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In Sorrow.

I MAY not see those crimson lips again
That open like the petals of the rose,
I may not gaze again into those eyes
That veil the very sunshine when they close.

I may not hear the music of that voice
That echoes in the caverns of the heart,
I may forget the lilies in those cheeks,
When we two say farewell to-night and part.

But though my spirit should forever more
Roam through the pathless desert of the years
I should remember thee, sweetheart of mine,
Not by thy starry smile but by thy tears.

For in the silence of the sunken night,
When all the merry world was wrapt in sleep,
I saw thee kneel before thy crucifix
And, like His broken-hearted mother, weep.

R. F. D.

A Sublime Sacrifice.

BY WILLIAM C. HENRY.

FAR out in the distant Pacific lies a land where love is dead and hope is gone. It is a place which is not hallowed, whose shores are never touched, where all is desolation and waste. A silent, solitary land, a haven of lepers, an abode of life in death and death in life. This is the leper colony of Molokai.

Can you conceive of the horrors of leprosy? Can you imagine the loathsome effects of such a disease? It is almost impossible to believe that such a scourge exists, that it is so degrading, and that for those that suffer there is no hope. Nor is it probable that you would care to witness that spectacle if you could. "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean," came the wail from the hillsides of Judea, and the same lamentation ascends from the hillsides of Molokai to-day.

"Lord, we pray Thee for deliverance! For us there is naught but darkness. We live without Thy light: our days are numbered. Each morn that dawns, each noon that burns, each sun that sets, they but increase our agony. The birds that fly avoid our land and even the beast senses its desolation. No shrub, or plant, or tree, will grow here; and all green things perish in their first season. For us the promised land is yet afar, and the knowledge of our grief fills us with an overwhelming sadness. The ebb and flow of the sea is all that greets our eyes, while the winds war upon a rock-bound coast. Tears course our cheeks when memories come at twilight; then it is that fancy dwells; then memories of home. Oh God! how long! how long!" The thought that the sins of our fathers have been visited upon us; that 'Unclean,' 'Unclean,' must be the only word; that perfection of beauty which was once ours is forever gone; that we are refuse, slime, filth, and rottenness, is the dreaded thought that comes in the watches of the night. Time for us is no more. Our nostrils, our eyes, our lips, our hearts, are slowly rotting away. Each prayer which is said, comes from the vile and the desolate. We are alone, forgotten and friendless. Is it nothing? Does it mean nothing, oh Lord, that our bones, our feet, our hearts—are those of the dead?" Such was the wail that Damien heard and answered.

Ir was for these unfortunates that Father Damien came to Molokai. He was a simple peasant from an obscure Belgian town. Little is known of his youth or of his parents, save that the family were religious. At eighteen, Damien felt, together with his brother, the divine call, and joined the priesthood. In 1863, his brother was summoned to leave on a mission to the lepers in Hawaii. The call was urgent, for the colony was badly in need of

assistance. But just at this period the brother was stricken ill, and Father Damien volunteered to go in his stead.

Scripture states, "Better love no man hath than this: that he lay down his life for a friend." This was the love of Damien. At eighteen he was about to renounce the world. In the springtime of life, this youth with the bloom of boyhood upon his cheeks, would choose the whitened visage of a leprous face, and for the happy friends of childhood would substitute the withered frames of dying souls. Could he decide? And in that decision which pointed toward a piteous parting, would it not be infinitely more difficult to say: "Father! Mother! I have carefully considered all. I gladly choose the lazaretto for my life work. If sickness should overtake me, as perhaps it may, my faith shall only grow the stronger, my hope more constant; for both shall be strengthened with a fervent love. My youth shall be blessed with the Saviour's benediction during the years that shall be mine at Molokai. My renunciation will be softened somewhat at the realization that all is vanity. The good that I may do, each prayer and act of kindness shall be dedicated to these afflicted unfortunates until the end is come. That is my vocation. Their cries of sympathy shall not be heard in vain." Their people shall be my people, and their God shall be my God."

This is the sublime renunciation that denotes the character of Father Damien—that he could lay down his life for a friend. And if there were no other trait which could commend the character of that saint and martyr, his name should still be listed in the history of heroes. He knew full well the dangers that confronted him, but with unfaltering footsteps trod onward toward his goal. He must have conceived the life of suffering and sorrow, the pangs of anguish, the loathing and fear of that disease. And in the agony of tears, what poignant grief was his before that last farewell? He was human with a body and soul like ours, a mind that shared such human frailties as we share, a conscience that troubled and harassed: but it is the sublime sacrifice that he made that distinguishes him from other men. We cannot all be, nor are we expected to become, Damiens. It is too much. But we can at least appreciate the true greatness of the man. "It remained for him, in one single, decisive step, to turn all eyes to Molokai, and to bring a needed reform to that island and to its people."

At twilight of an autumn evening in 1863, Father Damien arrived at Molokai. There was but one approach to the island's bleak shores and that was through the leper stairway. All seemed silent save the occasional splash of an oar or a leper's moan. A starlight night with a broad expanse of shimmering, silvery waves, which mingled with the light of an autumn moon. And as he stood there silently, contemplating the deed that he had done, the little bark which but a few moments before had brought him, sailed backward, became a speck on the distant horizon, then passed from sight. With crucifix in hand he imparted his benediction to the waters of the blue and serene Pacific. He was alone in a strange land.

Here was the reality of a dream in all of its terrible significance. How vastly different! Silhouetted figures in robes of ghastly white—kneeling, sitting, standing. As up the stairs he walked, maimed figures crawled towards him, each more hideous, more disgusting than the other, that they might merely touch the hem of his garment. It was like unto olden days when Christ was at Capharnaum. Moans and shrieks broke the stillness of the night. Their leprous faces were as masks of shrouded death. Which were the young? Which were the old? They looked so terrible and unreal. And in that hour he prayed: "Father! not my will but Thine be done." He had sealed the door of his own sepulchre.

The work of the future was before him. New work that required vigilance and constant service: labor that meant the lazaretto.

So he commenced in simple fashion to bring about order and cleanliness in the settlement. It became necessary often to bribe the natives, to get them to do or accomplish anything. Soon, however, their cabins lost a degree of former shabbiness. He not only ministered to their spiritual wants, but to their material necessities as well. He used to bandage, carve, cut and make herbs, so that the natives soon placed implicit faith in him, and was, in short, says R. L. Stevenson: "An expert healer whom they loved."

Damien did all that was possible to be done. There was much that he did not do, but that was because advanced principles of hygiene were unknown a half century ago. There was not a cup, or dish, or towel upon the island, that Damien's hands had not cleansed. His

generosity was boundless, and "he would as willingly give his last garment as he had given his life." Each year that passed, served but to show in a stronger light the noble simplicity of the man. He used to laugh when people said, "Well, Father—Your old Chinatown keeps growing." "Yes, I know," he would reply, and the rugged honesty that was his, seemed to shine through that cheerful countenance. He never knew a day of sadness; perhaps, because the Creator had deigned to soften his sufferings by alleviating somewhat the sorrow that he had already undergone.

After thirteen years of laborious service upon the island the malady overtook him, and slowly began to suck his life's blood away. He knew that the disease had claimed him for its own, yet he never murmured or complained, and day by day ministered to the sick and to the dying. These people were dearer to him now—dearer, because they alone knew and understood. He was Damien, the leper!

Do you wonder at the greatness, at the grandeur, of this plain peasant of Belgium? Do you behold him simply in the light of an ordinary man; or do you perceive in him the attributes of all that is noble and good? Could you feel that these coarse, rugged features, this type of homespun heart, could be easily forgotten? Steeped with the raciness of the soil, like Lincoln, a peasant! Like him because he was destined by the God of Hosts to be enrolled in the history of heroes; like him because he was calumniated and defiled; the accusation above which the splendid stature of the accused towers in added glory! Lincoln and Damien!—saviors of their people! One loved the leper; the other, the slave. And when their tasks were complete, both became martyrs. Both consecrated a cause with their blood.

This is the story of Damien. What he has done is known throughout the civilized world. Out from the hillsides of Belgium he came, consecrating his life in an unselfish effort to do good. It was a sacrifice of the human heart; an immolation that was complete, and which shall weave for him a jewelled crown of immortality. If all the world now sees in him that intense devotion to ideals by recognizing after he is dead and gone the necessity of long deferred action; if the sending of medical aid and assistance, the building of greater and grander lazarettos wherein lepers may now dwell, is a result; if other men and other women feel that their lives should be dedicated and devoted to silent sacrifice at Molokai,—will it not be because of the original example of Damien? It is evidence of a complete success.

How easy it is to blaze the trail that has been blazed before, while the pioneer who shows the way often sinks into obscurity. We honor those who war to death, by commemorating their names in history! We honor those who die for men in silent strife,—by forgetting them! Damien is dead. Molokai is his tomb—away out west in the blue Pacific. He no longer needs our prayers or our sympathy, but shall we forget him? I trust that this is not the spirit of the future.

The Last of the Banatian Students.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER.

From the Serbian.

"Save Serbia!" sibilantly whispered, came through the little slit in the door. I opened it and another hooded and cloaked figure entered. Now were gathered fifteen in the room, a committee representing nearly a hundred students.

Boris Rashka, the "ever silent" as we knew him, was speaking. "My brothers, all here know our purpose. I will not speak of Serbia's sufferings—it is that which tempts our action. To-night, we strike! You, Negotin, with your six, take your way along the lower Nevesky to the farthest corner. If you are seen on your way, act the part of carousing students. At 2:00 begin the assault. You, Obreno, and you, and you, Svillan, Bryza and Beleze, go by different streets through the southern end of town, each with your six. Mitrov, Leskour, Proku and the others, you have your orders. Remember, no more than seven together and strike at 2:00 P. M."

He took up his cloak and turned away. There was a quiet shifting of chairs over the stone floor, the heavy door swung open, and all passed out save Boris. "Coming?" I flung back and saw him shrug his shoulders as if emerging from a dream, and come.

It was late and very cold in the narrow ways. Boris stalked on in silence, his queer student trousers flapping about his legs, the cloak tight-clasped, the hat pulled low. "You look the typical conspirator," I cried, for I was young and my blood ran fast. "I am thinking

of those who must die to-night," he returned in that moody way of his. It quite sobered me.

Now we were almost under the walls of the fortress. Far down in the city the bell in the kiosk tolled out. We ran,—then came shots; we reached the open grounds—groups were struggling about; flashes appeared and more shots. Out of the shadows a giant trooper lunged at me—I put a bullet into his face.

We were the masters of the fortress. The depopulated garrison had succumbed to the surprise attack. Bryza, Mitrov and four others were dead and three wounded. We hurried to our appointed posts. Boris and I applied the power to the great searchlight and swung it out over the town until it rested on the bridge, a mile away with its triple line of rails shining in the light. The guns began to speak. A rider came out on the bridge, wheeled and galloped away. Several shells had hit—one line of rails was down. Then a flash appeared far away in the German camp and we heard the roar of the 42's. "Let us finish the bridge before we die," called Boris and he was answered by a cheer. A regiment, no, two, were swimming the river. Our guns spoke again and a shot burst upon them. The bridge was crumbling fast now.

A shell burst in the fortress. "Two guns destroyed," I gasped. The drumming of the cavalry was audible now. "Rig up the machine guns," came the order. Soon a vomit of fire was seeking the roads. Another and another section of the bridge toppled. Then overhead I heard the crackle of aeroplanes. A great concussion rocked the fort—another and another—one cannon was speaking. The cavalry came into sight. The hellish rattle of the machine guns which had ceased to wait for the range, began again. Whole squadrons fall, but still they come. Now their guns are commencing. The men at the machine guns are dropping. Boris is hit, I call to him but he is dead. Now topples the last section of the bridge. A bullet smashes the searchlight. I feel a numbness in my arm. The cavalry is upon us—I turn to flee—I am running down a dark street. It twists and turns. I stagger—why is everything so dark and dizzy? From the rear comes the rattling gallop of hard-pressed horses. There they come, sweeping around the corner, the moon glinting off the helmets—I stumble against a door which opens—I fall in and know no more.

Varsity Verse.

IN OTHER DAYS.

When other eyes shall beam on thee
And other lips shall speak
The words thine eyes so oft have read
In my encrimsoned cheek,
Remember that my heart hath burned
A torch of purest white
Upon the altar of thy love
Through sorrows darkest night.

But loves that run the deepest, dear,
In silence only move,
For what are empty words to those
Who feel the throb of love?
And so when other youths shall sing
Sweet songs that sound thy praise,
Remember him whose silence spoke
To thee in other days.

For soon the ashes of the day
Are gathered in the west,
And one by one we lay us down
Forever more to rest;
But full of deepest happiness
I know life's day shall be
If I may bear thy burden, love,
And sleep at last with thee.

Elwyn M. Moore.

THE LITTLE COOKIE.

They say that this here Castle guy
Knows dancing like a book,
But honest, Maud, he can't compare
With little "Vernie" Cook.

Cook knows the very latest steps
In fox trots, walks and bears.
You'd think the kid was built for speed
To see the way he tears.

The other fellows cough and yawn
To let him know they're bored,
But "Vernie" doesn't care, because
He thinks that he's a Ford.

A. Dee.

As I sat upon the fence,
While the rain was pouring down,
I was in a great suspense
As I sat upon the fence.
For the air was very dense
And I thought that I would drown,
As I sat upon the fence,
While the rain was pouring down. *E. B. C.*

The Know-Nothing Movement.

BY EDWARD G. GUSHURST.

(CONCLUSION.)

The new movement received its name from the fact that when a member of the society was questioned concerning the membership or purpose of the organization, he would answer in accordance with the oath of secrecy administered by the society, "I don't know," and for this reason the whole movement was well named the "Know-Nothing" Party. Since the primary motive of the Nativists had been directed against the foreigners, and since the greater percentage of the immigrant population was Catholic, and since also the recent "No Popery" agitation had caused great excitement among the people, the leaders of the new movement considered that opposition to the Church would further their chances of success, and accordingly they accepted as their cardinal issue the demonstration of hostility toward Catholics.

The chief purpose of the new organization was, however, to dictate politics in accordance with their wishes, while appearing at the same time to be unconcerned about them. Since the organization of the Know-Nothings was a secret one, they endeavored to direct politics by supporting certain candidates nominated by the two great parties. The Know-Nothings retained this secret policy until 1854, at which time they openly placed their own candidates in the field and gave them open support.

In the public ritual of the party, we find the purpose of the party to be, "to protect every American citizen in the legal and proper exercise of all his civil and religious rights and privileges; to resist the insidious policy of the Church of Rome and all other foreign influence against our republican Constitution in all lawful ways; to place in all offices of trust, honor, or profit in the gift of the people or by appointment, none but Native American Protestant citizens." Again we find, "that a member must be a native-born citizen, a Protestant, either born of Protestant parents or reared under Protestant influence, and not united in marriage with a Roman Catholic."

Besides these various holdings of the party against the Catholic element, we find that the oath of the order—as it was a secret and oath-binding order—demanded in part the following:

"You furthermore promise and declare that you will not vote nor give your influence for any man in any office in the gift of the people unless he be an American-born citizen, in favor of Americans ruling America, nor if he be a Roman Catholic."

"You solemnly and sincerely swear that if it may be legally done, you will, when elected to any office, remove all foreigners and Roman Catholics from office; and that you will in no case appoint such to office."

In order that nominations might be made, representatives from the different localities were sent to a general convention. At this convention candidates were selected. It was the duty of every member to comply with the oath and to support the candidates thus chosen, and, according to Von Holst, "Once a person had taken the oath he was no longer free, in any given case, to do what he thought proper, but received orders and was obliged to obey them." To join with the party was to sell oneself into slavery. The party followers presented themselves, body and soul, to the politicians who were at the head and direction of the party politics.

During this period, when Know-Nothingism was at the height of its power, street-preachers, Bible bigots, and anti-Catholic papers were doing all in their power to cause discontent, and stir up resentment against the Catholics. They represented the Church of Rome as "the mother of sin," "the son of perdition," and the "mother of harlots." No means was too foul or no criticism too slanderous for these fanatics. Urged on by these Satanic spell-binders the Know-Nothing mobs re-staged the dastardly crimes which had been committed by others a few years previous. In almost all of the Northern States, crime and destruction followed these misrepresentations of the Church's teaching.

In Providence, R. I., the convent of the Sisters of Mercy was attacked at night by the Know-Nothing mob. In 1854, St. Mary's Church at Newark, N. J., was flagrantly invaded and much destruction followed. At Ellsworth, Maine, during the same year, Father Bapst was dragged from the church, tarred and feathered, then ridden through the streets on a rail. Similar deeds were wreaked upon Catholics throughout every State in the North.

The culmination of this reign of terror was reached in August, 1855, at Louisville, Kentucky, at which time the most bloody and cruel massacre known in the experience of our country took place. A false rumor had spread about the city, that the Catholics had arms stored away in their churches. On "Bloody Monday," as the day is called in Kentucky, the Know-Nothing mob assembled with the intention of destroying the Catholic churches. The authorities in the city—who were Know-Nothings—having investigated the churches, finally persuaded the rabble that no arms were concealed in any of the churches, and thus all the edifices of worship were unharmed. On this same day, however, inoffensive and peaceable Catholics were shot down and their homes destroyed with fire by the Know-Nothing mobs.

Most of the outrages committed against the Catholics and against the Catholic population during this period took place in the Northern States. The blame for the murder and destruction caused by the Know-Nothings during this period cannot, however, be placed upon the whole of the party, because not all the members held indentical views on the subject of the Catholic population and the treatment it deserved.

It so happened that with the break in the Whig element in 1852, many members were forced to join a new party. The Know-Nothings were at this time coming into prominence and for this reason many discontented Democrats and disappointed Whigs came over to the "dark lantern" order, in the same spirit with which they would have affiliated themselves to any other party had it been organized at this time.

And again, owing to the increase in the number of foreign immigrants of whom the greater portion were Catholics, and the daily arrival of vast new hordes on our shores, the question of unemployment, lower wages, and the like, arose, thus causing discontent and foreign prejudice among the working population.

However, the greatest factor making for the success of the Know-Nothing movement, was the great political power they possessed. Many men joined the order, not because it was anti-foreign or anti-Catholic, but because they deemed it more to their advantage from a political standpoint. These voters would just as readily have joined a Catholic party, had there been such a thing in existence, and had it possessed any political prestige. As Henry A. Wise of Virginia remarked during the celebrated Bible controversy, "These men, many of whom are neither Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Lutherans, or what not—who are men of no religion, who have no church, who do not say their prayers, who do not read their Bible, who lead God-defying lives every day of their existence, are now seen with faces as long as their dark lanterns, with the whites of their eyes turned up in holy fear lest the Bible should be shut up by the Pope."

In the Southern states the spread of the new movement was caused by entirely different motives from those existing in the North. The Southerners had nothing to fear from the foreigners in general, because, owing to the existing institution of slavery, foreigners remained away from the South. Likewise they had no fault to find with the Catholics, who so far as they knew were as peaceable and straightforward as any of their neighbors. In fact, even Catholics were to be found among the ranks of the Know-Nothings in the South. The main issues in the South, therefore, were formulated with an eye to the slave-holding interests and the effect that immigration would have upon the power and influence of the Southern States. The slave-holders realized that the foreigners possessed an inborn hatred for slavery in all its forms, and they also knew that the increased immigration was adding to the Congressional superiority of the North. Aside from these facts, the Know-Nothing Party was neutral with regard to the slave question. It was for these reasons, in the hope of protecting their power and influence, and of yet appearing to be neutral on the problem of slavery, that many Southerners joined the party whose purpose was to restrict immigration.

As a result of these several influences, both in the North and in the South, we find that within three years after the organization of the party, councils were formed in thirty-five states and territories. At the period under discussion, the Know-Nothing Party is said to have commanded a vote of one and one-half million legal ballots.

During the years of 1854 and 1855, the new party elected almost all of its local candidates in the larger cities of the United States. Balti-

more, Philadelphia, San Francisco, New Orleans and New York elected Know-Nothing candidates. The movement, as has been hinted, met with far greater success in the North than in the South.

In 1854 the party sent forty representatives to Congress and elected the Governor of Massachusetts. In 1855, several governors were elected, and about one hundred members of the party held seats in Congress. During this year the party was eminently successful in nine states of the Union. Owing to the secret methods of the organization during these years, it was said that the Federal House of Representatives became filled with new and unknown men.

The Know-Nothings had planned to nominate their own candidate for President in 1856; but before the convention, which was to have been held in 1855, could be conducted, an accident occurred in Virginia which upset the whole Know-Nothing movement, and which truly rang the death-knell of the party. Henry A. Wise, the Democratic candidate for governor of Virginia, made the denunciation of the Know-Nothing party a feature of his campaign, and as a result was elected to office by a large majority.

When the convention of Know-Nothings was finally held in Philadelphia in June, the issue of slavery had to be met and determined. The majority of the committee recommended that Congress should prohibit slavery in the territories under no circumstances, nor should it prevent any state from entering the Union because that state recognized slavery. On account of this principle, the minority members of the convention, including the delegates from twelve Northern states bolted the convention. The Southern delegates in the next campaign conducted their program according to principles adopted by the majority of the delegates.

As a result of this split in the Know-Nothing ranks, which was due to the slavery issue, the Know-Nothing candidate for President, Millard Fillmore, received only eight electoral votes, and these from the state of Maryland. From the results of this election, it was observed that the power of the Native American or Know-Nothing tendency as a national organization was about to cease. On this point Bryce says: "The Native American or so-called Know-Nothing Party had in two years from its foundation become a tremendous force, rising and seeming for a time likely to carry its own presidential candidate. In three years more it was dead without hope of revival."

With the establishment of the new Republican Party, the great majority of the Northern Know-Nothings affiliated themselves with it, while in the South nearly all joined with the Democrats. Local elections in some states still felt the influence of the Know-Nothings during several years, but as a national power it was dead.

The old anti-Catholic prejudice as shown in the Native American and Know-Nothing movements, and somwhat later in the A. P. A. agitation, is not dead and will consequently be resurrected from time to time. Since this world is not faultless, and since there are plenty of dupes in readiness to swallow any charge brought against the Catholic Church and its teachings, the Church will constantly suffer from misrepresentations and violence. John Gilmary Shea sums up the whole matter very well in these words: "Protestantism has no distinctive positive tenets, as it has no worship; its strong rallying point, and its only one, is protesting against Rome. Hence every ten or eleven years a campaign against the Catholics is an actual necessity to save Protestant churches from extinction, and the Protestant clergy from starvation."

(*The end.*)

Sing Me a Song.

CLARENCE W. BADER.

Sing me a song of a maiden fair
Asleep on a summer sea,
Sing of blue eyes and of tumbled hair
And of cheeks that bloom in the languid air—
That bloom alone for me.

Sing of the tide that is coming home
With its burden all too sweet,
Of its soft clear crooning in the gloam
As it lifts its snow-white plumes of foam
And the eyes of lovers meet.

Sing of the night that comes at last
Swift out of the ashen west,
Of the songs of love that soon are past
When our lonely hearts are folded fast
Asleep on the earth's cold breast.

Ability Minus.

BY HARRY E. SCOTT.

I promised Charlie Wells that I would never tell this story, but the thing happened so long ago that I don't think he would mind if he should happen to see this. And then he may be dead for all I know, for I have neither heard of him nor seen him for ten years.

At the time this happened Charlie and I were both working for the old Indianapolis *Journal*, now known as the *Star*. He was one of their best reporters, and a better newspaper man I do not think ever existed—that is, as long as he left that old booze alone. But like so many in the profession at that time he had that one bad habit—drinking. For six weeks or so he would leave the stuff alone and then all at once start out on a large spree which would last four or five days or, sometimes, a week. Then for six more weeks he would be straight and turn out wonderful copy. The trouble was he could not be depended upon. When he was needed the most might be the time he was out upon one of his "tears." His smile was perpetual and his heart was large. Indeed he would give away his last dollar to the first one handing him a "sad story." He was one of those unfortunate fellows who did not have an enemy in the world, but also did not have friends. Everyone pitied him, offered their advice and sympathy, but that was all. Although I was nothing but a cub reporter at the time, I used to pal around with him a bit and got to know him better than anyone on the paper.

In the early spring of 1905 a fellow by the name of Harriet, Elmer Harriet, came to work on the paper. He was a conceited ass—he had one of his poems accepted by *Harper's*—and considered himself a little above the other reporters that were getting twice his salary. He always said that the rest were newspaper reporters while he was a journalist. No one cared for him, and some of the boys said so in so many words to which Wells always replied:

"Come! Don't be hard on the poor fellow. We've all got our faults. Boozing is mine. Yours is something else. His is too much ego. They all about cancel."

Such was Charlie's philosophy of life. And I think that it made some of those present ashamed of themselves.

That summer there was a series of bold hold-ups and robberies which startled Indianapolis and baffled the police. They ended in a daring hold up of a bank and the shooting of the cashier. The thing was accomplished in broad daylight and created quite a sensation. The police were chided and everybody was worked up over the case.

Charlie Wells had the police run and in his time on the *Journal* had unearthed several crimes and scandals. The paper had him working on this case and was praying that he might succeed before he went on one of his drunks. The city editor was beginning to get worried because it had been over six weeks since Charlie's last fall from grace. Every day the fall was expected but did not come. The prodigal was working both day and night, snooping around the cheap saloons and dives of the city, associating with the underworld of the Inland City. Through his work on the paper he had made many aquaintances among this class and got most of his tips and information from them. He always had some good news to give Larkins, city editor, but each time he would report he said he needed more time. And Larkins was worried, for it was now eight weeks since Wells had touched a drop of liquor.

One hot night—it was the first of June, I believe—Wells came into the office as I was leaving and said he wanted to see me. I followed him into a little cafe in an out of the way place. Sitting at a table, he asked me what I was going to have. Knowing him as I did I ordered a cigar.

"Bring me a cigar too," he said. It was a relief, for I was afraid that he was going to tumble off the wagon. After we had lighted our cigars he started to talk.

"Listen to what I'm goin' to tell you." He puffed hard at his cigar. "I've got the crew landed that's been getting away with this stickup stuff. It all came from a piece of Jew-luck, but that doesn't matter. By nine o'clock to-night the police will have the bunch landed in jail." He spoke in a matter-of-fact voice as if talking about a church social.

"There's something lacking though," he went on to say. "Somehow I don't feel excited over my luck or success or whatever you want to call it. I can imagine how I would have felt if this had come to me fifteen years ago or even

ten years ago, but now—"Do you know that I am almost forty?" He stopped as if he expected a reply to his question.

"Why, that's not old," I told him.

"No, that's not old for one who has taken care of himself, but for me that has boozed so much it is pretty aged. And you know that in this profession youth is what counts. No, kid. At the pace I have been going I will be copy-reading before many days." He stopped as if dreaming. Suddenly bracing himself together, he reached in his pocket. Bringing out a letter he handed it to me.

"I found this letter on the floor of the office to-day without the envelope, and read it. It's to Harriet from his mother up in a little jerk-water town in Michigan."

I read the letter that he had handed me. It spoke of how proud the mother was that her boy was making such a name for himself. She thanked him for the fifteen dollars he had sent her—we both knew that Harriet was only getting eighteen a week—and said it would come in handy as rent was due and everything was so high. Finally, she was so glad that he was going to get a raise and said that there was never a night that she did not remember him in her prayers. There was something mighty sad about that letter. When I had finished reading, Wells was the first to speak.

"You know as well as I know that Harriet is not going to get any raise. He hasn't done anything to warrant one. I happen to know that the boss is going to let one man out pretty soon, and it's ten to one that man will be Harriet. If that should happen it would be a damn shame on account of his mother." He eyed me to see how I was taking his speech. "You know, I sorta like that fellow, probably because no one else does. My days as a newspaper man are about over anyway, and so—so—what I'm going to do is give him this story."

Of course I protested, but it didn't do any good. He was determined to have his way. But he did not want Harriet to know that he was doing this for him.

"And that's where you come in," he said. "I have got the details of the story written down here and want you to call up Harriet and give them to him, sorta like it was a tip, see? And—and—tell him you are a friend of his and admire that poem of his that was in *Harper's*. That will tickle his vanity." Wells chuckled to himself as if he were enjoying the whole thing immensely. "Tell him to go to the chief of police for the rest of the story. I made Chief Harrigan promise to hold up the story until a *Journal* man saw him when I gave him the steer about the gang. Gee! Won't it tickle the old lady when she hears what her boy has done in the city."

I promised on my word that I would carry out everything as he had asked and started on my way to do so when Wells called me back.

"And listen, kid," he said. "Always keep it to yourself about the way we framed this thing up. Be good! And now I'm going out to drink up all the booze in town. Why, do you know that it has been nine weeks since I've had my insides warmed." He thanked me a dozen times and as I went out the door I glanced around to nod another good-bye. The waiter was bringing in a quart of whiskey and a glass.

At nine-thirty that night the *Journal* had an extra on the streets that caused the greatest sensation ever known in the town's history of journalism. Large black type, reaching clear across the page, heralded the fact that "Elmer Harriet, reporter on the *Journal*, causes the arrest of gang that has terrorized Indianapolis for months."

It was a week later when Wells came into the offices of the *Journal*. His eyes were a little bloodshot and his hand was a bit shaky, but he was smiling and looked little the worse for his "tear." Larkins, the city editor, called him over to his desk.

"Wells, I'm awfully sorry but we have had to cut down our staff and you were the one elected to go. You have certainly meant a lot to the paper, Wells, but dependability is a mighty big asset in any business. Sorry! Good luck!"

The two shook hands warmly. In fact everyone shook hands and wished Wells good luck—every one except Harriet. He was writting a letter to a mother up in a little "jerk-water" town in Michigan, telling her about the success and his raise.

Friday.

It's nice and clear and bright outside to-day,
There's naught to spoil the pleasure or the fun,
Except that there is class, and may I say
There's military drill at half past one.

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—Originality is an ambiguous word to many college students. Some men wouldn't know it if they met it on the streets. For the majority to-day, it is *passé*. Since encyclopedias and dictionaries have become so common originality has lost its charm. All one has to do to write a good essay now is to skip to the nearest library and copy it from the *Americana or* some other recognized authority. Why should any college man try to think out a good story when he can lift a far cleverer one from the pages of a current magazine? This seems to be the reasoning of not a few college students.

Originality.

A Western editor raised his voice in condemnation of the copying theory recently after he had acted as a judge in a college essay contest. Out of some three hundred papers he found almost two hundred were sufficiently alike to be easily traced to the nearest encyclopedia. In a few cases the writers had stuck in an original word here and there, and some had gone a step farther and changed the tenses of the verbs. A few had executed a few mistakes in spelling just to show how original they could be if they wished. About fifty had used their own brains in the composition and exhibited a personal style. No wonder the newspaperman now places editorially college students in the same category with parrots, and copyists, Second-hand stuff is never worth while. If the student must turn to reference books for every essay he pens, or if he has to copy his speeches, stories, reports, and other class work, it proves his intellect is sadly deficient. Anybody can copy—originality merits success.

Miss Christoph, Soprano.

Saturday evening Miss Christoph gave a splendid concert in Washington Hall. Her voice, remarkably well-trained for one so youthful, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The higher notes of her range are of exquisite purity, and she soars into them with wonderful ease and sweetness.

Miss Christoph opened her program with the difficult aria: "I'm Fair Titania" from Mignon. The numerous trills and intricate passages of this number call for technique of the highest quality, and Miss Christoph disposed of them with a vocal skill which, while it lacked Tetrazzini's volume, was still reminiscent of that great soprano. The budding diva also gave "My Laddie," beloved by Alma Gluck, with extreme tenderness and feeling. All her work was characterized by an earnestness of interpretation and a sympathetic understanding.

Other numbers rendered in a way that will make them long remembered were: "Mighty Lak' a Rose," "When the Ships of My Dreams Sail Home," "The Woodpecker," and "If no One Ever Marries Me."

Miss Christoph's gracious manner and perfect stage presence, coupled with her vocal gifts, should soon make her one of our most popular concert artists. Mrs. Molengraft's accompaniment was faultless and deserves a special word of commendation.

The Glee Club gave the latest N. D. song and a second unnamed number, but refused encores to the insistent applause of the audience.

Sunday Miss Christoph honored Corby by paying the Corbyites a visit. A reception was held in the rec-room, and each lucky Corbyite was given the opportunity to meet the young lady personally. She repeated several of the more popular numbers of the evening concert, and gave some old favorite ballads in a dainty way that appealed to all.

Dr. Edward Banks Lectures.

The geographical lectures of Dr. Edward J. Banks were not only valuable to students of history, but were interesting and instructive to every man in the University. All three talks were illustrated with probably the best slides seen here this year. Moreover, Dr. Banks

is well versed in the art of making his travel talks entertaining, and he wisely eschews the frequent attempts at wit which are so common with speakers of this kind.

At 1:15 Tuesday afternoon the origin and history of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World were considered at length. At five o'clock Dr. Banks took his audience for a thousand-mile trip down the Tigris, giving glimpses of the life and manners of the peoples that inhabit the countries through which the river flows. Wednesday's discourse dealt with Turkey and especially the city of Constantinople. One startling fact the Doctor pointed out was that the Turkish troops for the past twenty years have been trained by German officers, probably in preparation for the present great conflict.

Dr. Banks, having conducted numerous expeditions into the Oriental countries is well qualified for such lectures, and his information on the subjects discussed was not gained by hearsay.

Book Review.

THE HEART OF A MAN. By Richard Amerle Maher. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, $1.35, net.

After listening to the many and varied means of settling the ancient struggle of Capital and Labor, and finding them radically defective, we are somewhat surprised to find in "The Heart of a Man," an entirely new solution, which is remarkable for its plausibility, however much its practicability may be doubted.

The plot of the story, while not new, affords an opportunity for development which the author has not overlooked. The descriptive scenes are excellently pictured, with a real thrill now and then. On the whole, the book is well worth reading, interesting and instructive—a too rare combination nowadays.

—A Catholic author, with whose works every student at Notre Dame should become acquainted, is the Rev. Ernest Hull, S. J., a convert, and the gifted editor of the Bombay *Examiner*. His writings, all reprints from the *Examiner*, deal with subjects of paramount and permanent interest. Some of the titles are the following: "The Formation of Character," "Civilization and Culture," "Essay on Love," "Why Should I Be Moral?" "Ten Papers on Evolution." These books may be obtained from the Apostolate Library in Brownson Hall.

Obituaries.

MRS. SHERMAN STEELE.

Word has recently reached the University of the death last summer of Mrs. Huldah Dolson Steele, wife of Sherman Steele. Mrs. Steele came as a bride to Notre Dame when her husband was an instructor in the Law Department of the University, and her friends here are grieved to learn of the premature ending of her bright young life.

FRANCIS XAVIER CLAFFEY.

We regret to announce the death of Francis Xavier Claffey (LL. B., '86) which occurred at Rockford, Washington, on January 14, 1916. We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul.

MR. MAURICE H. KENNY.

Word has reached us recently of the death of Mr. Maurice H. Kenny (Student '11–12') who passed away at his home in Bay City, Mich., after a year's illness. Maurice was one of the most popular young men in his community and was loved by all who knew him. May he rest in peace!

MR. DENNIS NAVILLE.

Word has just been received at Notre Dame of the death of Dennis Naville, for several years janitor in Corby Hall who died of pneumonia in Chicago. "Denny" was a great favorite among the boys at the University, and at the time of his death was employed as a salesman for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. of South Bend.

MRS. O'CONNELL.

Mr. Theodore O'Connell, Carroll Hall, has the sympathy of the faculty and students in the death of his mother, who passed away in Chicago during the week. The deceased was a woman of high character, and was much respected in the community in which she lived. *R. I. P.*

MR. EDWARD BALL.

The death is announced of Edward J. Ball, who was a member of the Commercial School from '87 to 91, and who won the commercial medal of his year. Later on he took a medical course in Chicago, graduating in 1900. Since that time he has practiced medicine in Valparaiso and in Mishawaka until his death on January 10, at the age of forty-three. *R. I. P.*

In the Old Days.

It may interest the readers of the SCHOLASTIC to know that the issue of the paper for December 17, 1887, was a Papal Jubilee number, printed for the express purpose of presentation to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. A copy of this number was printed on parchment and beautifully illuminated. A few months later the Holy Father acknowledged its receipt and conferred his Apostolic Benediction upon the Editors.

Issue of October 31, 1874—"We rejoice to learn that steps are now being taken to establish a class of Dogma in the University. We have little doubt but that it will be very acceptable news to the students of the higher classes."

January 23, 1875—"Brother Philip will play the contra-bass in the Orchestra."

—"The Band is practicing a new air. The Band is a credit to the place as in former years."

A few interesting titles gleaned from the SCHOLASTICS of '74—"Considerations on the Origin and Progress of Physical Science." "Observations on What are Called Addition and Subtraction in Algebra." "Nature and Man Regarded as Agents of Change."

October, '79—"Brother Augustus and his assistants in the tailor-shop are kept busy making nobby suits, so much so that the director had to go to Chicago this week for a new supply of goods. He takes care to have only the most approved styles and never fails to give a neat fit and satisfaction to his customers."

September 12, 87—"Brother Leopold has placed for sale in the store a small hand-book on etiquette. A large sale is expected."

March 10, '88—"Those desiring to cultivate any variety of beard for commencement week would do well to begin early with the arrival of warm weather in order to present a respectable appearance in June."

February 25, '88—"Members of the Hoynes Light Guards desire to express their thanks to Hon. B. F. Shively, member of Congress from this district, for his kind assistance in securing new rifles for their use."

The gilded altar in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart (rear of the church) is the work of the famous Italian sculptor Bernini who died in 1680 and was called the Michael Angelo of modern times. It was purchased by Father Sorin from its owner in Rome in February, 1888.

Personals.

—Byron C. Hayes (LL. B., 1913) has been appointed Deputy Prosecutor of Allen County, Indiana, taking office January 1, 1916. His address is 310 Bass Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

—John N. Spangler of Winemac, Indiana, visited the University during the week. Mr. Spangler was a student in the Seniors from '83 to '85. He is a distinguished member of the Indiana bar and is enjoying a distinguished practice.

—Mr. Edward J. Markey (old student) and Miss Edna Flannery were united in matrimony in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, on January 20th. Mr. and Mrs. Markey will be at home after March 1st at 223 East Beau Street, Washington, Pa.

—Fred W. Wile (an old student of the late 80's) has been a storm center in two of the great capitals of Europe. As Berlin correspondent of the London *Mail*, the New York *Times* and the Chicago *Tribune* he became such a prominent figure that when the war broke out he had difficulty in getting away from Berlin with his life on account of what were considered his pro-English sentiments. But he is now in Rome doing remarkable work for the newspapers of Lord Northcliffe, the Hearst of England. Singularly, in London his activities have excited almost as much riotous attention. It is a case of a very remarkable aggressive personality coupled with ability and fearlessness in the pursuit of what he deems to be right. Fred is a member of the Wile family of Laporte, who have been very generous special friends of the University.

—A Western newspaper that has been writing up what it calls the greatest radium field in the world, gives a pleasant glimpse of John I. Mullen (C. E., '01), a famous football player of his period, and captain of the Varsity eleven:

> During our stay over there we came in close contact with Mr. Mullen, the Standard's manager or general superintendent, and Mr. Gaw, the field or general utility man. Mr. Mullen is one of the most genial of men, a full-fledged Irishman bubbling over with wit and a pile of good, solid brain piled away in his upper story. Until he accepted the management of the company's mining properties there, he was a Pittsburg mining engineer with a great deal of experience in coal mining. We're to call him John, for everybody does that, and he appears to be right at home when the

familiar appellation is applied to him. He can sit down and talk to you about uranium, vanadium, and radium until your enthusiasm is bubbling over with the possibilities that can come from the use of this priceless substance—radium. After listening to him one is lost in wonderment at the possibilities that are stored up in the uranium ore that is being produced in the Paradox Country, the home of the production of ninety-five percent of the uranium in the world during the past year.

Local News.

—Another ordeal of examinations. Twice again, and then June 14th—hopeful thought.

—President Wilson will pass through South Bend early Monday morning on one of his hurried "preparedness" trips.

—Members of the Brownson Debating team were given places Monday night for the first preliminaries which will be held February 11.

—Mr. Norbert Savay, the special lecturer on Foreign Trade, was absent from the University the latter part of the week on business.

—Every one of the one hundred tickets for the Military Ball has been sold. Fifty more could have been disposed of, say the Committee.

—Seniors and Juniors who have not yet had their pictures taken must do so to-morrow or Monday, as the photographer desires to have the list complete by February 1st.

—The Notre Dame Council of K. of C. held its regular meeting in the council chambers on Tuesday evening at which time plans were started for an indoor baseball league.

—A Mass was celebrated in Corby Chapel Monday morning at 6:20 for the repose of the soul of the father of Robert Carroll, a freshman. The Freshman class attended in a body.

—Owing to the crowded conditions of the local dormitories two rooms for student occupation have been added to Washington Hall. A new steel cage for the motion picture machine has also been installed in the theatre.

—Professor V. L. O'Connor feels somewhat slighted lately. Perhaps he has good reasons. You see he made a drawing advertising the Military Ball and two of his pupils also made drawings for the same purpose. The drawings were duly pinned on the Bulletin Board and those of the pupils attracted such immediate admiration that they were secretly appropriated and added to the collection of some enthusiastic art connoisseur. *The professor's design is still on the Bulletin Board.*

—Another enjoyable smoker followed the meeting of the Knights of Columbus Tuesday evening. Dr. Stoeckley of South Bend was a visitor. Dutch Bergman, Vince Mooney, and Simon Rudolph assisted the Collegian's Orchestra in entertaining the crowd. A lunch was served.

—Now that the ticket sale for the Military Ball has been closed, the committee in charge of the next Day Students' dance are pushing forward the plans for this dance. The date for this coming event has been changed to the twenty-first of February. The dance will be given in Place Hall.

—J. G. Mathews of South Bend is the sixtieth student in this year's enrollment in the course in Journalism at Notre Dame. This course was organized in November, 1912, with twelve students. If none of the candidates for journalistic honors fail, the first graduating class will have six members.

—One James J. Curran of Chicago has published a book in which he severely criticises the action of the British commander of the converted cruiser Baralong in killing the crew of a German submarine. He claims to have been a witness of the attack while engaged in his work as a muleteer on the British ship Nicosian.

The book is published under the auspices of the American Truth Society. Curran claims to be a graduate of Notre Dame University, but the authorities here have no record of his ever being a student at the University.

—On Tuesday evening, January 4, 1916, Brother Alphonsus read a paper entitled, "The Story of Our Birds through the Year, 1915," before the Chicago Ornithological Society. There were thirty persons present at the address, which was given in the club room of the Art Institute. After the reading of the paper a brief discussion of its more interesting points took place. The Chicago Ornithological Society was organized three years ago, Dr. Strong of the Chicago University being its originator. All the members of the society are scientific students of bird life, some of them being well-known as collectors of eggs and bird skins. The members of the society conferred a great honor on Brother Alphonsus by electing him an honorary member

of the association. He was during his stay in Chicago very hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Percival B. Coffin, both members of the Ornithological Society.

—A delightful entertainment was given by the Chicago Operatic Company, Wednesday afternoon. Each member of the quartette was well gifted vocally, but the soprano and tenor were especially pleasing. The choruses: "Sextette from "Lucia," Offenbach's Barcarolle, and "Greetings to Spring," a verbal arrangement of Strauss' "Blue Danube," were particularly well rendered. Among the charming solos "At Dawning," "Will-o'-the-Wisp," and "An Open Secret," proved most popular with the audience. "Caroline," always a favorite, was sung too fast to be entirely satisfactory.

—The following editorial from the Milwaukee *Sentinel* shows what men in high places think of military training as a factor in the education of our boys.

THE DISCIPLINARY BRANCH.

Gov. Dunne of Illinois advocates military training for college students. So do many other governors and others high in authority, and a large share of the press and the general public. There is military training in many, probably a majority, of the colleges and universities.

The training thus given the college and university students does not lack much of being as valuable to the students in after life as anything they acquire in their term of studentship. It trains the body as nothing else does. It takes the mind in hand and gives it a shaping that no other training does. It gives lessons in gentleness and gentlemanliness that only the home can equal, and the home does not always impart it. It gives confidence in oneself, courage, energy, ambition, and self-respect. It cultivates patriotism and law abiding as nothing else does.

Military training does all of these things for the college student.

That being true, should military training be confined to that one educational institution? Shouldn't it be introduced in all of the high schools and the higher grades of the district schools?

It should be borne in mind that more high school graduates do not go to college than do have that advantage, and tens of thousands of fine youngsters never go beyond the seventh or eighth grades.

What of this multitude that stands in greater need of the advantages of military training than the graduates of colleges and universities?

This is an opportune time for Gov. Dunne, Gov. Philipp, and all other governors, public men generally, the rank and file, and the press to take up military training in the schools and continue the agitation until this vitally needed branch of education is permanently added.

—"This session of Congress will give great aid to our colleges and universities in helping them to prepare their students for a military life," says Capt. R. R. Stogsdall, Commandant of the Cadets at Notre Dame University. "A bill is now before Congress which provides for governmental financial aid to colleges maintaining military departments. This bill, in part, gives the War Department the power to place all commissioned cadet officers on its regular pay-roll."

"The question of preparedness is," says Capt. Stogsdall, "the greatest issue before the American people. The more deeply our military experts study the question of preparedness the more they realize that action must be taken at once. The longer the delay the weaker will our condition be when we are called upon to give an account of ourselves as the building of an army and navy is slow work."

It is the belief of the local military man that the training of men for military service lies in the college and university. He believes that it would be working a great hardship to take a man from his business activities for two months in a year and force him to live in camp life. Although this question needs attention, it is the business of the advanced schools to furnish this education. "Here alone do we find the atmosphere for this work, for college men have regular hours for work and recreation, and can easily combine their military with their academic training. It is the realization of this fact that caused Harvard, Brown, Princeton, Northwestern, and Chicago Universities to establish military departments during the past three weeks."

Captain Stogsdall is also of the opinion that Congress will greatly increase our standing army, and materially enlarge our force of national guards. Like many other military men the local Captain believes in the slow upbuilding of the army and navy and does not favor one rush for a large army and navy.

Aggies Defeated.

The Varsity basketball team won a hard-fought game from the Michigan Aggies on January 18th by a score of 19 to 18. The game was by far the best played on the local court this year and one of the best in recent years. It was anybody's game right up to the last minute of play when "Chief" Meyers, who had just been substituted for Ronchetti, hit

he basket from a difficult angle and put Notre Dame one point ahead. The game was a typical Aggie–Notre Dame battle. Something happened during every minute of play. Every man was fighting as though his life depended upon the result, and yet the game was not as rough as many of our interhall contests. It was a clean, hard game between two teams that were as evenly matched as it is possible for teams to be.

Notre Dame started the game with a new line-up and the changes were fully justified before the game was over. Ronchetti replaced Meyers at center and Howard Ellis filled the vacancy caused by the injury to Captain Daly. McKenna, King and Fitzgerald were in their regular positions. Ronchetti and Ellis may not have shown as much real basketball as their opponents, but they certainly did display what has been lacking in many of the games this year,—real Notre Dame fighting spirit. Pete Ronchetti started off like a world-beater, putting the Varsity in the lead with two clean baskets in the first minutes of play The big fellow was soon covered by the clever Michigan guards but he never slowed up and he kept the team fighting throughout the game. Ellis appeared a trifle nervous at the start, but he improved as the game went on being especially good at the short passing game which brought out the best team work of the year.

It was the ability of Fitzgerald to cage free throws that really brought victory to Notre Dame, for the baskets were even, seven for each team. "Fitz" scored five times on free throws to Ricker's four. But the most pleasing feature of the game from a Notre Dame standpoint was the work of Joe McKenna and Tom King at the guards. These two sophomores gave an exhibition of guarding that rivalled the air-tight work displayed by Finegan and Daly last year. It would be hard to find two men better suited to the game than this pair. Both are sturdily built, both are fast and both are excellent fighters. Furthermore, they know how to guard. The Aggie team showed them at their best and made everyone feel sure that the Notre Dame basket will be well guarded for two years to come.

It must be admitted that neither team was quite as strong as the fives which have represented the same schools during the past two years. Frimodig, the old star, was the only man on the Aggie team who is well-known at Notre Dame. He has been shifted from center to guard and is playing a star game in his new position.

The two teams will meet again on February 2nd and with Captain Daly back in the game, Notre Dame will be considerably stronger. This advantage will probably be more than offset by the peculiar advantages which the small court at Lansing gives the home team. A victory over the Aggies on their own floor would be a signal achievement for this year's five as Notre Dame has never been able to best the Wolverines at Lansing.

Notre Dame, 19		Michigan Aggies, 18
Ellis, Cassidy	L. F.	Ricker
Fitzgerald	R. F.	Hood
Ronchetti, Meyers	C	Wood
McKenna	L. G.	Frimodig
King	R. G.	Higby

Field baskets—Fitzgerald, 3; Ronchetti, 2; Ellis, Meyers, Ricker, 3; Frimodig, 3; Hood. Free throws—Fitzgerald, 5; Ricker, 4.

Gus Dorais Pays us a Visit.

"Gus" Dorais, Captain of Notre Dame's 1912 football team, all-American quarterback in 1913 and one of the greatest football players who ever played for Notre Dame, was the guest of the University last Saturday afternoon. "Dory" came as Coach of the Dubuque College basketball team. He has been coaching and teaching at Dubuque since his graduation in 1914. His success as a Coach added one more to the already long list of reasons why he should be a welcome guest at Notre Dame. That he was welcome was shown by the ovation which greeted him when he entered the gymnasium.

After the crowd had tired of cheering the old star, the Varsity proceeded to defeat "Dory's" proteges, 31 to 16. The Iowa boys proved by their playing that their Coach has lost none of his cunning. They played real basketball from the first blast of the whistle, and it was only a tremendous disadvantage in weight and a noticeable weakness in shooting that prevented them from running away with the Varsity. They displayed clever passing and classy team work that made the Notre Dame men look foolish. Nor were the visitors afraid to mix it with their heavier opponents. All in all they are a team that does credit to their Coach.

The playing of the Varsity was a bitter disappointment to the fans. The defensive play

was satisfactory, as it has been at all times. On the offensive, however, the men seemed to play without plan or purpose. The short passing and the fast team work which had proved effective against the Michigan Aggies seemed to have been forgotten. Long and useless shots were in disgusting abundance, Fitzgerald as usual being the chief offender. At that "Fitz" led in the scoring with six baskets and five free throws; but most of his baskets were scored on short shots. The score:

NOTRE DAME, 31		DUBUQUE, 16
Fitzgerald	R. F.	Martin
Meyers	L. F.	Murphy
Ronchetti	C	McCaffery
King	R. G.	Dalton
McKenna	L. G.	Ryan

Substitutions—Notre Dame—Murphy for Ronchetti, Cassidy for Meyers, Ward for Murphy, Ellis for Fitzgerald, Slackford for King, Keefe for McKenna; Dubuque—McCarthy for Ryan, Walsh for Murphy, Field baskets—Fitzgerald 6, Meyers 3, Ronchetti, King, McKenna, Ward, McCaffery 2, Murphy 2, Martin. Free throws—Fitzgerald 5, Martin 6. Referee—Miller.

Safety Valve

We can't comprehend how colleges ever existed when there were no mackinaws, bath robes, and sweater jackets.

***

The average student would rather spend two hours thinking up an excuse for not doing a theme than to spend a half hour writing one.

***

So many students would rather talk about the big Pierce-Arrow they have at home than to pay you the "two bits" they owe you.

***

You should remember when you are courting a young lady that a sweet smile never cooked a meal.

***

Love is poetry, Matrimony may be a hamburger sandwich.

***

A bald head and bow-legs may get by, but woe to the student who has not his necktie on straight.

***

STUDY IN ANATOMY.

Yesterday a policeman was shot in the Loop and killed instantly.—Chicago *Herald.*

***

P.—"What is the name and address of the young lady you are taking to the military ball?"

S.—"Gosh, I can't spell it—it's full of z's—but she has a face like a doll and lives in the west end of town."

***

We have seen all kinds of excuses for coming late for class. Some have been signed by prefects, some by assistant prefects, etc., but never until last week did a student bring us a note signed by a street car conductor. Fogarty pulled it in Journalism.

***

It seems to us that a good basketball team might be picked from the following students: Baczens, Rydzewski, Szczepanik, Leinenkugel, Scheibelhut, Beckiewicz, Schinkoeth, Ramaciotti, Urquico, Tschudi, Oberholzor, Quertinmont.

***

And it always happens that when a fellow and a girl fall out, each thinks the other is just crazy to make up again were it not that he is too proud to say so.

***

"When I consider that I could buy three hundred ham sandwiches for what the military ball is costing me it almost makes me weep."

***

SIGN IN N. D. BAKERY.

Don't Loaf Here.

***

It takes a lot of crust to serve bread pudding.

***

The Sonnets of a Sap-Head.

SELDOM SATISFIED SIMPS.

By B. J. Anderson.

Good night! But ain't it cold outside to-day
The blooming ground is just chock-full of snow,
I'll swear the mercury says ten below,
And if it don't that's what it ought to say;
But what's the use of crabbing 'bout the way
The weather acts, and anyhow you know
That it's a real ill wind that doesn't blow
Some other fellow good, and so I say
To all who crab, to cut the crabbing out
'Cause knocking never made nothing sublime,
And anyway you'll find that guys who've got
To crab about the cold, they are no doubt
The self same ginks who in the summer time
Are always raising h— because it's hot.

***

AMBITION.

Now just what is ambition anyway?
Now is it "pep" or fight or is it pluck?
Or tell me, guy, would you dare call it luck?
Why don't you tell, or can't you speak to-day?
This ain't examination time, you jay!
And anyhow we're out of school, you duck,
And you know, kid, that when you're ever stuck
In anything like that in class, I say
To you the thing that's right, you bet I do,
I tell you just where you will find the junk,
I help you lots in every kind of quiz,
Each day I always tell you something new.
To see that you, my pard, don't ever flunk—
So won't you tell me what ambition is?

***

It's very nice to be polite
And always tip your hat;
But if you wear a stocking cap—
What say you, George, to that?