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Dawn and Day.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

I SAW the eastern woodlands stir as Day
Stepped from beneath those branches of the night;
Sandalled with gold and girt about with light
In stripling lustihood to run morn's way.
But there went maiden Dawn along the gray
And dewy valleys of the skyey height,
Gathering armfuls of star blossoms white,—
Upon her lucent brow morn's first faint ray.

The dim earth thrilled, for there in delicate grace
Day was at dalliance 'neath those orient trees,
Lingering with lovely Dawn while burned new
skies.

I saw them kiss, a glory on each face,
And saw the sweet breath of the ocean breeze
Blow her Uranian hair in his young eyes.

The Child in the Factory.

BY BERNARD J. VOLL.

SLAVERY has been, as we all know, the huge foul blot upon the fame of the American Republic. It is an outrage against human rights and against divine law, but the pride, the passion of man, will not permit its peaceable extinction." Little did John Bright think when he spoke these memorable words decrying against the further enslavement of the negro, that this fair land was soon to be blighted by a curse greater and more far-reaching in extent than the servitude of the black man. And ours is not the only country whose fair name has been besmirched with such a blot.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century there began in England an agitation which culminated finally in the granting of liberty to the negroes. There they destroyed one form

of human bondage only to substitute for it another more atrocious, more flagrant than the original. I speak of Child slavery. And it was slavery, although nominally they received a wage. What a mere pittance it was, sometimes totalling sixty cents a week for eleven, twelve and often fifteen hours work a day, seven days a week. Yet it was only after most diligent effort on the part of a few noble persons that public opinion became aroused to such an extent that the evil was abolished. But England was to reap the harvest, although mistress of the seas at the time of the Boer War, she could hardly secure an efficient army with which to put down those South Africans. Hundreds, yes thousands and even tens of thousands were turned away from the recruiting stations because of physical incapacity to serve. Still it is doubtful if England realized when her men were presented to her, stunted and dwarfed in body and in mind, what was the real cause of such a condition? And it is questionable even to-day if she knows why her armies are weak or why her men do not flock to the battlefields of Europe, there to uphold the integrity, the honor of their country. Nevertheless it is very probable that the cause can be traced back to the time when those future citizens were toiling as little children in the mills and coal mines. Here it was they left their patriotism, their love of country, and to-day when they are called upon to defend their very homes against a powerful enemy threatening death and destruction to them, they are leaving the country to its fate and ingloriously fleeing to other lands.

Shall it take just such a crisis to awaken us to a knowledge of our own condition? Are we going to remain idle until our shores are invaded by a belligerent enemy and suffer the predicament which England now finds herself facing? It seems inevitable. Our people refuse to recognize the analogy in the periods which England has passed through and which

we are at present in the midst of, drawing the very life-blood from the future citizens. To-day, approximately two million children are wearing their young lives out in gainful occupation. In three southern states nearly half the children ten to thirteen years of age are at work. Would that this evil were confined to the South alone, but it is not. The textile mills of New England are yearly drawing thousands of infants from their homes to be ruined forever by premature toil. The kindergartens, as the tobacco factories of New Jersey are called, claim their annual toll of babies, as do the coal mines, the dye and canning industries of Pennsylvania. Nor can we except the sweat-shops of New York City or the glass factories of the Middle West. These, gentlemen, are the great manufactories which are destroying our future citizens, principal among them being the cotton mills of the South.

Miss Ashby, an investigator for the American Federation of Labor, has this to say concerning the sights of a southern mill: "Often the whole family, except the baby actually in the cradle, is in the mill. Two or three of eight years or over might be on the pay-roll, but the youngest paid worker can get through her "side" at ten cents a day. At ten cents a day—with greater ease if she has her little brother of six to help her. I have seen a boy under four begin his life of drudgery by pulling the yarn off bobbins to make bands. I am familiar with the slums of two continents, but I can say that I have never seen a more pitiful sight than the mill children, nor known little ones for whom the outlook was more hopeless. It is not only that they are pale, shrunk and bowed, they look as if their brains were hypnotized and their souls paralyzed!" Such is the testimony of only one investigator, but we have hundreds to substantiate her claims. They are not isolated cases of which she speaks, but on the contrary are typical of the entire south. And yet we permit this veritable slaughter of children to continue almost unprotested because the factory needs them. This has been the cry of the manufacturers for years in opposition to all child-labor legislation and it has succeeded. They have formed organizations for the purpose of defeating laws which had the slightest semblance of humanitarian principles in them relative to the working child. They have literally poured money into the legislature of the various states in an attempt to pervert the ends of justice, and all based upon the

contention that they cannot run their factories without the child. I ask those among you who love justice and respect humanity, is there any law, is there any custom, or is there anything in this land, which gives a man the right to exploit child-labor for his own sordid gain? If not, then why does it exist? It is because that iron monster, the machine, which came with the Industrial Revolution, demands a human clog in its mechanism. It must be operated, and the manufacturers have decreed that the operatives shall be children. They have brought from their homes these young laborers and introduced them to a life of drudgery at the age of five, merely because they are profitable. And still we permit this system to exist when in reality those industries are parasitic, those manufacturers are parasites and should be eliminated forever from the business world.

Thus is introduced the element of poverty into our industrial life, parents forced by the absolute necessity of procuring food, send their children to the mills, or it may be that they are totally indifferent to this form of early employment. Hence the child, ambitious to become independent, or disgusted with school, voluntarily seeks the factory. And here again lies the culpability of the employer. Instead of making it difficult for these children to enter his employ he opens wide the doors and beckons them to enter. Soon the worker joins that roving band of laborers, securing position after position, never staying permanently in any one place, until finally, brought face to face with the fact that his opportunity for scientific or industrial education has passed, he succumbs to the inevitable and sinks into the lowest strata of society. There he ekes out a bare existence, bringing children into the world who are doomed, almost from the moment of their birth, to a life of continued toil and drudgery. They, in turn, never having had an opportunity to rise, continue in the same course, and thus we have formed one segment of a vicious circle, with child-labor as its result.

Such a condition as this is unnatural in a land of plenty, consequently there must be an external cause, and this we attribute to that insatiable desire of the employer for gain. In their mad race for wealth they have wantonly destroyed man, woman and child, trying desperately to realize that one ambition—success. Capital has neither morals nor ideals, yet the

public seems to be totally indifferent regarding the welfare of future generations. That dormant attitude which it has assumed is costly, and just as England paid dearly for her laxity so shall we reap an ignoble harvest. From the child of to-day must come the man of to-morrow, a citizen of this great republic with the responsibility of directing the government. Shall this responsibility be placed upon the shoulders of the two hundred thousand "Hooligans" who are yearly coming from the factories, boys and girls, broken in body and stunted in mind and soul, who are living engines of hatred toward society? I reiterate it—Shall our statesmen and our patriots come from their midst? If not, then the accursed evil of child slavery must be abolished. There has been an effort upon the part of a few states to make adequate regulations relative to this social menace within the past ten years, and they have partially succeeded. Especially is this true of the North, although a legislature in Pennsylvania just last year refused to pass a law forbidding the employment of young boys in glass factories at night. Only Maryland and West Virginia can claim association with her in this respect. However, it is principally with the South that we are concerned, for the labor of the child is exploited almost universally in these great cotton-growing and manufacturing states. To such an extent is this true that few preventive laws have been passed, and those which have succeeded in getting through the legislature are never enforced. We have the spectacle of Alabama in 1903, having a law limiting work to children under twelve years with no inspection. In 1915 they improved slightly by putting off the fourteen year limit to 1916 and still failing to provide proper inspection. What possible good can a law on the statute books of any state do when there is no one to see that it is enforced? It is absolutely worthless, just as worthless as the paper it is written on. The citizens of these states have been recreant to their duty as citizens. They have failed to ask themselves the question, What is to become of the future if we permit this system to continue? They have failed utterly to take cognizance of the fact that their children are being daily maimed for life or are physically stunted in growth which incapacitates them for work later in life. I say, they have failed to realize that this condition exists despite the fact that Mrs. Van Vorst

called their attention to it in a series of articles. In one of these she describes a boy fifteen years of age who had begun work at seven, he could neither read nor write, yet he was helping to support his mother. "He had been for years up before dawn and plied in the service of a machine for twelve hours a day; he had spent his childhood as a laborer, a bread-winner who earned food and shelter not only for himself but for another; he had lived without pleasure, without amusements, without hope—without hope, yes—but never without courage." And when at last an opportunity presented itself what form did it take? The chance to extenuate his remaining energies working night and day; to be drenched to the skin; to be too tired to eat when food was placed before him; too exhausted to sleep when his head touched the pillow. His lank and withered body gave evidence sufficient of what he was going through."

To the incredulous this may seem an improbable condition, but it is the testimony of an eye-witness who experienced these pitiable sights, and is portraying them only that a realization of our own imminent danger may come to us. That, from the filth and darkness of the factory, from the bondage of the machine, these child slaves shall be emancipated and in the name of justice their future rights recognized.

Sunrise.

I see the dawn-white clouds o'er heaven spread
As morn treads low the seaside hills. And red
Are sky and earth and sea before the sun,
And lo! across the deep cloud-galleons run.
And wild and wide the rose-red sparks are blown
Within the portico of night; and sown
Are sunny beams upon the morning air.
—And fleecy clouds piled high are smouldering where
The burning sunlight filters through their rifts,
As when some stormy South-Sea wind low sifts
Among the fissures of a lonely isle.
But where the clouds red-robéd are a smile
Of warmth and gladness leans on sleeping Earth;
Anon the voice of laughing lassies' mirth
Arises faint and frail to greet the morn,
Then buoyant grows like huntsman with his horn
A youth in every heart that jocund beats—
A laugh in every face some stranger meets—
How gay are morning's early hours, how glad!
How sunless evening's weary eyes, how sad!

F. Butler.

Out of the Depths.

BY RAY M. HUMPHREYS.

The Fifth Ward Democratic Club was practically deserted. The bowling alleys housed a couple of drowsy pin-boys, and the pool tables were as lonesome as last year's birds' nests. Up in the bar, on the second floor, only two members lingered over their glasses in animated conversation. Higgins and DeLue were noted for their frequent and intensely fervent political debates. To-night, however, their mood was reminiscent; DeLue was plainly annoyed.

"You can say what you please," he rasped, "but I maintain that Taft owes everything to Roosevelt. If it hadn't been for Teddy boosting that fat hypocrite, Taft would have remained a common everyday barrister. Why, it was Roosevelt that gave him all his power and prestige, dragged him before the public and the press, and made him prominent. Then for Taft to turn and run against his benefactor in '12 was about as nasty a case of ingratitude as a fellow could see." Higgins laughed.

"I guess Teddy didn't look at it that way," he suggested. "Perhaps he realized that Taft was perfectly sincere and was ignorant of the fact that he owed all to Roosevelt."

"Impossible!" snorted DeLue.

"Possible and probable," retorted Higgins, "for I know."

"What?" thundered DeLue.

"A story," smiled Higgins. "Listen; it proves my point. Some years ago at a certain university in the Middle West, there was a Senior and a Freshman who were exceptionally good friends. Both hailed from the same little burg away out in Arizona and neither seemed happy unless in the company of the other,—a sort of regular Damon and Pythias affair, you know. Damon had spent four wholesome years at the school and was held in high regard by both professors and students. He had been a success socially too, and it was common rumor that he was engaged to Ella Noble,—the prettiest girl in that section of the country. On the other hand, Pythias was the exact opposite in almost every way. He was as conceited a first-year man as ever blew in, and when it came to brains he had none to spare. The fellows early took him for a joke, and only the reputation of being a good

friend of Damon's kept the bunch from openly ridiculing him. He thought he could play football,—also baseball. In truth, he was a bigger boob on the gridiron than he was in the class room. But he didn't know it. He didn't realize what an utter fool he was,—and nobody dared to tell him for fear of offending Damon.

"Well, things kept getting worse every week. Old Pythias was the butt of every cheap wit and student humorist on the reservation. The college weekly began to rap him now and then, but only the professors had the nerve to actually tell him where he stood,—and he didn't believe them. He had made a miserable record for himself in football, only Damon had complimented him. But he thought the rest were simply jealous of his prowess. When baseball practice commenced he proved conclusively that he couldn't hit even a tossed ball, and he made a jackass of himself every time the kind-hearted coach shifted him to a different position. He finally made the sub-list, mainly because he was a friend of Damon's.

Then the Military Ball came off. Damon took Ella, of course, as he had for several years. He also took Pythias,—at least staked him to a ticket,—and then introduced him to Ella. Some of the fellows remarked that Damon didn't dance as much with his girl as his friend did, but no one stopped to think much about it then. From that time on, however, Pythias was right on the job. He wooed Ella in lightning style, and gradually Damon slipped into the background. Every week, and several times a week, Pythias would have the girl at a dance or a party or a show,—and all on money lent him by his unselfish friend, Damon.

"Finally, late in April, the crisis came. It was whispered—mostly by Pythias himself—that he and Ella were engaged to be married in June. Some of the fellows wondered if old Damon would set them up in house-keeping. But old Damon had quit. The first thing he did was to cut a half-dozen classes,—for the first time in his life,—then he proceeded downtown and tanked up—got so all-fired drunk that he couldn't wobble. A couple of scandalized Juniors, moved with compassion on seeing the smartest man at school in the gutter, took him home. He was smuggled into his room and the Senior class took charge of him. While he was still under the influence of "Tommy Walker" he began to tell his troubles. He

made some startling revelations. First, he had been actually engaged to Ella Noble, but Ella had broken off with him after Pythias had horned in; secondly, he confessed that he was furnishing Pythias with all his spending money,—and what was more, was actually paying the boob's way through college. By a previous arrangement with the faculty he had made it possible for Pythias to go through apparently because he was an athlete. He had sworn that Pythias was his best friend, that he was willing to pay all his expenses, but that if Pythias knew it his pride would be hurt. So it all leaked out. Damon was putting Pythias through school, and Pythias was repaying his kindness by stealing Damon's girl. Everyone agreed Damon had a perfect right to get drunk. Some believed he would try suicide. But he didn't. He sobered up and kept mum. He patched things up with Pythias, and the two were apparently as great friends as ever. When Damon graduated in June, Pythias wept like a crocodile. A few days later Pythias married Ella Noble. Old Damon, sad-eyed and white, was best man. People wondered how he did it,—but somehow or other he did do it. He bore no malice toward his friend—and that proves my point."

"Bosh," snorted DeLue, "he did it merely for appearances. He was afraid of what people would say; and although he hated Pythias he was too proud to let people know it, or else he didn't really love the girl." Higgins shook his head.

"He didn't hate Pythias," he said, "because Pythias was his best friend, and because he knew that Pythias had no idea that he was actually putting him through school. And he did love the girl. He loved her with his whole heart and soul. The case is analogous with the one we were discussing. I don't think Teddy hates Taft anymore than Damon hates Pythias, and I know that Damon loves Pythias to-day as he did before it all happened."

"Why, how—" began DeLue angrily.

"Because I'm Damon," said Higgins softly.

DeLue took off his hat and brushed back his hair.

"You're right," he said, "the drinks are on me."

"FLOWERS of genius can modestly grow anywhere with the greatest sweetness and the most grateful perfume."

Just Poetry.

He thought he was young Astor,
Or Rockefeller's kid,
And only liked to tell you of
The things he had or did.

He said he ate the choicest,
Like all the rich guys do;
But when this bird was by himself,
His fare was hash and stew.

He told about his Packards,
His aeroplanes, his dough,
But he forgot to mention then
That none of this was so.

But there was one thing really,
That was true of this here guy,
But he would ne'er say what it was,
And here's the reason why.

He thought he would be stylish
Along the social line,
So got a book on etiquette,
Or, "Manners When You Dine."

He then went into Kable's;
And seated on a stool
He right away proceeded
To go by every rule.

He ate his peas so graceful,
Used fork instead of knife,
Oh my! what tragic moments,
Most tragic in his life.

But when the meal was over,
He read rule twenty-one,
Which said 'twas very impolite
To eat a meal and run.

And farther on he noted
That this meant you should stay
And talk with host or hostess
An hour, so to say.

So this guy calls the waiter,
The head one too, at that,
And starts right in at merry pace
To have his little chat.

He talked about his Packards,
His aeroplanes, his dough,
But still forgot to mention
That none of it was so. *B. Andersen*

Mercutio.

BY S. D. NEWNING.

Shakespeare, perhaps, has been the greatest portrayer of character that the world has ever known. It seems to have been his peculiar gift to paint a character in such a way as to make the reader personally know and understand the man portrayed. It also may be said that Shakespeare has never in all his many and various writings depicted a character so thoroughly and clearly in so little space as he has done in the character of Mercutio. Mercutio, although only appearing a few times and making a comparatively small number of speeches, works his way into the good graces and sympathies of the reader.

In the first place he is a staunch friend of Romeo—a friend indeed. In Romeo's hours of trial and disappointment over his first love affair, when all he wishes is to be left to his own thoughts and broodings, Mercutio raises his spirits with words of cheer. He invents pleasures and pastimes with which he may divert the trend of Romeo's thoughts, and although he does not succeed very well, never for an instant does he give up hope. Mercutio, in a word, is a good fellow, ready and willing at all times to sacrifice himself for a friend.

Mercutio has in his make-up many of the loose moralled characteristics of the young men of his day. He was free and easy in his speech as is very well shown in his conversation with the Nurse. He shows no respect whatever for her sex and does not cease his raillery even after she calls him to account. It is this one feature in Mercutio's character that detracts from his otherwise congenial personality.

Aside from this one bad side Mercutio had many redeeming features. He was a man with a will of his own and not governed by petty quarrels. He is not what we call a seeker of trouble, but when trouble arose he was not the man to avoid it. This is well illustrated in his conversation with Tybalt on meeting in the street when he says:

"Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze: I will not budge for no man's pleasure." He here shows his contempt for those who try to dominate him. He is a man in his own right and considers himself well able to take care of himself. With the

coming of Tybalt he was aware of approaching trouble, but he was not the man to side-step it. He sided with Romeo and bore a personal dislike for Tybalt which is clearly shown. He says, after Romeo refuses to fight Tybalt:

"O calm, dishonorable, vile submission."

A la staccata carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?"

This speech as well as showing his contempt for Tybalt, clearly points out that he does not understand Romeo's motives in refusing to fight. He has been challenged and refused. This was the height of dishonor on the part of Romeo, to Mercutio's way of thinking. An insult has been offered his best friend, and the only way he sees out of the difficulty is to take up the fight that Romeo refuses. This fact shows the great friendship Mercutio bears toward Romeo. He without a moment's thought, flung himself into a quarrel which he later regrets.

At this point Shakespeare shows himself to be the true artist, the real master of the art of characterization. In a few lines he sums up the attributes and characteristics of one of his most talked of characters. Mercutio has fought with Tybalt and on account of Romeo's intervention his point is cast up and he is stabbed by his enemy. While lying on the ground and quickly gasping away his life he exclaims:

"No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve. Ask for me to-morrow and you will find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world—a plague on both your houses! Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm."

This speech shows that Mercutio has forced himself into a quarrel in which he was in no way concerned. He regrets that his life, which has been so free and easy and so full of enjoyment, should so suddenly terminate in a street fight. He blames the two opposing houses and the rules of fencing for his death.

Mercutio is one of the real likable characters drawn by Shakespeare. He is such a man as appeals to everyone. Although not a great man he is a strong, fair-minded and genuine one. We may say in summing up that Mercutio is a jewel in Shakespeare's long string of great characters.

Evening Skies.

BY RICHARD BYRNE.

LATE I saw in evening skies
Through the gates of Paradise,

All the angels gathering there,
Blossoms in the sunset air.

Blood-red rose with fragrant breath
For the King who conquered death;

Yellow daisy and daffodil
All the ways of heaven to fill.

And I heard the winds stir heaven's trees,
Murmurous of white eternities.

Out-Sherlocked.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

On the first fine Sunday afternoon in spring, and on every succeeding Sunday afternoon, until the snow covers the little green space of the park, and it is winter, there passes before my window the bent figure of an old man. Good will and benevolence mark his features and his carriage. His form, though now bent and old, is still graceful; his face refined and pleasant. His hands are long and as delicate as a woman's.

My apartment is on the second floor of a building facing the little park, which is one of those verdant oases that here and there break the monotony of the breathless city streets and furnish a parade ground for the heterogeneous family of the metropolis. Every Sunday afternoon, from the window of my den, I watch and study the passing throngs. When an extraordinary form or face interests me, I immediately construct, for my own delight, the story that lies behind it. It was in this way that I formed the distant acquaintance of the elderly gentleman whose description occupies the paragraph above. For two summers I watched him every Sunday when the noontime heat had given way to the cooler breeze of the summer afternoon, at which time he never once failed to appear and pass before my expectant eyes. Here he would pause to bow with the air of a cavalier; there to pat a child encouragingly on the head, or to raise his hat, in the manner of the old school, to a gentleman

of his acquaintance. Often I said to myself, after studying his movements intently for many minutes at a time: "To the eye of the passer-by you appear to be nothing but the kindly, old-fashioned gentleman which you affect, but to the trained observer of men, there is barely discernible in you the ear-marks of the gentleman-bandit. The policeman who arrested you would hurriedly apologize for his blunder, after one glance at your guileless face. But the detective, with my years of study and experience—"

"Yes?" questioned a cheery voice at my elbow. I had allowed myself to be completely carried away by my observations on this particular afternoon and had failed to note the entry of an auditor to my half-voiced thoughts. I turned to face my lifelong friend Jack Moreland.

"So your old gentleman friend still occupies your thoughts?" he queried, smilingly. "What dire fate have you in store for him? I interrupted your Sherlock-like meditations, pray proceed!"

"I was just thinking aloud, Jack," I replied. "I have made up my mind that, if I were called on a murder case and found him in the house in which the crime was committed, I would allow the villainous looking French chef, the ugly Chinese butler and the crafty Jap valet to go scot free, and arrest Old Respectability on the spot."

"Tush and nonsense!" growled Moreland, lighting a cigarette and dropping into a chair. "He is the soul of benevolence and harmlessness. I would as soon think of arresting my venerable father."

"You are the man in the street, Jack," I replied, "and I the trained detective. Do you remember the Allison case?"

For two hours we chatted on the subject dearest to my heart: the detection of crime and the criminal, until the sun sank below the giant skyscraper on the west of the little park and my valet entered and flooded the room with light. Jack then rose hurriedly to his feet and pleaded a supper engagement.

"You are wrong, all wrong, Sherlock Holmes," he cried mockingly as he buttoned his gloves and accepted his hat from Jackson the valet. "Some day you will arrest me and accuse me of the Darlington robbery and I shall end my days breaking stone on the Island, all through the misfortune of having you for a friend." He

laughed and turned to go.

"Good-bye, Tom."

"Good-bye, my doubting friend!" I called. "You had better look to your watch and that famous solitaire of yours. Men of your simplicity of mind persist in bothering police headquarters every night.

I doubt if he heard my parting shot. My last words were drowned by the slamming of the hall door.

That was the last time in months that Jack Moreland visited my flat. Ten hours later, to be exact, about four o'clock the next morning, he was lying unconscious in the City Hospital, with an ugly gash in his left side and sustaining a slight concussion of the brain. I sat beside his cot, examining minutely a small piece of black cloth that had been found, clenched tightly in his left hand, by the policeman who had found him on the sidewalk near my apartment an hour before. It was a piece of black broadcloth whose shininess convinced me that it had been torn from the elbow of his assailant's sleeve. For a week, while my closest friend wavered between life and death, I worked day and night, with this meagre and mute witness of the crime, but could come to no definite conclusion. I formed a habit of examining every elbow and coat sleeve that came within my range, but laughed at myself at the absurdity of finding my man in this manner. Every night I returned to my rooms late, tired out and disgusted.

A week passed. It was Sunday afternoon again, and I sat in my old position before the window facing the park. Suddenly a familiar figure hove in sight and stood, with his back turned, watching the swans in the miniature lake. I cannot tell what force impelled me to leave my seat and secure the powerful spyglass that I use every summer in exploring the peaks of the Adirondacks. After a few moments I returned to my seat and levelled the binocular on the park. As if by some uncanny attraction the instrument fell directly on the bent figure beside the lake. I started suddenly as I noticed the right elbow of his long black coat. By the aid of the powerful lens I could see at a glance that it had been torn and mended hurriedly, because the white shirt underneath was visible.

I lost no time in making up my mind. In a few moments I stood beside him in the park and touched the man's shoulder.

"You will please come with me quietly," I said to him in a low tone. "I wish to have you explain a few things at police headquarters."

He started, and looked at me as a doctor examines a lunatic.

"Police? What have I to do with the police?" he inquired.

"You happen to be wearing a coat with a torn elbow," I replied. "Perhaps you can explain just how it came to be torn?"

He smiled broadly and looked ruefully at his right sleeve.

"Really, I did not know that my clothes were becoming so noticeably frayed. I must be measured for a new suit in the morning."

"Probably you will," I remarked, dryly. "That is for a jury of your peers to decide. Will you come peacefully?"

Smilingly and without a word of complaint he followed me to headquarters. To my inquiry as to the Chief's whereabouts the clerk in the outer office nodded toward the sanctum inscribed "Private." I knocked, and the Chief's voice bade me enter. I did, leaving the prisoner under the surveillance of several gentlemen of the blue cloth who sat without. I closed the door, struck a pose and in the voice of the hero in act four I said nonchalantly:

"I have arrested the man who assaulted John Moreland."

The Chief calmly reached for his watch and examined it.

"You are several hours late," he replied. "The criminal you mention was lodged safe in jail at one o'clock this morning."

"The wrong man, I assure you!" I answered, not taken back in the least. "He wears a coat with a torn elbow and refuses to give an account of himself. He—"

"Bring him in!" was the quick retort.

I opened the door and motioned to the elderly gentleman to enter. When he had done so, I closed the door and turned to the Chief who was deeply engaged in reading a paper which lay on his desk. When the door clicked he looked up full in the face of my prisoner. For an instant utter amazement was depicted in his countenance, then he wheeled quickly in his swivel chair and faced the window. His body shook convulsively. He was laughing—a rare occurrence for the Chief.

Suddenly he wheeled around and faced me again.

"Perhaps you noticed this morning that your

valet was missing?" he inquired. Taken somewhat by surprise, I answered in the affirmative.

"But you do not know that he is accused of the robbery of your friend?"

I certainly did not, and my amazed expression answered the question. The Chief continued:

"Or that your friend's solitaire and other belongings were traced by the pawn tickets found upon his person when he was arrested early this morning?"

"By whom?" I inquired, jealously. The Chief smiled.

"Have you ever heard of Harrison Grubbs?" he inquired.

"Certainly. He is the oldest detective on the force, whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting."

"That pleasure is about to be accorded you. He is standing beside you now, Mr. Grubbs,—Mr. Jerrold."

Sheepishly, I shook hands with my late prisoner. I expected a sermon on detection of the old school, but none came.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Jerrold," was all he said, but he smiled forgivingly.

That was some years ago when I believed in Sherlock Holmes. The old man of the park still passes my window on Sunday afternoons and waves his hand to me. He calls often during the week. The only reproof I ever received from him came the day after his arrest, when he called on me and smiled patronizingly at my library on the detection of criminals. It went to the rubbish heap the next morning. Since then I have paid less attention to the park and more to my valets.

• Father Solemnly Surrendered.

BY WALTER REMMES.

Perhaps the most exasperating thing that can happen to a man, is to pay his dime to enjoy the delights of a moving picture show, become somewhat fatigued and drop off for "forty winks," then wake up and find himself in darkness. If added to this already imposing list for pure, unadulterated exasperation, the man "fished" every pocket and finds he has not a match, then the situation nears a crucial stage where the use of doubtful language is in

order. When the supply in hand, or rather in mind, is fully exhausted, the motion is in order to investigate the premises. Then things happen in earnest.

Just what did happen before father regained his freedom is merely a matter of conjecture. However, he was somewhat angry when he came home. Mother and I had spent the evening at Cullitan's. We had just returned and were talking over the news, when in walks father.

"For the love of Mike," said father on seeing mother's new dress, "where did you get the costume? Was that style made popular by the old colonial dames?"

"Rather," said mother somewhat angry: "if you mean my dress, you're rather coarse. Mrs. Johnson has one just like this, and the dressmaker said I would look just grand in one."

"I pray thee, little one, slide that across again. I was just figuring out whether it was Jess Willard or Charlie Chaplain that put me to sleep. Come across with it once more, there's nothing to wait for."

"What's the matter with you to-night, have you been drinking?" said mother rather sternly.

By a wonderful one-hand catch father rescued his exquisitely colored meerchaum pipe, which had slipped from between his teeth as he opened up to go an astonished "Huh!" He rescued his pipe and his composure at the same time.

"Say, let me tell you something," said father somewhat annoyed. And after kicking the dog out of the rocker, lighting his pipe, and taking a stretch, he began:

"Perhaps you've heard the little story about Adam and Eve in the Garden of Paradise. You know what happened when they ate the apple. They were asked to evacuate all on account of a little flattery. To-day the world is full of flattery, and now I find you—"

"Oh, but John," said mother weeping, "I didn't have this dress made that I might look more attractive than Mrs. Johnson, but so that when you take me to the theatre you won't feel ashamed, and now you—"

"Oh, that's all right, little one," said father. "Don't cry about a little thing like that." And taking mother in his arms, father solemnly surrendered.

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—The second school term which opened February 1st, found some few students back in the same old classes, beginning again the same work they had

The Second Term. started last September, but which they had failed to take seriously until the class was too far advanced for them to catch up. It is indeed a costly lesson to a student, but an altogether profitable one, if it teaches him to work for the future. For he cannot but realize now, that his companions who are leaving him behind had just as much enjoyment out of their school life as he had, were as well liked by the boys on the campus as he was, and were much happier in every way because they were doing the work they had been sent to college to perform instead of squandering the hard-earned money of their parents. They did their daily work faithfully, and though, perhaps, they scarcely perceived they were advancing, the closing term found them fully prepared to enter upon new and higher studies, while the chronic absentee or town-trotter found himself at the closing term just where he was in the beginning, save that he had a half year of idleness to render an account for.

But the lesson, we say, was very profitable if it has taught him to start work the first day of this new term and work a little every day, instead of having the vain hope of doing everything in the last few weeks of school. No weather is more conducive to study than the cold wintry months when students are naturally confined to their rooms for a great part of the time. The real student gets

in the bulk of his work during these months so that when the balmy days of spring are nigh he may let up somewhat and enjoy the weather. The boy who squanders these months will spend his springtime, in all likelihood, worrying about conditioned examinations or regretting that he must face the folks at home and acknowledge that his year has been a complete failure. It will be too late to do anything then; it is not too late now. Start in with a determination and do conscientious work every day. Work in the winter kills worry in the spring.

Personals.

—Married in the Cathedral, Denver, Colorado, January 28th, Miss Sarah Norvell Eddy to Mr. John McPhee (old student).

—The Director of the Botany Department acknowledges the receipt of a valuable gift to the herbarium and botanical library of several hundred specimens of mosses, and several hundred important and rare botanical pamphlets from Mr. B. F. Bush, a well-known botanist of Courtney, Missouri.

—Miss Gertrude Boerger and Mr. Charles P. Somers (LL. B., '15) were united in marriage on Wednesday, Jan. 15th, in Springfield, Ohio. Charlie has the responsible position of assistant purchasing agent for the Kelly Springfield Motor Truck Co. His address is 833 West Jefferson St. Springfield, Ohio.

The Old Days.

In the issue of the SCHOLASTIC for September 11, '75, we find among the Locals, the information that "Jeff Davis is attending school at Notre Dame!" We always knew that we had Sherman's coat and Meagher's sword, but the fact that we have Jeff for an alumnus is a bit of news worthy of print.

Jest from the Locals of October 23, '75—"Professor: 'Ah! who is it we call the Father of his country?' Student (*triumphantly*):—"Brigham Young!"

We might add that old Brig also knew something about "The Birth of a Nation."

A relative of "Hugie"—SCHOLASTIC, November, '75—"Professor Pepper who lectured here last winter has just completed a series of lectures in Chicago."

From the Locals of the same issue:—"The

organization of the University Cornet Band dates from 1846. A fine set of instruments belonging to the original members are now on the bottom of the lake." They had the right idea in those days.

Issue of December 4th, '75:—"E. S. Pillars is in the lumber business in Tiffin, Ohio." We think it only fair to make mention of him in this column.

There seems to have been a scarcity of pigskins in The Old Days. In the same issue we find a local to the effect that, "The Senior football was sent to South Bend with a wound in its upper story. It had a surgical operation performed by the shoemakers and has returned in strong and healthy condition. May it live long and get lots of kicks."

Issue of December 11, '75:—"Mr. Ruddiman served a short term in Muskegon, Mich., this week." It fails to state what Mr. Ruddiman's offense was.

Personals December, '75:—"Frederick Ellsworth of '66 is in the dry-goods trade in South Bend."

—"Alexander Coquillard of South Bend was the first student ever entered at Notre Dame."

From the Locals of the same issue:—

"The Indianapolis *Herald* says: 'The man who designed our State's seal is dead. In the language of the Dutch poet: 'It is well.' Any man who would try to make people believe that a full-grown buffalo would deliberately rush up to a granger who was chopping down a tree at sunrise, ought to die.'"

The same issue contains an interesting account of the rise and fall of the "Northern Indiana College" which was an avowed rival of Notre Dame in the early days. It stood near the "Goose Pasture," a strip of swampy land "in back of South Bend" (as the chronicler vaguely states.)

"Nevertheless, here it was that some ambitious gentleman, observing the budding prosperity of the popish institutions on the other side of the river, endeavored to establish a seat of learning, whose fame, they calculated, was to eclipse that of Notre Dame and St. Mary's thrown in, for this new college was to be a standing witness to the benefits accruing from the "co-education of the sexes," especially in a boarding school.

"They began in 1862, or thereabouts, with a building that was considered quite stylish at

the time of its erection, for the new college of Notre Dame was not then thought of, and St. Mary's was a row of dark red wooden frames. The mighty factories of South Bend had not yet loomed up. Even the Studebaker works had not grown to its present size. Hence, the Northern Indiana College was much admired and folks used to drive up Washington street to look at it, try to drive around it, get stuck in the grubs, swear, etc. They kept it up quite a long time considering, and had a professor of music and several presidents, before its demise."

Local News.

—The groundhog saw his shadow.

—Seniors who have not yet started their theses are beginning to shudder at the task.

—A tiny blaze between floors in Brownson Annex Tuesday evening generated a lot of smoke before it was finally located and extinguished.

—Mr. Norbert Savay, New York lawyer, closed his series of foreign trade lectures on Wednesday evening. This series was largely attended and deeply appreciated by the students in the economics department.

—At the opening of the second semester there were seventeen new classes started in the Preparatory Department of the University, eight in the College of Engineering and Science and eleven in the College of Arts and Letters and Law.

—The Brownson Literary Society will hold its first preliminary for the selection of members of the debating team on Sunday evening, February thirteenth. To date seventeen Freshmen have signified their candidacies for places on the team.

—Father Oswald is displaying his new "neutral" watch. The face bears a likeness of Franz Josef, the back, a representation of Kaiser Wilhelm, and the fob, an impression of Field Marshall von Hindenberg. Father Oswald does not care which one of the trio wins.

—Father Foik is very busy these days in his conferences with contractors, architects and salesmen interested in the details connected with specifications for the new library. Excavations are now about completed and the general contract will be let in a short time.

—A rare old book, bound in the skin of a Moorish chieftain and once the property of Christopher Columbus was recently brought to the University by Rev. Paul Foik, C. S. C. It is the gift of Señor Sebastian Carroll Braganzo de la Coralla of Matagora Bay, Texas.

This unique volume was presented by Cardinal Ximenes (Francis, Metropolitan of Toledo) to Christobal Colon. Cardinal Ximenes was confessor to Queen Isabella, whom he had influenced, together with her husband, Ferdinand, to favor the great discoverer in his daring voyages. Cardinal Ximenes was also regent after the death of Ferdinand, a successful general in the field against the Moors, and editor of the famous Polygot Bible printed at Complutum in 1517. The ecclesiastical seal of Cardinal Ximenes is found stamped on this book.

The work is a treatise on astrology, by John Picus, a subject in which the great discoverer was deeply interested. It is said by scholars at the University to be a strange mixture of scholastic theology and peripatetic philosophy which were highly in favor in that age. One hundred and seven names of authors cited in the work are written in ink by Columbus' own hand on the last page of the book. The first name in this list is the ancient name of Ptolemy.

For years this rare book was in the cathedral library of Seville in Spain. From there it was taken by monks to Peru and in that country during a period of revolution it fell into the hands of Señor Sebastian Carroll Braganzo de la Coralla.

The work was printed by John Argentinus in 1503, the exact date being March 15 of that year. The authentication of this is found printed at the very end of the book. The place of publication was Strassburg where Guttenberg had printed his first Bible half a century before. Martin Luther became an Augustinian monk the same year this book was published.

Varsity Defeats Kazoo.

Western State Normal of Kalamazoo met defeat at the hands of the Varsity in the local gym last Wednesday afternoon, being beaten 35 to 25. The game was hard fought throughout with the Gold and Blue having the better of the contest in the first half and the men from

Kazoo scoring more than the Varsity in the second half. The lead piled up in the first half, however, was too great for the visitors to catch, although they made a stubborn fight for every inch they had to give.

The first half ended 21 to 8 in favor of the Varsity; but in the second half Normal led in the scoring, running 17 to the local's 14. At the start of the game, Notre Dame jumped into the lead and kept there during the entire contest; and at no time was the outcome of the contest doubtful. The Varsity men were working well together and McKenna and King were keeping their opponents safely away from the baskets; but nevertheless the Normal men kept up their hard playing, and the game was kept lively by the private encounters which always entertain a Notre Dame audience. Tom King and one of the Normal players staged a nice wrestling match in the second half; and the crowd yelled with delight as King put his opponent to the mat with a half Nelson after the Kalamazoo man's toe hold had failed to work. In the second half, when the two Varsity guards were getting little competition from their worn-out adversaries, they decided to furnish a little entertainment by staging a fight between themselves. It was declared a draw.

"Chief" Meyers led in the number of field goals, registering a total of 6, while Fitzgerald and Olson each got 4, and Welden got 3. The leading point winner for the Varsity was Fitz, whose 8 free throws and four baskets netted a total of 16. The individual point winner for Normal was Welden who got 5 free throws and three baskets, making 11 points in all. Olson and Jacks also starred for the Teachers, the former in shooting baskets and the latter in his guarding and passing.

Ellis was in at Daley's place at forward as Dick is still out with his injured ribs; and the substitute showed good form in covering the floor. Daley ran the team from the bench as Coach Harper was in Indianapolis attending a meeting regarding the Intercollegiate State Track Meet to be held next spring.

NOTRE DAME, 35		KALAMAZOO, 25	
Ellis	L. F.		Welden
Fitzgerald	R. F.		Olson
Meyers	C.		Thomas
King	L. G.		Beck
McKenna	R. G.		Jacks
Substitutions: Notre Dame—Cassidy for Ellis; Murphy for Fitzgerald; Ronchetti for Meyers; Keefe			

for McKenna; May for Murphy; Murphy for King. Field baskets—Meyers 6, Fitzgerald 4, Ellis, McKenna, Cassidy, Olson 4, Welden 3, Jacks 2, Thomas. Free throws—Fitzgerald 8, Ronchetti, Welden 5, Referee—Miller.

The Relay Races.

Brownson defeated the Day Dodgers in the closest of the Interhall Relay Races this year, between the halves of the Varsity-Western state Normal basketball game last Wednesday. The Day Students took the lead at the start and held it until Mulligan ran for Brownson. He put his team a little to the good and the rest of the men ran about even, up to the last men to run. Burke took the stick last for Brownson a little ahead of the last Day Dodger and increased it, finishing ahead by a good margin. The Day Dodgers were without the services of Berky their fastest man.

Varsity Handicap Meet.

The track season at Notre Dame was officially opened last Monday afternoon when the annual Varsity handicap meet was run-off. Considering the fact that this was the first real test of the year for the track men the showing was very good. Coach Rockne had so arranged the handicaps that the competition was keen in every event with the possible exception of the mile and two-mile in which events Waage and Reynolds captured easy firsts. Several of the Varsity men who are not yet in the best of condition were kept on the sidelines. Rockne is taking no chances on injuring his men by developing them too fast.

The showing of the Freshmen who were entered in the various events was of especial interest to the fans who are anxious to get a line on these new men. Those who showed up best were Mulligan and Meehan. Mulligan, starting from scratch in the forty, captured first in two preliminary heats and was second in the final. The little fellow should make a sprinter of real class. Meehan won the half-mile from "Andy" McDonough by a fine sprint in the last lap. Meehan's running reminded the old fans of the days of "Divy" Devine and with a year or two of experience and coaching, the Easterner should be able to equal some of Devine's records. Grant and Douglas showed promise in the field events.

To those who are looking forward only to this year's meets, the showing of Reynolds and Spalding were especially encouraging. The latter, starting with a 20-yard handicap won the quarter mile. Voelkers who started from scratch ran a pretty race, but he could not overcome the lead of the men who had handicaps. "Johnny" Reynolds stepped off the two-mile in "Joie" Ray style. His time was 10:39 and he finished strong. Summaries:

40-yard dash—Barry, 9 feet, first; Mulligan, scratch, second; Dee, 9 feet, third. Time—4 3-5 second.

One mile run—Waage, scratch, first; Call 70 yards, second; Harbert, 140 yards, third. Time—4 minutes 57 second.

Shot Put—Ward Miller, 8 feet, first; Bachman, scratch, second; Cooke, 5 feet, third. Distance—41 feet, 9 inches.

High jump—DeFries, scratch, first; Douglas, 1 inch, second; Coughlin, 6 inches third. Height—5 feet, 8 inches.

40-yard high hurdles—Kirkland, first; Fritch, second; Starrett, third. Time—5 4-5 seconds.

440-yard run—Spalding, 20 yards, first; McGaughey 25 yards, second; Schlipf, 25 yards, third. Time—52 1-5 seconds.

880-yd. run—Meehan, 10 yards, first; McDonough, scratch, second; Miller, 90 yards, third. Time—2 minutes, 1-5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—Fritch, first; Starrett, second. Time—5 3-5 seconds.

Broad jump—Grant, 1 foot, first; W. Miller, 18 inches, second; Freund, 3 inches, third. Distance—21 feet, 1 inch.

Pole vault—Yeager, scratch, first; Douglas, 6 inches second; Allison, 1 foot, third. Height—10 feet, 6 inches.

Two-mile run—Reynolds, scratch, first; Murray, 140 yards, second. Time—10 minutes, 39 seconds.

Track Schedule Best Ever.

Notre Dame's indoor track schedule which has recently been announced is undoubtedly the best in the history of the school. It is as follows:

February 12—Varsity Red and Blue Meet

February 19—Illinois University at Notre Dame

February 26—Michigan University at Notre Dame

March 4—Notre Dame at Wisconsin

While the Red and Blue Meet is designed largely to get the men in shape for the inter-collegiate meets, it has always provided some very interesting entertainment. Coach Rockne will divide the men as evenly as possible so

that there will be real competition in every event. Hardy and Bergman will likely oppose one another in the dashes and there will be a similar division of the men in all the events. The Illinois meet is a most welcome addition to Notre Dame's schedule and we hope that it presages the resumption of athletic relations with the Champaign school in all branches of sport. Illinois will come to Notre Dame with a splendid track team as track is one of the strongest sports in the Conference, and Illinois is always one of the leaders. Michigan will appear in the local gym a week after Illinois. Last year Rockne's men dropped two meets to the Wolverines, but the score was much closer in the second meet than in the first. We hope that we can give the Michigan stars a still closer meet on the 26th. The indoor season will close with a dual meet with Wisconsin on March 4th. This meet will be held at Madison as the Badgers appeared in the local gym last year. While Wisconsin was the victor in that meet the Gold and Blue men furnished some real competition and they can be depended upon to make a great effort to get revenge on the Wisconsin athletes this year.

The outdoor schedule is not yet completed. Dual meets with Michigan and the Michigan Aggies are assured, and a team will be sent to the Indiana State Meet and to the Conference Meet. There is also a possibility of an outdoor meet with Illinois. The individuals who show up best will go to the Pennsylvania Relay Games at Philadelphia on April 29th. If the runners show sufficient class to insure a good showing it is likely that a half-mile and a mile relay team will go to the Drake Relays at Des Moines.

Coach Rockne has been working his men hard for the last few weeks, but a track team is something that cannot be developed in one year. It must be admitted that when all events are considered, "Rock's" material is none too good. Still he has a large number of men who are giving their best and this spirit is bound to bring results. Notre Dame's track schedules are better than those of other sports. The spirit and ability of Rockne are an inspiration to his men. Such a combination is bound to bring Notre Dame to the fore in track athletics. It is not likely that we will arrive this year, but we are gradually working our way back to the prominent position which we occupied a few years ago.

Interhall Games.

SORIN VS. CORBY.

The Sorin and Corby bout, which was staged in the Gymnasium ring on Thursday morning was one of the most interesting and humorous spectacles seen here in some time. A basketball was thrown into the ring to fool the prefects, who watched the mix-up from the sidelines and marvelled at the many changes that had been introduced into basketball this season.

The strategic work of the Corbyites is worthy of note. They figured that Sorin had a heavy team and that Corby's only hope lay in putting a light and fast team against Sorin for the first half until the heavy men were wellnigh worn out from chasing the little fellows around the floor. The first half went off rather smoothly with very few fouls on either side and Sorin finished with a margin of seven points, the score being 11 to 4. Then Corby rushed in King, McDermott, Kirkland, Bachman and Co. to do the real work but they proved less successful than their predecessors in stopping the Sorinites from registering.

This half of the game was exceedingly rough and Rockne was kept busy calling fouls on both sides. At times six men would box a man with the ball and no one of the spectators would have the least idea where the ball was till some one would break out of the crowd with it. One of the Sorin men made a short pass to Kirkland, believing Kirk to be one of his mates, and McDermott rushed upon Kirkland (his own teammate) and chased him for two minutes, doing everything in his power to get the ball from him. Baujan and McDermott paid little attention where the ball went but each was active to see that the other went nowhere in particular. A few times they embraced each other out of sheer love, but they broke away before the smack came. All in all, it was a game not to be missed by the fans as some of the queerest things ever seen in a basketball game occurred in it. It finished fast and Sorin had piled up 29 points against 13.

Fitzpatrick, Rydzewski, Cofall, Bergman, Slackford and O'Donnell did all the playing for Sorin. Fitz starred in carrying the ball and Rydzewski did some good basket shooting. McDermott was so well guarded that he was able to do very little, and though Kirkland had several easy shots he failed to make them.

Hoot King shot a basket from the middle of the floor but was unable to do anything more. Charlie Bachman was somewhat of a cross between a football player and track man racing around the floor at full speed after the ball. He was especially good on the cross bucks and managed in this way to bring the ball under his own basket several times. After the game the Brownson and St. Joseph Literary Societies had a conference and decided that their next question for debate would be: Resolved: "That football players should not be allowed to play basketball." The debate should draw a large crowd as everyone has his own ideas on the subject.

Safety Valve.

IN 1925.

University Auditorium.
Walsh Club House.
Sorin Flats.
Corby Fraternity Home.
Brownson Asylum.
St. Joseph Apartments.
N. D. Armory.
Carroll Nursery.
Rockefeller Suite.
University Confectionery.
Notre Dame Mess Hall.

The student who said in his English examination that Climax was a brand of chewing tobacco may have some difficulty in botany with the Edelweis.

1st Student:—"How did you like the girl I got you for the Military Ball?"

2nd Student:—"Well, I didn't like her at first, but on the second turn around the hall I fell for her and it took three men to pick me up."

ALL TOGETHER, NOW!

"If we can't find anything else to blame Mr. Wilson for, let's call him four eyes."

AT THE LAST GAME.

Cheer Leader (to Journalist):—"I'll have to hand it to you fellows. You certainly did more rooting to-day than all the others put together."

Senior Journalist:—"Well, it's this way. We're covering the revival meetings in town this week and we were simply endeavoring to-day to give a correct imitation of how people pray at these revivals. We really didn't intend to root."

PEST 19846.

We have heard groaning and shrieking and wailing and lamentations and all manner of hellish noises, from the last gurgle in a bath-tub to the scratching of the window pane with a nail, but never have we known such a weird, pitiful, damnable wail as that

emitted by the Carroll Hall band when practicing. If all the cats in the county were dying of the belly-ache and each one had a donkey at his bedside singing soprano, the music would be soothing alongside of the Carrollite band.

1st Student:—"Did you ever take a correspondence course at a university?"

2nd Student:—"Yes, I lived at the Lilacs at N. D. for a year."

Fair One (in Place Hall):—"Say, bell hop, will you kindly post this letter for me?"

J. Sullivan (of Brownson):—"I beg your pardon, miss, I'm a soldier attending the Military Ball. I'm not a bell hop."

She:—"How lovely you look in your military suit!"

He:—"O Mabel! I do wish you could see me in the military shirt I wear all week."

The Military Ball Emergency Class was held last Tuesday and these questions among others constituted the examination:

I. What would you do if the belt to your military suit broke just after you had started a dance?

II. What course would you take if your lady friend's slipper should come off in the middle of the dance hall?

III. How would you conceal the fact that your sharp finger nails had cut the fingers of your silk gloves and were allowing your fingers to protrude?

IV. If your lady friend in doing the fox trot should accidentally rub her cheek against your shoulder and cover your coat with powder what would you do?

V. If you should lose your program and should forget the names of those with whom you had dances and your guardian were not present, what should be done?

VI. If you were in a taxi on your way to the hall and you suddenly discovered you had left your money in your other clothes—how would you go about solving the difficulty?

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The Notre Dame Boat House.

Brother Leopold's Store.

Spit Hall.

The St. Joseph Literary Society.

The Hill Street Car.

University Stew.

The Delinquent List.

IN ENGLISH I.

Teacher:—"Well, even if you haven't studied Latin, you have picked up a few phrases, haven't you. You know for instance what *Dominus vobiscum* means?"

Student:—"Yes."

Teacher:—"Well, what does it mean?"

Student:—"In God we trust."

Carrollite:—"I can't see why they charge me tuition when they know I never study."

JUST BEFORE THE BALL.

Scene I. A student's room decorated with tobacco cans, old clothes and street car signs. On one side is a chiffonier and mirror, on the other a wash stand covered with articles of toilet, especially shoe polish and soap. At the end of the room is a double-decker bed from which most of the clothes have been dragged. As the curtain rises Jim is standing before the mirror striving to button his collar. Al is at the wash stand brushing his teeth as though his life depended upon the result.

JIM—Well, I can't give the man much who invented collar buttons. I'm all in and I haven't been able to get this button hole within an inch of the button yet.

AL (*spitting out*)—Why in thunder didn't you cover that shoe polish. I got my tooth brush in it again.

JIM (*sitting down exhausted*)—Honest to goodness, Al, I'll never be able to spend an evening in this shirt. I'd just as soon be in a straight jacket or cell. Every time I move it pinches me—I think I'm perspiring through the back of it already.

AL—Nonsense, kid, you have to get used to it. What are you going to do when you get married and have to attend formal affairs every day?

JIM—I!—get married? Not much. Why, those girls make perfect fools of us. They come to a party in a comfortable dress; they have no neck in their gowns because high necks are hot and uncomfortable, and we, poor simps, lock-ourselves up in a fireless cooker and take the discipline just for the sake of the ladies (*He makes a last desperate effort and buttons his collar which nearly chokes him*). Imagine my going around a dance hall in this concrete shirt and with this noose around my neck and trying to smile and appear like a butterfly—the rules of society are absurd. (*He reaches for his coat and puts it on.*)

AL (*after looking him over well*)—Good Heavens! Jim, where did you get that dress suit? It seems terribly large.

JIM—It belonged to an uncle of mine who was twice my size, but his wife said it shrank after his death and she wanted me to have it. He wore it only once and my aunt has been kept busy putting moth balls on it for the last ten years. I guess she was glad to get rid of it.

AL—But you can't wear that, Jim, it's twice too large for you. The shoulders are almost at your elbows.

JIM—Yes, I know, but I can fix them. My aunt told me to put a bath towel in each shoulder and that the coat would hang perfectly and make me look broad shouldered. It may sag in the back a little but I'll put my back to the wall when I'm not dancing. All that the girls will notice will be the silk lapels and they will look fine if I don't spill soup or something else on them.

AL (*still spitting shoe polish*)—But I thought you borrowed a dress suit in town?

JIM—I did get one from an undertaker, but he said he got it off a corpse and I have just enough superstition in me to believe it might bring me bad luck. Besides, I tried it on this afternoon and when I bent over to lace my shoes it tripped clean up the back.

AL—Well, believe me, Jim, you'll never get away with that coat. You look like a fellow in swaddling clothes. You might just as well have bought the cloth and wrapped it around you.

JIM—You're looking only at the coat. Why don't you look at the dandy white vest I borrowed from Joe; and aren't these shoes I borrowed from Mac, classy? Mill's garters wouldn't go around the calf of my leg, so I suppose I'll have to use safety pins, but they won't show—and this red tie, isn't it a dorb?

AL—Who ever heard of wearing a red tie for full dress—you're crazy.

JIM—Well, it's a good tie just the same. Horrey got it for Christmas and it's never been out of the box till to-day. I'm not worrying a particle about my clothes, but I do wish I knew something about dancing.

AL—You don't mean to say you are unacquainted with the new dances, after my giving you two dances with Mabel?

JIM—Oh, No. I know the new dances fully as well as the old. The last girl I danced with told me I ought to get a job with the telephone company. She said it would be no difficulty for me to climb to the top of any telegraph pole after all the practice I got that night. I think she was about to hint that I couldn't dance when one of her curls which was pinned in her hair dropped to the floor. I was so quick in falling on it and getting it in my pocket that she was real good to me for the rest of the dance.

AL—Well, you can't climb Mabel, Jim, because she has corns and the first time you touch one of them she'll scream and faint.

JIM—If she faints I'll come back with a double swing and catch her in both arms. It will so shock her corns that she'll think she's wearing slippers.

AL—This play we are pulling off for the VALVE is all right Jim, but we're talking too much and there's not enough action in it. You remember what our English teacher said about action. "Action! action at any cost!" (*he picks up a box of shoe polish and throws it directly at Jim's shirt bosom—it spreads all over it.*)

JIM—My heavens! yes, Action! Action! Action! Cost what it may! (*he throws the cuspidor at Al, missing him but shattering the wash bowl.*)

AL—More action still. It's an absolute necessity. *Enter the prefect.*

JIM (*rushing up to the prefect*)—Don't stand there. Rush at Al and punch him or kick him or throw something at him, we must have action.

AL (*rushing up to prefect*)—Shout! Scream. Do anything but stand—Action or nothing.

PREFECT (*going to the door*)—They're both that way, officer. Bring up five men with blankets, I think they've reached the last stage.

CURTAIN.

It's a sad day in the life of a professor when one of his students doesn't tell him, "I had no time to look at the lesson to-day."

Student (*in bookstore*)—"Do you sell toilet water?"

Clerk—"No, sir."

Student—"Well, keep it."