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Meditations.

W. L. C.

NOT many years have come and gone for me,
But friends whom I no more on earth shall see
Have lived in pain and pleasure by my side
And then departed somewhere to abide
Beyond my ken.

In wisdom poor, of painful truths not fond,
I have been taught by them who went beyond
That one day those I love will miss their friend
And I my labors and my follies end
Releasing life.

Ay, in the coffin too my form shall lay;
For me the priest will chant, the people pray;
Earth's mantle folds will cover up my head;
And all forgetful of me when I'm dead
Shall wait their turn.

Returned to earth, in my brown bed to lie,
Known only to the hills and bending sky,
I yet may thank the Lord for all of these—
The stars, the waving grass, the whispering trees,
That speak of Him.

Gallicanism.

SO much has been written about Gallicanism that it is difficult to glean from the enormous bulk of literature bearing upon it, its true origin, significance and influence. In order, however, to obtain the clearest idea possible of its tenets, we shall first endeavor to bring out what is designated by the term Gallicanism, then present in a summary way the Gallican doctrines and ideas, and finally show how these ideas rose, how they flourished and what influence they bore upon ecclesiastical, civil and political society.

Gallicanism, according to Degert in the Catholic Encyclopedia, is a term used to designate a certain group of religious opinions for some time peculiar to the Church of France. These opinions tended chiefly to a restraint of the pope's authority in the Church in favor of that of the bishops and the temporal ruler. It must be borne in mind that the partisans of Gallican ideas did not contest the pope's primacy in the Church, but that they merely claimed that their way of regarding the authority of the pope seemed to them more in conformity with Scripture and tradition.

The way in which they regarded the power and the authority of the pope and the king, and their belief in each of these, are fully represented in the famous declaration of the clergy of France in 1682. This doctrine reduced to its primary points is as follows:

St. Peter and his successors have received dominion from God only over things spiritual and such as concern salvation, and not over things temporal and civil. Hence, kings and sovereigns are not by God's command subject to any ecclesiastical dominion in things temporal; they can not be deposed, whether directly or indirectly, by the authority of the rulers of the Church; their subjects can not be dispensed from that submission and obedience which they owe, or absolved from the oath of allegiance.

Secondly, that the plenitude of authority in things spiritual, which belongs to the Holy See, in nowise affects the strength of the decrees of the Council of Constance, which were approved by the Holy See, and observed in all ages by the Gallican Church.

Thirdly, the exercise of this public authority must be regulated in accordance with the canons

made by the Spirit of God. The rules, customs and constitutions received within the kingdom and the Gallican Church, must have their force and their effect.

Fourthly, although the pope has the chief part in questions of faith, and his decrees apply to all the churches, and to each church in particular, yet his judgment is not irreformable.

Accordingly then the Gallican doctrine was simply this: The papal primacy was limited. It was limited in three ways: first, by the temporal power of princes, which, by the divine will, was inviolable; secondly, by the authority of the general council and that of the bishops, who alone could, by their assent, give to his decrees that infallible authority, which, of themselves, they lacked; lastly, by the customs and canons of particular churches, which the pope was bound to take into account when he exercised his authority.

It is evident from this doctrine that there was a tendency to increase and to enlarge the rights of the state, the powers of the temporal ruler, and to undermine and minimize the authority and power of the pope and the Church of Rome. Hence it was that the two French jurists, Guy Coquille and Pierre Tithow formulated what is known as "The Gallican Liberties." Besides the doctrine of the four articles, these men asserted that the kings of France had the right to assemble councils in their dominions, and to make laws and regulations touching ecclesiastical matters. The pope's legates, they said, could not be sent into France, except at the king's request or consent. The royal officers could not be excommunicated for any act performed in the discharge of their official duties. The pope could not authorize the alienation of any landed estate of the churches, or the diminishing of any foundations. He could not issue dispensations to the prejudice of the customs and statutes of the cathedral churches. In all, the liberties which were of the same character as these numbered eighty-three.

This gives us a fair idea of the doctrines of Gallicanism and its nature. Let us see how they came about. Gallican theorists tell us that the doctrines of Gallicanism have their root in the privileges granted to the kings of France by the popes of the earliest centuries. But this can not be true since a privilege can be revoked by him who has granted it, and the Gallican Liberties could not be touched by any pope. Again, it is contrary to reason to suppose that a pope should allow any group of bishops the privilege of calling his infallibility in question, or of putting his doctrinal decisions upon trial, to be accepted or rejected. Others find the birth of Gallicanism in the Merovingian era, and others assert with great emphasis that Hincmar, the Archbishop of Reims, was the founder of the Gallican doctrine. But Catholic historians, and even protestants of any repute, tell us that it was not till the opening of the fourteenth century when the conflict between Philip the Fair and Boniface VIII. took place that the first glimmerings of the Gallican ideas were seen. Philip maintained that he was the sole and undisputed master of his temporalities. He proclaimed, in virtue of the concessions made by the pope to Charlemagne, that he had the right to dispose of ecclesiastical benefices. The same idea is expressed later in the struggle between Louis of Bavaria and John XXII. Professors in the University of Paris denied the divine origin of the papal primacy and subjected the exercise of it to the good pleasure of the temporal ruler. This was condemned by the pope, and a little later also by the University of Paris. A little later it was held that the council was above the pope, that it was the sole organ of infallibility. This doctrine was spread abroad by Pierre D'Aelly and Gerson, and created a world of noise until the assembly of the French clergy in 1406 intended to approve and maintain the superiority of the council over the pope. There was a deal of discussion over the matter until the Council of Constance declared in its fourth and fifth sessions that the Council represented the Church, that every person, no matter of what dignity even the pope, was bound to obey it in what concerned the extirpation of the schism and the reform of the Church. This was the legitimation of Gallicanism. To apply it in practice was the work of the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges. In this instrument the clergy of France assumed authority to regulate the collation of benefices and the temporal administration of churches, independent of the pope's action. The popes protested vehemently against it, but little could be done. In 1663 the Sorbonne declared that it admitted no authority of the pope over the king's temporal dominion, nor his superiority to a general council. In 1682 Louis XIV, having decided to extend to all the churches the right of receiving the revenue

of vacant sees, assembled the clergy of France, who adopted the four articles. Three days later the king commanded the registration of the articles in all the schools and faculties of theology. No one could even be admitted to degrees in theology without having maintained this doctrine in one of his thesis. The Sorbonne finally yielded to the ordinance, but Pope Innovent XI, by the Rescript of 1682, annulled and made void all that the assembly had done. In like manner his successor Alex. VIII in 1690 quashed the proceedings both in the matter of the Regalia, and in that of the ecclesiastical power and jurisdiction which had been prejudicial to the clerical estate and order. In 1693 the king wrote to the pope to announce that a royal order had been issued against the execution of the edict of 1682. But in spite of this, the Declaration remained the living symbol of Gallicanism, professed by the great majority of the French clergy, defended by theologians, taught in the schools and seminaries.

From France Gallicanism spread into the Low Countries of Europe. It was introduced into Germany where it took the names of Febronianism and Josephism. After the Concordat of 1801 Gallicanism was little else than a vague mistrust among ecclesiastics. When the Vatican Council opened in 1869, it had very few, and these only timid defenders, in France. When this council declared that the pope has in the Church the plenitude of jurisdiction in matters of faith, morals, discipline, and administration, that the decisions *ex cathedra* are of themselves without the assent of the Church, infallible, and irreformable, it dealt Gallicanism a mortal blow. Its doctrine after that could survive only as a heresy.

P. H.

The Test.

—A BERGMAN.

John Renolds was seated in his favorite chair before a large blazing fire-grate. He smoked his bulldog pipe, and quietly blew smoke rings as he watched the dancing shadows on the opposite wall. He smiled occasionally and slapped the arm of the chair decisively. "I'm the luckiest man in the world," he muttered to himself.

James Randolph had entered the room unnoticed, and seeing Jack in good humor watched him with glee. He knew Jack never occupied that chair unless something good happened, and when he heard him mutter something about luck he concluded that it was a girl.

"Dreaming about that girl of yours, eh?" Jim said laughingly as he laid a friendly hand upon Jack's shoulder.

"Hello, Jim," Jack answered, "I didn't hear you come in. Good news, I'm engaged to Mary."

"Get out! When did it happen?"

"Just last night—she's a dandy, Jim."

"You bet she is. Here's happiness, old boy." He clasped his friend's hand and squeezed until Jack yelled "Ouch!"

"She's a dandy—very good looking—sweet—pleasant—Why, do you know, Jim, I never heard her whimper all the time I've known her. We never had a serious argument. She's a good girl. Best in the land. Gee, I'm lucky—Whoop-la!" He rose quickly and jumped around like a boy with a new drum. "Must go and see her—you stay here till I come back. Read O. Henry there—he has some good stories. Maybe love stories—I don't know."

Ten minutes later Jack stepped out of his car in front of Mary Winters' home. He hurried up the steps, and when the maid responded to his ring, he walked in and took his favorite place near the grate.

Mary entered a few moments after and seemed very unfriendly. She was pale, cool, and entirely dis-at-ease. Jack thought it was illness, but discovered it was not. She made no attempt to conceal her anger, and spoke disapprovingly of his conduct lately. She assailed him in reference to an engagement he broke with her several days before. He tried to explain, but she stamped her foot, in a woman's way, and would not listen. He let it drop, and tried to entertain her. He talked of the theatre, the ball, a recent disaster, but all in vain. She was very distant. He saw she was not in the mood to talk so departed wondering what had come over her.

Next evening he called again, but met with the same experience. The following evening, they were to attend a dance, but she called him up and declined his invitation. Jack was at sea. Mary was not herself—something was wrong. He remained away from her for a week, but the longing to see her was too strong to be overcome. He called again, but the same results.

"What is the trouble, Mary?" he demanded.

"Trouble? Why it's—oh, never mind, nothing."

"But there is something You never acted like this before."

"You never knew me, perhaps!"

"Yes, I know you well enough."

"I'll act the way I want to whether you like it or not."

"Certainly, it's your privilege, but for Heaven's sake be ladylike. It's madness to carry on this way."

"It's madness—madness, is it? I'm mad, am I? Well, I like that." She rose suddenly, glared at him, stamped her foot, and hurried to the door and pressed a button. The butler appeared in an instant. "Robert, show Mr. Renolds to the door."

"What do you mean Mary?—You're not ordering me from the house?"

"Yes, go quickly. You annoy me. I hate you—never want to see you again."

Could he believe his ears? He found himself in the street wondering how it all happened. He walked no place in particular—just walked trying to discover what was wrong. He pinched himself several times to see if it was a dream, and being convinced of the reality, shrugged his shoulders and muttered, "Oh, very well."

. . . . . .

Four years later we find John Renolds at a fashionable watering place. After his upset with Mary Winters he sold his business interests, and departed for the West. He had no definite place in mind—just the West—for there he thought he would receive consolation from the wilderness. He just wanted to get away from unpleasant surroundings. He often desired to go back—back to Mary, for he still loved her—but pride and dignity of manhood forbade him. He wondered all these years what ever possessed Mary to act the way she did. He was no further enlightened than on the night he left her. He worked at different things with no apparent ambition. He did not care what happened to him, now. He purchased a small tract of land with his small earnings, and built a small home for himself. He secured his food from natural resources, and spent his recreation in reading. His physical appearance changed for the better. He grew strong and healthy from the constant touch with nature. He read most of the time, and passed his days as happily as he could—for he still missed Mary. One day—as if it were a dream—he awoke to find himself rich. His little holdings possessed gold, and the Gem City Mining Company offered him three hundred thousand dollars for his claim and immediate departure. He seized the offer as that wealth would permit him to travel for the rest of his days. He would spend a year in Germany, another in France, a third in England. He would visit Italy, Japan, India and Africa. Oh, where could he not go! That is why we find him at the watering place. He had already begun his travels.

He was strolling leisurely up the board walk which ran abreast the ocean. The rolling, dashing waves captivated his attention. He stood a long while watching them roll up on the sand—he was thinking of his bygone days. What an unlucky fellow he was after all. Wealth was nothing—he had lost the only treasure he would have liked to keep. He turned to resume his walk, but accidentally bumped into the parasol of a lady coming from the opposite direction.

"I beg your pardon, madame," he began calmly, and lifted his hat. The woman said nothing; she merely turned to nod her acceptance.

"Mary!" he stammered.

"Jack!"

"I—ah—I did not expect to see you here," he explained confusedly.

"Nor did I expect to see you!" She was prettier than ever. Jack wondered if she had married since. He did not ask for he saw the ring—his ring—on her finger—she was still wearing it.

"I see you still have my ring?"

"Yes, I've worn it all these years," she said simply.

"But—"

She understood. "I was influenced by my friends."

"How?"

"They told me you wanted my money—not me. I should have known better, but I was such a child. I tested you—I thought if I'd appear in my worst light—and if you stood for it—that it would be a sign. Forgive me, Jack. I've been so unhappy. I've ruined your life and my own.

Were they? Of course they were, that same month.

O. Henry—Depictor of Life.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

There has existed an era in literature, when a narrative was held to own no intrinsic merit, if it did not serve as a cloak or vehicle for a preachment, a diatribe, or a moral. To write solely to entertain or amuse was to basely prostitute and pervert the mission of the pen. The ultimate end was instruction and admonition, and such trivialities as plot and propriety never deterred the zealous moralist who chose to innoculate chance readers with the virus of his own ethics, logic or philosophy. Certainly we have all encountered the story or novel so patently allegorical that its flimsy trappings of incident, humor and pathos, scarcely veneered a disquisition upon the author's self-constituted standards of faith, manners or morals. Nor did such travesties upon the art of story telling ever reflect the broadminded tolerance and easy forbearance of a mature and equipoised intellect. Rather did they mirror the choleric bigotry of a prematurely warped and fossilized mind. Much good literature has been sadly detracted from by this unfortunate trait in really gifted authors.

But every tendency in letters as in politics and economics, produces its inevitable reaction. In protest against these disguised and insidious sermons, there rose another school, equally objectionable; for they held that the art, the technique, of a story was everything, the moral a minor consideration. Their productions were generally brilliant and flawless, but sensual, and often actually lacking in decency. If not immoral, their works were unmoral, and neither distinction suffices to remove the stigma that their writings must always bear.

Enumeration of the leaders of the supermoralized type of fiction, would resemble a roster of the great authors of all ages. On the other hand, they who have professed to "hold the mirror up to nature" also number several representatives in the Hall of Fame. Ibsen, the dramatist, Swinburne the poet, and Daudet and De Maupassant the masters of the short story, are notable examples of the best talent that this movement has produced.

In American literature, we have counterparts of all of these, and many variations from all of the old world concepts of literature. And in the realm of the short story, we confront the phalanx of European masters upon more than an equal footing. In that field we served no apprenticeship, and of the relatively small number of really great short-story writers, the United States can claim its full quota.

In the chaste simplicity of Hawthorne, we may ever detect a moral. Yet it were here far from a defect, for his was the genius of subdued impressions. Bret Harte's moral was incidental, casual or entirely omitted, as best served his purpose. He was a precursor of the great army of writers whose primary concern is the excellence of their story, and whose treatment of the moral or lesson to be inferred is negligible. Poe steered a middle course between the militant moralizer and the devotee of risque incident. Certainly he was never salacious or suggestive. But it is equally true that he never moralized. The specious philosophy that introduces the "Ballon Hoax" and several other of his tales, is merely a device to impart an air of matter of fact plausibility to his weird stories. He defended no creed; he assailed no belief. He neither affirmed nor denied any of the conflicting theories and principles of the literary controversialist. And it was his perfect neutrality and unbiased genius that gave to the world one of its greatest literary gems—the perfect short story.

Half a century after this master of the short story was found dazed and dying in an election booth at Baltimore, there scintillated into its perihelion, the star of another great creator of short stories. And people of all walks in life, of all manners and shades of belief, read with unaffected enthusiasm the short stories of O. Henry.

Much has been uttered and written about the "philosophy" of O. Henry, much that is vague and equivocal, for he never moralized openly, nor ostentatiously paraded his own concepts of life. Without a trace of the egotism that we have grown accustomed to palliate as the necessary adjunct of genius, he submitted his sketches to the world for what they are worth. And the world was not long in realizing the intrinsic and abiding merit of these "narratives for narrative's sake." O. Henry could always distinguish between the charm of his story and the weight of his personal beliefs and prejudices. This fact is worthy of mention, because it is a faculty sorely neglected by many with a more slender claim to fame.

In 1900, obscure and penniless, striving with but indifferent success to "place" his manuscripts; in 1910 famous and acclaimed throughout the English-speaking world, O. Henry might have been pardoned if his personality obtruded itself through his fiction. Quainter beliefs have been born of slighter justification. But the chief charm of O. Henry's characters is that though they talk loquaciously on all sides of every question, they exhibit as many personalities and idiosyncrasies as a like number of flesh and blood.

A true depictor of life was O. Henry, yet there was no dominating note of conviction struck throughout his scores of stories. He foisted no theories upon his auditors, although his inimitable humor and subtle skill in word painting would have rendered them easy of acceptance. He portrayed life as he had seen it, rich with color and warmth, incident and emotion. He drew men and women just as he had encountered them in his own varied and turbulent career. He knew their hopes, their aspirations, their most probable processes of thought and action in given contingencies. He accepted human nature at its face value, endowing men with no supernatural attributes. The artificial character has been the despair of countless generations of readers. O. Henry's creations were neither artificial nor even improbable, and that one fact alone was sufficient guaranty of their ready acceptance. He selected common men and women, and made them appear unusual because they acted precisely as any ordinary person would behave in identical circumstances. It required no hectic verbiage, no hair-raising plot, to make his commonplace characters worthy of presentation between printed pages.

His heroines were not uniformly good and beautiful, nor were they invariably treacherous and deceitful. He endowed them with no repertoire of stock utterances. His male characters were not paragons of manly beauty and Quixotic fearlessness. Nor did they demean themselves in the wonderfully illogical and fearfully improbable fashion of the average figure of fiction. Just as in flesh and blood actuality, they were a "mighty mixed lot." In short, they compelled attention by moderation, and sustained interest by consistent plausibility. He struck out boldly from the beaten paths of convention, and ventured into new and delightful, because wholly unprecedented, situations.

O. Henry dared to make mediocre people say ordinary things in prosaic situations. His wharf rat was interesting because he reasoned and acted as a wharf rat, not as an infant prodigy or long-lost English heir. He did not ascribe wonderful altruistic thoughts and sacrifices to men incapable of the finer emotions. His beach combers were literal, down-and-out human flotsam, not Chesterfields or Damons in disguise. He never confounded the character or conversation of the shop girl or waitress with the queenly manners and manicured diction of the Fifth Avenue debutante. People liked his tramps because they began as hoboes, and ended as vagabonds, and in the interim conducted themselves as "Weary Willies." He recognized and subscribed to the law of variety, and he never stereotyped or "repeated" his favorite figures.

His plots were interesting—sometimes a trifle far-fetched, mayhaps—but certainly never monotonous, and always safely removed from mediocrity. He availed himself with consummate skill of the fiction writer's prerogative of transcending the probable, but such was his handling of the improbable and the purely fantastic, that it always bore a redeeming guise of plausibility, without which the rarest flights of fancy fail to appeal. The saneness and moderation that fashioned his whimsical characters, manifested itself in his plot construction. He was intensely practical. His love stories did not invariably terminate in ecstatic matrimony. Heroism was not unfailingly rewarded, affection regularly requited, nor villainy consistently attended with immutable retribution. "It is a matter of personal observation" he has been quoted as saying, "that the 'bad actor' does not always 'do time,' nor the prodigal always garner the fricasseed veal." And what did not eventuate in real life, O. Henry was very chary about injecting into his stories. He was not an "inventor" in the least favorable use of the term. He was content to deal in "people" who numbered their thousands of carnal counterparts; in incidents that outraged no sensibility, that taxed no imagination unduly. Without the weirdness of Poe, the wildness of Bret Harte, or the polish of Hawthorne, he constructed stories that are beginning to take their place among America's real achievements in the field of fiction.

His own career is a chronicle of vicissitude and variety. Of his stories the same may be said. He viewed the same abstract principle from many angles; he viewed life in many phases, and with a constantly changing perspective. He writes of the vicious and the sordid, but only as they exist. He is never sensual, salacious or suggestive. His sketches hold no lure for the carrion hunter: they are clean. He was a psychologist of marvelous astuteness, a philosopher of marked merit, and a writer of surpassing meekness.

There are those who already dare hold him up to comparison with Mark Twain as a humorist. Possibly the judgment is a trifle premature. But of its quality and quantity, we are reasonably assured. His whimsical humor and delicate sarcasm constitute no small part of the indefinable charm of his stories. He is unfailingly optimistic, although he has viewed the life of which he wrote with the jaundiced gaze of the unfortunate and the discouraged. He owned an intimate acquaintanceship with adversity. He knew the social strata of society from the lowest to the highest plane. He had been by turns cowboy, prospector, journalist, tramp and soldier of fortune.

Its pathos is true pathos, never transformed by effusiveness into strained and artificial sentimentality. This is not a predominating note in his work, but where it does appear, it is sincere and natural. Who would dare to say that the temptation and hardships of the pitiful little heroine in "The Unfinished Story" is insincere or overdone? And that is probably the best story of that kind attempted by this versatile genius of the pen.

The nonchalance of his celebrated characters, was only a reflection of his own nature. He was a good loser, and nothing ever triumphed over the sangfroid that cloaked his inherent reticence. It was this spirit that prompted him to beckon feebly to a nurse, while he lay upon his deathbed, and say "Please turn on a light. I 'don't want to go home in the dark.'"

Just what position in the literature of the new world, will be achieved by David Sidney Porter's stories, only the years can determine. But to-day there is an appreciable significance in the fact that various publishers, in advertising morocco-bound volumes of his works, are throwing in the stories of such celebrities as Kipling and Doyle as inducements to buy

Varsity Verse.

Tony and Ice-Cream Cones.

A cone you think is but a minor thing,
And not of real importance to mankind
But listen to the story I will sing,
And then perchance you soon will change your mind.

A lowly man was Tony once, you see,
A man that all the boys were wont to scorn,
But Tony cared not for their enmity
He rather thought of how they might be shorn.

Each morning on the campus Tony stayed
Upon the path where boys were wont to run
And for each lonely nickel that they paid
They got a cone and Tony got the "mon."

Now Tony has retired from the game
His hired man is dishing out the cones,
For banks will now accept our Tony's name
Upon a check for many thousand bones.

Francis McDonough.

Points of View.

A barefooted boy in the dust by the way
Crooned soft little runes as he toiled at his play.
His face was dirty, his clothes were worn,
And the crown of his frayed straw hat was torn
Till it showed a thatch of bright red hair
Through the top, as he dreamily puttered there.
Up from the pulvery earth there rose
Whatever the mind of childhood chose.
Forests and farm-yards, and castles and kings,
Valley and mountain and railroad and things
That come o'er the ocean in storm-driven ships,—
He fashioned from dust with his finger tips.
Here was a river and here was a plain,
There was the coast of the Spanish Main
Where the pirates buried their gory loot,
And anon, piped a shepherd on silver flute.
Beyond 'cross a desert stalked Arabs with gay
Spangled horses and camels in gorgeous array.
A touch of the finger and every new kind
Of creation would answer the call of his mind.

A king in his carriage was hastening by
When the waif by the roadside attracted his eye.
And he sighed as he murmured "I would I could be
Contented and care-free, as wealthy as he."

The boy by the roadside stopped in his play
While he gazed at the great king who passed by the way.
Then with stubby fist freckled till redder than rust
He picked up the coin that was flung in the dust,
The kings and the castles, the ships and the train
Everything blent with the dust again.
As he envious followed the carriage so trim,
He muttered, "Gee, don't I wisht I was him."

Hugh V. Lacey.

"Stage" versus "Real Life" Heroes.

RAYMOND RICE.

"Of course, he is a real hero," observed the Matinee Maiden, "he has perfectly adorable eyes."

"Undoubtedly," responded the misanthropic man readily, "but are exaggerated optics an essential attribute of the true hero?"

"I didn't say they were," retorted the stage-struck maid, with warmth, "I just said he had them."

"And therefore he is a hero—"

"Certainly not" (impatiently), "but he acts just splendidly and the audience goes wild, and then he bows and smiles so gracefully and—"

"Well," observed the misanthropist casually, "he's getting paid for it, and I fail to see where it's such a hair-raising experience to draw one's salary."

"But it's something to have hundreds and hundreds of people applauding you—"

"And paying for the privilege."

"And saying such noble things—"

"Which some asthmatic old man with glasses manufactured at so much per column—"

"And looking so grand and brave when he rescues the heroine."

"From a villain that gets paid to be bluffed at the critical—or do you call it the psychological moment?"

"Well, doing it anyhow so that it seems real, and having people cry at the sad parts—"

"Most of the reality emanates not from his genius, but from the perspirative efforts of the property man and the calcium operator. And as for having a bunch of silly girls sniffling over your mock heroics—"

"It's easy to be insulting.....You did, too; you said something about silly girls sniffling—Of course, I'm not. Well, why should I be insulted then? Why it's—it's—the principle of the thing,—that's it, the principle."

"But," persisted the misanthropist, relentlessly, "where does the heroism come in?"

"I've just told you."

"You have just told me that he has nice eyes, says nice things by heart, and does a lot of fake thrillers."

"Well, he struggles hard in his profession, and supports a widowed mother, and models in clay, and though the fact is not generally known, he is of noble though clouded birth."

"You have not memorized that correctly," said the gentleman, severely, "the press agent certainly mentions his noble birth before he refers to his sculpturing. The widowed mother racket was an artistic touch, however, particularly such, because he has never heard of her since she left him in a gunny sack on the front steps of the Hoboken Orphan Asylum."

"Which only goes to show that he has risen though his own heroic efforts" (tartly, albeit triumphantly.)

"Well, of course it is quite heroic of him to work that love scene in front of an intelligent audience; but the reason he has risen in his chosen profession, is that he was adopted by a medicine show, and the habit lingered."

"Well, he has his pictures in the paper, and Mrs. Algernon Vacuum Shome has him at her exclusive parties—"

"Along with a cracked-brained Italian pianist and a Mexican hairless, as the trio of prize curiosities. But about the heroism—"

"There is no use of *reasoning* with you 'coldly.' You are prejudiced against him because you are jealous."

"Nobody is jealous of a hero. Admiration is spontaneous and disinterested."

"I can't remember"—dreamily—"where I read that, but I think you quoted it quite correctly."

"And if you wish to see the 'real thing,' the hero of the Creswell disaster is still in town."

"I saw him when the crowd gathered at the dock. He was cross-eyed and bashful, and awkward and couldn't even talk good English. I never was so disappointed in my life."

"Well, his gaze is a trifle strabysmic, and he can't make schoolgirls cry—"

"Well it's something of an accomplishment to do even that."

"Yes, but making the fudge consuming public shed tears is a 'pipe' compared with making a grouchy business man weep over the potential misery of his to-be-bereaved family without a Credential Insurance Policy, and (modestly) I am not looking for a Carnegie medal, either."

"Certainly not," retorted the Matinee Maiden with perfect assurance, "but you haven't the eyes or the smile that makes a true hero."

True Love.

Alone and sad, unloved by all mankind,
With tender arms outstretched and bruised, He died.
The silent skies in sympathy declined
The light of day; clouds wept and the wind sighed.

O Friend of friends, Thy love hath made me weep.
What worthy deed may show my love for Thee?
The purple lips reply, "My mandates keep,
And clothe thyself in burning charity."

M. A. C.

Realism and Literature.

GEORGE P. SCHUSTER.

It is a curious fact that after writers have agreed to christen literature "the interpretation of life," there should arise so violent a discussion over the meaning of the name. Critics, schools, and "isms" are constantly embroiled over the tiny word "life." The most interesting manner of settling the dispute is evidently not to be found in a consideration of the definitions of Aristotle or Kant or Spencer. We should search for an answer rather in the ancient similes of childhood. Life we were told, is a river, a sea, a desert: but of all, the best analogy for conglomerate existence is the household garden. Chesterton has let the flowers and weeds stand for mysteries, for influences. We, however, shall prefer to take "our Father's garden" an as image of the lives of men. Here are blooming, fragrant flowers; there, some destined to noble things, but whose hearts are burrowed by worms; again we find noxious clumps of weed and rows of honest turnips. Mark Twain has told us that the cauliflower is merely a college-bred cabbage. Few there are who are able to perceive a distinct relation; if however, we imagine an author as a gifted child, playing and exploring the bower, we shall have a truthful conception of the man of genius. For a child can laugh and cry—and these two chords form the dominant melody of literature. He may see a lily broken by a passing gust and his heart will sigh; he may notice a tender pink choked with the rising weeds and angrily root up the oppressors; he may see plain, honest cabbages and laugh at their stolidity, their rugged simplicity. But he can laugh sometimes so loud as to wake the echoes with his mirth; he can cry so softly and mournfully that the winds will bear his sorrow away.

Now into this garden there comes a sage. The child, he says, does not understand life, for the blood courses too recklessly in his youthfulness. Study, observation, painstaking search for detail are the only ways to obtain the correct impression of the garden-world. With a microscopic lens and test tubes he proceeds to investigate the hidden life of the plants. Where the child had wept over a dying rose, he points without a sigh to the species of blight which has slain it. He knows, he understands; but because the Father has given the little child to see the glories of His word, we would prefer to be the red-cheeked boy.

Leaving the analogy for the moment, we see that in literature it is the childlike spirit of genius which made Chaucer and Shakespeare, Dickens and Browning to speak to the world. For this reason men have laughed and cried with them, and pressed them to their hearts. Now comes the realist. His psychology—which is, humanly speaking, the botany of the sage—shall drive away the illusion of poetry and romances. Pah, he says, what think you of life? Do not look only to the turrets and arabesques, look to the stone of the general structure. Look to the motives of action, to the prosaic realities of a thousand days of ordinary labor in ordinary sunshine. Forget the love-making, and reflect upon the bread-winner, the pangs of childbirth, the petty foibles of a monotonous existence.

The realist knows life, but, alas, he can not sing, he can not laugh, he can not cry. Somehow, he is feebly grasping at the surface and not reaching the heart of things. The unusual events are life, for of them the intimate history of the race has composed its records. Everywhere, in the history of the world, where men have begun to decry the poetic, the imaginative the ideal, there have been found the germs of decadence. Ovid loved, Plautus laughed, Virgil dreamt; but Seneca and Juvenal traced the footprints on the flagstones of human history, sneered, and shrugged their shoulders. For us, Dickens has made room on our shelves for the story of love, Tennyson's swan-song has voiced a firm faith, and Browning's resonant lines have preached hope. And after them—ah! how small seem the careful records of the Tolstoian, the minute analysis of the psychologist. For they take us back to the days when the marble pillars of the Forum began to crumble and Rome's veins were being bled. We must believe, hope, sing, or we shall die.

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Another Reckless Writer.

—Instances of reckless newspaper writing multiply. The latest is the case of the Mattoon Commercial Star which accused Mr. Roger C. Sullivan of dishonest action in connection with the election of Senator Lorimer a few years ago. Mr. Sullivan entered suit immediately, and the newspaper after making a thorough investigation was obliged to make a humble retraction. It would be an advantage to civic virtue if other public men followed Mr. Sullivan's course. Few of them are in so good a position to take this aggressive attitude, and the career of Roger C. Sullivan is open to the sun and no blemish can be found in his public life. As for his character as a man, that has always been admired even by his political enemies. He has committed only one fault—a Catholic Irishman, he has been successful.

We Should Get Rid of It.

—R. M. Caulter, Deputy Postmaster-General of Canada, in reply to an inquiry made by one of the members of the House of Commons, as to why the *Menace* was barred from the mails has this to say. We quote from the *Columbiad:*

Under the law, as you know, the Postmaster-General has power to make regulations for prohibiting the sending by post of anything indecent, obscene, immoral or scurrilous, and this power is set forth in section 178 of the Postal Guide, based on the law, where instructions are given that matter posted contrary to this prohibition *is to be stopped and sent to the Dead Letter Office, Ottawa.* The practice of the Department when matter is submitted to it by the public as coming under these provisions of the Post Office Act is to carefully examine the publication submitted, and in the event of it being considered as violating the law, to advise the Service generally that such matter is prohibited transmission by post. This was done in the case of "*The Menace,*" a United States publication, published weekly in Aurora, Missouri, which was coming into Canada.

An examination of "*The Menace*" revealed the fact that most of the contents of this paper was certainly objectionable.

He then goes on to give several extracts from the *Menace* which no respectable paper could even quote, and says he has not the least doubt that did any person choose to make these attacks of the *Menace* a personal matter and take it up under the Criminal Code the Editor would be subject to the penalties of the Criminal Code.

The law in the United States is as clear and as prohibitive as the Canadian law, reading:

SEC. 211.—Every obscene, lewd, or lascivious, and every filthy book, pamphlet, picture, paper, letter, writing, print, or other publication of an indecent character, * * * is hereby declared to be non-mailable matter and shall not be conveyed in the mails or delivered from any post-office or by any letter carrier.

And yet the *Menace* which contains nearly everything prohibited under that law goes through our mails every day. The case, however, is being looked into by the postal authorities, and it is sincerely hoped by every clean-minded citizen that it be barred immediately, and that its editor be prosecuted.

Book Reviews.

La Piedad Cristiana por el R. P. Fr. Jose Farpon Tunon de la Orden de Predicadores; Vergara, Tip. de al Santisimo Rosario. 1913.

We cordially commend this treatise to all readers of Spanish who enjoy a solid, practical and at the same time sprightly book of pious reading. Every page bears proof of the author's wisdom, experience and sweet reasonableness. There is a great variety of topics treated in the course of its three hundred pages and some of them are of extraordinary interest. Some, too, are more particularly referable to conditions in Spain than in America. The book is highly meritorious and is written in a clear, simple style most suited to the subject and the matter.

Dr. Smith on Poetry.

"Longfellow is the only great American poet." "There are no poets of the present day deserving of the appellation 'great.'" "Poetry is the highest form of human expression." "Longfellow will be remembered when Lincoln is forgotten." These are but a few of the notable utterances of Dr. John Talbot Smith in his concluding lecture in Washington hall Saturday afternoon. While his treatment of the art of poetic expression was exceptionally thorough and comprehensive, his conclusions were somewhat at a variance with the general trend of critical thought. While concurring in the sentiment that all present-day aspirants are minors, and raising no dissenting voice in his finding that real inspiration can not be effectually supplanted by "posterity and the stream of tendencies," his auditors were constrained to doubt that Longfellow is the greatest of American poets and assured of more enduring fame than the great Emancipator. Dr. Smith is refreshingly unconventional in his opinions. He is guilty of no hackneyed platitudes or insipid aphorisms. Much of the charm of his lectures lies in the fact that he shocks his hearers out of the smug complacency engendered of the feeling that they are in perfect accord with the beliefs of the speaker.

He paid a richly deserved tribute to Swinburne, declaring that that dissolute genius carried with him to the grave the last real gift of poetic expression.

Dr. Walsh on Stratford.

The social organization of the village of Shakespeare's birth, was the theme of a lecture delivered by Dr. Walsh in Washington hall Monday forenoon. Dr. Walsh exploded the popular fallacy that the present age has little to learn from preceding centuries in the domain of sociology. The care of the old and destitute in Stratford, back in the seventeenth century, he declared, might serve as a model for present-day charitable organizations. Other phases of life on the banks of the Avon were not so alluring, however, and the methods of sanitation were not well calculated to arouse much enthusiasm over an attempt at a revival thereof. The masques, festivals and other annual ceremonies were described in detail, and shed interesting light upon the environment in which the great "Bard of Avon" was reared. The ensemble effect of all the facts presented, however, if we may appropriate a term from the concert columns, was such as to make one marvel that such genius should have developed in such surroundings.

The Student Vaudeville.

The success of impromptu effort is more deserving of praise than the triumph of long preparation. The vaudeville performance staged in Washington hall Saturday evening in compliment to Dr. John Talbot Smith, while partaking of the nature of the former, was as signally successful as if the affair had been long anticipated and carefully prepared for. With but three days in which to prepare their "turns" and perfect them for presentation, the young men participating covered themselves and their instructor with glory. The campus glee club, hastily recruited for the occasion, acquitted themselves as creditably as if they had been Chataqua veterans. Arthur Carmody and Poynt Downing, an always popular pair with local music lovers, were repeatedly encored. Mr. Carmody's violin selections are invariably one of the hits of any entertainment. Then came Birder and Riley in a clever singing and dancing skit. We have long since desisted despairingly from any attempt to say anything original about Cecil Birder's work. But certainly this latest and probably last appearance of Birder on the local stage, was in several respects the best that he has ever made. His voice was even better than usual, long experience was manifest in increased gracefulness, and the clever costuming was the crowning *fait d'arms* of a wholly successful campaign for new laurels. John Riley made an excellent teammate, and their work was indubitably the best single offering of the evening. Birder has always been considered the best female impersonator seen at Notre Dame in recent years, and, in the opinion of many qualified to speak authoritatively, his last appearance assures him the reputation of having been the best portrayer of feminine rôles the school has ever boasted. The schoolroom scene, modified from "What's Next" was a repetition of earlier successes. William Cusack as Samantha, did not burlesque his recitation sufficiently, and the same criticism may be made of Joseph Smith's work. The

inimitable Rupert Mills, and his pet rooster, scored an even greater success than on his previous appearances. Raymond Eichenlaub's Italian dialect recitation was excellent, as was likewise the duet. John Hynes, mightily impressed with his importance as the "deestrick schule board," played up to his usual form, and garnered his full quota of the applause. Twomy Clifford, Frank Fox, and William Mooney played their respective parts most creditably.

Just before the conclusion of the schoolroom number, Coach Harper, in a brief address, in which he accorded Eichenlaub the distinction of being one of the greatest football players that ever crossed a gridiron, presented our popular all-Western and all-American fullback with a silver loving cup, the gift of the students of the University. When he rose to acknowledge the tribute to his splendid sportsmanship and unsurpassed playing ability, Eichenlaub was accorded an ovation, lasting for several minutes. When finally able to make himself heard, he expressed in a few felicitous phrases his very sincere appreciation of the gift, and the spirit actuating the donors.

The whole performance was characterized by the same talent and cleverness that unfailingly marks anything attempted by Professor Charlemagne Koehler, and his gifted theatrical corps. The fact that one of the school's greatest gridiron heroes was so signally honored, and that some of our best dramatic talent was making its farewell appearance, invests the last performance of the year with a peculiar charm that will linger long in the memory.

Professor Koehler and Professor Derrick merit much of the unstinted praise showered on actors and orchestra.

K. of C. Initiation.

On Sunday, May 3, Notre Dame and South Bend councils of the Knights of Columbus united in the conferring of the three degrees of the order on forty-three men from the local council and a large number from South Bend, Elkhart and surrounding cities.

The First Degree was exemplified by Michigan City Council, Number 837, in American Hall at 9:00 a. m., after which the Knights marched in a body to St. Joseph's Church where solemn high mass was sung by Rev. E. A. Davis, C. S. C., and an eloquent sermon delivered by Rev. John McGinn, C. S. C. In the afternoon the candidates received the Second Degree from Elkhart Council, Number 1043, and the Third from Charles L. Chambers and staff of Chicago.

At seven-thirty an elegant banquet was served in the Russian room of the Oliver Hotel. Rev. Father Bleckman of Michigan City acted as toast-master, and responses were made by Honorable Robert Procter of Elkhart, Mr. Charles Chambers of Chicago, Rev. Doctor John Talbot Smith of New York, and Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C. The ceremonies were attended by the largest body of Knights ever assembled in South Bend, and the enthusiasm displayed is an excellent testimonial to the progress which this powerful Catholic organization is making in Indiana and the bordering states.

Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, is now but four years old, but boasts a membership of one-hundred-sixty. Much credit for the success of the initiation program is due to Grand Knights Dickens and McGann of Notre Dame and South Bend.

Sophomore Cotillion.

The annual Sophomore Cotillion was held Wednesday evening in Place hall. Although not so largely attended as former cotillions, it was an extraordinary social success. Fischer's orchestra of Kalamazoo, which played the program of dances, was stationed in the centre of the ballroom within a booth fashioned out of palms, ferns, and streamers of the Blue and Gold of Notre Dame. College blankets decorated the walls. The grand march was led by Louis Keiffer, president of the class, with Miss Margaret Williams of South Bend. Refreshments were served in the dining-room. The committee in charge of the affair included Hugh V. Lacey, Simon Rudolph, S. Twyman Mattingly, Rudolph Kelly, Eugene R. McBride and Paul Savage.

Society Notes.

Electrical Engineering.

The Electrical Engineers were given a very instructive lecture last Tuesday evening in Edison hall, by the Dean of Electrical Engineering, Professor J. J. Green." The Development of Hydro-Electric Plants and Transmission Lines," was the topic of the evening and was well treated throughout. Lantern

slides from the General Electric Company gave many detailed views of the various hydro-electric plants throughout the country, and illustrated the latest phases of power plant installations. This lecture is the first of a series of closing lectures and inspection trips given the Senior Electricals.

Personals.

—D. E. Lanon ('06) is practicing law in Winner, South Dakota.

—Dr. Arthur Barnett Eustace, a favorite old student of the University, has removed his office in Chicago to 30 North Michigan Avenue.

—James V. Cunningham, Attorney at Law, announces the removal of his office to Suite 1610 Conway Building, 111 W. Washington Street, May 1st, 1914.

—Forrest Fletcher, former track man at Notre Dame, is directing athletics and teaching mathematics in the Mitchell High School, Mitchell, South Dakota.

—John Tully (E. E. '11) was a visitor at the University during the week. He is the secretary of the Chicago-Notre Dame Club and has much interesting news about the old boys.

—It seemed natural enough to see Art Hughes on the grounds again. Art was editor of the 1912 "Dome" and instructor for a time at the University. He is engaged in business with his father and is doing well.

—Dr. Harold N. Moyer, a devoted friend of Notre Dame and the most brilliant neurologist in the Middle Western states, has removed his office in Chicago to the Michigan Boulevard Building, 30 North Michigan Boulevard. Dr. Moyer is a favorite specialist with the students of the University.

Local News.

—What Became of the New England Club?

—Buttonhole bouquets became the rage as soon as the first campus flowers appeared.

—One glimpse at the swimmers in the lake is proof that the non-bathing days of old Stratford are not at Notre Dame.

—The Corby hall team defeated the St. Florian team of South Bend last Sunday afternoon by a score of five to three.

—At the request of Brother Florian, Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith addressed the students of St. Joseph's hall informally Tuesday evening.

—It is to be hoped that contracts are signed up for all those hundred dollar a week summer jobs that we hear so much about at this time of the year.

—Corby hall has taken the initiative in forming a hand-ball league and would like to have the coöperation of the other halls. Bill Kelleher is manager of the aggregation.

—He's on deck! "Dominic of the Keen Edged Scythe" has arrived for a season at the campus. Both morning and afternoon performances will be given. The public is invited to attend.

—The official government inspection of the local regiment will take place May 12. Local soldiers have been mighty busy the last few days shining up their reserve black shoes, not to mention the artillery itself.

—The very newest and most polite way to "pull off a skive" is to leave your visiting card at the window where the prefect can find it the following morning. It isn't necessary, however, to leave a whole card case of them as was done by a Corby haller.

—The Junior Class held its most spirited meeting of the year last Monday evening in the Sorin hall law room and chose the principal editors for the 1915 "Dome" board. The honor of editor-in-chief fell to Arthur J. Hayes, of Chisholm, Minnesota, and that of art-editor to Joseph W. Stack of Jefferson, Ohio. The business end of the "Dome" will be managed by Thomas H. Hearn of Urbana, Ohio. The assistant editors for the board will be selected by these three men.

—Last Tuesday was a holiday for the twenty-five Mexican students at the University. May 5 is the Mexican Independence day and it means to them what July 4 means to a citizen of the United States. The students did not attend classes throughout the day and were tendered a special dinner by President Cavanaugh in the Brownson refectory at one o'clock. Speeches were made and the banquet closed with the singing of the Mexican national song. The guests of honor at the dinner besides Father Cavanaugh were Rev. John Talbot Smith of New York, Father Schumacher, Father J. Burke and Brother Florian.

—The debates in the Triangular League, composed of Wabash College and Indiana and Notre Dame Universities, will be held next Friday evening. George Schuster, Fred Gushurst and Emmett Lenihan, with Martin

Walter as alternate, form the negative team that will go to Bloomington to meet the State University's affirmative team. The Wabash negative team will meet Notre Dame's affirmative team in Washington Hall. The home team is composed of J. Clovis Smith, Timothy Galvin, and Eugene O'Connell, with William M. Galvin as alternate. At the same time the Wabash affirmative team meets Indian's negative trio at Crawfordsville.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY WINS GREAT FIGHT.

Every now and then we get an exhibition of that old Notre Dame spirit that has won so many contests for the Gold and Blue when all hope seemed to be dead. In the last quarter of a football game, in the last minute of a basket ball contest, or in the final innings of a diamond struggle—it's all the same; the boys take a long breath, gather up all their strength, and proceed to overwhelm their opponents with an irresistibly fierce burst of fighting strength. That is just what happened last Saturday. With the score three to two against them, and the opposing pitcher burning them over with all the "stuff" in the world, the boys went into the eighth inning with grim determination to do something,—and they did it. When the smoke cleared away, the score stood 6–3, and so it remained for the rest of the game.

It was the most spectacular exhibition seen on the local field this year. Both teams played a fine game in the field and the pitchers succeeded in keeping the hits well scattered, until the seventh and eighth innings. Sheehan, who went in for Berger in the eighth session, held the visitors completely baffled in the final sessions. "Heinie" also pitched good ball, keeping the hits well scattered until a double in the 7th, with two men on the sacks; put the Aggies a run to the good.

In the first inning, after Bergman had fanned, Lathrop drove out a pretty single. Farrell went out on a long fly, and then "Zipper" purloined the midway station. Rupe Mills produced the necessary bingle, and Lathrop trotted home with the first tally.

"Rupe" did the damage again in the fourth, hitting to deep right, and when the ball was fielded poorly, the tall New Jerseyite stretched the double into a three sacker. After Meyers was out on an infield swat, Bjoin drove one at the pitcher, and was safe on the latter's fumble. He promptly stole second. Miller was taking no chances on Gray, as he had already connected safely, so he gave "Dolly" four wide ones, filling the bags. But "Heinie" Berger fooled Mr. Miller, by driving a hot one to short, that was fumbled, making things safe all around, and bringing Mills home.

In the fifth, Michigan broke into the scoring column. Dodge hit safely to get on, and went to second when Chilton produced a Texas leaguer. Berger caught Dodge off second on a pretty piece of team work, but Mogge singled again, putting Chilton on the middle sack. Frimadig poked a hot one at Harry Newning, but Harry fielded the ball to second in time to catch Mogge. In attempting to make it a double play, Mills threw wide to Farrell, and Chilton scored. Bibbings, hit a slow one to Meyers, who caught Frimadig between third and home.

The seventh was the Farmers' big session. Berger started the trouble by passing Fuller. Dodge hit safely for the third time, but "Heinie" fanned the next batter. Mogge was thrown out at first by Newning, but his teammates moved up to second and third. Then Frimadig came across with the double that scored two runs.

"Cy" Farrell came up in the eighth with blood in his eyes. The first ball pitched looked good, so Cy walloped it to right field for three sacks. Mills flied out, but Meyers drove a hit at the third baseman, playing in close that took him off his feet. Farrell came in, tieing the score. Duggan, batting for Bjoin, poled out a pretty drive to center, and both he and Meyers scored on Harry Newning's stinging triple. Harry scored from third when Frimadig clung to Gray's ground hit too long to get anyone. Sheehan fanned, and Pliska went out by the sky route. But it was enough—the game was securely pocketed.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Bergman, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Pliska, lf	2	0	1	1	0	0
Lathrop, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Farrell, 1b	4	1	1	10	0	0
Mills, 2b	4	1	2	2	2	1
Meyers, ss	4	1	1	4	5	0
Bjoin, rf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Duggan, rf	1	1	1	0	0	0
H. Newning, 3b	4	1	1	1	4	1
Gray, c	3	0	1	7	1	0
Berger, p	2	0	0	0	1	0
Sheehan, p	1	0	0	0	1	0
D. Newning	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	6	9	27	14	2

MICHIGAN AGGIES	AB	R	H	P	A	E
E. Chilton, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	0
Fick, ss	4	0	0	0	2	1
Fuller, 2b	4	1	0	1	0	0
Dodge, rf	4	1	3	1	0	1
L. Chilton, lf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Mogge, cf	4	0	1	2	0	1
Frimadig, 1b	3	0	1	9	0	0
Bibbings, c	2	0	0	10	0	0
Miller, p	3	0	0	0	4	1
Totals	32	3	6	24	7	4

Notre Dame	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	4	*	—6
Michigan A. C.	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	—3

Two base hits—Mills, Frimadig; three base hits—H. Newning, Farrell; stolen Bases—Lathrop, Bjoin, Gray. Double play—Meyers to Farrell. Hits—off Berger, 6 in 7 innings; off Sheehan, none in two innings; off Miller, 9 in 9 innings. Struck out, by Berger, 6; by Miller, 9. Bases on balls, off Berger, 1; off Miller, 1. Hit by pitcher, by Berger, 1. Left on bases, M. A. C, 3; Notre Dame, 7. Umpire, Anderson.

On Sunday morning the Varsity leaves on its Eastern trip. The first game will be played against the University of West Virginia at Morgantown on Monday. After that, Georgetown, Army, Princeton, Catholic U., Navy will be met in order. It is hoped that Kelly, who has been suffering from a severe attack of appendicitis, will be able to pitch at least a part of the games. Besides the Coach there will be about fifteen men taken on the trip, although the squad has not yet been officially announced.

The Arkansas game for Wednesday was not played through a misunderstanding about the schedule, and on Thursday, it would have taken a water polo team to navigate about Cartier Field. The same conditions existed yesterday, so the Chinese game was called off. This means that the home enthusiasts will not see another contest until the 29th, when St. Viators do the honors at the home grounds.

The Northwestern track meet, which was scheduled for today, was also called off, at the request of the Illinois team. A big attraction, however, is promised for a week from today, when the Varsity meets the I. A. C. for the second time this season. Capt. Henihan has high hopes of handing the visitors some of their own medicine.

WALSH. 5; CORBY, 4.

Walsh won from Corby last Thursday in one of the most interesting and most spectacular games ever seen in interhall circles. Walsh got away to an early lead, but Corby tied it up in the seventh. Both teams fought desperately for another tally, but neither could score until the twelfth, when a base on balls, two hits and two stolen bases gave Walsh two tallies, which was enough to win despite a game rally by Corby which netted one run.

Brooks pitched splendid ball for Walsh, having only one bad inning, the seventh. The former catcher was a complete surprise, striking out twelve men and holding his opponents at his mercy throughout the long-drawn out contest. Darwin started the game for Corby, but was relieved by Dorais in the fifth. The latter used his all-American head to great advantage and pitched a strong game.

"Ernie" Burke, Corcoran and Nigro were the Corby stars, while Brooks, Campbell and Tchudi were constantly in the limelight for Walsh. "Yank" Hayes made himself a hero by driving home the winning runs in the twelfth.

After Walsh had apparently sewed up the game in the first of the twelfth, Corby came back strong and looked like a winner for a moment. Grimes walked and stole second. Corcoran hit over Hayes' head in right, scoring Grimes, but being thrown out at the plate when he tried to stretch his long drive into a homer. The score:

Walsh	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	—	5
Corby	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	1	—	4

Batteries: Walsh—Brooks and Leuty; Corby—Dorwin, Dorais and Keifer, Larkin.

SORIN, 1; BROWNSON, 6.

The interhall fans who were looking forward to a great pitchers' battle between Cassidy, the old South Bend High School star, and "Slim" Walsh, who pitched a wonderful game against Walsh a week ago, were sorely disappointed last Sunday when the latter was shut out by a new ruling of the Faculty on eligibility. The "Bcokies" sent Dick Collins, a southpaw, into the box, and in spite of the fact that he was suffering from a sore arm, he pitched heady ball and with better support might have given Brownson a better game.

Cliff Cassidy was the big star for Brownson. The Sorinites were completely baffled by his speed and curves, and were able to garner but three hits off his delivery. Two of these by Havlin and Collins were bunched in the seventh and brought in Sorin's only run. Cofall and Hines played good ball for Sorin in the infield, while "Duck" O'Donnell caught a good game.

Mottz starred behind the bat for Brownson, while Thorpe and Kline played good ball in the infield. Voelkers, who was Sorin's leading slugger last year, played center field for Brownson, and will undoubtedly add strength to the team when he gets a little more practice.

										R	H	E
Sorin	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	3	3
Brownson	0	3	0	0	1	0	2	0	*	6	9	6

Batteries: Collins and O'Donnell; Cassidy and Mottz. Umpires—Lathrop and Kane.

Safety Valve.

REAL MODESTY.

The young ladies of St. Mary's Academy decided unanimously that the members of the debating teams, that clashed last Thursday, were able to talk too fast and too fluently for any good use. What show would a woman have in a household with a man who talked like that?

***

In the newspaper report of last Saturday's entertainment in Washington hall we find this sentence: "Rupe Mills came on the stage with a chicken under his arm." What d'you mean?

***

NICE WORDS.

Butterfly
Rose Bud
Vanilla Wafers
John Donald McDonald.

***

When O'Connell, speaking before St. Mary's girls, started his speech by saying, "Gentlemen," it simply showed—what did it show?

***

THE DAILY DIALOGUE AT THE TRAINING TABLE.

"You are old, Captain Rockne," Gus Dorias began,
And your hair is become very white,
And yet you eat peas with the back of your hand
Do you think it is perfectly right?

"'Tis a fault, 'tis a fault," Captain Rockne replied,
"But what is a fellow to do,
Who must use a potato each day of his life
Instead of a stocking and shoe?"

"You are getting quite fat," little Dorais began,
"And you've chops on the side of your face,
Yet you slide up a pole like a fifty-pound youth
And jump thirteen feet into space."

"Alas! every word that you speak is quite true,
But the reason is not far to seek,
At the college they feed me on Quaker Oat mush
When they've chicken, they give me the beak."

"But you used to run round on the track like a boy,
Now your feet are uncommonly big,
And you look like an elephant running a race,
Or an Indian dancing a jig."

"In the days of my youth," Captain Rockne replied,
"I had never untamable bunions,
But I got them the night that our dog Tubby died,
For I swallowed a peck of green onions."

"You are slow, Captain Rockne," spoke Dorais again,
But before half the sentence was through,
He was hit on the back of the neck with a bun,
And handed a dish of hot stew.

***

AS IT USUALLY HAPPENS.

He was a modest youth with deep soulful eyes and a beaming face. No one ever heard him boast of himself in anything, and it was never even suspected among the boys that he could play baseball—but to my story.

It was the last of the ninth inning and the opposing team was one run ahead. True there were two men on bases, but there were two outs and Murphy the star batter, and the next up, had suddenly taken a chill and was unable even to hold a bat. Now unless some one was put in to replace Murphy the game was lost for the next man was a weak hitter. Reginald, however, did not even offer himself, but looked on in his modest way as though he were unworthy. Finally as the coach looked at him he was inspired, but he had actually to drag the youth to the plate to make him bat.

"One strike!" called the umpire, and the crowd was all excitement. "Two strikes!" came the stern voice, and a tremor passed over the crowd, but Reginald remained unmoved, his eyes riveted on the pitcher. There was just one strike between the home team and bitter defeat, and even the oldest fan thought all was lost with such a youth at bat. The pitcher wound up for the last ball with unusual force and the ball came straight as an arrow—"Three strikes" yelled the umpire. They dropped Reginald in the lake with his modest look and soulful eyes.

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The first thing we know, Will Towle of Carroll Hall will be getting rough. We saw him wearing a sweater the other day.

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Last Thursday when our two debating teams performed at St. Mary's, students who didn't know what Initiative and Referendum meant became suddenly interested in the question.

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Yes, the girls liked O'Connell's speech.

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Especially when he shouted, "Gentlemen, do you know that last year eighty thousand babies were made widows?"

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News item: Art Hayes is Ed-in-Chief of the 1915 Dome.

Advance advertising notice: "Copies of the Dome Dictionary Supplement may be obtained at small additional cost."