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Opportunity.

PAUL H. SAVAGE.

BRIGHT moments flew by,
And the deep crimson sky
In the west streamed a parting good-night.
But the dreamer saw nought
But sweet visions he'd wrought
Of fond glory and days far more bright.

And the rushing world swung
Half around till there hung
In the East a glad summons to all;
But the dreamer ne'er heard;
From his chair he ne'er stirred,
And the world ne'er repeated its call.

The Sincerity of Dryden's Catholicity.

JOSEPH F. SMITH, '14.



WAS Dryden insincere in his conversion to the Catholic faith? Was he a time-server, and did he change his principles to coincide with the times? The majority of his contemporaries would answer yes. They wasted inestimable time, money and efforts in attempting to establish such charges. The conditions which gave foundation to such accusations are these:

Dryden was raised in the strict Puritan faith. He naturally allied himself with the Puritan political party, which, when he reached manhood, was controlling England under the leadership of Cromwell. His literary endeavors soon connected his name with Puritanism, and he gained rapidly in the favor of the party. Then came the Restoration of Charles and he forsook the Puritans and joined the Royalists,

the new party in power. During the years following, he was an enthusiastic defender of the Anglican Church in the many religious controversies. He wrote "Religio Laici" in 1682 which defended the Anglican religion against all other sects and was especially severe against the Catholics. Three years later James II., a Catholic king, came to the throne, and soon afterwards Dryden embraced the Catholic Faith and immediately employed his pen in supporting it.

These few disconnected facts are the weapons used by his enemies to defame his character. They apparently show great inconsistencies, and if one would take this bare statement of facts without any investigation as to motives or circumstances, he would be easily convinced of the insincerity of Dryden's Catholicity. The purpose of this thesis is to prove that Dryden was sincere in his conversion.

John Dryden was the target for more personal criticism than perhaps any other English man of letters. That he should be so unfortunate was the result, first, of his literary relations; secondly, of the religious and political conditions in England in his time; thirdly, his pre-eminence at a time when England was in her greatest political and religious struggles. A knowledge of the first cause mentioned—his literary relations—will subtract much from the weight of some of the bitter criticism directed against him.

Dryden lived in an age of controversy, and no sooner had he become known in the dramatic world than he was plunged into these literary wrangles. Satire was the weapon used in these controversies, and Dryden being a master of this form, it was impossible for his opponents to cope with him. He was most bitter in his writing, and as a result, he recruited an army of personal enemies. When he was censured for introducing new forms into the drama, he replied

through essays and entered into a long controversy. Then heroic plays were attacked, on which nearly all of Dryden's were modelled, and other arguments followed in each of which he acquired a number of enemies by his satirical replies. Dryden became the greatest playwright of the time and this naturally incited the envy of other dramatists. They parodied his plays and ridiculed them, hoping by so doing to hold their own place. Playwrights were numerous at the time and they united in a body against him. The more insignificant the writer the more bitter was the attack he made on Dryden. He had the entire dramatic world as a rival and he struck back at them all through his satire, and thus made them all his enemies.

For a somewhat mysterious reason he also acquired the enmity of the Earl of Rochester, who was the cause of many attacks brought against him. Rochester determined to lower him in public opinion, and possessing little wit himself he hired others to carry out his malicious intentions. His first instrument was a certain Elkanah Settle, known only for his libellous attacks on Dryden. Rochester advertised Settle and brought him before the public at great expense, and when he had become known he turned to attack Dryden under Rochester's direction, and penned vicious slanders against him. He burlesqued him in plays and verse, which were played and read before the royal court. Dryden was enraged by this work of Settle and wrote the most bitter replies. Later Rochester blamed Dryden for a work of the Earl of Mulgrave in which Rochester was severely attacked. He then became Dryden's avowed enemy, and did everything in his power to destroy Dryden's reputation. He went to further expense to raise up more rivals, employing Crowne and Otway in succession, and perhaps many others to attack him. And now when his supply of tools was fully exhausted he planned a most cowardly revenge. He hired a band of ruffians and had them attack Dryden. One day as he was returning to his home from Will's Coffee House, they set upon him and he was "severely cudged."

So far the controversies were of a personal nature and were brought about by the jealousy of his rivals. But in 1681 Dryden voluntarily entered the field of political and religious discussion. In this work he necessarily made some of the attacks himself, and through his bitter satire he added scores to his already

large number of enemies. And now, we should not be surprised that a man in this position should be so severely criticised and slandered, and it is no wonder that he was lampooned and even libelled. "The whole life of Dryden," says Hooper, one of his biographers, "is so entangled with the malignity of his enemies, a malignity so entirely arising from envy, and so intense in its persecution, that it not unfrequently defeats its own object."

A short outline of the political and religious conditions in Dryden's time will reveal the reasons for attacks against him, other than by his literary enemies. The Puritan party was still in a majority when Charles was recalled, and it, and all Protestants were possessed of the same intense bigotry toward Catholics as prevailed at the time of the Reformation. Catholics were still in a minority and were thoroughly hated. They were oppressed and persecuted by legislation, and the practice of their religion was almost forbidden. The chief concern of the majority with respect to Charles II. was his attitude toward Catholicism, and he was compelled against his will to persecute its adherents. James II., a Catholic, succeeded Charles against the wishes of the greater part of England. He was watched most closely, and any attempt to favor the Catholics was thwarted. He tried to repeal the Recusancy Laws with little success, and four years after his accession he was driven from the throne because of his faith.

The third reason mentioned for the accusations against Dryden, namely, his pre-eminence in these turbulent times, has been brought out in the discussion of the other points. He was the greatest dramatist of the Restoration period; he became the master in the political and religious controversy of the latter part of Charles' reign, and at the time of his conversion he was the most prominent literary man in England.

Now we have before us an outline of Dryden's time and his position. An ardent advocate and defender of the Anglican religion, the most prominent man of a time when the very mention of the word Catholic or Pope would almost incite a riot, this man with hundreds of avowed enemies turns to the Catholic faith when a Catholic king comes to the throne. "The conversion of such a man at such a time was not likely to pass uncensured." His enemies rushed to the attack with libels and slanders and ac-

cused him of every conceivable crime. But his insignificant rivals and enemies were not the only ones to accuse him. Men of higher repute censured him and accused him of insincerity and hypocrisy. Macaulay calls him "illustrious renegade." Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets," says: "That conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error till it hinders his progress toward wealth or honor will not be thought to love Truth only for herself." Dryden in his position as a literary man, and being dependent on favor for his success, surely opened the way for suspicion.

Now we have a knowledge of the circumstances and nature of the attacks made on Dryden's consistency. The first step in the positive proof will be to vindicate the apparent inconsistencies. The first one we noted in his life was his change from Puritan to Royalist at the Restoration. Although this does not directly concern the theme under discussion, nevertheless it bears on the firmness of his character, and is often pointed out by his enemies in an attempt to prove that his nature was fickle. A word therefore is necessary.

After Cromwell's death we find the government in great turmoil; all thinking men realized that the party was unable to cope with the situation, and the recall of Charles was the only means to prevent greater disorder. Further than this, with respect to Dryden, we may mention the fact that early in his life he formed an antipathy for civil strife and had often written against it. His convictions on this point are sufficient to vindicate this charge. But, as we said, the re-establishment of the monarchy was the only remedy for the evil conditions, and it was only reasonable that Dryden should change with more than half the nation and aid with his pen in firmly establishing the new authority. From this charge his enemies go to his dramas and point out the lewdness in some of them, to show that he was without moral convictions and weak in character. It is not the purpose of this thesis to excuse the indelicate way in which he handled many improper topics, but the fact may be noted that the just critics of his time and his biographers all agree that in spite of the depraved tone of some of his plays, "his personal morality was unimpeachable." Such works, says Johnson, were "like his merriment, artificial and constrained—the effects of study

and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleasure." Such evidence will not substantiate charges of fickleness in character.

We will next take up the circumstances of his conversion. Was the change sudden and unpremeditated? We have good reasons to believe that it was not. Though it was only three years previous to this that he so ardently defended the Anglican Church in "Religio Laici" the change was not spontaneous. Critics have pointed out the fact that the Anglican principles were not deeply rooted in him, and he defended the church simply because it was his duty as poet laureate. But it was just at this time that he began to lean toward Catholicism. "In his investigations into theology for the preparation of "Religio Laici," says the Catholic Encyclopedia, "he discovered that the Anglican church was not an infallible guide in religious matters, and he pointed out the desirability of such a guide. This shows that his mind was turned in the direction of the Catholic Church."

Early in his life he formed the conviction, that authority should be centered in church and state jointly. This conviction and his search for an "infallible guide" led directly to the Catholic Church and brought about his conversion. He saw in the Church an "infallible guide" in religious matters. The accession of James II. seemed to open the way for again establishing the authority of the Church and uniting it with the State. Here he found the object of his search and satisfaction for his convictions, and so, at this most inopportune time, he declared his conversion. "The step once taken, like all new converts, he was zealous for the propagation of his newly acquired opinions." He now began to write in support of Catholicism and his great work "Hind and Panther," soon appeared. We cannot blame some of the men of the time for suspecting the author who had so shortly before written "Religio Laici" and who had changed his faith at a time when it "would be peculiarly grateful to the new king."

It is often stated that Dryden received a bounty for his conversion. Macaulay probably originated this idea when he wrote: "Dryden, finding that if he continued to call himself a Protestant, his services would be overlooked, declared himself a Papist, and the king's parsimony instantly relaxed, and he was gratified with a pension of a hundred pounds a year,

and employed to defend his new religion both in prose and verse." This charge is utterly disproved by the biographer Bell. He proves the circumstances to be these: "There were upwards of four years of Dryden's salary as laureate in arrear, and also an annuity of one hundred pounds (equally in arrear) granted by Charles." Dryden had long been seeking to collect this claim and he had it before the court, but Charles' death delayed action and it was not settled until a year after the accession of James. The claim was recognized, and the annuity granted by Charles was renewed. "On March 4, 1685-6, letters patent were granted adding one hundred pounds to his pension as laureate and historiographer on the express grounds of his service to the late king as well as to James. As has been pointed out, the grant had a retrospective clause, covering the whole arrears from Charles' death, as the first payment was to commence from March 25 preceding. Thus the patent was in reality a renewal of the former lapsed gratuity." And furthermore Dryden's conversion did not occur until later. This proves Macaulay's charge to be false, and "it is only another instance of his untrustworthiness as a historian when he is blinded by political passion."

We now come to the most substantial proof of Dryden's sincerity. King James held the throne for only four years, being displaced by the anti-Catholic spirit. William and Mary, Protestants, came to the throne bound by promises against Catholic toleration. Here, if ever, it would have been profitable for Dryden to change. To be in favor one must be a hater of Catholics. But under these circumstances, when his faith meant the loss of all worldly possessions and honors, he proved that his character was firm and consistent, and above all, that he was sincere in his religion. He persevered in his faith knowing that it would ruin his prospects. He refused, like all good Catholics, to take even the oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns. As a result he lost the laureateship with its salary; he lost all political favor, numerous small pensions and annuities, and as an old man he was compelled to turn again to the stage to earn a livelihood. He was reduced to poverty and the remainder of his life was a struggle for existence. All this he foresaw and could have easily averted if he were such a man as his enemies and unjust critics painted him. But he was not such

a man. He was not a time-server catering to favor regardless of principle. He was firm in his convictions to the faith which was an infallible guide to him, and directed by its influence he had the moral courage to follow the path of right though it led through a desert. He persevered in religion unto the end of his life.

There is another point which will make our proof more convincing. Dryden's three sons all became Catholics, one, however, was probably converted before his father. But all three were given a Catholic education by the father. He even sent them to Rome. Here two of them served later in the Papal household and the youngest, Henry, was a captain of the Vatican Guards. "A man conscious of hypocritical profession in himself is not likely to convert others," says Johnson in one of the very few places that he concedes any sincerity whatever to Dryden.

The facts which have been brought out in this thesis should be sufficient to remove all reasonable doubt as to the sincerity of Dryden's conversion. They justify his motives and prove the consistency of his character. It would be useless to attempt to refute any of the numerous slanders or libels. They have been refuted over and over, and the facts that show they were prompted by envy and hatred are sufficient refutation for all of them. We may best conclude by citing the opinion of two authorities.

"That he was sincere in his conversion can now be hardly questioned, for he knew how to suffer for his faith and be true to his religion even when it meant misjudgment and loss of fortune." (Long: *History of English Literature*.)

"The sincerity of Dryden's convictions on his change of religion is best attested by his unswerving attachment to his new faith, while the unworthy motives which were so long attributed to him have been entirely refuted by later investigations." (Hooper: *Aldine Poets*.)

Varsity Verse.

'TIS TRUE.

Mary had a little lamb—

Right here's the place for quittin',

'Cause all good parodies on this

Have long ago been written. W. M.

MILE-ENDS.

It's great to win, sure it's great to win,
 And you're mighty proud of the race you've run,
 And you're mighty glad that you struggled and won,
 And you're doggoned tickled the thing is done,
 For your legs are wobbly and you feel all in,—
 But believe us, Bo, it's great to win.

There's loud applause as you cross the line,
 (There's always a hand for the winning man)
 Why shouldn't there be at the race you ran.
 As you're patted and praised by the gleeful fan
 Your heart swells full. It's certainly fine
 For the fellow that's first to cross the line.

You've never a thought for the other guy
 Who led the way 'till the 'leventh lap,
 When swift you gobbled up the gap
 Between,—he'd plumb run out of "sap."
 With all your "zipper" you passed him by—
 But 'twas certainly tough on the other guy.

Yep, it sure was tough on the other one,
 His head jerked back and his neck cords drawn,
 Legs knotted up and his steam all gone,
 And only his nerve kept him holding on.
 Just meagre praise when his race was done.—
 It sure is tough on the losing one.

Well, this world's no place for the "also ran."
 With those who couldn't, or were, he's tossed;
 There's no one here to measure the cost
 Of defeat, in heart-aches, to him that's lost.
 The stop-watch catches the winning man.
 But it's pretty rough for the "also ran."

H. V. L.

THE FRIDAY DOG.

"Hello, Joe. You sella da dog?
 You say you no sella today?
 You say you sella instead da egg,—
 Why for you no sella da dog, I say?"
 "I no can sell da dog Friday,
 Dey mak it against da rule;
 So I getta for you da egg in place,
 An so I stand in wit da school."

J. L. B.

MUSICALLY SPEAKING.

I asked a rhyming friend of mine,
 As by his hearth I sat,
 Why he who seemed to be so sane
 Had always kept a cat.

"You see, it's this way," he replied.
 "Whenever I may choose
 To write a few immortal lines,
 This cat invokes the "mews."

C. K.

Personal Investigation.

WILL B. SHOAN.

Lester Rutherford, his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground, walked along the Niles track. Lester was morose. It may have been that his name was on the delinquent list. It may have been that he was expecting a letter from home with an inclosure that did not come. Perhaps it was that the scamp Fisk beat him out of his place on the team. It could have been one of a hundred things; or it could have been a hundred things in one. That is a small matter. The important thing is that he was morose, and it was important for the reason that when Lester Rutherford was morose something extremely foolish was certain to follow.

The interurban rumbled past, kicking up a cloud of dust. A sweet face that was made for nothing else than to furnish a suitable setting for the dancing, dark eyes that smiled down on him from the car window, broke through his cloud of melancholy like a ray of wild, glad sunshine. Lester smiled. Further proof that he was about to do something foolish. A small gloved hand tossed a folded newspaper to him. He lifted his cap, bowed, and watched the car till it was out of sight. Then perching himself on the fence that marks the boundary of the forbidden palace, he opened the paper.

There was no little pink note giving him a telephone number to call, nothing in the sporting news that interested him, no familiar name in the society column. In fact, the whole thing proved uninteresting and disappointing. He tossed it to the ground and set a match to it. A thin red flame flashed up quickly, flickering a moment, and as quickly died down, leaving nothing of the paper but black ashes—and a small corner untouched by the blaze. Idly he picked it up. It was part of the personal column. Why had he not thought to read this? Personals are sometimes so interesting and mysterious.

His eyes bulged and his whole being tinged with curiosity and excitement as he read: "If Walter Parker will call at 226 Division St. at four o'clock this afternoon he will meet some one very anxious to see him."

What could it mean? Walter was not only his roommate but his chum as well. What

affair had this fellow gotten into? It was very late two nights before when Walter came in, gruff and sullen, his eye black and his lip cut. He had always confided his troubles to Lester, but this time he flew into a rage at the mention of confidence. He had not spoken a civil word since. There was something strange and unnatural in Walter's actions these last two days.

This corner in the paper gave things a more mysterious aspect. Division Street was a place you would least expect to find a person of Walter's aristocratic tendencies. And then, too, the affair was more strange because of the appearance of this notice in that paper. Why could not the person have communicated with Walter directly instead of this odd public way?

These things puzzled and excited Lester Rutherford until he determined to investigate the matter for himself. He might reach the place mentioned by four o'clock, if he hurried, and perhaps Walter would need his assistance. Who knows?

The house at 226 Division Street was a ramshackle affair, weatherworn, and hideous. It staggered back from the street, as it seemed, in order that it should not fall across the sidewalk should a gust of wind squarely strike the sprawling, abject-looking pile. The grass in the yard was uncut, the panes gone from many windows. The "For Rent" sign nailed to the wall was surely the work of a practical joker rather than that of any serious-minded agent; for was it not folly to rent a building that might tumble at any moment?

It was clear that the notice in the paper was either a joke or a desperate plot.

The front door was locked, but Lester found the basement open. There were many odd bits of clothing about the floor. Wigs and other disguises were laying about. A rough shirt with an ugly red streak running down the left hand side had been thrown in one corner and beside it lay a huge knife. While he was examining the knife Lester heard noises above and presently a woman's voice pierced the air in an agonizing scream. He bounded up the basement stairs. The door was open. He pushed it in and found himself in an empty room with a stairway leading from it to the second floor. He listened for a moment. He heard nothing but the pounding of his heart

against his ribs. For a moment he pondered. Could he be dreaming? Did he really hear a woman scream? Supposing he did hear a scream, what should he do? Clearly, he had no business here. But supposing there was some woman being murdered in this house, it was his duty as a Christian gentleman to protect her from any outrage? Still, murderers have such unscrupulous consciences; would it be safe to linger? Perhaps the police would find two stark, cold bodies there tomorrow instead of one. Yes, discretion is the better part of valor. The best thing to do would be to tell the police and let them investigate. It is their duty to pry into such affairs anyway. But,—supposing he did stay and prove a hero, think of the grand headlines the world would see in the *Tribune*. The paper from his home town would copy the account. The news would be scattered broadcast over the land, extolling him as a man among men.

Sounds of scuffling came from the rooms above. Cautiously, he crept upstairs. He could take a peep at the disturbance anyway and still have time to run. A gruff voice commanded:

"Get down to business there! If you will not do that up right I'll get someone to take your place and money."

A soft, piteous, feminine voice pleaded:

"Surely you will not do that to me, me your old sweetheart. I swear I never cared for that college chap. Really John, it was—"

The noise of scuffling drowned the rest of the sentence.

"You cursed little fox! Do you dare to lie to my face when I caught you in the very act of—"

Noise prevented him from hearing the end of this also.

The young man on the stairs stole up softly till he reached the door of the room from whence the sounds of voices came. He pushed it open an inch or two and then gaped.

In the center of the room stood a slip of a girl, dressed in rags, her gloriously charming golden hair hanging loose over her shoulders, her sweet face tilted pleadingly upward, and her eyes fixed imploringly on the big, burly man before her. She looked sweet enough to be the heroine of any storybook, and too sweet to be the object of any man's wrath. How a man could be such a brute as to frown even at such a dear, little creature was a problem;

but then men are sometimes such queer animals when there is a woman in the case.

Clearly there was some dark mystery here. The house apparently vacant, the paraphernalia in the cellar and especially the shirt with the red streak down the side, and above all, the sweet pleading young girl confronted by this rough man,—all these were puzzling in the extreme. Clearly it would be a wise thing to steal off and warn the authorities. But who could tell what would happen to this frail, fair, young creature in the meantime?

"So you deny it!" snarled the man, his wicked face so close that it almost touched the fair, white brow, "well then, take that for your impudence." And with his open palm he struck her in the face.

The pale cheek flushed scarlet under the blow. She hid her face in her hands and wept softly.

Lester stiffened. A cold thrill passed over him. Instantly he changed. He was no longer a care-free, college lad. He was a man now; a man, whose hands were itching to clutch the throat of the villain before him. Instinct held him back a moment.

"I know your game," continued the brute. "You think you are going to snitch on me to the police, and then when I am out of the way, you and that—that—"

His voice choked with rage. He paused a moment gaining control of himself and then continued:

"No, you will not squeal on me. I've decided that. It's one of two things. Either I get you out of the way, or you're goin' to run me over to the police." He spoke with cruel deliberation and then fumbled at his belt.

The girl stopped sobbing and glanced up. Her imploring gaze faded and a look of terror sprang to her face. He lurched forward. She screamed. His hand wound about her throat stilling her voice.

With the fury of an enraged animal Lester bounded into the room and sprang upon the assailant. Both fell to the floor struggling like madmen. There were muffled curses that were not muffled, a trampling of many feet, a confusion of voices and cries, struggling and cuffing.

Lester never knew just how it happened, but he felt himself lifted out of the confusion and borne to the door. In a glance he saw that it was not a single small room as he at first thought, but that the fourth wall had been

removed, leaving it like a stage with an opening to a large room where many people were gathered some of them strangely dressed. There was also a black, box-like affair with a handle attached setting on a tripod.

Then he saw the door open; he felt himself tossed through the air, and then lost track of things for a moment. When he sat up and put his hand to his head he found himself half way down the stairs. He saw the door open and Walter Parker appear. He pinched himself to see if he were awake.

"Lester, you big rum dum," said Walter angrily, "why do you always insist on making a fool of yourself? Why did you butt in like that? What brought you here? Did you get hurt?"

Lester's voice had forsaken him.

"What's this?" asked Walter, reaching for the paper sticking out of his chum's pocket. "Why it's that personal," he said breaking out into a laugh, "Dad's queer way of letting me know that he is in town and that his company go through their new play at four o'clock. What possessed you any way? Dad went almost wild. When you rushed in you nearly spoiled the whole scenario."

The Will of the Gods.

B. A.

I had spent a week in Rome, and in that time had visited all that was worth seeing. It was rather harrowing to be forever barked at by a guide, and informed that such a pile of dirt was once a temple of Venus, or such a piece of rusty iron was Caesar's helmet or Nero's fiddle.

So I decided to take a walk out into the country, and see the old Roman military roads. I strolled along the ancient highway for some time, admiring the solidity with which these old people built. Then I turned off and explored among the hills. I was delighted with the lovely landscape and wandered around for hours, enjoying the splendid views. Night came on before I knew it, and reluctantly, I turned back. But soon I found that I was lost. Not a single familiar landmark could I discover, I seemed to be in a new country. Long I searched for some trace of my old route, but in vain. At length, wearied with my fatiguing tramp, I sank to the ground.

I lay there for some time, and perhaps fell asleep, but suddenly my senses were awakened by seeing a light a short distance away. As a light meant habitation or at least a human being, I started towards it. In a few minutes I reached it, and discovered that it came from a street-car standing at its terminus. I climbed in and was shortly asleep in one of the seats. The conductor came around and rudely awakened me, demanding fare. Half blinded by the light I thrust out a coin. To my utter astonishment he cursed me in exquisite Latin, and asked if I thought I was in Thrace or Iberia. For the first time I looked at him, and was startled to see him dressed not in a neat blue uniform, but in long flowing toga, with a square helmet on his head. I was speechless in my surprise, and utterly bewildered. Luckily an obliging companion told the conductor that the coin was a British one, and would be accepted at the exchange, and he walked off with a few complimentary growls.

Sleep was now entirely banished from my eyes, and I gazed curiously around. This must be a part of the city in which I had never been. The people were tall and fair, and all dressed in togas and mantles. Even the advertisements in the car differed from those I had hitherto seen. Here was one advertising the Colosseum as the best theatre in the city. Another gave a glowing account of the bottom lands just drained along the Nile. A third solicited votes for "Hookus Ladderus," as next fire chief, and still another gave notice of a lecture that would be given by Pomponius Silvius on the right of women to talk back.

As day broke, the car became more crowded. The conductor thrust in his head and shouted:

"Circus Flaminius, transfer north and south."

The name was unfamiliar, and I decided to stay on the car in hopes of getting to a better known district. A little further he yelled:

"Capitolium, change for docks at Pons Acmilus. Boats leave in thirty minutes for Ostium." I had been riding for an hour and a half now, and still everything seemed strange. I began to wonder where I was. Gradually the thought grew on me that I was back in old Rome. The people, their dress, the language and the names of the streets confirmed it. On looking out the window, I saw drawn up before a big stone building a column of soldiers armed with spears and shields. I could no longer doubt, but in order to make entirely

sure, I asked my neighbor in the best Latin I could muster, what year it was. He looked at me curiously for a second, and then told me it was the year 770 from the foundation of the city. Well I was in a fix now. I had once been in New York without a cent and eight hundred miles from home. But what was that to being seven thousand miles and two thousand years from it. Truly it was a deplorable situation.

The car moved on, but became more crowded at every stopping place. After another half hour it reached what seemed to be its terminus, for all the people got out. Not knowing what else to do, I followed the crowd and soon found myself in a large amphitheatre. Here I learnt that there was to be a game of basespear between the Roman quintette and the Alexandrian, which would probably be the best game of the season. Having nothing whatever to do, I decided to watch the contest. The Alexandrians had the ins, and the captain walked to the plate. The roman pitcher, a young gladiator, grasped his spear, and hurled it.

"Unio ferio!" shouted the umpire. The crowd roared, but the Egyptian never blinked. The next flew a little wide, but the third flew straight at his body. Quick as a flash, his shield intercepted it. Picking it up he hurled it far out into the field, and a moment later was in his chariot and driving like mad for first, a quarter of a mile away. The spear was captured by the third baseman. He sprang into his chariot and was also whirled towards first. It was a splendid race. For a few minutes it was doubtful who would win, but gradually the Roman pushed ahead. It looked as if the two would collide. But the Alexandrian was equal to the occasion. As the other's horses intercepted him, he swung his own around, leaped on the first, and dived over his opponent's chariot and landed safely on the base.

Play was resumed, and a second man stepped to the plate. Three times, the spear grazed his armor, and he retired. The next, however, managed to get to first, and the captain in the excitement drove his horses past second, and not being able to get back made a dash for third, and arrived there safely. The next Alexandrian at the plate received the spear in his armor, which sticking, was counted an out. The first baseman was the next on the list. He was a clever player, and managed to drop one at his feet. Before the catcher could get it,

he hurled it towards the pitcher. It was a short throw, but the captain was already tearing along towards home. However, the Roman was fast, and was at the place when the other was still some distance away, holding the spear ready to touch him. The Egyptian saw the situation, and unloosened his shield. When he came within a few feet he hurled it, knocking the spear into the harness of his leading horses. The animals dashed on, but their driver dropped off, and touched the base. The first baseman intercepted the horses, but before he could return the second man had come in making the score two to nothing.

After this, the game waxed furious, both sides making great plays. In the ninth, the Romans managed to get a man around, making the final score two to one. The game over, I followed the crowd out of the place. But now my queer costume attracted attention, and I was soon arrested by a licitor who had nothing else to do. He was congratulated by his chief for the capture, as there was need of some one to amuse the populace that afternoon, and I would just fill the bill. About three o'clock I was led to the Colosseum, and on my way there saw that I was advertised as a toplineer. I was called the wild man from Brittany, captured after a fierce struggle; I could tame the wildest beast by a glance of the eye. I was scarcely consoled at my reputation, and had doubts as to my ability of living up to it. In a few minutes, I found myself in the arena, facing the emperor. A door opened, and a lion about eighteen feet tall sprang out. He jumped around like a young puppy, and seemed inexpressibly happy. Then he noticed me, and for the first time realized that there were refreshments. He licked his chops and broke into a broad grin. He turned to the emperor as if to thank him for his courtesy and foresight, and started for me. He stopped a moment to get an idea of where the best meat lay, and then drew nearer. Terror-stricken, I clutched something in my pocket, and threw it at him in despair. He stopped, looked at it for a second, then with a doleful howl, ran back to his den. Putting his head in the farthest corner, he refused to be comforted. On looking at the thing that had delivered me so timely, I discovered it to be a picture of a suffragette meeting. Evidently the lion had an artistic soul.

But now the people began to move. Headed

by the emperor, they crowded down into the arena, and got down on their knees before me. His Highness humbly apologized for having treated me thus, but declared that he did not know that I was Mars. I didn't know it either, but I thought I would be safer as such than as a lion tamer. So I let them take me down to the temple where I was enshrined. Here I am treated with every attention, and as my hours are only from eight to twelve, I rather like it. I don't know whether I will ever get back home again, but if I do, I suppose I'll half envy my present position.

Mr. Morgan's Trouble.

Hello! hello! Is de doctah theah?

Yes'm, I wants to talk to 'im.

Hello! Is dis you, doctah Jones?"

Well, dis is Mistah Mawgan talkin, sah. I wants to know what's good foh ma baby. He cries all de time 'cept when he sleeps, an' he aint slept none foh two weeks.

What's dat ya say? Feed 'im Mellin's Food? All right, sah. I jes do dat. I nevah thought o' dat. Good-bye, doctah.

[The next day.]

Hello, let me talk to de doctah, please ma'm.

Say doctah, dat baby o' mine aint done no bettah.

Yes, I fed 'im dat mellon food. I done fed 'im six watermelons an' a dozen cantelopes 'till he 'bout bust.

What's dat, sah.

Medicine wot you buy at de drug stoah? Oh, I see. Den I try dat. Good-bye, sah!

[Another day later.]

Hello, is dis you doctah?

What say? Ma baby is a-gittin' wuss every day.

Wha'd I do? Why it say on de bottle 'Shake well before feedin'' an' I done neah shook de wits cut ob 'im. Den it say 'Keep in a cool place, an' de kid am still in de refrigerator'.

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—Last Friday, February sixth, marked the centenary of the birth of Very Reverend Edward Sorin, C. S. C., founder of the University of Notre Dame and **Father Sorin's Centenary.** from 1868 to 1893 Superior - General of the Congregation of Holy Cross throughout the world.

The story of Father Sorin is familiar to American Catholics at least: how in the earliest days of his priesthood he abandoned the serene life of home and the mellow civilization of France for the wilderness and the hardships of missionary life; how without resources he founded a school in the heart of the forest; how his high intelligence, his unfailing courage, his saintly piety, his large wisdom and his infinite tact, brought about a marvelous development in the frontier school; how he lived to see the full fruition of his work in the Notre Dame of today, and how he died lamented by generations of his pupils, mourned by legions of friends and acclaimed by Catholics and non-Catholics alike as a benefactor of his race and his period.

Who shall estimate the good accomplished by that great life? Who shall measure its value to mankind or its reward in heaven? When one considers the numberless lives that have been touched and sanctified, directly or indirectly, by Father Sorin's work, when one considers the generations still to come who will profit by it, when one reflects on the potent influence that has been exercised for more than forty years by the *Ave Maria*, which Father Sorin founded, and when one recalls how ilimitable is the work still to be done by the Congregation of Holy Cross—priests, brothers

and sisters—one may be pardoned for saying that seldom has the world known a career more beneficent, more heroic and at the same time more tenderly human than that of the illustrious Edward Sorin.

—President Cleveland during his term of office, it will be remembered, vetoed a bill for the restriction of immigration. This bill contained, among other things, a reading and writing qualification. President Taft only a short time ago vetoed a bill of somewhat the same character except that it was not so sweeping as the former bill in its restrictions, and now President Wilson is telling the newspapers that he is not in favor of the literacy clause in the Burnett Bill. This question has been thrashed out so often and so thoroughly that it seems strange it should be with us again. The majority of earnest, thinking citizens have agreed that a man who is unable to read and write may be, and in many cases is, morally superior to the most educated person in the land; that goodness does not consist in reading and writing; and that education if not directed and guided by a right conscience, is of more harm than good to the individual and the state.

It seems, however, that there are those in the House and Senate who think otherwise, and this jack-in-the-box issue bobs up every now and then only to take up the time of the legislators in putting it down. If the purpose of such a bill is the restriction of immigration alone, some other means should be taken besides the literacy test. It is the unanimous opinion of serious minded people that such a test is not fair to immigrants or ourselves. Why continue the argument?

—Congressman Hull, in a speech delivered in New York the other day, said that the general property tax was an absurdity because the authorities would not enforce it. He took as an example Kentucky where the dog tax brings in more than the property tax. People, he maintained, will and usually do pay their dog tax, but it is a common thing to evade the property tax. If laws of this kind are to be kept on the statute books, they should be enforced. If not enforced, they should be repealed. Such laws make citizens dishonest.

Wilfrid Ward on Tennyson.

To have been a contemporary and associate of Alfred Lord Tennyson, is in itself a distinction requiring no additional renown as an author, critic, biographer and editor to insure eager and appreciative audiences. Yet Wilfrid Ward, Editor of the *Dublin Review*, and biographer of Cardinal Newman, possesses all five claims to respectful hearing as an authority on all matters pertaining to English literature. His lecture on Alfred Lord Tennyson, delivered in Washington Hall last Saturday afternoon, in point of interest and merit, probably takes precedence over all similar numbers. This distinguished visitor was entitled to a more courteous welcome than was accorded him by the student body of the University. It will long remain a memory of shame, that his opening remarks were rendered practically unintelligible by the continual shuffling and scraping of late arrivals, supplemented by the banging and clattering of the antediluvian chairs that grace the hall. Though laboring under every conceivable disadvantage, Mr. Ward delivered a lecture on Tennyson that must take rank with the best lectures that have ever been delivered at Notre Dame. His speaking voice is not of the best, but his subject-matter, his impersonations of the great English poet, and his inexhaustible fund of interesting incident and intimate anecdote, amply compensate for the deficiency of vocalization.

Those who succeeded in following the train of his discourse despite the tumult of conflicting noises, will long remember Wilfrid Ward as a lecturer, critic and littérateur of the highest order.

Bliss Perry on Emerson.

No other American institution of learning numbers among her Alumni so many distinguished names as does Harvard. From her earliest years her sons have gone forth to become immortal. A lecture by a Professor of English at Harvard upon one of Harvard's greatest graduates, becomes, therefore, a subject of extraordinary interest and moment. An international reputation as an author, critic, lecturer, and as Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, imparts the weight of acknowledged authority to Bliss Perry's utterances, but were he possessed of none of these claims to dis-

tingtion, he would still charm any audience solely on his merits as a student of American letters and as a discursive orator.

No one left Washington hall Wednesday evening without a much clearer and more sympathetic appreciation of the great New England poet, essayist and lecturer, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The appeal of his quaint personality is perennial, and the charm of his verse and prose is enduring, but the knowledge possessed by the average reader of Emerson's works, falls short of an understanding of the nature and temperament of the man. As Professor Perry remarked, we admire the beauty and purity of his utterances without a precise understanding of the ideas and the ideals that inspired them. Professor Perry, however, has made a close, careful and sympathetic study of the much-misunderstood Emerson, and the results of his labors were unfolded to us Wednesday evening in a lucid, clear-cut and entertaining style. Professor Perry's discourse is singularly free from the rather dry, pedantic formalism that we are prone to associate with disquisitions upon things literary. His lecture was wholesomely leavened with whimsical humor and apt illustration. His commanding presence, pleasing enunciation, and concise presentation of thought, make him an ideal lecturer. He possesses in ample measure the true requisites of the platform orator a comprehensive knowledge of his subject and the ability to present it forcefully and well.

Enrico Aresoni, Tenor.

It were indeed passing strange that immediately after the appearance here of Charles Saunders, the great English tenor, upon whose merits we exhausted all our adjectives, there should appear another tenor, even more deserving than Saunders of all the encomiums heaped so recently upon the latter. Enrico Aresoni is undoubtedly all that Saunders is, and more. His range, volume and purity of tone, quite eclipse all predecessors thus far this season, and in his splendid bursts of song he not infrequently reminded us of another and more famous Enrico.

Every number was well selected and rendered faultlessly. The whole program was pleasing, and varied, and rendered with indubitable talent and technical perfection.

Book Reviews.

From Benziger Bros. we have recently received parts I and II of *Roma*, a bi-monthly publication dealing with Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome, by the Rev. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. The work will be completed in eighteen issues and many, we are sure, will welcome the full, yet brief and succinct story of the Holy City by this eminent scholar. The book is exceptionally handsome in form with nearly a thousand illustrations, forty full page inserts, and three plans of Rome. Price 35 cts. per copy.

The *Vigil Hour* by Rev. S. A. Ryan, S. J., is a pamphlet published for the purpose of assisting Catholics in passing the Holy Hour in the most devout way. The prayers are well selected and will meet with approval by those in the habit of making this exercise. Published by Benziger Bros. 5 cts.

"The Wedding Bells of Glendalough," by Michael Earls, is the story of two vocations. The way in which the heroine of the tale assists the hero to attain his calling is in keeping with the highest Catholic ideal of sacrifice. The book as a story of love reminds the reader of Benson's "By What Authority," but the time and setting of the two novels are entirely different. Published by Benziger Bros.

"The Quest of the Golden Chest" is a story of adventure, suggesting Stevenson's "Treasure Island." In both stories there is a voyage to a distant island to search for treasure and the excitement and danger caused by a division in the crew in order to obtain the coveted gold. The story is well told, and will be of interest to the old and young. Benziger Bros., \$1.15.

"By the Blue River," I. Clarke.—A Catholic family living in a Mahometan settlement in Arabia gives the story its peculiar setting. A boy of the family remarkable for his piety cures a sick girl, whose Arab father brings her to him. After her miraculous restoration to health, the girl desires to become a Christian, but her father refuses her permission; and kidnaps the boy, whom he blames for putting this notion into her head. He suffers much while in captivity; and when asked to relinquish

Christianity for Mahometism, says he would rather die than give up his faith. A young woman, who offered to rescue the boy from his Arab captors, dons the male attire of the inhabitants of the Sahara; and with a large sum of money, she bribes the man who guards the Christian boy and brings him home safe. The story, which abounds in beautiful descriptions of nature is both interesting and edifying. Benziger Bros. \$1.35.

Personals.

—Among the life members of the Chicago Press Club is Judge John Gibbons, a legal writer of national fame and Judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois. He holds the degree of A. M. and LL. D. from Notre Dame and is rightly regarded as a stalwart friend of Alma Mater. We quote as follows from a recent issue of *The Scoop*, a magazine published by the Press Club of Chicago:

He was city attorney of Keokuk from 1871 to 1876. In that capacity he caused the supreme court at Washington to recall two of its prior decisions and lay down two new principles; that a municipality had power to collect wharfage based on a boat's tonnage, and that the statutes of limitations began to run against coupons after they became due, regardless of the time when the bonds to which they were attached became due.

Judge Gibbons came to Chicago in 1879, and practiced law, at the same time editing the Law Journal and American Criminal Reports. He was elected to the bench in 1893, and in 1897 was re-elected by the largest majority ever given a judge in Cook County. In 1903, a year of Democratic landslide, he was one of the two Republican judges who were re-elected.

An accompanying cartoon shows a good picture of the Judge by Lederer, together with his favorite beverage (a bottle labeled "Milk of Human Kindness"), and there is also a legend announcing "He is the one that took the ice out of justice."

Obituary.

DANIEL BYRNES.

We regret to announce the death of Daniel Byrnes (LL. B. '86) who passed away at his home, 5408 East View Park, Chicago, January 25th. At the time of his death he was Attorney for the Soo Railroad Company and had formerly held the same responsibility for the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. Mr. Byrnes is survived by his widow and one son. R. I. P.

Local News.

—Exams are over, but don't think that there is nothing to do until the end of the new quarter. Do part of it now and avoid the rush!

—Although the usual form of our staff of life was missing at last Monday's breakfast, we all envied the baker who thereby got an extra portion of sleep.

—The debating team of Brownson hall will hold a preliminary debate Sunday evening. This is to prepare for the conflict with Holy Cross hall scheduled to occur February 22.

—Father Cavanaugh will be the principal speaker tonight at the annual dinner of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago to be given at the Midday Club, Chicago. Father Morrissey and Coach J. C. Harper will attend.

—Beginning Monday, each evening next week will be devoted to the preliminary debates for the choosing of the team to represent Notre Dame in the Triangular Debating League. There are forty men trying out for places on the team.

—The National Rifle Association has awarded marksman's medals to five Notre Dame men for making scores of at least 85 prone and 80 standing. The recipients of the medals are: Frederick Browne, Edwin Bott, Clarence Derrick, Ray Sullivan, and James Robins.

—Persistence is to be admired, but we can't approve of it as displayed by those who persist in arriving at a so-called fashionable hour at all the lectures in Washington hall. To be on time is a courtesy due the entertainer from every Notre Dame student. By these courtesies much of our cultural education is judged.

—In the rifle meet held with the University of Pennsylvania, Notre Dame defeated the Quakers by a margin of two points, the score being 917-915. Last Monday the local team shot against the University of Missouri, and the Notre Dame score was as follows: F. Brower 189; E. Bott, 188; R. Sullivan, 187; Miller, 184; Derrick, 183. Total, 931.

—It is gratifying to know that Simon E. Twining (Ph. B. '13) has been chosen as one of the nine debaters to represent Indiana University in the tri-state debating league, made up of Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio State Universities. Mr. Twining is taking post-graduate work at Indiana University to which

institution he won a scholarship last spring. He was one of the most brilliant debaters and orators of Notre Dame.

—A gift of unusual interest, made to the University museum this week is a rosary about thirteen feet in length. All the beads are of hand-carved wood, the large ones measuring about an inch in diameter. The rosary was presented by Father Carroll, who received it from Mr. Raymond De Rycke, a member of St. Joseph's parish, South Bend.

—The fifth year of the Apostolate Library under the direction of Brother Alphonsus, has been very successful. The number of readers was large, especially in Holy Cross, Brownson, St. Joseph and Carroll halls. Many new books were added to the library, among them being the "Life of Cardinal Newman" by Ward. The contributions from outside sources were most generous. A benefactor who deserves special mention is Mrs. A. L. Sweet.

—The students of the University should be interested in knowing the amount of work done at the Notre Dame bakery. In round numbers the three bakers turn out 3000 buns, 2000 cookies, and 1400 pounds of bread daily, for which five barrels of flour are necessary. Each pan of bread, containing three loaves, weighs fifteen pounds. A mechanical device moulds the two thousand cookies in fifteen minutes. From the points of view of output and time saving, we'll have to admit that home-baking isn't in it at all.

—Tickets for the Military Ball are going like "Tony's hot-dogs," and the society men of the University who have not yet subscribed are urged to do so this week. Major Fred Gushurst of Corby, Captain Dan Sullivan of Sorin, Captain William Stack of Walsh, and Sergeant Edward Bott of Brownson are in charge of the ticket sale. With the date of the affair, February 18th, only ten days off, arrangements are nearing completion; and we have it on the word of the committee, "it will be the dance of the year."

—The patrons and patronesses for the Military Ball, to be given February 18, in Place hall, have been announced by Cadet-Col. Joseph M. Walsh, chairman of the dance committee. They will be Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Stogsdall, Judge and Mrs. T. E. Howard, Hon. and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, Hon. and Mrs. A. L. Hubbard, Hon. and Mrs. W. A. McInerny,

Dr. and Mrs. Francis Powers, Prof. and Mrs. William Benitz, Prof. and Mrs. John M. Cooney, Prof. and Mrs. James Hines, Prof. and Mrs. K. B. Smith, and Prof. and Mrs. John Worden.

—Last Thursday afternoon the Philopatrians attended a theatre party given at the Oliver Opera House in South Bend. "Some show" was the verdict of all—on their return.

—On Wednesday afternoon, February 11, the ex-Philopatrians will present in Washington hall, Father Quinlan's new play entitled *Troubles in Camp*. The plot is laid in a summer camp and the characters are chiefly college students. Everyone is invited to be present at the performance.

—For the benefit of those who are of the opinion that the Journalists' room is open to all students who desire to look over the newspapers, we wish to state that Journalists only are permitted to make use of this room. Much as the professor and journalists would be glad to give everyone an opportunity of reading the papers, they are seriously hindered in their work by visitors.

—The Knights of Columbus held their regular meeting on last Tuesday evening and had a rather large gathering. The Walsh Hall minstrel troop was one of the features of the evening. Professor Sauter entertained the members with several selections on the piano and Fathers Davis and Quinlan spoke to the Knights on the opportunities afforded them by being members of such an organization.

Athletic Notes.

COSTLY VICTORY OVER WABASH.

Gloom, heavy and thick, settled over the local camp after the game last Saturday, in which the Little Giants were defeated, 37 to 27. Captain Cahill, for the past two years all-state forward, and the mainspring for the Varsity teamwork received an injury in the last thirty seconds of play that will keep him out of the game the remainder of the season. He had just received a pass, and was about to shoot, when one of the visitors ploughed into him, breaking his nose. His doctor has forbidden Jimmie to take part in any more contests and thus the Gold and Blue loses its most valuable player at the most crucial point of the season when the big games are right at hand.

The time is too short to allow the Coach to drill any one else in the position, even if men of Cahill's calibre were available. Though Fitzgerald and Bergman will doubtless play a fine game in the vacant place, as running mates to Kenny, they can hardly fill the Captain's berth. To make matters worse, Mills is handicapped with a pair of bad ankles, and gets around with little of his wonted speed. With these two men out of the game, the hopes of the Varsity supporters for a triumphal invasion of the East, have gone a-glimmering. Gushurst, the Corby star, has responded to the Coach's call, but though Gus is naturally a great player, it will take him some time to work into the Varsity's style of play. We may be sure, though, that the players will work harder now than ever, because they are opposed by these difficulties. It is the old Notre Dame spirit.

The game with the down-staters was a thriller. After the Varsity had piled up a score of 18 points in the first ten minutes while the invaders' total amounted to a lone tally from the foul line, the fans sat back with a bored look, expecting a walk-away. The players evidently expected the same, for they eased up at the close of the half. Their opponents took full advantage of this breathing spell, breaking the ice with four baskets in rapid succession. The half ended with the score 19 to 9. The work of the locals during the first ten minutes was the best seen here this year. The five regulars were going at top speed; the passing and shooting was wonderful; the Crimson was entirely at sea.

Shortly after the opening of the second half the Crawfordsville lads showed that they were Little Giants in reality as well as in name. Whether they were holding themselves in reserve, or whether they were just finding themselves, is hard to say, but they exhibited a whirlwind burst of passing and long-distance shooting that the locals were not able to cope with. This form of the invaders continued until the count stood 24-25. The rooters were busy; and the Varsity got busy. Cahill started a rally with a running shot. Then Kenny scored a long distance counter, and Cahill repeated. At this point occurred the accident that was worse than losing the game. Bergman took Cahill's place, but for the foul tally scored by the visitors, there was no further tallying.

NOTRE DAME (22)		MICHIGAN AGGIES (44).
Cahill, Bergman	R. F.	Dale
Kenny	L. F.	Eglin
Mills	C.	Ellis
Finegan	L. B.	Leffel (Capt.)
Nowers, Kelleher	R. G.	Goodbar
Field goals—Cahill, 4; Kenny, 4; Mills, 4; Dale, 4; Eglin, 3; Goodbar, 3; Kelleher, 2; Ellis, 2; Finegan. Foul goals—Cahill, 4; Dale, 3. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Moloney (Notre Dame):		

Varsity Sustains First Loss.

As was expected, the absence of Cahill and the poor condition of Mills resulted in a defeat at the hands of the Aggies at Lansing, Wednesday night, 44 to 22. The Farmers put up the same, fast clever, short-passing game that they displayed in the local gym, but our men, without their leader, and playing on a court that is a poor excuse for the term, were unable to play up to their old-time form.

The Lansing court has low girders arched from one side to the other, making it impossible to shoot from anywhere except the middle. Times without number, Kenny and Fitzgerald shot from the sides, only to have the ball bound back in their faces. The Blue and White on familiar ground, had a system of teamwork constructed to cope with this very defect.

In the first half, while the Notre Dame quintet was getting located, the home team ran up a score of 34 while the Varsity was eking out ten. In the second session, Gushurst replaced Mills at centre and Kelleher took Nowers' place at guard. This half, the men fought desperately, and had it on the Aggies 13 to 10, showing what they could do, once they were familiar with the floor.

Kenny scored the five field goals that were chalked up to Notre Dame's credit. After missing three fouls, Fitzgerald established a record of twelve consecutive successful attempts, all but two not even touching the rim. He played a good game in Cahill's place, and got into the team work fairly well. The guards played their usual strong game, and kept their opponents well in check after they had mastered the peculiarities of the court. In the second half, Gushurst, who took Mills' place, put up a splendid defensive game, and broke up the Michigan team play effectively.

Varsity Track Notes.

The Varsity track season was officially opened last Sunday afternoon with the big Varsity handicap meet. The meet was scheduled in order to get a line on the men and to see how

the "phenoms," recently developed in inter-hall circles, would show up against the Varsity regulars. The showing of the men in each of the twelve events was pleasing. Kirkland captured both hurdle races. Miller was given a handicap of forty yards in the mile, Wagge starting from scratch. Wagge gradually closed up the gap and nosed Miller out in the final sprint. It was by far the best mile made on the local track this year, the time being 4:48 4-5. The two-mile was run for the first time, Bacigalupo finishing just ahead of Costello in 11:16.

The dashes disclosed the fact that Notre Dame probably has the best quintet of dash men in her history. Only a few inches separated the men at the finish and the winner was not known until the judges announced that Bergman had reached the tape first. "Dutch" also carried off the 220-yard event, covering the distance in twenty-five seconds. Hardy had a slight lead on Newning for second in this race until he fell on the final turn.

The surprise of the afternoon occurred when Bachman threw the shot over forty-three feet. The giant freshman is going great and looks like a second Philbrook in the weight events. Capt. Henahan surprised the crowd by carrying off the high jump. Yeager was a close second. Rockne, with the aid of a one-foot handicap, carried off the broad jump and he also took second in the shot-put and quarter mile. The latter race was won by Welsh who had a handicap of eight yards. Birder and Henahan started from scratch and were unable to pass the men in front of them. An eighteen inch handicap gave McDonald the pole-vault, Yeager capturing another second in this event. Ex-Capt. Plant started from scratch and carried off the half-mile. McDonald forced the little regular to do the distance in 2:04 1-5. Summary:

40-yard high hurdles—Kirkland, first; Larkin, second, (both scratch). Time, 0:05 4-5.

Mile run—Wagge (scratch) first; Miller (40 yards) second; Meehan (100-yards) third. Time, 4:48 4-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Kirkland, first; Fritch, second; Larkin, third, (all scratch). Time, 0:05 1-5.

40-yard dash—Bergman (scratch) first; Newning (scratch) second; Hardy (1 foot), tied for second. Time, 0:04 3-5.

Shot put—Bachman (scratch) first; Rockne, (4 feet) second; Holmes (10 feet) third. Distance, 43 feet 1 inch.

Two mile run—Bacigalupo, first; Costello, second, (both scratch). Time, 11:16.

High jump—Henihan (3 inches) first; Yeager (2 in.) second; Miller (1 inch) third. Height, 5 feet 9 inches.

Half mile—Plant (scratch) first; McDonough (25 yards) second; Bartholomew (25 yards) third. Time, 2:04 1-5.

Broad jump—Rockne (1 foot) first; Miller (1 foot) second; Hayden (1 foot) third. Distance, 21 feet, 2 inches.

220-yard dash—Bergman (scratch) first; Newning (scratch) second; Donnelly (10 feet) third. Time, :25.

Pole vault—McDonald (1 foot 6 inches) first; Yeager (scratch) second; Lynch (six inches) third. Height, 10 feet 6 inches.

440-yard dash—Welsh (8 yards) first; Rockne (5 yards) second; Henahan (scratch) third. Time, 0:55 3-5.

Coach Harper has entered the following men in the First Regiment Meet which will be held in Chicago tonight.

40-yard dash—Bergman, Newning, Hardy, Van Thorn.

High and low hurdles—Kirkland.

High jump—Bachman.

Shot put—Eichenlaub, Bachman, Rockne.

440-yard dash—Henahan, Birder, Rockne.

880-yard run—Wagge, Plant.

Mile run—Wagge, Miller.

220-yard dash—Bergman, Newning, Hardy,

A relay team will run in the college relay. Chicago University, Northwestern University and the University of Illinois have entered this event. The Notre Dame team will be selected from these men: Henahan, Plant, Rockne, Birder, and Bergman.

WALSH WINS FIRST GAME.

Walsh captured the opening interhall basketball game from St. Joseph on Sunday morning by a score of 41 to 15. The Walsh team showed unexpected form, and many of those who saw the game think that Walsh will be able to down the speedy Corby quintet. The work of Meyers and Grady for Walsh was especially pleasing, while Cassidy, the clever forward of the South Bend Commercial, Conby and Capt. Beckman showed the best form for St. Joseph. The feature of the game occurred in the second half when "Nig" Kane, playing center for St. Joseph, dropped the ball through the Walsh basket, thus scoring two points for his opponents.

Walsh (41)		St. Joseph (15)
Wright, Donahue	R. F.	Beckman, Ward
Grady	L. F.	Cassidy
Meyers	C.	Ward, Kane
Stack	R. G.	O'Hara
McWeeney, Bush	L. G.	Conboy
Goals—Grady, 7; Meyers, 5; Wright, 3; Stack, 2; Cassidy, 2; Ward, 2; Kane, 3*		McWeeney, Bush.
Free throws—Meyers, Beckman, Cassidy, Ward.		
Referee—Kenney		

*One of Kane's baskets counted for Walsh

Safety Valve.

DEAR WEEKLY NEWS:—When is Gen. Meagher coming around to present his sword?

WALLACE COKER.

THE SENIOR'S LAMENT.

I labored on the railroad when I was but a boy,
And after that I toiled in copper mines;
O *Tempora, O Mores*, at last it's come to this—
A full grown man, I'm now a-pushing lines.

The VALVE beauty contest is now on. The following names have been entered:

Tyree Horn (Carroll)

Peter Yerns (St. Joe)

Gerald Hurst (Brownson)

William Case (Walsh)

Slight inaccuracies in the lower limbs will not be considered by the judges. The fact that a man's wish-bone dropped down will not bar him from the race.

BIRD DOPE FROM THE NEWLAND NATURALIST.

Crow, seen on 1 to 23, 25, 28, 31 of January.

Blue Jay, 11, 24, 31.

Robin, 1 to 21, 24 to 31.

Killdeer, 4, 11, 12, 13, 21, 26, 27, 30, 31.

Vesper Sparrow, 4, 5, 9, 10, 12.

Warbling Vireo, 1 to 31.

Red-Headed Newning, 1 to 31 (had 150 demerits).

Birdie McBride, seldom seen, especially after sunset.

Kelleher, 4 to 31 (training for basketball).

Vesper Skiver (seen every Sunday).

Bearding Rubio (Seen when not hiding behind bushes.)

Chicken, 1 to 31 (in South Bend).

We understand that Pete Yerns is thinking of cleaning up on Will Towell in Carroll Hall.

RESEARCH WORK.

And after all these years Conway has discovered that Mary never had a little lamb.

The *Columbiad* quotes the following from the VALVE: "And the only time an Oregon man feels homesick is when he is under a shower bath." If it rains so much, say they, as you say it does, why don't the rivers overflow? We don't know, unless that the rain has to go up again to be ready for the next day?

We recently received a letter from an old student containing the following sentence: "The weather here reminds me of the Examination blanks at Notre Dame." Which is to say, what?

O my luv's like a broken nose,
That wont be blown till June.

CAHILL & NEWNING.

We beg you, prefects, have a heart!

Jap French has returned (Prefects please notice).