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## Remembrance.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

NOW do I think upon that day we trod  
Along the river shadowed with big trees  
By a faint road grown over with new sod  
That drank the sun and rain from April skies.

Where another path turned through a gleaming wood  
There rose a tower of elm gray and old;  
There one green linnet knew our perfect mood  
And caught the half-hushed confidences told.

Now have your steps gone down the last dark way  
And quick before me comes a mist of rain  
Oh, does your heart still treasure how that day  
We talked of thorns and purple and great pain.

## London in War Time.

BY FRANK W. HOLSLAG.

WAR is without doubt a wonderful reformer. It is a reflecting mirror that exposes all the deleterious acts of a careless government. It is a remorseless critic that condemns the pride, haughtiness and boasting of conceited people by forcibly comparing these things with the modesty and kindness of other warm-hearted nations. In almost every case it compels the involved governments to immediately assume an entirely new identity. It sends the hopes of a nation's leaders rising to one extreme or falling to the other. Wielding these powers, War invariably revolutionizes the faulty principles and bad morals of a country quickly and completely. This is at least true for the period of its duration. But strange as it may seem, there is an exception to this rule among the nations now fighting. It is England.

Let us observe this by entering the city of London, the City of Kings, Queens, wealth

and power, the treasure house of the world. Fortune, so far, has kept this princely city from the ill effects of War, and consequently there is but a very slight change from its normal condition. Shipping, the life of England, is active, and everywhere we hear the justified boast that "Britannia rules the waves." Every factory from the slave-hole garment shops of White Chapel to the ship-yards and industries of the Thames are rushed to their utmost capacity.

Thousands of old women and pale, tired girls carry heavy, unwrapped burdens of newly cut clothing from the filthy hovels of the tailoring contractors to sew it together in their own miserable homes. The vast army of London's poor which has always eked out a half-starved existence from this piece-work drudgery, is now well supplied with work, for the demand for uniforms is tremendous.

Everywhere in the crowded, crooked streets coster-mongers push their heavily laden, two-wheeled carts, and as usual, frail delivery boys stagger along beneath loads of packages that would overtax the strength of men. Shops, stores, warehouses and the street markets are wide open, with the proprietors persistently soliciting trade from each passing individual. Business seems even better than in normal times. Horses, as always, are very scarce, and all the traffic, with the exception of the very heaviest, is pulled and pushed about by men and boys with their carts.

In every square, park and open place in the entire city thousands of green recruits drill and train during the day. Many of these have not yet received their khaki uniforms, but are to be seen drilling with those who have.

Dense crowds fill the streets and among this throng there are thousands of finely dressed officers in knee breeches of olive serge, perfectly fitting coats and highly polished leather leggings. They are very impressive as they promenade with swinging swords, clanking

spurs, many medals and long bars of variously colored service-ribbons across their breasts. For every officer there are hundreds of common soldiers clad in cheap, unattractive khaki. Some are in knee breeches, with bandaged-leggings, while others wear common long trousers. They all carry short, classy riding sticks, though not one in every hundred will ever be near a horse. Groups of sailors on short parole from their ships wander about, but most attractive of all are the picturesque Scotch Highlanders, with their fine physiques and striking appearance. As they promenade in their bare legs, short kilts, tight jackets and peculiar caps made of the Tartans and plaids in the various colors and designs of their respective clans, they personify all the noble history of their romantic mountains. All these soldiers like the general population appear jovial and indifferent. They seem neither anxious to return to their homes nor to go on to the front, for they possess that mysterious spirit of the islands.

A slight scarcity is noticed in the great double-decked motor busses that have heretofore handled the greater part of London's passenger traffic. The urgent need for army transports necessitates the shipping of many of these to the continent. The street cars, subways and other public carriers are operating unaffected, while taxi-cabs and private autos seem even more numerous than ever.

There is a slight uneasiness felt on the part of the population through fear of Zeppelin attacks, yet the confidence that the press has instilled makes this scarcely noticeable. People have been advised to take refuge in the subways and beneath viaducts if attacks should occur, but time wears on, and although the neighboring coast towns suffer from aerial raids, the London population seems to regard Zeppelins as a joke. Then suddenly and unexpectedly the first attack takes place. It is at midnight, and the air craft locates semi-dark London by following the glittering Thames. The unfortunate district is a slum section near the East India docks. Bombs are thrown, buildings are wrecked and fourteen people are killed, yet the greater part of London knows nothing about the attack until three days later. The brief press notices then speak lightly of the affair and the military censor does his work so well that only three deaths appear on the press casualty list. The worst fear has now been realized, and since

it was unnoticed by the greater part of the people the affair is almost immediately forgotten.

In the business sections of the city the ever ingenious London urchins commercialize the military spirit by making leggings, belts, caps and breast straps from old newspapers, and with wooden swords and tin-can drums, they drill, duel and parade the busiest streets of the great city. Their performances are often exceedingly clever, and with their dirty faces and ragged clothes these mere infants of the streets often receive a generous recompense from the amused public.

Bugle and drum corps lead parading troops back and forth from different places in the city and the air is filled with the music of bands that attracts crowds to the numerous recruiting stations where speeches inducing enlistment are continually being made. Great signs encouraging enlistment cover the fronts of every available building, and every sign-board wagon, taxi and cart bears similar advertisements. The railroads advertise special excursions to the pleasure resorts at the seaside, and boats on the river Thames ply their commercial and pleasure traffic as in the past. With the exception of thousands of soldiers and the appearance of important buildings protected by bomb-proof screens, London in daylight is but little different from what it was before the war.

The first real sorrow that the city reveals is at the funeral of its popular idol, Lord Roberts. His body arrives on a miserable rainy day and it is borne on a gun carriage to St. Paul's. Immense crowds with bared heads clog the streets as the long columns of the military escort pass by with their gun-butts pointed upward. The King, and troops representing every British possession, are in the escort, but the period of gloom soon passes and the population again reverts to its former pleasures.

All the theatres and places of amusement are open and these are receiving a sufficient patronage to continue business. War dramas with "Ally" heroes are the favorite attractions. Previous to the afternoon and night performances the long waiting lines of theatre goers are entertained by an army of insistent street performers. These individuals do their acts in the middle of the streets and afterwards take up their respective collections. Many of these entertainers possess unusual talent and skill and most of them find this street

work more profitable than following their professions in the regular way. Among these, musicians, acrobats, dancers, vocalists and contortionists, predominate, and these consist of men, women and children. Usually they all become involved in a row over coveted time and space, and these fights generally end by a policeman dispersing them all. Street pianos are to be heard everywhere and hundreds of tenement children dance in the streets with each other to their popular music.

Special editions of newspapers appear hourly, scoffing at the idea of conscription and lauding the feats of English arms. They reprint Monday's news each day in a new form until the following Saturday. War is naturally the popular subject, but it is by no means the only one of interest, for football, mercantile enterprises, horse races, prize fights, and numerous other attractions still maintain their tremendous following. All these affairs are not occasional, but regular occurrences, and the advertised slogan of the great city is "Business as usual."

The most noticeable and lamentable thing in all London is the excessive drunkenness among women. One can go anywhere and see these unfortunates, old and young, lying in entries, hall-ways, and often upon the open sidewalks. In the saloons and their own homes the conditions are so disgraceful that they are beyond relief. The hours during which public-houses and saloons might sell intoxicants have been slightly decreased since the war, but it seems as if these women are supplied with a greater amount during the limited time. Perhaps the disgraceful increase of drunkenness is due to the small cash allowances that are being made to the women folks of soldiers and sailors away from home.

England, through a justified pride in her successes of the past and an unbounded confidence in her great fleet, seems to have become inconsiderate of the burdens, sacrifices and the achievements of her continental allies in the present strife. The result is that London, with the exception of a few extinguished lights, is still the same pleasure-seeking city of the past. In its daily press and its personal conversation it takes the lion's share of the glory of this war, and gives but insignificant recognition to its deserving allies.

When one comes from among the generous, warm-hearted French, who are holding eight-

tenths of the entire western battle line and who never tire of eulogizing their English comrades, these things make one feel as if the islanders covet the merits of others. When you feel this coldness of sentiment, though you know that the English may be as brave, as noble and as high-minded as the French, you also know that England is not France.

It is this mirth, wine and haughtiness which makes one wonder if modern England knows what actual war really is, and after a moment's reflection you answer the question with an emphatic "No!" If she realized the suffering and sacrifice of even her own people and that of her continental allies her sentiment would be very different.

The people of modern England have never lived in hell. They have never fled from shell-wrecked, burning homes. Their countryside has never been devastated and divested of every vestige of human semblance. They have never had the hot blood of their wives, sisters or children splashed into their own faces, and to them, all the misery of death, destruction and starvation is unknown. You know that England's ideals are as high as the highest, that her success is as great as the greatest, and it is the knowing of these very things that convinces you that her sentiment is as cold as the coldest.

Unlike Brussels, London at night affords more impressive scenes than during the day. Powerful searchlights are mounted on the tops of the bridges of the Thames and the prominent buildings of the city. These sweep the darkness of the night skies. It seems as if they would be guides for hostile air craft, but evidently the authorities have different ideas, for all night long their shifting rays pierce the density of the foggy heavens.

Night in London brings out the paupers and human derelicts as if by magic. Every street corner, alley and doorway possesses these unfortunates. Some offer matches, shoestrings, penny magazines, or other trifles for sale. Numerous peddlers wander about the darkened streets offering their different wares. Many carry cans of glowing charcoal in which are roasted chestnuts, or whole potatoes, which they sell by the penny's worth. Others push huge, clumsy carts, filled with flowers, second-hand literature, scraps of fresh meat, novelties or sea-foods of various descriptions.

The night scenes of London shift rapidly and

often the humorous appears side by side with the tragic. This occurred last night, just as the theatre crowds poured into the streets after the night performances. An auto speeding up the Strand struck and instantly killed a poverty-stricken old woman. A rumor immediately circulated through the gathered crowd that she was the victim of a Zeppelin and at this instant a great truck, stacked high with baskets of apples swung into the Strand from Waterloo Bridge. As it did so, about ten of the topmost baskets fell to the pavement with a crash and the apples flew in every direction. The uneasy mob screamed and plunged about in a mad stampede for safety and for the moment the scene was exceedingly ludicrous.

In the darker places of the city all its human wrecks are to be found. Drug fiends, cripples, hunted fugitives and that wretched army of unfortunates afflicted with dreadful diseases. In more conspicuous places clever chalk artists draw their bright-colored pictures on the smooth stone slabs of the sidewalks. Their specialties now are spectacular sea fights, graphic battle scenes and faces of national heroes, but heart-rending appeals for money written in beautiful handwriting always appear in the midst of their attractive work.

Over across the channel English boys are fighting, sighing and choking on their own blood, but here things go on as usual. Such are the life, scenes and sentiment of great, endless London. They are quite the same in war as they were in peace, excepting that they no longer scoff at the idea of conscription. It is still the city of Kings, Queens, wealth and happiness; it is still the city of sighs, tears, poverty and gloom.

### Ambition.

I heard a Voice cry down the vaulted night,  
Near valley deep and lofty mountain gray,  
Across the path that is the common way  
Young manhood takes in its unthinking flight,  
After swift joys on wings of fancy light.  
The Voice like flashing sword and strong as day,  
Smote on my soul and pierced her mailed clay.  
Whose is this Voice and what her splendid might?

I heard an answer echo through the stars,  
Throbbing with far and faint-heard melody,—  
Angelic anthem from the heav'n above—  
And trembling, wafted through celestial bars:  
"Ambition; flame of God's own ecstasy  
Brought down to earth to kindle souls with love."  
William C. Havey.

### Where the Roads Part.

BY HARRY E. SCOTT.

"And how are you feeling to-day, Mrs. Grady?" asked Mrs. O'Malley as she sat down on one of the two plain wicker rocking-chairs that was on the vine-covered porch.

"Sure, I couldn't complain, seein' as God has given us such a fine day." With this remark the conversation started, much the same as it did on other days.

It was an early morning in June and the sun's rays shone down comfortably—not too hot, but with a refreshing warmth—on the little New England town. Every morning Mrs. O'Malley called upon Mrs. Grady and the two sat for hours talking about last Sunday's sermon, or a recent funeral, or a still more recent death, or Danny. Especially Danny! For Danny Grady was the pride of his mother's heart, and since he could be with her no longer, she did nothing but think, dream and talk about him.

"'Tis a wonder he doesn't visit you oftener; when he first went to Boston, he used to come every month. Surely he could—" Mrs. Grady stopped her before she could finish speaking.

"The dear boy is too busy. Why, he is working all the time with never a day to himself. And he is doing fine. Sure, he writes me that he's thinking of going into business for himself and that in a year maybe I'll be coming to live with him." Here Mrs. Grady stopped speaking. Her wrinkled eyelids blinked up and down. She sat very still, looking into the future, the future of her own making. And because Mrs. O'Malley knew Mrs. Grady so well, she did not speak a word for some time, but let her wander in her dreams.

Mrs. O'Malley knew the whole story. When Danny was but a little boy, his father died. Mrs. Grady knew her country well. She knew that Danny was destined to stay in the little village of his birth for all of his days, that there appeared no chance for him to go any higher than the common school. The father had left them little of wealth. It was not because he was thriftless, but it all came from paying first a burdensome rent, and, later, more burdensome taxes. It was the condition of her country. She knew that the future of her boy would not be easy. And she had so wanted him to have a chance in life, to have

more than her husband had been allowed. Being a woman of brave heart, she found a way. When the little insurance payment was settled, she scraped together what money she could and came to America with her son, settling in a small New England town.

Arriving in this land of the free, Mrs. Grady started to work. She took in washing; she did some light sewing, and managed to keep Danny in school. How happy she was the day he entered High School! It did not matter if she had to keep a house full of boarders, slaving away her days as well as half of her nights. When Danny took sick with a fever, she sat beside his bed every minute she could spare from her work, praying to God that He might not take away from her the one happiness of her life. Her prayer was answered. Danny got well.

Mrs. Grady was a careful manager; her boarding house began to pay well; and by the time Danny finished school she had some money saved up. He wanted to go to college, and so she sent him. He went to college while the little mother stayed at home and prayed for him each night. Finishing college, Danny came home, but seeing no opportunity for himself in such a little town he wanted to go to Boston. The mother had planned on having him home with her now that he was through college, but she said not a word and he left her. But if her heart was sad her smile did not show it.

That had been over five years ago and Mrs. Grady was much older now. Her face was creased with wrinkles; her hair was as white as the snow; but her smile was as kindly as it had always been. Danny visited her often, once a month at first, and later three or four times a year. He sent her money, and had bought for her a little cottage next door to her friend, Mrs. O'Malley, where she had nothing to do but think and dream about her Danny.

Mrs. O'Malley knew all this, and so she did not speak for some time but let the other wander in her day dreams.

As the two sat there talking, a postman brought Mrs. Grady a letter. She tore it open eagerly and smiled sweetly as she read it.

"It's from Danny. He is going to be married. She seemed as happy as a school girl in love, yet, with a crinkled handkerchief, she wiped a tear from her eye.

When Daniel Grady went to Boston he secured a position with one of the largest real estate offices in that city. He started with Geo. M. Shurver Co. at a very modest salary, but he had been promoted from place to place until he was the most important cog in the machinery of their offices. And there was reason for his success! He was good looking and intelligent, possessed of a keen Irish wit and a clear business brain. He made a host of friends in the business life of the city and soon gained an enviable position in the real estate section of Boston.

But the lure of the city overtook him. He became money-mad. He began to feel that he was not piling up wealth fast enough, and so one morning, after closing a deal which meant a million dollars to his firm, he went to Mr. Shurver and told him that he was going to quit.

"I appreciate all that you have done for me, Mr. Shurver," he said, "but I have got the money-fever. I want to get into business for myself. I want to try standing on my own feet even at the risk of falling."

Mr. Shurver was a tall, slim, wiry, energetic man with a kindly smile about his eyes and mouth. He listened carefully to all that his employee had to say, and then thought a moment before he started to speak.

"Daniel, you have meant a great deal to the firm and I hate to lose you, but I understand just how you feel. I was the same way when I was about your age. All I can say is that I wish you luck." And he smiled. "Yes, even though you are going to be a competitor, good luck to you."

Danny Grady had many friends, social as well as business friends. But many of these same friends, unknowingly, were his worst enemies. The great trouble was they were too rich, or else he was too poor. They found in him an entertaining, likable fellow whose wit was welcome at the club, or at any social function, and so invited him everywhere. It became the same old story; you can not spend what you have not got.

And to make matters worse, Danny, as he became known to most people in Boston, fell in love. Falling in love is always expensive, but it is especially so when the girl is dangerously good-looking, extravagant and used to costly attentions.

Helen Aitkens was dangerously good-looking. Her brilliant black hair, her dark olive skin, her black eyes under black lashes, all hinted

danger. But lovers are blind! They were engaged to be married and Daniel Grady set out upon the path of his own choosing. He was intoxicated by the mixture of business successes and a stunning girl's bewitching manner.

He went more frequently to his clubs. He attended party after party—dinner parties, theatre parties, dances and picnic excursions. He threw discretion to the winds. And everywhere he went, Helen was sure to be at his side, little thinking of the bills that were rolling in.

In all his social excitement he had about forgotten his mother. He had not been to visit her in months and his letters were getting farther and farther apart.

Danny's business, although it was wonderfully successful, did not bring in the proceeds that were necessary to meet his bills; and so he helped out by playing the stock-market on tips from his friends that were most times sure and straight. But even then money did not come in fast enough.

It was about this time that he had a chance "to clean up on Cheteltan Steel," as his friend had put it.

"Put everything that you can get hold of on Cheteltan," his friend had told him, for which Danny thanked him and replied that he would.

But what was the use of playing for such small stakes, thought Daniel Grady. Why not make a big haul for once and be done with it? But where was he going to get the money? He had only ten thousand available, no matter how hard he tried to bring together more.

At this time, Satan, clothed in silks and satins, wearing a mask that resembled a dangerously good-looking girl, whispered in his ear. Danny had, besides his own money, seventy thousand dollars belonging to one of his clients. The money was meant for payment on a deal that was to be settled in a week.

"A week," thought Danny.

Just then Satan whispered something else in his ear. And that must have settled it for in a half hour the thing was done. He had given \$80,000 to his broker, with instructions to play Cheteltan Steel to the limit.

"What if I lose," was the thought that came to Danny that night. But he dismissed the thought, consoling himself that it was all in

the big game of chance, business. And he hastened home to don a dress suit, for there was a session at the Club on for that night.

Back in the little New England town, Mrs. O'Malley knocked at the door of Mrs. Grady's cottage. A white-garbed nurse answered the knock.

"How is she this morning?" asked Mrs. O'Malley.

"Not doing very well," answered the other. "I'm afraid that it won't be so very long. You know, pneumonia generally takes people as old as she off in a hurry."

"Can I come in?"

"Certainly! She has been asking for you all the morning." And the nurse led the way to the sick room.

The two old friends talked for some time, much the same as they did on other mornings—only Mrs. Grady's breath was coming fast and her sentences were broken up with pauses.

"And what's—the date—Mrs. O'Malley?" asked the little white-haired lady that lay on the bed, restless.

"The twenty-first," answered the other.

"The twenty-first!" repeated Mrs. Grady. "Danny, to-morrow is your mother's birthday. I haven't heard from you in—in—three long weeks. But, Mrs. O'Malley—he'll be coming to-morrow, for it's his mother's birthday and—he hasn't missed—coming on that day—for five years." She spoke with an effort, and the nurse gave Mrs. O'Malley a sign to go.

Nodding her head, Mrs. O'Malley spoke up. "Well, I'll have to be going now, but I'll be coming to see you this afternoon."

When out of the room, Mrs. O'Malley spoke to the nurse. "When did you send the telegram to her son in Boston?"

"I sent it yesterday," replied the nurse.

Mrs. O'Malley slowly moved her head up and down, and, without saying another word, went out of the house.

The next day was the twenty-second—Mrs. Grady's birthday. The little old lady was pretty bad—high fever, high respiration—and the nurse shook her head sadly as she tip-toed around the room.

"Danny hasn't come yet, has he?" asked the old lady in a weak voice.

"No," replied the nurse.

"But he'll be here. Do you know—there



hasn't been—a twenty-second of November—that he hasn't come back—to see his—his mother."

Toward noon, she began growing worse and asked a dozen times "if Danny had come yet?" Her eyes rested on the door leading into the sitting-room and they seldom left it.

"It won't be long before the end comes," said the nurse to Mrs. O'Malley and that staunch Irish heart was mighty sad.

"Who was that came in?" the words came from the sick room. It hurt Mrs. O'Malley to answer back, "Nobody."

But that night Danny did come. He was pale and looked ill. Under his eyes were large black circles and he was thinner than usual.

"Where is mother?" He was all out of breath. "I have been—I didn't get the telegram until to-day. How is she?" Even as he spoke he hurried to her room.

"Danny, my boy!" cried the little lady on the bed, as her son appeared in the doorway. "I knew you'd come. I—I knew you'd come." And Danny knelt beside the bed, placing his head close to her wrinkled brow. She kissed him again and again, patting his cheek with her thin hand.

"I'm so happy, Danny!—for I've been waiting for you a long time. And boy—you haven't missed coming back on—the—twenty-second of November since you went away." She was growing weak, and stopped to get her breath, which was coming in short gasps. "And God grant me, Danny, that you will always be as good and as happy as you are to-night—"

With these words a noble heart ceased to beat, a gentle soul ceased to breathe. The white-haired lady died!—died happy. For how could she know that the Boston papers spoke of her son as "the embezzler." How was she to know that the eager yawning doors of a prison cell awaited him.

### March.

All the blue March pools were alive, and adance

This morn: The thrush sang from the old wood rail;  
The lakes were moaning in their frozen sleep,

And tiny creeks went murmuring through the dale.

The piper, Spring, played songs of the green hills,

And the sap went mounting to meet the sun.

Every hillside's patched with the lingering snow,

And all day the journeying shadows run.

*Tim J. Tierney.*

### The History of the American Canal.

BY EDWARD P. PEIL.

System and efficiency had another influence upon the freight situation. Railroad companies were financially sound and guaranteed proper treatment of freight shipments. Where they were negligent some means of redress was available. On the other hand canal systems seldom possessed proper organization or responsibility. The freight patron of the Erie Railroad, the Baltimore and Ohio, or any other company knew that his goods would be intelligently cared for while in transit. The freight patron of the average canal found sectional ownership divided authority and utter irresponsibility. Canal shipments have been known to be completely lost without the owner thereof being able to secure adequate compensation. Thieves, rogues and crooks haunted canal districts, infested canal towns and operated canal boats.

Greater efficiency was the keynote of railroad superiority. Hundreds of millions of dollars were spent in experimenting with and acquiring new inventions, new freight and passenger carrying devices, safety and speed systems. Departments of management were intrusted with constant endeavor for improvement. Money was no object. Railroads were liberally supported and financed.

Canals never realized their proper efficiency. However excellent some portions of any artificial waterway might be, there would invariably be a section somewhere along the route that defeated by neglect all efforts to use larger boats and carry heavier cargoes. The Erie canal, as a classic example, could always accommodate in its channel sections far larger boats than the locks would permit to be used. In a large measure the failure of canals in general may be ascribed to irregularities of management and tolls committed by owners and competitors. But they also failed to accomplish the objects for which they were constructed.

In justice to those connected with the canal period of American development, it must be admitted that some of the evils mentioned could never have been curbed without intervention by the State and National governments. Unjust railroad aggression, as an example, should have been combated by statute enactment. But the attitude of the whole country, for a long period of years, was one of indifference.

and a misapprehension of the function of American artificial waterways.

THE THIRD PERIOD OF CANAL HISTORY  
THE PERIOD OF RENEWED IMPORTANCE AND  
ACTIVE CANAL CONSTRUCTION AND AGITATION

The lowly and despised canal is again coming into its own. From India with the world's largest canal, to the United States boasting of the world's greatest feat of canal construction, the growing importance of the canal is again being recognized. Much of the enthusiasm of 1820 has been infused into our second great national campaign for improved inland waterways. Canals have shifted trade lanes, have given birth to cities and industries, and have molded the commerce and international politics of the whole world.

The great sea-level Suez canal completed by England in 1869 ushered in a new era of canal building. From thenceforth \$100,000,000 canal projects for states and nations have enjoyed quite a vogue. Canada and the United States have vied with each other in constructing canals and locks at Sault St. Marie on the Michigan and Ontario border. These canals now boast the world's greatest tonnage, 70,000,000 tons. They have brought increased prosperity to Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit and Montreal and scores of other American and Canadian towns. They have made Duluth in point of actual tonnage, the world's greatest shipping port, and have fed the great steel industries of Illinois, Ohio Indiana and Pennsylvania.

The number and variety of canals would actually require volumes for treatment. The present-day Kiel canal is proving the salvation of the German Empire. Everywhere canals are being constructed regardless of expense. Canal development is the central purpose of our Inland Waterways magazines, Associations, Commissions and Senatorial reports. The United States is entering upon a billion dollar campaign for artificial waterways that will supplement the greatest railroad systems in the world. The Cape Cod canal, an inter-sea affair, cuts off a 140 mile detour of coastwise routes in Massachusetts and shortens the New York-New England coastwise freight shipping time by fifteen hours.

The great \$25,000,000 Oregon project will open up the Columbia River to ocean traffic for almost 500 miles. It seems a new development of the states of Oregon and Washington

is assured, and is one of the many canal construction projects now under way in the United States. There seems no limit to the natural possibilities of canal construction, nor to the number of very plausible arguments advanced in support of each.

Some of the noteworthy projects are the Chicago to the Gulf deep waterway agitation, the draining of the Everglades with navigable canals, the New York State Barge Canal now approaching completion, the great Georgian Bay project, which would admit ocean vessels to all Great Lakes ports, and the Lake Winnipeg to Lake Superior canal advocated by J. J. Hill, for the purpose of aiding in the shipment of the huge Western Canada wheat crop.

The two types of canals now in popular favor are, first, the type which admits large gasoline or steam powered barges, and second, the still better and more pretentious kind which would admit ocean and Great Lakes vessels into now inland towns. It has been a consuming desire of trade and commerce exports for years to link the Great Lakes and the Atlantic with a canal that would admit ocean-going craft of any size. This the proposed Georgian Bay canal would do. It would render the old Welland canal (capable of admitting vessels under 275 feet in length) obsolete, and for the Erie and Ontario course would substitute a canal from Lake Huron to the St. Lawrence, capable of admitting the greatest ocean liners.

Already Canadian initiative has robbed New York of much freight traffic that would otherwise have gone through the State. Montreal has enjoyed for years a lower rate in grain shipments that has caused hundreds of millions of bushels of American Crown wheat and other cereals to be shipped across the Atlantic from Montreal. The canal in operation is certain to cause a struggle for trade supremacy. The New York State Barge canal will cost anywhere from \$100,000,000 to a sum \$25,000,000 greater. Great Lakes traffic will be carried in huge self-powered barges through New York City and then loaded on ocean steamships. Canada believes that she has a scheme worth double this in her Georgian Bay project. Here the cost is hardly greater and the temporary advantage acquired by the New York Barge Canal will be lost when ocean steamers can travel direct through Canadian waterways to all Great Lakes ports, and return through the St. Lawrence River to the Atlantic.



Here is the struggle that will be well worth watching. New York, not to be outdone, threatens reprisal in the form of an ultimate enlargement of the Barge Canal into a second locked Suez that will admit huge ocean vessels to the Great Lakes directly through New York. The world's best engineering authorities aver not only that the New York scheme is profitable, but that it can be done at a cost that would guarantee perfect efficiency and wonderful advantages to New York and the American side.

Another canal that would no doubt threaten several Great Lakes levels and that would involve us on many parts of international law, is a scheme for a Great Lakes to the Gulf canal that would admit ocean craft into Chicago, and all ports between the Illinois city and New Orleans. No doubt this canal will be a reality in the near future as the commission on inland waterways is strongly in favor of the proposal.

The superiority of steamship over train handling is very great—though the lay mind is not able to see it. The ships great advantage is its bulk. We cannot understand why 8,000 miles by water from New York to San Francisco is a cheaper mode of shipment than the 3,000 miles of rail intervening between the two points until we learn that one big vessel will carry with ease the contents of forty or fifty great freight trains. Then the difficulty vanishes.

It would first appear harder to account for the growing favor of even the smaller barge canals. Indeed, the reasons are more complex. In the first place, we must view canals, as has been said, not as competitors but rather as supplements of railroads. They do not compete any more. Perhaps they never will. But when the railroad is overtaxed with traffic, when car, coal and food shortage cause their annual or semi-annual difficulties, canals can do the surplus work. They can carry freight between certain points, relieving to that extent, rail congestion, and releasing freight cars to the points where there is no canal substitute. A good barge constructed of steel, shallow of draft, and propelled by gasoline power, can carry the contents of ten or fifteen freight cars at a speed of from 9 to 14 miles per hour. As congestion of population grows, as terminals, yards and stations grow more and more expensive, as railroads grow greater in size and constantly more complex, the canal will again come into its own. It is an enemy of car shortage, freight congestion and charges, coal famines,

grain tie-ups, etc. In short, canals operated along 20th century lines of efficiency, are going to be capable co-workers with steel rails. We are going to appreciate with England and Germany, the value of canals in congested districts.

No treatment of American Canal History would be complete at this time without some allusion to the greatest engineering feat ever attempted, the building of the Panama Canal. From the earliest period of American history the question of constructing a canal across the narrow isthmus connecting North and South Americas, has been agitated. The Spaniards discussed it, but arrived at no conclusion. The Bulwer-Clayton had the construction of such a canal as its chief object. A French company, formed by Count Ferdinand de Lesseps essayed the task in 1876 and failed some years later. Finally in 1907, the United States Government undertook the work. To-day, we are celebrating in San Francisco, at a great exposition, its successful completion.

The canal as constructed has no parallel in the world in number and variety of engineering feats successfully attempted. Lakes, rivers and literal mountains have been beaten into the form of one huge waterway, capable of accommodating the world's greatest vessels. Colonel Goethals, Gautan Locks, Culebra Cut and other terms from the task, are matters of almost household knowledge in this country. The American people have taken a truly remarkable pride in this splendid undertaking. It has cost almost \$400,000,000, including \$30,000,000 for fortifications. It has meant a ceaseless struggle with colossal difficulties, earthquakes, landslides, diseases and a score of adverse topographical conditions. Yet how its total length of 51 miles, its mighty 1,000 foot locks, its great channels with a depth of 44 feet, its gigantic lock gates, its powerful fortifications, wonderful towing apparatus, and its capacity for the handling of 80,000,000 tons of freight traffic annually, mark it as a thing without equal and an engineering feat beside which the Suez canal is but a trifling achievement. The ships of all nations, including our own, will pay tolls. The thousands of miles of useless voyaging around Cape Horn has been eliminated. It means more and better trade for the United States. It will abundantly justify the genius that conceived and created it.

(The End.)

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Board of Editors.

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—American humorists, English visitors and political “colyum” conductors in hinterland publications, have long been unanimous in the finding that the august

**Piffle versus Bunk.** walls of the national capital have harbored more utter imbeciles with forensic propensities than any other legislative body in the world. It is not our intention to raise issue against the painfully obvious. But a nice perception for accurate apportionment prompts us to suggest that the House has too long borne the stigma of being the sole abode of loquacious nit-wits. The Senate, it will be borne in mind, is the older, more experienced, more venerable and—by processes of delicate implication—more intelligent body. They have admitted it themselves. Others as charitably inclined have concurred in the finding. The skeptics were such as personally knew a Senator, or sundry others who had read the Congressional Record as a sort of self-inflicted penance. But the record of recent debates in the Senate inclines us to the belief that some of the alfalfa fed rustics who labored earnestly, erroneously and ungrammatically to achieve the House's dubious reputation as the most abject assemblage of pervert parliamentarians on earth, have grown older, and improved the opportunities of senility by sneaking into the Upper House. There is the Senator from Montana, for instance, who insisted that if it be true, as reported, that there are 100,000 in the American Army, he knew of no logical reason why every last man of them should not be at the present moment down on

the Mexican Border. Interrogated, he admitted fretfully that he didn't know whether there were 100,000 men in the standing army. Further pressed for details, he admitted that he did not know whether there were any American troops in the Philippines, in the Hawaiian Islands, or at Panama. If there were, he peevishly protested, it was an inexplicable state of affairs, and somebody sometime was to blame. Commendable delicacy prevented anyone from asking him the geographical location of the Panama Canal, or whether he was aware that there had been a cessation of hostilities between George III and the original Thirteen Colonies. There's no use boobing a solon when he appropriates the floor on every conceivable occasion, fired with a mighty zeal to do it himself. And do it, he does. So, as we started out to remark, the Senate has so far lost the lustre of the days of Webster and Clay as to be competing with the House for the doubtful distinction of being the world's greatest “Why-is-it?”

Sometimes the House takes a spurt, and places itself well in the lead. It did so some time since, when one gentleman from the southwest proposed as a defense measure that the coast attacked by an invader, Atlantic, Pacific or both, be forsaken by its peace-loving inhabitants, who should retire into the welcoming embrace of the Mississippi Valley, the noblest spot that God ever made, and there dwell in grape-juice peace and sewing circle security, while the baffled enemy merely grabbed off everything in sight. Not to be outdone, a Senator inquires of Admiral Fletcher whether a torpedo boat destroyer was intended to chase torpedoes, presumably engaging them in conversation until said destroyer could sneak up behind the recalcitrant and bellicose torpedo with a fish net. It's a close contest. What matters preparedness, immigration or Mexican difficulties, when this mighty war of witless words is on? Preparedness may be an issue with the lowly populace. But it is not an issue with Underwood et al, who ardently aspire to the task of spending a few hundred million dollars on southern swamp ditches that have carried exactly nineteen ounces of freight (Troy) since 1871. It is not an issue with gentlemen who would defeat invasion by putting the Singer Building and the Statue of Liberty on castors, and pushing them westward, ahead of the baffled hordes of vandals. The Senate could win handily, however, if some one of its members would only

introduce a resolution of protest against the hordes of squirrels that infest public grounds. The rodents might be properly pointed out as a menace to the upholders of our National honor.

—It is the unthinking person who clamors for war. In most cases it is the one who will suffer least. To-day the United States is experiencing a crisis in her

The Jingoist. history. As the one great nation not involved in this world war it is to be expected that this country will suffer various indignities from the warring powers. This has been the case, but as yet these indignities have not reached the bound of honorable sufferance. Until such an event let us reserve our demands for satisfaction until the governments of the offending nations shall recover their normal temper. If satisfaction is not given then, the time will be proper for the adoption of more stringent measures.

It is such times as these that give rise to the man who clamors for war. Human life has not yet appealed to him as sacred. War is to him a huge pastime. He puts his honor on a pedestal and eagerly awaits its overthrow. Then he cries, prates, raves about the spectacle of a national dishonor. He does not think; he will not think; he cannot think. Let no such man be heard. Let us have no war which can be honorably avoided. And in the aftermath, when Europe shall be reaping the harvest of her passions, we will be able to thank God for our prosperity and national peace.

#### Brother Bonaventure.

On Monday last word flew about among the students and faculty of the University that Brother Bonaventure was dead; and the word brought everywhere a pang of regret. Brother "Bonny" is dead!" said the baseball players coming in from the diamond; the track men slowed to a walk and exchanged regrets for the loss of a friend; and on the Carroll Hall campus, the big fellows with the pig-skin paused in their spring practice and became reminiscent of the little man who had seen the birth of the Notre Dame Varsity and had watched it grow big and strong and important.

There are few old students who cannot recall the "little Brother" in the bleachers

watching, eager-eyed, the progress of every game in every sport, and flushing with the anticipation of victory. There are few athletes who have worn an N. D. who cannot recall a day when the kindly "Bonny" measured them with his eye, inquired their weight and appraised the fighting power stored away in their brawn. And Brother "Bonny" never forgot his statistics. He could tell you about John Eggeman's height, and Pat Corcoran's stride, and Fred Power's protean prowess and "Red" Salmon's plunge and Gibson's curves and "Dud" Maloney's basket throwing. Brother "Bonny" knew them all, loved them all, and in turn was beloved and respected by all.

Brother Bonaventure was greatly loved by his fellow religious and the professors of the University. He had that lowliness of heart and sweetness of disposition that mark truly spiritual men; an innocent playfulness and a winning smile that made young and old his friends. By his death there passes from Notre Dame one more of those choice spirits who treasured in their familiar memory the early days of the University. He was born at Millstreet, County Cork, Ireland, on June 16, 1833, became a religious of Holy Cross in 1858 and during half a century saw Notre Dame grow from a small college to its present large proportions.

At his funeral on Tuesday morning, the athletes of the University attended in a body, and marched in procession to the cemetery. Messrs. Fitzgerald, Lathrop, Baujan, Elward, Keefe and O'Donnell, of last year's football team, were pall-bearers.

Hundreds of students and alumni who have felt their lives brightened by the "bonny" word and the sweet contagion of the smile of this kindly Brother will breathe a prayer for his soul. *May he rest in peace!*

#### Personals.

—Clyde Eloi Broussard (M. E., '13) announces the birth of a little daughter, Catherine Belle, at his home in Beaumont, Texas.

—Students may have noticed the name Lilly among the men of genius immortalized on the proscenium of the stage of Washington Hall—The *Ohio State Journal*, published in Columbus, on March 6 went back to its files of sixty-four years ago and reprinted this item from its issue of March 6, 1852:

## MASTER LILLY.

This musical prodigy, of whom we spoke a few days since in *The Journal*, is to be in Columbus—about the first of April. A friend of ours, who has heard him, says he is by far the most remarkable child of his age (six years) he ever saw. He plays on the violin and piano in a style that would do credit to old masters. He has never had any instructor, and the object of the series of concerts he is about to give is to enable the mother, who is a widow woman, to educate him. She resides in Lancaster. Let the young Buckeye, when he arrives, have a bumper.

In forwarding this item to the *SCHOLASTIC*, Father Denis A. Clarke (B. S., 1870; M. S., '72; A. M., '74) writes: "This Master Lilly was afterwards our Father Edward Lilly, C. S. C., of Notre Dame." Father Lilly's mother and sister became Sisters of the Holy Cross and lived holy and distinguished lives at St. Mary's.

—Mr. Robert Schindler (old student) wrote recently to one of his former prefects in Brownson Hall. He says: "I am working in the employ of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co. Things have certainly been coming my way since graduation, and after two dandy promotions I am now combustion engineer for the company. They employ nearly 20,000 men here, so you see it is quite a plant. It may interest you to know that my old chum at Notre Dame, Russell Scott, expects to be married this coming June. I too will probably hit the sawdust trail before the year is up. I saw Scottie last Christmas, and together we went over the old days at Notre Dame. I wonder when I'll get back that way again. We have a couple of Notre Dame men here now—Paul Mouchet and a Mr. MacGuire, whose first name I forget. They are both doing fine. My regards to the priests and brothers I might have known while at Notre Dame."

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The Old Days.

*SCHOLASTIC*, June 16, 1883—"The cornerstone for the new Science Hall, which will be laid next Wednesday, will be an object of particular interest from the fact that it is a mineral curiosity and the donation of Notre Dame's first Scientific graduate, Dr. John M. Cassidy (M. S., '72) of South Bend. The specimen is a beautiful conglomerate, containing lucid and colored quartz pebbles and was procured in northern Michigan."

June 29th, '89—"Hon. Lucius Hubbard,

of South Bend, assisted in the examination of the Law graduates just prior to Commencement. He is expected frequently to lecture to the Law class during the ensuing year."

Same issue:—(Graduation) "The gold medal, presented by Mr. George Mason of Chicago to the student having the greatest number of mentions was awarded to Edward J. Maurus, Seneca, Illinois."

"The gold medal of the Sorin Association (Minim Department) was awarded to John M. Cudahy, Chicago."

May 18th, '89:—"Plans have been made for the erection of a new tailor shop. Work will begin immediately after the erection of the new seminary building, and the structure when completed will be a thing of beauty."

May 4th, 1889:—"Appropriate salutes were fired from Sorin Hall early Centennial Day. (April 30th, '89)."

May 4th, '89:—"The Ann Arbor nines are desirous of playing the Notre Dame team either here or in South Bend. No game will be arranged, however, as the Senior Association will have to stand the expense which would come to a sum altogether too high."

April 20th, '89:—"Messrs. Adler Brothers, of South Bend, presented the Football Association with their check for twenty dollars to assist in the purchasing of suits for the special eleven. The Association returns thanks for this generous donation. Acts of this kind encourage athletics."

## THE FIRST MOVIES.

April 13th, '89:—"The stereopticon exhibition of views of local characters last Saturday evening was well attended and was voted by all a success. Considerable laughter was caused as the different celebrities appeared on the canvas. One of the best scenes was that of the genial horticulturist of the Park, running with might and main handicapped heavily by a wheelbarrow, frantically endeavoring to escape the Kodak. The "Sleeping Beauty" was quite good and evoked much merriment. Father Zahm has many more such views, and we trust that we will have more exhibitions before Commencement."

From the *SCHOLASTIC* account of a baseball game between Chicago and Notre Dame, May 4th, 1901:—"Harper was the only man who could hit to advantage, securing three of the five scattered safeties that Chicago made."

## Old Students' Hall.

The following new subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

Robert E. Proctor, '04	\$100.00
John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00

The amounts which follow were reported in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86	\$2000.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00
M. F. Healy, '89	1000.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	1000.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500.00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00
William A. McInerny, '01	500.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
Cassius McDonald, '04	500.00
William P. Breen, '77	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
John H. Fendrich, '84	250.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00
Louis C. M. Reed, '98	200.00
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00	200.00
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02	200.00
G. A. Farabaugh, '04	200.00
Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
E. J. Maurus, '93	100.00
Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
H. G. Hogan, '04	100.00
Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00
James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Rev. Francis J. VanAntwerp, '14	100.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Henry Hess, '82	25.00
Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
James R. Devitt, '13	20.00
Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00

## Alumni Notice.

A number of the Alumni who desired to buy DOMES at last year's Commencement were unable to secure copies of the book as the edition was speedily exhausted. Only a limited number of DOMES can be printed, as there is practically no demand for the book after the present school year is over. Hence anyone desiring a copy of the book should place his order now so that he can be sure of securing his copy when the book comes out. Alumni who wait until June to buy the DOME may be disappointed. Hence all who want the book are advised to write at once to the Business Manager, E. Vincent Mooney of Sorin Hall.

## "The Marriage of Kitty."

The chief feature of the local celebration of St. Patrick's Day was the pleasing comedy, "The Marriage of Kitty," presented by the University Dramatic Club in Washington Hall last Friday afternoon. The play was the first dramatic production of the year, the Student Vaudeville having taken the place of the usual December performance. The piece selected for the occasion by the club was an English comedy.

In point of execution the play was easily equal to anything seen on the local stage in recent years. The stage settings, the make-ups and the acting were all of a professional character, and the play went forward in a manner that never revealed the fact that several members of the cast were decidedly inexperienced. Full credit for the excellent manner in which the play was produced must be given to Professor Lenihan, the director. Mr. Lenihan carried the title-role in the same inimitable manner that has made him a local favorite in the past. The burden of directing the play detracted nothing from his acting.

Probably the most difficult part in the play was that of Madame de Semiano, the scheming Peruvian widow. This part was excellently played by William Curley. In appearance, Madame de Semiano was a second Theda Bara; and with the exception of the fact that Mr. Curley's voice did not carry well at all times, his acting was beyond criticism.

Harry Scott in the role of John Travers, Belsize's Irish lawyer, proved one of the stars of the production. His gesticulation and facial

contortions did much to put over the slower parts of the play. His lines were spoken effectively and his actions suited his words perfectly. In fact "Scotty" proved such a success as a "match-maker," that he is likely to be kept busy for some time to come.

John Riley has carried a leading part in every local production of importance during the past two years, but never has been seen to greater advantage than in "The Marriage of Kitty." He threw himself into his part with an enthusiasm that brought his acting up to a real professional standard. Although Sir Reginald Belsize is a character of the conventional stage type of English gentleman, there was real individuality in Riley's acting.

While Archibald Duncan as Traver's clerk, William Fox as Norbury, a butler, and Richard Lightfoot as "Kitty's" maid, were cast for the minor roles, each played his part so well that he was not speedily forgotten by the audience. Each carried his part in a way that deserves a more important part in coming productions.

Credit for the success of the production must be given not only to the director and the actors but also to those behind the scenes, Brother Cyprian, Austin McNichols and Dudley Pearson.

#### Local News.

—Have you subscribed for a DOME yet?

—The University is the recipient of a new picture of the St. Mary's Campus.

—President Grimes has appointed a board of editors and reporters from the Freshmen Journalists, who will edit the SCHOLASTIC for the issue of April 1st.

—Our rifle club team continued its string of victories by defeating the Kansas Aggies in the ninth intercollegiate meet of the year. The score was 990 to 975.

—Leaders of the Celts and Teutons, the baseball teams which were kept idle on St. Patrick's Day by extremely wet grounds, are planning to hurl their forces against each other as soon as the weather will permit.

—The Sophomore Journalists met in Carroll refectory Monday evening for a smoker and lunch. The class had Professor Cooney as a guest for the evening. Talks were given by every member present and a paper on "Colonel Nelson" was read by Harry Scott. Much favorable discussion of the proposed co-opera-

tive smokers, to be entered into by all four classes in Journalism, was heard.

—The people of South Bend are invited to attend the lectures of Prof. Van Noppen to be given in Washington Hall on April 10th, 11th, and 12th. Prof. Van Noppen is Queen Wilhemina lecturer at Columbia University.

—The members of the Varsity debating teams are working earnestly in their preparation for the debates with Drake and St. Viators. Frequent conferences and discussions are held for the purposes of examining every angle of the question.

—Reports from Santa Clara University, at Santa Clara, California, bring the news that "Speed" Bensberg, student here three years ago, is a strong candidate for the catcher's job on the baseball team. The Santa Clara nine won the Pacific Coast intercollegiate championship last year.

—The University Band gave the first of its 1916 concerts on the morning of the 17th. Operatic selections and more popular numbers, interspersed with the best of Erin's ballads, made the programme highly enjoyable for the audience that gathered in the rotunda of the Main Building.

—The Carroll Hall basketball team, under the careful coaching of Father Davis, had no difficulty in winning all its games despite the hard schedule. The boys entitled to wear the hall monograms are: W. Mullaley, P. Dixon, B. Suseñ, C. Morrison, N. Cook and L. Vaudreuil.

—In compliance with the rule announced by Father Cavanaugh at the opening of the school year the lawyers are preparing to give their annual speeches in Washington Hall on the 15th of April. The speakers will then appear in nearby towns assigned to them according to the merit of their speeches.

—The Juniors and Seniors in the American History class taught by Father Walsh are now engaged in writing a collection of essays on subjects appropriate to the Indiana centennial. If the quality of the work warrants, the best of these essays may be compiled and published as an example of the work done in the Notre Dame Department of History.

—A notice posted by the military department sets forth the growing desire for the highest possible excellence of the organization. Promptness and faithfulness in attendance at drill



are especially urged. Every man is asked to do his very best for the efficiency of the organization to which he belongs. Aside from the desire to bring distinction upon his company in the competitive drill, every member of the battalion should be anxious to maintain the high standard set by the worthy instructors in military sciences for the school.

—Dr. Max Pam, donor of the chair of Journalism at Notre Dame University, will be the principal speaker at the Commencement exercises in June. Mr. Timothy P. Galvin of Pierceton, Indiana, has been chosen as valedictorian, and Mr. Eugene R. McBride, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, as class poet, of the class of 1916. The men who will deliver the Bachelor Orations will be determined by competition in the different colleges. The general subject of these orations is "The Newspaper and Democracy."

—Of the pictures so far shown in Washington Hall, "The Man from Mexico," presented last Saturday night, is easily the best. John Barrymore, the featured player, is probably the most gifted actor of light comedy on our stage to-day, and he injects into his films all of Chaplin's merriment without resorting to slapstick methods or vulgarity. He excels in depicting the erratic actions of an inebriate, and the original side business in which he indulges is extremely clever. The one reels shown first are educational, no doubt, even though they be slightly distasteful to those who are not specializing in zoology or studies of a like nature.

—The members of the Electrical Engineers' Club have been interested listeners recently to some splendid lectures delivered by Mr. Lucius B. Andrews, of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Co. It was through the untiring efforts of Prof. J. A. Caparo to provide something highly instructive for the club members and the engineers in general that the services of Mr. Andrews have been obtained. The lecturer is one of the best practical engineers in the city of South Bend, and shows a grasp of his subject that is little short of phenomenal. He has already delivered two of a series of six lectures on "Valuation of Property of Public Utilities," dealing particularly with electric light and power plants; and in speaking on these topics every phase of the question has been discussed from every possible angle and

down to the minutest detail, so that the lectures are of inestimable value to the engineers.

All of the six lectures will be preserved by Professor Caparo and will probably be printed in pamphlet form in the near future, so that they may be readily reviewed by the students whenever desired.

### Freshmen Win First Meet.

Notre Dame's freshmen track team made its first official appearance last Saturday afternoon and won an easy victory from the Western State Normal team from Kalamazoo, Michigan, 58 2-3 to 27 1-3. Considerable interest in the meet was manifested by the student body as it was the first time that several of the freshmen have been seen in competition here. All of the stars ran true to form and several men hitherto unheard of showed up well.

Mulligan, star of the Brownson relay team, scored a victory in the forty, the first event of the afternoon. Grant, the South Bend athlete, was a close second in this event and in the 220 he came from behind on the last half lap and ran a dead heat with Mulligan. These two men should look good in the dashes next year. Meehan and Kasper, the freshmen middle distance men, took firsts in the quarter and half with little difficulty. These men would greatly strengthen the Varsity now and with another year's experience should rank with the best runners in the West. "Pete" Noonan loafed in the early part of the mile and was forced to sprint in the last two laps to beat out Brown of the visitors, but the local man had the necessary stuff to finish strong. Burke of Kalamazoo won the hurdles.

The freshmen scored slams in both the high jump and the shot-put. Scheibelhut won the jump while Philbin took the weight event. Markey of Notre Dame won the broad jump and Grant added a final point with a third in this event. The relay proved the most entertaining event of the afternoon. The first three members of the Notre Dame team apparently thought that they were in a fat man's relay as they succeeded in losing so much ground that Meehan could not win the race despite the fact that he showed the greatest speed that he has yet displayed. Summaries:

40-yard dash—Mulligan, Notre Dame, first; Grant, Notre Dame, second; Neary, Kalamazoo, third. Time, :04 4-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Burke, Kalamazoo, first; Scheibelhut, Notre Dame, second; Allison, Notre Dame, third. Time. :05 2-5.

880-yard run—Kasper, Notre Dame, first; Yeasley, Kalamazoo, second; Hill, Kalamazoo, third. Time, 2:05.

440-yard run—Meehan, Notre Dame, first; Burke, Kalamazoo, second; Smith, Kalamazoo, third. Time, :54 2-5.

220-yard dash—Mulligan and Grant, Notre Dame, tied for first; Burke, Kalamazoo, third. Time, :25 1-5.

Mile run—Noonan, Notre Dame, first; Brown, Kalamazoo, second; Cary, Kalamazoo, third. Time, 5:05 3-5.

High jump—Scheibelhut, Notre Dame, first; Coughlin, Douglass, Notre Dame, Donahue, Kalamazoo, tied for second. Height, five feet, four inches.

Shot put—Philbin, Notre Dame, first; Miller, Notre Dame, second; Fitzpatrick, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 37 feet, 7 inches.

Broad jump—Markey, Notre Dame, first; Holmes, Kalamazoo, second; Grant, Notre Dame, third. Distance 20 feet, 3 inches.

Relay—Won by Kalamazoo.

### Safety Valve.

#### "THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT."

There was a sinking at heart when oranges were served for breakfast on St. Patrick's Day. Many were considerably relieved however when they found on cutting said oranges that they were green.

\*\*\*

We liked "The Marriage of Kitty," and we admired the nerve of the actors who ate dinner on the stage in front of us while we were waiting for the play to continue. The fact, however, that these thespians left the table without saying grace offended our religious sensibilities.

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The members of the Carroll Hall band will soon be as skilled along musical lines as that deaf and dumb piano tuner who was a marvel at tightening wires.

\*\*\*

The storm windows of Sorin Hall were taken down last Tuesday and were packed cosily away in the garret lest they should succumb to Wednesday's blizzard.

\*\*\*

#### WHAT ABOUT THE WEATHER?

It seems strange that a person can't be with a friend for five minutes without having this question hurled at him: "Well, what do you think of the trouble in Mexico?"

\*\*\*

#### WAS THE SINGING THAT BAD?

From the Michigan City daily paper of last Saturday we copy the following:

"Fred Mahaffey, a member of the Notre Dame Glee Club, was obliged to enter St. Anthony's hospital last night following the concert. . . he suffered such agony during the concert that he was put under the care of a physician."

#### YOU KNOW WHAT HE MEANS.

He was a clever pianist with a very deaf touch—  
*From a Freshman's Essay.*

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To pronounce Villa's name correctly it seems to be necessary to knock *l* out of it.

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Professor:—"No, John, the epidermis is not a widespread disease, neither is a debutante a person who takes part in a debate; there is also a difference between an icebox and an incubator, a jack-knife and a folding bed."

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#### SPRING POETRY.

Spring has come, Spring has come  
Rah! rah! rah! for Notre Dame.

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#### BITES OUT OF SEASON.

"When Spring came I got out my fly swatter and bought some camphor to rub on mosquito bites and the third day of Spring I got a frostbite."

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#### THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

The condition of our last year's straw hat.  
How we intend to spend our next Christmas vacation.  
How many atoms there are in a bun when we're fasting.

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Our idea of a fast time is to invite a girl to a dance and spend the whole evening gliding over the dance hall floor with wrinkled brow trying to think of the difference between an ion and an electron.

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SHE. Didst see the show put on St. Patrick's Day?

HE. Yea, that did I, for I was forced to stay  
Knowing a budding member of the cast,  
But may this breath I'm drawing be my last  
If ever I attend a show again—

Oh, it has caused me nights and nights of pain.

SHE. How it could pain thee, friend, I cannot guess,  
Didst thou not like the scenery or dress  
Of the fair actors?

HE. Yea, I liked them well  
And during the last act I deeply fell  
In love with a fair maiden on the stage;  
Oh, if you could imagine the fierce rage  
That came upon me when I found that she  
Was not a girl at all but a big *he*  
Who chewed tobacco. And to think that I  
Waited at the stage door, and every guy  
That saw me standing there laughed in my face.  
And to complete and seal my sad disgrace  
They led my lady forth besmeared with paint,  
One look at his shaved head and in a faint  
I fell upon the ground.

SHE. What was't thou feared?

HE. If you could see that face with two weeks' beard  
Growing in all directions over it  
'Twould throw you into a convulsive fit.  
And to believe that I adored the miss  
And had dim hopes of pilfering a kiss—  
A kiss from such a bearded critter! Yea  
I could have stole a wagon load of hay.

SHE. Thou wilt not go again for many moons,

HE. Nay, nay, Rebecca! Kindly pass the prunes.