning forward eagerly. "Worn it all m' life—ver' old ring—funny settin'—Rom'n gold—pearl—'n awf'l lucky."

"Also am I a firm believer in luck," chimed in Mr. Ceilski, nothing but his large nose and ferret eyes being visible through a dense cloud of cigar smoke which enveloped his head.

"As I was sayin'," continued Duckie, smiling as his roommate squirmed and casting malicious glances in his direction, "some people—plum fools—don't believe in luck. P'raps 'cause they nev'r have any—too grouchy. Yesser, m' dad found this pearl when 'e was a lil boy—diggin' clams up 'n Maine—lived on seashore. Dad had ut mounted—wore't all his life—died—gave 'ut ter me. 'E thought great deal of his lil' pearl."

Bud yawned prodigiously, but as both the other gentlemen appeared interested, Duckie threw away his Jimpson regalia and continued:

"Best luck goin'—lil' ring—allus gets me out scrapes—trouble 'bout money all time. When m' dad died made me promise allus to wear ut—all m' life. Once—long time ago—burglar busted inter the house an' took lucky ring."

"Iss dot so?" said Ceilski. "An' did you get it it back again?"

"He must have, Ceilski, or he wouldn't be wearing it now, would he?" remarked the dark-skinned man with a trace of caustic reprehension.

"Dot's right, dot's right," acknowledged the Jew sheepishly. Go ahead. Vot happened next, Mr. Swartz?"

"Dad fright'n'd," continued Duckie, "nearly t'death—phoned perlice—all over—wired detective ag'ncy—big cities all spotted—wanted lil' ring bad."

"An' did he get der ring?" asked Ceilski.

"Uh-huh. Thief took it—pawned it—Toledo—pawnbroker kept it—detective foun' ut—'turned it ter Dad. Ver' 'appy man—got back lil' ring."

"Where did your father live?" queried Mr. Brown in his smooth-toned voice.

"Bos'en—ole res'dent," answered Duckie.

Brown and Ceilski exchanged glances, then the former rose gracefully.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we must be going, but before we go, I want to see that lucky ring."

Duckie held out his hand, grinning as Brown and the Jew examined the unique article of jewelry. Ceilski's eyes became hidden in a mass of evil wrinkles as he fingered the ring.

"It's der same one," he muttered. "It's der same identical one."

"I guess we won't say anything more about that dollar," said Brown straightening up. "You have given us both a chance to pay a debt we both owed you many times over."

Bud and Duckie looked blank.

"You see," continued the dark gentleman taking Ceilski by the arm, "before I settled down and reformed I used to be a burglar by profession. I remember, before my lucky days came on, I once wore that ring. I sold it in Toledo."

"Und me," broke in Ceilski, "I uster be a pawnbroker in Toledo."

The Dawn.

E. A. ROACH.

Black clouds across the heavens hung
Oppressive night!
Away the deathlike veil is flung
By laughing light.

Varsity Verse.

A NIGHT IN VENICE.

ENTRANCED upon a calm lagoon
In the dusk; a waxing moon;
Stars through cloudy lattice spying;
Breezes o'er the waters sighing.

Soft the waves lap on the prow,
Faint thy kisses touch my brow;
Bells upon the still air beating,
Day along the sea retreating.

Our gay boat, a bridal barque
Threading the enchanted dark,
Floats—a murmurous love-ditty—
Through the ocean-hearted city.

Raymond J. Sieber, '13.

THE FROST.

I come in the night when all is dark,
Appear in the morn, and then I'm gone.
A touch of my blight will kill the spark
Of life that remains on field or lawn.

With a pall of white I dress the earth
And the tender plants no longer grow;
With frosty bite checking nature's mirth
And coldly harbinger winter's snow.

Thomas F. O'Neill, '13.

GRAY WINTER.

Not a tint of blue is peeping
Through the murky clouds above;
Not the faintest ray of sunshine
Beams that we may feel its love.

Brooks that babbled now are silent
And the wind sad dirges sings;
Earth, remove your veil of mourning,—
Choose a harp with joyful strings!

Though the clouds hang low and threat'ning,
Though the pensive breezes moan,
Happy still is heart and fireside
Where king Peace rules on his throne.

ANDREW I. SCHREIER, '14.

ADVICE TO POETS.

In writing poetry—or rather verse,
The most important point of all, I ween,
Is not to make the spasm any worse
Than can be helped—conveniently, I mean.

And next to this, all poets are agreed,
The muses should be short; too long a lay
At length grows wearisome to those who read
Poetical effusions day by day.—*D. O'Boyle. '14.*

The Romantic Movement in the French Drama.

J. VINCENT MCCARTHY, '14.

The French theatre, under Napoleon, was directly controlled by the General Government. The number of theatres permitted was limited, and the productions were rigidly controlled by imperial decree. To one theatre the opére-comique was assigned; to another, vaudeville; while at the Théâtre Français, only the productions of the classic repertory were seen. Here were produced the works of Corneille, Molière, Racine, and Voltaire. As a result of these limitations, novelty became unknown, and monotony predominated. The comedy of the drama was childish; its tragedy, drivel that wholly lacked action and animation.

The weak attempts made to break away from formalism were regarded by the critics as vulgar and unliterary and were given no consideration. Concentrating all their attention on the Théâtre Français, the critics "judged according to a code of Draconian severity." If the author broke one jot of the dramatic law, or lacked one tittle of dramatic decorum, he was immediately showered with abuse, and punished as an example. Dignity was demanded as the essence of the drama. Each part must conform to some other part, or it was condemned as in bad taste or lacking in culture. Each play must be but an echo of a hollow past. Voltaire had used Racine as his model; Racine had produced in the French drama what he had found in the Grecian tragedies, through the medium of the Italian. Thus we find a cycle of imitations and nothing new produced.

The French dramatist had no choice but to follow the rules, which demanded above all a "blind obedience to the unities." These unities, the critics asserted, were derived from Aristotle. So it was an established law that a dramatic poem must show one action happening in one place, within the space of one day. The unity of action was well observed, for any work of art must have a distinct and single motive. But the unities of time and place forced the concentration of straggling events into the space of twenty-four hours, and barred all change of scene. The grounds for such a principle is nowhere to be found among the Grecian tragedians, nor yet in Aristotle. Neither did Aeschylus, Sophocles, or Euripides ever consider the unity of time or of place. But on account of the conditions of the Greek theatre, their plots were condensed and the scenes few; if it became necessary, however, to change the place of action to obtain their purpose, they did not hesitate to do so.

The Greek drama with its severity and stately dignity, its simplicity and directness, and it crowning virtue, unconsciousness, were wholly foreign to the French theatre under Louis XIV. They were unappreciated and little understood. What a contrast the fiery Corneille was; but more suited to the changed conditions of society swayed by varied and complex emotions. Again, what a contrast between the Greek actor in elevated buskin and resonant mask, hampered from all violent action, but with an ample stage, and the French actor in the rich and elaborate costume of his age, with grace and ease, but crowded between the rows of spectators seated upon the stage itself. The dignity of the Grecian art was lost and the literary effect attained was but slight. Restricted by such unities, only a genius who found strength in obstacles could survive. But even genius chafed against such rigid restrictions which called for the observance of the rules of art against the rules of nature.

The genius of Racine flourished under the restrictions which hampered Corneille. Character was first with him, while Corneille was all for action. Action banished, the French drama drifted farther and farther away from nature, becoming artificial and uninteresting. Even the Greeks became too simple and gave over the use of those charming, homely words so quickly responded to by the heart, and instituted instead a stately periphrasis.

No matter how false his doctrines, Voltaire was a man of great genius. But the hollowness of the French drama under his precepts was only discovered when the men of moderate talent attempted to follow him. Then it lost its last spark of life. Many were the attempts made to break from the long monologues and the two false unities; but they were ever routed by "dignity" and "correctness." Thus the drama went from bad to worse. Even after the Revolution this blind worship of Greece and Rome continued; and the pseudo-classic still dominated the stage when Napoleon was made consul. The same order prevailed when the Bourbons were reinstated upon the

throne; the drama was everywhere the abomination of desolation.

Victor Hugo says: "Instead of scenes we have narrations; instead of pictures, descriptions. Grave personages, placed like a Greek chorus between us and the drama, come and tell us what is taking place in the temple, in the palace, in the public place, until we are tempted to call out to them, "Truly? Then why do you not take us there? It must be amusing, it must be well worth seeing." Not only was real emotion a nonentity, but even the words that were ordinarily used to express it were forsaken.

Fostered in the combats and conquests of Napoleon, a new generation had grown to manhood. Everywhere were signs of the birth of a new life. Society had formed a new order; men were thinking more keenly, feeling more deeply, and speaking more freely than ever before. The respect for nobility and wealth was slowly giving way, while the prosperity and power of the middle class was steadily on the increase. Artificiality and sham were everywhere exposed; sensibility and real feelings and emotions came as a relief after such a long strain of formality. Byron, Scott, Goethe, and Schiller were being read extensively, and the effect of Madame de Staël's precepts were sinking in. Then Hugo came, bearing the banner of romanticism; though not a great movement of mind it was a great movement of feeling.

It was brought about by the publication of Hugo's "Odes et Ballades," which sounded the signal of the revolt. The English actors crossed to Paris and shocked the formalism and decorum of the French dramatists with the turbulent and fiery Shakespeare. Later Hugo published "Cromwell," a historical drama of five acts with a preface explaining and defending the new movement. In all great events there is always one individual around whom the whole situation centers. Necessarily Victor Hugo became the champion of romanticism.

It was not without a fight that classicism, represented by men of experience, ability, and honor, went to its death; but after a long and bitter struggle it finally went down. The classicists would gain entrance to the theatres where the romantic dramas were being rehearsed, and later they would publish parodies and criticisms on the play, doing all in their power to kill its success. When the night of the performances came, both factions would be present; the classicists to hiss and ridicule; the romanticists to applaud and praise.

Victor Hugo's "Hernani" was the real test piece of the new school; upon the result of its performance the new doctrines were to stand or fall. The winter of its production was exceedingly cold; the theatre was poorly heated, especially during rehearsals, and was but a poor place to arouse enthusiasm. Considering the apathy of the actors, it became necessary to secure a group of men to lead the applause and do battle for the play. The official claquer were not to be trusted, and Hugo was unwilling to depend on hired applause. He preferred to depend upon his friends. A number of seats on the lower floor and in the second gallery were reserved for Hugo. Most of the young men of the time were with him and anxious for the triumph of his principle. The friends were selected from all parts of the city and included artists, clerks, and business men. To prevent confusion, these youths were to be admitted before the doors were opened to the public. The hour for the opening of the doors was three o'clock. Fearing a crowd and also in order to avoid any mistake, Hugo's supporters began to arrive soon after midday, and for two hours they blocked the streets about the theatre. And a motley crowd it was! One who has seen the typical Parisian art student of today can well imagine what this crowd must have looked like. With long hair and bearded faces, dressed in all styles but that of the hour, wearing long Spanish mantles and wide-brimmed hats a la Rubens or a la Velaszque, they deserved, in appearance at least, the name O'Neddy gave them: "Les brigands de la pensée." Among the crowd were Theophile, Gautier, Balzac, Berlioz, and Achille Devéria.

Having gained access to the theatre, the forces were distributed so as to give the greatest strength in the coming battle.

When the time came for the regular audience to asemble, great was the contrast between the correctly dressed and mannered members of the Academy and the Institute, and the youthful contingent. Great was the astonishment at the uncouth appearance of Hugo's supporters, and many heartily wished to see the play fail. Many came to see Hugo's discomfiture; and society was attending in force.

The confusion expected did not make its

appearance, and the curtain descended upon the fifth act in a perfect tumult of excitement. At the second performance certain passages were greeted with laughter and others were hissed; but the shackles had been broken forever and the romantic drama secured a permanent place in the theatre of France.

Liberty, the spirit of the romantic reform, was realized; unswerving obedience to traditional regulations in dramatic composition was abandoned, and the author was given large latitude to display originality and talent. New forms were created for new ideas. Characters were unrestricted as to number; and the play became a thing of life, instinct with the development of action. Rome and Greece were forgotten in the highly interesting, picturesque, and natural incidents of medieval history. "History and philosophy, ethics and politics, were to be combined in poetic symbolism, now epic, now lyric in character, and this was to be the drama, the image of life." Instead of blind obedience to the unities of time and place, a new unity,—the unity of interest,—was introduced. This depended greatly upon the unity of action. Sweeping changes were made in the verse used, giving ease, grace, and a clear expression to thought.

The whole object and aim of romanticism in the drama was to introduce the spirit of freedom. It broke with the long existing conditions whose continuation was a detriment and a barrier to the development of the drama both as to form and content. Like all great revolutionary movements, it had its supporters who carried its principles to excess and brought them into disrepute, but the great end of its originators was established forever.

A Northern Light Romance.

(*With all apologies to the author of* "A Northern Light Romance," *which appeared in a recent number of the* SCHOLASTIC.)

"Miss Marjorie Murray installed a fresh supply of chewing gum in her mouth—" We helped install an electric light plant once, but never anything so momentous as chewing gum. Anyway, we're glad she installed it in her mouth. We had a batch of it installed on the back of our head once in St. Joe, Michigan, and believe us, Marjorie, it was only on the installment plan we could persuade it to leave.

But, Marjorie, how long since have Big Time stenogs been wont to affect the gingham attire? To set a scene up in gingham has been our idea of conveying to the expectant eyes of the mad populace a bashful milk-maid gallantly loaping over pastures green. But just the same, Marjorie,—by the way, we like that name—you're the typist, and if you want to spread on the gingham, that's your affair; but gingham or no gingham we're not going to let you get away with sitting down "to" your typewriter. You sit down *to* eat but not to anything else.

We see you have your troubles just like the rest of us, Marjorie, for you no sooner get seated than the knocking begins. We rejoice that it was not on you but on the door the drummer knocked. To have some one knocking on us makes it so disagreeable. Believe it truly, for we know.

That you have a deep knowledge of human nature is quite evident, for we see that you are familiar with types. Being a typist though, how could it be otherwise? (That's the kind of stuff Herb Keese wont fall for, and, of course, we don't blame him. Anyway we're not doing this for honor or glory or even money. It's just to preserve poetic justice in the drama.)

We see you're well acquainted with the world, Marjorie, for it's ever a good bet to get next to the line that is being handed out. When we hear you ask, "What's your so forth?" ah, then we know you're there.

We're not on to the gag about mother not needing any stove polish, but whatever you say goes with us, Marjorie, and if you say she doesn't need any, well, she doesn't, and that is all there will be to it. We're going to flop for a moment, though, on the tenth line from the top of the page, where the drummer is telling you about not having a "get-rich-quick" story in his case. Never take a drummer seriously when he is telling you about the stuff in his case. We opened one up once and—well, a friend of ours drank the fishing tackle. Drummers usually carry their get-rich-quick stories in a more accessible location than their travelling case. But, Marjorie girl, as we peruse farther we are led to believe that something is being handed to you. A drummer working hard for four years? Preposterous! And not speaking a word for months and months and months? What, a drummer? He must have been a drummer in the Civil War.

The eighteenth line conveys the sad information that you have lost your flippancy. Just a moment. You're sure you didn't stick it under the desk. That's what you get for not chewing the Spearmint brand. You'd never lose that. It's like onions: "The flavor lasts."

So the drummer lost his "pardner," did he? It's pretty tough when a fellow loses his "pardner," but we feel that the drummer has sort of got tired putting it over on you, Marjorie. He's making Webster the goat now. "Pardner" is a new one, but perhaps the text will explain.

"Found him stranded in Nome." Ah, now we've got him. This fellow, "pardner," was a midnight son! But how true is that old adage about men being all alike. "Pard" gets "cleaned out," and immediately he wants to grab off a gold field. Those kind of "pardners," are our beau ideal of undesirability in the way of companionship, especially after being cleaned. The drummer needed a "pardner," though, and needers can't be choosers. "Pardner's" bad luck evidently followed him, for after eating up the grub he ups and gets the fever. The gold fever, we infer. (Don't you throw that, George Delana. No more steak for you if you do.)

Now comes the "horrible—terrible" rhapsody. "Cold and hunger on the inside and death scratching at the door." Regular, "Every-woman" stuff, that. Of course "pardner" played the part of "Hunger," for did he not eat all the grub? Ah, yes, how true. And "death scratching at the door." "What a pretty thing!" as Eddie Foy would lisp it. Could Sapolio have played the part of "Death?" No, Never! For Sapolio never scratches.

That a yarn should have mystery mixed up in it is right, but why the drummer went back to his claim "a sorrowful but maybe a better man" we fail to see. Better, perhaps, because "pardner" had kicked in, or then again because he had suffered the loss of a finger by an early frost. Anyway, we should worry.

The lower right hand corner of page 248 is the scene of your entrance again, Marjorie, dear. "The typist flushed—then shivered." We don't know much about the winters down in Wichita, but right in the beginning we thought it unwise to get mixed up with gingham any time between October and May. "The typist flushed—then shivered." We can't get away from that literary gem. It reminds so much of the time we were getting the scarlet fever. It was the only time we were ever flush in our lives. However, this story is filled with fever, so it is not surprising that you should begin to be flushed and then shiver. We have only to lamp the next thought to find that "Money" is at the bottom of it, and again we are forced to observe "gold fever."

But the Alaskan spring has now come, and we are working our diggings nine lines from the top of 249. "A sympathetic tear rolled down a furrow in his hardened face." This recalls forcibly the memory of another hardened face. Not Gyp the Blood's, but one far more classical—The Great Stone Face. It almost makes us sob to think a month must pass after that tender tear rolled down that hardened furrow, but again we are happy to know that this month "was necessary for the settlement of the newly acquired wealth." Newly acquired wealth generally settles rather rapidly—usually out of sight. It settles somewhat in the manner of a house built upon sands, but for your sake, Marjorie, it is well that this particular collection did not.

"He sat up sharply—He saw the clear trail ahead—" Honeymoon trail, we imagine. "Before, he had been wandering in aimless circles." Say, Marjorie, what is this—New Year's eve? When a man begins to wander in aimless circles—well, Good Night. We can hear the clatter of hoofs and the clang of the wagon, and it's eleven and costs with the bacon and eggs in the morning.

"His eyes gleaming like the floes in the Arctic sea when the Northern lights shine full upon them." Some gleam in those eyes! We've seen them with that kind of gleam in their eyes though. They used to come in and chase us around our room back in dear old Kankakee.

"I'd love to be," sighed the typist happily. We enjoy listening to sighs sighed happily, and we're glad, Marjorie, that as long as you sighed it was done happily. But remember, poor girl, before we leave you, that there is always another sighed to every story and we hope this one will not prove the exception. And now, Marjorie, dear, we'll have to lay you and your "Romance" on the shelf, for the clock in the tower says ten bells and soon the light around these diggings will not gleam like the "floes in the Arctic sea when the Northern lights shine full upon them."

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Purpose of Lent.

—Wild flowers are the inspirers of poets; but wild growths spreading over the farmer's fields threaten destruction to his crops. Man's bodily appetites are good; but grown wild they choke the growth of his soul. The farmer-poet must keep his wild-flowers out of his wheat fields; every man must hold the satisfaction of his appetites within the boundaries of reason set by the soul. The season of Lent is a time set aside by the Church for repairing the walls of these boundaries and building them stronger. The soul is quickened to new life by special devotions to the crucified Saviour; the passions are driven back within their borders by self-denial and mortifications. Then, on the glorious Easter Day, the soul is prepared to throw off her garment of penance, and in her new sterngth to rejoice in the triumph and resurrection of Christ.

The New Semester.

—We are now passing into the new semester. As is the custom, we leave behind us the failures and defeats of the last period's work. A great quantity of high resolves are imported, and we begin the new journey with a song of hope. The future is filled with duties and rewards. Fall in line, and be ready to march. Perhaps you have made a botch of your studies since last examinations. Here is the time to get a fresh start. Make a set of good resolutions. You will possibly discard them in a few weeks, but they will do some good at least, whether they last through the warm months or not. It is like gilding the dome; you will have to do it over again at intervals, but the results easily warrant the task.

Start well, and your opponent is handicapped. Purpose to be a numeral in the arithmetic of University life. We don't need to advertise for fractions. This is an excellent season for study; go in and get what belongs to you. Post the motto in your desk: "I will skive tomorrow, not today." You have not done anything so far to justify your parents in sending you to school. Four months remain to earn a monogram for Good Faith. Get into the game; it's worth your time.

Winter.

—At last we have some of the real, old-time winter weather such as our grandfathers used to tell about. "It snows!" cries the schoolboy, and he has some reason for his observation. Likewise, it freezes, and, we might add in the same spirit of truthful observation, it hails, sleets, and knocks the bottom out of the thermometer. The hatless boys acquire sense and warm headcoverings simultaneously; the "guy" "what don't believe in rubbers" balances himself on his collar-bone at more or less frequent intervals. Thin-blooded anemics hug the steampipes and dream of summer; but the boy—the wide-awake, red-corpuscled, hard-working, hard-playing boy—shouts with glee, gives chase to his natural prey, the rabbit, or flies, Mercury-like, with winged feet over the glistening surface of the frozen lake. For healthful sports like these, O Winter, we give you hearty greetings—*Ave!*

The following statement is published in compliance with the postal regulations contained in the Act of Aug. 24,. 1912:

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC, OF THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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FRANK T. MAHER.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of January, 1913. B. ALBEUS.
Notary Public.

Edwin Whitney Recital Co.

Mr. Whitney's "Short Story" program is something of a departure from the conventional offering of this kind, but his auditors signified their approval of the innovation by repeatedly encoring "The Convert" and his many other sketches.

Señor Fabrizio, who enjoys the unique distinction of having been invited to join the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the age of seventeen, fully justifies the flattering press notices of Eastern critics. His wonderful talent and perfect technique, his delicate touch and true Italian passion for musical expression, distinguish him as one of the greatest of contemporary violinists.

Mr. Siler demonstrated that he was an accomplished musician by his interpretation of Liszt's *Fifteenth Rhapsody*, and by his delightful encores, the *Creole Serenade*, and the *Humoresque*.

T. A. Daly

T. A. Daly's lecture in Washington hall on Friday evening, January 24th, was characterized by a note of fresh, spontaneous humor. People laugh at Daly's jokes not because it is the conventional procedure, but for the reason that they are irresistibly funny. His mastery of English "as she is tortured" by recently arrived Italian and Hebrew immigrants and his excellent imitation of the Irish brogue afforded an evening of rare entertainment. Mr. Daly recited several poems of a more serious strain, but although his great versatility permitted an equally effective interpretation here, he kept pathos subordinated to humor throughout most of the program.

Mr. Daly's annual recital is one of the eagerly anticipated numbers of the whole lecture course, and the enthusiasm so manifest at his latest lecture bears ample testimony to his popularity with Notre Dame audiences.

Concerning the Cutting of Trees.

Every year, during the winter season, a number of trees are removed from the University grounds. This arouses the indignation of some of our poets and lovers of nature. Why, they complain, should a tree be barbarously cut down, when it takes so many years for another to grow to a fair size? Appreciating the interest these persons take in the appearance of the place, we would like to have them consider the matter from another point of view.

Though several hundreds of our trees have been cut down during the last twenty years, they have been replaced by more than six thousand. The worthy builders of the early days, handicapped by many difficulties and wishing to secure immediate results, planted for the most part fast growing trees, such as poplars, willows and the like, which are not very durable and which soon become scraggy-looking with age. We are not criticising their work. It was the best they could do at the time. But fortunately we can do better now.

When some of those old trees were removed a few years ago, the critics predicted the artistic demoralization of Notre Dame. They said that the grounds would be a scorching desert in summer, that the birds would abandon the place in disgust, and that insects would eat up the little vegetation that was left. But the fact is that there is more shade today than there was then. We have birds in greater number and for a longer season. In late summer when the angle worms become scarce the birds now find plenty of food on the Russian mulberry trees, which have been introduced in recent years.

Twenty-five years ago the quadrangle in front of the Main Building showed nothing but evergreens, with a row of maples on each side of the driveway. In a park plantation there should be about half as many evergreens as deciduous trees, and shrubs should outnumber trees about seven times. They are needed to screen the walks and drives.

Again, the erection of new buildings necessitates the opening of new vistas, the making of new roads and the like. In the planting of a place it is considered of utmost importance to keep an open center, otherwise the place will appear small and cramped. Moreover, nothing is so pleasing to the eye or restful to the mind as a long stretch of well-kept lawn. Finally, we would suggest that a landscape should be judged from its total effect, and not by any particular tree.

If we are told that tastes differ, we heartily agree—recalling, perhaps, that it was on that proposition that the old woman kissed her cow. But whose tastes are to be followed? There's

the rub, if you please. It would take at least nine lives for us to follow all the advice we receive, and nine more to listen to all the objections that are volunteered. The painter will select as his model a landscape scene with crooked trees, dilapidated fences, and a half ruined house—a scene that would be thoroughly disgusting to a thrifty planter of an up-to-date park. When rare shrubs from China and Japan were introduced here, the farmers wondered why we should be setting out mere brushwood of the kind with which they have so much trouble. A man of sentiment did not like to see us cut down an old tree under which the founder of the University had once sat.

If our grounds are admired by visitors, the credit is due to those in authority, who have given leave and encouragement to the one in charge. And should we survive long enough the slings and arrows of criticism, we hope to illustrate, for any one that can see, the difference between a park and an ordinary backwoods. To that end Dominic will lay his mighty axe to the root wherever it is necessary.

Sunday's Sermon.

"Man," said Father MacCauley in his sermon delivered last Sunday, "is the most perfect of God's creatures. He is endowed with an immortal soul and will inherit eternal happiness if he lives well on earth in his state of trial and in obedience to divine law. His condition here is one of faith. He sees God only in the manifestations of His infinite power, and on this knowledge he bases his belief. If he refuses to believe, he faces eternal destruction. The outcast without home, comfort, or food but with faith in God is better off than such a man. The disturbed conscience of the unbeliever is ever reminding him that he should know God, while the poor outcast has at least thei inward joy of a peaceful mind."

Society Notes.

Brownson Literary and Debating.

A very interesting meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held last Sunday evening. The subject for debate was: Resolved, That United States senators should be elected by popular vote. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. E. Mulholland, G. Clements, and J. Denny; the negative by Messrs. L. Muckle, F. Prolatowski, and W. Purcell. After forcible and interesting arguments on both sides, the decision was declared for the affrmative. Father Walsh, the critic, made a few remarks concerning the debate and the success of the society. J. Lawler spoke interestingly on the Menace of Socialism, and Bro. Raymond gave an instructive talk on Windthorst, the great Catholic layman who was the champion of the Centre Party and the successful opponent of Bismarck.

Civil Engineering.

At last Wednesday's meeting of the Civil Engineering Society several interesting subjects were discussed. Mr. Wasson read a paper on "The Practical Survey of Waterways." He stated that the waterways save many miles of sea voyage and open avenues of commerce to distant producers. Again the comparative cheapness of this mode of travel is an important consideration. Mr. Dolan spoke upon "The Relation between Surveying and Engineering Work." He brought out the fact that in beginning a piece of construction work everything may be in readiness for the start, but without a thorough survey, erection would be impractical and imprudent. Mr. Conway read a paper on "Is the Engineer Compensated?" He said that if the engineer does not receive a large reward for his work in the form of money, he is finally compensated by the satisfaction, the contentment, and the peace of mind which comes with the knowledge of daily duty well done and obstacles surmounted. The last part of the evening's program was a discussion provoked by Mr. Kirk's question, "Is Inertia a Force?" It was proved to the satisfaction of all, after a brief argument, that inertia is not a force.

Philopatrians.

At the last meeting of the Philopatrians, Richard White recited "Barnes goes Shopping." The selection was a difficult one, and if Richard did not handle it perfectly its choice alone shows praiseworthy ambition. Arthur Roche's description of "Nellie, the Maid," was very amusing. Maurice Roche deserves credit for the rendition of "A Christmas Story." Perhaps the best work of the evening was done by John Merrion in "Hero Pilate."

Personals.

—Fred L. Steers (LL. B. '11) recently became associated with the law firm of Sonnenschine, Berkson, and Fischell, whose offices are in the Chicago Stock Exchange Building, Chicago.

—Once again our old friend, "Birdie" McBride (LL. B. '12) is seen on the campus. "Birdie" has forsaken Pittsburg, Pa., for the pursuit of further honors in the law department.

—"Red" Kelley of Kankakee, Illinois, called at the University last Friday. "Red" forecasts a successful season on the diamond for both Notre Dame, his old Alma Mater, and St. Viator's, his new protege.

—The familiar figure of "Dud" Maloney, basketball star of '11, was much in evidence on the Varsity court last Saturday. "Dud" spared us a few hours from his legal practice in Crawfordsville, Indiana, to umpire the affair with Wabash.

—Congratulations to Representative George W. Sands (LL. B. '09) on the successful passage through the House of his Mother's Pension Bill. Friday afternoon, by a vote of 63 to 30, the measure won the first victory after a strenuous battle led by its indefatigable author.

—Professor J. A. Caparo, of the Electrical Engineering Department, recently read a paper on higher mathematics before an assembly of the American Mathematical Society, in Cleveland Ohio. Professor Caparo's paper evoked much discussion and favorable comment from the members of the Society.

—Hermenegildo Corbato, O. P., who was at the University during the past scholastic year ('11–'12) was recently ordained priest by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Laval, coadjutor to His Grace, the Archbishop of New Orleans. The ordination took place in the chapel of the Dominican College at Rosaryville, La. Father Corbato sang his first mass the 27th of January.

—At a recent meeting of the Notre Dame Club of Pittsburg, "Tom" Butler was chosen to succeed Herbert Daschbach as president of this most successful local club. To the retiring officer we extend heartfelt thanks and appreciation for his earnest, devoted work in "boosting" Notre Dame's interests in the East, and to his successor, a rock-bottom faith that he will not let the good work lag.

Calendar.

Sunday, February 2—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Opening of Forty Hour's Devotion, 8:00 a. m.
Walsh vs. Sorin in Basketball at 3:00 p. m.
Walsh Hall Bowling Contest, 7:30 p. m.
St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday—Candlemas Day.
Closing of Forty Hour's Devotion, 7:30 p. m.
Knights of Columbus Initiation, 7:45 p. m.

Wednesday—Ash-Wednesday. Beginning of Lent.
Senior Prep Meeting, Walsh Hall, 7:30 p. m.
Rose Polytechnic vs. Varsity at Terre Haute.

Thursday—Wabash vs. Varsity at Crawfordsville.
St. Joseph vs. Corby in basketball, 1:30 p. m.
First Friday Confessions.

Friday—First Friday.
Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.
Earlham vs. Varsity in basketball at Richmond.

Saturday—Varsity vs. Marshall College at Huntington, West Virginia.

Local News.

—Prof. Koehler desires all senior candidates for the class play to assemble in his room, No. 117 Sorin, at 10:30 o'clock Sunday morning.

—Pipes with the silver letters "N. D. '15" inlaid in the bowls will soon appear, adorning the "mugs" of—Who? Why, the Freshmen Lawyers, of course.

—Harken, cringing candidates! The local K. of C's. will put on the terrible First Degree initiations next Tuesday evening. Are you in good physical condition?

—A movement is rumored to be on foot to organize a new club, the Dishonorable Order of Delinquent Listers. The scroll of membership will be published shortly.

—Theses for the Litt. B. degree are due Feb. 10th. Those wishing to compete for the Meehan Medal for the Prize Essay, must enter their manuscripts before or on that date.

—Acting President Father Walsh has placed his stamp of approval on the senior play, "Men and Women." As soon as the parts arrive, Prof. Koehler will start rehearsal.

—Four new minims arrived on the scene of action today. And that isn't all: one of them has already established a new collegiate record, being the youngest student attending Notre Dame.

—The Carroll second team defeated the fast Holy Name quintet at the latter's "gym" by a close score of 28 to 20. Maltby and

Lockard of Carroll were the stars of the contest.

—St. Edward's hall has started an Apostolate library, thanks to the labor of our old friend, Brother Cajetan. Brother Alphonsus gave the minims a short talk last week, and this new library is the result. We offer congratulations, and promise to "boost."

—A poetess writes in the *St. Mary's Chimes:*

My name is Winter, the old man said,
Winking his eye and a tossing his head.

So far, old fellow, you're name has been Mud; and as for winking about it,—well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

—The interhall basketball season has opened, and the long, tough fight for the banner is now on. Don't allow the old stick-together spirit to die out after its vigorous existence during the football season. Come out in bunches and yell a little cuticle off your throats! It all helps.

—Father Schumacher gave an address to the K. of C's of Hammond, Ind., at the banquet immediately following the Third Degree initiation. Although we will not vouch for the condition of the new members, we wish we were present to hear our Director of Studies. Hammond Council, you're lucky!

—This is certainly an age of progress. We refer, of course, to the new dazzling white top on the Commissioner's antiquated wagon which has rattled back and forth for so many years, bearing the express from the "Bend" to the "U." Ancient wagon, we would scarce know thee, adorned as thou art in thy canopy of glory!

—The prep track team is practising in the "gym" every day at 4:15 p. m. Although the number of candidates for places on the team is increasing daily, there are still many vacancies to be filled. All prep men are urged to get out and give themselves a trial. The results may astonish themselves and be a find for the class.

—The famous Brownson Literary and Debating Society will give a smoker tomorrow night in the minim's refectory. During the course of the evening, the new officers will be vested with their honors and the old executive board will deliver their traditional farewell addresses. We venture to assert that it will be a famous smoker.

—We noticed that the good ship *Franconia* arrived at Gibraltar last Tuesday with Father Cavanaugh aboard. The voyage was a rough one, the ship encountering several of the worst storms of the year; but we feel assured of Fr. Cavanaugh's safety. Nothing so strongly supported by the good will of Notre Dame could ever go down, and so we feel no apprehension in this case.

—A new dramatic class will be organized next week which will give everybody interested in dramatics an opportunity to learn the art of action from so able a teacher as Prof. Koehler. If this appeals to you, come around to Washington hall immediately after dinner next Sunday. The best actors of this Dramatic Club will be picked for the players. Opportunity knocks but once. Are you at home?

—As the *Valve* has said every year since time immemorial, "All aboard for the Second Term! First stop, Easter!" The boys are still crowding the Book Store to its fullest capacity, procuring the necessary new textbooks, and are still lining up in front of the little window in the Director of Studies' office, clamoring for the required class bills. Well, we have made an excellent start, and by keeping our noses inside the covers of the right books, all will be o. k.

—Another victory! Carroll hall measured up with St. Patrick's recently and proved to be somewhat the taller. Carrolls mark was 13, St. Patrick's 12. Our friends, Viso and Heffern, were the Junior luminaries, while Butler of St. Patrick's won the applause of the whole audience. The junior team play good ball and deserve encouragement and support. There's no telling how many future "Al's" and "Peaches" there are over there in their department.

—The Freshman class met and organized Wednesday evening in Sorin law room. The meeting was well attended and everyone was enthusiastic. Already the class had made a name for itself in athletics, and it has some speakers who will give the Varsity debaters a hard race. While the meeting was spirited, the best feeling prevailed, and the candidates defeated in the awards of spoils acceded gracefully to the decision of the majority.

The following officers were elected: Harry E. Scott, president; Raymond McAdams, vice-president; Eugene McBride, secretary; Hugh Lacy, treasurer; Timothy Galvin, class historian; Edwin Marchus, reporter; Hugh O'Donnell, sergeant at arms; Albert Schlipp, cheer leader.

Athletic Notes.

FIRST REGIMENT MEET.

STANDING OF TEAMS:

Chicago Athletic Association	27
University of Notre Dame	18½
Illinois Athletic Club	16½
University of Chicago	13
Northwestern University	11
Lake Forest University	5
University of Illinois	4
Knox College	3
First Regiment Athletic Association	3
Oak Park High School	1

Displaying unexpected form Notre Dame entrants took second place in the nineteenth annual athletic carnival of the First Regiment Athletic Association, Chicago, last Friday and Saturday evenings. The Chicago Athletic Association, captured first honors and the Illinois Athletic Club, lauded as the logical winner of the meet, took third place.

The performances of the Varsity in all of the events was much better than was anticipated. Captain Plant and Eichenlaub contributed the major share of the points with firsts in the 880-yard run and shot put; Wasson offered a second in the 40-yard low hurdles, and Newning and Rockne added two and a half points with third places in the 40-yard dash, shot put, and pole vault. In the vault Rockne was tied for third by Davey of the Illinois Athletic Club at twelve feet.

The relay race provided a fitting windup for the meet in what was termed the most exciting four-man race ever witnessed in Chicago. The I. A. C. team was eliminated early in the sprint, leaving the field entirely to the Cherry Circle and Notre Dame teams. Pritchard, Birder, Henahan, and Plant covered the distance for the gold and blue and pushed the unbeaten C. A. A. quartet to the limit for honors. Less than two yards separated Plant from Lindberg at the end of the grind. Summary:

40-yard dash—Final—Ward (4 feet), U. of C., first; Baroucik, unattached (3 feet), second; Newning, (4 feet), Notre Dame, third. Time—0:04 3-5.

16 pound shot put—Eichenlaub (5 feet), Notre Dame, first; Spears (4 feet), Knox, second; Rockne, (6 feet), Notre Dame, third. Distance—46 feet 1 inch.

440-yard run—Howard (30 yards), Lake Forest Univ., first; Brown (25 yards), I. A. C., second; Darrow (25 yds), First Regt. A. A., 3d. Time, 0:49 4-5.

One mile run—Thorsen (scratch), Northwestern, first; Patterson (scratch), C. A. A., second; Nye (20 yards), C. A. A., third. Time—4:36 2-5.

40-yard high hurdles—scratch. Final—Ward, U. of C., first; Case, U. of I., second; Goelitz, Oak Park, third. Time—0:05 3-5.

880-yard run—Plant (8 yards), Notre Dame, first; Osborne (5 yards), Northwestern, second; Sauer, (scratch), C. A. A., third. Time—1:58 1-5.

40-yard low hurdles—scratch, Kuhn, C. A. A., first; Wasson, Notre Dame, second; Case, U. of I., third. Time—0:05 2-5.

Two mile run, scratch—Wickoff, C. A. A., first; Kraft, Northwestern, second; Ray, I. A. C., third. Time—9:56 3-5.

Pole vault—Culp (1 foot, 4 inches), I. A. C., first; Thomas (6 inches), U. of C., second; Davie (1 foot 6 inches), C. A. A., and Rockne (1 foot, 6 inches), Notre Dame, tied for third. Height—12 feet, 4 inches.

High Jump—Loomis (3 inches), unattached, first; Irish (5 inches), Oak Park, second; McLean (scratch), C. A. A., third. Height—5 feet, 11 inches.

Relay Race—Won by Chicago Athletic Association; Notre Dame, second; Illinois Athletic Club, third. Time—3:30. Winning team, (Belote, Ward, Blair, Lindberg). Second team (Pritchard, Birder, Henahan, Plant).

March 15 is the date nominated for the indoor meet with the Chicago Athletic Association at Notre Dame. A dual contest with the Illinois Athletic Club will probably also be staged here February 15. Fred L. Steers, former Notre Dame miler, is managing the I. A. C. team, and is one of their strongest men.

Inter-hall Schedule for basket-ball:

Jan. 23—Corby *vs.* Brownson.
" 26—Sorin *vs.* St. Joseph.
" 30—Walsh *vs.* Brownson
Feb. 2—Walsh *vs.* Sorin.
" 6—St. Joseph *vs.* Corby.
" 9—Brownson *vs.* Sorin.
" 13—Corby *vs.* Walsh.
" 16—St. Joseph *vs.* Brownson.
" 20—Sorin *vs.* Corby.
" 23—St. Joseph *vs.* Walsh.

WABASH GOES DOWN IN PRETTY GAME.

Our friends from Crawfordsville can always be depended upon for a good game, and Saturday last they furnished us the best tilt we have seen since their visit about this time last year. The final score was, Varsity 28, Wabash 21.

We were all keyed up to expect something, and when the visitors began by scoring three tallies before we could get one, we began to fear that we were in for more than we expected. Feeney's followers came back strong, however, and managed to nose out Wabash in the first half by one point, the score standing 12 to 13 when the intermission was called. During the second period, the same old hard, clean basketball was to be seen throughout, but the Varsity found the basket more frequently and ran its advantage up to seven points.

In all sincerity we must say of Coach Harper's band that they are a strong, fast five, and they play like men. Especially Lambert, Eglin, and Ellis played excellent games.

NOTRE DAME (28)		WABASH (21)
Cahill	R. F.	Lambert
Granfield	L. F.	Myers
Mills	C.	Eglin, Ellis
Nowers, Finnegan	R. G.	Peters, Goodbar
Feeney	L. G.	Leffel

Field goals—Granfield (8), Cahill (2), Mills (2), Nowers; Myers (2), Lambert (2), Eglin (2), Ellis (2), Free throws—Cahill, Granfield, Lambert (4), Goodbar. Referee—"Dud" Maloney (Notre Dame.)

ST. VIATORS SWAMPED.

In a rough and tumble started by the visitors and ended by the Varsity, St. Viators was swamped in a poorly played game last Wednesday afternoon. There was no occasion for hard playing, so the Varsity did not play—hardly. For a few minutes in the second half Capt. Feeney and his men showed what they could do, and rung up a decade of points in about half a dozen minutes. Nowers, to get rid of some surplus energy, played basketball throughout the game, and not only prevented his opponent from scoring a single basket, but hung around under his opponent's goal long enough to cage three in the net. The features of the game were (1) a demand by the visitors that the game be played under A. A. U. rules, (2), threats to quit by several St. Viator's players, and (3) a long punt by Lower.

NOTRE DAME (36)		ST. VIATORS (11)
Granfield, Kelly	L. F.	Gartland
Kenney, Byrne	R. F.	McGee
Mills, Granfield	C.	Fisher
Nowers, Smith	R. G.	Lower, Monaghan
Feeney,	L. G.	Cleary, Merz

Field goals—Granfield (6), Kenney (4), Mills (3), Nowers (3), Kelly; Gartland, Monaghan. Free throws—Granfield (2), Fisher (7). Time of halves—15 and 20. Referee, Miller (Springfield Training School).

Safety Valve.

Bill Galvin, Texas, makes some ado over the fact that Moliére was born with a gold spoon in his mouth.

Whereas we have seen grown men with a table-knife therein.

***

TRES.

A tre grose with its rutes in the ground until it dize natural or is cut doun. When it dize natural it is becase it is old, and when it is cut down it is becase of lanskape gardning. It takes a haf chentury to gro a fine tre and wan man can cut it doun with his litel hatchet in wan hour. But then when the tres are al cut doun you can see the sky and the bildings like you can in the desert or in state strete chichago. We hope when al the tres are cut doun we will have plenty lanskape for to grow potatos on. An this is al I can think on it.

***

PROF. of MORAL: (*illustrating the theory*)—On one occasion there was an Irish policeman—

MARCUS—That's tautology, Father. All policemen are Irish.

***

Which same reminds one of the Latin-American who shouted, "Father, at what hour do my morals begin?"

***

PERSONAL NOTICE.

—Mr. Dawson A. Abshire is spending a few days at the University.

—Mr. Joseph Pliska visited the Forbidden Palace Sunday and returned almost immediately afterward.

—Two bright Brownsonites broke their respective collar bones while rubbering during the Exams just closed.

—Mr. Jesse J. Herr, Mr. Thomas F. O'Neil, and Mr. Louis J. Kiley visited our neighboring city recently on Dome business.

—Gloomy Gus took a skive to the country store.

***

And just imagine a man named Roach telling the professor of history that the Orangemen were the first inhabitants of Ireland.

***

Add to the list of improvements for Washington hall an automatic device that will pick off the hats of the few unsagacious who come from remote districts.

***

The Military Ball man tells us of a hidden cord which when loosened let down upon the dancers a shower of roses. Then he adds: "A delicious buffet lunch was served in the ante-room." And we bet six bits the rose-showered dears did away with a considerable deal of such prosy, earthly stuff as ham, biscuits, cold tongue and hot coffee.

***

In Washington hall Faculty must enter sidewise, Students will please enter frontwise.

***

In regard to our own office the rule is: Knock on the door hard ten times then kick it once and finally turn the knob and look in, just to be sure we didn't hear you, you boob!

***

In order not to be outdone, the Seniors might hide a load of bricks up in the loft somewhere, pull the cord and let the dancers have a shower.

***

Add to all this: "Old Place Hall was decorated as never before."

***

Which same we have so often heard before.

***

O happy the hand
That pulled the cord
That loosed the flags
That dropped the flowers
On the beans of the weary waltzers

***

Also take note of the crab who says the weather is unhealthy because it's 40° above.