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Easter Morn.

B. AUSTIN '15.

THE Dawn impatient, hidden in the gloom,
The wistful wind by Calvary stealing slow,
The trees intent, expectant, sighing low,
In hope await the opening of the tomb.
The moment strikes! And from the darksome room
Drops back the stone as from a mighty blow;
In splendor clad, His figure all aglow,
The Christ appears, triumphant o'er His doom.

And now Aurora, eager, brings the day;
The zephyr spreads the joyful news afar,
While "Alleluia" sounds throughout the land;
And on Golgotha's height, but late so grey,
Shines out the Cross as brilliant as a star—
A glorious banner that fore'er shall stand.

Easter.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

HOW close the earth and heaven seem today,
As if the very morning scented air
Breathes of a joy divine, and everywhere
Before the scarce seen sun drives far away
The burning legions of the night, the gay
Spring robins wake the world to praise and prayer;
And wave on wave from jubilant bells declare
Sweet messages of love throughout the day.

Each one is happy if some joy he gives;
And all are happy made by love's fair arts;
For God today a little nearer is,
Enshrined upon His throne in human hearts.
And lo! impressed upon my soul I see
The image clear of His divinity.

Easter Dawning.

B. E.

THE light of Israel seemed quenched for aye,
For darkness deep as the Egyptian night
Shut out its beams that once had shone so bright,
And o'er the earth like brooding clouds now lay.
But lo! the gilded spears of dawning day
Shot through the darkness with a Godlike might.
Oh, Christ was truly victor in the fight!
And Faith, in His disciples' souls, held sway.

When in our souls the light of joy has fled;
When sable Sorrow o'er our hearts doth reign;
When Grief doth lead us captives to her feet;
When all true gladness to our lives seems dead;—
Then light of Hope casts from us darkest pain,
For mourning souls with comfort God shall greet.

Easter.

AMAZED stood the rising sun
That Easter morn;
From womb of death the Holy One
Was newly born.

B. W.

Easter Reflections.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14.



ASTER and Spring—subjects of endless inspiration to the poets—are now with us once again. And likewise there now comes into prominence that effervescent atmosphere of the season, the spring bonnet and its accompanying toggery. These latter are paraded before us, poor spectators or devotees of fashion, without seemingly the slightest concern for the temperature of the day or the almanac's threat of rain. The powers that rule such mundane affairs have decreed that, inasmuch as it is spring, it is time to show your neighbor what a "husky" individual you are, and what a wonderful constitution you possess. This mandate you obey by parading before him in an outfit which would make the Canal Zone possible and even pleasant. Nevertheless, since one must acknowledge that the relationship between Christmas and gifts is a close one, why not own up to it that Easter and the fashion show are almost brothers,—or, better, sisters? For the day of Easter seems most appropriate in spirit for such an outward show of gladness. Though it does not always happen that the variety of weather at this time is in complete accord with the latest acquisition to your wardrobe, still, the bursting of the buds, and the song of the robin are not many days distant. And Nature awakening seems to strike a chord within us which sounds the spirit of the day.

The joy of Easter, a peculiar joy not tinged with sadness as that of Christmas at thought of what is yet to come, but with a pervading air of triumph, is a joy which seeks expression in splendid bodily attire as symbolical of the glorious robes of the soul. The outward show of gladness should but reflect the joy within. Like the risen One whose glory we share, the soul should have risen in truth from the grave

of its misery, donned fresh garments, and be rejoicing with all its powers.

After those six long, or short, weeks of Lent—sense of their duration being dependent solely upon personal disposition—one must feel that Easter, rightly understood, is a feast to be arrived at only through trial. And such it is. Coming out of the time of penance, we should find Easter—the beacon which glowed steadily before us during the dark days of the past weeks,—bursting forth in a magnificent spectacle of glory and splendor. Of course, if one beguiles those same six weeks at Palm Beach or some like winter resort, luxuriously seeking rest after a strenuous season in society, he can scarcely expect to enjoy the true fruits of Easter. For to realize in its fullness the distinctive joy of Easter, one must have first joined in its sad prelude.

In our earlier days, when childish innocence required no recall from forgetfulness of duty, and before our concern for wonderful wearing apparel ran beyond the flowered "galluses" and the shiny new shoes, Easter was a time of mysterious pastiming with short-eared cotton-tails. Startling rumors of the rabbit's competing with our queen of domesticity for the patronage of the breakfast table circulated amongst us at this season. Perhaps it was somewhat akin to the commotion caused by the annual visit at Christmas of the only known resident of the North Pole. At any rate, it is still an open question as to whether or not those wild March hares ever did perform such feats as the toy stores and the Easter cards would have us believe. We contrived, however, to dispose on Easter morning of a goodly quantity of the bona-fide produce of the domestic hen. Seemed as though Easter was not the same if any one of those accepted symbols was absent. Even that refractory younger brother of yours, who, on any other morn of equal brightness and plenty, would scorn such lowly food as that the hens provided, then partook of it with great zest and a determination to "stow away" more eggs than anyone else at the table.

And those colored eggs, variegated much after the manner of Joseph's coat! Though, perhaps, fingers and face had shared the decorative fluid with the eggs themselves, still it was the consensus of opinion that they were quite enchanting when piled high in a basket on the parlor mantelpiece. There they remained until, in a fracas of a few days later,

they supplied the hurried call for suitable missiles to hurl at the enemy in the next yard.

Such customs and pleasures palled upon us, though, a few years later. It then became encumbent upon us to see to it that our annual visit to the clothing emporium was conducted somewhere in the near proximity of Easter time. You see, we were just becoming aware of the existence of that fickle old goddess, Fashion. And many were the vows silently registered with her to the general effect that when we had achieved the proud distinction of paying for our own habiliments we should have an outburst of style at Easter that would be entirely in keeping with our ideas of Easter weather. Unfortunately for most of us, however, when that period of our earthly existence comes to pass, we find ourselves too busy devising ways of increasing our growing pile of gold to take time to bedeck even our inner selves in a suitable manner. The lust of wealth, or the pursuit of false happiness has seized upon us, and the effulgent joy of earlier Easters is forgotten.

Why be thus? Why be so cold and indifferent on this feast of triumph? In a time of rejoicing, and with countless expressions of the joy of the day in Nature and our more pious neighbors, we should not be as the pessimist. The hymn of the day must reach us, and beholding the full significance of the celebration, we ought to join in the gladsome jubilee. Like a prisoner on the day of his pardon, let us cast off the chains of our bondage and welcome our glorious risen Saviour! Let us join with Him in His triumph over the dual death of sin and mortal dissolution. For is not His victory ours? He fought the battle for us, and to all of us belong the fruits of the conquest. Let us partake of them; we will bedeck ourselves in fine garments if it so pleases us, but within let the splendor of the soul outshine all earthly display. We will not keep the joy to ourselves, though; but radiate it to all mankind, and make all rejoice in the glorious triumph of the Resurrection.

The Easter Dawn.

WHEN rosy dawn, the child of night, is born,
The purple shades fly from the coming sun,
Like hireling guards, who fled that Easter morn
When angels heralded the Risen One. B. W.

Beyond.

BEYOND the clouds, the sunshine;

Beyond the cross, the crown;

Beyond all care, rejoicing;

Beyond our work, renown.

Beyond the labor, the reward;

Beyond the bud, the rose;

Beyond the seed, the harvest;

Beyond life's toil, repose.

Beyond the stars, a better land—

The home of free and blest;

Beyond all sorrow, gladness;

Beyond the river, rest.

E. S. D.

Jew Luck and Christian Science.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.



WHEN Ike Levinski emerged from the inner office of the employment bureau of Mellog's Poultry and Agricultural Supply Company his face brightened with a smile that could not be mistaken.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Ryan to a crowd of fellow-workers gathered around the office anxious to see who would be employed to fill the vacancy left by Wilson. "The Jew got the job!"

"What makes you think so?" questioned Laughlin.

"What makes me think so?" repeated Ryan. "Only two things could put a smile like that on a Hebrew's face. Either he got the job, or the boss made him a present of a twenty-dollar gold piece. As to the latter, you can picture old 'tightwad' in there coming across with a—"

"Nuff said," interposed one of the party, "I've worked here for eight years and don't know what a Christmas present from this firm looks like. Ryan's right. The Jew got the job."

"Well," mused Ryan, the fun-maker of the crowd, "if that Israelite don't have his troubles, my name isn't Pat Ryan." And the crowd broke up as the boss's door opened.

It was the week before Easter, and the tormentors of the much-abused Ike were assembled

at noon hour on the factory steps, planning a joke on their new companion. Hitherto all their trickery had failed,—or at least turned out fortunate for their unsuspecting victim. Not one of the many predicted laughs at his expense had been forthcoming. Once when they sent him with a plugged half dollar to buy tobacco and told him to keep the change, the cigar clerk was as unconscious that he was receiving bad money as Ike was that he was passing it. And Ike returned with the tobacco, kept the change, and thanked them for their generosity. On another occasion when the boss handed him a letter to mail they purloined it and replaced it in his pocket the next morning. A few minutes later the boss rushed up to Ike in an excited manner inquiring if he had mailed the letter yet. Ike trembling in every limb handed him the missive.

"O Meester Doyle," he stammered, "somebody took de letter from my pocket and—"

"Thank God!" interrupted Doyle, snatching the letter. "If that letter had been mailed, the firm would have lost a ten thousand dollar deal. Here!" and he slipped a five dollar bill into the hands of the astonished Ike.

"No use talkin' fellows, we got to get that Jew," said Ryan in evident disgust at their want of success.

"Luck!" added Roger, "why, he'd fall into a sewer and come out with a new suit."

"I've got it!" exclaimed Ryan again, "and it can't fail."

"Speak up," broke in three or four, and Ryan proceeded to make known his plan.

"Well, fellows, Sunday is Easter. Now we must make Ike believe that it has always been a custom here that the company present each employee with a chicken on the Saturday before Easter when he receives his pay. Now a few of us will receive a chicken,—but not from the company, for we're lucky enough to get our week's wages, let alone a present,—so as to put Ike off his guard. Now when Ike comes for his chicken, he'll only get the head and legs of one, sewed to a gunny sack and wrapped in coarse brown paper. You've often seen butchers wrap up a chicken or a turkey, leaving the head and legs exposed. Well that's how Ike's bundle will look, and he won't discover the deception till he reaches home."

"Capital idea!" was the unanimous opinion.

"Now," continued Ryan, "I'll get three or four chickens, put the pay-master wise, have

him hand them out to a few of you fellows when you receive your pay, and have him slip the stuffed gunny sack to Ike."

The following day was Saturday and Ike was seated on the factory steps with a few of the noon hour loungers when Ryan came out of the side door.

"Don't forget, fellows," he said loudly so Ike could hear, "tomorrow's Easter, and this is the day we get a chicken with our pay."

"That's so; I almost forgot," said Roger, taking up the ruse. "Easter and Thanksgiving! The two days when Mellog's Poultry and Agricultural Supply House does the good Samaritan act. Turkey at Thanksgiving, chicken at Easter."

Others then voiced their opinions and the unsuspecting Ike fell an easy victim to their trickery and returned to work assuring them he would be on hand to receive his portion of the company's donation.

At five o'clock the whistle sounded and all hands quit work. Ryan and two others detained Ike a few minutes in the office until the crowd of pay-seekers had thinned out. Ryan was the first of the four to receive his pay, and if Ike entertained any doubts as to whether all employees would receive a chicken he quickly dispelled them when a chicken neatly wrapped was handed to Ryan along with his pay roll, and one to himself and the two others a moment later.

Monday morning the jokers returned to work, over anxious to hear Ike tell his story.

"Have a good time Easter, Ike?" asked one.

"Must have had a good dinner, surely, Ike," another tantalizingly added.

"How are you feeling this morning, Ike?" said still another. Ike's face was a puzzle and he wondered why all should express so sudden an interest in his welfare.

"How'd you like the chicken, Ike?" finally broke in Ryan, thinking that Ike was only feigning ignorance of the wherefore of their questions. A burst of laughter followed his remark to Ike; it was equally as uncalled for as their many questions.

"O, de cheecken," he answered, "it vas all right, only I deedn't eat it." The laughter that followed was greater in volume than that caused by Ryan's last remark.

"Didn't eat it, Ike?" said Ryan after the laughter had subsided, "I shouldn't think you could unless you had a goat's stomach."

"O no, no, no, you do not undrstand me," interrupted Ike. "I deed not say de cheecken vas tough. You see, I am a Jew, and ve can not eat meat vats keeled by a Christian, so I sold de cheecken."

"Sold it!" they exclaimed in one loud voice that could be heard throughout the factory.

"Vy, yes! Vy not?" answered Ike. "My reelegion would not let me eat it, so I took it to a butcher on Halsted Street and said: 'How much you geef me for dis cheecken?' De butcher vas busy, so he jus' threw it on the scales and said, 'One dolla.' I said, 'All right', sold it, and valked out."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed Ryan when Ike had finished, "and didn't the fool of a butcher unwrap the chicken at all?"

"I don't know. I suppose he deed, I deedn't vait to see. He gave me the moneys, dats all I vanted," answered Ike wondering why the question was asked.

"Well, if that Jew hasn't got nigger luck!" mused Ryan sadly as Ike left them. And over the group of men sitting on the factory steps, but a moment before so hilarious, there descended a sudden cloud of gloom and discontent. The whistle blew and they went in singly and unsociably to their day's work alongside of the despised but lucky Jew.

Love's Serenade.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

SPRING crooned a low, sweet lullaby,
Then the rose-bud in its bower,
With lips bright red and sparkling eye
Smiled sweet, a dainty flower.

The nightingale peeped in and he
Saw love's call in her smile.
Then poured from his soul love's melody,
And his heart beat fast the while.

For he withal was a bashful bird,
And that's the reason why
His soulful tune is only heard
Beneath the night-time sky.

O he sang of the fairies in the dell
And the stars that dream above,
But he couldn't sing when he tried to tell
The rose of his own heart's love.

Hypocrites.

DONALD P. MCGREGOR.

WHEN Jesus told what would take place
Of things He knew were nigh,
Iscariot with emboldened face
Asked, "Master, is it I?"

And so it is e'en to this day,—
Men still betray and lie,
And in that same self-righteous way
Ask "Master, is it I?"

The Spirit of Easter.

THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13.

EASTER Sunday is a day of rejoicing. In a celebration of joyfulness and beauty it marks the close of the final sorrowful and penitential week of Lent, and the opening of a season of happiness.

From Palm Sunday until the eve of Easter, the penitent Christian is continually reminded of the tragic events which attended the fulfilment of man's redemption. By the great liturgical drama of the Holy Week services his mind is brought back to the scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary. In symbolical acts he follows the events which led up to the death of Christ, and by penitence and prayer he is brought into closer union with God. Therefore, when Easter Sunday comes he is ready to join with his brother Christians in celebrating the triumph of the Resurrection—the great and final act by which Christ proved His divinity.

The celebration of this feast, the greatest in the ecclesiastical year, is probably more ancient than any other on the Church calendar. It is undeniably the oldest if we consider its relation to the paschal season of the Jews and the spring festivals of the ancient pagan peoples. The Easter season itself—meaning the time from Easter to Pentecost—was instituted by the Apostles. The apostolic fathers called Easter the Feast of feasts, and the Solemnity of solemnities.

By ancient writers the period following Easter is called in Latin, Quinquagesima, and in Greek, Pentecost; both words signifying "fifty," for the Easter season lasts for fifty days. It is a continuance of the glories of the Resurrection, and

signifies the everlasting joys and pleasures awaiting us in heaven after the trials and sorrows of this valley of death, through which we, after the example of our Lord, must pass.

Thus the ancient fathers, in observing Lent and the Easter season, made the one season a figure of this world of penance and sorrows, and the other period, after Lent, a figure of the other world of glory; a picture on a small scale of the glories of the hereafter.

Not only did the fathers and the other formers of the Church's solemn ritual establish a fitting commemorative plan to celebrate the feast of Christ's Resurrection, but they also designed a manner of celebration which would allow the faithful to take part, not merely as actors in the dramatic sense, but as participators in an allegorical yet meritorious observance.

In the last week of Lent we see Christ, the man, weak and suffering; but at the Easter time the same Christ, the Lord, with an immortal body is represented as a risen, triumphant divinity; the Conqueror of sin, the Redeemer of fallen man. By the works of the season of Lent, and particularly the services of Holy Week, the dead soul of man may be prepared for a resurrection. With merit gained through fasting and prayer it may rise triumphant from its grave of sin, and in the freshness of new life partake of the joys of Easter. These joys foreshadow the pleasures of heaven just as Christ's Resurrection points prophetically to the glorious and general resur-

rection which will occur on the last day.

The customs observed on this Feast of feasts are many, and vary with different countries. Most of them have a symbolic meaning, and nearly all help to express the general spirit of rejoicing common, not only to the occasion but also to the season of the year; for it has been usual among Christian peoples to consider Easter Sunday as formally marking the opening of spring. Thus Easter with us takes the place of the spring festivals of ancient times. So striking the symbolic relation of the two aspects of the feast that there is difficulty in determining whether certain popular customs had their origin in Christian or in pagan times—that is, whether or not their figurative meaning was intended to refer to the Resurrection of Christ, or to the resurrection of nature. Both meanings are, however, incorporated in the Christian observance of the customs in common use. The commencement of spring, the blossoming of all nature contribute to the spirit of Easter.

The glorification of nature helps the world to realize the significance of the message of the Resurrection. Pent-up nature breaks forth in the freshness of new life and figuratively represents the story of Easter. Man realizes that winter with its dreariness is over, and that a new and gladsome season is approaching. It is in this time that Easter, the glorious feast of the Resurrection, comes. Little wonder, therefore, that the spirit is expressed in such varied customs. The season contributes to the spirit of the feast.

My Sweetheart.

JOSEPH BYRNE, '15.

MY darling's hair is soft and brown,
Her eyes are Irish blue;
Her face all smiles with ne'er a frown,
Her soul is pure and true.

She cheers my soul when things go wrong,
And when in heart I pine
She lightens trouble with her song,—
This dearest love of mine.

If honor, fortune, I should gain,
I'll owe it to none other
Than to my love who bears the name
The sweetest name, of "Mother."

The Dawn.

AS from the shrouds of night,
Arrayed in splendid light,
Ascends the sun again,
So from the darkened tomb,
Dispelling doleful gloom,
Goes forth He that was slain. C. M.

Surrexit!

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

O'ER the sleeping meadows,
 O'er the silent hills
 Sounds the loud "Surrexit!"
 And the heaven thrills,
 For at length its Master,—
 As from Mary's womb,—
 Hath emerged triumphant
 From the deathlike tomb.

"Silky" Tries Philanthropy.

FRANK H. BOOS, '15.



JAMES LYTTLETON and his father had disagreed about money matters—that was why Lyttleton Junior was sitting so dejectedly on a huge trunk in front of a little railroad station. James Lyttleton was twenty-nine, unmarried, and unemployed. He took life so easy, had so much of what he wanted, and altogether led such a smooth existence that among his club mates he was commonly called "Silky" Lyttleton. But some two hours before his trunk appeared at the depot, when he had approached his father for a larger monthly allowance, the old gentleman for once had put his foot down firmly and replied in an emphatic negative. And that is the reason James sat and gazed abstractedly at a weather-beaten sign which read "Ringleville Junction."

One half a mile behind the station was a lake, and on the shores of this lake was the Lyttleton summer home, a large, rambling structure with logs and stained shingles much in evidence. If James had stayed at home where he belonged, and meekly bowed his head to the word of his father, he might be enjoying the carefree life of the past; but, as his father would not comply with his wishes, he had determined to go back to New York and seek a job.

Now the most strenuous labor James had ever done was paddling a canoe or playing tennis. He was absolutely unfit for anything else. Of course he did not know this, and his bosom throbbed with the hope of securing positions upon the asking which would soon make him as wealthy as his father.

The station master's cat stalked up to him and rubbed her sleek back against his legs, purring gently the while; but he did not notice her. When his cigarette had burned so low as to scorch his fingers, he uttered an exclamation of impatience and jumped to his feet. As he did so, he caught sight of something red in the window of the building. The red thing was a hair ribbon, and a little ways below it were two of the bluest eyes he had ever seen. Of course the eyes instantly lowered themselves, and James did likewise,—upon the trunk. Through the flame of a match with which he lit his next cigarette, he glanced at the window and found the girl's face still there. He looked again when the cigarette was half gone, and found that she had disappeared. He rose so hastily that he nearly stepped on the cat.

The chances are ten to one that he would have followed her had he not heard his train whistle a warning at that moment; so instead, he walked to the back of the platform and contented himself with watching her disappear down the winding board sidewalk which led to the little village of Ringleville. Pretty girls attracted his attention more than anything else in the world, and this one was pretty,—at least her eyes were. He was just about to turn and go in for his ticket when he noticed that the girl had started back towards the station again, so he remained in the doorway until she was quite close. Yes, she must be a pretty girl for she walked like one and carried her head high.

The little train pulled in, the engine snorting and grinding, and came jerkily to a stop. One old lady—the only passenger—stepped off. James had just handed his suitcase to the porter and put his foot on the step when he turned and saw the pretty girl running towards him down the platform. James got off again. The porter was astonished.

"Am yo' goin' on dis here train, Mister?" he asked, setting the suitcase down on the step of the car.

James took another glance at the young girl, now very close, then turned to the porter and grabbed his suitcase.

"No, I've changed my mind," he said; and the black porter did not grumble, for there was a something in the chocolate-colored palm of his that was hard and round and large.

"Oh, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Nelson," cried a fresh,

feminine voice which James identified as the young lady's.

He looked around him on every side for the Mr. Nelson she was calling, but seeing none, wisely concluded that she had mistaken him for another person. Then an impudent suggestion flashed into his mind. Why couldn't he pose as this Mr. Nelson and get acquainted with the girl? James did not hesitate, for he was no coward. But looking straight into the violet blue eyes of the young lady, he replied in his blindest voice:

"Well? I am Mr. Nelson."

"Mr. Nelson? Excuse me for introducing myself, but I am Sylvia Long,—you know my father,—and I was sent down to the train to meet you," she said, shaking his hand warmly.

"Er—why, certainly I know your father. Very nice man, very nice," stammered James, feeling a little uncomfortable.

"We have been expecting you ever since you wrote, Mr. Nelson," she was saying; "and father has been worried half to death for fear you wouldn't get here on time."

"Yes?" said James, wondering who in the world this Nelson person was supposed to be and what he must do in order to carry out the deception. "Yes, I always try to get where I say I will on time, Miss Long, and since—since I—er—wrote your father that I would come, I—er—I came."

"We certainly would have been in a nasty pickle if you hadn't," the young girl said. "You know our old man died last week, and father's voice is too weak for him to carry on the job without ruining his throat."

"Eh? Oh, yes, far too weak, far too weak! So your old man died last week did he? Too bad! Poor fellow. You must feel the loss keenly. What is home without a father. But I thought you said your father sent you down here to meet me. How's that?"

"My father? Why of course he sent me down here to meet you. I don't understand what you mean."

"You said your old man died last week, didn't you?" he asked, feeling more and more uncomfortable, conscious of the fact that his face was growing very red.

"Oh, I didn't mean that *father* died last week!" she cried, looking at him aghast and very much astonished. "But you knew he wasn't dead for you received a letter from him the day before yesterday asking your help, didn't you?"

"Er—certainly, certainly, of course, to be sure!" stammered James, hopelessly at sea; "Of course, I received a letter from him! Why sure! How absent-minded of me! Good joke, wasn't it? Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Miss Long did not appreciate the humorous side of it, although she smiled vaguely and looked away. This made James blush all the more.

"Well, I suppose you're ready to begin work, so let's go," the girl said after a moment.

"Work?" exclaimed James, startled by the sound of the word and wondering what in the name of all that was good and holy was expected of Nelson.

"Oh, I see, you want me to begin work! Er,—er, all right, let's go. Lead the way. I'm just dying to get down to business."

"It's just as father said. He told me you were one of the men who had made ballihooing an art and who were always ready to work themselves to death for their profession," she said, as he took up his suitcase and followed her through the station and out onto the board walk that led to the village.

"Profession? Oh, certainly," he answered, trying to remember what the word "ballihooing" meant, tortured by the suspense of his position. "I just dig right in and—and—well, you know what I do! Funny too, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha! Sometimes I'm so absent-minded!"

The young lady looked at him queerly for a fraction of a second, and this time she did not smile. They walked on in silence for several blocks, then the girl startled him by asking abruptly:

"How is your throat?"

James gasped, but being no coward, determined to stick it out to the finish.

"My throat?" You were asking about my throat? Of course you were, now weren't you?"

She smiled and looked slightly provoked.

"Yes, I asked you about your throat!" she said, speaking in a loud tone, thinking that perhaps he was a trifle deaf.

"How is your throat? Does it still trouble you?"

"My throat? Yes, yes, oh yes! Sometimes more than others, you know. In very bad shape. Awfully sore,—and—very sore, you know," he stuttered, wondering what was the matter with this Nelson's throat.

"That's too bad," she said sweetly; and James would have gone through the whole

performance again just for the pleasure he received by her saying that little sentence.

"Oh, it's not as bad as it might be. I was a lot worse when I was—when I was in—in Europe."

As the young lady did not look at him queerly when he made that statement, he was inwardly elated at having struck a right chord at last.

"Does the ballihooing affect it much?" she asked, with a glance into his eyes.

"The what? Oh, yes, the ballihooing! Of course, the ballihooing! Yes, whenever I—whenever I—when I eat any of it, it always affects my throat first!"

"Why, Mr. Nelson, what do you mean?"

"Oh, of course! I don't eat it, do I? No, I thought I didn't, but I wasn't sure, don't you know! I can't eat it, can I? Good joke, isn't it? Ha, ha, ha!" and he laughed loudly to hide his confusion.

"I don't believe I understand what you mean," said the girl, a bit crossly. "And will you please explain yourself?"

"No, I didn't mean what I said, did I? Very absent-minded of me! How could anyone eat a—a—a what do-you-call-'em. I meant, of course, whenever I drink any of that stuff, it always makes my throat so sore that—that I can't sing!"

Miss Long looked troubled, gnawing her underlip nervously; but James was delighted with the fact that she did not say a word.

"I wasn't informed that you could sing, Mr. Nelson," she said after a bit. "Of course it is a nice accomplishment, but very few of the men in your profession can. Do you ever use it in the business?"

"In the business? Why, certainly. Sure thing. Use it ever day, all day long! Nothing like it for—well—for—it's a very nice thing to be able to do, isn't it? Very useful—and soothing to the nerves!"

"Funny father never said you used your singing when you and he were together on the big circuit. You must have had a fine show, especially with such a ballihooer as you."

"Yes, yes, yes. Fine show. Best in the world. But what show did you say it was? You know, I was in Europe last season and didn't have an opportunity to go to the theatres. I didn't quite catch the name of it," he said, confidently.

She gave him a provoked glance that sent the blood pounding to his face.

"The theatres?" she asked, eyebrows elevated questioningly.

"Er—of course, the theatres. That was what you were talking about, wasn't it? The theatres, sure!"

"I don't understand. You go to the theatres for what?" she questioned.

"Oh, I see. I go to the theatres to—to—to ease my throat, you know!"

"To ease your throat!"

"Certainly, certainly. Nothing like theatres for settling the nerves of the throat. Didn't you ever try the theatres as a cure for throat troubles? Why, I thought everybody knew of that cure. Very fine! Best going!"

She stopped squarely and gave him a piercing glance, half scornful, half astonished.

"Really, Mr. Nelson, you are very provoking at times. Is that your usual method of addressing persons you have just met?"

James' face became the color of the brick church they were just passing. To say the least, he felt uncomfortable, and began to curse the moment he had started out on this foolish venture of his; but, as has been before stated, he was no coward, and he patiently awaited the finish and whatever it would bring. They walked on together in silence for a while; he busy with his own thoughts about the fair maiden. Finally he spoke:

"How far is your residence from the station? We must be very near it now."

"Our residence?" she asked, again stopping.

"Yes, your residence, your house, your abode, your domicile. Is it far from here?"

"Mr. Nelson, I heard you the first time. We have no house, as *you* know!"

"Of course, of course! I was forgetting, you know! Long time since I've been here before, and I forget slightly. Of course, you have no house; but—but what in the name of—where are you staying?"

"Oh really; you are *such* a joker!" she said; and James was at a loss to know whether to take it as a compliment or an insult.

"No, I didn't mean it as a joke. Where are you staying, on the level?"

"Well, I am living in the tent, but father, since he was taken sick, has been living in a boarding house just a little ways from here."

"In a tent! A tent? What the—! Oh, I see! I understand; yes, certainly. To be sure. You're camping out!"

"Oh, please quit your joking with me, Mr.

Nelson. Really, you are trying to make me believe that you don't know anything about the show business."

"The show business? Oh, I see. All right, I'll quit if you say so."

"Really," said the girl, "for a while I was on the point of supposing that you were a rank impostor, and not a great ballihooer at all."

"I—er—I had no idea that I deceived you to such a degree, Miss Long," he said, smiling to himself at this lucky move.

As they were passing the village cigar store, a small barefooted boy ran up to them and handed each a flaming red circular which stated in blaring headlines the fact that this week was Home Coming Week in Ringleville, and that the great Long Street Carnival was there. Glancing up from the sheet, he was surprised to find the girl looking at him, her pretty eyes open wide.

"That's our show, Mr. Nelson. Isn't it a fine bunch of attractions?"

"Fine, fine? Well I should say it is! Nothing better than that in the U. S.! Why, that's the best—er—layout I have ever seen!" he replied, looking very enthusiastic.

"Father says it is almost as good as the show you and he had back in the Eighties. Is it?"

"As good? Well, since you ask me, I think it is a great deal better! Of course," he added with great seriousness, "don't tell anybody I said so, will you?"

"Certainly not," she said. Their eyes met and then they both looked hurriedly across the street at some object of no interest at all.

"Are you going to—to take me up to see your father?" James asked, praying from the bottom of his heart that she would not.

"No, I'm afraid I can't today. Father is very sick, and the doctor left instructions that no one was to see him. His nerves, you know, are all gone. I'm very sorry that you can't see him. I know he would be delighted to meet you again after all these years of separation."

"Yes," he said, giving a sigh of relief, "I had expected to meet my old pal again at least once before I died."

"Of course, if you really want to see him very bad, I'll speak to the doctor and he might let you."

"No, never mind, never mind. It's of no consequence whatever, no consequence whatever! Don't say a word about it," sputtered

James, terrified at the very idea of facing the old showman. "Don't even let him know I'm here, will you? He—er—he might be anxious to see me and come down here. You know his health must be in very bad condition."

By this time they had arrived at the end of the street, or, to be more specific, to where the street ceased and merged with a large vacant lot. The first thing that attracted his attention was the white canvas of a multitude of tents and the gaudy colors of the wagons and the side-show signs. Yes, it was a sure enough show. The sight both amused and worried him. Now what in the name of the nine sacred idols of Tasmania was a ballihooer? And what in the name of the same nine idols did a ballihooer do? Evidently, he was a ballihooer, but he had not the slightest idea what was expected of him. With these torturing thoughts driving him half crazy, he walked across the wagon-rutted field to the largest of the tents with his fair guide. They passed a great number of small booths from which issued odors of popcorn and sizzling Hamberger and freshly made lemonade. Then they came to the ticket wagon, resplendent with crimson and gold lettering. Pressing their way through a crowd of people,—men, women, and children, old and young, rich and poor, white and black,—they came to a tent at which Miss Long stopped. On a red box in front of the show was a man shouting at the top of his voice and calling out the attractions and wonders to be seen inside for the small sum of a dime, ten cents.

"There's Billy Maxwell, the best ballihooer we've got just at present. Ain't his voice rotten?"

"Fierce," muttered James, with an air of disgust.

Then a thought struck him. The whole thing dawned on his mind. So that man was a ballihooer, was he? Evidently ballihooing meant yelling. Gosh, if that was all he had to do, he would be "in right," for he had been cheer leader while at college and had a voice like a steam caliope. Suddenly his reflections were cut short by the voice of his companion.

"Yes, he's getting very poor. Well, we'll start something when you get on the box tonight, wont we?"

"You bet we will. What have I got to yell about?" he asked bravely, a little afraid that he might have made another mistake.

"You mean your spiel?" she asked, and he

nodded, thankful for this bit of information. "Oh, your freak is the Great Ha-ko-ji, half dog, half elephant. He's the best freak we have at present. Will he do?"

James put on an air of great wisdom and frowned terribly.

"Well, if he's the *best* freak you have, he'll have to do. Where is his tent?"

"Follow me," she said, and started off, threading in and out of the mass of people with that swiftness and ease which told of her long experience. They passed through more crowds and by more tents and more ballihooers with megaphones and bass drums and tin pans and horns, and James observed that the business of the ballihooer seemed to be to make the greatest possible amount of noise. He did not doubt his ability to make noise for a moment; it had always been the most natural thing in the world for him to do. So far he had succeeded in carrying out the deception, but it was now up to him to "produce the goods" and show himself an old experienced ballihooer. At last they came to a large tent, in front of which was hung a huge canvas picture of the Great Ha-ko-ji, half dog, half elephant, somewhat faded and dirty, but all there at least. Miss Long led him through the door of the tent,—there was no show going on at that time,—and James found himself in a great weather-stained canvas structure which smelled very musty and stale. The grass was littered with straw and paper and rubbish, the accumulation of half a week of strenuous activity, and there was a decided animal smell in the air that James found nauseating at first, but soon became accustomed to. He took a long look at the Great Ha-ko-ji, which was just receiving its bath and being gotten ready for the evening's performance, and felt satisfied that he could make up a good yell to attract the crowds and show the people what Nelson, the king of ballihooers, could do. He and the girl sat down together on the grass outside the tent far enough away from the noise and confusion to be free from interruptions and disturbances.

"What do you think of the freak?" she asked, looking straight into his eyes to see if he was telling the truth.

"Well, Miss Long, to speak truthfully, I don't think much of him. He's too old. Almost everybody's seen this Ha-ko-ji, and what the people want is something new, something novel."

"New? Why, Mr. Nelson, father just bought

him this season, and this is his first appearance. We couldn't get anything newer!" she expostulated, thinking his opinion worth its weight in gold since he was the oldest ballihooer in the country.

"Nope, he's not very new. Perhaps he's the first you've ever seen, but your father and I had one exactly like him a way back in the early nineties, and made good money on him, too. He's an old freak, but I guess I can make him pull in the money just the same."

"You ought to be able to," she said, looking away. "Old Jenkins did,—and he didn't have half your reputation. Father says you could make people pay their money to see it rain, if you had large enough tent."

James smiled slowly, and looked at the toes of his shoes very carefully. He had just finished grading his companion in the pretty girl class. She was A 1. He liked her open air complexion and slightly tanned cheeks and reddish-brown hair. She looked her part; did this daughter of a showman, from the red ribbon in her hair to her short walking skirt and low-heeled shoes. It was the first time James had ever talked to a girl who did not wear high-heeled shoes.

"I've been thinking," he began, looking away over the tops of the tents at the blue sky,—the color of her eyes,—“since my freak is an old one, I'll have to invent some kind of catchy talk. Can you suggest anything, Miss Long?"

"I don't think I could give any suggestion which would be worth while to so old a head as you, Mr. Nelson," she replied frankly.

"Quite right, quite right. Just so. Let me see, what will I get out there and say? Do you know, Miss Long, that for the first time in my life I feel slightly nervous? Never felt it before. By golly, I'm afraid I'm beginning to break up and get old."

"Oh, I guess not," she said, smiling sweetly. "Father gave me to understand that you were a much older man than you look. He said you were almost as old as he is; but he must be mistaken. You certainly don't look it."

"Thank you. Really, I am much older than I look. I—er—I don't show my age, and people are always mistaking me for a man of thirty; when I am really forty—forty,—Oh, never mind how old I am!"

"I thought," she said after a minute of silence, "that it was a woman's peculiar priv-

ilege to keep her age secret. I didn't know this also applied to your sex."

"Circumstances, circumstances, my dear," he replied—then blushed when he thought of the liberty he had taken. But then, wasn't he supposed to be old enough to be her father? "Yes, my dear, I *am* rather peculiar about my age. I like to look young. Vanity, no doubt, but still a whim of mine. Another whim is never to marry."

"Oh, aren't you married?" she asked, her eyes speaking her surprise. "I understood father to say you were, but I may have been mistaken."

"Oh Lord," he groaned inwardly, feeling that his hopes were all shattered by that blow. Then in a soft voice, he said: "No, I was never married,—and I never settled down. Couldn't stand it, you know. I enjoy my freedom too much for that. However, as I am still not what you would call a *real old* man, I may change my mind and get tied up after all; but then, dear, you are too young for me to be talking all this foolishness to. Forgive me!"

As his show did not start until the evening, James had ample opportunity to wander about the show grounds and watch the other ballihooers at their work. Being quick to learn and ready of wit, he soon had a nice speech made up to give the unsuspecting people of Ringleville when the gasoline torches flared and the drums pounded. He ate his supper with the young girl in their private tent, and enjoyed it more than he had enjoyed any of his father's sumptuous banquets for years. He liked the way she passed him the half-cold steak and the burned potatoes and poured him his water in a glass covered with finger marks and fly specks. He always enjoyed pretty girls, and this one was a genuine novelty to him. After supper, she sent one of the hands to the nearest saloon and she and James dampened their throats with something besides water, which had foam on it and tasted strongly of rubber tubing and musty barrels.

James ballihooed that night. When he started out, his voice was weak and uncertain, but after about fifteen minutes, he was yelling as no man on the grounds had ever yelled before. True to his word, he started something novel. Standing on his red box, he gave all the college yells he could remember, howling them into the chill night air until even the ballihooers of the other shows stopped their

spiels and listened with undisguised amusement, not unmixed with reverence. The crowds that swarmed about the Great Ha-ko-ji tent and besieged the ticket sellers, told that James was making the people take notice. He yelled, he danced, he sang, he shouted, he raved. He wilted his collar the first half hour and stripped his shirt the second. He drank can after can of beer, and the more he drank, the more powerful became his voice. He did not spare himself. About ten o'clock, he felt that he was dreadfully tired and his throat was getting sore, too, but he gritted his teeth and kept right on yelling.

There were people in front of the great Ha-ko-ji tent long after all the other shows had put up their ticket windows and closed for the night. Crowds came there just to hear his talk, for the rumor that the great Nelson was doing the ballihooing for Ka-ho-ji had spread throughout the showgrounds. Surely, no one but that old master at the business, that man with the cast-iron throat, could yell like that. At times he almost drowned out the brass band and beat the drums and horns all to nothing. "Shades of my father!" thought James, as he watched the drops of perspiration drip from his nose, "if my family could only see me now!"

When the last person had disappeared into the night and everything else was in silence, James leaped down from his box, gathered up his wrinkled coat and wilted collar, and went inside the tent. It was hot and stale and oppressive in there, so he turned around and walked out again. As he did so, he caught sight of the slender figure of Miss Long following him.

"Mr. Nelson," she cried, rushing forward and shaking his hand with all her might. "Let me congratulate you! Talk about yelling! I've been in this show business all my life and have heard the best of them, but I never heard any one yell as you yelled tonight!"

"Thanks, little one," he said, smiling to himself, but feeling very tired and weak; "it's nothing at all. I'm not in good condition yet. Wait until I get my voice back again!"

"Your voice! Holy Moses, man, what more do you want? They could hear you for a mile!" she exclaimed.

"Let's not talk about it any more, dear," he said, taking her by the arm. "Let's go around back of the tent and rest a while. I'm a little tired, after the long ride and everything. Will you?"

She hesitated a moment; then, remembering

that this Mr. Nelson was her father's best friend, she consented and allowed herself to be led back into the darkness.

"Miss Long," said James, after they were comfortably seated on the damp grass; "I brought you back here to tell you the most amazing thing you ever heard."

"Yes?" she asked sweetly—and James overcame an almost irresistible impulse to take her into his arms and kiss her.

"Yes. My name is not Nelson."

"What did you say? I don't believe I understand."

"I said that my name is not Nelson. I never did a bit of ballihooing before tonight. I never saw your father."

"Your name is not Nelson? You never saw father? Then you,—you are just bluffing me? Trying to run a big bluff?"

"Yes," he confessed weakly, bowing his head. "I'm afraid you've guessed it. I'm just a big bluffer. I don't belong in the show business. Can't you tell? Listen how hoarse my voice is after just one night. Forgive me, Miss Long. I'm a rank impostor!"

She started to her feet in haste; he did not rise.

"But—I—I don't quite get what you mean. Why—why did you do it?" she asked in a low voice.

"I saw that you were in distress at the station and wanted to help you out. I had no idea what the matter was, and didn't know what you were talking about half the time on our way here. I saw that you were looking for some one and that you were worried, so I thought I'd help you out."

"Why, how perfectly ridiculous!"

"Yes, that's what I thought when I stepped up on that box this evening and yelled all the hide off my throat. I tried to help you out. Did I succeed?"

"Ye-es," she answered, and, although it was pitch dark, James knew that she was looking down at her shoes and thinking deeply, a frown on her pretty forehead.

"Oh, Mr.—Mr.—this is awful! I don't even know your name!"

"Never mind my name. It's of no consequence whatever. All I want to know is, Did I help you out? Did I succeed?"

"Indeed you did, Mr. What-ever-your-name-is. You did your work wonderfully. Mr. Nelson himself couldn't have attracted a bigger

crowd. We made more tonight than we have before in a month!"

"That's good. I'm glad to hear it; very glad. Now, listen to me. Don't you try to give me any money for what I've done tonight, do you hear?"

"But—"

"No 'buts' about it! Positively no money. I've got enough already. Also I'm still young and can earn all I want. You didn't really think that I was forty this afternoon, did you?"

"Well—no, I didn't. But I couldn't figure out how you could be any less and be father's old partner. And you say that you never even saw my father?"

"Certainly not; nor you until this afternoon. Will you forgive me, Miss Long, for what I have done, for the liberty I have taken?"

The girl was silent for several minutes. They could hear the rough, hard voices of the hands talking inside the tent. At last she spoke.

"Sir, whoever you are, you have done me the greatest favor this night. Without a ballihooer, we couldn't have opened the show and would have lost money. I don't suppose you understand, not being in the show business. You have done me a good turn, and that leaves me under obligation to you. I shall have to repay you,—but—I don't know how to do it, since you won't take money."

James said nothing, but rose slowly to his feet and stretched his weary body. He was frightfully tired, and his throat was getting sorer every minute.

"I don't know whether it is considered proper or not for a young lady to talk to a man she does not know, and all alone in the dark, but I'm doing it. I want to repay you. I can't see how it is so awful wrong for a girl to kiss a man who has done her a favor that she can not otherwise repay. Is it?"

James did not answer. He leaned against a slack guy rope, and, as he rested, he felt two cool hands press against his hot cheeks. He closed his eyes wearily—and something moist and warm and soft brushed against his lips for the briefest possible second. When he opened his eyes again he was alone.

And James Lyttleton succeeded in flagging the east bound train at Ringleville station which carried him back to New York, a very tired but happy young man.

Varsity Verse

Nonsense.

THERE was a man so very YYY,
 He always worked with EEE,
 He never over-strained his III,
 Or sailed across the CCC.
 Direct from China came his TTT,
 Where everyone wears QQQ,
 From farmers' gardens came his PPP
 None other would he UUU.
 He called upon some country JJJ,
 Got mixed up with the BBB,
 His hosts cried out their OOO and AAA,
 He uttered holy GGG.

B. A.

Owed to Ourselves.

(The Third Floor Bowlers.)

IF you chance to hear about it
 Never for a moment doubt it
 That the Third Floor aggregation are the champions
 at the pins:
 They are double action bowlers,
 And can beat the Holy Rollers
 When a chicken dinner's offered for the bowling team
 that wins.
 Though we trailed the First and Second
 And outside the game were reckoned;
 Though the Fourth floor was disdainful—as the Fourth
 floor's apt to be;
 When the thing came to a showing,—
 Why, we had 'em all a-going
 And we took 'em as they came up, to the tune of
 one, two, three.
 There was Case and Mac and Norton
 Who produced the goods to shorten
 All the hopes of husky rivals and the chances that
 they run;
 There was Heinie Steitz and Canty,
 Who took strikes as if from Santy,
 And they had their rival's measure ere the game was
 half way done.
 So if Diedrick Knickerbocker
 Or another ancient knocker
 Should brag on Hendrick Hudson and his Sleepy
 Hollow crew—
 From Catskills or Alleghanies—
 Just say, "Chicken out at Haney's"
 And you'll see the Third Floor quintet quietly push
 them off the view.

W. H.

Sonnet on the Skiver.

WHAT is a skiver? He is one that knows
 Each alley, lane, and back street in town;
 To him the campus scenes are dingy brown,
 And all routine of class is driest prose.
 His is the poet's spirit that arose
 Triumphant o'er the prefect's sternest frown,—
 That hies him off to view a game, a gown,
 To eat at Mike's, or see the nickel shows.
 'Tis true a haunting fear lurks in his eyes,
 And drives him oft within the handy door.
 'Tis true he's never known to win the prize
 Of scholarship—or e'en acquire its lore.
 What will he do when life's great tasks arrive?
 Prophetic voices answer, "He will skive!"

W. H.

Easter in the New York Circle.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

*A modern morality play. Scene: the Church;
 Time: Any Easter; Characters: Women Parishioners.*

FIRST WOMAN.

She says it was sent her from France,
 But the style's not Parisian, I know.

Second Woman:

She'll wear it next week to the dance,—
 Just like her to do it for show.

First Woman:

And mercy, just look at the brim,
 It covers her face, but I deem
 It hides many wrinkles from him
 That could not be covered with cream.

Second Woman:

That lace that she has on that gown
 I'm sure I have seen it before.

First Woman:

It's cheap, for I saw it down town
 On sale at a low bargain store.
et cetera, ad infinitum.

They sat in the pew just behind
 And talked of the way that she dressed,
 When, lo! Father Sheene, so unkind,
 Sang loudly, "Ité missa est."

Curtain.

Easter Morning.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

SING thou golden throated Easter bell
Him who triumphed over death and hell.
Sing out from thy choir up in the steeple
Easter tidings to the listening people.

Vales are grottoes, nature-built, immense,
Where the Easter lilies swing incense.
Hills are mighty altars God has raised,
Where His endless glory shall be praised.

Flowers 'wakened out of Lenten sleep
From the sunlit crannies gladly peep.
See how Nature carpets green the way,
For the Master walks on earth today.

Victimæ Paschali: The Easter Sequence.

MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14.



THE fervent and deeply religious spirit of the Christians of the middle ages is attested in many ways. Magnificent cathedrals, wonderful religious paintings, and melodious, inspiring hymns, all bear unmistakable evidence of a profoundly religious spirit.

In liturgical and ecclesiastical matters we are indebted to the early Christians in many ways. There is scarcely a ceremony or rite of the Church that has not been enriched by them. The deep learning of the Schoolmen and their invaluable contributions to Christian philosophy are lights that will not be hidden. In the production of church music, however, the men of the middle ages have been pre-eminently successful.

The religious emotions of these early Christians found apt expression in song and poetry. The hymns written in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries are rich in the best lyric poetry. They abound in lofty sentiment and teem with imagery. They breathe an air of refined spiritual emotion. Their expressions are rich with inspiration which gushes forth from them pure and fresh as the crystal water of the spring.

Hymnody in the middle ages took two special forms. The first is what we know today as the hymn properly so-called; the other is the sequence or *prosa*. Hymns are almost as numerous in our time as they were in the middle

ages, but sequences are found only in the liturgy of the Church; out of a collection of more than five thousand, only five are in common use. These are the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, the *Lauda Sion*, the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Irae*, and the *Victimæ Paschali*. All five are to be found in the missal. The oldest of these is the *Victimæ Paschali*. It is said to have been written by Wipo, an ecclesiastic of Burgundy, in the earlier half of the eleventh century. Wipo was a distinguished member of the clergy at the courts of Conrad II and Henry III of Germany. His *prosa* was received with extraordinary appreciation, and was used very extensively in the Church; its importance may be judged from the fact that it is one of the five still retained in the missal.

The opening words of this sequence are, "Victimæ Paschali laudes immolent Christiani"—"Let Christians offer an immolation of praise to the Paschal Victim." It is impossible to give an adequate translation of this one brief sentence, for there is expressed in it a wealth of meaning. The power of poetry, as we know, lies in the use of suggestive or connotative words and phrases. The first suggestion we are here given is the introductory word, "Victimæ"—"to the victim." In our English translation this word comes last; in Latin it is placed first. The primary idea is directed toward a victim—an innocent being made to undergo severe and unmerited torment. It is a *Paschal Victim*, a victim sacrificed at the Passover, the greatest feast of the old Jewish observance. The recollection of the origin of this feast opens up to us a vista of sacred history extending as far back as the days of Moses.

But we pass on to the next word, "laudes." At once we are struck by the unaccustomed idea of praise to a victim. Praise is generally attributed to a person in some way victorious. To a victim one would expect to see pity shown rather than praise.

The phrase "laudes immolent" is a most intense way of expressing a tribute of praise. To offer an immolation of praise to God implies that one must know and believe with his whole heart that God is the Supreme Good, and that God is to be loved and praised above all else. "Let Christians offer an immolation of praise to the Paschal Victim." This, then, is the theme of the Easter sequence.

The body of the *prosa* is made up of strophes and antistrophes. Originally it was meant to be sung by alternate choirs. After the introductory sentence had been chanted, the first strophe was taken up by one choir, and a second choir responded with the first antistrophe; then the second strophe was sung and the second antistrophe, and so on to the end. Usually one choir was composed of boys, the other of men.

The *Victimae Paschali*, as we shall see, might have been terminated at the end of the first antistrophe. The first pair of strophes reads thus:

Agnus redemit oves,
Christus innocens Patri
Reconciliavit
Peccatores.

"The Lamb has redeemed the sheep. Christ, innocent, has reconciled sinners to the Father." This is the first strophe, and to it corresponds the antistrophe:

Mors et vita duello
Confluxere mirando:
Dux vitae mortuus
Regnat vivus.

"Death and life have fought in wonderful combat; the Prince of life, having died, lives and reigns."

Thus far the sequence has been purely lyrical; now, however, it turns off into narrative, and this by a very sudden and totally unexpected change.

Dic nobis, Maria,
Quid vidisti in via?
Sepulchrum Christi viventis
Et gloriam vidi resurgentis;

Angelicos testes,
Sudarium et vestes.
Surrexit Christus spes mea:
Praecedet vos in Galilaeam.

"Tell us, Mary, what hast thou seen on the way?" To which the answer is given: "I have seen the sepulchre of Christ and the glory of the risen One, the angelic witnesses, the cerements and winding sheets. Christ my hope has risen: He goes before you into Galilee." There is a conjecture—very probably true—that the question, "Maria, quid vidisti in via?" is intended by the author to be put to Mary Magdalene by one of the apostles. This supposition helps us to interpret and to understand better the words in the following strophes where the speaker gives voice to his belief in the words of Mary Magdalene. The apostle, in order to prove that the cause of his belief is not mere sentiment, expressly states his reason in the words:—

Credendum est
Magis soli
Mariae veraci
Quam Judaeorum
Turbae fallaci.

"Rather ought we believe Mary alone, who is truthful, than the fickle rabble of the Jews." This is the expression of his faith in Magdalene. By the clear light of faith his belief in the resurrection of Christ is staunch and firm, for he says in the last antistrophe:

Scimus Christum
Surrexisse
A mortuis vere:
Tu nobis, victor
Rex, miserere.

"We know that Christ has truly risen from the dead: Do thou, O Victor King, have compassion on us."

As a poem of praise this Easter sequence stands far above any later poem of a similar nature. The merit of the *Victimae Paschali* is such as to have withstood all the winds and storms of criticism that a thousand years brought on, and there is no fear but that it will survive throughout the days of man.

Musicians.

MUSICIANS are of harmony the lords;
Their ears have caught, as from far-distant hills,
The dying echoes from angelic harps
Whose tone the very walls of heaven thrills.
And yet the sweetest of all earthly strains
But makes more void the longing heart of man;
Desire doth wing its way to heaven far
To fill his heart,—for only heaven can. B. E.

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—The Easter season transcends in significance all other feast-days of the Church. It commemorates the culmination of Christ's career on earth. It witnesses

The "Day that the Lord has Made." and celebrates the vindication of Christianity.

For upon the Resurrection hinges the authenticity of the Saviour's teachings. Without the glorious testimony of the Resurrection all else would have been in vain. For had not Christ risen from the dead, He would have failed to fulfil His promise; He would have refuted His own teachings; and Christianity, instead of being the sublime and ultimate truth, would be but a mockery. A thoughtful mind finds in the story of the Resurrection, the fullest justification of his faith. His apathy of other seasons is lost in a keener understanding and a truer appreciation of the lessons that are taught by the Passion and Resurrection of Our Lord. Secure in abiding faith, the devout Christian rejoices at the greatest message ever conveyed to man; and that joyous intelligence, echoing down all the centuries, brings renewed hope and peace to all who firmly believe that "Christ has risen."

—A Southern judge recently sentenced three university students to four months in the penitentiary for causing the death of a fellow-student by hazing. The judge instructed the jury to disregard the plea of accident, and when that body returned the verdict "guilty of manslaughter" the students received sentence.

One would think that popular sentiment had long ago exterminated this criminal form of initiation, but this Southern instance is proof that the abuse of hazing has not yet completely disappeared. It still exists in some of our large colleges, and reflects peculiar ignominy on institutions whose primary purpose is the increase of learning and refinement. From the brutality

which attends this abuse there have come deplorable results.

Until lately popular condemnation appears to have been the principal force used in the attempt to do away with brutal hazing. Now justly does hazing take its place among those crimes which the law punishes with penitentiary sentences. The Southern judge is to be commended for his attitude; and it is to be hoped that succeeding offenders will not escape the penalty—or even a heavier one—given to the three latest criminal hazers.

—The Chicago Band has initiated the policy of eliminating from its programs all popular music with suggestive titles or words. Such "smut songs" are de-

structive of all the finer sensibilities of human nature, for the power of music to debase is no less than its power to elevate. Decency is not prudery, and it is high time for a crop of bands and orchestras to cease catering to swinish appetites. There are seeds of animalism in all of us, and the appeal to such appetites is therefore the more dangerous and deserving of condemnation. Seeds, however, lie dormant unless quickened to life by objective agencies. If, therefore, theatres, bill-posters, and display advertisers follow the good example of the musicians, we may begin dreaming of a golden age of decency when even suggestive and immodest costumes will not be displayed *ad libitum* by women upon the public streets.

The Bostonia Sextet Club.

The recital of the Bostonia Sextet Club which appeared in Washington hall Saturday evening, March 15th, was characterized by the uniform excellence that has conduced to their great popularity with Notre Dame audiences.

The vocal selections by Miss Edith Ellis were well received, and a violin solo from De Beriot by Mr. Roscoe Ricker is also deserving of special mention. The ensemble numbers by the sextet club were splendidly rendered and enthusiastically applauded.

The Bostonia Sextet Club adheres rather too rigidly to selections of a strictly classical nature. A slight variation of this policy would neither diminish the merit of their recitals nor detract from the high esteem in which they are held by college audiences.

K. of C. Notice.

The regular meeting of the Knights of Columbus will be postponed from Tuesday evening, March 25, to Wednesday evening, March 26. All candidates for degrees must hand in their names before this meeting. The third degree will be put on in South Bend on the last Sunday in April.

St. Patrick's Day.

The accustomed ceremonies of St. Patrick's day had to be curtailed this year because the feast fell within Holy Week. Solemn high mass was sung by Rev. Father MacCauley, assisted by Rev. Fathers Lavin and Davis as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Patrick J. Carroll preached the sermon of the day, choosing for his text the words of St. Luke: "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." A brief history of the Celtic race from the advent of the Milesians in Ireland to the coming of St. Patrick was given, together with a short synopsis of the life of the Saint. The old Celtic race received the Christian faith willingly, and not a drop of blood was shed in converting the island. Under the strain of centuries of persecution, the bond of faith remained unbroken, and the simple childlike belief of the Irish people is as firm today as when Patrick preached the "Good Tidings," from the hill of Tara. The faith of the Irishman is all he has: everything else has been taken from him. For this faith, Ireland has climbed her calvary, has been crucified, and laid to rest to await her glorious resurrection. And already the East is bright with the dawn of her coming glory.

Holy Week Services.

The season of Lent was brought to a fitting close with the solemn ceremonies of Holy Week. The exercises began Wednesday evening with the impressive singing of the Tenebrae by the students of Holy Cross hall. Thursday morning, the feast of the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament, solemn high mass was sung by Rev. Provincial Morrissey, assisted by Rev. Fathers Walsh and Irving. At the end of mass the Blessed Sacrament was carried in devout procession to a repository in the rear of the high altar where it remained till Good Friday morning. Following the adoration of the cross on

Friday, it was carried back again in procession to the main altar.

This morning marked the customary blessing of the new fire, paschal candle, and font. After these ceremonies, the Litany of the Saints was chanted and mass was sung. Rev. Father Kirsch officiated at these devout exercises, assisted by Fathers Irving and Farley. The ceremonies were conducted under the experienced direction of Rev. Father William O'Connor assisted by Mr. E. Cyprian.

Personals.

—Paul Murphy, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, was the guest of his brother Kingsley, of Walsh Hall, on last Friday. Paul, who was a student here during '10-'12, is now associated with a prominent firm of attorneys in Minneapolis.

—Mr. John Bell Keeble, of Nashville, Tenn. and Mr. M. J. Carney, of Chicago, principal speaker at the Knife and Fork Club in South Bend on Tuesday evening, were interested visitors at the University Wednesday morning.

—Reports from the Pacific Coast tell of the doings of "Our George" Philbrook and his track squad of the University of Washington. George is evidently making things in Seattle hum with the old Notre Dame spirit.

—Joseph Pflaum, of Dayton, Ohio, Corbyite of '10-'11, spent a few hours of Tuesday last with the old boys. Joe is enjoying a short Easter vacation allowed him by the publishing company for which he is travelling salesman.

—Mr. Wright Huntington, of the Huntington Players, of South Bend, attended a rehearsal of the Senior play during the week. Mr. Huntington expressed himself as well satisfied with the ability and talent displayed by the student-actors.

—We note with pleasure the admission of Professor J. A. Caparo, of the Electrical Engineering Department, to membership in the American Mathematical Society. Professor Caparo recently read a paper before this society, and his election to the assembly took place shortly afterwards.

—A letter from Paul Rothwell (M. E. '12) of Buffalo, Wyoming, gives much evidence of his success in professional work. Paul was recently elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Buffalo Manufacturing Company for which he has been manager since last July. He says he

surely would like to visit Notre Dame this spring, but press of business will prevent his doing so. Business, however, has not made him forget the boys, to whom he sends his best wishes.

—We see by the Portland *Oregonian*, of March 9, that our old track captain and football star, "Bill" Schmitt is basking in the smiles of Dame Fortune. "Bill" has recently been named as leader of track and field sports for the Multnomah Club, the greatest athletic club in the Northwest. He is also prospering in his law business, and is teaching drawing and coaching football on the side. He has written recently promising to visit us in June. The University in general and the Columbia College boys in particular will see that he enjoys his stay.

Calendar.

Sunday, March 23—Easter Sunday.

Monday—Easter Monday (No classes).

"A Night Off" in Washington Hall, 2:00 p. m.

Senior Ball, Oliver Hotel, 8:30 p. m.

Tuesday—(No classes.)

Wednesday—Classes resume, 8:15 a. m.

Peace Oratorical Contest. Washington Hall,
7:30 p. m.

Knights of Columbus Meeting, 7:45 p. m.

Thursday—Classes (Tuesday's classes)

Local News.

—Swimming soon! Cheer up! Time was when we went in on St. Pat's day, but not this year, thank you.

—The Hill St. cars haven't run off the track once this week. But then, neither have they run on the schedule.

—The interhall track meet has been postponed till sometime after Easter. Need of practice is the reason urged.

—Christmas or Thanksgiving, or even Easter might come and go without any great change made in the outward show of the Carroll hall refectory. But Patrick's Day brought out the prides of the green-house.

—Mr. H. B. Moriarty of Walsh, who made a lasting reputation in the South-Bend-Prep track meet, received a handsome silver loving cup of unique pattern from his admiring friends in token of their appreciation of true sportsmanship.

—Most delightful balmy days all week;

however, there is naught now but "winter and foul weather." Though we don't own the weather station on Science hall, we predict a continuance of the bluster till Easter hats have lain on the shelf a fortnight.

—This has been a week of real church going. Mass in the morning, Tenebrae in the evening, and sometimes a service in the afternoon. But the holiness of the season and its practical worth to us fully merit it. And then it's all in preparation for a grand Easter.

—Kansas, the "Cyclone State," and Chicago, the "Windy City," have nothing on N. D. when it comes to breezy, blustry, tempestuous weather. The wind almost lifts your scalp and it cuts your face till you imagine that you're taking part in a German student duel.

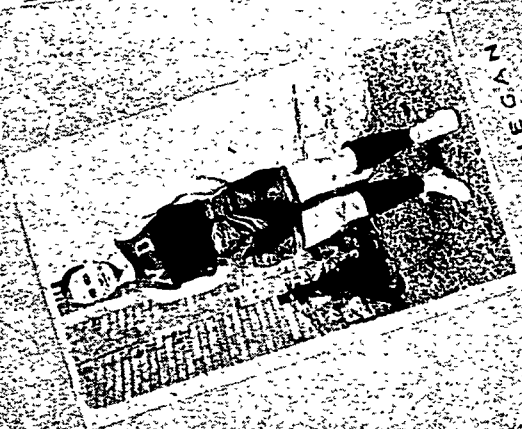
—"All praise to St. Patrick" thundered the organ and sang the choir as we marched out of church on the morning of the 17th. The lilting music and the stirring Patrick's Day sermon were well in accord with the glad feelings that possessed us on this feast day of Ireland and Religion.

—Easter is here, let us rejoice and be glad! Easter eggs and goodies for the minims; leisure for pleasant rambles in the country and along the river for the nature lover; town and the Orpheum for the "dodger," the Senior ball for the society man; and a pleasant change from work and routine for us all.

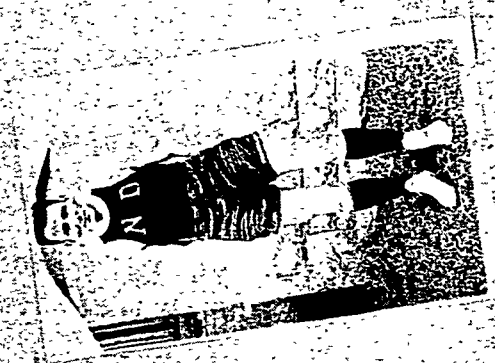
—Spring poetry is now on the wing. The robins are said to bring it back with them when they returned from the South. The "rills," "bursting buds," and "dewy flowers" will once more be thrust upon us; and every forlorn shepherd in the calendar will hunt up his oaten pipe and hie himself off to a convenient bit of shade to sport there with Amaryllis. It's the fashion, you know.

—A Prep SCHOLASTIC? Yes, indeed! The preps English classes will be given the opportunity to display their learning, wit, and genius in the mid-May number of the SCHOLASTIC. If they show their appreciation of this opportunity by working hard to produce something worth printing and by handing in sufficient contributions of merit, one issue of the SCHOLASTIC—that of May 17—will be turned over entirely to them. Now is the time to concoct your story plots, to work over essays, and to visit the Muses. Don't wait till the second week in May.

CHAMPIONSHIP



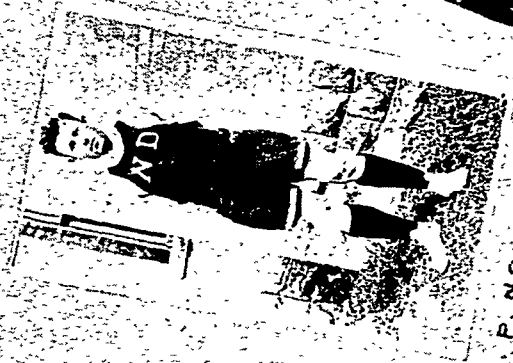
J. LINNEGAN



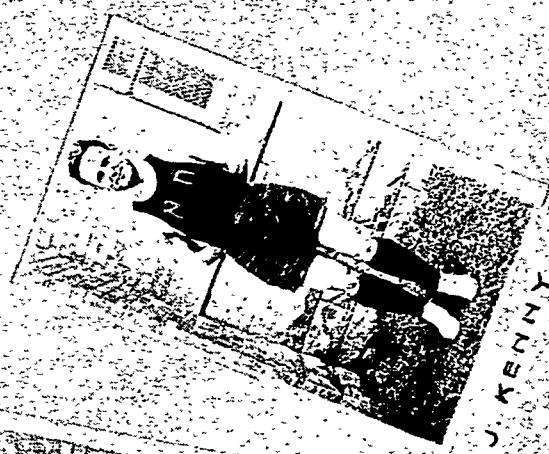
W. GRANFIELD



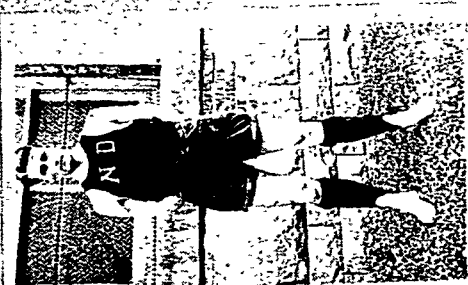
E. FEENEY
-CAPTAIN-



P. POWERS



J. KENNY



S. MILLER



L. J. CAHILL

BASKET BALL

19 TEAM 13

Review of the 1912-13 Basketball Season.

J. CLOVIS SMITH, '14.

State Champions! The basketball season of 1912-'13 closes with the Gold and Blue again victorious. Thirteen victories out of fifteen games played is the splendid record of Capt. Feeney's men and one that marks the team as the best since the famous '08 quintet. No other team in the West can point to such a successful trip as that engineered by Manager O'Connell, when seven men traversing four states, played eight games in nine days, and won six of them—and these victories over some of the strongest teams in the West. Moreover, without detracting any glory from the victors, it is our belief that under different floor conditions the two games lost might have resulted otherwise.

Captain Feeney has again more than upheld his reputation as the best guard in the state. In every contest, the sterling work of the Notre Dame leader was a great factor in the result. Heavy, fast, and a quick thinker, his work was a joy to watch, and the forward who scored more than one or two baskets on "Al" could consider himself lucky. As a captain, he was all that could be desired. We are very sorry to say that business may prevent his return next year.

In all fairness, the honor of being the greatest and most versatile basketball player in the West belongs to ex-Captain Granfield. His three years' service and his performances at every position on the team has demonstrated that "Peaches" knows the game from a to z and then some. A wonderfully accurate shot, a clever dribbler, and a past-master at eluding opponents, "Granny" scored regularly from six to ten baskets a game. The best part of his work, however, lay in his contribution to that which is the main strength of every team—its team-work. His graduation in June leaves a hole that will be hard to fill.

In Captain-elect Cahill, Granfield has a running-mate. "Jimmie" was at his best on the trip, and especially in the Marshall and St. John's games, where his lightning fast floor work and accurate shooting repeatedly brought down the house. As captain, we expect great things of him next year, and we are perfectly confident that those fighting qualities

which brought him up through the interhall ranks to the position he now holds will produce a winning combination.

A great portion of any team's strength lies in its guards and their ability to keep the opponent's score low, but when a guard combines this power with the happy knack of scoring a few points himself, he is doubly valuable. This is where "Curly" Nowers, our plucky right guard, showed his worth. In more than one game his timely contributions to the score board turned the tide to victory. "Curly" will be back next year.

Without question the find of the season was our elongated centre, "Rupe" Mills. We knew what the others could do, but for a freshman to break into the game with a rush and win a place his first season out, is something unusual. All the more honor to Rupe, because his hard working, heady playing more than proved his right to the place. His three baskets from the middle of the court won the Ohio Wesleyan game in the last few minutes of play. "Rupe" will be with us next season.

One of the staunchest, never-say-die spirits on the team was Joe Kenny, forward. Joe was out of the game a great part of the season because of injuries, but those contests in which he took part, and particularly the Earlham game, showed his real calibre. With a better break of luck Joe ought to put up a whirlwind game next year.

"Sam" Finnegan, guard, closes the list of monogram men. During the past season, "Sam" has made a record for himself as a persistent worker and a hard fighter. The good physical condition of Feeney and Nowers gave Finnegan few chances to display his ability, but when he did go in, he worked right up to their standard. Next year he ought to make a good mate for Nowers.

No small part of the success of the team was due to the efforts of the substitutes. Four survived the knocks and bruises of the daily scrimmages, Kelly, Smith and Byrne of last year's squad, and O'Connor, a new man. Kelly played an excellent game at forward throughout the season, being beaten out of a regular berth only by men far above the ordinary standard. Smith, though handicapped by lack of weight, put up a strong, aggressive game at guard against much heavier opponents. Joe Byrne, our genial Varsity cheer-leader, was one of the fastest forwards on the court,

and the games in which he took part showed that he will be a dangerous contender for honors next year. O'Connor, the only new man besides Mills to make the squad, did not get an opportunity to show his prowess until late in the season; then his clever floor work and fast handling of the ball earned him a place. With a little more seasoning these men should easily be able to uphold the honor of the Gold and Blue in coming seasons.

A great share of the season's success is due to Manager O'Connell. Among the players, it seems to be the general opinion that "Jack" was the "best ever," and the student body certainly agrees with this verdict. Ever ready to give his best efforts for the welfare and success of the team, O'Connell has proved himself at all times a capable and efficient manager.

And so, with all praise to the team, regulars and substitutes, who have worked so loyally for Notre Dame during the season gone by, we write "finis" to its history.

THE SEASON'S SCORES.

Dec. 13—Notre Dame, 38;	Lewis Institute, 5
Jan. 11—Notre Dame, 52;	Company H, Ill. N. G. 9
Jan. 18—Notre Dame, 34;	Northwestern, 17
Jan. 28—Notre Dame, 36;	St. Viators, 11
Feb. 1—Notre Dame, 28;	Wabash, 21
Feb. 5—Notre Dame, 54;	Rose Poly, 10
Feb. 6—Notre Dame, 33;	Wabash, 23
Feb. 7—Notre Dame, 28;	Earlham, 18
Feb. 8—Notre Dame, 27;	Marshall, 9
Feb. 10—Notre Dame, 13;	Dension, 47
Feb. 11—Notre Dame, 26;	Ohio Wesleyan, 24
Feb. 12—Notre Dame, 33;	St. Johns, 24
Feb. 13—Notre Dame, 7;	Michigan A. C., 40
Feb. 28—Notre Dame, 31;	Earlham, 12
Mar. 7—Notre Dame, 38;	Beloit, 18

The season's scores do not always tell the whole story of an athletic team's success or failure; but they tell a whole lot. The above given scores show that Capt. Feeney and his warriors not only won every one of the contests played on the home court, but also that they were undefeated in Indiana. We understand that it is not good form to hedge a defeat in with a lot of "if's" and excuses, but in justice to our men we say that the games lost to Denison, Champions of Ohio, and to the Michigan "Aggies" were played on courts unworthy of the name.

The total points scored by the Gold and Blue were 478; by their opponents, 288. Nearly 200 of the Varsity's points were due to the superb throwing of "Peaches" Granfield. Capt. Feeney played in every contest.

Athletic Notes.

LAST GAME TO NOTRE DAME.

Owing to the fact that we were crowded for space last week we were unable to chronicle the results of the last basketball game of the season in that issue. The game was with Beloit; the score was a 38 to 20 victory for the Varsity. With that game, the fastest and best five in the country finished the most brilliant record that has come to our notice.

The game was Granfield's last in college circles, and was likely Feeney's also, although hopes are entertained by the fans that our old captain will return for the '14 team. Granfield played a great game, and seemed to realize that it was the last taste he would ever get of his favorite sport. "Peaches" registered eight goals against Van Loam, the Beloit star, who never had so many rung up on him before. Feeney reversed the compliment to the forward he was guarding by letting him down with a solitary field basket for both halves.

Nowers, Mills, and Kenny as well as Finnegan, who replaced Nowers during the second half, played good games, but the greatest measure of praise is due to the two retiring stars.

CAHILL WILL LEAD 1914 FIVE.

As a fitting close to the most successful of seasons, the Varsity basketball squad met in the Oliver hotel Sunday evening, March 9, to enjoy the customary banquet and to elect a captain to lead the '14 team. The most important part of the night's work was left to the last, and the players' choice for next year's captain was "Jimmie" Cahill. The news of "Jimmie's" election was heard with pleasure by all—the team, the Faculty, and the fans. It is the more pleasing because he has "risen from the ranks," having played with Carroll hall, then with Corby in the interhall circuit, and since as forward on the Varsity.

The banquet itself was altogether the most enjoyable athletic banquet within the memory of man. Not only were the dishes generous and delicious, but the genial mood of the feasters made the evening most enjoyable. The entertainment furnished by our trilogy of harmony—Hicks, Carmody, and Wasson—and by the waiters who served rolls, Rockne and Pritchard; the after-dinner speeches, the results of the election—everything was of the best. And it was due to the Champions of Indiana.

Preps Appear in Track.

SOUTH BEND HIGH, 56½; PREPS 49½.

Last Saturday afternoon the Notre Dame Preps made their first public appearance in track athletics in a dual meet with South Bend High school. The meet was one of the best attended in the local gym for many seasons.

All the spectators were greatly surprised at the strength displayed by the new organization. The South Bend boys came down with the intention of beating the Preps by thirty or more points, but they gave up that idea before the meet was half over.

As this was the first meet of the season for the Preps, it could not be expected to bring out the best that is in them; but before the season is over a return meet will probably be arranged with the South Bend high, and then our lads will show to more advantage. With a little more practice in the high jump, pole vault, and shot put, there will be a good chance of defeating their recent opponents.

Fritch, the high point winner of the day, came down from the infirmary only on the morning of the meet. Had he been in better condition he might have accounted for even more points than he did and, perhaps, have given an altogether different destination to victory. The surprise of the day was when Martin Meehan won the mile in 5:22. By sprinting in the first lap he pushed ahead of his South Bend opponents and kept the lead until he crossed the line.

The high jump was easily the most exciting event of the meet. After five feet was reached, O'Shea and Bondurant were fighting for first place. At five four O'Shea missed, while Bondurant cleared the bar by four inches. He then tried five five and cleared that also, but refused to attempt anything further.

Bergman's showing in the 40-yard dash and in the 220 proves that he is easily the best dash man of his class in Northern Indiana. With him and Fritch to rely upon, the Preps need never fear for the dashes.

Harry Baujan showed up well in the broad jump and shot put, taking three points in each event. He also made 8 feet 6 inches in the pole vault.

Fritch took first in the low hurdles with comparative ease and would have repeated the stunt with the high ones had he not spiked himself in going over the last hurdle. He recovered

himself sufficiently, however, to take second place in the event.

The time for the four-forty was exceptionally good. Cordier of South Bend covered the distance in 54 3-5. This time was as fast as that made by Evanston at the Northwestern Prep games on the same day.

The Prep relay team was easily superior to the one representing South Bend. Not once was the Notre Dame runners in danger of being overtaken. The length of the race was one lap to the man or one-third mile in all. The team was made up of the four best sprinters—Canty, Fritch, O'Shea, and Bergman.

The time made in the different events will be taken as Prep Gym records and will be recorded as such in the Prep record book.

All the junior representatives of the Gold and Blue without exception did excellent work throughout the meet and helped to establish an enviable reputation and a solid standing for their team.

The Preps extend special thanks to Mr. James Wasson, whose earnest coaching and good advice put them in excellent condition for the meet. The summary:

40-yard dash—Won by Bergman, Preps; Fritch, Preps, second; Leisure, South Bend High, third. Time, :05.

Mile run—Won by Meehan, Preps; Crocker, S. B., second; Moriarity, Preps, third. Time, 5:22.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Fritch, Preps; Haven, S. B., second; Gendron, Preps, third. Time, :05 3-5.

440-yard dash—Won by Cordier, S. B.; Kelly, S. B., second; A. McDonald, Preps, third. Time, :54 3-5.

Shot put—Won by Sayre, S. B.; Baujan, Preps, second; Burns, Preps, third. Distance, 41 feet 7 1-2 inches (12 pound shot).

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Martin, S. B.; Fritch, Preps, second; Haven (disqualified). Time, :06 1-5.

Broad jump—Won by Martin, S. B.; Baujan, Preps, second; McDonald, Preps, third. Distance, 18 feet 4 inches.

Half mile—Won by S. Kelley, S. B.; McDonough, Preps, second; Crocker, S. B. third. Time, 2:17 1-5.

220-yard dash—Won by Bergman, Preps; Haven, S. B., second; Cordier, S. B. third. Time, :25 3-5.

High jump—Won by Bondurant, S. B.; O'Shea, Preps, second; Garfield, S. B., and Goddrieson, Preps, tied for third. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Pole vault—Bondurant and Scott of S. B. tied for first; Baujan and Gaupel, Preps, tied for second. Height, 9 feet.

Relay race (one-third mile)—Won by Preps (Fritch, Canty, Bergman, and O'Shea). Time, 1:06 3-5.

W. D. CASE.

Safety Valve.

We notice that William R. Tipton in complimenting Sir Walter Scott on "Guy Mannering" declares that the love of Juila for Henry is very "sweet." We wish to opine that later on it became very "dear" and even "touching"—especially at the season when Easter hats etc. were ripe.

"Reading maketh a full man" says Mr. Tip again. The statement is too universal, we think, considering the many other brands of intoxicants now on the market.

The Iroquois Fire still figures in fiction. We suggest that Mr. Jacob R. Geiger, '14, Old College, Notre Dame, Ind. run in the Arson Trust as a background and bring the story down to date.

"Many of us are manikins with misdirected ambitions" laments the editorial scribe. Too true and alas. And the rest of us are manikins with longings after extended vacations. Which amounts to the same thing in the book of synonyms.

Now comes the Senior dance. The burning question is Who will have the honor of pulling the cord?

At length we catch the idea! All those splendid elms and maples and even the magnificent *Salix fluviatili* (*Vide Midland Naturalist*) were cut down that Dominic might make barriers across the lawns—presumably for keeping the minims etc. off the grass.

The debators are now silent. But the battle is not over,—it is only a rest between rounds. Next time it will be to the finish with one ounce gloves and no police interference.

The Crime of the Century—that St. Thomas, the mortified and retiring, should be made the patron of banquets and after dinner speeches.

Willie Case reports that, he has "taken steps" to schedule a track meet between the Preps and the Varsity.

He must have put on his seven league boots.

And when that "Niles road becomes usable," Mr. Local ed, the Third Floor bowlers of Walsh will be the first to break the wind Haney-wards and chicken-wards.

And over the celery and mashed potatoes they will recount how they did it.

Mr So-and-so of C. E. S. might do well to present "a thoughtful and entertaining paper" on How to drain the campus when the wet days come again.

Or How to plant trees that won't need to be cut down.

The Irish and the Dutch mutually forfeited the game last Monday, but the Mexicans upheld the honor of tradition.

Is the man that hollers "Del. List" so often on it or off it? It is experience or theory with him?

The robins may chirp till they burst a lung, and the breezes may waft perfume till we're suffocated, but Spring wont be here till Erich gets that new suit he was pricing last week.

DISCOVERED.

ROACH—What's Scholastic Philosophy, George? GEORGE D.—O, it's that kind they print in the *Safety Valve*, I guess.

The basketball is now safely caged and the baseball comes into play. Batter up!

Never more, Leonore, will a man by the name of Schmidt wear an orange colored tie on the 17th. 'Twas a case of Sink and Swim.

The Preps stand at Armageddon and hold the pass at Thermopylae. The DOME will not print full-length pictures of them nor publish the personal reminiscences of the secretary. Hence the DOME sales will be lowered this year—perhaps more than twenty.

The effects of the warm weather and the mild spring breezes can be noticed in the sprouting mustaches of the waiters and the growing crops on the mid-winter "clips."

Now that the rigors of winter are over the hatless boys will resume their headgear.

Won't it be disappointing if they don't have buns at home.

PERSONAL NOTICE

Mr. Wai Kai Woo will not go home for Easter.

Messrs. Colburn Colby and Red McConnell will canoe down the old St. Joe and annoy the ducks with their 22 shorts. If the ducks are absent we vouch for the geese.

Mr. Chas. Norton will astonish the natives of Anderson with his new Easter habiliments.

Heinie Kasper will remain with us to take part in the Easter Monday play. His clever scene shifting is the big hit of the performance.

Students contemplating dentistry while at home should remember the sliding scale.

The Carroll Hallers are beginning to realize that the *Book of Lines* is capable of a sinister application.

"When you lay snug to *snap* young Damon's goat."—Dryden. So they got 'em in those days, too. It seems to have been an old, old custom!

Our first consignment of spring poetry has arrived via the Robins & Spring Breeze Express. As soon as we've had the gas man in to read the meter we'll present the bill.