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The Ruined Church.

YOUR crown the rose-lit moss
Your hymn the sad wind's dirge;
The creepers hang
Where bells once rang;
And at your base the wild waves surge.

The verdant ivy creeps
Along your crumbling wall,
And all is still
Save for the shrill
Notes of the curlew's evening call.

No more your shadows dance
To tapers in the gloam,
Your children fair
Who knelt in prayer
Are long since gathered to their home.

G. D. Haller.

The Greek Chorus.

BY HUBERT P. WEIDNER.

THE aesthetic pleasure that we enjoy to-day when attending some music-drama or musical comedy is very similar to the enjoyment which the early Greeks derived from their primitive song and dance performances. When we follow the plot of the comedy staged with gusto, and observe the gaily clad chorus appear from time to time to relieve the attention required to listen to dialogues, we imagine that a chorus is an embellishment brought in to enliven the spectators and that it has no relation to the plot. To-day this is usually the case, but the reverse was true when dramatic art began. A study of the origin of histrionic art reveals that the chorus was of primary importance, while a plot was only admitted later.

The history of the Greek chorus involves the whole process of development of all literary and histrionic arts. We find the first indications in a crude combination of speech, dancing, music, and gesticulation by which the primitive people expressed their feelings. This combination, from which so many arts have sprung, may be called the Ballad Dance. Already in primitive antiquity do we find that this Ballad Dance was divided into a variety of forms. One of these forms was the dithyramb, a dance used in the festival worship of the god Dionysus or Bacchus, the god of wine and good cheer. Just as the modern drama has its origin in the Mystery Plays, or plays connected with the Christian religion and worship, so the Greek plays had their origin in the worship of pagan gods. The dances of the Greeks expressed ideas just as our music or language expresses ideas. If we accept the definition of drama: "thought expressed in action," then the performance of the ancient Greek choruses is drama. The dancing in honor of the wine-god took place at his festivals, when the harvest had been made and the grapes gathered, or when the casks of old wine were tapped. Everybody was happy, and to express their joy they danced around the deity's altar just as now we often see children forming a circle in play to sing and dance from sheer happiness.

The people of Attica had four festivals each year in honor of "Dionysus, the giver of physical joy and excitement, the enemy of everything that can darken or deaden the vital spirit in man." First came the Vintage Feast, then the Lenaea or Feast of the Wine-press, then the Feast of Flowers, finally the Great Dionysia. The first was kept in the country and was also called the Rural Dionysia, the others were celebrated in Athens. At these celebrations the animated crowd would gather round the altar to sing hymns in honor of the god; some one would tell the fables of his adventures. To imagine these adventures more fully a group of ingenious singers would dress like *satyrs* who were goat-like beings and were

supposed to have accompanied Dionysus on his adventures. Thus a chorus was formed, usually of youths under the influence of wine, who would sing the dithyramb. The singing was at first impromptu, suiting the chant to the dancing. Later the most ingenious member of this chorus would be set apart as leader to insure order and regularity—virtues in the Greek mind indispensable at public events. In time this leader would act out part of the legends of Bacchus, and the chorus commented lyrically or even took part in the action. One of the first of these leaders was Thespis who was a poet, and he acted his stories. He was the first to write out the lyrics for the chorus. Before him every performance of this kind was mere improvisation.

When the leader of the chorus began to act, the drama had its beginning. Not only could the leader act the part of Bacchus but he could change costume or mask and create a second "dramatis personae." As soon as this step was taken, a plot was possible. To keep the chorus regulated and have a leader, since the first leader acted independently, a new one was chosen. This, then, added another actor and made more complex plots possible. Now the chorus was so arranged that the principal actor or speaker stood on an elevation in the centre and he held the dialogue with the leader of the chorus who was called "hypocrites" or answerer.

Another author who wrote mythological stories of the gods, that were sung by choruses was Phrynichus. He improved the organization by dividing the chorus into smaller bands, one of which might represent a group of elders or soldiers and another a group of maidens or matrons. Phrynichus in his "Phoenissae" celebrated the deeds of Athens in the Persian wars in this fashion and greatly moved his spectators. The satyrs, or goat-like attendants of Bacchus kept their place in the worship.

It is interesting to note that when we arrange the tragedies of Aeschylus, the real founder of drama, in chronological order we discover several stages of artistic growth. The first of his tragedies extant is the "Suppliants." In it the chorus is of chief importance. It represents the suppliant maidens in whose fate we are interested. This semi-lyric entertainment was like a modern oratorio, or a sacred choral seance. The choral song was occasionally relieved by recitatives of individual actors, or by a dialogue between an actor and the leader of the chorus.

Another writer of tragic representations was Sophocles. In his tragedies the chorus was only of secondary importance since he made the dialogue the principal vehicle for expressing his ideas. The two greatest of the Greek tragedians, Sophocles and Euripides, achieved the highest success in dramatic productions. They gave the chorus a definite place, not at all dispensable. To say that the dramas of the Greeks are parallel to our opera is false. In grand opera the words and music are indeed combined, but the music is of paramount importance, while with the Greeks the words were all important.

There is, however, one relic of the Greek chorus with us to-day, and that is the modern orchestra. The name itself is derived from the Greek word which signified the place where the chorus danced. In the Greek theatre a large circular space in front of the stage was the dancing place or orchestra. Their stage was usually an earth or wooden elevation. At first there was no scene, but in time when costumes had to be changed a wooden or skin wall was erected behind which the actor could retire. This was later built so as to represent the front of a house or temple. Just as now the orchestra plays between scenes or acts, so then the chorus danced and sang the interludes. The songs were written in "strophes" and "antistrophes." The words mean "turn" and "return;" from this meaning it is thought that a stanza or strophe was sung in dancing in one direction and the next in turning back in the dance. The women's parts were always acted by men as in the early Elizabethan time. When the leading rôle was a woman's part, the chorus represented women, unless for artistic reasons the poet wished to isolate the heroine as in "Antigone" of Sophocles where the chorus consists of elders. The process of taking out one member of the chorus to make an actor of him, and choosing another to lead the chorus has its parallel in the orchestra today where the conductor is placed apart to interpret the music, while one of the principal players is chosen concert-master or leading instrumentalist. So far as we have derived modern tragedy from a primitive "goat-song" and comedy from the "village-song," we have evolved the modern orchestra from the ancient chorus.

Not by the Years.

NOT by the many years that we shall live
Nor by the varied roads we daily wend,
Not by the strength and vigor that is ours
Do we receive our merit in the end.

Who lives the little life he has to live,
Though it be filled with suffering and tears,
And gives himself a willing sacrifice
Has stood against the torrent of the years.

Some toil unceasing in untrodden fields
They bear the scorching heat and drenching rain,
And some with wasted bodies lie at home
And give the only gift they have—their pain.

And God looks down on each with eyes of love
And keeps him daily in His tender care,—
Not by the years we live, does merit come,
But by the deeds we do and pains we bear.

R. G. W.

Crafton's Mistake.

BY MICHAEL MULCAIR.

Crafton was evidently uneasy. This was something unusual, for since his recovery from an injury received in the head during a football game he had been one of the most sociable and friendly inmates of the sanatorium. But his customary bright and cheerful manner was absent this morning. He spoke only when spoken to, and then in monosyllables. Everything had gone wrong with him. His plans and hopes had all been blasted, everything was topsy-turvy. He had planned to return home that morning, but the doctor had just left word that he should remain there another week. A sanatorium is a fine place at certain times for certain people, but it is no place for the coach of Emerson football team when Emerson is to play Bowen the next day for the state championship. It is no place either for a fellow who is in love with Rosie Reilly.

Rosie was the pride of her home town. Her beautiful brown eyes and her golden hair had made many a young lady jealous. Crafton had won Rosie's affection after a hard fight, and even now he did not feel his position any too strong. So the fear of losing her was an ever-present fear for Crafton. It was little wonder then that he went about his work that morning with a heavy heart.

The crisp winter air made him homesick. He could imagine he saw his team breaking through the Bowen line. He could see "Rosy" Brady, the Irish captain, and fullback go over the line for the only touchdown, but he could see another Rosie, his sweetheart, standing by his side, cheering as though victory for Emerson meant victory for her. All these things flashed before his mind as he stood on the porch of the sanatorium.

The inmates were walking back and forth through the lawn, some singing, others laughing. Everybody was happy but Crafton. Their songs and merriment bored him. He wanted solitude, some place where he could sit and think and be alone. He climbed upstairs to his room, pushed open the door and threw himself into the "Morris-chair" in the corner. He took out a cigarette and lit it. Cigarettes had a certain soothing effect on Crafton when he was in any way disturbed, and surely he needed one that morning. He picked up the morning paper and unconsciously he turned to the "sporting page." The first column contained various comments on the Emerson–Bowen game and victory was predicted for Bowen. He threw the paper aside and picked up his mail. There was a letter from Brady full of hope that the coach would be home for the game. There was also a letter from Rosie who expressed her happiness at the thought of seeing her lover so soon and also expressing surprise that he had not written for such a long time. Yes, he had neglected to write to her, for he had hoped to carry in person that message of love which the pen fails to convey. There were a few other letters congratulating him on his speedy recovery and hoping he would pilot his team to victory over Bowen.

His cigarette had burned low and the soothing effects which follow a "Pall-Mall" had not yet reached him. He took out another and lit it, then he relapsed into a state of melancholy. But he aroused himself immediately. He had work to do. He must answer Brady's letter at once. He was so disturbed that he felt as though he could not properly express himself. Rosie's letter, also, was of the utmost importance and required serious thought before it could be answered. Rosie, like most girls in love, was sensitive and considered it a serious offence if her lover's letters were not well-written. Crafton knew this, so it was little wonder that he dreaded the task of answering

her letter while he was in such a state of mind. But if Rosie became angry because she received a poorly written letter, she became utterly inconsolable if he should delay the answer a day. So he had to answer at once or run the chances of losing his fickle sweetheart. Brady's letter, too, must be answered promptly.

Since it was impossible for him to be present to direct the play, he must at least send such directions as were necessary. Bowen was weak at right tackle. He must tell Brady to direct the plays through that tackle. Then also Brady must kick high to give his ends a chance to get down the field. There were several instructions which only a coach could think of. There was little time to be lost, as the mail left in a few minutes. But letter writing was almost mechanical with Crafton, and in a few minutes the letters were written and on their way. With a sigh of relief, he threw himself into a hammock on the lawn. He felt satisfied that everything would be all right.

Gradually his dreary, melancholy manner of the morning was displaced by a spirit of resignation. He felt that he had expressed his feelings to Rosie in the letter which was now on its way. And he had given Brady sufficient instructions for the game. He tried as best he could to adapt himself to the inevitable. He wore a pleasant smile for those whom he met, and had a pleasant word for those whom he addressed. In spite of his forced sociability, his heart was troubled. Perhaps it was the suspense and responsibility which a coach must feel for his team when they are on the eve of a great battle that dampened his spirits. Whatever it was, he was troubled. Visions of Rosie kept passing in pleasant review before his mind, as he strained his eyes to penetrate those distant mountains behind which he knew she was waiting for him. It had been a tiresome day for him and he needed rest, so he retired earlier than usual. But sleep was as far from him as peace of mind, and it was a relief when the first sign of dawn crept in through his window. He arose and took a walk, long before the other inmates had arisen. He stole back quietly to his room, where he remained all day, occupying himself by reading over and over the letter which he had received from Rosie. He had placed her picture before him on the desk, hoping to find some consolation in the brown eyes and golden hair. As the day grew older the strain became more intense. The game must now be over. Who had won? Had Emerson? These and a thousand other questions he asked himself. He knew that Brady would send a telegram after the game, but he thought it would never come. He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by a knock at the door. A youth entered and handed him the telegram. It was from Brady as he expected: "Emerson, 5; Bowen, 10," was all it said.

This was the climax. It was what he had dreaded but had hoped would not happen. Now all was lost. His reputation as a coach would be at an end. Where could he seek for comfort? He threw himself into the chair and his eyes rested on the picture of Rosie. No, *everything* was not lost. While Rosie remained true, all was well. From her he must seek consolation, with her he must forget the defeat of Emerson. He would leave to-morrow, in spite of the doctor's advice, and go to her. He called for his mail next morning before he started. There were two letters for him. The first was from Brady. He tore it open to see what he had to say about the game. The letter read:

DEAR CRAFTON:—

I have already wired you the result of the game. I hope you are not so far gone, that you will not understand this letter. All at Emerson sympathize with you in your malady. We had feared for your welfare, as so many diseases set in after an injury in the head, but we hoped it would not prove so serious as to affect your sanity, and above all to result in Love-madness. Your letter telling me of your burning love for me was a disappointment, as I expected some advice on how to play the game. The result of which, although no doubt disappointing to you, is even more so to us. Our team played well, but couldn't win. We never found Bowen's weak spot until the last few minutes and then we tore them to pieces. Their right tackle couldn't play marbles. If we only knew it earlier, the result would be different. We lost our heads completely, I kicked too far and the ends never got down under the ball. But when you consider the circumstances, we played a good game.

Hoping your insanity will not prove serious, I remain sincerely yours,

J. BRADY.

Crafton re-read the letter before he could believe himself. In all his time at Emerson he had never known Brady to get sore. It was indeed hard to lose, but to write such a letter, making fun of the instructions which had been sent him, and to accuse the coach

of "love-madness" was inexcusable. He would write immediately to Brady and demand an explanation.

Crafton had almost forgotten in his anger that he had received another letter. He looked at the handwriting. It was a shaky, nervous scrawl. He could not recognize it at first, but when he looked at the post-mark and saw it was marked "Rue," he knew it was from Rosie. He was alarmed. He couldn't understand how Rosie's large legible writing could become so cramped and shaky. She must be sick. He tore open the envelope and had to look at the bottom of the page and see "Miss Reilly" signed to it before he would believe it was from her. Half terrified he began to read.

Rue, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—

Your cowardly letter does not deserve this answer. So insulting and abusive did it appear to me at first reading, that I could not believe it, and it was both a shock and a surprise to me on reading it a second time to find it was true. I have long doubted your sincerity, yet I was so shocked when I read your letter, that even now I have not fully recovered. "Keep your head," "Use water on your face," "hit tackle hard," "kick high so that your ends may get down." I repeat the phrases to show you how mean and insignificant the man must be who would address them to a lady. You ask me for my picture, taken in "togs." You insulting brute. I demand of you the picture which you already possess, and henceforth I regard our friendship at an end. I will try to forget you, though I can never forgive the insult.

MISS REILLY.

Crafton smiled when he had finished. Rosie was not usually a joker so he thought he could appreciate this one. Rosie must have seen Brady and he had shown her the letter which Crafton had just received. Yet something troubled him. He had not expected such a joke and he was not prepared for it. Rosie had never before written such a serious joke. He read the letter again. It could not be a joke, it was all too serious.

He held the letter in his hand. Suddenly everything began to swim before his eyes. He dropped to the ground, where he remained until a nurse found him some time later. When he regained his senses he was lying on his bed. He had but a faint recollection of all that had happened. When the clouds cleared away from his aching brain, he realized that it was all too true. In his hurry to mail the letters, he had put the wrong letter in Brady's envelope and had sent Brady's letter to Rosie!

Easy Money.

BY. R. D. GOTTWALD.

James Francis Billington, commonly called "Jim," was a carefree individual who had little if any worry in this world. His mode of living was in the present, the future never bothered him, and he owed his existence chiefly to his close attention and following up of the old maxim, that a fool is born every minute. His only occupation was that of taking money away from innocent and unsuspecting people by some sort of artifice.

Promptly at three o'clock he was at the Grand Central station. By telephone he had arranged to meet one John Harvey Dillon at this time and place. Dillon was familiarly known to Billington as "Jack" and was his colleague and co-partner in all his enterprises.

Upon this occasion Billington wore a handsome black frock coat, trousers to match, patent leather shoes, a diamond stud in his plain black cravat, a high silk hat and a large diamond ring on the fourth finger of his left hand. All this wealth which made him the very picture of what prosperity must be, was the investment of his share of the profits of the "Chicago deal" which he and Dillon had planned and executed. This "Chicago deal," as they both termed it, was none other than the purchasing of a vacant lot in the heart of the Lake Shore residential district and having brick and lumber hauled and placed upon it. As was foreseen the anxious people who lived in this neighborhood came to inquire as to what they intended to build and when they were told politely "a livery stable," they became indignant at such an infringement upon their rights and social distinction, and without going any further with their inquiry immediately offered them double the price they had paid for the lot. This offer was accepted.

John Harvey Dillon arrived a few minutes after three o'clock. He was wearing the latest of fashions and his general appearance showed plainly that he too had been spending his share of the money given Billington and himself to desist from building the livery stable. He greeted his pal Jim with, "What is it this time, old man?" In return Jim said, "I'll tell you soon, but first let us have a drink." Jack assented, and as they walked to the

cafe at the far end of the large waiting room both looked prosperous enough to have been mistaken for bank presidents.

After quenching their thirst they found a table in one corner of the cafe room at which they sat down to talk over the new plan.

"I suppose, my dear Jack," began Billington, "that you are in need of money again?"

"Yes," admitted Dillon. "You know it is getting to be a serious matter with me and the widow over in Brooklyn, and if I could only get the money, now while I have these good clothes, to buy her a nice diamond ring I am sure my chances for retirement would be cinched."

"Well," resumed Jim, "you can get it if you will assist me with another little scheme that I have been thinking of for the past few days."

"All right," agreed Dillon. "What is it?"

Billington drew forth from his vest pocket a large sparkling diamond ring which was an exact duplicate of the one he wore on the little finger of his left hand.

"Look!" he said, "ain't she a daisy? How much do you think I paid for it?"

Dillon had been lounging in his chair, but at first sight of the ring he sat straight up, placed his hands upon his knees and leaned forward to get a better view of it.

"I couldn't guess, Jim," he said in a surprised tone—"how much?"

"One dollar and eighty-nine cents," smiled Billington. "It's an imitation. Got it up on Broadway."

For the next half hour both men were busy talking and they no doubt would have continued longer had they not heard the train caller sing out the name of a certain city.

"That's my train," said Jim as he rose from the table and placed the imitation ring back in his vest pocket. "Good-bye. See you later."

He extended his hand to Dillon, who gave it a hearty shake. He then hurried out of the cafe and across the waiting room to the ticket window. "Sandville. One way," he said.

Eight o'clock that evening found Billington stepping from the last coach of the twentieth limited to the depot platform in Sandville. He squared his shoulders, took a deep breath of the pure night air, set his hat straight upon his head and proceeded up the main street to the hotel.

Billington soon arrived at the City Hotel, and the proprietor, Mr. Peterson, greeted him, secretly wondering who his prosperous looking customer might be. He registered and selected a large front room on the first floor, where he went after inquiring if there was any mail for him. The next day he asked again, morning noon and evening if there was a letter for him. He repeated this inquiry several times and finally on the fourth day after his arrival being informed by Mr. Peterson that there was still no letter for him, he told the proprietor how he had been expecting money with which he was to go on to New York and close a business deal, and that he was expected there on this very day, but could not go now because of his failure to receive the important letter. Mr. Peterson being a kindly man expressed his desire to do all that he could for him and asked how much money he required. Billington said that he would need at least five hundred dollars to bind the contract with the New York firm, and in addition said that if he would lend him that amount he would leave his ring as security for the loan. The proprietor examined the diamond ring that Billington had on his left hand. It looked to him to be far more valuable than five hundred dollars. However, Mr. Peterson though, he was a kind-hearted man was hard to deceive and to make doubly sure he agreed to loan the money on condition that the value of the ring be certified by a jeweler. Billington consented and the ring was taken to the leading jeweler in the city, who said it was worth at least one thousand dollars. This satisfied Peterson and returning to the hotel the five hundred dollar loan was consummated. Billington took the imitation diamond from his vest pocket and exchanging it for the ring upon his finger laid it upon the desk. "I shall return in one week and pay off the loan," he said to Mr. Peterson as that gentleman handed him the five hundred dollars in green backs.

The following day another prosperous looking person registered at the hotel in Sandville. This was John Harvey Dillon of New York, and who, as he had told the hotel proprietor, was a representative of the largest jewelry concern of that city. He was stopping over night in Sandville and was to take a train to Chicago the next day. At this particular time Mr. Peterson was interested in anybody or anything that had any relation to jewelry, so he and Dillon became quite friendly. He

thought, what an excellent chance it would be to display the wonderful diamond ring he had in his possession; Dillon was a jeweler and he felt sure he would praise such a rare type of stone. Thereupon he showed him the diamond ring and explained to him that he was holding it as security against a five hundred dollar loan; that it was worth a thousand dollars and that he was hoping more and more every day that the owner would not return to redeem it.

Dillon took the ring, walked over to the window and examined it in the light. In a moment he came back to the desk and handed it to Peterson. Dillon looked at him and laughed.

"What's the matter?" inquired the anxious proprietor.

"What's the matter!" answered Dillon. "Why, that ring isn't worth anything. Who ever told you it was worth a thousand dollars?"

Mr. Peterson became uneasy and told him how the leading jeweler of the city had passed his opinion on the value of the ring and had offered him as much as twelve hundred dollars for it, but when Dillon still persisted that it was not worth anything, and so sure was he that it was an imitation that he would wager his life on it, his uneasiness increased, and he suggested that Dillon accompany him to the jeweler to again ascertain the value of the ring. Dillon went with him, and this time the jeweler explained to Peterson that this ring was an imitation and worth only a few dollars, and that it was not the same stone that he had examined four or five days before as that one was genuine. Both returned to the hotel, the one, Peterson, realizing that he had been the victim of a swindler, the other, Dillon, confident that he had been successful thus far and hoping that his good luck would continue.

The next morning before leaving the hotel, Dillon told the proprietor that out of curiosity he would like to have the ring, and offered to buy it from him for ten dollars. Thinking that as long as the stone was of practically no value it would be useless to him and that he might as well get as much as he could for it, Mr. Peterson reluctantly accepted his offer. Dillon, after he had secured the ring, had accomplished his part of the plan and soon boarded a train for New York.

Just one week from the time he left Sandville, and as he promised he would, Billington returned to pay off the loan and redeem his ring. He entered the City Hotel and smiling at the proprietor he deposited on the desk a neat package of bills amounting to five hundred dollars. Peterson recognized him at first sight.

"You crook!" he cried, as he shook his fist at him and tried hard to swallow the lump of indignation that was in his throat.

Billington in an apparently surprised manner said that he was insulted; he had come to pay back the money he had borrowed and he wanted him to return the diamond ring. Peterson still angered by Billington's unexpected arrival told him again that he was a swindler, that his ring was an imitation, and that he had sold it for ten dollars, which was more than it was worth. Billington then told him it was worth a thousand dollars as the jeweler said it was worth that amount, and that some one must have given him an imitation for the good ring. It now dawned upon Peterson that perhaps the prosperous looking jewelry salesman was the crook as he remembered showing him the ring and it was not impossible for him to exchange for the good ring the imitation that he returned.

Both Billington and Peterson sought legal counsel. It was plainly seen that Billington had a cause for action, and so it was arranged that Peterson pay five hundred dollars, which amount was still due Billington on the total value of the ring, and thus avoid the additional expenses of litigation. This amount Billington accepted, and in less than an hour he was once more speeding toward New York.

As previously decided, Billington met Dillon at the cafe in the Grand Central station. They secured the same table at which they sat a week before and formed the plan.

"Let's see," said Billington, as he fingered over a large roll of bills, "the net profits are a thousand dollars and allowing about one hundred for the necessary expenses will leave us nine hundred dollars clear. That means about four hundred and fifty dollars each which is not bad for one week's work. Eh? Here's your share Jack and with it go my best wishes for success over in Brooklyn."

"And here," said Dillon, as he reached in his vest pocket, "is your one dollar and eighty-nine cent imitation diamond ring. What will I do with it?"

"Cut down expenses," replied Billington, with his usual laugh. "Give it to the widow."

Spring in Derbyshire 1575.

SPEER STRAHAN.

As Norbert drew Cecily's rein to descend into the village, here and there a light from the cottages shone out, piercing the gathering dusk, and scattering the hillside with stray patches of candle flame. The narrow road, bordered on either side by hedges of boxwood, lay thick with dust that rose in clouds when Cecily broke to a run. They had left Shrewsbury in the morning, had ridden hard all day, and now as they came in sight of the town, she slackened her pace and dropped into a walk, her mane shaking, Norbert swaying to and fro in the saddle, his gray eyes turned lazily forward, his thoughts far away with Dorothy. Below, a gilded spire thrust itself toward the darkened sky, a few slate roofs gleamed out bright under the young moon, and the shining river wound away into the distance, losing itself in a shroud of evergreens. At one entrance to the village, a bridge was thrown across the stream, but the current escaping sped away more swiftly than before under the magic of moonlit ripples and dancing waves. When Cecily passed the church, Norbert drew rein, and stopped for a moment. Through the open door, he saw the pews filled with yeomen, sons and daughters of those who, in the reign of Henry, had paid for their religion with their lives; farther ahead were a few of gentle birth; and above Mr. Lutkin, the rector, bawling out the lessons in a deep voice, answered by the shrill tones of the clerk.

Could this be the same church, old Holy Rood, that two years before had echoed with the soft cadences of the chant, that had caught the pale clouds of incense and wafted them toward heaven, that had held even the Eucharistic God Himself!

An Epitaph.

Here lies what's left us now of Marx the Great,
Who on the throne of social wisdom sate;—
Self-constituted lord of those who sought
For social good in socialistic thought.
He tore religion from a long-duped earth;
Proclaimed the money laws that gave it birth,
And then since God was but a growth of pelf,
Denying God, he took the place himself.

A. McD.

The Fleecing.

BY WILLIAM MCNAMARA.

"Well," said Chuck to his silent friend who sat opposite him and twirled his thumbs, "what's wrong with you? Are you afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance?

"No," said Buck, "I was just giving the college yell of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum and incidentally figuring out how you and I are going to pay the room-rent, buy twenty-five cent cigars and lie around all day with a $6.75 capital. Now," continued the thumb twirler, "our pecuniary tide is on the ebb and we must financially rope, throw and slaughter some poor unfortunate with more money than brains and relieve him of as much of the former as is compatible with our reputation as Charity Workers of the sleight of hand class. I have been turning over several plans in my mind and have decided how to obtain the largest profit at the least risk and inconvenience."

"You alone, or am I also to be a conspirator against the uneducated class?" interrupted his partner.

"Well, Chuck, you are as necessary to the plan as a wheel is to a wheelbarrow. You know I tried to work alone and I failed. I tried collecting money for the orphans of Belgium, but I was caught at it. On Christmas Eve I donned a Salvation Army suit and held out my hat for Christmas baskets for the poor, but the "cop" on the corner recognized me and requested me to desist. No more solitary easy-money-getting expeditions for me. You and I go together."

"I'm ready. What is the scheme?"

"The kind of business we are to perform, is," Buck rambled on, "a clean mental conflict between us who know the city and those who do not. We will win, but the victim learns a lesson which might probably save him from a great loss at some later time; but we must be the first shearers of this rustic sheep."

The two of them left the room and were out on the sidewalk. "Now keep your eyes open and show me a man who smells of cows and fresh-cut hay, and you and I will extricate the filthy lucre from his overalls without arousing his suspicions as to our intentions," said Buck assuming the air of the Kaiser giving orders to his valet.

"I grasp the tenor of your instructions," murmured Chuck.

"When such an individual appears, I will be the toast-master at the financial banquet, and all you have to do is to clap and answer yes and no," went on Buck not noticing his partners' comment.

"All right."

They walked along the street in silence and each kept a sharp watch on all the pedestrians who passed, but they could see no victim. They were about to return to their rooms and an irritated landlady when Chuck noticed a curious looking man, with his chin decorated by a small beard, who was endangering his equilibrium by his desire to count the stories of a sky-scraper. "Buck," exclaimed the obedient partner in this premeditated crime, "in front of us stands a being who knows how to run a cream separator or a plow. Get closer but talk easy or he might lose his balance and hurt himself."

The engineer of this affair approached, and with a mixture of politeness and anger said: "My man come with us to the courthouse. I am the Justice of Peace and my partner here is the sheriff. No noise nor outcry, my rustic friend, or else we will call out the militia and have you shot at sundown. We'll let you off easy seeing that it's your first offense.—No, do not explain; you can do that in court.—Yes, I am the Justice of the Peace,—etc." Thus Buck rambled on until the three of them entered the back room of Heil's Bar. After putting on a pair of silver-rimmed glasses and arranging his features so as to resemble an undertaker trying to console a newly made widow, he continued: "You unsophisticated essence of alfalfa and fertilizer, did it ever enter that solid think-tank of yours that you are on the state road to the penitentiary. You had the nerve to stand on a public thoroughfare and blandly break the laws of this city without showing any sign of fear. I see you are a hardened criminal." Buck looked real angry, but his flow of oratory continued to the amaze of his partner. "Now there is only one thing left for me to do. I presume that you do not wish to go to the Joliet institution of monotony, free bread and labor. You do not wish to wear a uniform of stripes, but since you are not acquainted with the regulations of this metropolis I will fine you twenty dollars and costs, that's twenty-five in all."

"But, your honor—" began the rustic.

"You need not explain," said Buck clenching his fists," pay or go to the resort of bums and lawbreakers where the vermin take your meals from you during the day and push you out of bed at night." The farmer now felt perfectly sure that he was a criminal, so putting his hand in a pocket of his overalls pulled out a few feet of bailing wire, some rope, a monkey wrench, a few nails and finally a roll of bills. He peeled off three tens and passed them to Buck who in return gave him a five dollar bill. Then the criminal began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" roared Chuck.

"Well, I reckon I am glad you didn't call the militia," said the rube with a sickly grin. Then he walked out into the street. When outside he looked around to see if any one was observing him, but no one was in sight. Hereupon he removed the beard and placed it in his pocket and began soliloquizing. "This game is made up of queer experiences. I put on this costume and set out to make a few easy dollars, but before I could work my scheme on some one those two amateur "con" men met me. Well, I'm the winner," and he chuckled softly.

. . . . . .

Each swindler was as happy as a woman who has the washing done. They both thought it best to give ten dollars to the landlady for room rent, but that was the only point of agreement. Buck wanted to carry home a Barber's pole as a souvenir. He contained himself however, and both went to the room to plan a night of joy. With all the precision and formality of an epicurean the senior partner of this Easy-money Corporation suggested fourteen bottles of beer, a few lobsters, an opera, a taxi, a dress suit, and a package of cigarettes. After much hesitation the junior partner consented and Buck pulled out the bills. He kissed them, hugged them and petted them. He placed them on the floor and began walking around them. Suddenly he came to a dead halt. All his nerve was gone. He made a noise like an exhaust pipe on a steam laundry and followed it up with a string of curses.

"What's wrong, Buck?"

"Look, you flat head, look," said that individual in a voice that would, in comparison, make the sobs of a heart-broken mother sound like the yell of a winning college. "These bills are useless to us, as useless as a phonograph in a home for the Deaf. They're counterfeits.

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Literary Vandalism.

—During the last few weeks some enterprising art collectors have been raiding the library magazines and tearing out the colored plates to keep as souvenirs. This has occurred not once but several times and renders the magazines utterly useless when they are consolidated into bound volumes. It becomes necessary to order a new copy for every depredation committed and this entails a great inroad on library finances. The magazines were made freely accessible to the students only as an experiment, and if such conditions continue they will again be placed on the shelves. It is well-known that the magazines have fulfilled their function far better under the present system than when they were less easily obtained. Many a student will pick up a copy when it is lying in plain view on a table who would not take the trouble to write out an application card at the desk for it. So it might seem unfair to deprive them of this opportunity were it not for the cause which impels the change. The importance of having a complete file cannot be subordinated to the whim of every fellow who wishes to decorate his room at the least possible expense. If it becomes necessary to withdraw the magazines from general circulation, which will be done if this practice of mutilating them is not immediately discontinued, it will seriously lessen their proper use, and will reflect upon the honesty of the whole student body.

The Delinquents.

—The second term of the scholastic year opened on Monday, February 1st, at eight o'clock. Most of the students at the University started new classes on that day and congratulated themselves on having successfully finished a term, and having advanced another step toward graduation. But some few returned to the same old seat, in the same old class room, to take up the same old matter they had just been over, and with apparently no resolution of doing better work and assuring themselves of a rise in June. If there is anything that is disgusting to students and teachers it is having a boy in class who is indifferent. A dull boy who is trying his best is admired by all who know him, but the boy who could learn if he wished to and who is too lazy to take the trouble, who hasn't enough self-respect to try to advance, but who is content to be known on the campus as a "boob," should be ostracized by the students. The term has just begun, and this is the time for offenders in this line to kill the bad reputation they have got among the students by starting serious study. If you let a few weeks go by it will be too late and you will find yourself hopelessly behind. Start in now and show people that you've got some backbone and that it's not all in your head, and you will find that your life will be much happier.

Cecil Chesterton to Lecture.

Arrangements have been completed whereby we shall be enabled to hear Cecil Chesterton, editor of "The New Witness," lecture on "Catholicism and Democracy," next Thursday, February the eleventh. Mr. Chesterton is the younger brother of the renowned G. K. Chesterton, and while not the superior in literary endeavors, is undoubtedly one of the greatest orators in England to-day. He is a Catholic whose knowledge of social principles and conditions has led to successful championing of everything that is just and upright in political life. "He must be reckoned," Mgr. Benson has said, "with the greatest in England. That is, he is as forceful as Belloc, as unconventional as Shaw, and as polite as Wells." This opportunity of hearing England's choicest, is certainly a priceless one. As Hilaire Belloc says, "You could get nobody better." We look forward to his coming with extreme interest.

Julius Caesar in Movie Style.

By courtesy of the Auditorium management, the story of "Julius Caesar" as interpreted by George Klein, was presented in Washington Hall last Friday morning. Despite the fact that so early an hour is likely to interfere with one's enjoyment of movies, the unusually large audience was appreciative to a degree. Anthony Novelli, who assumed the title-role, is an actor of international repute. His characterization of this very difficult part was perfection itself. In general, too, he was supported with the utmost dramatic ability. The spectacular portions of the film were somewhat gorgeous and somewhat weak. Even though the manager engaged five thousand idlers for soldiers, their lack of discipline and their thinly drawn lines are ever apparent. Nevertheless, it is just to say that seldom has this deficiency been overcome so well as in "Julius Caesar." It is safe to say that the verdict of the audience, was an extremely favorable one. Nothing could please us more than an occasional presentation of high-class motion pictures.

All America College Team.

SELECTIONS COVER MANY INSTITUTIONS.

The pictorial feature of the Spalding Official Almanac this year is more complete than ever. Among the many fine half-tones are the following groups: Cornell University track team, University of Chicago track team, University of Pittsburgh swimming team, Columbia track team, Cornell cross-country team, and the track teams of Lafayette, Colgate, Colby, etc.

Athletic scenes at various college meetings are given, including many individual athletes in action and repose. Beatty of Columbia, Treadway and Brown of Yale, McCurdy of the University of Pennsylvania, and Nordell of Dartmouth, are a few of the many shown.

The All-America College team, selected by Alfred J. Lill, Jr., President of the Amateur Athletic Union, is a strong feature of the book. Cornell leads with four representatives, the University of South California is second with three, and the University of Pennsylvania is third with two. The University of Michigan, Yale, Dartmouth, Columbia, and the University of Maine each have one representative.

A new feature of the Almanac this year is a series of diagrams, showing the improvement in the records for the various track and field events since the organization of the Amateur Athletic Union in 1888. The charts give the record for the year in which each new record was made, with the names of those equalling in subsequent years, and a perusal of them shows at a glance how time and distance have been reduced and lengthened, respectively.

Hugh O'Donnell Talks on West Indies.

What was undoubtedly the best travel-talk presented here this year, was offered by Mr. Hugh O'Donnell last Wednesday night. The subject was the West Indies—a country which despite its proximity, its beauty and its historical associations, is quite imperfectly understood by most of us. Mr. O'Donnell's tour included almost everything of interest from the beautiful cottages of Bermuda to the glorious heights of San Juan and El Caney. There were marvellous motion pictures of tropical and aquatic spectacles, but the success of the evening is due to the lecturer's exceptionally artistic slides. If these at all mirrored the reality, the West Indies surely are the original Paradise. Not a small item in the enjoyment of the occasion was the speaker's fluent manner of reminiscence, fragrant ever of true Celtic insight. It is not unlikely that this lecture will send some of us as travellers to Cuba and Martinique ere long.

Personals.

—Joseph M. Walsh (E. E., '14) is with the Western Elevator Company at Honesdale, Pa.

—James P. Fogarty (LL. B., '00) announces the removal of his law office to Suite 1506 Finance Building (1420–28 South Penn Square), Philadelphia.

—Several of last year's graduates have visited the University the past week. John Carroll (Ph. B.) and Tom Craven (LL. B.) were here last Saturday and Sunday. John is in business with his father in Portage, Wisconsin, and Tom is in business at New Orleans, Louisiana. "Cid" Birder (LL. B.) stopped off for a few days en route to New York City, where he will pursue dramatic study under David Belasco. "Cid" was a star in the Washington Hall productions for four years.

Obituary.

MR. THOMAS GLYNN.

The University lost a devoted and valued friend February 1st when Mr. Thomas Glynn passed away at his home in Terre Haute. Mr. Glynn was a successful man of affairs and had won very unusual confidence, not only among his neighbors, but in many other cities throughout the State to which his large contracting operations called him. He was an ideal son of the Church, deeply religious, and irreproachable in his private life and Christian character.

To Mrs. Glynn, whose friendship for the University has also been proved on many occasions, and to Thomas Glynn of Brownson Hall, we offer sincere condolence in their great bereavement.

MR. LAWRENCE ANTOINE.

We regret to announce the death of Lawrence Antoine ('02–'03), who passed away on January 31st at Rosario, Argentine, South America. We ask the prayers of the students for the repose of his soul.

Society Notes.

PHARMACY CLUB.

The Pharmacy Club held their annual banquet and elected officers for 1915. A sumptuous dinner was served. The officers elected were: president, Chas. M. Reagan; vice-president, John F. Delph; secretary, Andrew H. McConnell; treasurer, Theodore J. Sauer. Meetings are held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. Toasts were responded to by Prof. Green, C. M. Reagan, Jack Delph, A. Sulke, C. Williamson, J. R. Walsh, A. H. McConnell, and Ted Sauer.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

The definite program of lectures and trips, that was announced at the club meeting Thursday night, is undoubtedly the most promising ever laid out for the entertainment and instruction of our aspiring young Edisons. The speakers already secured are engineers of high standing in their profession, and can speak with authority on their chosen subjects. Among those who will address the society are Clifford Kennedy of the Michigan Electric Company, who will discuss the "Equipment and Installation of Power Plants," Arthur Nichles, of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Co., who will speak on "High Tension Transmission and Transformers," Lucius B. Andrews, General Superintendent of Indiana and Michigan Electrical Company, will speak on "The Regulation of Electrical Railways and Telephones," Fred Bryan, President, General Manager of the Indiana and Michigan Electrical Co., will discuss the "Financial Problem of Electrical Engineering," and our own Professor Smith will tell of "The Application of Electrical Machinery to Mining."

Professor Caparo, of the Electrical Course, and Director of the club, will deliver at different meetings, "Faraday's Fundamental Experiments and History of the Lesla High Tension Experiments," "Wireless Telegraphy, Telephony and Electromagnetic Waves," "Modern Theories of Electricity and Election Theory." He will also give the society "The History and Nature of the Squaring of a Circle," "The Trisection of an Angle and the Duplications of the Cube."

At least four inspection trips were announced. The first one comes February 25 and the objective is the Elkhart Power Plant. On March 25 the club will go to the Berrien Springs Hydro-Electrical Plant; on April 8 to the factory of the Dodge Manufacturing Co., in Mishawaka, and on April 29 to the Twin Branch Electrical Company's Plant.

It was hinted, however, that only members in good standing are elegible to take these trips,—that is, members who attend the meetings regularly and whose dues are not in arrears. So get wise, ye errant brothers.

IV.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

MARTIN EMMETT WALTER, PH. B., '14.

We must this week leave the ranks of the Notre Dame students proper and *descend* to the level of the embryonic post-graduates whom we see daily wandering aimlessly about the campus. It now becomes our duty to chronicle the career of Martin Emmett Walter, erstwhile Carroll and Brownson Haller, but now residing in regal splendor in 219 Sorin. Very few remember when Emmett first came to this school, but his ever-smiling countenance has long been a landmark for returning students. If he makes this place his home much longer it is very doubtful if the record of 10,104 buns set by Bill Cotter will remain intact.

While the late William had it on Emmett for the length of his stay, the latter easily makes up for this handicap by his abnormally greater capacity. When a small boy he conceived the longing to be a debater, so when he was admitted to Brownson he immediately aspired to leadership in the forensic art. The valuable experience gained here was a wonderful aid to him in later years, for he made the trip to Indiana University last year. It is contended by some that Martin leads a dual life and that we who recognize only that part of his existence which reveals him with a seven days' beard and a military shirt know little of the Newport style he affects when he visits our fair city. Many a law book and even a dress suit have been placed on the market because of the high price of orchestra seats at the Oliver.

The greatest known delight of Emmett's life is military drill. After many years of constant endeavor to be a good soldier he has at last been appointed Supreme General of the Notre Dame Army. His two most devoted subordinates and awed admirers are Arthur Hayes and George Schuster. Last year the three were ready several times to march to Mexico and they have to date theoretically defeated every belligerent in the European war. We have no doubt that if our country ever engages in actual strife they will "be a great credit to the institution."

In scholastic work Emmett travels in the first rank. He has been known to take nine classes in a total of eight recitation periods. It was this ability to work hard and continuously that enabled him to crown his many achievements gloriously by winning the Meehan Medal in his Senior year. He hopes some day to set up a law office in Mt. Carmel, Illinois, and unless he spends too much time in teaching the minuet or in adding a few more steps to the nineteen of the maxixe he already knows, we predict a bright and successful career.

Local News.

—And the January exams are now glorious (?) history.

—Tom Shaughnessy, '15, spent the week-end in Chicago.

—The love affairs of Christmas are the heart balm suits of June. Ask Charlie Somers.

—Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made cheerful by the close approach of Lent.

—Father O'Leary has gone to Texas where it is hoped that the climate will benefit his health.

—The list of heretics and infidels in junior philosophy is growing daily. Sylvestre is the latest recruit.

—The Seniors and Juniors have finally had their pictures taken for the DOME. Now they are urged to take back the proof at once to McDonald, the photographer.

—John U. Riley and Elmer Sexton, assisted by Cecil Birder (LL. B., '14), presented several vaudeville acts at the St. Joseph Academy dance given Monday night in American Hall.

—The School of Journalism listened to talks Wednesday morning by Mr. Hugh O'Donnell on "Advertising," and by Mr. James E. Gallagher on "The Business Management of the Newspaper."

—At the request of Senator Elihu Root, Col. Hoynes, dean of the Law School, left Monday for Washington, D. C., to attend a conference on International Law. The Colonel's authority on the subject is nationally recognized.

—There will be a meeting of Notre Dame Council Knights of Columbus on Tuesday evening, February 9, to transact important business. Every member is requested to be present and all applications for membership should be handed in at this meeting.

—Messrs. L. William Curley, John Patrick Doyle, and Joseph P. Sheehan were successful in making the Brownson Literary and Debating Society team in the preliminaries held last Sunday night. Sunday, February 7, in the second preliminaries three more men will be chosen. These six men will represent the Brownson Literary and Debating Society in the debate with the Holy Cross Society.

—The Civil Engineers organized for the first time this year on last Sunday, January 29. An engineer's track team was started, and "Tip" Hogan was unanimously elected captain on account of his proficiency in pole vaulting and high jumping. An engineer's dance, to be held before Lent, was also arranged for and a committee was put in charge of it. Mr. Ranstead is to be president of all affairs and will arrange for special dancing lessons for those engineers who are unacquainted with the new dances.

—The University obtained this week the Dr. Edward Lee Green Botanical Library and

Herbarium. This is one of the most extensive private collections in the United States, and, outside of the Lloyd Library in Cincinnati, Notre Dame will have the largest in the West. The value of the collection is estimated at about $35,000. Previous to this the Canadian Government offered Dr. Green a large sum for the books, and Leland Stanford University also wanted them. The library consists of five-thousand volumes, and the herbarium contains more than one hundred and fifty thousand plants. There is also an extensive correspondence covering about fifty years of the work of this illustrious botanist. Rev. Paul J. Foik, C. S. C., Librarian of the University, left Tuesday for Washington, where he will supervise the transfer of the collection from the Smithsonian Institute to Notre Dame. For the past ten years it has been at the service of the U. S. Government, which had first option upon it, the agreement ceasing last May. Dr. Green will henceforth make Notre Dame his residence. Notre Dame can feel proud that she welcomes to her midst a man of Dr. Green's scholarship as he is considered to-day the greatest living historical botanist. He has written many works, one of his most famous being "A Monograph on the Oaks of the United States." At present he is completing for the Smithsonian Institute a history of botany in four volumes.

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY WINS AGAIN.

In a rather dull contest, St. Ignatius College went down before the Varsity last Saturday night by a score of 41 to 18. The visitors were outclassed in every department, but showed some clever work in intercepting passes. Coach Harper had his men going at top speed, in preparation for the Aggie contest, and the fast passwork kept the Ignatians completely bewildered. Mills, Fitzgerald and Kenny starred in scoring, the first two collecting six field goals apiece, while Kenny added five more. Several of these were made in the last few minutes of play, on long shots of the most spectacular order. Ward, substituting at center for Mills, also broke into the limelight with a long heave. For the Chicagoans, McNally did the best work, getting in all the passes, and shooting two pretty baskets; Larkin contributed three more. Line up and summary:

NOTRE DAME, 41		ST. IGNATIUS, 18
Kenny		Larkin
	Right Forward	
Fitzgerald, Cassidy		Zaharinger, Jacobson
	Left Forward	
Mills, Ward		McNally
	Center	
Daly		Holton
	Right Guard	
Finegan		Amberg, Minahen
	Left Guard	

Baskets—Kenny, 5; Mills, 6; Fitzgerald, 6; Larkin, 3; McNally, 2; Jacobson, 2; Zaharinger, Daly, Ward. Fouls—Fitzgerald, 3; Halton, 2. Referee—Miller, South Bend Y. M. C. A.

MICHIGAN AGGIES, 14; NOTRE DAME, 13.

In one of the most exciting games ever played on the Lansing court, the Aggies won out over the Gold and Blue in the last minute of play, in the first of the two game series which took place last Tuesday night. The game was fast and hard every minute, and the exceedingly low score is ample evidence of the fight it was. At the end of the first half, Notre Dame led by a score of 11 to 5, but in the second session the tide turned, the Aggies totaling nine points, while the locals had to be content with two free throws.

The guarding was exceedingly close, and the passwork, when a chance came to break loose, of a whirlwind order. Rarely did a man get a free shot for the basket, and when this did occur, unless it was from a certain angle, the ball hit one of the many low girders which decorate the Farmer's court, to the great handicap of all visiting teams. Under the circumstances, the contest was really a victory for the Gold and Blue, as the Michiganites have lost only two or three games in their history at home.

It is expected that when the next contest is played at Notre Dame Wednesday evening, the Varsity will take the measure of the Aggies by a good margin. The men played in the best form they have shown up to this time, and this speaks well for the prospect of victory in the remaining games of the season. Line up and summary:

Notre Dame, 13		Mich. Aggies, 14
Kenny		H. Miller
	Right Forward	
Fitzgerald, Cassidy,		Ricker
	Left Forward	
Mills		Pepard
	Center	
Daly		D. Miller
	Right Guard	
Finegan	Left Guard	Deprato

Baskets—Pepard, 3; Mills, 2; Fitzgerald, Cassidy, Deprato, H. Miller. Fouls—Fitzgerald, 5; H. Miller, 4.

INTERHALL BASKETBALL.

In one of the fastest games yet played on the N. D. floors, Corby demonstrated its superiority over the speedy Sorin quintet, and whipped them 17 to 14. The game was replete with thrills, especially in the second half, when Sorin made a desperate effort to gain the lead. Corby, however, seemed to have the best system, and succeeded in keeping a little ahead of their opponents until the final whistle blew. Sorin teamwork was openly deficient, and this, in connection with a few "bone" plays, cost them the game. Bergman led the Corby men with three baskets to his credit, Leary and Rydzewski were second with two apiece. Roach and Pliska were high men for the losers, each tossing two goals.

The second game Sunday afternoon gave Brownson a 30 to 9 victory over St. Joseph. Being a contest between the league leaders and the league tail-enders, it naturally was of little interest. St. Joseph was no match for the Brownson boys and put up poor resistance all through the game, although at rare intervals there was some fast milling. Murphy of Brownson distinguished himself by throwing five baskets, and playing a brainy game at all times. Matthews, Ellis, and McKenna also did fine work for the winners. Diener secured two baskets for St. Joseph, while Parker and Farrell contributed one each.

The third game scheduled between Walsh and the Day Scholars, was postponed on account of the late hour.

VARSITY RED AND BLUE MEET.

The Varsity Red and Blue track meet held last Saturday in the Gym, besides resulting in a 68 to 29 victory for the Blues, proved conclusively that Notre Dame has little to fear in Intercollegiate track this season. Although the meet practically marked the first appearance of the Varsity men this year in public, they showed mid-season form and made good time in all the events. An interesting feature of the meet was the pole vaulting contest which terminated in a four-man tie. This event brought to light some promising freshman material which appears capable of being easily developed into exceptionally fine stuff. McOsker in the mile run proved he deserves a place with the best of them, while Wagge and Ryan, in the half and quarter mile, respectively, showed surprising speed. Bachman showed splendid form in the broad jump and shot put, winning the latter handily. Al. Bergman continued his winning streak in good style, while Art Bergman starred as a close second. Summary:

The 40-yard dash resulted in a dead heat between the three contestants, Hardy, and the Bergman brothers.

220-yard run—Al Bergman, first; Art Bergman, second. Time, 00:23 4–5.

440-yard run—Joe Ryan, first; Welsh, second. Time, 00:55 4–5.

880-yard run—Wagge, first; McDonough, second. Time, 02:3.

Mile run—Bartholomew, first; McOsker, second. Time, 05:1.

40-yard low hurdles—Duggan, first; Kirkland, second; Starrett, third. Time, :05 1-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Duggan, first; Kirkland, second; Starrett, third. Time, :05 4–5.

High jump—Sears, first; J. Miller, second; Yeager, third. Height, 5 ft. 8 in.

Pole vault—Edgren, McKenna, Sears, Yeager, tied at 11 ft. 3 in.

Broad jump—J. Miller, first; Bachman, second; Hardy, third. Distance, 22 ft.

Shot put—Bachman, first; Keefe, second, Sears, third. Distance, 41 ft., 6 in.

CORBY WINS FIRST MEET.

The indoor track season was officially opened last Thursday afternoon with an interhall meet which was also a Varsity try out. Corby succeeded in carrying off the honors after both Sorin and Brownson had held the lead for a time. While the meet was not so exciting as some of the interhall meets of previous years, there was keen competition and a number of good records were made. Tom Shaughnessy of Sorin, was the high point winner and individual star. "Shag" made good time in both the dashes and the hurdles and with a little training, should be able to win some points on the Varsity. Whelan of Corby made exceptionally good time in the two-twenty, took second in the forty, and ran well in the relay. Miller of Sorin, finished in the quarter-mile after a hard race, but he was disqualified for cutting inside the chalk marks. McOsker in the mile, McKenna in the pole vault, and Freund in the broad jump, were the other men whose performances deserve special notice. Each showed Varsity "Stuff." Summary:

40-yard dash—Shaughnessey, Sorin, first; Whelan, Corby, second; Miller, Sorin, third; Healy, Sorin, fourth. Time, :04 4–5.

220-yard dash—Whelan, Corby, first; Brown,

Walsh, second; Lathrop, Sorin, third; Barry, Brownson, fourth. Time, :24 4–5.

440-yard dash—Spalding, Brownson, first; Beh, Corby, second; Sackley, Corby, third; Barrett, Corby, fourth. Miller (Sorin, disqualified). Time, ::57 4–5.

880-yard run—McDonough, Walsh, first; Cook St. Joseph, second; Glynn, Brownson, third; Rodman, Brownson, fourth. Time, 02:18.

Mile run—McOsker, St. Joseph, first; Call, Brownson, second; Sorenson, Brownson, third; Crawford, Walsh and Seng, Walsh, tied for fourth. Time, 05:10.

High jump—Hand, Corby, first; Nollman, Brownson, second; Lathrop, Sorin, third. Height, 5 ft., 2 in.

Pole vault—McKenna, Brownson, first; King, Corby, second; Williams, Brownson; third. Height, 10 ft., 6 in.

Shot put—Fitzgerald, Corby, first; Lathrop, Sorin, second; Franz, Sorin, third; DeGree; Brownson, fourth. Distance, 36 ft., 4½ in.

40-yard low hurdles—Shaughnessey, Sorin, first; Starrett, Walsh and Nollman, Brownson, tied for second. Time, :05 3–5.

40-yard high hurdles—Nollman, Brownson, first; Shaughnessey, Sorin, second; Milligan, Brownson, third. Time, :06.

Broad jump—Freund, St. Joseph, first; Stallkamp, Corby, second; King, Corby, third; Hand, Corby, fourth. Distance, 20 ft., 3 1–2 in.

Relay race—Won by Corby (Baujan, Hand, King, and Whelan).

Final score—Corby, 38; Brownson, 34½; Sorin, 25; Walsh, 11½; St. Joseph, 13; Day Dodgers failed to appear.

All the interhall games scheduled for Thursday afternoon were postponed on account of the I. A. C. meet Saturday night, in which some of the interhall players will compete. Standing of the teams.

HALL	WON	LOST
Brownson	5	0
Corby	4	1
Sorin	2	3
Day Scholars	1	3
Walsh	1	3
St. Joseph	1	4

Safety Valve.

Mabel—"And do you go in for Athletics, Harold?"

Harold—"I surely do haven't you heard of my records? I made four touchdowns in one game of football by my spectacular playing."

Mabel—"Really, Harold? And do you go into other sports?"

Harold—"Now you don't mean to tell me you haven't heard of my caging fifteen baskets in one game and bringing my team to victory?"

Mabel—"You dear boy, how wonderful! And yet you don't seem to be very rugged."

Harold—"Oh, I'm not exactly rugged, but I've got the speed. You certainly must have seen in the SCHOLASTIC that I do the hundred in ten flat?"

Mabel—"No, I didn't see that, Harold; but I was sure you were good at those things. It said on that report card you dropped out of your pocket last Wednesday that you got 15 flat in Math. A, and I judged you must be fast."

***

ECHOES FROM THE JAN. EXAMS.

"The Lombard League was the one that preceded the National League and which was owned by John R. Lombard."

"When the gold rush was on in Alaska, men began to arrive every day carrying carpet bags, hence we have the name, 'Carpet-baggers.'"

"Gettysburg was a general in the Revolution who was noted for his ability to pick out battlefields."

"Tilly was the second wife of Henry VIII."

"The Second Commandment is: I am thy God, thy Lord in vain."

***

Student (*reading*)—"Drawing her sabre, she thrust it through his heart."

Professor—"How did she happen to have a sabre? women as a rule don't carry sabres with them."

Student—"This one wore a sheathe skirt."

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Brownsonite—"I certainly will be happy if I pass in all my classes, this exam."

Walshite—"I don't see how anyone could be happy who studied hard enough to pass in all his classes—think of all the good times he missed."

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"Yes, John, if the law faculty keep piling up duties, they'll ruin the course, they'll drive us all to Civil Engineering."

***

WE'RE THERE.

We are too wise to modernize; our daily deeds we systemize;
We rise at six, and go to bed at ten.
On stews and fries we Fletcherize; the steaks afford good exercise;
The pies are tougher than the subway-men.

We patronize the actor guys. On Wednesday nights we Orphemize.
The prize for lemon shooting we have cinched.
We ostracize the 'dear that tries, like Mary Mae,' to moralize.
Our guise is that of innocence when pinched.

We memorize no monstrous lies; nor do we ever bullconize.
(The campus now has too much he-male cow.)
We journalize and poetize, the SAFETY VALVE we satirize.
Men lamp us and respect our learned brow.

Our villainizing mystifies; the house detective vainly spies.
The watchman wonders whence the showers came.
We scandalize and egotize: we're Freshmen, but we're N. D. wise,
We catch when we go fishing—Note-our-Dame.

Myron Parrot.