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## Prayer for Glyceria.

(*Horace Odes I., 30*)

QUEEN of Paphos and Cuidos haste,  
Venus, from thy dear Cyprus turn;  
Seek Glyceria's dwelling fair and chaste,  
Where incense calling thee doth burn.

With thee let Love, thine ardent son,  
And the loosely girdled Graces go  
The Nymphs and Hermes fleetly run  
And Youth that finds in thee her glow.

*Speer Strahan.*

## The Redemption of the Underpaid.

BY EMMETT G. LENIHAN.

IN this day, when all the world is shaken by a mighty conflict, when the whole of Europe is a theatre of war, we are apt to overlook the signs of disquiet in our own country. Yet there is here a great social unrest. It is manifested in every way: in the bitter struggle of industrial classes, the sharp conflict of political parties, the frantic competition of commercial forces, and the scrupulosity of economic investigation. Local influences may diminish or increase the disturbance, but it is felt more or less in every section of the land. Part of it may be attributed to various sources, but overshadowing them all stands out the ultimate cause, poverty. Poverty, induced by underpaid labor, is the origin of most of our economic problems. It overwhelms us with the immensity of its scope.

Scattered over this country are ten millions of people who from birth have been under-supplied with food, clothing, and shelter; who from their childhood have been cursed with unceasing toil; who with their bodies worn out, their minds over-strained, and their spiritual life clouded, look hopelessly into the

future, in constant fear of being unable to maintain even this wretched standard of living. Multitudes must live in vile tenements, where physical and moral decency is all but impossible, where innocent pleasures and domestic happiness are changed into sordidness and vice. I do not exaggerate; this is a real condition testified to by evidence not to be denied. There stands the army of the underpaid,—a mute protest of blanched faces and shrunken bodies and broken hearts and blackened souls. Well may we cry out with the passion that inspired Charles Devas to exclaim: "And all this wretchedness, in the very center of commercial wealth and power, in the very seat of world-wide dominion."

This is a sight which we may not view with indifference. Justice demands that we raise the laborer to the plane of human existence. He does not ask for charity. He asks for justice. Higher than any law of man or of society is the Natural Law of God, which enjoins upon man the duty of living and guarantees the right to the means of life. It teaches that all men, because of their human dignity and personality, are of equal intrinsic importance. Thus every man has the same right to the maintenance of life, the right to subsist upon the bounty of the earth. This right, under our present complex industrial system, in which wages are the only compensation of work for millions of laborers, becomes in them the right to a living wage. It does not mean that the worker should receive the full produce of his labor, or that the material goods and resources of nature should be equally divided. But as we are divinely commanded to live a reasonable life, the laborer must receive the means of fulfilling that command. His human dignity demands a living wage.

This right can be no better expressed than in the immortal words of the great Pope Leo XIII: "There is a dictate of nature more imperi-

ous and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be sufficient to maintain the worker in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the wage-earner accepts harder conditions because the employer will give him no better, he is the victim of fraud and injustice."

Many urge that this doctrine violates the theory of free contract. I believe that the principle of free contract is sacred, and when justly made between man and man is inviolable. But the contract between the powerful employer and the under-paid laborer is not free. The "loan shark" who takes advantage of poverty to charge excessive rates of interest enters into what he defends as a free contract, but reason and conscience and the civil law condemn his transaction as not free, but enforced. So should it be with the avaricious employer who preys upon the sweated and depressed laborer to drive him into unceasing drudgery at a beggar's wage. Over-mastering necessity and distress shackle the voluntary action of the worker and force him to comply with the terms of the employer. He cannot go elsewhere to seek employment for better wages because he has only enough money to provide him with a bare living. If he refuses to work for what he is offered here and now, his children starve. Is this free contract? Is this the inviolable agreement between two parties on equal terms? Yes,—the same free contract upon which were recorded in the last century the most shameful deeds in human history, the defrauding and degrading of English factory workers, the brutalizing of helpless women and children. Free contract! Rather it is the enforced contract of servitude,

The right of a laborer to live in reasonable comfort cannot be obviated by an agreement which he has been compelled, by moral and physical necessity, to make. "A decent livelihood is just as truly an essential need of man, is just as absolutely demanded by his intrinsic dignity, as subsistence, or security of life and limb." Hence, if the laborer is restrained by contract from attaining this normal and reasonable life, he is deprived of a right, he is unjustly compelled to sacrifice his manhood. Carlyle is right when he says, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work is as just a demand as governed ever made of governing. It is the everlasting right of man."

The living wage concerns not only the indi-

vidual but society, and it is of primary importance to the state that the workers receive a just return for their labor. The continued existence of a nation depends upon the unimpaired preservation of its people's welfare. An industry which does not pay its workers enough to maintain them in reasonable conditions, is a parasite upon society. The wealth of unscrupulous employers represents the cruel exploitation of children, the emaciated bodies and shattered nerves of women workers, the moral degradation of hundreds of young girls, and the absolute degeneracy of future lives. How true are the words of Sidney Webb when he says, "If the employers are able to take such advantage of the necessities of their working people as to hire them for wages actually insufficient to provide enough food, shelter and clothing to maintain them and their children in health; if they are able to work them for hours so long as to deprive them of adequate rest and recreation; or if they subject them to conditions so dangerous or unsanitary as to positively shatter their lives, that trade is clearly using up and destroying a part of the nation's working capital."

We must above all protect our women workers if the nation is to live. Demoralized by hopeless drudgery, degraded by pitiless oppression, wasted by the agonizing torment of an industrial hell, they are unfit to become the mothers of a future generation. How long shall this condition continue? Where is the justification for this ruthless exploitation of humanity? He who hires labor must learn that he cannot corrupt the vital energy of society. Our mothers must not be sacrificed on the altars of greed. The parasitic industry by brutalizing its workers and depriving them of all that is necessary to their welfare, has become a cancer in the vitals of the state, feeding on the very life-blood of the nation. The interests of the state transcend the narrow interests of a few selfish employers who "carry on their business at the expense of human rights and human life." And they will continue to do so until forbidden by the positive command of the law, "Thou shalt not." Not until this decree of justice is written in statutory enactment will our commercial industries cease to be "a field of slaughter, more terrible than the military battle ground," a field upon which millions of men and women are contending every day, hopeless of victory, seeing the certainty of their

defeat, "rounded out by a pauper's grave."

A legal minimum wage is the one remedy with which we can restore justice to the great mass of outraged toilers and protect the rights which are properly theirs. We need a law applying to all the depressed and exploited trades; a law providing for efficient wage boards to investigate the different industries and fix a just minimum wage. There will be no injustice done to either party, for both will be equally represented on the commission.

The history of the legal fixing of wages is old, but the failure of the ancient statutes is not a valid argument against the new law. The English wage laws which led to the Industrial Revolution were made by the aristocrats to suppress the laborers and keep down their wages; the modern minimum wage is written in the interests of the wage-earning class, with the aid of representatives selected by the toilers themselves. The old legislation established a flat rate, prohibiting the workers from receiving either more or less than the required wage; to-day the wage is a minimum wage and fixes no upper limit to the amount the laborer may receive. The English statutes applied to all kinds of labor, skilled and unskilled, while our law includes only the unorganizable, the sweated, and the depressed, who are unable to protect themselves.

The legal minimum wage is not a mere visionary reform. It was adopted by Victoria and South Wales over fifteen years ago and has been the cause of steady improvement in those countries ever since. So successful was the law in operation that England, in nineteen eleven, established the minimum wage for three sweated industries. Immediately conditions bettered. Wages were raised sometimes as high as one hundred and fifty per cent. In nineteen twelve, it was extended to four other exploited trades in which it worked a complete change in the conditions of the laborers. No other industrial reform of the present century has so helped the working class and aided them in their social development. "The worker's interest has been aroused," testifies Dr. Thomas Wright in his treatise on the Trades Board Act, "their whole outlook upon life changes as they gradually awake from the slough of despondency and indifference. The power of the sweater is broken, and the wage-earner is beginning to cast off that fatalistic acquiescence in a state of servitude and degradation that

blighted his whole existence."

The few laws in force in the United States are of too recent enactment to give any accurate results of their workings, but they have already effected enough good to recommend their rapid extension. Already nine states have incorporated the minimum wage into their statutes and are beginning to put it in active operation. Others are now preparing to follow their lead. The Oregon law, probably the most popular of any in this country, has achieved results far beyond the most sanguine expectations of its advocates. Public opinion is being aroused to excite our legislators to the just needs of the wage-earners. It is the duty of the state, as the agent of social justice, to protect the rights of the individual and to promote the social welfare. Not until the demand for a living wage is crystallized into the universal enactment of a legal minimum wage will that duty be fulfilled.

Do we wonder at the revolutions and uprisings against society when in every part of this country are toiling men whose lives are almost untouched by sunshine, who are deprived of the bare necessities in an age of comforts and luxuries, driven back into the shadows,—“the great despairing body of cheated manhood.” Human suffering, decreed by divine law, has been converted into black despair which is the law of hell. The workers see in the state only legalized oppression, and insanely aroused by their countless wrongs and injuries, they strike in rebellion. We call their action mob violence, and so it is. But the greater sin must be laid at the door of the guilty cause of their condition. Anarchy points its red hand at our neglected duty. We who have forsaken the laborers and their rights are responsible for their deeds. They demand only justice.

What answer shall we give to this call? We have it in our power to free the millions of suffering mankind from the galling bondage in which they now languish. We must remove the curse of poverty which has too long been a blight upon the lives of our workers. Let us, in the words of Victor Hugo, “expend the whole energy of society in warring against and destroying misery. Let no one have suffered unjustly or in vain.” Let us so strive that the great God of Justice and Mercy, looking down upon His children, may see the toiler no longer degraded and depressed, but free and noble, living peacefully upon the land

## Varsity Verse.

## THE HARBINGER OF SPRING.

O blighting blast  
That brings the brightest blush of flowers  
To death at last!  
Thy howling voice has tolled the hours  
Of dying nature's art and powers.

Thy mighty shriek  
Has made the hollow vales awake  
From sleep, and speak  
In lusty echoes till they make  
The very hills that shield them shake.

*F. Remmes.*

## THE LOST KEY.

Seated one night on the door-step,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And my fingers wandered idly  
Over my bunch of keys.

I do not know what I was saying,  
Or what I was cussing then,  
But I know like a prayer it sounded,  
Without the grand "Amen."

It flooded the evening stillness,  
Like the close of an angel's psalm,  
But evoked by the "spirits" within me,  
It lacked its infinite calm.

I had sought, but I sought it vainly—  
That one key so endeared;  
For either the key was missing,  
Or the keyhole had disappeared.

It was not until the morning,  
That I found the key, and then  
I ended all my cussing  
With sound of that grand "Amen."

*G. Hand.*

## THAT DRILL.

I'm sure that I was never built for drill,  
For once; I drilled, just once, and had my fill.  
It seemed as though the end would never come;  
I turned and twisted till my legs were numb.  
Of course I got my daily balling out,  
Which put the little peace I had to rout.  
They bade me march. I did. They bade me halt!  
And everything I did they called a fault.  
To me this drill seems of no earthly use.  
We'll need it, nix, while Bryan consumes grape juice.

*N. Wittenberg.*

## Fauntleroy Jones.

BY ROBERT H. SWINTZ.

Something went ting-a-ling-a-ling. It was the telephone. Mabel jumped at it. She hesitated before taking up the receiver however, and considered. She had ridden horseback until breakfast, the rest of the morning she would spend chasing tennis balls and occasionally hitting one with her raquette, and then in the afternoon she would dig up a little well-known sod on the golf links; but the evening—nothing to do. This might be Jack at the other end of the wire and that would mean the theatre, dinner or a ride at least. She put the receiver to her ear.

"Yes!" she trilled, ascending an octave on the "s."

"Oh, Miss Fulton? This is Mr. Jones speaking," tabulated the receiver.

Miss Fulton withered into a chair, her air castle bursting like a bubble.

"Have you an engagement for this evening?" went on the telephone.

Mabel must have been the mother of our country, because like father George she could not tell a lie.

"Would it then be your pleasure to have me call?" inquired Mr. Jones. Mabel admitted that she was at leisure, and so Mr. Jones promised to call upon her at eight o'clock.

Interest in the tennis and golf was lost; because it was hard for Mabel, as it is for many other people, to enjoy present pleasures when looking forward with dread to some on-coming ordeal.

Yes, she considered the evening with Fauntleroy Jones an ordeal. He was, to her way of thinking, the most insipid, pale, pink particle of humanity that ever sipped tea from a hand-painted cup. He would sit on the edge of a chair for hours and discuss poetry to himself, if no one else would give him audience. He even wrote a little occasionally. One time he had sent Miss Fulton a sonnet, entitled "Humidity," which he claims to have written on a London street-car.

His clothes were always of the latest cut and he wore a silk hat on all occasions. He was never seen without it. It is said that the hat was the last thing he took off at night and the first thing he put on in the morning. I

can picture him standing before his mirror, shaving, clad in slippers, pajamas and a silk hat.

He claimed to be the best dancer and to have the best singing voice in London. He also boasted of his ancestry to people who knew nothing of him. The fact of the matter was, however, that one of his grandfathers was a milk man and the other a hack driver.

This dude, then, Mr. Fauntleroy Jones, who was a regular subscriber to *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, was to call upon Miss Mabel Fulton, a true lover of sport and real men; a young lady who detested kittens and canary birds.

She had just come home from the Country Club and was feeling moody, to say the least. It finally dawned on her, however, that the telephone was jangling, so she slowly lowered the bag of golf clubs from her shoulder to the floor and took up the receiver.

"Hello," she said, much the same as a "white wing" would greet a dog.

"Well, grumpy, what's the matter to-day?" asked the voice on the wire.

"Jack!" shouted Mabel loud enough to shatter the transmitter and make Jack deaf for life, "why didn't you call sooner? I can't go now."

"Hold on," interrupted Jack, "I haven't asked you to go any place!"

Mabel turned the color of the ace of hearts and her cheeks were so hot they nearly singed her eyebrows.

Mr. Jack continued, "But if I *were* to ask you to go some place, why couldn't you go?"

"Fauntleroy Jones is coming up this evening," she stated in a funereal accent.

"Ah ha! The little lord calls this evening, eh? Splendid. Do you know, Mabel, I think he is absolutely the sweetest little travesty on a man that I have ever seen any place, side shows included. Well, I wish you much joy and I might possibly drop in, myself, during the evening."

Mabel gulped. "Jack, you wouldn't dare do that. It would embarrass me and I know Fauntleroy would shrivel up and crawl under the rug."

But Jack was gone. Mabel slammed up the receiver and stalked indignantly to her room. She shook her finger at her reflection in the mirror.

"If that Jack man comes in here and embar-

rasses you to-night you'll never speak to him again, understand?"

Fauntleroy Jones was also standing before his mirror, but not shaking his finger at his reflection. He was laboring with his white bow tie, trying to make it resemble a butterfly and was succeeding wonderfully. When his toilet was finally completed he sighed, dashed a little more perfume on his silk handkerchief and left his apartments. He hailed a cab and as he rode toward the home of his fair maid he increased in nervousness and discomfort. Why wouldn't this be a splendid time to propose? The opportunity was at hand, but what would he say? He started to think and by the time the cab stopped he had a little speech prepared that rivaled Shakespeare himself.

A pretty little French maid answered his ring at the door and ushered him into the big living room of the Fulton mansion after relieving him of his hat and cane. Miss Fulton was not quite ready, but would be down in a few minutes, so Jones made himself as comfortable as possible on the brink of a chair, and waited. He suddenly noticed a large bust of Venus gazing placidly at him from her pedestal in the corner, and immediately determined that she would be just the thing to practice his heart capturing proposal on; so he dropped on his knees before her, and began.

"Oh lovely and most beautiful woman, I am unworthy to kneel here and tell thee of my love—"

Some one laughed.

"Gracious!" gasped Jones, scrambling to his feet; and turning, he saw Danny, Mabel's young brother, standing in the doorway convulsed.

"Shame on you, you little snip," cried Fauntleroy indignantly.

Diabolical Danny, as Jack called him, sobered up at once and advanced toward Jones mysteriously.

"Listen," he said, pulling Jones down on the lounge beside him, "you're in wrong. Sis is expecting Jack Dunn up here to-night. Jack hates society, and if he catches you here in those monkey clothes, I shudder to think of the consequences."

Fauntleroy began to tremble.

"Now I've got a plan," went on Danny, "by which you can escape and, for a dollar, I'll tell it to you."

Jones knew Jack Dunn and also knew the

opinion Jack had of him; so he handed over the dollar which Diabolical Danny thrust into his trousers pocket; and continued: "Jack may not come, but if he does I'll rush into the room and call Sis out and while she is gone I'll show you the way to the back door."

Just then Mabel came into the room and Danny vanished, while Jones went through a series of bows that would have made a courtier in the days of Louis XVI envious. Mabel finally got him stopped and seated on one corner of a chair, while she herself occupied one end of the lounge.

Conversation was opened by Jones on the topic of weather and gradually drifted from one far-fetched and uninteresting subject to another until finally Mabel smothered a yawn, and Jones, making a desperate stab at interesting her by criticising the design in the rug, but failing, gave up the ship. Silence reigned supreme. Mabel was fighting sleep, but Jones was thinking of his proposal. The more he thought the more nervous and uncomfortable he became. He suffered every thing from prickly heat to St. Vitus' Dance. When the room had remained quiet for five minutes, he became desperate and throwing himself on his knees before the dozing Mabel, he waded into his speech.

"Oh most—oh most wonderful—er—er—woman I—that—is—" he was sinking. He could feel the water rising above his ears.

"I am not—er—kneeling here because you are worthy—I mean to say—" he went under, and the water closed quietly over his head. When he came up the first time, a life preserver was hurled at him. Danny blossomed out from behind the door.

"Sis, you're wanted in the other room," he shouted, and Mabel made a hurried exit. Jones' feet struck bottom and he waded ashore.

"Quick!" urged Danny, in a stage whisper, "Jack's just outside the door; you haven't time to get away, crawl under here!"

Fauntleroy Jones laid himself down in his evening clothes and rolled under the lounge as Danny vanished a second time. Jack entered the room with Mabel, against the latter's wishes, as was evident by the way she was chastising him with words.

"But why," Jack said in self-defense, "why should I be the target for your cruel words? I'm not intruding. There is no one else here."

"Why, yes—" Mabel looked around the room.

"Well, anyway, there ought to be."

They sat down on the lounge. This flattened poor Fauntleroy out to such an extent that one of his hands was forced from ambush. Jack saw it appear and very promptly and firmly let his foot descend upon it. Jones could make no outcry or he would be dragged forth and quartersawed by Jack's tongue.

"Mabel," asked Jack, "what do you think of this pink-tea boy, Fauntleroy Jones?"

"I think," she answered like an iceberg, "that he is much more of a gentleman than you are, Mr. Dunn."

This hit Jack rather hard, so he pressed a little harder with his foot on Fauntleroy's hand.

"I'm sorry if I have made you angry," he went on, "but I am leaving town in the morning to be gone for a month or two, and I simply had to see you to-night and, well, tell you about it."

"Indeed. Thank you so much, Mr. Dunn." The temperature was still down to freezing.

Jones' hand had to undergo another increase in pressure which made him wince, but he dared not make a noise.

"Please try to thaw out a little, Mabel," continued Jack, "and give me an equal chance with that lily-livered dude."

Fauntleroy cringed.

"You see, here's the way it is—I'm going away on business and if I make good in these two months, I want you to—to marry me."

Fauntleroy tried to kick but he couldn't move a muscle. It was all he could do even to breathe. He went through agony after agony and did all but froth at the mouth as he lay there pinned under the couch on which sat his rival proposing to the very girl he had come to capture. Where was that diabolical Danny? If he ever got his hands on that boy's neck he would never let go. And he had paid a dollar to be shoved under the furniture and stepped on by Jack Dunn! It was unbearable but he was helpless. He held his breath and listened. Mabel was talking:

"And then I'll come to you and we'll be married there," she was saying.

Suddenly Jones' head began to swim. The pressure on his body was relieved but his hand received a terrible shock. Jack was standing on it. He could hold in no longer.

"Ouch!" he yelled as loudly as his cramped condition would permit. Immediately Jack

left the room, taking with him the astonished and wondering Mabel. Jones collapsed. He lay limp and panted. Jack had done in a few simple words what he had wanted to do in a much more beautiful speech, and had "gotten away with it." Fauntleroy never wanted to see daylight again. How he longed to be shot at sunrise. He never could look Mabel in the face again, and, as for Jack—words cannot express what he thought of Jack. The lounge began to move from above him and he was rolled over by Danny, who helped him to his feet and soon Jones found his own silk handkerchief tied around his trampled hand. Then he was led to the front door, handed his silk hat and given over to the care of the cab driver who waited without.

The next morning, Fauntleroy received a very polite little note from Mabel saying that she was sorry that Mr. Jones had left so abruptly the evening before. Also by the same mail came a receipt for one dollar from the Diabolical Danny. Mr. Fauntleroy Jones took both papers in his one good hand and threw them disgustedly into the grate.

"Gracious! What a provoking episode," he frothed, as he walked the floor in wrath.

### The Volunteers.

RAY HUMPHREYS.

Here they come, shoulder to shoulder, lion-hearted, unafraid. Each in step to the blatant blare of the bugles. Spy their cheery smiles, see their sturdy swing, their smooth-checked, golden faces beaming, like Caesars back from victory,—instead of recruits, powder-green,—they come.

Still they come: afoot, in saddle, on rumbling gun-carriages, with sabre, Krag, and mountain battery,—blithely they march,—hark the rasp of untried weapons,—note the spotless beauty of their drab, fresh from the looms. Spick and span, like anxious bridegrooms,—they come. There they go: in decimated files, like corpse to the tomb. Wan, sad, weary,—vigil keeping in dank burrowings; mowing down their fellow-men,—straining 'neath their colors, hungry, ill-kempt, like stones they squat and wait, or plunge headlong, hopeless like sheep, through snow and mud,—they go.

They are gone: like heroes they had their puny hours to fight and pray and hope and die. In trench, in pit, in current, in nameless grave, they lie, entangled, friend and foe,—bleeding, torn, twisted, cold,—in agony, alone, unmourned for, and unblessed, they heard the call of ages,—and they're gone.

### Homeward.

WHERE are they now, the hills we used to know,  
The meadows flecked with flowers in the dawn?  
Where is the silver laughter of the brook—  
All, all are gone.

Where are the eyes that held all heavens blue,  
The lily feet that o'er the mountain trod?  
Where is the heart whose chords we lightly touched?  
Asleep with God.

So shall the fires of the West burn low  
And soft shall fall the ashes of the day,  
And in the deepening dust my weary soul  
Will steal away.

S. T. R.

### In the Middle Between.

BY MYRON PARROT.

Jan. 4—I unexpectedly come upon Solomon this afternoon, and at his invitation walk with him to the aviation field. Venus happens to be there and Solomon introduces us. Of all the girls in Limbo she is the sweetest and by several laps the prettiest. She has big black eyes and a Cadillac eight.

Elias makes a fiery flight in his charioplane. Then I see something that surprises me. Bellera-phon bridles Pegasus and hands the reins to Jack Dalton who mounts and flies far beyond our gaze.

Brigham Young is there with his family in seventeen touring cars.

This evening (Adonis having gone to the Boer War) Venus and I spend my theatre tickets. A more socdolagered vaudeville performance cannot be imagined. Here is the inventory.

- A. TERPSICHORE (maxisitchy)
- B. MELPOMENE (Soulful Fish)
- C. BRAHMA (Novelty Juggling)
- D. DELPHI MAGICIANS

Afterward we eat a few cherries at the Limbo Cabaret, managed by Bacchus and Thespis. At the table beside us sits Socrates absorbing hemlock phosphates. The Roman Maximin is there too. He sits on a table and eats off the balcony. Doorga, the Hindoo waitress, brings in his supper on ten trays, carrying one in every hand. Behind her comes Goliath,

toting a bathtub filled with chipped ice, and finally, Polyphemus skilfully manipulating a keg of champagne.

Jan. 5.—I chance to be trapping tavern tokens in Bachus' Pickle Parlor, to-day, when Jupiter, having disguised a few more egg-nogs than he can conceal with proper dignity and decorum, launches into lengthy discourse concerning the former power and glory of the Myths, who, he declares, once possessed heaven and were adored by the Romans. On hearing this, Cicero, who has been settling an argument between Mars and Andrew Carnegie, leaps upon a table and in thunderous voice, delivers a deadly "balling out," saying that he is tired of such "bunctious blasticum bullconus"—that he does not believe they ever lamped the interior of heaven—that they are only con men, common street fakirs—that were it not for the Greeks and Romans they should never have existed—et cetera, ad finitum, so forth and so on.

He does not stop for breath. He talks like a phonograph or a barber, without, however, the gentle voice. His reminds me of bowling alleys, of waterfalls, of artillery battles, of deep sea pirates, of morgues and cemeteries.

Cataline, sitting alone at a nearby table, laughs till the tears roll from his eyes, and orders a slow-gin-fiz for every man in the house.

Then Virgil, who has been quietly conversing with Homer, goes to the bulletin board, and composes this poem:

Juppiter blowibus bigga bullorum,  
Cicero hearibus thinkimus ballum.  
Givibus Jovibus sum oratorum.  
Cataline buyibus; drinkibus allum.

Jan. 6.—This is the day of the big game. Confusion claims supremacy. Limbo's greatest newspaper, the *Arctic Breeze*, devotes its entire issue to the game, and offers as a special feature the advance dope by Billy Sabbath. The lineup is given as follows:

MYTHS		HASBEENS
Doorga		Mollie Pitcher
Diana	Forwards	Cleopatra
Juno	Center	Carrie Nation
Venus		Helen of Troy
Minerva	Guards	Judith
Referee, George Washington		Umpire, Ananias

The struggle is to be governed by Inter-Collegiate Rules. The girls here do not fancy the feminine formula.

This evening—the game is great while it lasts. Doorga with her ten hands furiously dribbles the ball all over the floor, getting away for shots so frequently that in eighty-seven seconds the score stands 8 and 0 in favor of the Myths. But Judith suddenly begins like an army and smashes the slashing attack to smithereens. At this moment Helen grabs the ball and Eichenlaubs twelve yards. Ananias refuses to call a foul, and the Myth rooters, in mild remonstrance, start smashing windows and tearing up the bleachers. Midst the excitement Mollie Pitcher opens fire and shoots five successive baskets. George Washington is the author of a riot a second later, when he calls a foul on Venus for holding. Every Myth in the hall produces a package of Irish confetti (which is not mythical stuff), removes the tin foil and clears for action.

Jan. 7.—This morning, the police are cross-examining the ruins, and hope to unearth exhibit A (George Washington) and B (Ananias) before evening.

In the Inn's miniature parlor, I sit after lunch reading the SCHOLASTIC. Pauline's parental encumbrance is there; so is Pauline. She has just been told that this is her wedding day and her eyes are dripping.

After a while Shylock nonchalantly saunters through the Portico (as Caesar would enter the Forum, or Jack Johnson an African bar-room), and in sonorous voice demands that the contract be fulfilled. The moisture evaporates from Pauline's features; she rises to her toes like a burlesque queen. Icily she agitates the sound waves.

"Shylock, I shall never marry you, good afternoon."

"But the papers," insists Shylock, "I have—"

"Good afternoon," says Pauline.

"I have the papers. Read this contract here—"

"Good afternoon," remarks Pauline.

"You! Your heart and hand, I get—"

"Good afternoon," comments Pauline.

"Your father, he went in hands of deceivers; he got bank-rapped, he—"

"Good afternoon," suggests Pauline.

"Well, you have to. I'll get my lawyer, I'll—"

"Good afternoon," intimates Pauline.

Shylock turns and cusses his way towards the entrance—I mean exit—mentioning all the heroes from Cain to Leftie Louie. At the

doorway he turns and threatens.

"I'll have a—"

"Good afternoon," concludes Pauline.

As Shylock slams the gate, the parental encumbrance cries:

"Pauline, Pauline, why did you do it? Why did you invite him to especially request his presence outside? We are ruined. You—"

Two rubber plants crash to the floor, and Nick Carter, the human dictograph, catapults from behind the divan.

"Fear not," he assuages, "fear not. Leave it to me; leave it to me."

Then dashing through a stained-glass window, he shouts: "I shall return presently."

Before long Shylock re-enters, a Turkish butcher knife in each hand, and the police force at his heels. Caligula comes also; and Nero, with a fiddle and a box of safety matches. By this time a mob has congregated.

Shylock orates:

"Friends, Womans, Agriculturists, lend me your ears—if that's all you've got. I came to marry Pauline unless her father pays me. Marc Antony has no copyright, and if you will, I will read the contract. Will I?"

The mob shouts:

"We will, you will, the contract will be read."

Shylock reads:

"I hereby promise to render Shylock the heart and hand of my daughter, Pauline, next Tuesday evening as the curfew tolls!" He has signed it," adds Shylock flourishing a bolo, "and now I shall have her heart and hand. By the gods, he shall render them."

"Make lard of my daughter's heart and hand!" wails the father. "Oh, how can I?"

Pauline weeps like Niagara Falls. Poor Pauline!

"Ah, my pretty maid," villainizes Shylock, "prepare yourself—to-night as the curfew crows—"

But his speeches are bound to come in instalments like Lucile Love or stories in the Post. This time he is interrupted by Nick Carter, who rushes into the room cannonading:

"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

The people stare in wonder, for behind him comes Joshua. With great dignity, he speaks:

"I pity poor Pauline, and bid the sun stand in the sky; and the sun doth stand."

Four hours pass, but the sun-dial is entrenched solidly at 3 o'clock. Arthur Mometer eloquently remarks that the calority of the

temperature is 693 A. Z. The collars and spirits of the mob are melting; so is their animosity toward Pauline. But Shylock looks as if he needs a gas heater and an arctic overcoat. The crowd begs Joshua to release old Sol, but he gives them no more attention than a student donates a military lecture, until Nick Carter, who has been questioning the clouds with a telescope, cries out:

"Let the sun move on, Joshua. He comes! He comes! Let tempus again fugit. Portia is with him."

All dash to the broken window and scrutinize the sky. High in the zenith can be seen a Jersey mosquito. It grows larger, larger, finally shaping itself into the form of Pegasus. Swiftly he volplanes into a flower bed. Jack Dalton and Portia dismount. Dalton wades through salt-water to Pauline's side, and lovingly beseeches her to exhibit a rainbow. Portia speaks:

"I pray you, let me look upon the bond!"

Parsimoniously she peruses it. Then calmly asks: "What Tuesday is this?"

"To-day, this Tuesday of course," answers a taxpayer.

"Well," exults Portia, "this contract says next Tuesday. Pauline is preserved. Next Tuesday never comes."

"What wisdom," shouts the crowd together (like the chorus in "Broadway Girls"), "Portia for mayor, aye, aye, Portia," they cry.

"Rawsberry," says Shylock, but no one seconds the motion.

Pauline's face rainbows beautifully, and Jack Dalton kisses the smile squarely in the middle.

Alexander's band plays "At the Wedding," and Bertha Clay quotes from Shakespeare: "They will live happily ever after."

Then the gathering raws righteously nine times, and Shylock is sent to Brownson.

[Passed by the National Board.]

(THE END.)

Sunset.

SPEER STRAHAN.

In the West the drifting smoke clouds go  
Like an army past the flaming sun,  
And the sky all splashed with red doth show  
Day's bloody carnage lately done.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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—Every day the problem of the United States to maintain its neutrality becomes more difficult. England and Germany both refuse to recede an inch **Americans First.** from their positions on the question of neutral shipping. As a consequence, in the words of a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, "this country is approaching the gravest crisis in its history." Despite our views on the present administration we must admit that the government is doing everything in its power to prevent us from being embroiled in the European war. The rights of this country and of all neutral countries must not be sacrificed to the needs of the belligerent nations. In this time of great trouble it is the duty of every American citizen to put aside petty antagonism to the administration and aid it in every possible manner to accomplish its purpose. It is time that we forget all the ties that bind us to the European countries which have the tendency to make us engage in partisan discussions concerning the merits of the belligerents and the placing the blame upon each other for this war. Far above our affection for the land of our ancestors must be placed our duty of loyalty and allegiance to our own country. When we realize that we are first of all American citizens our troubles will materially diminish.

## Personals.

—J. E. Valdes (LL. B., '06) is now Chief of the Income Tax Division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue for the Philippine Islands. His address is Manila, Philippine Islands.

—Henry E. Taylor, student in the early years of this century, is now with the Gibney Tire and Rubber Company in the capacity of Manager. His address is 1712 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

—Mr. Leroy Keach (LL. B., '08) is one of the live wires of Indianapolis. He deserves signal success and is achieving it. He is one of the chivalric souls in whom loyalty to Alma Mater needs no nursing.

—Judge James E. Deery (LL. B., '13), of the Municipal Court of Indianapolis, stands very high in the esteem of his fellow citizens. *Probably no man of his age in the history of the city has made such a strong impression on people of all classes.* Character and ability are his in abundance, and they always win out.

—Mr. S. A. Baldus, Managing Editor of *Extension Magazine*, who recently lectured at the University on "How to Write a Short Story," announces a short story contest which offers a first prize of one hundred dollars and a second of fifty dollars. All who heard Mr. Baldus lecture are eligible to compete. For other details regarding the conditions of the contest, interested persons are requested to consult the bulletin board of Sorin Hall.

—Mr. Paul R. Martin, a popular student of a few years ago, has become Associate Editor of the *Indiana Catholic* published at Indianapolis. Mr. Martin is not only well equipped with academic training but has also had much experience in editorial work upon the *Indianapolis Star*. By his thoroughly Catholic training as well as by instinct, he will have plenty of opportunity in his new field to render valuable service to the cause of Church and country.

## Local News.

—Be merry while you can, these fine sunny days. After them—the deluge.

—Candidates for the baseball team will meet in the Gym next Tuesday afternoon.

—Many student officers attended the Army

and Navy Union dance given in Place Hall last Tuesday night.

—Nineteen embryo Ciceros survived the first preliminaries for the debating team. The second tryouts will be held during the week of March 8th.

—Charlie Somers' calisthenics brigade gave a delicious delineation of "Butt's Manual" during the intermission at the Army and Navy Ball last Tuesday night.

—The annual ante-Washington's Birthday meeting of the Faculty took place Wednesday night. As a result many a delinquent Senior is shaking in his shoes.

—The arrival of Professor Greene's library and botanical collection leads us to believe that the possibility of a University Library is now more than a nebulous conjecture.

—"Heinie" Berger, immediately upon his joining the Journalism Class, was elected president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer of the "Pams." The Club may now adopt for its class poem Wordsworth's famous ditty, "We are Seven."

—By next June another handsome granite monument will grace the Campus. It will be placed in front of Brownson Hall to commemorate the destruction of the Battleship Maine. Full particulars concerning the project are to be given later.

—The student battalions were inspected last Friday afternoon by the members of the Junior and Senior Classes. It seemed to be the general opinion of these visitors that there is a marked improvement in the military organization since their days of servitude.

—We are glad to welcome Mr. Wilfrid Ward to our midst again, remembering the interesting lecture on Tennyson which he gave us last year. This year he is to deliver a series of lectures, and we feel safe in predicting that seats in Washington Hall will be at a premium during the stay of the distinguished Catholic litterateur and editor.

—Many a Sorinite, awakened from his Thursday afternoon nap last week by the sound of feminine voices, pinched himself to see if he were awake. Several of the softer sex who came on to attend the Sophomore Dance, were being escorted through the ancient hostelry that afternoon. There was a general scampering to cover.

### Day Students' Dance.

The Day Students' Dance given last Monday evening in St. Patrick's Hall was in every way a success. About fifty couples enjoyed the program of twenty-one dances played by Artis' orchestra. The hall was very attractive with its pink-shaded lights and decorations of American flags, college pennants and blankets. The committee in charge of the affair, composed of Joseph Stepler, Edward Marcus, Howard Rohan and Louis Wolf, was ably assisted by a number of other students. The officers of the Association include Mark Duncan, president; Vernon Helman, vice-president; Edmund Foley, secretary; and Vincent Vaughan, treasurer. The chaperones present at the dance were Prof. and Mrs. Benitz, Prof. and Mrs. Plante, Prof. and Mrs. J. Cooney, Mr. and Mrs. George Hull, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams.

### VI.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

JAMES MORTIMER RIDDLE.

When a certain oleaginous Southerner with a thick, New-Orleans-molasses drawl presented himself to the E. S. B. as James Mortimer Riddle, Master, everybody donned Plain-clothes and tried to "dope" him out. It wasn't easy in those days, for when a guy who eats Notre Dame meals appears at a football game (i. e. sans female) clad in a monocle, six-inch collar, four-dollar derby, clean shave and gold-headed cane, believe us, he's difficult to fathom.

Soon, however, it was discovered that Riddle could sing, because he was taking private lessons from George P. Schuster and executing everybody afterwards. Then suddenly he turned philosopher, and the day is still remembered when our Peripatetic held forth on "The Panstaticism of Parmenides." In debating he also proved some shark. After a two hours' eloquent argument, he turned to the vinegar-visaged teacher and encountered the following heart-rending query: "Just what side of what question are you defending, Mr. Riddle?"

But the career of our hero was destined to be pre-eminently social. He began as dancing apprentice to the celebrated Terpsichorean.

artist, Walters, followed this up with practical lectures under Steve Burns, D. M., and has at length developed a glide unequalled and unparalleled anywhere. For purposes of beauty he visited various renowned Walshites, and discovered the famous recipe which is responsible for his complexion. We present it for the benefit of posterity: Take an ordinary hair-brush, demolish your countenance with this for one hour; apply carbolic acid, and stand outside to cool. So efficacious did this prove that the Professor decided to enter the movies. Accordingly, under the direction of the eminent photographer, Monsieur Wildman, he arrayed himself in track-pants and bathrobe and galloped around in the snow for six hours. The experiment would assuredly have brought everlasting fame, had not the execrable camera-man forgotten to take the pictures. Alas for the buds born to blush unseen!

Lately a dire misfortune has decended upon J. M.'s head. This is no less than the lamentable circumstance that his capillary-incubator went on the bum. Since that date all of us have suffered from the stifling fumes of tar, crude oil, permanganate of potash, and asafoetida. On this problem of plocoman conservation he has enjoyed the ever-ready advice of Emmet Walter and Joe Pliska. The consultations of this stricken trio are comparable for depth to nothing but an athletic meeting.

Do we love our James? Say, when any of that vast horde, who, sitting in gloom and loneliness, have seen the door open and this radiant, jocose, sunshiny gentleman from the South walk in and drive out the "blues," forgets him, they deserve to become bald-headed and die. In his steps walk happiness, content and laughter; and if the bringing of light into people's lives constitutes philanthropy, then Jim Riddle has Carnegie and General Booth beaten by all the miles 'twixt earth and sun. Moreover, he stands memorable as the only gent from Dixie who doesn't undertake to dilate everlastingly upon the pretty girls, fine horses and corn-whiskey monopolized by the Southland.

Mr. Riddle is a society man without being a ladies' man; a student without worry or demerits; an aristocrat and a democrat; a comedian and a philosopher; a bald-headed man with hope—and last and best, he is another David Belasco.

Figure him out if you can: we give up.

### Our Puzzle Corner.\*

The ultra-erudite question upon whose luminous intellectual reaches we turn the feeble rays of finite intelligence this evening, honorable judges, is an academic problem of magnificent profundity, the edaciousness of whose emications have seized upon the mightiest intellects of an age of surpassing emendatory political agitation, and have transformed, by the evanescent magic of aerial prestidigitation, the sere and sombre skies of malevolent Manichean misanthropy, into the penumbral shadows of scioptical delusions and chiaro-scuristic misconceptions of a social truth, grand, simple, and sublime! That question, honorable judges, the same baffling mystery that has shaken the cosmic universe three points to starboard, stripped of its superficial veneer of insentient and cloying verbiage, rendered concisely and succinctly is this:

RESOLVED: That the eleutheromaniacal proclivities of Twentieth Century Neitschean grandiloquence, in unhappy conjunction with the most malignantly malicious perversions of the extrinsic truths of pre-Machiavelian diplomatic finesse, in astounding inopportune conjunction with condign contextural concoctions of cataclysmic ingeminations, cannot fail to effect most adversely, the selling price of fricasseed frog legs. By what turbid and tortured processes of specious ratiocination my opponent hopes to uphold the negative, I have not the temerity to hint at, nor the heartlessness to ridicule. I will but note in opening this highly illuminating controversy, that the hyper-catalectic nomenclature herein resorted to, is inevitable in disquisitions of the profundity of this splendid theme. I will not mar by tergiversation, gentlemen, nor obscure recondite actuality by puerile equivocation. I enter upon this encounter with no misgivings. The truths are as obvious as the metaphysical methods of a Schusterian sunset. They are unassailable as the logic that graces, garnishes and otherwise encumbers a Jay Clovian peace rhapsody. They are as inevitable as Friday fish; as immutable as a rector's lid.

Valetudinarianistically predisposed though he was, inherently misanthropic,—aye, morbidly

\* This debate speech was found in our archives. A prize will be given to anyone who will discover the erudite author.

and even mephitically pessimistic though he may have been, I shall nevertheless unhesitatingly jeopardize my impeccable, invulnerable reputation as a vertebrate paleontologist and neural encephalopathist, upon the utterly incontrovertible, if admittedly gratuitous assertion that this great authority on tiddly winks, pinwheels and world peace, was never hypochondriacally inclined until some time subsequent to the disruption of his cerebral concinity by the malignant sthenicism of self-induced fissural super-excitation. Can my opponent deny this?

Hastening to dichotomize the obsolescent and tralatitious theory of malificent neurilemmal fulguration, I purpose to expound as sententiously as the exigencies of soteriological discourse will permit, the specious logic of synthetical cephalization, and the coördinately fallacious concept of vascular vitiation. Does this not establish my point irrefutably and unassailably? Does not the subversion of the contraposit and the perversion of the inversion of the obversion of the question as stated spell defeat for all who feebly strive to oppose it? Categorically answered it does, they do and it is. Assuming a significance for the malperformance of the commonest processes of intussusception, ingurgitation, oscitation, sussuration and nictitation, it need hardly be demonstrated in more protracted fashion, that the bifoliolated malformation of the medulla oblongata, particularly in conjunction with subterfluent bifurcation of the peripheric membranes affords at least a clue to the deliquescent nature of this extraordinary social phenomenon. Can anything be more clear or convincing? Can there remain in your minds, honorable judges, any doubt, any lingering shadow of uncertainty? If so, let me urge upon your attention, the fact that, periscopically considered, the brachycephalic skull, subnormal cranial capacity, asymmetrical union of the occipital and parietal structures, xerophthalmic eyeball, and acute nyctalopia of the Paleolithic man, suggest conterminous, if not consascent subconscious reflexes of the fissure of sylvius and the corpus callosum. Need I go further in establishing the futility of the imperial cheese monopoly? Must I appeal to the illustrious Captain Kidd, or the immortal Omar Khayyam, to substantiate my contention that public mastication of caterpillars is in questionable taste?

But a word in conclusion, gentlemen, and I

cease, I discontinue, I conclude. If my esteemed opponent is graced with the intellectual equipment of an imbecile ameba, if he possesses the discernment of that super-succulent and ultra edible bivalve, the American oyster, he will agree that I have left him not wherewith to raise the futile voice of feeble protest against the decision that I already know must be mine. But if he fail to concur in this finding, then it were not malapropos to assert that when in future years, his microscopic soul soars at last through the opalescent vapors and roseate reaches of ultimate actuality, into the solidified solitudes of super-sublimated certainty, his astral consciousness will leave behind it, beside the mocking memories of a lost cause, an emaciated mundane envelope typifying the most perfect case of pthisical cerebral disintegration, known to the elaborate archives of the scientific world. In the consciousness of clarity, brevity and victory, honorable judges, I thank you.

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#### Athletic Notes.

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##### ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY.

The largest crowd that ever witnessed a basketball game at Notre Dame saw the local five take sweet revenge on the Michigan Aggies for the one point victory over our team which the Aggies secured at Lansing during the previous week. The game was a thriller from start to finish with the outcome always in doubt. The game probably did not equal the Wabash contest as an exhibition of scientific basketball, but the play was fast and, at times, rough. The shooting was spectacular and the teams were evenly matched. There was also considerable loose playing and as a result the crowd was kept on its feet almost continually.

For the first time in several weeks Coach Harper was unable to start the game with his regular team. Fitzgerald had not recovered from injuries received in the big game at Indianapolis, and consequently he was kept on the bench throughout most of the evening. The big forward was missed, especially when fouls were called, as he has become wonderfully consistent on free throws. Bergman was selected to fill "Fitz's" place. "Dutch" had joined the squad only a few days before the game and hence he had not yet reached his top form. Still the little star put up a brilliant

game in the first half, fighting against bigger men with considerable effectiveness.

For a few minutes after the game started, it looked like a "walk-away" for the Aggies. The Michigan men started in so fast that they had secured a seven-point lead before the Varsity could locate the basket. The crowd was almost begging for a score and Bergman finally came through with a field goal after the ball had been worked down under the basket by some clever team work. Mills tossed in a foul and these points seemed to give the men confidence for they immediately began to cut down the visitors' lead. Finegan and Daly held the enemy in check until the score was tied at ten each; then another basket was tossed in and the half ended 12 to 10 in Notre Dame's favor.

Notre Dame got the jump in the second half and soon had what looked like a safe lead. The Aggies suddenly began a desperate rally that came near netting them a victory. Ricker the visiting forward had his eye on the basket and scored twice on difficult shots. Cassidy was sent into the game in Bergman's place and the little South Bender brought Notre Dame's total up to 20 with a shot from the right side of the court. But the Aggies kept fighting harder and with only a few minutes to play they brought the score up to 19, just one point behind Notre Dame's total. Fitzgerald was then substituted for Cassidy and the final struggle began. After a few moments of hard fighting, Kenny got the ball when almost in the center of the floor and dropped it in the basket. It was his fourth basket of the evening and every one had been made from a distance. The team kept on fighting and a few seconds before the final gun, Fitzgerald got loose from his guard and executed another long shot that made the final score 24 to 19.

The chief honors of the game belong to Kenny and Finegan, although every one of our men made a more than creditable showing. The stocky captain was almost a wizard at dribbling and his shooting accounted for one-third of our points. "Joe" seems to improve with every game and his brand of basketball is simply unbeatable. Finegan played his usual wonderful game at guard. He was fighting from start to finish and broke up the visitors' plays time after time. "Sam" has the happy faculty of being in the right place

just before his opponent gets there as the "Aggies" can undoubtedly testify.

Mills outplayed both of the men who opposed him. He outjumped the visitors regularly and played a brilliant defensive game. He also worked his way down under the basket several times and accounted for six points. "Rupe" seems to have a big reputation, for all the visiting teams keep him closely guarded. They probably know that the big Easterner is a dangerous man when he gets loose. Daly continued his steady playing. The tall sophomore has become an important part of Harper's machine and he works into the team play in faultless style. He had few chances to shoot on Saturday night but he succeeded in caging one goal. Summary:

NOTRE DAME, 24.		M. A. C., 19
Bergman		R. Miller
Kenny	Forward	Ricker
Mills	Center	Frimodig
Daly		O. Miller
Finegan	Guard	McClellan

Substitutions—Cassidy for Bergman; Fitzgerald for Cassidy; Deprato for R. Miller; Peppard for Frimodig.

Field goals—Kenny, 4; Bergman, 2; Mills, 2; Daly, 1; Cassidy, 1; Fitzgerald, 1; Ricker, 4; R. Miller, 2; Frimodig, 1; O. Miller, 1; Foul goals—Ricker, 3; Mills, 2. Time of periods—twenty min. Referee—Miller, South Bend, Y. M. C. A.

#### INDIANAPOLIS STARS DEFEATED.

After taking an easy victory from Olivet last Wednesday, Coach Harper's basketball five invaded foreign territory for the second time this season, and this time Kenny and his men brought home the laurels. The local five went to Indianapolis where they faced the strong Battery A squad. Battery A was prepared to give the locals a tough battle, for their line-up came near being on all-Indiana team. Lambert, the Crawfordsville star, and a brother of "Skeets" Lambert of Wabash College fame, and Kline, reputed as the best forward in the capital city, were the forwards for the "soldier boys." Thomas, the greatest athlete ever turned out at Butler College, played center, while Al Feeney, our own captain and star a few years ago, and Skeets, who has a great reputation down-state, were the guards. Needless to say, these men forced the locals to fight every inch of the way, and the victory was a notable one.

Superior team work and the wonderful dribbling and shooting of Kenny enabled Notre Dame to keep the Indianapolis team on

the defensive throughout the first half which ended with the score 18 to 14 against the Indianapolis team.

The second half is said to have been the most spectacular bit of basketballing ever seen in Indianapolis. The Indianapolis *News* after praising Notre Dame's work in the first half, describes the final period in these words: "The second half told a different story. The collegians were thrown on the defensive and the Battery boys outplayed them. Lambert's work at forward for the soldiers was a feature. The teams kept even until near the close of the game, when Lambert caged two field goals in succession and set his team ahead. Notre Dame's fighting blood was then aroused, as the team went at it hot and heavy and soon had the score tied, 28 to 28. At this point the Battery team threw its forces completely on the defensive in Notre Dame's basket-territory. Feeney, who had been playing guard, was taken from the game, Smith substituted for Thomas at center and the latter to guard. Notre Dame also prepared for a whirlwind finish and sent Cassidy in the game in place of Fitzgerald.

"The Battery fought hard to keep the Irish from a goal, but it was only a few minutes before the final whistle blew that Mills caged the deciding field goal. A foul was thrown by him, which brought the total to 31."

Feeney played a brilliant game but was forced out of the game because four personal fouls had been called on him. The fouls were evenly divided, eight being called on each team. The game was played in Tomlinson Hall and was witnessed by a large and enthusiastic crowd. The local five was entertained by the Notre Dame Club of Indianapolis during their stay in the city. Notre Dame's showing should go a long way towards securing places for our stars on the all-State five.

Summary:

NOTRE DAME, 31		BATTERY A, 28
Fitzgerald		Lambert
Kenny		Kline
	Forward	
Mills	Center	Thomas
Daly		Feeney
Finegan		Skeets
	Guard	

Substitutions—Cassidy for Fitzgerald; Smith for Feeney. Goals from field—Lambert, 6; Kline, 4; Thomas, Fitzgerald, 2; Kenny, 6; Mills, 2; Daly, 2. Foul goals—Lambert, 6; Fitzgerald, 6; Mills, 2. Time of halves—20 min. Officials—Diddle, Westover.

VICTORY CROWNS CLOSING GAME.

In the final home game of a most successful season, the Varsity took West Virginia University into camp Wednesday night, by a substantial margin, 55 to 30. The Gold and Blue displayed remarkable speed and pass-work, along with very accurate shooting. The two speed merchants at the forwards, Kenny and Bergman, played a lightning game, gathering 17 baskets between them, while Daly and Mills each garnered 5. Captain Neale, one of the best guards seen on the local court this year, was the visitors' star, making several beautiful shots. The line-up and summary:

NOTRE DAME, 55		WEST VIRGINIA, 30
Bergman		Resegger
Kenny	Forward	Morrison
Mills	Center	Heavner
Daly		Neale
Finegan	Guard	Jacobs
Baskets—Kenny, 9; Bergman, 8; Mills, 5; Daly, 5; Neale, 5; Morrison, 3; Heavner, 3; Jacobs, 3.		
Free throws—Neale, 6; Daly, 2.		
Referee—Miller, South Bend, Y. M. C. A.		

VARSIITY HANDICAP MEET.

In order to get a better line on the men who are to compete against Michigan on February 27th, Coach Rockne scheduled a special handicap meet last Saturday afternoon. The handicaps were large in a number of events, and this fact added to the interest in the meet. Of course many of the best men were unable to win out on account of the handicaps and this must be considered before the results can be taken as a real index of ability. The track men are working hard and there is daily evidence of improvement. The team will no doubt furnish the Wolverines with some spirited competition.

INTERHALL BASKETBALL

Sorin and Walsh clashed again Sunday afternoon with the usual result. The game ended with the score 33 to 13 in favor of the Sorinites. Compared with previous contests, Sunday's struggle was rather tame and uninteresting, and was distinctly lacking in notable features, unless poor passing and weak attempts to throw baskets could be considered as such. Walsh never had even a ghost of a chance, for Sorin played them off their feet and rolled up a safe lead in the first half of the game. Neither team was guilty of playing a good game, although both sides had several stars who accomplished the bulk of the scoring unaided.

For Walsh the two May brothers put up a good fight and between them captured nine points for the losers. The Sorin tossers were in fine trim, especially Pliska with seven baskets to his credit, and Cofall who contributed five baskets. Slackford, Roach, and "Shorty" deFries also put up a good brand of ball.

### Safety Valve.

IN THE SORIN KINDERGARTEN.

#### SCENE I.

Mills:—"My father can fight your father."

Eichenlaub:—"He cannot, my father's a policeman."

Mills:—"I don't care if your father is a policeman, my father runs a butcher shop and he's got sharp knives and cleavers to kill people with."

Eichenlaub:—"That's nothing. My uncle runs a stone-quarry and he gives my father dynamite and he could blow up your father's old butcher shop."

Prefect: (coming in)—"Are you here again, Mills? Didn't I tell you to stay in your own room and stop this visiting."

Mills—(going out): "Just the same, my father can fight your father."

Eichenlaub (calling after him):—"He can't do it."

#### SCENE II.

Art Carmody (to Eich):—"Let's play we was dogs. I'll be a big black woolly dog and you be a poodle."

Eich:—"No, I don't want to be no poodle. I want to be a big bull-dog, with a voice like g-r-r-r-r—that, and I don't like black woolly dogs, neither."

Art C.:—"If you're going to be a bull-dog, I'm going to be a big lion with yellow hair and long whiskers."

Eich:—"Then I won't play with you. I'm going down to Rupe's room. Rupe lets me be what I want."

Art C.:—"I don't care, I'll go in and play with Mike."

\*\*\*

#### LENTEN RESOLUTIONS.

I'll be a darling boy in Lent

I'll rise each day at five,

I'll never go to town at all—

Unless perchance I skive.

I'll keep away from worldly things,

For heavenward I'm bound,

I'll shun the Orpheum each day—

When prefect is around.

I'll be a friend of every one

I'll treat my fellows well,

Except when I'm compelled to bid

A student go to—war.

And when the season has gone by,

For needed relaxation.

The President may counsel me

To take six weeks' vacation.

DEAR ARRY:—

Well Arabella hear I be settled down in Brownsun hall just like I was an old inmate instead of a new scollar which of course you all no that I be, but I swear you never can gess what this place is like even if you was hear for it is biggener the calaboose down to Keewanee and the prefects are thickener than mites on a hen's bac running all over the campos trying to catch some of the fellers what liv in soren hall which are pretty bad in this hear schivan bisnes specialy Ike who is the footbal champeen hear which wil be som surpriz for you to hear that I to am a champeen hear bein checkers champeen of the hole diggins whichis for a new guy going pretty good for lots of the other champeens are jelous for they reckonize I got them beet and 1 of the prefects tole me not to play with fellers as I dont no and I sez I no a lot of the fellers and he sez wel they all no you all rite which is probly rite for they guv me 3 raws berys the other nite and 1 of the fellers in the refractoty tole me I was as good as ether herrick who was the grate marble champeen or John McDonald prop. of walsh hall, who was all so a champeen and where all the swel dressers liv who make the dinky list every quarter but I had to give fifty sense to be on to 1 of the new fellers hear who is a wildman from soren hall where he was till father laffin quit caring for him and run him over hear he says sure I will be on the dinky list if I giv him fifty sense so I guv it to him.

Well Arabells their are som grate things doin up hear and I sure be having 1 swel time of it at the meals. I dont care so much foř on acct. of having to pas things most of the time to an other feller what sits at the top of the table yellin shoot the bred and coffy up and hear waiter get som seconds and whos got an extre bun and hear you only get 1 tart their till a guy most goes crazy and cant get mush to eat vinse mooneywho is a genral hear and deac jones who I guess is 1 of the prefects set rite neer me so I gess bording scoll aint all its cracked up to be but I shood wory however most of the perfessers are pretty smart fellers from what Ive seen of them maybe you remember that guy who sold brass bracelets down hum las summer durin the fare before the sherif got after him wel perfesser riddle who is 1 of my perfessers wares a derbee hat just like him and he makes me think of that twenty five sense I throwed away on that brass bracelet to giv you how is it now eh Arry?

Well I gess thats about all the news I no of only that this is som big place and I have been all over it except into corby hall where 1 of the perfects sez to me you move long there we have enuff nuts in hear now and so I didnt go in I just asked if i could come agin and the perfect sez you may be over hear nex year for good but I bet I wont as I am going to live in walsh nex year if I can anyway I met art hays who invented a dikshunary and he sez nobuddy ever goes in to corby excep the fellers who are radikalley mentaly defishunt and I gess he is rite well I gess thats all now and giv my best regards to al your folks and keep some for your self and answer this soon. Luvinly

BILL.

P. S. they giv the male out at meel time hear so dont rite much for if you do I wont get any thing to eat.