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Kedron.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

SILENT the Master went and slow
By Kedron's waters rippling low.

Was not some murmur there or sigh
As the Lord God was passing by,—

Giver of living waters He,
From the deep springs of eternity?

The Rivals.

ARTHUR B. HUNTER.

SHERIDAN was too young to know life and the world fully. He lacked breadth and depth. "He was ingenious clever and brilliant; he had dash, ardor, dexterity and wit; but when his work is compared with the solid and more human plays of Molière, for example, its relative superficiality is apparent. And yet superficiality is a harsh word and perhaps misleading. What is not to be found in Sheridan's comedies is essential richness of inspiration. Liveliness there is and dramaturgic skill and comic invention and animal spirits and hearty enjoyment; these are the gifts to be prized. To seek for more in 'The Rivals' or the 'School for Scandal' is to be disappointed." Such is the estimate of Brander Matthews, and surely his judgment is worthy of consideration.

A short sketch of the life of the author of "The Rivals" may not be out of place in an estimate of this play and it may help to give a better understanding of the work of Sheridan. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was an Irishman born in Dublin in 1751. Before he was ten years of age the family moved to England. At the age of nineteen he eloped with a public singer, age seventeen, to France and although possessing no fortune of his own, he withdrew his wife from the stage. They returned to England to "live happily ever after." Sheridan's education had been fragmentary and he lacked serious training, but he had wit and confidence; and he determined to turn dramatist.

"The Rivals" was his first production. This is one of the few comedies that have come down to us from the eighteenth century. It did not survive in its original form however. Upon its first performance (Jan. 17, 1775) it failed blankly as it did again on a second performance. The young playwright withdrew the play and revised it after which it was soon reproduced with approval.

In 1776 Sheridan became the manager and part owner of Drury Lane Theatre. Here were produced his later works some of which were of mediocre quality, while two at least were of no little merit. These were the "School for Scandal" and "The Critic." These established his reputation, and he was wise enough to rest on his laurels. He often spoke of a comedy in the making to be called "Affection," but when he died he had done no more than jot down a few stray notes and suggestions for its plot.

His political life was as interesting as his dramatic career. He was a Whig member of Parliament from 1780 to 1812 and during a part of this time he was Secretary of the Treasury. Some of his speeches from the floor had marvelous effects, especially two that he delivered in the course of the prosecution of Warren Hastings. His oratorical skill he had trained in a course given by his father, an elocution teacher.

His fall was sudden and great. In 1792 his wife died. He married again by mistake in 1795. In 1809 Drury Lane was burnt to the ground. In 1815 he was arrested for debt and died on July 7, 1816.

He was a better playwright than Congreve,

Vaubrugh, Whycherly or Farquar, all comedy writers of the Restoration period. He surpasses the dramatic work of Goldsmith, his fellow Irishman. Sheridan is, of course, not to be likened to Molière, but a comparison with Beaumarchais, author of the "Barber of Seville," a comedy resembling "The Rivals" in many respects, is certainly fair enough. Both the French wit and the Irish were masters of fence and the dialogue of their comedies still "scintillates as steel crosses steel." Neither of them put much heart into his plays, but the "School for Scandal" is wholly free from the declamatory shrillness which marks Beaumarchais' masterpiece, the "Marriage of Figaro."

Besides being Sheridan's first play, "The Rivals" is also one of his best. Sheridan had had no special training in dramatic art, but he wrote this play to start his fortune. He gained both money and a reputation for himself from it. After he had revised his lengthy composition, "The Rivals" was a "go" with the London play-goers.

In the perusal of this play the reader is attracted particularly to two characters each possessed of marked idiosyncracies. Mr. Bob Acres, a would-be lover and duelist, whose ardor and courage desert him at the critical moment, attracts us by his hundred and one curls done up in paper, his Beau Brummel dress, and his evident relief at the failure of the duel to materialize. An even more sharply drawn character is Mrs. Malaprop. Her mistakes of grammar are so conspicuous as to miss the notice of no one. Her "select words so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced," are sufficient to provoke laughter to the weeping point. She is determined to make her niece "illiterate" a certain lover from the girl's memory. When the latter refuses, Mrs. Malaprop would have Lydia understand that "*violent* memories don't become a young woman." Lydia would ask what crime she has committed "to be treated thus," but our elderly widow cuts her off with the remark that Lydia must not "attempt to *extirpate*" herself from the matter; Lydia must know that she has proof "*controvertible* of it." A little later she designates Lydia as an "*intricate* hussy," and her caller, Sir Anthony Absolute, as "an *absolute misanthropy*." She consistently uses "reprehend" for "apprehend" and "illegible" for "ineligible," "contagious" for "contingent," "malevolence" for "benevolence," "pineapple" for "pinnacle," "accommodation" for "recommendation," "preposition" for "proposition," "conjunction" for "injunction," "persisted" for "desisted," "interceded" for "intercepted," "derangement" for "arrangement," "epitaphs" for "epigrams," "perpendiculars" for "particulars," "enveloped" for "disclosed," "analyzed" for "paralyzed," "protest" for "attest," "anticipate" for "review," "antistrophe" for "catastrophe," "participate" for "precipitate," "envoy" for "convoy," "delusions" for "allusions," and makes numerous other mistakes just as ridiculous. Naturally she tries to be dignified without succeeding in her attempt to impress her niece or any of the other characters with her superiority. Behind her back they laugh at her, while in one of the love letters that she "intercedes" she finds herself described as "an old weather-beaten she-dragon" of "a ridiculous vanity which makes her dress up her coarse features and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand," and this "same ridiculous vanity does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration."

Lucy, the chamber-maid, takes more than a conventional part in the action. She acts concurrently as a go-between for Miss Lydia, Mrs. Malaprop, Bob Acres, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and "Beverly," accepting bribes from all of them and remaining faithful to none of them. Of herself she says, "let girls of my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert and knowing in their trusts; commend to me a mask of silliness and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest under it!"

Lucy's mistress, Lydia Languish, is a young girl of "blooming, love-breathing seventeen, whose eyes are so "innocently wild" and "so bashfully irresolute" that there is "not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love," whose cheeks blush deeply "at the insinuations of her telltale eyes." These quotations are taken from the extravagant description of Sir Anthony given to his son. Lydia is in love with one "Beverly" who turns out to be Sir Anthony's son, Captain Absolute, of a considerable fortune, instead of a poor ensign. A large part of the plot is wrapped up in this deception. Lydia is not so certain that she loves "Beverly" when she is disillusioned, and realizes that 'there will be no elopement after all." When, however, she is led to

believe that the Captain's life is in danger her love rises up and asserts itself in an unmistakable manner.

Her friend Julia is the betrothed of one Faulkland. This couple, however, are constantly misunderstanding each other largely because of Faulkland's temperament. His love-sick sentiments, when apart from his lady love are overdrawn, however, and the fact that he almost doubts his own love does not seem consistent with his character. Finally this pair of the sub-plot are brought together in a graceful manner, and the promise for their future is one of "smooth sailing."

Captain Absolute, the hero, realizing that he cannot win Lydia by the display of his wealth, goes to the extreme of disguise and hopes thereby to win over the beautiful young girl, who is desirous more of a romantic love affair than of a "good" match. The plan works out very well until Mrs. Malaprop and her friend, Sir Anthony Absolute, decide that the union of their respective wards would be a most excellent match. The comical complications that result have already been hinted at. The plot is also made still more complex by the challenge for a duel given by Acres to his friend, the Captain, for delivery to "Beverly." The Captain is a "likable fellow" throughout the action and is the true master of himself and his comrades. He understands the weakness of each and the method by which to turn that weakness against its possessor. Particularly is this the case with his blustering father whom he deceives by his feigned humility. Yet there is something lacking in the Captain. It hardly seems to be the part of the hero to make a woman love him first by means of a disguise and then through the medium of a feigned duel.

Minor parts are those of Fag David and Thomas, who are servants respectively to the Captain, Sir Anthony and Acres. Fag and Thomas get together and disclose family secrets, while David acts as a second for Acres in the pseudo-duel between Bob and "Beverly."

Sir Lucius O'Trigger is one of the would-be lovers of Lydia. By the intrigues of Lucy, his notes are delivered to, and answered by, Mrs. Malaprop. At the finale he is consoled to the state of bachelorhood. He allows Lydia to be taken by the Captain, but he refuses to have Mrs. Malaprop thrust upon him as a life partner.

"The Rivals" is a comedy written to amuse and entertain. The aim of the dramatist was not so much to teach a lesson, although the value of frankness as a virtue is indirectly shown, as to please the audience by a cheerful presentation of the lighter aspects of life. At the same time this play is remarkably clean. It was written in a period when vice was not only the legitimate but practically the only theme dealt with by the dramatists. Sheridan came of a family distinguished in literary work, and he lived a fairly decent life personally so far as the records state, so that it is not surprising that his work should outrank and outlive the comedies of such moral degenerates as Congreve and Vanbrugh.

The general action is well planned, coherent and unified. Scenes are not multitudinous in number nor is the plot spread out in a confused manner. The action grows rather than jumps and the final scene is the natural result of the transition.

The characters are mostly all natural enough and their actions correspond with their personalities. Probability is not the strong point in "The Rivals," however. It hardly seems probable, for example, that the three rival lovers, as well as Lydia and Mrs. Malaprop, should choose the same chamber-maid as a receptacle for love notes and bribes, or that Lucy could keep them all free from suspicion of her treachery. Generally speaking, however, Sheridan has made a happy selection of material and has avoided any melodramatic elements in the treatment of it. He is a clever craftsman and his style, if not trained to the art, is certainly fitted for the drama of the comedy category. His play "hangs together" well and it is pleasing, in part, no doubt, because he viewed life with the eyes of an optimist. The principle of "The Rivals" is right in both technique and morality, so that "The Rivals" has lived as one of the good comedies in English. Although this play is not classed among the greatest comedies, it will always repay its readers by its "dash, dexterity, ardor and wit."

Announcement.

The days of Spring are come at last
I've wakened from my dream,
I've quit my books and started out
To make the baseball team.

"Tom."

AY, he was one o' the Force, was Tom
So tall in his suit o' blue,
You'd stop at the crossin'
Where he was a-bossin'
The job the mornin' through!

The people o' town were fond o' Tom,
For he was obligin' an' kind.
'Twas Tom here an' Tom there,
Twas' Tom everywhere;
But Tom, sure he didn't mind.

A big man with a big heart was Tom—
Ay, that's the truth this day!
But the big an' the small
Must answer the call,
When the hour comes to march away.

How great he looked in the hospital bed—
An oak blown down in the dark!
"'Tis hard pullin'—I doubt
If I'll ever pull out,"
Tom whispered to Sister Mark.

The priest, he came an' anointed Tom,
An' "heard him," an' helped him pray.
"Now," said Tom, "an' I go
'Tis all aequal; I know
I'm right with the Lord this day!"

Well, the boys were there when they buried Tom—
I'm manin' the min in blue.
"Tom, we'd like you to sleep
Where the shamrocks keep,"
Said the priest—an' thim words were true.

Mo boucail, Tom, you've a rest from the beat
Down there where the dust is fine!
Sleep aisy, Machree,
Sure your Guard'an will see,
You don't lose your place in the line!

L. C. R.

The Financial Hypnotist.

BY JOHN J. MARGRAF.

"Can you guess, O illustrious partner, what name I bear in our next raid upon the people whose money is inversely proportional to their brains?" said Louie, the confidence man. "No," he continued without waiting for an answer, "why, you couldn't guess your grandmother's middle name. Well, I'll tell you. My cognomen is Prof. Stiff. I am the great hypnotist who can make legless men walk tight ropes, year-old babies chop wood, and dumb men speak four languages. No one can evade my power. You, my co-worker in all my previous escapades, are to be my assistant in this new field of chance, and when you see my victim paralyzed, turn loose the floodgates of your desires and see if their satisfaction lies in the means of my subject. Do you comprehend the instructions? Do you feel any quivering going on in your cerebrum? If you do, then the dawn of reason is peeping over your mental horizon."

"Say, what is this—a revival meeting, or are you merely giving me some instructions? You can't hypnotize." answered Butch.

"Who ever said I could?" answered the Prof. "I can persuade some one that I can, and you can relieve the person while I am reducing the victim to sleep. See?"—"I see."

"Now, practitioner of forbidden industries, please do not abuse the confidence that your elders place in you, and swallow that lump of anger. Let this sink deep in the place where ordinary men have brains. I am, by means of hypnotism, to release a man from his judgment, and you are to release him of his pecuniary possessions. Do you get me?"

"Yes. When does this experiment come off?"

"Now. Follow me."

As if by instinct, these two men entered a bar room and after lubricating their thinking machines, searched ardently for a victim who would easily succumb to soporific influences. There were but a few men nearby and most of them seemed wide awake and wise. There was an individual, however, whose dress signified either one engaged in bricklaying or agriculture and whose jaw seemed swollen by a toothache or by the presence of a "chew." Towards this human entity Prof. Stiff pointed with his half-filled stein and whispered to his ally: "My brother, do you see that combination, a beard, a protruding jaw, a look of anguish and overalls? Well, that sufferer, as I judge him to be, is to be separated from his lucre before that fly on the counter departs. Now when I lead him into the back room you follow me, but never let him suspect that you and I are partners. Now my scheme is about to be put into execution."

The Prof. approached the stranger and began: "I see you are enduring your toothache with the fortitude of a Spartan, but my charity

gets the better of me, and I make so bold as to ask you if you wish to be rid of the pain?"

"There is only one thing else I want in the world, and that is, a punch at the dentist that hurt the gum," he growled.

"Oh, then it's not a toothache. It's just an irritation of the gum. Well! I will relieve you of it if you wish. I practice hypnotism and by a few passes over your face, and by your mental corroboration, the ache will disappear. If you wish me to do so, come in the back room, for the noise lessens the efficiency of the result."

"Cure it, friend, and I'll be your slave forever," he sighed with a sickly smile.

The Prof. stood the victim in the middle of the room and said: "Look into my eyes, think about your grandfather's school days and don't move a muscle." The innocent man attempted to do as told. "Now, my banker," continued the earnest Prof., "you have no gums, and you are a hitching post and fourteen horses are tied to you. Now remain still or these animals will bite your ear off," and as if to prove it, the Prof. made a motion as if petting an imaginary horse and at the same time softly murmuring, "Whoa." The sufferer was still, and Butch, who was apparently absorbed in reading a paper, arose and crept behind the victim. The Prof. continued wildly moving his hands up and down like a pump handle and whispering words of warning, explanation and terror, to the man with the swollen gum. While the victim was almost persuaded that he was everything but himself, Butch was searching the pockets of the apparently hypnotized mortal, and as the search for the lucre became more and more delicate the Prof. became more excited and whispered names and numbers in such a variety that his assistant feared that the hypnotist was hypnotized. Butch finished his search and found that the victim did not have enough to pay his board in a poorhouse. He communicated this fact to the voluble operator who immediately desisted from all his efforts and turned round and in anger said: "Your head is too thick to be hypnotized; what you need is a pickaxe."

The victim laughed and removing the beard and whiskers said: "Say, you poor simp, would you rob your tutor in the art of prestidigitation?" Prof. Stiff turned and saw Butch shaking hands with Art Mubs, their former partner.

"Boys," said Art, "have a chew."

The Lodestar.

BY. M. A COYLE.

I KNOW not what the tides of years may bring
Or what great wounds of spirit may be mine.
Mayhap, the fearful storms that madly fling
Their terrors round the soul, O Friend Divine,
May mean for me quick death. How often man,
Filling his sail with winds of earthly fame
Turns wide his bark in ways far from Thy plan;
Forgetting who he is and whence he came.
O would a Pilot keen my way make clear
That through the thickened mist my soul might see!
Shall no one heed my cry, will no one hear?
And soft the answer comes, "Confide in Me."

Poetic Justice.

BY HUBERT WEIDNER.

The look of desolation that came over the face of Brandon after he said "So-long" to the last of a party of friends, whom he had invited for a sumptuous dinner at his apartments, was an expression never before seen on that handsome countenance. He looked about the room and saw the emptied dishes and the uncorked bottles. In the final bit of hilarity some chairs had been turned over and a chandelier broken down. With a cynical smile he quoted, "I feel like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted." Then reaching in his pocket he drew out a ten-dollar bill. "This is the last ten spot, and I don't need it." With this, he took from a drawer his revolver and sat down in a comfortable chair to examine it.

James Brandon was the only son of a multi-millionaire. His father died when he was eighteen, and his mother was killed not many years later by the grief caused by her son's conduct, who despised all work and called it drudgery. He took his father's fortune after the death of his mother and lived what he called "real life." His friends—and he had many—called him a "good fellow."

That evening, with revolver in hand, he was somewhat disgusted with the past life and still more with the life he would hence have to lead. Would have to? No! There was no such word in his vocabulary. He meant to put an end to his existence. He walked to

the window to see the city where he had had so many "good times" and to say "farewell" to the world. As he shaded his eyes from the moon's rays he saw a man in the street looking toward his window. It was cold out and nearly three o'clock in the morning. The man in the street wanted a place to warm himself and he imagined Brandon was beckoning to him. He went up to the house and was admitted by Brandon who gave him some wine. They talked of the weather till the stranger saw the revolver on the table. Brandon tried to hide it, but the stranger had guessed the truth. When the stranger became more confident he told his story.

He was Smith. A student when young and a literary man now. His life was a failure. All his efforts useless. Jeannette Irene, the actress whom he courted, had just told him how poor in genius and poorer in money he was, consequently he would never consider himself a legitimate suitor. This had driven him out that night to see if the river would bring him, if not satisfaction, at least rest. Smith then handed Brandon a manuscript of a play.

"Read this, kind host, and tell me whether you have ever seen anything to equal it. The theatrical managers didn't even look at me twice."

Brandon began to read, he became absorbed in the story of the play, and when he had finished Smith was sleeping in his chair.

Brandon knew the play was written for Jeannette Irene and with her manager he was on friendly terms. There was no name on the manuscript; why not do away with Smith, and make fame and fortune with the play! It was a masterpiece and would set the country on fire with enthusiasm! He rang for his valet, and gave him the ten dollar bill to put this drunken stranger out while he remained concealed.

The next day Brandon presented the play to his friend as his own production. Preparations were made for its primière, Jeannette took the leading rôle. During the rehearsals it was found that the last act would not act. Brandon was asked to rewrite the parts. He found himself embarrassed, but when Jeannette offered to give some suggestions he went to a side room and allowed her to dictate. The two found pleasure in their own company and so seriously did Brandon fall in love with Jeannette that he soon proposed to marry her and she was not willing to refuse.

The night of the first presentation was a glorious one for both Jeannette and Brandon, the latter being called out repeatedly and applauded as the author.

His idea had been a success—so far. Smith had almost forgotten about his play, even about the rejected proposal. But one day he saw on the bill-boards the face of his former sweetheart, and he examined the advertisement. "Jeannette Irene in Spectacular Drama 'Poetic Justice' by James Brandon." This suggested to him his lost manuscript on which he had worked so long and hard for the love of that woman. In a flash it occurred to him that the "kind host" who had given him that wine was James Brandon who took his play. Immediately Smith went in search of the house. He went in, ragged as he was, and found Brandon with Jeannette. Smith asked for explanations regarding the play he gave him to read. Hot words followed. Jeannette from a sense of pity shielded Smith, for she thought he had lost his mind on her account. Smith becomes enraged and threatens to kill randon. By this time Jeannette called the police who conducted Smith to the station and then, through Brandon's influence, to an insane asylum. But Smith knew Brandon stole the play and was getting royalties which did not belong to him. One night Smith begged the asylum guard to allow him to see the play "Poetic Justice." The guard believed Smith sane and managed to go with him to see the play. That night Smith was convinced of Brandon's knavery. He saw Jeannette as he had dreamed once to see her and was, in a way, satisfied. On returning to the asylum he wrote her a letter, begging her pardon for causing such a disturbance in her presence, and imploring her to come to him once more before marrying Brandon whose marriage-license he had seen in the papers. "Brandon is not the author of 'Poetic Justice'; I am, and can prove it by the last act which is altered," he wrote, "for I can give the original lines of the manuscript."

Jeannette went to see him and was convinced. Brandon was a despicable object to her then. He discovered how she found out and the papers printed both the account of Brandon's suicide and the name of the real author of "Poetic Justice" in the morning's edition.

Varsity Verse.

THE FIRST YEAR AT COLLEGE.

He puffed out his chest
Till it fractured his vest,
And he walked with a grandiose air.
He thought he was it
And would cozily fit,
By squeezing, the President's chair.

Of course he enjoyed
With a joy unalloyed
His own mighty greatness it's true:
And it must feel first rate
To be sure you are great
And that no one's quite equal to you.

But when with a smash
And a thud and a crash
He fell from his bed, a great height,
His accident sad
Made all the boys glad,
And they said that it served him just right.

L. V.

THE ANCIENT BANKER.

I

It was an ancient Banker
And he stoppeth one of three—
"You want a job as bank-clerk?"
He enquireth then of me.

II

"Unhand me! ancient Banker,"
I sternly ordered him;
"I'll touch no filthy lucre,"
And I turned away with vim.

III

He grabbed me by the shoulder—
The Banker hath his will,
His glittering eye grew colder
He held me there stock-still.

IV

"The bank room-door is open wide.
Woulds't hear the merry clink
Of silver dollars on the s ide
It's music, don't you think?"

V

He leadeth me into a cage,
And soon I took a notion
To sit there like a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

VI

Alone, alone! all, all, alone!
Alone in that cage sat me
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

VII

Money, money, everywhere,
And not one cent my own!
I thought this not exactly fair
And, therefore, took a "bone."

VIII

And now within another cage
I sit and sadly ponder—
I'm President, but can't engage
A proxy while I wander.

P. V. D.

Etched at Evening.

BY MYRON PARROT.

From any corner of the campus, from the flat encompassing farm-lands, or the long sloping hills of the distance, one's gaze might readily turn to our golden-robed Lady, lighted in crescent and halo in the evening, and to the restful Main Building beneath, domed concordant: and beside and above, in piercing silhouette, the chapel tower—an ariel, whose broad-armed cross outreaching, finds and flings adown in cipher of above the messages that angels breathe, the peace that self-wafted goes from star to star. Around and all about the several halls, sentient, stand apart in solemn sighing happy melancholy. In the rectangle are oaks, snow-clad, heaven-kissed, calm—their limbs gone forth as harp-strings to the soft caressings of the breeze, down drops mad music, wild, rioting with love.....the heavens, looking down, smile upon the world. Trees and statues, souls of men know they smile. All are glad.

On a by-path to the campus a pop-corn vendor dreams within his cart. Tall, with night-black mustache, he stands sleepily, in contentment. Laughing groups of Carrollites draw near—a sunny, half-gay smile entangles now, in pleasing paradox, his twilight features.

Passing with weakened tread, an old man falters. His is the sombre garb of a noble

brotherhood. He is a sered, bent body—a crushing of age, of toil, sacrifice. But there is a gleam in his eye, a flash; in his face is the semblance of happiness; in his soul *is* happiness.

From the refectories come the students, a galaxy, laughing, singing, hurling buns at one another, pausing, lighting pipes. The sered bent body is among them. Affectionately he is greeted; he replies. Smiling, he follows his way.

Three women cross the campus, having just received food at the kitchen, they are drivelling figures under faded shawls, their clothing claims every possible peccancy to style, their rough, red hands are ungloved, shoes over-run and worn. They carry baskets, covered. One turns and glances at the throng. She shivers, looks aggrieved and trudges after her companions. They, too, go onward in the night—these wives and daughters of men.

From the refectories come the students, gaily. They are laughing, lighting pipes. At the several paths they separate, in groups following the ways—some to their halls, a few to town.

One of Them.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY.

The port of Pembroke, on the western coast of England, was bustling with noise and excitement one March day in 1642. The "Bideford," a trim sailing vessel, was leaving for America with its load of excited and tearful passengers. They were leaving their unhappy country to seek a new and peaceful land across the sea.

The throng on the quay was larger than the band of adventurers assembled on the deck of the "Bideford." The whole company numbered but ninety-seven, and the majority were sturdy young men anxious for the hawsers be cast off and impatient to feel the ship moving down the harbor. England had been unkind to them, yet it was with fluttering hearts that they looked for the last time upon her pleasant shores.

The last box of tea and the last cask of water were stowed away, and the voyagers were still bidding their hysterical fond ones a last farewell, when the captain gave orders to set sail. With many cheers and many tears the ship rode out of the harbor, and soon the white cliffs of England were but a memory to everyone of the ninety-seven.

Mrs. Jannet Motts lingered upon the deck for a long time gazing back over the trackless waters, looking, always looking, for one brief view of land.

"I don't like it," she sighed, "I didn't want to come, oh, I didn't, I didn't, but it will be good to see Dick again."

She was an oldish woman of sixty with a wistful face framed by a great mass of soft grey hair which the wind was blowing into her misty eyes. She was small and frail and she leaned heavily upon the deck rail.

A charming girl of sixteen, her niece, was making the passage with her. They had received news many months before from Dick, the old lady's son, that his house, rude as it was, in Virginia was nearing completion, and that he wanted them to come on the next ship.

"Betty, dear," said Mrs. Motts, "are you sorry you are going, far, far away?"

"Not a bit of it, Aunt Jannie. Just think of the fine place we are going to, and how nice Uncle Dick will have everything fixed. The pretty flowers, Auntie, and the birds and real red Indians, are the things I want to see. Sir Walter Raleigh said that the Indians are everywhere in the new country."

"But for Dick I should be afraid, but it will be nice to see him, won't it, darling?" said Jannet Motts.

"Come, Auntie, let us go and unpack our best shawls, for I don't want my things to be wrinkled," said Betty.

Each morning the sun rose and cheered the weary load of fugitives on their dismal way. Each day favoring winds pushed the ship over the bosom of the deep, and each night the moon shone brightly to guide the little craft onward to hope and freedom. On Sundays, the minister, a severe young man, held divine service. These days were particularly sad for Mrs. Motts, and her eyes grew misty as she thought of old England and her pretty little cottage that she would never see again.

And so from day to day the "Bideford" sped on her way, urged by fair breezes and fortunate in the enjoyment of fine weather. But one morning, five weeks after she had sailed, the "Bideford" did not move any more. She was immovable upon the placid waters of the great Atlantic. Not a breath of air stirred; not a

breeze, not a zephyr, had stolen away from the cave of the winds that day, nor were they like to stir. The sun beat down with a sickening intensity and tortured all who ventured from the shade. At night even the stars seemed to have forgotten to glimmer and darkness spread its pall over the sea and on the ship.

Six days the "Bideford" lay calmed. Every day Reverend Parsons gathered his flock for prayer.

"The finger of God has touched us," he said. "O, Lord, that Thou wouldst give us a wind to speed us on our way, a gentle breeze to cool our aching brows. We pray You to have mercy on us and move us toward our destination."

Mrs. Motts was very much excited and she kept close to Betty: "I am so afraid," she wept. "Why did I ever get on this ship?"

Betty, though only a child, had hope and trust, and sought to soothe her aunt. She enjoyed playing with a big black cat that belonged to one of the sailors. He liked to stretch himself at the feet of Mrs. Motts and sleep, for *he* could sleep because the crucial occasion had no meaning for him.

On the eighth day black clouds appeared on the horizon and prayers for a favorable wind were renewed. If only a storm would come, a great, furious storm with roaring blasts. It would at least move the ship and cool the parched lips. Desperation had seized all the people, but now they began to be encouraged. But the dark clouds rolled swiftly away and the ship remained motionless.

No one was so alarmed and heavy-hearted as Mrs. Motts. She wept and said that God was punishing them for their sins. On the ninth day the captain said: "There is only one cask of water left. We must be very saving, and now each one may have but one cup of water a day." Fortunately, the ship was stocked with food which would last, if necessary, for six months, so there was no danger of starvation.

The scarcity of water went hard on Mrs. Motts. She was old and the glare of the sun was a torture to her. She pleaded for water but it was refused. As she moved about the deck she grew faint and fell down, groaning and writhing in dreadful agony. The cat went over to her and sympathetically rubbed his nose against her hand.

Betty pleaded with the men to get her some water, and they brought rum and water and partially revived the old lady from her attack of epilepsy. Her eyes were wild and unseeing and she murmured, "Dick, Dick." The cat, thinking it was he who was addressed, ran up to Mrs. Motts and playfully jumped on her shoulder.

"She's a witch," cried several of the men with one accord. "She's a vile witch. We are calmed through her influence. She has sold us to the Devil. Base woman do you deny it?"

The poor woman could not answer them. Her tongue lolled on her jaw and her speech was gone forever. She could only look appealingly at the maddened throng about her.

The minister spoke. "The cat is her familiar. He has combined with her to keep us here till we perish. Woman, why do you seek to destroy us?" He picked up the unoffending cat and threw him overboard.

Betty implored the minister to hear her.

"My good aunt is sick. She had one of these spells before we left. She will be all right in a few minutes, won't you, Auntie dear?"

"She's a witch; she's one of them," cried a pale-faced woman, gathering her child to her breast as if to protect it.

Reverend Parsons said that if the witch did not procure a wind on the morrow she must die. The poor woman recovering somewhat from her malady, through Betty's tender solicitude, spent a very uneasy and uncomfortable night. She prayed that the merciful God would send the desired wind.

"It must come, it must come. I am innocent. God will be merciful to me—to us," she prayed.

But on the morrow, very early, the whole ship's company were up and waiting for Mrs. Motts to appear. She came on deck, supported by Betty. Not a breath of air was stirring. Oh, the horror of it! She was doomed to die because she could not summon the elements into action at will.

Rev. Parsons ordered her to be scourged with ropes, to have her nails torn out with pincers.

"Now, get us a wind, old witch. Can you not? Well, then, you must join your familiar."

No breeze came to save Jannet Motts and, at noon, bruised and tortured almost into insensibility with her arms bound behind her back, she wa thrown into the sea with curses and with threats and without benefit of clergy. But the winds did not venture from their cave.

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Who are the Defenders of the Faith?

—If there be in these modern times any semblance of truth in the old saying that the "pen is mightier than the sword," then it would indeed be a weak blade that Catholics would wield in defense of their faith. We realize this fully, and with chagrin. Yet when it comes to welcoming such apologists as have lately sprung to our aid, when it comes to shaking hands with Satan because he proffers some subscription-seeking compliment we demur. You can't fight the devil with fire because his resources are too extensive. When a purveyor of cheap and microbe-laden journalism, publisher of the vilest periodicals ever spattered upon the public, printed a few gaudy editorials uttering a "good word" for the Church, thousands of Catholics fell on his neck in thanks. When Jim Jam Jems, private muckrakers of the coarsest kind, took up the battle of Thomas Aquinas, well-meaning Christians turned capers of appreciation. When *Harper's Weekly*, indecent, cynical and self-appointed possessor of the truth about everything, printed a few articles in reply to the *Menace*, otherwise intelligent Catholics the country over thanked the Lord for deliverance. And thus it goes. As if the *American* ever ceased to feature Laura Jean much stronger than Catholic "news," as if Jim Jam Jems could attract the attention of a decent reader; as if *Harper's Weekly* abstained from presenting as many articles against Catholics as for them. Those departures of the above-mentioned journals may have done some good: they may have induced a few bigoted anti-papists to drop their subscriptions. Otherwise nothing at all. A witness to the faith is a martyr: there was never a witness to God's faith who did not have God in his heart. Let Catholics remember this. A drunken parishioner may startle the world with his defense of Catholicity, but he will do it in such a way as to hide every good and noble quality of that faith. Let us labor with our Catholic press, let us render it stronger and better. For it is clean at least and honest.

Ralph Bingham.

Ralph Bingham is Redpath's champion joker; that is, he can raise more laughs with legitimate means than any other ornament of the American platform. Fat men have a reputation for merriment, and Hoosiers are held in lofty esteem for their yarns. Mr. Bingham is both a nonpareil fat man and an unequalled Hoosier. His negro dialect stories, his caricatures, his poems were really classy. Besides, he had the wit to mingle a few violin solos—in which he was agreeably accompanied by Mrs. Bingham—and his far-famed version of "Danny Deever" with his jokes. A Notre Dame audience will not laugh at everything—it has been bluntly told from the stage that it laughs at nothing. Yet everything Mr. Bingham essayed met with uproarious applause. The compliment which he in a little address paid the assemblage, was merely the best demonstration of his ability.

The Philopatrian Minstrels.

Just one year ago the Philopatrians forsook the time-hallowed practice of presenting a historical play in an English or Scotch setting, replete with princes, varlets, spies and intriguers. Their minstrel performance, "The Gold and Blue serenaders," if our memory serves us not amiss, elicited more genuine enthusiasm than the most sanguine member of that already famous cast could have hoped to materialize. Their debut was as sensational as the most blasé press agent could have desired. In signal testimony thereto, we can record the fact that this year they played to a crowded house.

And there was no restive shuffling of feet, no frigid ripple of perfunctory applause to "damn with a faint seeming of praise." The air of polite boredom so carefully cultivated for just such occasions in former years, became obsolete with the swords and ruffles that constituted its chief 'raison d'être.' The Second Annual Performance of the Philopatrian Minstrels, presented in Washington Hall St. Patrick's Day, was better than its predecessor, and hence better than anything presented by this organization in a decade. The scenic effects in the "Palace of Mirth and Melody" were even finer than last year's stage appointments. And the Cabaret Setting was still better. The costuming would have done credit to a "regular" company. There were gorgeously grotesque comedians, white clad sailor lads, trimly attired soldier boys, dress suited vocalists, variously accoutred, messengers, cabaret principals, waiters and spectators—the whole constituting a kaleidoscope of scintillating beauty, that will linger in the mind as long as the lilt of the excellent musical numbers haunt the memory. Thirty performers gave their best efforts to the Second Annual Performance of the Philopatrian Minstrels. And their best was very good indeed. Walter J. Hebert was admirably qualified for the rather exacting role of interlocutor. His voice was clear and his enunciation pleasingly distinct. The comedians sustained the standards set by Mr. Hebert. The jokes were as good, it were safe to say, as the rigid limits of local application would permit. The allusion to the quality of the meals, for instance, though not notably subtle, received a "hand" the like of which is seldom accorded much more recondite witticism. Gaston A. Hebert, Barrett J. Anderson, Clarence A. Bader and Charles A. Carey were the lampblack quartette which acted as the foils for the interlocutor's "leading" queries.

Every musical number—and individually and collectively they far surpassed the jokes—was encored repeatedly. The opening chorus "In Dear Old Tennessee" auspiciously inaugurated a thoroughly successful performance. Almon F. Reading and chorus yearned as wholesouledly for "The rooster, the one that uster, etc," as the most homesick Michigander could have desired. Gaston Hebert's version of that transient music hall favorite "He's a Rag Picker" maintained a parity of excellence with the preceding number. Mr. Hebert and chorus had to render the refrain three times before the audience refrained from rendering further applause. Barrett J. Anderson outshone his repartee in a very delightful rendition of "When You Wore a Tulip." Vince Mooney's perversion of this touching ballad had rather spoiled it for Sorin Hallers, but the rest of the assemblage, including a goodly representation from town, applauded repeatedly. Masters Charles Shannon and Lester Lloyd followed with "Shoogy-Shoo." When the curtain first parted, these young gentlemen had become the center of attention. They wore regulation naval attire, were the most diminutive members of the company, and were stationed well down front. Their appearance presaged both talent and priority of importance. In neither respect were the portents deceptive. From a galaxy of luminaries, we must select Master Shannon as the "bright particular star." For his years and stature he is certainly the most versatile youngster we have ever seen in action at Notre Dame. He is as sophisticated as John Drew, as musical as a grand opera celebrity, and as cute as Mary Pickford. "Back to the Carolina that You Love" became the feature number largely because he sang it. A violent affection for Carolina seemed to obsess all present. Last year we learned from feminine members of the audience that Leon P. Maguire was "just too cute for anything." This year we were apprised of the fact that young Shannon is "just too darling for words" which even without words amounts to substantially the same thing. His clog dancing as Buster Brown bespoke a conversance with things theatrical that this same juvenile has acquired as an actual member of the "profesh." Walter J. McConnell as "Tige" had troubles all his own. The string to his barker broke, giving the celebrated canine a decidedly slack jawed appearance. Some of the buttons were missing and his feet didn't fit, but aside from the "hoof and mouth" shortcomings he got "away great." The prestidigitators conducted their mysteries with an aplomb that abundantly compensated for the crude behavior of some of the equipment they employed. The cabaret scene represented the high tide of local stage setting. The myriads of colored lights, snowy linen, glittering silver, and concealed orchestra, quite eclipsed even the "forest scene" in last year's senior play. And it may be remarked in transit, that since that same Senior play, this is beyond

all peradventure, the best thing presented by local talent.

A feminine disguise would have made the "society dancing" a trifle more plausible, but even under this necessary handicap, Bowles and Anderson acquitted themselves with distinction. Bader and Anderson,—who presses Shannon hard for premier mention—sang some rather clever parodies, travesties sufficiently apt at least to immortalize Erich Hans de Fries and sundry others. The "Sonophone Band" and the Chorus were both good, the latter a trifle the more praiseworthy.

Stephen E. Burns—sometimes famous as "Mr. Stephenburns"—was a Musical Director par excellence. It mattered not to Steve whether he was in the Orchestra Pit or concealed by fronded palms, he officiated capably in both situations. Earl S. Dickens, who fathered the idea of vaudeville in place of "sere and mellow" drama, directed the production, and is deserving of great praise for the excellent form displayed by all members of the caste for the Second Annual Performance of the Philopatrian Minstrels. Prof. Derrick's orchestra was at its best.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

In the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, held Sunday evening, March 14, a program of readings was given by the members. The dialect was furnished by Francis Ott, Edward Dundon, William Curley, and Joseph Sheehan, who is always prepared to impersonate the Dago. "Napoleon" by Andrew McDonough, "Castellac on Lincoln" by William Bradbury, both in prose, "The Last Leaf" by Francis Farrington, and Kipling's "If" by William Henry, who also recited some humorous selections, were the serious readings of the evening. The humorous side was well presented by Leonard Carrol in "He's Seen It Before," Edward Lindemann in "Breaking the Charm," and John Shea in "Wax Work."

It has been decided to have nothing but literary programs and extemporaneous debates for the remaining part of the year. The programs will be well arranged so that there will be no monotony, and occasionally there will be a smoker in order that the members may become better acquainted with one another.

Personals.

—Mr. Robert Ort paid his old friends here a visit on Friday.

—Professor Charlemagne Koehler, former professor of elocution at Notre Dame, has established a School of Expression at 546 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. His many friends here will wish him much success.

Obituary.

MR. PETER LEMMER.

The sympathy of the University is extended to Mr. John A. Lemmer of Corby Hall on the death of his father who passed away at his home in Escanaba, Michigan, on the fifteenth instant. Mr. Lemmer was a model Christian man and was much respected in the community in which he lived. We request prayers for the repose of his soul.

Local News.

—Keep off the grass!

—Two weeks till Easter.

—Anyone who has read about this here furren' war, is sure that it isn't yellow, anyway.

—The camera-man is again at large on the Quadrangle, and white collars are again in style.

—We always have sympathy for the man who must carry a cane, but Culligan's totem pole is worth looking at twice.

—Plans for the reviving of the old Pennsylvania Club, are being discussed by the students from the Old Keystone.

—It seemed almost like June on Wednesday to see the boys gamboling on the green to the delightful music from the Band.

—Rev. Father Cavanaugh received two pots of shamrock as a St. Patrick's Day greeting from Mr. J. M. Studebaker, Sr., of South Bend.

—The papers for the *Eagle Magazine* contest were handed in last Monday. The embryo Montaignes and Kiplings are all nervously expectant.

—The Irish, the Scotch, the Germans, and the other races at Notre Dame celebrated Wednesday by wearing a bit of green. No race prejudice here!

—After hearing Eichenlaub sing "Hibernia's Champion Saint" and seeing Figlestahler's green tie, we have come to the conclusion that family trees are all wrong.

—Rev. Father Walsh spoke at the Saint Patrick's Day banquet given last Sunday night at the Oliver hotel by the A. O. H. and Auxiliary. Arthur Carmody gave a violin selection.

—The Kentucky Club held the second of its semi-annual meetings yesterday. The September meeting is held to elect officers; the March meeting to have a group picture taken for the DOME.

—It is reported that an ink-battle took place in St. Joseph Hall although the Associated Press has attempted to put a quietus on the affair. A fine new military shirt was the indemnity required to settle the dispute.

—The advanced Organic Chemistry Class, with Father Nieuwland, celebrated the 17th by inspecting the O'Brien Varnish Works and the Mishawaka Rubber Works. Mr. O'Brien in person conducted the visitors through his plant. L. D. Kiesler's machine furnished transportation for the budding chemists.

—One of the attractive features of the Hibernian Banquet Sunday evening at the Oliver Hotel was the fancy dancing of Eddie Mann assisted by eight boys and girls of the Assumption School. Everyone knows that Eddie is a specialist in International dancing. Mr. Mann and his pupils gave a Musical Entertainment to the Sisters at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, March 18 and 19. Those present said it was a real treat and that every moment of the entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed.

—The Notre Dame swimming team defeated the South Bend Y. M. C. A. team last Monday night by a score of 39 to 22. The events won by Notre Dame are as follows: Plunges—first, Carlton, 44 feet, 9 1–2 inches. 40-yard swim—first, Bergman, second, Carlton, time, 0:22 1–5. 20-yard swim—first, Bergman, second, Carlton, time, 0:10. 100-yard swim—first Vogel, second, Kiernan, time, 1:11 3–5. 220-yard swim—first, Kiernan, time, 2:34. relay won by Notre Dame.

—Of late our mail box has been choked up by the numerous communications received from one "Bil," who resides somewhere at Notre Dame. We had the office boy carry out these manuscripts which were prose, but now Bil has started to come at us with poetry, and the office boy refuses to have anything to do with the handling of his poems. As a sample we print the following and ask the student body what we should do hereafter in the matter.

OWED TOO VACASHUN TIME.

Aw me hart is weary wateing,
Wateing four vacase—
Wateing four the hapee day,
When i kin lif my hat an' say,
—Laffin' on my nobil brow—
Goodby too this place.
Yup, me hart is weary wateing,
Wateing four vacase.

Aw me hart is sic with longin,'
Longin' four ole June,
Longin' too xcape frum studde,
An' the bunch hear who air nutty,
An' the buns an' stu an' appuls,
An' the weakly prune.
Yup, me hart is sic with longin'
Longin' four ole June.

Aw, me hart is soar with sighin'
Sighin' four the time,
When chuck ful of nollege i'll cum,
Like a cassack feiler marchin' hum;
With my college airs an' soot kase,
Won't i bee sublime?
Yup, me hart is soar with sighin',
Sighin' four that time.

Aw me hart is paned with throbin'
Throbin' for vacase,
Throbin' four Kate an' Jain an' Su,
An' al the uther gals i new,
Who wil bee rawthir glad i gess,
To see my hansum face.
Yup, me hart is paned with throbin',
Throbin' four vacase.

Bil.

VIII.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

ERICH HANS DE FRIES.

It is our pleasant duty this week to record the achievements and to sing the praises of the biggest man at Notre Dame, Erich Hans de Fries. The flag-pole on Cartier Field "has it on him" by a few inches, but the flag pole gets thinner as it reaches the top, while with

Erich Hans it is just the opposite. Why they ever called a fellow Hans who is nearly all feet and legs is a mystery to us, but mysteries, like actresses will happen even in the best regulated families, and besides Erich was not always eight feet tall. Everyone who has ever visited Notre Dame knows of De Fries' fame as a high jumper, and can tell you how he walks gracefully up to the standards and tries a place kick at the cross bar, which stunt is done of course, simply to judge the height accurately, then going back about twenty yards he starts one of the new dances toward the standards. Sometimes the cross bar falls for this dance and sometimes it doesn't, and when it doesn't there is a roar of applause from the gallery and Erich goes back to the bench to cover his legs with two bathrobes. At the last track meet we heard a person say that Erich could jump his own height, but we fear his statement is incorrect. Neither do we believe that story about the cow that jumped over the moon. But we know De Fries is there with the goods when we need points at a meet.

Now brutal reader do not believe that Erich knows nothing about the social life because he is devoted to athletics. He knows all the fine points of social etiquette. You could place him before the most elaborately spread table, place a myriad of different sized forks and spoons beside his plate and it would not embarrass him in the least; then you might bring on any dish ever made, and at a single glance he would know whether he should eat it or drink it or leave it alone until some one else started to do the trick. Drawing-rooms are as familiar to him as the campus, in fact he owes his great length to the drawing-room, for before frequenting it he was short and fat.

One thing, however, that fascinates him is the telephone. He can hardly pass one without trying it. It is a common thing to see him rush madly up to the phone, call for a certain number (the same one all the time) and converse for a full hour over this most interesting instrument called "telephone." If you inquire why he does it he will wrinkle his high forehead and bleat out most charmingly, "I am devoting myself to science, and I believe that every scientist should know one instrument perfectly." He goes to town every Wednesday and Sunday, and he knows that young people always prefer trolly rides (in the fresh air) to being stuffed in a hot theatre and compelled to eat chocolates. Besides, it is a delightful experience to transfer from one car to another. The little blue transfer, the conductor's silver punch, the ding! ding! of the bell when the car is starting—all these things add to the scene. To sum up, we might say that Erich is most sensible and wise in his actions. No one can point to him as the *height of folly*, tall as he is. We hope that in after years he will often visit the University and look through the transom of our rooms to see if we are in, just as he does to-day.

Basketball Banquet.

One evening last week, at a date too late for publication, 12 Gold and Blue warriors sat down to a sumptuous banquet at the Oliver, to commemorate the passing of the 1915 basketball season. One of the best seasons in years, in every respect, the men had a right to feel that their work was well done. Daley, whose work at guard has been of the stellar variety throughout the season, was chosen to lead the 1916 team. Six men will receive monograms,—Captain Kenny and Bergman, forwards, Mills, center, Finegan and Daley, guards, and Fitzgerald, substitute forward. The four first named will be lost by graduation, leaving a very slim nucleus to build on next season. The members of the squad, to whose work throughout the season the Varsity's success is largely due, were as follows: Cassidy, Grady, Ward, Kirkland, Corcoran and Baujan.

Baseball Schedule, 1915.

April	3—Wisconsin at Notre Dame
"	10—Western State Normal at Notre Dame
"	14—Armour Institute at Notre Dame
"	19—University of Michigan at Notre Dame
"	22—Bethany College at Notre Dame
"	24—Wabash College at Notre Dame
"	28—St. Viator's College at Notre Dame
May	1—Michigan Agricultural College at N. D.
"	4—Beloit College at Notre Dame
"	6—Chinese University at Notre Dame
"	10—Cornell University at Ithaca
"	11—Colgate College at Hamilton
"	12—Fordham College at New York
"	13—Princeton University at Princeton
"	14—Georgetown University at Washington
"	15—Navy at Annapolis
"	22—St. Thomas College at Notre Dame
"	25—University of Wisconsin at Madison
"	28—Lombard College at Notre Dame

June 3—Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing
" 45—University of Michigan at Ann Arbor

The above schedule is easily one of the hardest ever undertaken by a Notre Dame baseball team. Michigan, the Aggies, Wabash, Wisconsin and the Chinese University will make the Varsity go the limit for a decision, even on the home grounds, and the Gold and Blue has old scores to settle with all of them. The Wolverines will furnish the big home attraction of the season, and April 19th will mean a great deal, one way or the other, to the local fans. Of the new teams scheduled, St. Thomas, though bereft of the services of Jack Culligan, will undoubtedly put up her customary good brand of the diamond pastime.

Of the teams to be met away from home, little need be said, as the names speak for themselves. Cornell is a newcomer on a Notre Dame baseball schedule, but the Ithacan aggregation usually turns out first class teams in every sport; a good battle is certain, in memory of a basketball defeat meted out by the Red team two years ago. Princeton took the Varsity into camp in a close game last year, and Georgetown the year before, making two more debts which need payment. On the Northern trip, the two tilts with the Ann Arbor squad will be perhaps the hardest test of the year for the locals.

Under Coach Harper's tutelage, the squad is fast rounding into shape. The weather in the past two weeks has enabled the men to get outside, and hard practice every night is bringing out the best in every aspirant. Lathrop has been moved back to his old place in the outfield, and with Captain Duggan, Burke, Pliska, Elward, Mooney and Ward, to fill the other positions, the Varsity is sure of a trio of good garden experts. In the box, Sheehan, Berger and Wells, monogram men, and Walsh, Boland, Dorwin, Cassidy and Fitzgerald, are taking turns at puzzling the batters, with Kenny, Mottz and Beckman at the receiving end. "Rupe" Mills, seems to have a strangle hold on first, while Rowan has the edge on the other contestants for the center station. Bergman has been moved from the outfield to furnish competition for Art Carmody at short, while brother Mike and Jake Klein are having a royal battle for Harry Newning's former berth. On the whole, the prospects are bright for a good team, well up to the high mark set in recent years.

Athletic Notes.

SPRING FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

With 35 candidates working out every day under Coach Kelly, it looks as though spring practice has at last amounted to something. Undoubtedly with a hard game scheduled as early as October 9th, the men must get through a great part of the rudimentary work this spring, if they hope to make a good showing. Coach Kelly's first and last motto seems to be "work;" a scrimmage the third day out brought back remembrances of last November.

TRACK.

Under Coach Rockne, the speed merchants are going through their best paces in preparation for the Chicago meet two weeks from to-day. A much stronger team than has represented Notre Dame against Michigan and Wisconsin will make the trip, as Freshmen will be eligible. With Hardy, Al Bergman and Art Bergman in the dash and 220, McDonough in the half mile, Waage in the mile, and Bachman in the weights, Notre Dame should place high. Waage's foot, which was badly damaged in his great race of two weeks ago, is fast coming back into shape. Puzzle for the fans—If he can run a mile in 4:35 with one spiked shoe, and a bare foot, how fast can he go when fully equipped? The results will be published later.

Safety Valve.

UNDYING LOVE.

You ask me when my love shall die;
I'll tell thee, heart o' mine;
When these things come that I shall name,
My love will not be thine.
When Galvin at sweet Erin's flag
A "Fie!" of hate shall hurl;
When Emmett G. does cease to sigh:
"God help the working girl!"
When Callahan no longer laughs
(We all shall hear of it);
And N. D. students find the point
To Chesterton's sharp wit;
When fellows heed the warning sign,
"Now please keep off the grass,"
And Sunday's fare is void of peas
('Twill never be, alas!);
When those confess who help to fill
The SAFETY VALVE'S rare page,
And Art Hayes condescends to call
That "Furious passion," rage;

When Carmody resists the lure
Of good old Honest Scrap,
And Boyle resorts to "Antilean"
To save his failing "lap;"
When Brownson Hallers break the law
Forbidding tacks and paste;
Then, only then! Sweet Geraldine!
I'll flee from thee in haste.

***

Fridays may come, and Fridays may go, but beans go on forever.

***

We are now looking forward to see a gentleman from Sorin getting the "Hellrung" out of him.

***

How is it that the very fellow who will tell you confidentially, and with the tears streaming down his back, that these N. D. suppers are "rotten," will hang onto the back of the last Hill Street Car and dash madly up to the dining room for supper—to save a dime?

***

It is reported that a certain Corby Haller, after eating several bowls of cornflakes at breakfast the other day, soon afterwards went to sleep standing up, with his head under his arm, which goes to prove that—well, what does it go to prove, anyhow?

***

GOAT GETTERS.

Danny Deever.
The debater who got fifth place.
Business Barometrics.

***

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Rhubarb for breakfast.
Rhubarb for dinner.
Rhubarb for supper.

***

Mabel:—"I think Notre Dame is a horrid place, the boys are so cruel."

Margaret:—"What makes you think they are cruel?"

Mabel:—"Brother is always talking about how they used to 'shoot the dogs' in the refectory."

***

Demerits work ex opere operantis.

***

"The human skull contains at least thirty bones."

***

Prof.:—"What is the matter—"

Miller (*coming in late*)—"I could not get here any sooner, I was in town at the doctors."

Student (*nudging him*)—"Shut up. He's asking Ellis what the matter of the sacrament of Baptism is."

***

Beware of the fellow who tells you the joke that a Buick is the result of a marriage between a Packard and a Ford.

***

The other day we received a communication containing a stamped envelope. The stamps were pasted on this envelope in a queer position and the writer wanted to know what it signified to stamp an envelope in that manner. After studying diligently all our books relating to *signs* we have come to the conclusion that this arrangement signifies that the one who stamped the letter was cockeyed.

***

MOTTO OF THE SOUTH BEND TRIBUNE.

"Be sure you're wrong; then go ahead."

***

Eleven brutal students beat a poor unoffensive conductor and a consumptive motorman—shame on you, boys! Let up on the poor conductors and get a few reporters, but believe us you'll have to go some to fracture their skulls.

***

The lost derby has been found!

***

A new translation of "Prascovie" has been received, and that of "Le Lépreux de la Cité D'Aoste" has gone to press. McShane and Humphreys please notice.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Leaves
About the trees.
And B. V. Ds,
About the knees.

***

We can imagine the excited state of a debater's mind that would lead him to ask in rebutal: "Who won the San Francisco earthquake?"

***

We are prosecuting the *Irish Wizard* of The Philopatrian play who declared before a large audience that there was nothing in the SCHOLASTIC and immediately afterward pulled an Irish flag out of it. What you mean, nothing?

***

TYPICAL.

We, the speakers on the aff. in order to establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity do ordain and establish Compulsory Arbitration.

IN SPANISH CLASS.

Professor:—"Could you tell me in Spanish, Mr. Cain, your opinion on this war?"

Cain:—"I'm perfectly neutral, professor."

***

CALUMNY.

It's not true that the fellow who blackened the Philopatrians for their minstrel show, left the neck and ears of the boys just as they were.

***

The melancholy days are come
The saddest of the year,
When every student's heart is glum
And each eye sheds a tear.

When abstinence is all the rage
And pipes are laid away,
And students at eight bells P. M.
Begin to hit the hay.

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