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The Exile.

A GEM in gleaming waters set
Lying so far beyond the sea,
Far from my land of birth apart
And yet so near in thought to me.

Before I saw your green-robed shores,
My spirit knew a lovely scene,
Watered by crooning springs that rise
From your dim mountains wild and green.

When home, in lake-bound Kilfenora
Where still the fairy people dwell,
When I was but a little lad
In mystic dreams I knew them well.

Now, of your race, an exiled part
Pines like a prisoned bird in me
O little isle, my country,
Lying so far beyond the sea.

Tim J. Tierney.

The Humanist Movement.

BY D. E. HILGARTNER.

THE Renaissance consisted of two distinct yet closely related movements; the revival of classical art and the revival of classical literature and learning. It is the intellectual and literary phase of the movement that is known as Humanism and the devotees are known as Humanists because of their interest in the study of the classics, the literae humaniores, or the "more human letters."

Meyers in his "Mediaeval and Modern History" says that "to understand Petrarch is to understand the Renaissance." Francesco Petrarca was the first and greatest humanist of the Italian renaissance. He was the first scholar of the medieval period who realized and appreciated the excellence and beauty of the classical literature and its value as a means of culture. He made a collection of about two

hundred manuscript volumes of classics, among which were some of Cicero's letters, which he himself had discovered in an old library at Verona. Petrarch's enthusiasm for the classical authors became contagious, and a school of ardent young humanists came into existence and looked upon him as their master and carried on with great zeal the work of exploring the new spiritual hemisphere which Petrarch had discovered. Most distinguished among these disciples was Boccaccio whose fame rests chiefly on his Decameron, a collection of human interest stories written in Italian.

This humanist also attempted to learn Greek, but failed because of a lack of knowledge of grammar. However this growing desire among the students of Humanism was gratified by the appearance of Manuel Chrysoloras, an eminent Greek scholar, who was the leader of an embassy sent by the Eastern Emperor to Italy to secure aid against the Turks. He was given a professor's chair in the University of Florence in 1396 and men and women of all ages thronged his class room. It meant the revival of civilization, for of all the agencies concerned in transforming the mediaeval into the modern world, one of the most potent certainly was Greek culture.

As Symonds, a historian of this era, says: "If it be true, as it has been asserted, that, except, the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin, we are justified in regarding the point of contact between the Greek teacher Chrysoloras and his Florentine pupils as one of the most momentous crises in the history of civilization."

The first concern of the Italian scholars was to rescue from threatened oblivion what yet remained of the ancient classics. So the humanists searched all the monasteries and cathedrals of Europe for old manuscripts of the classic writers. This costly work was encouraged and furthered by wealthy patrons such as the popes and merchant princes. Promi-

ment among the promoters of the New Learning, as the movement was called, were Cosimo and Lorenzo de Medici at Florence. It was due largely to their interest in the undertaking that Florence became the foster home of the intellectual and literary revival. Among the papal patrons of the movement Pope Nicholas V was one of the most noted. He sent out expeditions to all parts of the West to search for manuscripts and employed a multitude of translators and copyists at Rome. Later, Pope Julius II and Pope Leo X made Rome a brilliant center of Renaissance art and learning.

Libraries were founded where the new treasures might be safely stored and made accessible to scholars. In this movement some of the largest libraries of Italy had their beginning. The Medici established the Medicean library in Florence, and at Rome Pope Nicholas V enriched the original collection of books by fully five thousand manuscripts and thus became the real founder of the celebrated Vatican library of the present day.

The humanistic movement, particularly in regard to Greek letters and learning, was given a great impulse by the fall of Constantinople in 1453. For a half century before this event the threatening advance of the barbarians had caused a great migration of Greek scholars to the West. These fugitives brought with them many valuable manuscripts of the ancient Greek classics still unknown to the Western scholars. The enthusiasm of the Italians for everything Greek led to the appointment of many exiles as teachers and lecturers in their schools and universities.

The recovery of the ancient classics, their multiplication by copyists, and their preservation in libraries was only the beginning of the task which the Italian humanists took upon themselves. The most difficult and significant part of their work lay in the correction and comparison of texts, the translation into Latin of Greek manuscripts and the interpretation and criticism of the ancient literature now recovered.

During the latter part of the fifteenth century the timely invention of printing by movable letters, according to Hallam the most important invention in the annals of mankind, greatly furthered the work of the Italian humanists. The art spread rapidly, and before the close of the same century presses were busy in every

country of Europe multiplying books with a rapidity undreamed of by the patient copyists of the cloister.

As early as the middle of the fifteenth century the German youths had begun to cross the Alps in order to study Greek. As a representative type of these young German humanists, Reuchlin, who in 1482 journeyed to Italy and presented himself before a celebrated teacher of Greek, translated the lines so beautifully of a passage from Thucydides that the professor exclaimed, "Our exiled Greece has flown beyond the Alps."

In transalpine Europe the humanistic movement became blended with other tendencies. In Italy it had been an almost exclusive devotion to Greek and Latin letters and learning; but in the North there was added to this enthusiasm for classical culture an equal interest in Hebrew and Christian antiquity.

The humanistic revival revolutionized education. During the Middle Ages the Latin language had degenerated into a barbarous jargon, while the Greek had been forgotten and the Aristotelian philosophy perverted. Now humanism restored to the world the pure classical Latin, rediscovered the Greek language, and recovered for civilization the Platonic philosophy which was an uplifting thought.

The schools and universities did not escape the influence of the New Learning. Chairs in both the Greek and Latin languages were established and the scholastic method of teaching was gradually superseded by this so-called classical system of instruction.

The classical revival gave to the world the treasures of two languages. In giving to the scholars of Europe the masterpieces of ancient authors it gave not only fresh material but the most faultless models of literary tastes and judgment that the world has ever produced. The influence of these in correcting the extravagances of the mediaeval imagination can be distinctly traced in the native literatures of Italy, France, Spain and England.

Meekness.

D. P. MACGREGOR.

Behold how e'en the timid lambs

Without a thought of fear or awe

May gaze with calmness on their Lord

Who shivers in the straw.

Hanley of the San Luis.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

I never quite knew what it was that determined me to stay in San Luis another week. Perhaps it was the quaint cobbled street that ran past my hotel, perhaps it was the gray walls of the neighboring convent or the distant blue hills that guarded the city, or the majestic old palaces of the ancient regime. But whatever it was, I know that I would willingly go back to that little Mexican city and spend not two weeks, but a lifetime, could I be assured of meeting another lad as fearless and as white-souled as Dick Hanley.

One day after luncheon I sat in the smoking-room of the hotel, vainly endeavoring to become interested in a two-weeks' old Sacramento *Examiner*. The shutters were closed, and all was cool within, but outside, the noon-day sun glared down on roof and street and garden with withering brightness. Just as I arrived at the "lost and found" columns, and was wondering why anyone would advertise for a second-hand clothes-wringer, a door swung open, and I looked around in time to see a slender young man of middle-height settle himself in a chair, and draw from his pocket a number of papers. At any rate, watching a living man was better than communing with a "dead" newspaper, and I turned my attention to the newcomer.

He sat there in his chair, in the usual dress of the upper-class Spaniard, a cigarette in one hand, while the other was busied in his accounts. Presently he finished his work, folded the papers, put them away, and settled back in his chair. But the cigarette had gone out.

He turned to me with a faint smile, "Match?"

I readily handed him one, and that is where my acquaintance with Senor Dick Hanley began. It was not long till we had discussed the whole range of local "polite" subjects,—the advantages of San Luis, the recent troubles in Durango and Chihuahua, the new German Ambassador, and the old French Minister. Though the Senor was bronzed a great deal by the Mexican sun, still there was something unmistakably American in his manner, and though his Spanish accent was excellent, yet his blue eyes told him a Celt, or descendant of a Celt. Presently I turned the conversation to himself.—"American?" I ventured.

"Sure thing," he returned, dropping the Spanish. "Why didn't you own up before this that you were one yourself?" and we clasped hands.

"I'm here on the *Chicago Tribune*," I began. "Want to see how your aristocracy summers here at San Luis. And you—but first your name?"

"Senor, as they call me in San Luis." His eyes twinkled. "But really plain Dick Hanley from Evanston. I'm director of *Los Estados Mexicanos*, the new bank two blocks down. And what is doing in Chicago? Except the men at the Legation, you're the first fellow of my own class I've seen from Chicago in a year."

Now Dick Hanley was one of the most interesting persons you could meet. When our acquaintance had passed the first stage, (Chicagoans abroad make friends quickly), Dick invited me to come to his place any time, and to make a visit to the bank before four that afternoon.

That evening we went out to an opera-house, and the third night I sought him out in his cool rooms above the Strada. Beneath his windows the piazza teemed with life and color, while on the other side of his apartments, a stairway led down into a garden where the twilight air was heavy with the fragrance of poppies, and where above were gathered hosts of white stars.

When the ordinary greetings had taken place, and we had settled down for an old-fashioned chat, Dick rose, handed me the cigarettes, and sat down again, his head thrown back against the dark leather of his chair.

"You're wondering why I'm down here in San Luis, aren't you?—why I've left the States and never think of going back home?"

"Well," I admitted, "It did seem a little strange. But still it was none of my affairs."

Dick said nothing for a moment, then went on.

"Well, I'll tell you," he began. "My folks are all dead, but there's a fellow I know in Chicago. Lives on 35th and Van Buren,—Dan Britell. I want you to hunt him up and tell him the story,—where I am, what I am doing and all that. You'll do it, I know." I nodded.

"I came here," he proceeded, "about ten years ago intending to sell some mining interests that had been left me. But after the transaction

was made, I did so well, that I put the money into a banking business first up at Santa Rosa in Senora, and later here at San Luis. Time went by quickly. The summers were gay with the embassies, the winters were somewhat more quiet, but there was my work in the bank, and the evenings with my books in these rooms."

Hanley shifted in his chair, looked over at me and smiled.

"Well, I suppose every fellow gets foolish once in his life.

"But if you had seen this girl you would realize why every unmarried Yankee in Mexico sooner or later falls in love with a Spanish face. Dolores had some of the beauty of the old Spanish belles, I think. You know I never knew a mother or a sister, and when I saw this girl, she was mother and sister and sweetheart to me all at once. Things went well. I proposed, and she agreed to think it over. The next day she sent for me. She had just found out that her father, an unprincipled land-dealer, had, a number of years before, cheated his firm out of considerable money. Her father was dead, but still, said she, she was Coronado's daughter and must take the blame for his misdeeds:

"Of course I told her it made no difference to me whether or not it was her father who cheated us, it was she I cared for. I proposed to her again, she accepted, and I was the happiest man south of the Rio Grande.

"Now in the old days before we had known each other, one of her father's men had fallen in love with the girl. Cortierez was his name,—a wiry young fellow, half Mexican, half Spanish. He stopped at nothing—life meant nothing to him except to squander it, youth meant nothing but to waste it in excesses. Again and again she had refused his advances, but now when he heard of her engagement, he came again, and endeavored to force his attentions upon her. She would have nothing to do with him, ordered him out of the house, but he would not go. Then she turned to call a servant, but just as she reached the door, he raised his pistol and,—yes, shot her and killed her instantly."

He moved about in his chair and I made a movement as if to stop him.

"No, no," he protested, "I'm almost done. He escaped, and I made every effort to find him. The police searched the country far and wide, but nowhere was there a trace of Cortierez.

"And now things are going on pretty much

the same as they did before I knew the girl. But I tell you, if I could have found Cortierez at that time I would have killed him,—yes, killed him and gloried in it.

"But now,—let the law take its course. They can't do much more to a dog like that than hang him.

"And all this is what I want you to tell Dan Britell. Lately I have been working with the city police to bring about Cortierez's capture. For the past two weeks he has frequented a cheap saloon on the outskirts of the city. To-morrow night a posse is going to search for him (he is to be decoyed there). I have got myself made a deputy and intend to go along. Perhaps something may happen, and, well, if so you can let Dan Britell know."

And nothing I could say to him, as he sat opposite me in the great leather chair, moved him not to take the chance the next evening. It did no good to protest, and if I wished to remain his friend, I must submit.

It was time to go. I stood up, and he put out his hand to bid me good night. I was to come to him at nine the next morning but one. He came out, saw me down the staircase, laughed softly, gave me *Buena-noches*, and disappeared while I made my way back to the hotel.

The next morning, but one, they were crying the "extras" on the streets. I picked up a paper.

Across the front page ran great headlines, telling the whole gruesome story. Cortierez, the notorious bandit and murderer had been decoyed to a cheap saloon at the edge of the city. As soon as he had caught sight of Senor Hanley's face, he had bolted, and made an effort to escape. Hanley had followed him outside, the police had hurried out to find the American lad on the ground, dying from three dagger wounds. A little distance away, Cortierez was loosing his horse, preparing to ride off.

The Modulating Militarist.

Tri-weekly drill's an awful bore.

I like it.

It makes your legs and arms dead sore.

I like it.

It fits a man for Mexico—

We may be there in a month or so,

And, if no other way's to go,

I'll like it.

H. R. P.

The Arraying of Judith.

April puts off the gray of widowhood
 And her silver veil of snow,
 And clothed in green samite walks the deepest wood,
 Her bare feet bright with spring's first glow.

S..S.

The Art of the Cartoonist.

BY RAY M. HUMPHREYS.

Before modern engraving processes had made cartooning possible, and before Thomas Nast had made it famous, the art of caricaturing was rated at zero in the world of commerce and culture. The man who attempted to draw comic pictures was thought to be a very ripe subject for a sanity test, or at best an object of ridicule. It was only the village nitwit or the unmatured child who dared to waste his time evolving comic sketches. That was several hundred years ago. Some fifty years ago caricature experienced a rebirth and with the advent of systematic engraving and printing the art began to flourish. About ten years ago a few pioneer correspondence schools commenced to teach cartooning,—or attempted to. Within the last two years some ten colleges throughout the land have added classes in cartooning to their curriculum to supply the demand for men trained in the work. The world is awakening to the possibilities in that field, and cartooning has become a recognized art.

Cartooning though is not a new or modern art. It probably comes nearer being "as old as the hills" than any other line of human endeavor. Long generations before the early Hebrew warriors clashed in the shadowy valleys of Judea, the prehistoric cavemen had mastered the graphic art of picture writing. Even the primeval Egyptians utilized crude hieroglyphic drawings to record their days and deeds. The chronicles of the Aztec, the mound-builders, the cliff-dwellers, and later the American Indian, are nothing more or less than a succession of embryonic cartoons, emblematic, picturesque, and often humorous. It was somewhere in the Middle Ages that the cartoon became essentially a caricature, however, and not until then did the funny and grotesque elements enter largely into its makeup. To-day finds

the cartoon a very distinct and a very popular form of art. It is almost as widely spread as the gospel, and to some it is almost as influential. Indeed the fear of its sting often keeps many an enterprising politician on the straight and narrow path, in cases where the ten commandments wouldn't. The power of a good cartoon can hardly be overestimated or overstated. To the masses it is more intelligible than the best editorial that was ever set up, for its meaning and its message can be gleaned at a glance, and its lesson driven home by vivid delineation. As one veteran editor has put it, "the cartoon is the cutting edge of the press." It can swing an election, put men in office or in jail, raise a fund for the needy or the idle rich, promote honesty, expose graft, instill patriotism, and do half a hundred other things that the wisest man in the land couldn't do in twice the time. This, coupled to the fact that the cartoon is in universal vogue throughout the civilized world in thousands of dailies, weeklies, and monthlies, proves to some extent the immensity and the scope of this modern art.

Everybody can't be a cartoonist, for cartoonists, like poets, are born rather than made. Without a natural tendency towards caricature it is practically useless to try to acquire the art. But if a fellow can wield a pencil with some degree of accuracy, or handle a pen skilfully, or if he possesses the slightest talent or liking for drawing, he can train himself to become a cartoonist of more or less renown. And this training should be substantial rather than artificial. There must be a foundation of fact under all fiction, and this seeming reality must not be lacking from the cartoon. Caricature must be artistically correct, no matter how exaggerated it may appear. Proportions must harmonize and perspective must be perfect in even the crudest cartoon. Some attention must be given to anatomy and design and composition before the student can hope to cartoon with any degree of success. Take "Zim," for instance, who is regarded by many as the funniest artist in America, and examine his work. You'll find his characters excessively ridiculous, extreme in their looks, but withal, correct. The anatomy, the form, the proportions, are not out of place, but only cleverly extended or contracted. Many a fellow can draw as silly a looking "hayseed" as can "Zim," but if examined the work of the amateur will usually reveal some glaring defects or mis-

takes to the trained eye. Misplaced eyebrows, pointed ears, four-jointed fingers, ankles the size of the knees, club feet, etc., are not funny, but are merely bad technical blunders. This point is well illustrated in any high school or college annual you may pick up. You'll see really clever drawings, finely executed, except for some awkward, clumsy thumb or nose or foot. No finished artist would be guilty of such work.

Aside from the mere mechanical side of cartooning there is a brighter, more interesting aspect. Back of every cartoon must be an idea. The better the idea the better the cartoon. There must be a blow and a sting and a pull and a push to every cartoon. Fine drawing will not compensate for the lack of idea. And the idea must be original. Rehashed work is not generally acceptable in newspaper work to-day. The idea must be timely. Therein rests the secret of the good cartoon. It should come at a time when the question or event depicted is uppermost in the minds or hearts of the people. Reading and study and practice are the stepping stones to success in the game. Like the illustrator the cartoonist must portray people as as they are in fact, and he must go further, and add the touch of sarcasm or expression that will draw a laugh or a tear from the public.

Cartooning should not offend against good taste. A morally bad cartoon, like a morally bad book, should not be tolerated under any circumstances. Both wield too much influence to be allowed an unchecked career. The drawing that appeals to the passions or excites the mob spirit should be tabooed. Recent lynchings in Georgia have been attributed to incendiary cartoons published at the time of the crime. To hold that there is no ethical side to cartooning is to profess ignorance if not actual cupidity.

To say that there are opportunities in the field of cartooning is putting it mildly. The young fellow with ambition and brains, who can draw a little, should develop his talent along artistic lines, for the work is clean and interesting. The man who talks with a pen and a bottle of India ink is the leading light wherever journalism holds forth. He is in a position to become a tremendous power for good in his community, a defender of church and state, and a protector of home and business. The art of cartooning is a dignified calling, worthy the attention of the youth who is choosing a life-work,—and who can draw a comic picture.

Varsity Verse.

YOU KNOW ME.

I never rhyme a word like "dough"
With one akin to "through,"
I never rave in meter slow
Of "moons" and "me and you."
I never pad my lines with words
That have no sense nor reason;
Nor do I write long odes to "Spring,"
Or "Onions" out of season.
I never find four words that rhyme
And place them on the end,
Then fill up all the rest with thoughts
I cannot even blend.
For beauty I have Strahan beat
I surely am his peer!
(Sad punning is a common fault
With me and Will Shakespeare.)
Well, who am I that is so fine?
It's plain as plain can be.
How often, now, you've seen my sign
The only—yep, that's me!

D. E.

THE GLOOM KILLER.

How Jones attempted to dispel
His gloom is not so hard to tell;
He merely took a trip
To town upon the Hill St. Car,
And smilingly he bore each jar,
Each jerky ocean dip.
At last his destination reached,
With smiling face and cares impeached.
He stepped from out the car.
Bright visions of a feed possessed
His mind, until a stern behest
Put dreams at worse than par.

With scowling face he takes the next
Car back; he still is quite perplexed
For pulling such a "crook."
He cussed each bump with angry voice
And with vocabulary choice—
You see, 'twas such a shock.

W. R.

GOOD NIDE!

A sog I'll sig of lobely Sprig,
A sog I'll sig for you;
Of water's sheed, ad grass that's greed
As skies that are—achoo!

I'll warble of the first Bay flow'r,
That darlig little gem,
Set id the rig of early Sprig,
Like buds upod—ahem!

Ad thed I'll chant of birds that shan't
Leave us udil the Fall—
Bud dow by dose atickling goes,
I cadnot sig at all!

D. E.

The Jester.

BY LOUIS F. KEIFER.

"What do you think of my new valet?" Mr. Adolph Arndt asked of his family as they gathered about him in the spacious library of their home after an evening of entertaining their hosts of friends.

"He may be all right for a valet," said Mrs. Arndt, "but he certainly is of no use as a lutler. Did you notice the way he treated the guests? I sent him up to your den twice; but he came back both times, so I thought I might as well let him go on; for some of the people were really enjoying his foolish actions. You can keep him until another one turns up though, for he knows how to handle your clothes."

"Keep him until another turns up?" Mr. Arndt asked in surprise, "if I keep him until a better one turns up I'll keep him for life. That boy is a wonder. You don't know him yet; he has the funniest "line" I've heard in a long time. Why do you know, he was 'boobing' some of the city's best people here to-night and getting away with it. What did you think of him, Mary?"

"O I thought he was awfully funny and, besides, isn't he good looking? I hope you'll keep him a long while. I know we will have lots of fun together, he is so amusing," answered the only, and hence spoiled, daughter of the Arndts. Adolph Arndt smiled to himself, for now he knew that it would be possible for him to keep the new valet. Since Mary liked him and wanted him around, the affair was settled, for Mary's mother did just as Mary wished.

"Well, I suppose you'll have to keep him, then," said Mrs. Arndt, "but that is the last time he gets near any of my guests. He is positively insulting; and because the people are too mannerly to reproach him, you think they are letting him make fools of them. It is my candid opinion that the man is crazy or at least doesn't know any better."

"You may be right, of course," said her husband, "but I thought when he was making all those breaks, he was also having a good time out of it. He has been employed by Arlington Van Buskirk for the past five years and he brought a fine letter of recommendation from him; so I guess he's all I think he is."

"Arlington Van Buskirk of New York?"

Mary asked in astonishment. "Why I met him up at the Beach last summer. I was told later he was one of the leaders of New York society. I think, mother, father is right."

"Come in," said Mr. Arndt in answer to a knock at the door.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the new valet who looked very much like the good-looking ones sometimes seen on the stage, "I didn't know you were still up. In the East a man doesn't chum around with his family after a social function of this sort; and in fact I am quite surprised at your intimacy—" He would have said more, but a piercing glance from Mrs. Arndt stopped him. He effectively changed the subject, "I came here to return the cigars Mr. Baldwin unconsciously put into his pocket after the rest of the guests had left the drawing room."

"How did you get them?" asked Mr. Arndt, perplexed.

"Well, not wishing to have him embarrassed when he found out the mistake he had made, I took them from his pocket when he wasn't locking, and I replaced them with some of his own cigars which I found in his overcoat."

"Good for you, James, I thought it was strange he offered me some cigars to-night. It is the first thing he has given away free since he was passing bills for the sheriff's sales. Well, well, so he really gave me one of *his* cigars thinking it was one of my own. He's been pulling that stunt for years and at last he gave something away. If he ever finds that out, he'll be sick for a week. James, I don't like to have you picking the pockets of the guests, but that little stunt will give you a ten-dollar raise. People like you should be encouraged."

"Thank you, sir, my motto is to keep my employer amused, and then he doesn't care what he is paying me."

James soon won Mrs. Arndt's admiration and became almost one of the family. His foolish actions and his witty sayings kept all about him in laughter; and after a while he was called in before guests to furnish entertainment. He became a modern "Court Jester." Everything he said was taken as a joke, and if he had any serious thoughts, he had to keep them to himself. He became a close associate of Mr. Arndt; and his employer kept no secrets from him, for he could turn the gloom of an unfortunate investment into the sunshine of

a good game of golf, tennis, or a funny story.

To Mary Arndt he also became a companion as he proved to be an all-around athlete and liked to swim and live an out-of-doors life as well as she did. In fact she preferred his company to that of the other young men with whom she was acquainted and finally fell in love with him. She saw his position and when she told him of her love for him he smiled at her and then pointed out some of the reasons why a rich man's daughter could not marry a rich man's valet. She pretended not to understand, but she had a long talk with her father that night and when she left her father's den, she seemed uncommonly happy.

"James," said Mr. Arndt the following morning, "a man with your personality and brains should be in some business. You have no reason for being a valet."

"You are wrong, Mr. Arndt, although I thank you for the compliment. I am a jester by trade and I get a good living, lots of pleasure, and in fact live the life of the idle rich without having the care of money on my shoulders. I have tried business and it is too confining and too troublesome. I prefer to be the lazy parasite that I am. I would like to make a guess, if you will permit, that you wish me to become some sort of a business man, so I will be in a position to ask Mary to be my wife; and I would also guess that Mary told you to do it. No, I could never reach the heights to which Mary has risen; I would have to bring Mary down to the position I am in."

"I guess you are right, James, but it should not be this way. A man like you could make good in business all right, and I know that speech of yours about the parasite was just an excuse; but I see that you could not enter into the social world in which Mary lives. She would be dissatisfied with any other life, so I guess the matter better rest as it is; with you accompanying her as a servant; but it's a damned shame; I'd like you for a son-in-law."

A few days passed and James was still a servant in the Arndt household, but suddenly a big crash came which took away the family riches and reduced them to a limited income.

"Well, James," said Mr. Arndt with a catch in his voice, "I'll have to let you go. We haven't enough money left from the oil smash to afford to keep a valet; but now that the social barrier is down you can ask Mary if you wish. Go out and make a living for her and do it without

becoming a servant, if you have any stuff in you (and providing you still love Mary). I don't care so much about losing the money, now that it is going to make Mary happy, for after all, money isn't everything."

"Then you don't blame Whitcombe for cleaning you out?" said James ignoring the talk about the marriage.

"No, I suppose not. I guess I would have done the same to him if I had had the chance; but I would like to know how he found out all that inside stuff. He couldn't have guessed what I was doing. He evidently knew for a certainty just what I was going to do." A queer light came into the man's eyes. "Do you know Whitcombe?"

"Yes, why?"

"So you are the one who has been telling him everything. What a fool I was."

"No. You are wrong. I have never breathed to a soul what I found out here and I will swear to it."

"You will swear you are not in Whitcombe's employ?"

"Certainly."

"Then you are just a common butler after all?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then who are you, and what are you doing here if you are not a butler and you are not working for Whitcombe?"

"I did not say I was not working for Whitcombe, I said I was not in his employ. You see there is a difference; I am Whitcombe."

"James," said Mary bursting into the room, "then you are not a butler after all?"

"No, I am the man who wrecked your father's fortune."

"I don't care. I love you."

"Well, that is too bad; for you see my wife would be rather jealous if she found that out."

"You cur," said Arndt controlling himself with obvious effort. "You couldn't work on the square. You had to take this means in order to do it. I thought I was fighting a man and not a sneak like you."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Arndt, do you remember the dictograph you had installed in my father's den when you cleaned him out a few years ago? Is playing butler any worse than putting in a dictograph on the pretense of fixing the telephone? I have been trying to get you for a long time and this model butler and jester idea did the trick. After this, be careful of

your servants." He paused at the door and turning said: "I am sorry about your daughter, but I couldn't help her without spoiling my own game. I will go and apologize to her now, and I know she will find someone better than I for a husband. However, I think by the way she acted when she found out I was a spy, she has lost all respect for me anyway."

Arndt straightened up, forced a smile and said: "Well it's all in the game. I am glad to have met you anyway; you trimmed me, but I guess I had it coming. If you ever come West again, look me up." Both smiled and Whitcombe departed.

It's All Wrong.

BY A. MOYNIHAN.

Percival T. Hinton was a farmer, but not of that variety usually depicted in the story. As the name may indicate, he was a very unusual one. Besides he was a scientific farmer, that is to say, he perused at leisure the *Agricultural Review* and various poultry journals. Let us consider the introduction completed, as the aim of this story is to be all wrong.

Percival was sole owner of a good-sized farm. And moreover he was happy. He had seen but little of the city, but had read of its "bright lights," its pitfalls, and pawn shops. Each year the products of his farm increased, as did his bank account, which was by no means slim. Another thing in his favor was that he was single. There was no loving wife to fry the eggs, to plow, to water the stock, or to do other things that other farmer's wives do in other stories.

With filthy lucre entered discontentment into his life. The city beckoned him. The prospects of a visit to the city fascinated him. So one day he "blossomed out" in city livery, left the old homestead, and caught the "Commuter's Special." All of which is entirely wrong. And, moreover, as he alighted from the train, no one sold him stock in Consolidated Conversation at 15 per. He immediately went to a swell hotel, and his appearance caused no uproar of any sort.

Two weeks later, P. T. Hinton was not to be compared with Percival Hinton. Some manacurist had held his hands at regular intervals, the barber had worked wonders for him, the tailor ceased to talk of hard

times, all were happy, even Percival.

Oh, but the girls! they surely did adore P. T., for his purse strings were not strings at all.

"I made my money in corn and wheat and I hope to lose it in rye," he told one of his friends, one particular night when he was feeling particularly happy.

But this could not last long. One day he paid his hotel bill, and realized the scarcity of his finances. Though they were exceedingly short, he did not try to stretch them. Instead, he dined sumptuously, and went to the theatre with Lucille.

Early the next morning, Hinton left the city. When he arrived home, there was no one to greet the "prodigal son." He dusted the furniture, cooked a meal, planted a few crops, and again enjoyed prosperity. But one morning, soon after his arrival, Uncle Sam delivered to him a very thick envelope from a certain attorney-at-law. He opened it leisurely, read it hurriedly, and fainted instantly. Some distant uncle, picturing P. T. as an industrious and successful farmer, had willed to him the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

After the first joyful squeaks, Hinton became almost normal. A recollection of his past folly crossed his mind. Should he repeat his former actions, become a spendthrift and a worthless simpleton? Should he leave these peaceful, pastoral, surroundings? No, a thousand times, no. But to stay here would be the right thing, and our purpose is to have him all wrong.

However, just at that moment, the victrola in the cow-shed struck up a frenzied fox-trot. Percival stood still as if turned to marble. The dances and drinks, the theatres and gitneys passed before him, each a little devil in disguise. Their lure was irresistible. He made one grab for his suitcase, opened it, and pulled forth a box of cigars. Lighting one, he took a tin pail from a nail on the wall, and set out to do the milking.

Harsh Words.

A fool there was, and he skived his class
(Even as you and I)

To write a note to his back-home lass;

The fool he called her his lady fair;

What the teacher called her I wouldn't dare

repeat.

E. D.

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—The press of a considerable portion of the country, is holding up to laudation a Chicago physician who took his own life, rather than face the vicissitude incident to **The Greater Coward.** political conspiracy. Editorial writers, clergymen and statesmen have maintained openly or by implication, that his act of self-destruction was essentially a heroic one, and one to be extolled as the deed of a martyr and a hero, rather than deprecated as the importunate act of a rash seeker after the consolation of a hurried eternity. It requires courage of a sort, no doubt, to plunge the soul into the awful and unfathomable mysteries of the hereafter. But it requires a bigger and finer courage to fight the battle of life without flinching and without quitting. The hero faces the storm of shrapnel as a greater good than ignoble retreat. The coward seeks the ignominy and disgrace of abject fear, rather than face possible death. No one lauds the coward. But if it is the battle of life that is being fought, if it is the soul trying concerns of malice and jealousy and discouragement that the individual is called upon to face, the coward is the one who seeks death as the easiest exit from bewildering circumstance. If the Chicago physician, whose life work was worthy of a finer termination, and whose career we would be the last to detract from, had possessed the better sort of heroism, he would have faced the accusations of enemies, were they false or true, and would have preferred the courage that endures

adversity to the courage that courts death by self-destruction. It is a vain delusion of the weary and the heart-broken that the repose of death will carry with it a concomitant repose of the soul. The Christian and the Jew have been reared to believe otherwise. There are nations—notably Japan and many of the Malay states—where the killing of one's self is regarded as a high form of heroism. But mankind in all ages has shrunk from the awful responsibility of terminating a life over whose beginning they had no power, and whose purpose in creation they have never been able to satisfactorily gainsay. The pagan Roman welcomed death in preference to ill-fortune. The Christian Roman welcomed scorn, abuse and torture in preference to the forbidden act of self-destruction which he devoutly believed would screen him through all eternity from the face of his Creator. Why then, are clergymen and other men of affairs palliating the act of the Chicago doctor which certainly takes on added horror from his prominence and its consequent publicity. He is not a martyr, for he chose death as easier to bear than criticism. He is not a hero, for he chose to quit at the height of the battle, and retreat from the firing line of life to the quiet and calm of oblivion. But the quiet and calm of death, is only the specious exterior of the clay from which the soul has fled. The suicide looks peaceful, often as if he indeed enjoyed the repose which he had sought. But on the other side of the curtain of cosmic fact, in the searching rays of Infinite light, his naked soul, revealing all its cowardice and crassness, is cringing before a Deity Who has never qualified His dictum "Thou shalt not kill."

—Whatever may else be said of examinations they certainly throw some students into a state of mind that anyone might envy. Boys who have had no scruples about missing class, who have rarely found sufficient time to do the written work assigned to them or to do it in a creditable manner, who have given the old alibi day after day "no time to read over the lesson," will come just before examination time all aglow with enthusiasm and will tell their professors of the wearing effect the steady grind has had upon their nerves but will add that it has certainly paid as they are ready and anxious for the examinations as

they never were before. If they are questioned about their class mark their imaginations will make up all the written work in an instant—work that would take hours and hours to produce in reality—and they will assure all that they haven't the slightest fear on that score. If perchance it is remarked that their recitations were not particularly brilliant they have that faculty of picturing themselves modestly reciting the lessons in the text from cover to cover while all their companions look at them in awe and admiration wondering how they managed to assimilate so much in such a short space of time. They come into the examinations finally and write fluently on the questions asked, or on something else that has burdened their minds for a long time, and they feel such relief at getting this weight off their intellects that they smile and are radiant with joy knowing that they have done thoroughly the work given them to do and that there is laid up for them a crown. In a few days the crown is presented to them in the form of a 33 per cent bulletin mark and they start for their teacher's room to have him rectify the mistake he made in transcribing the marks. The class record is shown them; but why should they look at that when they *know* they have not missed any classes or failed to bring the work assigned. Then they start the old argument that it's useless for them to work hard and stay at home since they are getting no credit for their work. They are hurt because their folks at home will get the idea that they have not been working, whereas they have been doing nothing else. They leave the professor's room after they have whined themselves out and when the class resumes next day they are usually in town, having forgotten all about it.

Important Notice.

Any graduate of this year or any alumnus desiring an appointment as teacher in a high school, should communicate at once with the President of the University. Preference will be given to one who has completed the ordinary commercial course, and is able at the same time to take a class in English, Latin or Mathematics. If none such is available the commercial qualification will not be insisted upon. The high school in question is located in Ohio, and contains one hundred pupils and five teachers, including the Superintendent.

Old Students' Hall

Subscriptions to April 1, 1916

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

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| 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 |
| John Eggeman, '00 | 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 |
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| 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 |
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| Robert E. Proctor, '04 | 100.00 |
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| A. J. Major, '86 | 50.00 |
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| J. N. Antoine, '70 | 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 |

Obituary.

MR. JOHN McCaffery.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John McCaffery who died on Saturday morning April 1, at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Indiana. Three of the McCaffery boys were students at the University in the past, Joseph being for the last year director of the electrical laboratory. To the bereaved family we offer our sincere sympathy, and we bespeak prayers for the repose of the departed. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—William D. Jamieson (Litt. B., '05) is practicing law, with offices in the Endicott Building, St. Paul, Minnesota. Will was a leading member of the Notre Dame Dramatic Club.

—A letter from Ricardo Saravia informs us that he has secured a position at Long Beach, California. His address is 27 Gaviota Street. His brother, Gus, is working as engineer for the Mexican Government.

—Sergeant John Heintzberger of the Marine Corps, who is stationed at Schofield Barracks in Hawaii, is a great Notre Dame rooter and keeps well posted on University athletics. Recently word was received from him wishing success to the baseball team of 1916.

—Lord and Lady Aberdeen, accompanied by Mr. J. M. Studebaker, whose guests they were during the week, visited the University and were shown through the various halls. They were much impressed with the story of the foundation and growth of Notre Dame, and were especially attracted by the strong, manly type of boy they met on the campus. Lord and Lady Aberdeen carry with them the sunshine and freshness of the isle in behalf of which they are making the present tour in this country.

—When Sister Aloysius passed away, Judge Ben B. Lindsay, founder of the Juvenile Court movement, was in Europe with the Ford party. A letter was awaiting him on his return with the sad news of the death of his old friend and teacher. In reply he writes to Father Cavanaugh from Denver:

It was mighty good of you to write me about Sister Aloysius. Your letter was in a much accumulated mail on my return from Europe. It was a great shock

to me to hear of her death. I remember so well telling her, the last time I was at Notre Dame, that she looked just as young and strong as she did thirty years ago. I was so agreeably surprised and pleased to see her looking so well and seeming so active and interested in the great work she was doing.

I need scarcely tell you that in common with thousands of men who had the privilege of spending a part of their boyhood days under her direction at Notre Dame, I had for her the greatest affection. She was to me a source of great inspiration and seemed to have discovered whatever small talents I had, and really opened the way for their development into any service that I may have helped to render in this world. I feel under a lasting debt of gratitude to her and to those wonderful influences that came into my life at St. Edward Hall, where she presided so beautifully and helpfully for more than a generation.

I wonder if it would be possible at some annual meeting there to get together some of her old boys for a little memorial? I know how difficult such things are with reference to fixing a time convenient for all, but if it were possible, I would love to come and pay my own small tribute to her worth and work.

The suggestion of a Memorial Meeting in honor of Sister Aloysius at Commencement is an excellent one. We shall be glad to hear from other interested men who were once her pupils.

The Old Days.

SCHOLASTIC, October 9th, '75:—"Among the Seniors, who is the champion in throwing?"

January 29th, '76:—"Baths are taken every week now instead of every two weeks."

"It has been proposed to have a chorus of one hundred voices sing the "Star Spangled Banner" on the 22nd of February."

February 19th, '76:—"Mr. Moses Livingston, the enterprising clothier of South Bend, was at Notre Dame on Tuesday last. He is ready to make as many nobby suits as wanted."

THERE WERE GERMANS IN THOSE DAYS.

Same issue:—"They are digging trenches along the road leading from the new church to the Scholasticate."

February 19th, '76:—"The old log church, which stood at Bertrand, Michigan, has been moved to Notre Dame. It was the first church erected west of Detroit and north of the Ohio River. When it was built, we have not learned. It is to be placed on the site of the first church built at Notre Dame, just back of the farmhouse. It is quite a relic, and will be of interest to all the friends of the College, not only because of its great age and its being the pioneer church

of the Northwest, but also because it will mark the site of the first church built at Notre Dame, which, unhappily, has been destroyed by fire. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that about a hundred years ago there was a Jesuit mission at Bertrand, just six miles north of us. A cross marks the spot where a Jesuit priest who died—or was killed by the Indians—toward the close of the last century, lies buried a few miles on the other side of Niles."

RATHER.

February 26, '76:—"It will be an improvement when seats are put in Science Hall, which will be the case in two or three weeks."

March 4th, '76:—"Anyone who does not wish to lend his umbrella at this season need not give a flat refusal, but simply say: 'It's Lent.'"

E'EN THEN.

March 4th, '76:—"On Saturday last the balls were flying in every direction on the Campus and it looked as though the baseball season was really opening. The rain on Sunday, the freezing weather on Monday, and the snow on Tuesday and Wednesday, however, make it probable that the players will have to wait for some time."

"Saint Mary's Academy" section of the SCHOLASTIC for March 18th, '76:—"under Music:—"Mr. Eugene Wiener then favored us with a Fantasia on the flute, accompanied by Mr. Belz on the piano."

ANGRY MOB.

Issue of April 1st, '76:—"During Holy Week the first lamentation each night of the *Tenebrae*, as in former years, will be sung by four voices. The part of the rabble will be taken by the full choir."

April 22nd, '76:—"Edwin Booth will appear in Hamlet at South Bend on the 8th of May, Mr. Booth's wife (Mary McVickar) received her education at St. Mary's Academy."

Local News.

—"How did you hit them?"

—"All the material for the 1916 DOME must be in the printer's hands by May first."

—"The program for the celebration of the various events of Holy Week has been printed and posted."

—"The Notre Dame Prep track team is

practising hard for the return meet with the South Bend High School team."

—"The snowstorm of Thursday morning put a dent in the aspirations of the campus prognosticators, all of whom bewailed the departure of the storm windows."

—"A recent notice has been posted in all the halls calling attention to the faculty ruling which requires collars, cravats and coats to be worn in all class rooms."

—"At a meeting in the council chambers on Tuesday evening plans were made for the initiation of twenty-one new candidates for the local council of the Knights of Columbus."

—"Frank W. Holslag delivered his lecture on "Sights of the Battlefield" at Center Township, Thursday evening. The talk was a recital of Holslag's experiences in the European War, and it was well attended."

—"The English lectures of Professor Van Nappen will be given next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday at 1:30 P. M. Members of the Senior and Junior English Classes will report the lectures as a part of their class work."

—"Professor Caparo conducted a meeting of the Electrical Engineering Society last Friday evening. Frank Swift explained the action of a condenser. The lives and works of Ampere and Henry were told of respectively by Leonard Evans and Andrew Young."

—"The University has come into possession of a life-size portrait of the late Most Rev. Archbishop P. J. Riordan of San Francisco, California. The picture is at present in the office of the President of the University. Archbishop Riordan was a distinguished student and a prominent alumnus of Notre Dame."

—"The President recently received a card that was fairly cosmopolitan in character. The letterhead bore the name of a Pennsylvania town. On the card was posted an extract from a Fresno, California paper, with an account of Notre Dame's victory over Yale in the rifle contest. It was posted in Phoenix, Arizona, and it bore greetings from Mr. Ernest Gamble, an old Yale man, and a favorite singer at Notre Dame."

—"On Saturday, April 1, 1916, our rifle team defeated Culver in the Culver gallery by a score of 989 to 958. On Monday, however, our first defeat of the season was recorded when the official bulletin of the eleventh inter-

collegiate list of scores in class B was published. At that time Michigan defeated us by a score of 987 to 984. Candidates for company teams have been practising in the local gallery during the past week. Some very creditable scores have been recorded.

—The complete law library of the late James O'Hara of Indianapolis was placed in the University law library this week. The new edition consists of over five hundred books, including a full set of the latest L. R. A. reports, American states reports and numerous treatises. Mr. O'Hara was formerly an instructor at the University. His son, John O'Hara, a graduate of Notre Dame and a member of the Holy Cross Congregation, is a student in the Catholic University of America in Washington, D. C.

—Wednesday afternoon, March 29th, saw the return of John Barrymore in another excellent celluloid comedy: "The Incurable Dukane." The plot of this picture is slightly heavier than that of "The Man from Mexico," but the star is given ample opportunity to display his capacity for getting the laughs. Saturday night's exhibition consisted of five reels of European war scenes, taken by Donald C. Thompson. The pictures, indefinitely titled "Somewhere in France," are excellent of their kind.

—The Notre Dame Club of Chicago at a meeting held in the Brevoort Hotel, Tuesday evening, April 4, elected the following officers: President, Judge Michael F. Gertin; vice-president, John F. O'Connell; secretary, Frederick L. Steers; treasurer, Rupert Donovan. The executive committee is composed of the above-mentioned officers and William Devine, Harold Fisher, Joseph Pliska, Edward Larney, Frank Hayes and Ira Hurley. The meeting was a most enjoyable one from every viewpoint and the officers elected are men of spirit and enthusiasm with the true Notre Dame spirit.

—After a two weeks' delay, due to the absence of Father Cavanaugh, the boys of St. Joseph Hall celebrated the feast of their patron saint Monday evening. Father Schumacher and Father Devers had as their guests, besides the Reverend President, Fathers Maguire, Joseph Burke, T. Irving, E. Davis, Brother Irenaeus and Brother Florian. The program opened with a hymn to St. Joseph, followed by a paper on the Saint by John Reynolds. George Windoffer, ably spoke upon the career of ex-Governor

Martin of Indiana. Frank Carey, trombonist, played with much feeling "The Holy City," after which John Conboy, chairman of the evening, spoke upon the subject of "Patriotism and the Growing Boy." The speeches of Louis P. Harl on "Shakespeare, the Man," and Charles P. Maloney on "National Preparedness" were well received. Richard Dunn augmented the musical end of the program with a vocal solo. Father Cavanaugh gave the boys a splendid talk, and the evening ended with the "Song of Notre Dame" by the audience.

Baseball is Here.

The baseball season opens this afternoon with Olivet opposing the Varsity on Cartier Field. The Varsity should win this game, although Olivet always sends a scrappy team to Notre Dame. The chief interest in to-day's game lies in the fact that it gives the only real opportunity to get a line on the Varsity before the opening of the most important series of games of the season. Next Wednesday Wisconsin comes to Notre Dame for two games; as soon as the Badgers have been disposed of, Harper will lead his ball tossers to Champaign where Notre Dame will cross bats with Illinois for the first time in several years. After playing two games with Illinois on Friday and Saturday the Varsity will come home for a day's rest before the annual Michigan game which will be played on Cartier Field on Monday, April 17th.

Both the make-up and the strength of the Varsity nine are problematical. Only a remnant of last year's team remains, and with Captain Sheehan and Lathrop ineligible for Conference games, the men who will meet Wisconsin and Illinois will be sadly lacking in experience. Every candidate who showed the slightest promise has been given a chance and a number of good ball players have been discovered. Whether or not these men can show sufficient team-play and coolness to win from the strongest college nines in the West remains to be seen. Illinois and Michigan will have the advantage of Southern training trips, and local fans should be satisfied with any reasonable showing against the Illini and the Wolverines.

Coach Harper gave out the first batch of new uniforms on Wednesday and it is now possible to make at least a fair guess as to the make-up of the team. "Chief" Meyers, Tom Spalding, "Louie" Wolf, "Jake" Kline and "Chubby"

Corcoran are all wearing Varsity "rags" and they will undoubtedly make up the infield. Meyers will play first. He is built for the position and looks fully as good on the initial sack as he looked at shortstop two years ago. Of course he will have to show real class to fill the shoes of "Rupe" Mills. Spalding, the new second baseman, played short for Brownson and was considered the best man in interhall. He has not adapted himself to his new position as swiftly as might have been hoped, but he is a Southerner and should improve with warmer weather. Wolf has been nursing a sore arm, but unless it is in bad shape he will start the season at short. Like his predecessor, Bergman, Wolf is small and fast. He is a clean fielder and a brainy player who should make good easily. Kline will be at his old position, third. "Jake" has been showing a notable improvement over his playing of last year and that means that he is going to do more than his share to win every game.

Lathrop and Elward should win their positions in the outfield with little difficulty. Both are fast, sure fielders, good hitters and fast base-runners. The other outfield position is still "anybody's job." Mooney who played in several games last year is easily the best fielder among the various candidates. "Jerry" Jones and "Gilly" Ward are both being closely watched by the Coach in the hope that one or both of them will develop into a slugger of ability. The Coach has also been working Mottz in the outfield, and if Keenan makes good behind the bat "Pete" may become a regular outfielder. The man who hits is the man who will win the outfield berth.

"Joe" Keenan in wearing one of the new suits which indicates that he is to see active service behind the bat. He is now the favorite candidate for first catcher and if he wins the job he will be the smallest receiver that Notre Dame has had in years. Keenan is fast and he has shown flashes of real class. It is certain that we will not have a catcher who is in a class with Gray and Kenny, but we should compare our men with other college catchers and not with big leaguers." Keenan, Mottz and Andrews are all as good as the average college catcher.

Our strongest hope for a successful season lies in the pitching staff. Capt. Sheehan is showing better now than at any time since 1914 when he shared the season's pitching honors with "Moke" Kelly. Charlie looks fit to stage a sensational

"come-back" this year. Slim Walsh, who was our strongest twirler last year, has been working faithfully and he looks better right now than he did at the close of last season. With good support and some hitting by his team-mates Walsh is sure to be a consistent winner. Dorwin who did excellent work in a number of games last year is a pitcher who has curves, control and brains. He will have to be considered in the selection of the staff. Of the new pitchers, Edgren is easily the best. "Swede" is a South Bender. We heard last year that he was destined for the big leagues and we believe it now. Edgren's delivery is deceptive, his speed is terrific and he knows how to pitch. Murphy, another Sophomore, is showing up well. He is a fast breaking curve that is fooling the batters in practice and he will undoubtedly receive a trial in the early games.

The greatest weakness of the team is in hitting. Up to the present time the men have all failed to hit the ball. We hope that this deficiency is due to the strength of our pitchers rather than the weakness of our batters. If this proves the case the Varsity should win a majority of its games.

Spring Football.

Under the coaching of Knute Rockne, Capt. Cofall, and ex-Captain Freeman Fitzgerald, the Varsity football men have been having a spring practice to give the candidates for next year's team a general idea of the plays to be used and also to give the Freshmen some pointers on how the game is played.

There have been four full teams at work daily, and the practice so far has included blocking, tackling the dummy, dummy scrimmage, signal drills, and also practice in kicking, forward passing and dodging for the backfield men. All of last year's team has been out and most of the Freshmen have reported. The older men are helping the youngsters with the rudiments of the game and next year's prospects look very bright especially in the backfield. Philbin, the giant Freshman tackle, has been working at one of the backfield positions, and along with Miller, McDermot and Captain Fitzpatrick of the 1919 team is causing next year's stock to rise considerably. Berkey and Morales also look pretty well at the end positions, and several other Freshmen show signs of real ability.

Safety Valve.

THE D—BATER:



He's on his mark, his neighbor's nearly through,
He's saying, "Gee, what won't I do to you!"
In his intense excitement now he fails
To know that he is sitting on the tails
Of that dress suit he borrowed from a pal.
There is a titter, even his own gal
Who came to hear him argue, somehow knows
That he is wearing some one else's clothes.



He rises and his left hand cleaves the air,
But with his right he quickly grasps a chair,
For suddenly his knees begin to bump,
And underneath his vest there is a thump.
What he is saying no one really knows
But all are sure he's wearing rented clothes.



Now he is giving reasons one, two, three,
None ever spoke more forcibly than he.
He quotes from learned authors on each case
While a deep frown is brooding on his face.
His audience is nearly in a trance—
They're wondering who let him take the "pants."



He throws his arms out saying "What's to do?
Have I not proved conclusively to you
That my opponent never had a brain;
He can't distinguish apple-sauce from rain."
The people rather like him for his grit
But everybody knows his cuffs don't fit.



And now he shouts "Most honorable judges."
He bows to them, but not one of 'em budges,
I guess they must be sleeping peacefully
But he roars on and grows more fiery.

The audience is taking mental note
Of all the unused space left in his coat



And now he pleads "O save the Ship of State,
Abandon not that vessel to its fate,
Think of the submarines that loudly bark
Like serpents shooting people in the dark."
No one will contradict these solid views
But all agree he wears his father's shoes.



He puts one hand behind him, for he knows
That ladies always like this clever pose.
And slowly lifting up the other arm
He cries: "My country shall not suffer harm."
But all the people wonder why he fails
To find the hidden pocket in the tails
Of his great coat. Their wonder simply shows
They want the orator to blow his nose.



And now both arms proclaim "O life is sweet!"
But folks can see his "pants" and vest don't meet,
For they behold a white streak in between
They see his pink suspenders and I ween
They're saying to themselves both one and all,
"The man who owns that dress suit can't be tall."



And in conclusion now, our swell debater
Stands by the table looking like a waiter.
He's made a dandy speech, he's won the day
But where, folks wonder, did he leave his tray?

And if to-morrow you should chance to meet
This learned audience upon the street
And ask them what our swell debater said
They'd look at you and say "His hair was red."
If you should press them further and should say
"What of his logic, was it clear as day?"
They'd stare at you and give you this retort,
"His coat was much too long, his "pants" too short.
And if you should insist that you must know
How arguments from point to point did grow,
All unconcerned these gentle folk would sit
And say, "His tie's the only thing that fit."