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Preying Commercialism.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

LEAVING our homes and lifelong friends behind,

Braving the dangers of an unknown land,
Disdainful of the threats of wave and wind,

Columbia, we came at Fate's command.
We found thee, Virgin of the forest, free
From ancient wrongs. We gave our all to thee.

Was ever knight to his beloved more true?

We watched and waited thro' the hours of night.
Thy friends were ours. Thy enemies we slew.

Till now thou standest in the morning light,
Proudest of earth, daughter of Liberty,
Triumphant in our hard-won victory.

Yet comes this rival urged by lust of gold

To gain thy Heaven given dowry,
Flattering, defying, underhand, and bold;

While we die daily for the love of thee.
Wilt thou forsake old love for treachery?
Columbia, such folly shall not be.

The Art of Advertising.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.



CONTRARY to a very popular belief, the art of advertising had its origin centuries before the Roman era. Its economic value was appreciated by nations that were in their ascendancy while the Greeks were still obscure barbarians.

Advertisements, modified, of course, by time and circumstance, have been deciphered from the cuneiform tablets of the Babylonians; they are discernible in the faded papyrus of the Egyptians, and among the Phoenicians were an accepted means of disposing of im-

ports. In fact, the most logical and practical application of advertising principles among ancient nations is to be found in that thrifty maritime community. The arrival of a Phoenician trireme in any of the trade marts of the Mediterranean sea was heralded by criers who threaded the crowded thoroughfares, declaiming the superior merits of British tin, Spanish wines, and Oriental spices.

In the succeeding ages, advertising persisted in a variety of forms, but its potentialities were never fully realized prior to the invention of the printing press by Gutenberg in the fifteenth century. Thenceforth the press became the most potent factor in the advertisement of salable goods.

It is a far cry from "ye sprightly negro woman" advertised in the first Jamestown weekly, to the motor cars, steam yachts, and automatic pianos that are systematically catalogued in metropolitan dailies of the present age. And two full centuries of painstaking progress intervene between the polished, scientific announcements that monopolize so much space in twentieth century publications, and the quaint trade notices of their colonial prototypes.

The American merchant and publisher have accomplished much since the time when a grotesque silhouette was the conventional means of drawing the reader's attention to the rewards offered for runaway slaves.

Yet this remarkable transition has not been a purely mechanical one; it presents a phase far removed from cylinder presses and electrotyping machines. This paper is primarily concerned with that other phase which treats of advertising as an art. It is difficult to conceive the magnitude of the advertising business. The great magazines and most influential newspapers draw from fifty to seventy per cent of their total revenue from the publication of advertisements. Over one hundred millions

of dollars are expended by this nation annually to stimulate internal and international trade.

Scarcely half a century has elapsed since the average merchant considered his advertisements in the local paper a mere convention, a formality born of precedent, and prompted by a desire to maintain the editor by covert charity. Today the publisher, manufacturer, and retailer are equally concerned with the advertising of the commodity. The advertiser demands results; and upon the ability of the press to increase his sales depends the success of the publication. The rental value of an insertion varies directly with the circulation, and the circulation, curiously enough, is not infrequently influenced by the publication's prestige as an advertising medium. These several complexities have evolved a science of comparatively recent origin—consistent, logical, and progressive advertising.

Broadly speaking, the periodical is the sole intermediary between the advertiser and the consumer, yet the means of acquainting the latter with the former's claims to superiority necessitates still another link in the chain of commercialized information. This is the professional ad-writer, whose duty it is to refine the blunt assertions of the advertiser into the bright, newsy, convincing advertisements that form so prominent a feature of the American daily. The bombastic, garish advertisements of other days have been discarded. The most approved method of interesting prospective purchasers does not countenance misdirected zeal. The context of the new and skilfully phrased "ad" is not "I want to sell," but a tactfully worded suggestion that "You want to buy." The fevered rhetoric that in past times was considered a criterion of advertising ability has been superseded, discarded together with every other artifice that savors of insincerity. It is no longer a wise expedient to deride the claims of a competitor. All derogatory tactics are in strict contravention to the ethics of scientific advertising. For with the evolution of advertising processes, there was born an inflexible code of morals. Its keynote is absolute and unswerving honesty. Its maxims are "State the facts; base your appeal for patronage upon the intrinsic merit of your goods."

"An unguarded statement is a potential petard," reasons the advertising expert. "Carefully scrutinize all advertising copy," says

the editor, "lest dishonest advertisements rebound to the discredit of the paper." And thus the public is doubly safeguarded, not by the altruism of either advertiser or publisher, but by the promptings of sound business instinct. The advertiser is truthful, the editor is particular, and the purchasing public is keenly observant—because in each case it pays to exercise proper caution.

It is not to be assumed from the foregoing that all possibility of misrepresentation has been eliminated. It will be readily appreciated that even extreme diligence could not obviate an occasional instance of flagrant deception; but it may be broadly formulated as a general rule that the tendency is always towards the reduction of these contingencies to a minimum. Exaggeration always entails a subtle intimation of insincerity. Invidious distinctions breed skepticism, and unfounded assertions conduce to general distrust. The man who habitually misleads the public will have fewer opportunities to commiserate their gullibility than they will have to deplore his dishonesty.

It is the duty of every responsible publication to protect its readers from frauds, cheats, and get-rich-quick operatives. No newspaper can long or profitably maintain a policy that subordinates the welfare of its subscribers to the dictates of self-interest.

Thus the business instinct of the publisher, the experience of the advertiser, and the astuteness of the purchaser all combine to determine the manner and kind of advertisements. Apart from matters of ethics and propriety, the art of advertising presents a second and greater aspect. This phase, while affording an inexhaustible supply of subject-matter, may be briefly summed up as the art proper, the subterfluent activities that give impetus and direction to a hundred million dollar commercial undertaking.

Mere rugged honesty, while an asset of incalculable value, does not always insure the success of either the advertiser or his medium of publicity. The successful advertisement must first attract the attention of the consuming public. Then it must not only hold his attention, but it must convince and persuade. Brown may protest vehemently that his woolen goods are the greatest values ever offered; yet a failure to convince prospective patrons that such is the case will not only fail to stimulate his sales, but will leave him poorer for

the cost of publishing the dubious fact. Hence it behooves Brown to be scrupulously exact in representing his wares.

Advertising, to yield big returns, must be insistent, persistent, and clothed in ever-changing forms. The unvarying "custom card" of the country weekly is obsolete. The aggressive advertiser understands that his product must become a household term, in order to insure increased patronage.

When we see a negro chef smiling at us from newspapers, magazines, and bill boards; we know—because we have been educated to the fact by persistent advertising—that the amiable Ethiopian is a symbol for a celebrated cereal. Similarly the imposing grandeur of Gibraltar suggests a renowned insurance company; even trite words and phrases serve their purpose in keeping constantly before us the claims of the advertiser. Thus the familiar query, "Have you a little fairy in your home?" inevitably calls to mind a widely advertised toilet article. The phrase, "One of the fifty-seven," unfailingly causes our thoughts to revert to a standard assortment of condiments. And so on down the line. No one conversant with the intricacies of the advertising business would hesitate to affirm that persistency and multiformity are the "Open Sesame" to advertising success.

The advertising expert is a student of psychology, consciously or otherwise. He knows that a name, an expression, or a trade-mark unceasingly thrust across the purchaser's perspective will cause the latter to be influenced in favor of his commodity when making his next purchase. If John Doe's publicity man can keep Doe's *Noni Pareil* hats in the public mind, Doe will dispose of his output, and his advertising manager will garner a salary of from five to thirty thousand dollars a year. If the manufacturer or retailer vindicates his sincerity, the public will evince their good will as patrons. To attract and maintain the respectful attention of probable patrons is all important. Yet extreme sensationalism is carefully avoided. Refined taste in advertising, as in social and business circles, is the ultimate victor. The experienced "ad" writer never shocks with glaring, bold-face type. He never utilizes—and indeed he is never afforded an opportunity to, by the better class of periodicals—suggestive cuts, tawdry embellishments, or cheap flippancy. The vogue

of such prefatory compellers of attention as "Ruined!" "Murderous!" and "Don't Read This!" has long since passed into the discard. Pictures of a bloody knife to herald a cut in prices, or caricatures of competitors overwhelmed with grief and envy, have likewise become obsolete. Veiled aspersions and crass egotism are always held to be of questionable taste.

Each advertiser may inaugurate such honorable precedents as he may see fit. He should make each issue of his advertising medium a special occasion, and each purchaser an object of individual attention. His "ads" must read like news. They must, above all, be free from trickery and double dealing. The cheapness of periodicals, and the prevalence of various means of communication have accentuated the truth of the old adage that "you can't fool all of the people all of the time." Indeed, the advertising expert views the "fooling" expedient as ill-advised and retributory. He knows that candor will make ten customers while subterfuge is enlisting a score of enemies. So the art of advertising inclines to honesty as the best policy, and the substance matter of the advertising columns is more likely to be fact than fiction.

A noted Chicago editor declares emphatically and correctly that his advertising department is esteemed as news. He goes further and states that the success of his sheet is determined by its advertising efficiency. John Wanamaker has said that "your advertising prestige is your income." Many department stores voluntarily incur a loss by advertising "cut-price" sales because they know that the trade once attracted to the store will buy heavily in other departments, and thus re-imburse them.

Advertising, then, may justly be called an art. The renting of advertising space is a simple and legitimate business investment. The writing of advertisements, involving as it does a good education and a knowledge of human nature, is a career. The advice "Be honest" is prompted by practical experience, not by ephemeral cant. The injunction "Be persistent," is not a device of the publisher to rent space; it is the result of years of experience, and the trend of industrial development. And the efficacy of the last requisite, "Originality" has been tried, tested, and established as basically sound by a nation whose annual expenditure for advertisements exceeds the running expenses of many governments.

After the Storm.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

THE storm, now passion spent, has ceased to prey
Upon the harvest of the beaten lea,
And, far beyond, a curtained sky of gray
Hangs sunless o'er a melancholy sea.

The doleful winds breathe out their sadd'ning sigh,
A chilly mist lies on the dismal bay,
And nought of cheer is there to greet the eye
When nature's sky is drooped in sombre gray.

A Slip of Paper.

PAUL R. BYRNE, '13.

Dick Lane, the most bashful man in the junior class, picked up the only piece of mail he had received.

"Gee," he growled, "nothing but an advertisement. They make me sick at home. I haven't had a letter for a coon's age." And into the waste basket it went.

That same evening, having finished his lessons and wishing something to read, Dick bethought himself of the mail of the morning, and thereby hangs the tale. It proved to be the spring catalogue of a large eastern mail-order house. He was not desirous of buying any of their wares, but the pictures interested him, and he read on. Nearing the end he turned the pages rapidly, and as he did so there fell from between the leaves a small typewritten slip. He picked it up and this is what he read:

"We would like to correspond with you and your college friends." Below were the names of six girls and the office address of the company.

To answer such a communication did not at first enter his mind, and the incident was forgotten till several days later when he again came across the paper. He read it over and smiled. The first name on the list was the same as his own and this rather appealed to him.

"I might try just one letter," he said to himself, "and if I don't like it, I can easily break off the correspondence when school is out." And so it was decided.

It was easy enough to think about writing, but what to write about, that was the question. He never wrote to the girls that he knew, so what was he to say to one that he did not know. But with the slip and its discovery as

a starter he was enabled to make out a rather creditable note.

Two weeks went by and no reply had been received. He decided that there would be none, and forgot all about it. But one came a week later, however, and from then on the correspondence grew. As they became better acquainted the letters became more personal. He told her of his college life, of class dances, athletics, and other affairs in which he thought she would be interested. She in turn grew confidential and told him much about herself.

"I have been a stenographer here ever since my graduation from high school two years ago." A later letter told him that she had dark blue eyes and brown hair and ended by saying, "I am twenty years of age,—quite the proper age, you see. I did not want you to think that you were writing to a superannuated spinster." During the summer that followed the correspondence lagged, but with the opening of school it was revived.

As the year passed the letters came less frequently; but it became a habit with each when anything of interest had happened to write a full account to the other.

Graduation came at last and with it a kindly letter full of good wishes for his success and an earnest invitation to visit her that summer. This Dick resolved to do, but other things contrived to prevent the visit, and the fall saw him farther away from her than ever.

Up in the great forests of the Northwest there is little opportunity for amusement, and the life there may grow rather dull with only a few companions to make it interesting. Solitude brings thought, and in the long dark evenings that followed, with the work of the day forgotten, Margaret was much in Dick's mind. One of his choicest possessions was a small snapshot, the only picture that she had ever sent him, showing her sitting on a stone wall under a great oak. The wind had blown her hair across her face and she was smiling.

The question of love had never troubled him. He had heard his chums discuss it, but he had placed little belief in it. It now began to look as if there might be something to it after all. "Yet," he would ask himself, "how is it possible for a fellow to be in love with a girl that he has never seen? Still, I do care for her, and if it is not love, then I don't love anyone." The correspondence which had begun over so small a thing as a slip of paper now began to

look as if it were to have a momentous ending.

Margaret's letters began to come more frequently; she seemed to realize with a woman's intuition that he was lonesome and needed cheering. He seldom heard from home, but he knew all that was going on in that bustling seacoast town. Her interests had now become his.

"I often," she wrote, "when the evening is warm, go down to the beach and with only the waves and sea gulls for company look out across the blue waters and think of you and wonder what you can be doing in that far-away country and if you think of me as often as I think of you. I wish that you might be there beside me in the moonlight, and we would talk of all the things we have written to each other."

As the days went by that long stretch of beach became more real to Dick, and a girl always occupied the centre of the picture. Sometimes she was tall and dreamy, and sometimes small but overflowing with glad vitality. "Whatever she may be like," he told himself, "she will always be the same to me."

One month later the company decided that no further work would be done till fall, and Dick was glad of the chance of the vacation, for now he could go to Margaret. His arrival home saw the beginning of several social affairs in his honor. He met many pretty girls, some of whom he frankly liked, but Margaret retained first place in his heart. He had no thoughts for others, no matter how beautiful they might be.

Many a man falls in love with a pretty face, and it at once becomes his ideal. He attributes to it all the graces and virtues he knows. Dick's case was different. His ideal had been revealed to him little by little as their correspondence had grown, and all that was needed now to make the picture perfect was to see the girl herself.

In the fall he planned a trip, ostensibly to one of his college chums, but his destination was a certain seacoast town. He arrived in the afternoon and during his supper decided to wait till the morrow to make his visit. From his window he watched the Saturday evening shoppers passing up and down, and about nine o'clock he started for the beach. He came to the long stretch she had so often described, but there was no girl in sight. Dick had hoped that he might see her there. He had rather the meeting be unexpected. Absorbed in his

thoughts he had not noticed how far he had gone till he came to a rocky point jutting out into the sea. He climbed to a rock and sat down.

The moon had now risen and its pale beams cast curious shadows along the shore. Far out over the water he could distinguish the black bulk of the lighthouse, throwing its light, now red, now white. He wondered what Margaret would be like. Whatever she was, she would always be beautiful to him.

As he arose and turned to go, a vision in white came around from the opposite side of the rock and faced him. He was startled. Perhaps it was only the working of his imagination. But there certainly was a form there, the embodiment of his dreams—his dream face with a pair of kindly blue eyes and a cloud of dark curling hair. He could not believe his sight, yet it was wonderfully real. The red lips parted into a smile of recognition and love, and a white hand was stretched slowly toward him. He had no need to wonder if the vision was real as the truth burst upon him. Impulsively he held open his arms and—the moon considerably went behind the clouds.

Twenty Years Ago.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

The Hillsborough *Journal* was published for the greater glory of the Democratic party and the conservation of advertisers. It was a newspaper principally because advertisers awkwardly insist on lying next to pure reading matter. In the *Journal* this matter consisted principally of announcements that charming young ladies had been "joined in the holy bond of matrimony" to "promising young men," obituary notices, and other such cheering material for back-yard grubbers of gossip. As a boom to circulation, precisely at one-thirty every afternoon the young lady who manipulated such phrases as "the blushing bride," "conventional black," and the "wedding bells" in twelve-point black-face heads in the society columns telephoned to the grain elevator and the meat emporium for changes in the market prices of corn and pork. This information was of never-failing interest to the *Journal's* "more than five thousand readers" written into a fairytale on the circulation manager's letterheads.

Cast all this data in the pluperfect tense and you are ready for the entrance of Koplin. In Caesar's day all Gaul may have been divided into three parts; but in the year in which Roosevelt ran the Republican party in the hole because it failed to run for him in Chicago, Koplin had cornered the market. The *Journal* had just successfully conducted a Baby contest, a Pony contest, and a Popularity contest. Circulation was booming, and even threatened to catch up with the publisher's sworn statement to advertisers, the editor was smoking real cigars, and the manager was getting gray devising ways to save his mother-in-law the trouble of drawing dividends on her stock. Koplin must have presented himself as a hair-restorer and worry-saver, for less than an hour after he had sent up his card by the printers' devil he was assigned a desk and typewriter. Thereupon the manager wrote out copy for a new mast for the *Journal*, including the name of Alfred Koplin as Political Editor. It was rumored in Hillsborough that the new editor was under instructions from the Democratic State committee. Editorials no longer went through the hands of the business manager before they became live "copy,"—they were far too lively to require his benediction. Republican office-holders began to get Yale locks for their family-skeleton closets, and the skeletons themselves began to bewail the fact that they had not taken out memberships in cremation societies. Libel suits had to be left unmentioned in the news columns because of their frequency, and the circulation climbed like the register of a fever thermometer in a furnace.

Koplin was a humorist, or, more exactly, a joker. His jokes were neither original nor clever, but his jovial bluff manner helped him to "get away with them," much to the perpetual exasperation of the news-editor, Elden,—or, as Koplin insisted on calling him, the obituary editor. Elden always came late to the office; Koplin usually came early, pounded off vitriolic editorials on the typewriter between puffs of a villainously black and greasy cigar, and read the morning paper from the neighboring metropolis. When Elden bustled in a few hours later he never failed to ask Koplin reproachfully if he had heard any news over-night. Koplin felt insulted that anyone should ask him about news happening outside of union hours, hatched a little plot, and had the whole office force on hand one morning to see it

materialize. Enter Elden, who repeats his old saw: "Heard any news over-night?"

"Yes," said Koplin. "Did you get a report of the accident at Slabtown?" Elden was instantly alert.

"What accident?" he queried eagerly.

"Oh, a man was all cut up over there last night."

"What was his name? Heavens, man, didn't you try to get the particulars?"

"Of course. His name was Ham."

"Ham! Ham who?"

"Why, Ham Burger."

The printers' devil grinned, Koplin slapped the manager on the back and laughed at his self-judged successful joke, and Elden said, "O peanuts!" with evident disgust. We have seen Koplin's glory, and the climax is past. The action must now begin to fall. Prepare for the catastrophe.

After Wilson was elected, Koplin still remained in Hillsborough, and still wrote editorials for the *Journal*. Now, however, he became also a spasmodic contributor to the news columns, and they proved his nemesis. At Christmas time Elden went to visit his parents, and whether because he ate too much Christmas pudding, or because he was enjoying his visit too well, he failed to report at the office on the day following, and upon Koplin devolved the duty of editing the paper. There were yawning chasms in the forms, for advertisers are too busy counting ducats the day after Christmas to write copy for space advertisements, and Koplin did not even consider the alternative of scouting for news, like an ordinary reporter, to fill the columns. Instead he wrote editorials: editorials on charity, on Christmas, on New Year's Day, on the weather, on politics. Still the printers' devil fiendishly screeched for "Copy." Then Koplin took to the exchanges and the editorial scissors. Ha! ha! there was what he wanted. A whole village wiped out by the fire demon on Christmas Day! Koplin had not written heart-interest stories on the *Cygnets Gazette* for nothing—not he.

The mystery of the pathetic 48-point head the *Journal* bore that evening is now clear to you. Also you will understand why Koplin quietly slipped out of town before Elden got down to the office the next morning. No?—Well, you see, he had carelessly clipped that item from a column headed "News Our Fathers Read"—the fire had happened twenty-five years before—and newspaper men are sensitive.

Varsity Verse.

THE EXPECTED LETTER.

I'm looking for a letter from a chum who borrowed ten
 And promised to return it "Sunday week."
 I've written and re-written asking o'er and o'er again
 To send the X and stop my losing streak.
 He hasn't yet "acknowledged" and I fear he never will
 Unless, perchance, a postal-card to say—
 "I owe you still."

I'm waiting for a letter from the folks at home sweet home.
 I asked them send me fifty—p. d. q.
 They told me I'd go busted when I started out to foam—
 But the letter—well—the letter's overdue.
 And I fancy when I get it, 'twill contain a dollar bill
 And penned before the signature these words—
 "We love you still!"

LOUIS EICH, '14.

CUBIST ART.

'Tis not so long since youths would go,
 Fame-drawn, to foreign studio,
 With easel, canvas, brush, and pad,—
 Then art was long and not a fad.
 And day by day to paint they'd try,
 But gave it up and heaved a sigh:
 "It isn't any use, old Pard,
 This painting job is too darned hard."
 But now the artists do not care;
 They put a daub just here and there,
 Patchwork and checkers play a part—
 It's finished,—that is Cubist art

WILLIAM D. CASE.

MARBLE TIME.

It's coming, it's coming, the bees are all humming,
 The bird songs are filling the trees;
 King Winter is dead, sweet Spring reigns instead,
 And the small boy is out at the knees.

J. A. HEISER, '13.

HAPPIEST YEARS OF LIFE.

'Tis said the happiest years of life
 Are those that come and go
 When youthful joys make young hearts light,
 And cheeks with pleasure glow;
 The future seems all bright to us
 As, far ahead, we see
 Mileposts of life with outstretched arms
 That beckon you and me.

J. ALLAN HEISER, '13.

TWILIGHT.

The sun has dropped from sight;
 Along the mouldering walls
 A lingering ray of light,
 Belated, softly falls.

Above, a single star
 Within his orbit wheels;
 And from the dusk afar
 The solemn curfew peals.

I. W. HURLEY, '13.

A Mistake in Addresses.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13.

One morning Bill Smith, who was attending boarding school for the sixth successive year, received in his morning mail a catalogue of a girls' school some hundred miles distant. It was destined to lie on the desk several days unnoticed until Bill, prompted more by curiosity than interest, tore off the cover and proceeded to glance carelessly through the bulletin. It was much the same as others he had seen, and as he turned over the pages, he wondered more and more why the thing should have come to him. Surely no one could imagine that he was in the least interested in the courses offered at any girls' college. Anyway, the bulletin soon became tiresome and he tossed it aside on the table, disdaining even to attempt an hypothesis to account for its coming. When his room-mate, Tom, entered, he called attention to the book in a listless manner. As he had nothing else to bother his mind,

Tom thought it worth his while to display some interest. Hence his query:

"Where did it come from, Bill?"

"Search me!" rejoined his friend, "I never even heard of the place. Don't know where it is even now that I have seen their old bulletin."

"Are you sure it was meant for you?" asked Tom, as he reached for the torn wrapper that lay on the table.

"No, it is not," he continued, "piecing the address together," it was sent to some one by the name of Jones."

"Well," replied Bill, without gaining interest, "it's small loss to whomsoever it was sent. Besides, I guess we can get it to him all right sometime. He can't be in any great hurry for a thing like that."

So the catalogue lay undisturbed for some time. But the next morning Tom approached his room-mate with light shining in his eyes.

"Say, Bill," he said, "I had an idea last night."

"That's strange," mused his friend. "Let's hear it by all means. Must be something valuable, I'm sure."

"Well, you needn't take a fellow up so quick," his room-mate answered. "Besides, I never noticed that your ideas came with any startling frequency or regularity."

"Well, all right, maybe they don't, but let's hear what is on your mind," said Bill.

"It's about that old catalogue. I was thinking last night that we might possibly get a little fun out of it if we wrote a letter to one of those girls whose name appears in the list of students in the back. It would not do any harm anyway."

"No," said Bill rather doubtfully, as he paused to take a couple of drags, "but which one of us is going to sign it? That's the point."

"Oh, you can, of course. You're a master in that sort of literature anyway, so you'd better do the writing. Of course, as it is my idea, I reserve the right to be in on all the correspondence," said Tom.

"Well, we'll see about that when the time comes. But you may as well help me out on this first letter at least," said Bill as he got out the writing materials and also the much-talked-of catalogue. "Well, let's see which one we'll write to."

They went over the list together, and after considerable reflection they succeeded in weeding out the undesirables and reducing the list of eligibles to three or four names. Upon just

what standard the selection was based neither could have told. Nevertheless, they were thoroughly agreed that these were the only ones worth consideration. Further contemplation and continued elimination secured for them the name which, for some unaccountable reason, seemed the most promising. With this important item settled, they proceeded with the composition which was to surprise and delight the unsuspecting beauty in the distant school.

Being naturally imaginative and thoroughly interested in their work, the two composed a masterpiece of erotic literature. When it was finished they read it aloud and were sure that such an epistle could not fail to produce the desired effect on any heart, be it ever so hard. As it was then time for dinner the two went out, leaving the letter on the desk.

Now, it happened that Bill was broke and this was the day upon which he usually wrote his older brother at home. He felt that it would be most opportune to remind Brother Ned of the small matter of ten dollars which was owed by him to Brother Bill and was long since due. Accordingly he dashed off another masterpiece. It was, of course, of an entirely different nature from the one completed in the morning. This time he was working to arouse very different feelings, and accordingly dilated upon the miserable life he was leading because of his depleted resources, and upon the very commendable virtue of paying one's debts.

So engrossed was he in his financial matters that his interest in the letter to the girl was completely overshadowed. He was, however, sufficiently aware of it to think of sending it. Accordingly, when the appeal to his brother was brought to a conclusion he folded the two letters and placed them in envelopes.

All the while his mind was busily calculating the time which must elapse before the money would be in his possession. The letter would be a day going and one coming, and he must allow his brother several days to collect the required sum. As he was writing on Monday, he felt that he could reasonably expect a decided improvement in the state of his affairs by the end of the week. While this mental process was going on he was unconsciously addressing both letters to his brother. Desiring a reply as soon as possible, he went out directly and mailed the letters. Returning to his room,

Bill sat down for a quiet little smoke and felt that he had really accomplished something that afternoon. In another minute he was busily planning the quickest and jolliest way of getting rid of the ten dollars which were soon to be his.

Several days passed, and both boys began to watch for a letter from the girl on whom they had spent their best literary efforts. But none came. Tom began to accuse Bill of forgetting to mail it and of losing it, but Bill swore he had mailed it.

"Give her time," he would say, "she'll come across all right."

When another day or two had passed Tom looked still more doubtful, and was about ready to give up.

The Saturday morning mail brought Bill the long-expected letter from his brother. He seized it eagerly, tore open the envelope, glanced inside and said something forcible when he discovered that there was no enclosure. He took out the letter, curious to see what explanation his brother could offer for such a dastardly trick.

His anger turned into surprise and chagrin as he read the explanation.

"I happen to know," his brother wrote, "the party to whom you addressed that mushy letter last week. Naturally they don't like it at all and threaten to let Father know of it. However, I think I could fix it up quietly with the party, if you should see fit to cancel that little obligation under which you hold me. I refer to the ten dollars for which you wrote. If you think it worth that amount to keep the matter quiet let me know."

"Do I think it worth it?" said Bill to himself, "well, I guess I do! Why, if Dad ever got that letter I'd lose a month's allowance instead of ten dollars."

The next day his brother received a note cancelling the debt. It was many a week before Bill knew how his brother happened to get his love-letter.

Old Bob.

You don't know old Bob? Sure you do! You must have noticed the old bay horse drawing the commissioner's covered wagon and jogging leisurely along on his daily trip to town. He is not noted for speed, though, strange to say, he comes of trotting stock.

His great grandam could cover a mile in 2:45 and his grandsire could trot it in 2:46. Even Bob, in the days of his youth, could make it in 3:00 flat; now it takes him half an hour to get over the same distance.

There is a story connected with Bob's loss of speed. When yet a young horse, proud and full of spirit, he was bought by a liveryman who was unstinting in his praise of Bob's fleetness. "Why, he will make two ten-mile trips while the other horses make one," the man boasted. Bob had his ears back and caught the boast and knew it was up to him to make good.

One day, however, after he had made his third trip and was completely exhausted, the praise of his master no longer gratified him. He began to look at things from another angle. There were the other horses after their one trip contentedly munching their oats, while he was too tired even to eat. What more did he get than they? A few words of praise from his mercenary master. The next morning as Bob was led out, the liveryman noticed with dismay that Bob had contracted an apparent stiffness. "Poor Bob," he said, "I fear you will never again make three trips as you did yesterday." Bob winked slyly and gave a horse laugh which the liveryman mistook for a sigh of regret. Since that time Bob has lost all claims to swiftness.

He has very marked bachelor propensities. He never will pull double. One time when he was hitched with a mate, he raised such a row that it was deemed advisable to let him "tote his weary load" alone. Otherwise he is very sensible and reliable. He stands without hitching, and as to scaring at anything, he disdains to notice even an automobile or a train. The only thing at which he seems to shy is an elephant, and there is cause for this. One time a very sociable elephant essayed to shake hands with him, and seizing Bob's forefoot with his trunk shook it warmly. Bob, however, was shocked by this exuberance of cordiality, and in his embarrassment fell to the ground. Since that time he can not bear even the smell of an elephant. Whenever he begins to show signs of the return of his old-time speed it is a sure evidence that there is an elephant in the neighborhood.

Taken all in all, though, old Bob is a good and faithful horse, and is much esteemed hereabouts.

B. R.

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—Yesterday New York observed its first annual "Safety Day" in all the city schools. The field of education is broadening. It now bids fair to greatly lessen the deplorable list of avoidable accidents.

—Mrs. Pankhurst's sentence to three years of penal servitude will do more for the success—through restraint—of her cause than all the violent activities of herself and her clan could ever accomplish.

—The busy man who can not see the value of small details is too aggressive to be successful. He is the person who rushes directly toward a desired end without taking time to carefully prepare the way and thereby make the acquisition of that end inevitable.

—Now comes Edison, Jr., aged 14, to the fore with a floating bomb. We cling to the hope, however, that when this promising genius shall have reached the stage of maturity and full discretion he will devote his gifts—as his father did—to the betterment of human conditions and not to the promotion of warfare and slaughter. He may even invent some process for establishing the world's peace.

—Miss Virginia Brooks, the Joan of Arc of West Hammond, has married a husband, and now the "wickedest town in America" rejoices with abandon. The "good old days" are coming back, they think. Not so. Let the

cloak of the reformer descend upon the shoulders of some worthy disciple and let the good work done in West Hammond be preserved and increased.

—The famous gold brick was never so much in demand in rural communities as "the works of the old masters" are in the large cities of the land. And the farmer never kicked, either; he "got wise" and refused "to bite." Here is a philosophy that the moneyed "art lovers" of Chicago and New York seem unable to learn.

—Baron August Gustav Maciej Harlingh, an exiled member of the Russian nobility, has renounced his title to become a plain American citizen. "Titles mean nothing in America," he said. "Here you've got to deliver the goods." A high tribute of praise was this to the spirit of American democracy so highly cherished by the founders of our government and so deservedly loved by the best of our countrymen of today. Also it was a well directed "slam" at the title-mad scions of our high society.

—The 1913 football schedule announced by Director Harper, following the publication of the baseball schedule by Manager Cotter, invites us to ath-

"Musings and Memories." letic reminiscence and self-congratulation.

In 1909-10 the gold and blue teams flung Michigan from the mountain tops and hung the Conference colors at half-mast. Vengeance was made ready, and in 1911-12 we were forced to be ever on the defensive, with little opportunity for further conquest. Perhaps the right has never been more triumphantly vindicated in college athletics, however, than this year. Our football team "played the game," laid the state championship at our feet, forced plaudits from our old enemies, and earned the right to claim again the Western Championship; our basketball team bore home in glory another state championship banner; our baseball schedule includes Army, Navy, Brown, Colgate, Arkansas, Wabash, and other schools which turn out teams worthy the mettle of any champions; and now comes the announcement that we are to play Army, South Dakota, and Texas in addition to our regular schedule of big games on the gridiron next year. Shall we follow Michigan in begging admission to the conference? We think not.

Takes up Travel Lecturing.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, a graduate of Notre Dame, class of '94, formerly business manager of the *Philadelphia Press*, has just resigned that position to take up travel lecturing. He leaves Philadelphia almost immediately, to spend the next six months in touring Ireland, Palestine, the Balkan States, the countries of the Mediterranean, Panama, and Yellowstone Park. He will probably be heard next season in a series of five lectures.

Mr. O'Donnell, familiarly known as "the king" among clubmen of Philadelphia, is a member there of the Racquet, Manufacturers, and Roor Richard Clubs. In that city he met with more popularity probably in less time than any other newspaper man. The goodwill is not based on magnetic personality alone, but on his ability as a writer, thinker, and orator of rare merit. He is peculiarly qualified for lecturing work as his experience in every department of journalism,—circulation, advertising, business, news, and editorial,—supplements his natural understanding what of is required to supply the demands of the cultured mind of the community.

After his university course, he spent all of a half dozen years in continual travel, simply as an "addition to a liberal education," after which he was engaged for sometime in each of the larger cities of the United States. He has been connected in a managerial capacity with the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, the *Minneapolis Tribune*, the *Chicago Record-Herald*, the *Minneapolis Journal*, and the *Philadelphia Press*,—his newspaper experience running the gamut from dramatic critic to news editor in the editorial department, and from circulation manager to general manager in the business end.

Mr. O'Donnell has associated with him Mr. Ralph Turnquist, of Minneapolis, as business manager, and Mr. C. H. Graves, of Philadelphia as manager of the art department. A company was recently formed under the name of "Hugh O'Donnell, Inc.," with headquarters and studios at 26th & Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. The lecturer's friends are predicting that the "O'Donnell-logues" will prove superlative among travel talks, as Mr. O'Donnell is gifted with a powerful intelligence, a carrying-voice,—clear and ringing—and the Irish eloquence of wit and earnestness.

The Mighty Friend.

"The Mighty Friend" is called a modern romance of labor, warfare, country life, and love. It is all of this. The setting is in the quiet, romantic little vale of Apé, in France. Into this scene of peaceful and contented existence there came the disturbing influence of a manufacturing corporation. The author gives a vivid picture of the changed conditions in the vale. The simple, trusting bond of sympathy formerly existing between man and man was gone forever. In its place was found a selfishness and distrust traceable only to the materialistic notions given the people by the agents of the manufacturers. The happy lot of the care-free peasant is brought into startling contrast with the life of the overworked, underpaid, jaded, sickly employees of the factories. In short, the novel is a plea for the "Mighty Friend," the Land. To protect it from the wave of Industrialism is the aim of the hero Jacques de la Ferlandiere, a young country squire living in the vale.

Around the events of the struggle between the Jewish manufacturers on the side of industry, and the young squire in behalf of the land, is woven the love story of Jacques and his sweetheart, Odile. Their trust in and love of one another is most beautiful and far above the power of Alberta, a Jewess and a daughter of one of the manufacturers, to disrupt. She struggles in vain to win Jacques for herself, and failing, becomes his most desperate enemy. Benziger Brothers, \$1.50.

Phidelah Rice, Reader.

The reading of the three-act comedy, "Peaceful Valley," by Mr. Phidelah Rice, in Washington hall Wednesday evening, fittingly terminated a day of "languorous ease." "Peaceful Valley" is simple in plot and structure, but possesses a few bits of real sentiment and an abundance of true humor. As interpreted by a reader of Mr. Rice's attainments, it becomes an entertaining and amusing presentation.

The characters are rather conventional, as is apt to be the case with a novel of New England life, but they are depicted in an appealing fashion. Hosea Howe, about whom the plot is constructed, has grown up upon a rocky and unproductive farm in Vermont. He has worked

his way through college, and, as a waiter in a summer hotel, becomes acquainted with a beautiful New York heiress.

Conventional, even unto the curling mustache and mirthless laugh, is Ward Andrews, the villain, who is supposed to have seduced Howe's sister. Howe is contesting a civil suit involving a considerable fortune, which hangs fire throughout the play and is most opportunely decided in his favor near the conclusion of the last act. Howe's vindication of his sister's honor and his own engagement to the charming Miss Rand terminate three acts of well blended humor and pathos.

Mr. Rice portrayed the quaint New England characters perfectly, and to his rare versatility and nice discernment is ascribable the success of an indifferently constructed play.

The Alex Skovgaard Company.

Lack of variety characterized the performance of the Alex Skovgaard Company which appeared in recital at Washington hall Monday evening. That the several members of this concert party gave evidence of great ability and thorough training is not to be gainsaid, but their selections would have been better adapted to the tastes of a dilettante than of the casual concert goer.

Probably the best received of Mr. Skovgaard's cleverly interpreted selections was Dvorak's "Humoresque" rendered in response to an encore.

Feast of St. Joseph.

The feast of St. Joseph, which occurred this year during Holy Week, was transferred from the 19th of March to the 2nd of April. Accordingly it was celebrated last Wednesday with a solemn high mass which was sung by Rev. Father Maguire, assisted by Rev. Fathers Irving and Lavin. The sermon on St. Joseph was delivered by Rev. Father Michael Oswald. He briefly outlined the chief incidents in the life of the great saint. "Go to Joseph and do all that he shall say to you," were the words of his text. With this thought in view he exhorted all to take Saint Joseph as their great exemplar in every undertaking and thus acquire the virtues of humility, self-sacrifice, and obedience that shone so illustrious in the life of this favored one of God.

On March 31st, Rev. Father O'Donnell delivered an eloquent sermon on Sanctity. "In the days of my trouble I sought God, with my hands lifted up to Him in the night, and I was not deceived... I thought upon the days of old and had in mind the eternal years," were the words of his text, taken from the Psalms of David. Thinking on God, said Father O'Donnell, has made the saints of the Church, and sanctification is attained in no other way than seeking its principles in meditation on God. The supreme duty of every man is to save his soul, and hence his life must conform to this principle.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY.

The first preliminary in preparation for the debate with Holy Cross was held last Sunday night. The question debated was, "Resolved, that the Initiative and Referendum should be incorporated into our state governments." Messrs. Muckle, Somers, and Prolatowski upheld the affirmative. Clements was the only speaker prepared to defend the negative. Messrs. Dundon, Galvin, Savage, and McBride acted as judges and decided that Clements, Prolatowski, and Somers had the best three speeches. The second preliminary will be held next Sunday.

Personals.

—A postal from Fred Countiss, dated Naro, Arizona, wishes good to all the fellows at the University.

—Walter Duncan (Ph. B. '12) of LaSalle, Illinois, called at Notre Dame last Sunday. "Dunc" says he is sure to be on hand for the alumni affairs in June.

—A bright, cheery letter from Joe Lantry (C. E. '07) is welcome evidence of complete recovery from his recent serious illness. Joe is president and general manager of the Atlas Construction Company, of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

—A card has been received announcing the association, for the practice of law, of Mr. Charles L. Benoist, an old student of Notre Dame, and Mr. John Metcalf. The offices of the new firm are located in the Grant Building, Los Angeles, California. Much success, Charlie!

—Last Monday morning our Reverend President, Father Cavanaugh, and Rev. Father Burns, C. S. C., superior of Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., had the long-desired happiness of an audience with Pope Pius. They were presented by Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College in Rome. They had the privilege of conversing for some time with the Holy Father, and expressed their great joy over his recovery from a recent illness.

—Oscar Schmidt, of Rock Island, Illinois, enjoyed a brief visit here recently. Oscar, who is a law grad of '95, says he likes to get back to the old scenes now and then. 'Tis a good feeling to get. If it were catching we would have Oscar travel around among some of the distant—in manner, not residence—alumni and spread the germs.

—Another one of those 1912 men heard from! Fred Stewart, of the Civil Engineers, writing from Centerville, Iowa, tells of much success in his work. Fred is with Hall and Adams, Civil and Sanitary Engineers. He would like to know how the other engineers of his class are making out. So would we, Fred.

—Hon. George W. Sands (LL. B. '10) of the State Legislature, and Hon. Vitus G. Jones, (LL. B. '03) of South Bend, were guests of the University last Tuesday. Mr. Sands, who was a member of the Varsity debating teams of his time, and Mr. Jones officiated as judges of the debating finals held on Tuesday evening.

—A letter from Robert J. McGill (E. E. '12) is indicative of good work in his professional field. "Rob" is engineer and chief draftsman for the Streeter-Amet Weighing and Recording Company of Chicago. He sends his best to all at Notre Dame, and promises an early visit, in company with "Judge" Nolan, to the University.

—An interesting letter was received a short time ago from Claude Sorg (old student). Claude is holding an important position in the Sorg Paper Company of Middletown, Ohio, and says that he finds life in the busy manufacturing world as absorbing as the old college life. He is learning the business better every day and is on the up-grade to success. He wishes all the old boys "good luck" and rejoices in N. D.'s continued prestige in athletics.

—A recent issue of the International organ of the National Manufacturers' Association, *America é Industrias Americanas*, contains

an excellent article on private schools and colleges in the United States. In the course of the article a splendid tribute of appreciation is given to Notre Dame University, its scholastic efficiency, and moral atmosphere. The article is headed by a cut of Notre Dame in miniature. The editor of the magazine is none other than that loyal alumnus, Evaristo Batlle (B. S. A. '06). Mr. Batlle has been in charge of this publication only a few years, being previously associated with a prominent Chicago architect. He may be addressed at 30 Church Street, New York City.

—Mr. Gustavo Trevino (E. E., M. E. '05) of Monterey, Mexico, has been selected by the military authorities at the capital of his country to go to Europe where he will make a detailed study of aviation as applied by the armies of the leading continental powers. When he returns he will present a report of his observations and will recommend the purchase of the best types of dirigible balloons and aeroplanes to suit the conditions in Mexico.

Previous to this important assignment, he has been filling the responsible position of chief inspector of all electrical installations and establishments in his native state.

He hopes that he may be able to visit his Alma Mater soon and tell the engineers of 1913 of some of his experiences in several lines of engineering work.

—Anthony Brogan (Litt. B. '01), who won distinction in his college days as a Varsity star on the diamond, but more especially as an earnest, hard-working student, has devoted himself since his graduation to the uplift and betterment of the Irish race in America. For some years he has edited and published the *Irish-American* with well-deserved success. Lately he has again won public approval as one of the leading organizers of a new Celtic League founded in New York City. The objects of the league are, "to better the conditions of the American-Irish and to counteract the efforts of bigoted, un-American organizations to ostracize them in public and private life." One very commendable feature of the League is its determination to oppose the election or appointment to public office of any man bearing an Irish name unless he is known to be worthy and efficient. Mr. Brogan has the approval of all honest men in public life and our warm admiration.

Calendar.

Sunday, April 6—Second Sunday after Easter.
Practice for Singing Quartet, after Mass.
Varsity Baseball Practice Game, 9:30 a. m.
Preliminaries for Interhall Debate by Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
Monday—Carroll Eucharistic League, 7:30 p. m.
Tuesday—K. of C. meeting, 7:45 p. m.
Wednesday—Meeting of Philopatrians, 7:30 p. m.
Thursday—Varsity Baseball Practice Game, 9:30 a. m.
Local Rifle Shoot.
Friday—Quarterly Examinations.
Saturday—Quarterly Examinations.
Rogers and Grilley, entertainers, 7:30 p. m.

Examinations.

Christian Doctrine Classes will be examined Thursday, April 10, 7:00 p. m.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11.

Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 p. m. and 2:00 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12.

Classes taught at 9:00 a. m. and 11:00 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:45 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m.

Local News.

—The final interhall track meet will be held Sunday, April sixth.

—There will be a meeting of the Knights of Columbus of this council next Tuesday evening. All candidates for initiation must put in their application before that date.

—On Saturday, April 26, a Civil Service examination will be held at Notre Dame for the position of clerk in the Notre Dame post-office. All male candidates between the ages of 21 and 45 years are eligible.

—The second floor in Sorin has issued a challenge to play the other men in the hall a baseball series of three games for the possession of a box of cigars. McGinnis is captain of the second floor team, while Devitt is leader of the opposition.

—Mr. William Milroy has gone to Valparaiso, Ind., to deliver his oration, "Peace at Home," in the Peace Oratorical contest among the colleges of Indiana. May victory crown his efforts. We feel confident that it will, unless it develops a queer streak of partiality.

—Though her stay be brief, Spring is always a welcome guest, but never more so than last Tuesday when the students were granted a half-day "rec" on account of her smiling intercession. Needless to say the afternoon off was enjoyed by all.

—On next Thursday, April 10, a local rifle shoot will be held at Notre Dame. One team from each company will be entered, four men to a team. The X, Y, and Z targets will be used. The two highest score-holders of each team will contest in an individual meet on Thursday, April 17.

—The members of the Brownson Lit. are working hard these days to make the Brownson debating team. Debates are being arranged with Holy Cross and Corby Freshmen. There will probably be others arranged with teams outside the University, if the Brownson debaters prove themselves able and willing.

—It is rather cold these nights to have to take a plunge in the lake, as some of the Brownsonites will attest. But it is rare sport for the fellows on the bank. And what's the man in the minority to do but take his medicine? While a good cold bath is often health giving, let us beware of the spirit of hazing and not carry a thing too far.

—Rev. Father Talbot Smith gave a very instructive lecture on March 30, to the Seminarians, which pertained to the vocation of the priesthood. The students in general feel that it is a great honor to have Father Smith among them, and would think themselves more honored still if they could hear more of the things he is so able to tell them.

—One more examination and the third quarter will be passed. Then we'll be on the home stretch indeed, which is always the most interesting and quickest passing. The "exams" take place next Friday and Saturday. Be sure to come loaded as to all your branches of studies. "Loaded" here, of course, implies that you have your head crammed with learning.

—The young folks of St. Patrick's parish recently gave a dance for the benefit of their church, and a number of Notre Dame students found time from their studies to be in attendance. All report a delightful evening. Their verdict is easily credible, for nowhere could they find a better and more congenial "social atmosphere" than at St. Patrick's Club.

—Today Brother Cyprian's Philopatrians celebrated their feast-day. This morning all the members of the society attended mass and received Communion for the soul of Francis Barclay, an old companion and treasurer of the society. The deceased boy was killed last summer in a railroad wreck. Tonight the Philopatrians make good cheer at their banquet at the Oliver.

—Since St. Joseph's day came this year during Holy Week, it was transferred to Wednesday, April 2, and the students had their mid-week recreation on this day rather than Thursday. Solemn high mass was celebrated and a very impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Father Oswald who took for his text the passage from Genesis, "Go to Joseph and do all that he shall say to you."

—All the N. D. fellows who were detained at home after the Easter holidays by the widespread floods have now safely arrived at school. For awhile after the flood, a faint rumor was going about that Frank Hogan had lost his life while doing rescue work at Fort Wayne. But there was rejoicing among his many friends when Frank walked in the other day, no departed hero at all but just plain everyday Hogan.

—Here's more news for the society man. Another dance! And one that will show Gloom himself a good time. President Harry Newning of the junior class has appointed the following members of his class to begin preparations for the Junior Prom. Messrs. Eugene Kane, Albert King, Arthur Carmody, John Carroll, Daniel Shouvelin, Louis Eich, and Emmett Walters. After these hustlers get their heads together under the chairmanship of "Gene" Kane, we shall announce the details.

—The members of English IV have received their assignments of theme work for the examination. Each one is to write an article on some character, play, or phase of Shakespeare's work. They are busy at present reading the works of numerous critics and then they shall take pen in hand and a new set of Shakespearian critics will spring up to increase the number that have said all sorts of things about "the star-eyed Bard of Avon." Incidentally, the SCHOLASTIC will reject all "new thought" submitted for publication.

—The department of Mining Engineering has recently received a valuable collection of nickel,

copper, and iron ores from the famous Sudbury district of Ontario, Canada, which was collected by Prof. Smith while he was engaged professionally in that district last summer. This department will be grateful for similar collections from students and alumni of the University residing in Mexico, Canada, and the many mining districts of the United States, as all such specimens are of great advantage in the mining laboratory work.

—The journalists are now at home in their room especially fitted out for them on the third floor of the main building. They have been furnished with new chairs, a set of encyclopedias, and paper-racks. Here they have access to all the news of the country, and are daily supplied with bulletins from the United Press Association. But it is for the journalists only. A sign over the door says: "Keep out!" and apparently it means what it says. The Notre Dame course in journalism bids fair to be one of the best in the country in a year or so.

—That the Notre Dame men of '13 are capable of upholding the reputation heretofore set by N. D. graduates both as to quality and quantity could readily be seen when the seniors assembled in front of the main building to have their pictures taken once again for the *Dome*. We wonder how long this "picturing" for the *Dome* is to continue. It will contain Notre Dame and Notre Dame students in every possible aspect. Then too we have heard of several clever contributors to the wit and humor department. We are guaranteed that the '13 year-book will be even more representative than its predecessors.

—The Varsity had their first practice game outdoors Tuesday. Harry Newning and Meyers are likely candidates for second base. At present it is hard to tell just who the out-fielders will be, since there has not been sufficient outdoor practice to judge the ability of the candidates as to their hitting, running, etc. So far in the practice work Regan and Mills have shown up well. Sheehan is doing good work as a pitcher. O'Connell has been handicapped on account of a bad finger, but "Frankie" will be there when it comes to a show-down. Granfield, who was absent for a week or so at Easter time, is on hand to resume work.

—Baseball fever has already a thorough hold upon the students. If the sun shines so much

as an hour the campus is swarming with would-be Archers and Marquads. Choose-up games are in vogue for the time being, but the different halls are getting ready for their annual clash upon the diamond. The Sorin subscription list is going the rounds, and the "sinews of war" will be enough to provide amply for the needed baseball paraphernalia. Father Farley is agitating a reconstruction of the Corby diamond. The other halls have not been heard from, but no doubt they, too, are laying plans to capture the baseball championship of the season.

Safety Valve.

Our Cy Curran attributes certain mistatements in *Scholastic* columns to imagination and journalistic enterprise.

Which is only a roundabout way of saying the editors are lying.

DEBATING ECHOES.

Thirty thousand dollars for hogs, not one cent for babies.

As Judge Lindsay says.

Does the gentleman consider that conditions in Colorado have nothing to do with woman suffrage?

HAMLET ONE TRIUMPH.

Never perhaps in the history of the class, and certainly never in the history of the University, has any dramatic offering come up to the tragedy of Hamlet by William Shakespeare as interpreted by the bright young artists of Eng. IV. last Saturday evening. The doors of Washington hall were thrown open at 7:00 p. m. and by 7:30 every seat was taken including the new section formerly held by the orchestra. The new velvet curtain, which the late lamented *Scholastic* has mentioned a few times, broke apart at 7:30 and the game was on. We may say, after the fashion of our dear John O'Connell, "Never did the men let up until the final whistle sounded the end." Mr. John Richard Dundon held the title-rôle and gave Hamlet no room for a kick. He was in every play, being especially strong on defense. He spoke his lines *con ferveore* and brought the audience to its feet scores of times. Not perhaps since the days of Mr. Booth—who used to be a great actor also—have we seen such superb characterization. Mr. Albert King, who took the part of the King Claudius, may be passed up without comment, except to note that he so interpreted the part of Claudius as to lead many in the audience to assume Claudius was the crazy Roman emperor of the same name. That really made no especial difference, however. Mr. Joseph Smith as the Ghost was quite stiff and natural and did excellent footwork. Polonius, an old and foolish man, as done by Mr. Erich Hans de Fries, was strikingly true to life. Mr. de Fries, however, got mixed when he came to the rising action and fooled around there so long that the

final suspense was well under way before he got next to himself. Neither did Mr. de Fries wear the conventional skin-fitting costume which was just as well, at least. Mr. Havlin had Horatio and proved that he is not only an author but an actor; and he is about as good one way as the other. Mr. Breslin gave a decidedly new interpretation of Laertes by having him smile on all possible occasions, so as to show Mr. Laertes' fine set of natural teeth. The lady members of the audience were quite charmed with Mr. Frank's manner,—as well as with Laertes' teeth, as has been said. Mr. Pete Mulcahy and Ed. Roach didn't have much to say and said it. Messrs. Sheehy and Schreyer, being a Celt and a Teuton, did not waste any art on the Hebrews assigned to them.

We must begin Miss Ophelia, by Mr. Flynn, with a new paragraph. Where before have we seen anything like Mr. Flynn's performance? Nowhere before have we seen anything like it. He threw himself with perfect *abandon* into the part and gave it a most gigantic reading. He had the *poise* and *contour* and the *ensemble* and the *esprit de cour* and *piece de résistance* that set Ophelia apart in our imagination forever. She—referring to Mr. Flynn—was most unconventional and convincing. Death came quietly by drowning at last. It was just as well, since it had to be. Mr. Gushurst made a large queen. His hands were a size or so too big, but as he wore gloves it didn't matter so much. In the strong scene between Hamlet and his mother, Mr. Gushurst made a very effective reading by kicking Hamlet down the back stairs. Mr. Fanelli took the part of one of the grave diggers, nodded and looked wise. Jake Geiger took the other and contributed his long, melancholy smile. Tomczak had the part of the first shovel and John Carroll the second. John threw up the dirt as cleverly as he throws paper balls. Erich de Fries, after he had been killed, took the part of a pine-tree, and Coffeen interpreted a weeping willow. Seven men had to hold Dominic back from cutting them down. There was a superabundance of clowns and several had to be ejected. Frawley, Blake, Byrne, etc., enacted the part of the citizens in superb style, especially where several doors had to be kicked through. H. and D. Newning were chosen as pages at the last moment—like Bill Galvin—and did as well as could be expected.

The Company desires to thank the University for the use of the hall, the beautiful programs, and the local water-plant for enough of the liquid for the drowning. Thanks are also due to Bro. Hugh for spades, shovels, etc., as well as the city undertaker for coffin and hearse. The military department kindly furnished the guns for the big shooting at the end.

And now about the genius back of it all—who dominated and domineered the whole performance; whose personality possessed every performer and at the same time left to each actor his own individuality. It is a very delicate matter to name any names, but you probably can surmise the sense of modesty that forces one to be silent.

There has been some talk of repeating the thing for the benefit of the skivers who could not be present. It is doubtful, however, if the actors could stand the strain. Perhaps it is just as well.