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The Church Island.

HOW often memory recalls
The gentle lough of shimmering blue,
The island and its ruined church,
And abbey walls in ruins too.

How oft at eve my eyes were turned,
Where all the Westland was afire,
To see the old Church Island rise,
And watch the gold on the ruined spire.

How oft I dreamt of ages flown,
When holy voices chanted there,
Re-echoing through ivied walls,
The solemn tones of vesper prayer.

No more within those abbey walls
The grey monks worship in the choir;
The feathered songster now is there
And worships with his living lyre.

B. M.

What Does the Future Hold for the Movies?

BY HARRY E. SCOTT.

MUCH has been written about the movies. Most of it is very entertaining reading, but of little practical value. There has been much comparing of the photo-drama and the legitimate stage, and much asking of the question: Can the photo-play replace the spoken drama in this country? The answers to this question have been given mostly by persons prejudiced for either the one or the other. Some shut their eyes to the good in the movies, seeing only the bad, while others parade the vices of the stage before a gullible audience, forgetting the drama's virtues. We have studied impartially—or have attempted to, at any rate—the movies of the past and present; we have considered the virtues as well as the vices of the screen, and have tried to foresee the future of the photo-drama, guided all the while by past and present experiences.

To-day the movies have risen to a place in American life where they can no longer be dismissed with the thought: "Oh, they are still in their infancy. Let us wait and see what becomes of them." To-day there are thousands of moving picture houses in this country—almost nine hundred in New York City alone—that are playing to millions of people daily. No! The movies are no longer an infant. To-day they must be considered seriously as an important factor in the pleasure and education of our country. In the beginning—which is not so very many years ago—people were content to see two reels of senseless chase and one reel of meaningless action. The novelty of seeing people in action was enough to satisfy the public's idea of amusement. As that novelty wore off, innovations were created; and as the novelty of these wore off, other things were found to take their places. Gradually the public began to demand somewhat better plots, settings and photography. This was given them to a degree, and the number of moving picture theatres in this country increased by the hundreds. They sprang up everywhere like mushrooms over night.

Public fancy changes. Something new is what the people want. The needlessly large number of producing companies that were then in existence were consolidated, and this new combine proceeded to give the public what it wanted. It increased the length of films from two to three, four and five reels. It sought better actors, for in the beginning the players were of the cheapest class—excepting of course a very small per cent. But still the business of producing pictures was poorly done. Then, the entrance of such men as William Brady, Oliver Morosco, Jessy Lasky and Adolph Zukor into the field helped to remove the old almost "gaudy" methods of producing. These men brought with them many "high"

ideals from the spoken drama. They revolutionized the business, giving better and more accurate settings, more finished acting, and a stricter regard for something like a technic.

All this was done at an expense which was four times greater than the business had ever known. It was done to hold the public and not to increase the crowds. Indeed, the attendance has not increased with the coming of more expensive methods of production. Nevertheless, the movies were brought to their present standing, which, although higher than before, is still technically and ethically low. The future of the movies depends greatly on the hold that the business has on the theatre-going public. The producers have gone money-mad in true American style and have dished out everything that will get the dimes. These pictures, in which the sex problem has been dragged in by the heels, even though the plot did not call for it, have been and still are a paying proposition. But will the public continue to want such things? A few years ago the same situation occurred on the American stage, but the "craze" for the sex play was short-lived. Thrills, also, have made the photo-play popular, but will there not come a time when the movie public will want more than physical thrills? Past experience answers back: yes!

One can not think of the future of moving pictures without thinking of the spoken drama. The two are for the same purpose, for the pleasure and the education of the same people, and their interests are so bound together that the future of one will of necessity affect the future of the other. It is true that the movies are playing to a large per cent of the population of this country day after day. They are entertaining their large audience, or else their popularity would be on the decline. However, despite the phenomenally large daily attendance of the movies, the profession of the spoken drama has not suffered. It is true that the poor shows have been hurt by the moving pictures, but experience and statistics prove that good plays have not been affected. This theatrical season has been one of the best in many years. In January, one of the poorest months in the theatrical year, four theatres in the city of New York—in a radius of as many blocks—garnered $123,000 in one week. Experience, Young America, Chin Chin, and a host of other good plays are setting records for successive runs in the cities of Chicago and New York. Ben Hur, after fifteen years of continued success, is now playing to capacity houses on the road. No, the movies have not hurt the legitimate stage. They have probably helped the spoken drama in that they have made the standards of perfection higher.

As for the answer to the much-mooted question: Can the movies replace the spoken drama in this country? there seems to me to be only one answer. It is an answer neither negative nor positive in its nature. There is a place for both of them in the theatrical life of America.

The movies have the advantage of natural scenery. Directors are realizing this more every day and are using the beauties in nature to better advantage; but the fact remains that human emotions can never be reproduced as well on the screen as they can in the flesh. The close-ups, the fade-aways, and all other innovations of the screen must always appear unnatural and unimpressive. Spoken words alone can convey emotions to many people and impress them to the highest degree.

Many who are prejudiced in favor of the movies have declared several times in the past few years, when camera-drama was advancing with long strides, that the time was soon to come when the picture-drama would replace the spoken drama. Many stars were lured from the stage by the call of the screen—and also by the call of the dollars. The divine Sarah Bernhardt, Clara Kimble Young, Elsie Janis, Marguerite Clark and other feminine charmers of the footlights; William Courtleigh, Jr., E. H. Southern, Dustin Farnum, Willie Collier, Forbes Robertson, and other masculine stars, have all sought the popularity of the camera. But many of these stars are now returning to the stage as soon as they can find suitable openings. "I am going back to the legitimate stage just as soon as I can find a play that suits me," said Marguerite Clark, one of the most successful of these new film stars. She complains of the movies, saying that producers do not attempt to find roles suitable to the players. Others of the stars that are returning to the fold of the legitimate drama assert that the "movie fans" are too fickle.

Likewise, a year ago several theatres in New York that were playing legitimate drama, theatres wherein the memory of Booth and Barrett still clung, were turned into moving picture emporiums. Those prejudiced in favor

of the movies set up the cry that the photo-play was replacing the spoken drama. Not long ago the Criterion, one of the first houses to go over to this field of amusement, returned to the field of the legitimate drama, and many others have followed this example.

No, the movies are not and can never replace the spoken play; but there is room for both. And it is not a case of the drama being compelled to compete with the movies. Rather, it is a case where the movies will have to compete with the drama. In order they may hold their place in the public eye the camera-drama must adhere to higher principles of ethics; it must develop more accurate technic: it must give us better plots, better acting and honesty in the business of producing—above all honesty.

The Shot that Shattered.

BY KENNETH BOYLAN.

In the study two men stood facing each other. The rest of the house was deserted and quiet; the dim glow of lamps seemed like twilight after the full brilliance of the evening. The men's words were friendly and their manner cordial, but that was only because courtesy demands that enemies be civil. Morton and Collins were far from civil on the Exchange; and to-morrow one of them would be ruined. Now they stood, studying each other's faces like two poker players.

"Very well, then, Morton, I'll expect you at two. I've a little matter to talk over with you."

With elaborate cordiality they said "Good-night"; and Morton, with a smile on his face, hurried out of the house, nodding pleasantly to Collins' chauffeur. Soon he glided down the drive and was lost in the traffic of the Avenue.

Morton guided his car into the darkness of the deserted park, and slipped cautiously through the bushes. In a minute or so, he was at Collins' study window, hidden by a heavy screen of vines. The sashes were open and the curtains parted. Morton saw his enemy still standing in the middle of the brilliantly-lighted room, smiling with the self-satisfied air of the man who knows that to-morrow is to be a great day for him.

"Suppose he's thinking of to-morrow's killing. Well, he'll never play his game again." Morton's smile was gone now and in his hand was the toy revolver that had won him first place at the shoot two days before.

He shot, saw the quick, spasmodic jerk of Collins' body; and, as he ran through the yard, the sound of falling glass came to him. He drove directly home, taking care not to hurry noticeably.

With cool, business-like celerity, he went to his room and sank into a deep chair with a sigh of relief. At last he was free from worry about the future. It would surely take more than two days to straighten out Collins' affairs; and by that time Morton could meet that note.

Of course, it was a dangerous thing to murder a man in cold blood, but the alibi was complete. Jenkins had stood at the door as the car went down the drive; the chauffeur had seen the car swing onto the Avenue just a moment before the shot had been fired. He had made up the few moments by driving a trifle fast. The bullet was a common twenty-two. He had left no traces behind. No, it was not possible that suspicion could fall upon him.

He picked up a book to further compose his mind. He read, complimenting himself the while on his splendid nerve. He had always thought that a murderer could have no peace of mind. Recollections of horrible psychological tales came to his mind. With a conceited smile for the foolish novelists, he turned to his bed.

In the darkness of the room he felt secure—no one could harm him now. Perhaps the ghost of Collins would come to haunt his sleep. How could that happen when there aren't any ghosts? Still people claimed that it does happen. But it couldn't happen to a man of fearless temperament like Morton.

He closed his eyes, but still he saw the vision of Collins' dead body. The sight caused him no remorse, no fear: he was glad that he had murdered the "poor devil." To-morrow—

But then a low, mysterious noise came to his ears; it was something like a long sigh—the sort of a sigh that an unconscious man makes. No, that wasn't a real noise, it was no longer in the air. Perhaps it would be better to steady one's nerves with a glass or two of whiskey.

Turning on the light, he saw the curtains at his window moving slightly in the breeze—that was the cause of the noise. He took another glass to the memory of Collins and jumped into bed.

Scared by a curtain! Well he wasn't so brave

after all. Maybe, though, it wasn't a curtain noise. He knew it was; but a small still voice kept suggesting that it wasn't. If Collins should come back! But what would happen if he did? There was that noise again! It was not the curtain this time—it was Something else. Beyond the window—standing in mid-air—was a great white shape that sighed and seemed to be in a perpetual death-stagger. He closed his eyes; but still the sound continued. He turned the light-switch and sat in a chair, trying to read. His eyes kept wandering from the page, watching the window. The Thing was gone now; there was nothing but shapeless, forbidding darkness beyond the window. What else there was he could not trust himself to think. Perhaps Collins had come to seek revenge.

He lit a cigarette and smoked, but in the smoke saw only the smoke from his revolver. The fire in the grate crackled like shots. He laughed, but in his hoarse throat he made only a faint choking noise such as Collins must have made when he fell.

Finally when the warmth of sunshine came streaming through the windows, the spell was over; and Morton fell into a deep sleep. Worn out by the strain, he slept until very late. Leaving his breakfast unnoticed, he glanced impatiently through the papers, but found no account of the tragedy. Perhaps it was better, that for the present at least the thing were not published—it would give him time to compose himself. Not of course that he expected to be subjected to inquiry; but because—well he might be called in as one of Collins' intimate acquaintances.

His nerve was back again—not even the sight of that revolver on his desk bothered him. He picked it up and took all the cartridges out of it as a further precaution. When he stepped into his car, he thought of the whole matter as a closed incident; it was over and he was glad of it. If only Collins' ghost—or nerves or whatever it was—would cease those nocturnal visits!

He drove to his office and found that, by a lucky turn of the market, he was back in wealth again. That meant that Collins could not "get" him now. If he had only known last night that U. S. Steel would go up! But Collins was better off dead; he would never trouble anyone now.

Promptly at two he went to Collins' office; and was told that Mr. Collins would see him in a moment. With a mighty effort Morton kept from showing his astonishment and went into the office, wondering just what to expect. There sat Collins in his usual place, apparently as well and happy as ever. He greeted Morton warmly and asked him to grant the favor of a heart-to-heart talk.

"You know I was astonished at you last night, Morton. I thought I knew you in all your moods, but that one was a great disappointment. You've got to cut this out. Losses on the market don't excuse such behavior. You've changed an awful lot for the worst in the last few weeks. If you hadn't been so shamefully drunk last night, I would have talked to you then. If I had, perhaps you would not have fired that shot. You know, sometimes I think you get crazy when you drink."

"Who fired what shot? I don't know anything about it."

"You poor idiot! I suppose you took a lot of drunken precautions; but you forgot that anyone can follow a man by his footsteps. You must get less distinctive shoes and tires. That queer tread could be followed anywhere. Whatever possessed you to shoot, anyhow?"

"I had the crazy idea that you were trying to ruin me on the Exchange; but I've made a big clean-up on Steel already."

Collins leaned back and laughed heartily. "You were drunk—you, the best shot in the club, missing by twelve feet!"

"But I saw you stagger and I'm sure I hit you."

"Do you really want to know what you did? You broke that big mirror into a thousand pieces. Lordy! But this is good!"

"You'd never think so if you had spent the night I did. I've reformed. No more murders for mine."

Who?

Where lies the cause of all this strife;
What heart is burdened with the blame
Of all this toll of human life,
And started who this gory game
Of butchery?

Unanswered all these queries be,
Unknown the crown that guilt hath stained;
Yet sure the Mighty Judge shall see
The culprits who have thus profaned
So wantonly. *J. Reuss.*

A Detective's Adventure.

BY WILLIAM C. HAVEY.

It was a dark, threatening, uneventful day, thought Wilbur Smithson, expert botanist and skilled detective, as he trudged laboriously up the muddy road to the cheerless inn a few miles away, with his botanical implements slung over his back in a bag and his analytical mind trying to solve the Davidson murder case by turning over the facts again and again to arrive at some clue however faint. He was aroused from his reverie by the steady and increasing noise of an automobile motor which was advancing very swiftly toward him. As it came nearer he observed that it was a powerful, low underslug and that its only occupant was a wild-looking, hatless individual who handled the car with reckless ease. Smithson stepped out of the road to allow the car to pass, but to his surprise the motor was suddenly shut off and brakes were applied so quickly that the heavy machine was brought to a stop a few yards ahead of him.

"Climb in, they are after me. You will aid me, monsieur," cried the driver excitedly. Evidently he was terribly agitated, his hands shook, and his whole body trembled with internal emotions. His face was broken out with small, ugly pimples, caused either from riotous living or disease.

Smithson, his detective faculties aroused by the man's strange actions, and the prospect of a mystery and adventure, took his seat beside the driver without saying a word. The queer one was apparently satisfied, and after a few furtive backward glances started the machine and was soon going along at a merry clip. Smithson was puzzled. This man was certainly not a criminal. His young, eager, disfigured face was surely not that of a crook or a murderer. No, there was some mystery attached to him. After bowling along at an easy rate for about half an hour without one word being exchanged between them, a loud report was heard and the driver, applying the brakes as soon as he could, swore elegantly in French for quite a while, while he viewed with extreme disgust one of the rear tires which was hopelessly punctured. After vainly endeavoring to repair it, Smithson lending what awkward assistance he could, a distant put-put of a motor was heard, which, as it grew more distinct made the Frenchman frantic. Soon a heavy, rakish touring car came into view advancing at a terrific rate of speed.

"There they come, there they come!" wailed the hysterical motorist. "They will take me. But come, monsieur, we will lead them a merry chase until the rim gives out."

With that, he started the motor again, and soon had the speedometer needle hovering nervously about the 55 mark. It was evident however that he could not run the car at such a high speed with a flattened tire without great risk both to himself and his companion. He was desperate, however, and kept up the high speed until the fast weakening rim caused the car to lurch violently each time it hit a rut in the uneven road. Seeing that it was useless, even dangerous, to go on, the Frenchman applied the brakes and soon brought the car to a stop. He gazed backward, and saw that the touring car was less than a quarter of a mile away and that a further attempt to escape would be useless. As the big black car stopped, two bulky figures leaped out and ran swiftly toward Smithson and his companion who were sitting on the mudguard of the useless roadster. To the detective's surprise the Frenchman had become quite gay and talkative since he saw that he was not able to get away, and seemed not to notice the touring car's occupants.

"Come on, Jean, you've had enough excitement for to-day. Climb in and we'll ride you back."

Jean grinned, and advancing toward the car, climbed in, and seated himself with a sigh of contentment amidst the soft, luxurious cushions of the tonneau. Smithson was amazed and regarded his late excited associate with a perplexed and quizzical frown. He was awakened from his reflections by the gruff voice of the late speaker. "You better come back with us too, Mr.——ah—"

"But why? Please explain."

"Why don't you know? Well that fellow you've been riding with for the last half hour is Jean de Musset, the fellow who went insane shortly after the gruelling Wentworth sweepstakes. He tries a little stunt like this about twice a month. Extremely rational the rest of the time. However, the poor fellow contracted smallpox a few days ago and broke away from the hospital guard this morning and has led us a merry chase since. So come on, the quarantine camp for yours."

Livy the Orator.

BY GEORGE SCHUSTER.

When we speak of the great historians of Greece, Thucydides and Herodotus are linked inseparably and equally. The latter told in charming, poetic phrase the story of his nation's youth, the former depicted the acme of her glory in Demosthenic prose. To the student of Roman history, however, there is given but one great name—Titus Livius. No matter how admirable the accuracy of Arrian, the terseness of Sallust, the strength and satire of Tacitus, Livy stands alone—the greatest historian of the greatest nation of antiquity. Embodying the charm of Herodotus—which quality in Livy the great Quintillian has named "lactea ubertas"—he equals Thucydides in the foremost of that author's virtues, the gift of golden eloquence. Indeed there is no phase of the Patavian annalist's genius more fascinating and instructive than this oratorical quality; for there is nothing better in Cicero than some of these speeches put into the mouths of characters who left no record of their words. For Livy is a born orator and a great one.

In Livy primarily are gathered three qualities that make for eloquence of a rare kind. Exquisite skill of disposition, power of vivid description and characterization, and the grand, swift-moving periodic sentence-structure are everywhere present. Nowhere can this be seen to better advantage than in the first book, where the dry records of the primitive annalists gave meagre hope for ornate and literary composition. Take for instance the scene of the rape of Lucretia. Observe how terse, how swift, how extraordinarily essential are the details selected. Tarquin enters the chamber, expresses his bold and lecherous threat: Lucretia remonstrates, the deed is done, the husband and relatives are sent for, and the wife plunges the dagger into her heart. "Conclamat vir paterque." Then it is that Brutus cries out in that fiery, wonderfully eloquent sentence: "By this most chaste of blood in the presence of this queenly desecration, I swear and call you and the gods to witness, that I will follow L. Tarquin the Proud, his loathsome wife, and his entire family with fire, with sword, with any power that I may have, and that there shall be no other king in Rome." The entire chapter is rarely powerful and beautiful. It recalls Cicero's treatment of Cataline's conspiracy in the first oration; Webster's world-famed "Speech on the trial of White," and the great Demosthenes' lines: Ὁπέρα γεὰς ἦν. It is the superb exposition and treatment of a master orator. Well indeed does Quintillian proclaim him, "in contionibus supra quam ennarari potest eloquentem."

From this it is but a step to the consideration of his great speeches. Let us take as examples Hannibal's address to his troops beneath the Alpine peaks, and those by both leaders before the battle of Trebia. Here are splendid opportunities indeed, but, none the less, woful chances to exaggerate and employ bombast. Consider first, now, the speech to the soldiers in chapter 30, book 21. The cavalry has been defeated. The troopers see the dense masses of Alpine snow and rock, and are afraid. But in the stern mind of the great Carthaginian there is only the word "forward," and he intends that it shall be the battle-cry of a unified and enthusiastic army. He steps forth to address them, parleying at first by saying that it is a natural fact that fear should come even to the most intrepid hearts. "We all," he declares, "have battled our way through Spain; we have reduced Saguntum in the fiercest of conflicts; we have crossed the icy Pyrenees and fought back the great savage hordes, and swum the turbulence of the Rhone. Do we, in whose hearts there is insatiable hate for Rome and her minions, quail before a last danger? Do we fear to undertake what the inhabitants of this region regard an ordinary adventure, what the Gauls achieve with a smile? It cannot be. We shall march on into Italy and humble this enemy; we shall loot that city whose haughty towers lie just across the Rhone." A wild tumult of applause greets this magnificent appeal. How could it be otherwise? Livy indeed did not know or hear the words which Hannibal addressed to his troops. He merely adjudicated the effects and let his imagination construct the cause. Surely these fiery words must have been those the great leader spoke. In them there is every passion, every sentiment, every argument likely to appeal to the daring and rough soldiery of Carthage. How skillfully are statement, question and suggestion allied! How marvellously correct are the positions of the words, the succession of periodic climaxes reaching up to that all-powerful peroration which swept the men off their feet.

Most wonderful of all is the restraint exercised, the abstinence from over-keen desire to sway the passions.

Let us now take up the other great speeches of the twenty-first book, that of Scipio and that of Hannibal. Scipio is reported to speak first. It is a great moment. Rome or Carthage may arise triumphant from the impending struggle. Scipio appeals to the Roman patriotism and the Roman religious instinct and the Roman courage to banish the enemy forever from Italy. Necessarily his introduction is dignified and rather cool. The troops are new to him who has again and again led a veteran army to victory in Spain. He therefore bids them recall the nature of the enemy whom necessity is driving into battle: men who are mere effigies, shadows, left in the wake of hunger, cold, disease and hardship. This battle will make it evident that the Alps have conquered Hannibal. Let us all remind ourselves that this enemy laid down its arms time and time again before the triumphant Roman eagle; that these perfidious invaders violated the sacred treaty of Saguntum and are hated by the gods. "Everyone of us," he solemnly declares, "is fighting not for Sicily or Sardinia, but for Italy, for the Roman city and people. This hostile army stands alone. We must fight as if it stood under the very walls of Rome. As is our fortitude and power to-day, so will the future of the Roman Empire be." Surely this is a noble address, full of the dignity of the Roman name, eager for the defense of country and home. It is the patriot speaking in clear, earnest tones which will be greeted by the enthusiastic shouts of a multitude that knows what it means to be a Roman.

On the other side stands Hannibal. After years of patient toil and nights of yearning and planning, after months of superhuman privation, after the sacrifice of thousands of men and hoards of treasure, not taking consideration of his own health, the everlasting vengeance he swore to his father when a tiny lad, is on the verge of seeing completion. He stands in front of his battle-scarred veterans and admonishes them anew to combat with all their might and main. Drawing his exordium from the games of certain captives, he reminds his men that necessity hems them in with gigantic chains. The sea and the Alps enclose them. Here, wherever they first meet the enemy, they must conquer or die. Surely the stakes are stupendous. Their fathers were content to battle for Sicily and Sardinia, but they will battle with the masters of those countries. The booty is incalculable, the gods are favorable, it is a fit time to reap the rewards of the terrible march hither. Indeed the struggle will be easy, for what's in the Roman name after all? "For twenty years," he proclaims, "I have led you from the pillars of Hercules, from the ends of the earth and the sea, through divers savage peoples, to this place. The consul does not know his men. But, ah! I have been well-nigh born, certainly reared in the camp with you. And this is no small thing. Wherever I place my eyes, I behold courage and strength, the neighing of fiery steeds, the tried valor of my soldiery, the bravery and good-will of my allies. Remember, we cannot escape if we do not win. We therefore must choose rather to die than to flee. If you remember this, if you fix it in your souls, we will win." Surely this is an effort of eloquence as admirable as it is inspired. Had Hannibal spoken words of living fire to the troops he led, he could not have surpassed these words attributed to him by the historian of his foe.

These examples must suffice to show the innate eloquence of Livy—an eloquence that did not indeed make itself heard in the forum or on the rostrum, but relied upon the written word to make itself live in the mouth of a character. It is eloquence of an exalted kind, not living lowly in the grime and filth of a corrupt political body, but rising to the heights of nobility and eternity in an effort to revivify the glorious moments of the past. History is essentially right when it is written in this fashion, because, although the exact words uttered can never be retraced, the spirit of nobility and glory and everlasting truth are handed down correctly and splendidly.

To Arms!

Fight and the world's your debtor,
Flinch and you're on the shelf;
But we have a "hunch"
That you're there with a punch,
So don't make a fool of yourself.

Fight when the future burns brightly
Fight when it's black as sin;
No battle is won
By the cowards who run,—
"So stick to your guns and win!" *R. Cullen.*

Spring Memories.

These woodland paths are still the same;
The same old trees still guard the way,
And sift the moonlight through a frame
Of dancing leaves and boughs that play
A soft and low spring music as they sway.

Ah yes, these paths still wind their way
Past wooded slope and mountain stream
The same as when, with hearts so gay,
We trod them o'er, with love the theme
Of our discourse, o'er all our thoughts supreme.

But now, I walk these paths alone;
Alone with thoughts of days gone by;
I listen as the trees intone
Their whispered melody; I sigh
And long for you in glorious bliss on High.

William Robinson.

With the Dawn.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

Sir Henry Wickersham sat before the study fire of his home on the outskirts of London. The coals in the open grate sputtered cheerfully, but their pleasing warmth received no response from the chilled blood that ran within the sick man's veins. He glanced, for an instant, toward the leaded panes of his study window and could see that a sudden March snowstorm was fast whitening the streets, and that the night was rapidly descending. He again shifted his eyes to the fire and, drawing his lounging robe tighter about him, he shivered. His nurse approached his chair and rearranged the cushions at his back.

"Is there nothing you will eat, Sir Henry?" she inquired solicitously.

A wan smile flitted across the rugged old face of the sick man. It began at the corners of the perfect mouth, ascended slowly over the yellow cheeks and patrician nose, and disappeared in the thin gray hair that topped his well-formed head.

"Nothing, thank you, Miss Forbes." The voice was kindly, though weak.

"Cook has the finest assortment below, too," resumed the nurse in a coaxing tone. "There's a turkey, stuffed and cooked to a turn, which she has just taken from the oven, and some fine broth, boiling hot. She ordered me to tell you while she kept an eye on her cakes and pies in the oven. She has been telling me, proudly, how she has cooked for you and Mr. Richard since you were a young man and he was a baby. Every time she opened the oven door she cried because he will not be here to eat his accustomed birthday cake."

The face of the sick man became softer still, and there was a quake in his voice as he replied simply:

"Caroline is good! There is no one but the two of us to grieve over my brothers' absence to-day; and to-morrow his birthday! It has always been the big day in our lives since Mother died, leaving him, a child of three, to the care of Caroline and me. Good reason she has to cry to-night. In twenty years she has never missed his cheery face at his birthday spread here. No matter where his regiment happened to be stationed, Dick always made it a point to have his furlough in March and to be with me on that day. I have sat here by the fire, often, on this day and heard a stealthy step on the stairs without"—the old man motioned toward the closed door that led into the hallway—"and jumped up, in joy, to meet him and ring his hand as he sprang through that same door. He always came the day before his birthday, which is to-morrow. If he were coming at all he would have been here many hours ago. Still, I can't give up hope and Cook has his good things ready for him. On this day last year"—here Sir Henry leaned forward in his chair and smiled, and the years seemed for the instant to fall from his shoulders as he joyfully continued—"I had given up all hope of seeing him and was pacing to and fro in this same room (that was before I became sick). Caroline, below, was cooking the meal and weeping alternately. Suddenly I heard the street door softly open and close, then the betraying clank of a sabre on the brass stair-rods. Then came the old familiar yell in the hall without and I rose to greet Dick, with the mud and accoutrements of Belgian battle-fields still upon him. For ten years he has kept the promise he made me the day he sailed away on his first campaign—that no matter where he was he would spend the day of days here with me. This is the first birthday that we have ever been separated and"—here the unusual exertion caused the speaker to cough violently—"I am afraid it will be the last."

The nurse again smoothed out the disordered pillows and spoke soothingly.

"Surely, Sir Henry, if he has never failed you for so long, if he could leave his post at a critical time last year, he will not disappoint you when you are so sick. Come! we'll sit here and listen for him together." Sir Henry smiled sadly.

"You do not understand," he replied. "Last August his regiment was ordered to Serbia—No, Dick will not come to-night, although I can't give him up yet, no matter how hard I try. We have spent his birthday together for the last time." A tear stole from somewhere in the sad gray eyes and rolled down the yellow cheek.

For several minutes there was a dead silence in the room as the nurse and the sick man stared dejectedly at the bright coals and listened to their cheerful crackling. Without, the wind howled dismally through the streets and the snow swished against the window-panes. A coal suddenly fell in the grate, and the spell was broken.

"It is high time you were in bed, Sir Henry," cried the nurse, arousing herself quickly.

"No, I will see the night out. There is a terrible snowstorm. Who knows but what it has blocked all train service?" I will not give Dick up yet. Go to bed, Miss Forbes; Caroline has already gone, for there is no sound below. It is nearly twelve o'clock! I will wait for the dawn in my chair, for I can't possibly sleep. Do go to bed!"

"No, if you sit up; so shall I. I will try to snatch a little sleep here in the chair. If you need anything, call me. I am a light sleeper."

The patient nodded assent. The nurse sank into the inviting depths of a nearby armchair and in a few minutes was fast alseep.

The night dragged on to that period just before the dawn that seems so intensely quiet, cold and dark. Without, the wind still howled in intermittent gusts, but the deep, regular breathing of the nurse was the only human sound that broke the stillness of the great, gloomy house. The snow still plashed against the window-panes. The stairs creaked as if with the feet that once ascended them and would ascend them no more. The old man still sat and gazed into the fire, while the flickering coals cast their shadows on the walls of the old study, brightening the room with occasional bursts of light and revealing the portrait of the absent soldier lad which hung on the chimney breast. The many-handed, ancient clock on the mantelpiece struck three, and pointed to March 10th, 1916.

The fire burnt low and the nurse slept on, but the sick man's eyes were wide open. Dawn was at hand, but no sound broke the stillness.

Suddenly the street door softly opened and shut. The old man smiled. The nurse awoke with a start and spoke:

"Did you call, Sir Henry?"

No answer. The eyes of the sick man were on the alert; an expectant smile was on his face. He rose, tremblingly, from his chair and faced the closed hall door. Outside in the hallway the stairs resounded as something metallic rattled upon the brass carpet-rods on the stairway. The nurse, forgetting the sick man for the moment, ran to the door to open it. Before her hand touched the knob the door flew open. A cold gust of air, laden with sulphurous powder fumes struck her face and caused her to reel dizzily. From behind her came a glad cry of welcome, then the sickening thud of a body falling to the floor. She turned, to see Sir Henry Wickersham lying, face downward, on the floor. With a quick, terrified cry, she ran to the fallen man and kneeling beside him, raised his head from the floor. It sagged, limply, in her arms and the gray eyes of the dead man stared fixedly at her.

The next morning the newspapers printed the following casualty report of the British forces in Serbia:

"We regret to report that, at dawn on the morning of March 10th, one of our first line trenches, having been undermined, was blown up. One hundred and thirty men, along with their commanding officers, were either killed outright or smothered in the falling debris. The commander of the trench, Captain Richard Wickersham, managed to crawl from the ruined position, but was smothered by the sulphurous fumes that followed the explosion."

To Spring.

Sweet unprotesting Spring, Thy gentle name
Is oft the first, more oft the last resort
To which we petty voices of the Muse
In night-wrapped desperation find recourse!
But since, in thine own rarest beauty, Thou
Art known and loved of men; oh Thou bedecked
In every hue; and having for Thy voice
The blended note of birds, and boastful brooks
Of myriad mystic murmurings; I protest
That finer reverence more becomes the name
Of Spring, than most of us deem fit to show.

John J. Sullivan.

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The Rift in the Empire.

—The actual extent and significance of the Sinn Fein outbreak in Dublin, is best known perhaps by the British themselves. Whether it will be nipped in incipiency, or whether, as we have been repeatedly assured by anti-English publications, two hundred thousand men will spring to arms and battle to the last man, champions of a forlorn hope, a few days or weeks will determine. But that the demonstration, like the abortive Boer uprising, clearly denotes a rift in the Empire, no one with any knowledge of the facts, will attempt to gainsay. India will hear about it next week. Germany will see to that. And the report, traveling with uncanny speed through India's seething millions, may make history. India was quiet, say the British, when the ill-fated Boer revolt took place earlier in the war. They may assure us that India will continue quiet, although informed by German agents that all Ireland is in arms, and driving the British troops into the sea. But India has thought much, with its queer Oriental deliberation, since then. It has seen the supposedly invincible British troops fought to a standstill in the Euphrates Valley, in the Dardanelles and in France. It has been manifest for months past that German agents and native revolutionists have been fanning the flame of hatred that glows in the heart of the Indian multitudes. The Empire has developed another rift, far more menacing than the Boer or Irish troubles, more sinister than all other colonial difficulties combined. Whether the same consummate cleverness that has held the top-heavy Empire together in other crises will again triumph, is an interesting matter for conjecture. The anti-British element throughout the world would rejoice at an Indian mutiny. The Germans would view it as a step toward the final dissolution of the British Empire and the annihilation of English power. The neutral countries of the world, would view it as an opportunity to step into the Indian trade markets, which England has hitherto barred them from by every subterfuge and expedient that a "free trade" regime might employ. The "man in the street" would welcome it, if for no other reason, as a "sporting proposition." It would encumber England much as Germany is encumbered, and would make Great Britain, the maligner and the skulker, extend herself against odds. Japan, behind its bland suavity, would be secretly elated. It would be the beginning of the end of England's dominion in the East and near-East. And the little yellow man loves English power in Pacific waters and the Indian Ocean no better than he loves Pacific dominion ambitions in Germany or the United States. It would put renewed enthusiasm into the entente allies. It would even up the struggle, and give the War Lords of the British Isles a problem worth while. The Irish thus may rather point the way than actually achieve it. Two hundred thousand armed men in Ireland, even though well drilled and perfectly equipped, would not menace English supremacy greatly. England will tell France that she is at her wit's end for means of raising troops for the battle line in France and Belgium, but she is never without adequate troops in Ireland. It has been said—probably with considerable truth—that England has more troops in the Emerald Isle than the Irish have sent to the front. So an Irish rebellion—even if it took place at once and along the lines of a trained and formidable armed onslaught on British power—would do little beyond achieving a martyrdom like unto the deed of Arnold Winkelreid. Ireland even with a considerable measure of initial success, could only "make way" for a greater rift in India, perhaps. For the British Empire's days are numbered. And the final fissure that will shatter the structure of the greatest confederation of countries the world has seen, will start in the near-East.

—The sons of Notre Dame, as Joseph Gargan would say, have long and gloriously held their laurels for public speaking and intercollegiate debating. Our views and policies have been hoarsely shouted from many a rostrum and our oratory has hurled itself at the rafters in many a packed amphitheatre, until we have become world-famed advocates and exponents of Equal Suffrage, Compulsory Arbitration, World Peace, Living Wage, the Initiative and Referendum, the Merchant Marine, and various other much-mooted questions.

Extemporaneous Argumentation.

Recently, however, a new element has cropped up in our forensic endeavors. The student body has taken up impromptu debating. There is hardly a man on the campus who cannot argue offhand for hours at a time on any subject tactfully suggested. There is no student too proud to air his views when urged on by a fellow debater. There is no wall thick enough in Sorin Hall to deaden the thunderous articulation of the reserves when once they warm into action. There is no question too evident to be extensively argued. Pro-Germans clash with Prohibitionists and Predestination advocates find worthy opponents in Peace-at-any-price supporters. The fertility of the soil in south-western Texas as compared with the value of the notes Hilgartner doesn't take in English has been thoroughly thrashed out. Whether President Wilson or the Negro Voters will swing the elections in Indiana this year has also been temporarily settled.

THE SCHOLASTIC, as the staunch admirer of all minor sports, wishes to encourage this spirit of promiscuous debating among those so inclined, and as proof of its interest in the movement, has set apart an acre of ground just west of the cemetery, where these debates may be held in future, without any danger of missiles to the participants.

Debating.

On last Tuesday evening the St. Viator's negative team debated with Notre Dame's affirmative team in Washington Hall while two other teams representing the opposing colleges met at Kankakee, Illinois. There is a great amount of enthusiasm displayed for debating at St. Viator's, and a large crowd was present, in sharp contrast to the very small number of students that attended our end of the final meet. The question for debate was: "Resolved: That the Federal Government should give financial aid to the upbuilding of a Merchant Marine." Both Notre Dame teams were victorious. The decision of the judges was unanimous at St. Viator's, and two to one here. The chairman at Kankakee was Hon. A. L. Granger, while the judges were Judge McGoorty, Professor Small, and Mr. Hugo Sonnenschien, all of Chicago. Notre Dame's negative team consisted of Messrs. Bernard Voll, John Lemmer, Michael Mulcair, and George Windoffer (alternate). The personnel of the affirmative team which represented the University in Washington Hall was: Messrs. Timothy Galvin Francis Hurley, George McDonald, and Oscar Dorwin (alternate.) The chairman was Hon. Judge Lucius J. Hubbard, while the judges, also from Chicago, were Atty. Quin O'Brien, Judge John A. Mahoney and Judge John M. O'Connor.

This is the third consecutive time that teams from St. Viator's have been defeated by Notre Dame orators. Last year the decision favored Notre Dame, but in 1914 the honors were divided.

Wednesday morning the affirmative team left for Drake University, at Des Moines, Ia. On Thursday evening our negative eam met the Drake team here, while the affirmatives battled at Drake. In the second debate Mr. Dorwin was given an opportunity to speak, while Mr. McDonald acted as alternate.

Personals.

—J. B. Sullivan (Litt. B., '91) further demonstrates his loyalty by arranging for the coming of his son as a freshman to Corby Hall in September. Nine rahs for J. B.

—We acknowledge with sincere thanks a valuable set of Shakespeare recently presented to the library by our old friend, Mr. William James Onahan (LL. D., '76). Doctor Onahan is among our staunchest and most beloved friends.

—Professor Rolland Adlesperger, formerly Dean of the School of Architecture, is now at the head of the School of Architecture in the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. A new council of the Knights of Columbus has recently been instituted there and Pro-

fessor Adlesperger has been elected Grand Knight. Moreover, he has introduced into his school the beautiful custom of Flag Day as it is known at Notre Dame.

—Rupe Mills (LL. B., '15), who joined the Newark Feds after graduating last June was thrown out of a position when the Federal League was disbanded. The following interesting item is copied from a Newark paper:

Rupert Mills and Pat Powers are having a grand little argument. Rupert is a youthful ball player who signed up last fall to play for the 1916 Newark Federals. Since then the Feds went out of business. Mills' contract called for $3,000 for 1916. After the dove of peace had settled upon the baseball world, Powers, acting as Harry Sinclair's agent, tried to settle with Mills. He offered Mills $500 to tear up the contract, and agreed to get him a job in one of the smaller minor leagues. Mills balked. He demanded at least $2,400. And then Powers is reported to have said that if Mills wouldn't be "reasonable" and insisted upon the fulfillment of his contract, Mills would have to report each day at the deserted Federal league park. If Powers goes through with his threat Mills will have to be at the park each day at 10 a. m., remain until noon, get back at 2 p. m. and linger until 6 p. m. That's what Mills will have to do seven days a week, over a stretch of twenty-two weeks, rain or shine. And Powers figures that the loneliness of the job will soon make Mills "open to reason."

Obituaries.

Mrs. Agnes Otis.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Agnes Otis, widow of the late Colonel Elmer Otis, who lived many years at the University, and whose son, the Reverend Alphonsus E. Otis, S. J., President of Loyola University, New Orleans, is one of our most devoted alumni. Mrs. Otis died at the age of 79. May her soul rest in peace!

Mrs. F. T. Slevin.

A devoted friend of the University passed to her great reward when Mrs. F. T. Slevin of Peoria breathed her last April 26th. Mrs. Slevin was the mother of Dr. Richard S. Slevin (A. B., '96) and of Spalding Slevin (student '95–'98). She was a woman of culture and refinement, intensely devoted to the best things in human life, and an ideal Christian wife and mother. The University extends sincere condolences to her family and to her illustrious brother, the great Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding. *R. I. P.*

Old Students' Hall

Subscriptions to April 16, 1916

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

Rev. John H. Guendling, '14	$100.00
Fred C. McQueen, '00	100.00
Albert F. Gushurst, '09	50.00
Rev. John H. Mullin, '11	25.00
I. N. Mitchell, Sr., '92	25.00
Gabriel Davezac, '94	20.00
Andrew L. Shimp, '91	10.00
Robert D. Murphy, '01	5.00

The amounts which follow were published 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
Student from Far West	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
John H. Fendrich, '84	250.00
John Eggeman, '00	250.00
A. A. McDonell, '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
Robert Anderson, '83	200.00
Joseph Lantry, '07	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. Van Antwerp, '14	100.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
Robert E. Proctor, '04	100.00
John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00

Frank C. Walker, '09	$100.00
Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08	100.00
George O'Brien, '90	100.00
Vitus Jones, '02	100.00
Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, 14	100.00
W. A Duffy, '08	100.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Stephen H. Herr, '10	50.00
J. N. Antoine, '70	50.00
Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09	50.00
Fred Stewart, '12	50.00
Jay Lee, '12	50.00
Walter Duncan, '12	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
Alfred Vignos, '95	10.00
Mark Duncan, '15	5.00
Hiram Halliday, '06	5.00
Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00

The Old Days.

SCHOLASTIC, October 13, 1894:—

A CHAT WITH A WAR-TIME STUDENT.

Mr. J. C. Gillen, an "old boy" who spent a day at the University last week, was a student in '63 during the war. He recalled the stirring atmosphere of the time, and how eagerly every bit of news concerning the great struggle was received by the boys. At that period, the Faculty had forbidden the public discussion of politics, fearing the bad effect of the excitement upon studies. Nevertheless, many were the heated arguments which took place during the "rec" hours, and the partisanship often led to fistic encounters. Prominent among the defenders of Federal action at that time was John Brisben Walker, now editor-in-chief of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*," who has been styled by the great Charles A. Dana, the "Napoleon of Journalism." Mr. Gillen remembers Johnny Walker as a handsome boy who was foremost and even aggressive in expressing his sentiments.

Shortly after St. Edward's Day, in '63, a dispute occurred between Walker and Billy Welsh, who is now a Chicago Park Commissioner, in which it was claimed the latter hit Walker with a brick. It having come to the ears of the Faculty, the dismissal of Welsh was decreed. A large faction among the boys refused to accept this decision and would not go to the study-hall when the bell rang. A committee of three waited upon Father Dillon, the President, and secured the promise of a fuller investigation of the matter upon condition that the rebellion should cease and the participants return to the study-hall.

"How well I remember the "old boys" of my time," said Mr. Gillen. "There was Jake Studebaker, Brown, Healy, of Elgin, and Corcoran, who afterwards became a state senator from Cincinnati. You have things easier now, with steam and electric lights but I can't help thinking of the good old times we had when the great stoves scorched our faces in the study-hall and we had to break the ice in our tin basins before we could wash on winter mornings."

September 15th, '94:—"The Director of the Library wishes to return thanks to Miss Mary O'Meara of Waterbury, Conn., for the following articles: two gold-plated military buttons worn by General Lafayette on his first visit to America, and forty-eight buttons representing the different states and military organizations of the Union."

It may be of interest to students of the University to know that the first American Eucharistic Congress ever held met at Notre Dame on August 7th, '94. The occasion was one of the most memorable in the history of Notre Dame. For two days, the School was given over to the largest assemblage of Catholics, priests and laity, ever gathered together before in the history of America. The first session of the League was held in Washington Hall on September 7th; the second session on the following day.

September 20th, '94:—"A curious Carrollite wonders why all the "iron dogs" at St. Mary's are headed east:

"Why do the dogs, the Carroll asked, here eastward ook?"
The wily Brownson sighed: "To mark the angels' nook,
Who past those monsters steals, unblessed by ties of kin,
Is fired, as Adam was, from Eden for his sin."

Local News.

—The K. of C. and Senior dances are scheduled for the near future.

—Arthur Hayes of Walsh Hall has just sold a story to the Chicago *Herald*.

—Inspection of all military companies will be conducted by an official of the United States Government some time in May.

—The Brownson baseball team will journey to Mishawaka Saturday to play the Ball Bands.

—The Notre Dame Glee Club filled an engagement in Ft. Wayne at the Temple theatre on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, April 27.

—The DOME board for nineteen hundred sixteen and seventeen have been elected with Harry E. Scott of Indianapolis as Editor-in-Chief.

—Professor John M. Cooney with Robert Cushman Carr attended the National Association of Journalism teachers at Lawrence, Kansas, during Easter vacation.

The Spring weather? is encouraging daily hikes to the fair city. 'Tis said Edward G. Lindeman of Corby made three trips to Niles during the vacation. What can be the attraction in Niles?

—Interhall and baseball track schedules were made public yesterday. The interhall baseball season will open next Sunday and will close June 8, each team playing ten games. The outdoor interhall meet will be held on Cartier Field May 17, according to Track Coach Rockne.

—Now that the Lenten season is over social activities once more occupy the minds of the students. On Easter Monday the Formal Dinner Dance of the Day students was held at the blue room of the Oliver, and the St. Marys–Notre Dame Club of Chicago gave their annual dance in the gold room of the Congress hotel of Chicago on Friday evening.

—An exciting game of baseball was played on the Seminary diamond Easter Monday morning. When the 6th inning ended Jupiter Pluvius shed sorrowful tears for the St. Joseph Hall nine, Holy Cross winning by a score of 7 to 5. The rain put an end to the playing in which Hanifan Beaghan and Palmer starred for Holy Cross and Father Devers for St. Joseph.

—The moving picture series was resumed after Holy Week with Elsie Janis in "Nearly a Lady," Wednesday afternoon, April 26th. Miss Janis is a very clever young lady, but movies are not adapted to show her at her best. Moreover, as long as she insists upon writing her own scenarios she cannot expect to be seen to good advantage. Her attempts at authorship display serious limitations. In writing "Nearly a Lady" Miss Janis was very careful to give herself a chance to disport in male attire, an old vaudeville stunt of hers which she performs with great skill and gusto.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society lost the first of their annual debates last Sunday evening to the men of Holy Cross. The Brownson team was composed of Holslag, Rhinehart and Hunter while Healy, Palmer, and Robinson formed the team for Holy Cross. The judges of the contest were Father M. Quinlan, Professor Farrel and Father Hayes, a visiting priest.

—Brother Alphonsus, first vice-president of the Audubon Society of Indiana, is attending the state convention at Rushville, Indiana. The convention will last for three days, April 27–29 inclusive and Brother Alphonsus will make several talks to the members. His principal address will be given Friday evening at eight p. m. on "The Story of our Birds during the Year of 1915."

—At eleven on Thursday, April 27th, Mr. Thomas A. Daly of Philadelphia honored the University with another talk that was quite up to the admirable standard he set for himself some time ago. The lecture was highly interesting and amusing, as Mr. Daly's lectures always are. Although the discourse was of a rambling nature the speaker announced as his subject: "The Laughing Muse," setting forth the mission of the humorist in life. Mr. Daly read selections from representative humorists of the day, and gave a number of his own inimitable pieces in his characteristically clever fashion.

Illinois Takes Two.

Followed by the same old Jinx that has been in camp ever since the baseball season opened, we dropped two games at Champaign to Illinois University. It was another case of not being able to deliver in the pinches, of not being able to hit when hits meant runs. At the start, Illini had the jump on us for they have had two weeks of balmy baseball weather in the south. However, two defeats in a row need not discourage us! We have the material out on the field; and all we need is teamwork, which is bound to come with more practice.

Illinois grabbed the first game by out-batting and out-pitching us. They gathered ten hits,

two of them homers, while the most we could get was seven. Edgren, who started the game for us, had an off day and was replaced by Murphy in the seventh. "Murph" pitched good ball, holding the Illinois sluggers hitless during the three innings that he worked on the mound.

The game was fast from start to finish, each team had but one error chalked up against it, and the contest was free from ragged work on both teams. Notre Dame started the scoring, nipping Gunkel for three hits in the third inning thus netting two runs. After this rally, the Illini pitcher settled down and pitched masterful ball, striking out nine and giving but one base on balls.

In the fourth inning Illinois came back strong, overcame our lead and finished the inning one run ahead of us. A homer by Clark did the trick. After that, the last year's conference champs had the game on ice for we could not touch Gunkel, their pitcher. Elward, making a sensational catch, and Mooney, getting two bingles, played stellar games for Notre Dame.

ILLINOIS	R	H	P	A	N. DAME	R	H	P	A
Clark, lf	1	1	0	0	Wolf, ss	0	0	1	3
G. Halas, rf	0	1	1	0	Elward, c	0	1	2	0
Krebs, 3b	0	0	2	2	Kline, 3b	0	1	1	1
Bradley, c	1	1	10	0	Meyer, 1b	0	0	8	0
Arbuckle, cf	1	1	1	0	Jones, lf	0	1	1	0
Koptik, ss	2	3	2	2	Spalding, 2b	0	0	2	2
Thomas 2b	2	2	2	0	Mooney, rf	0	2	1	0
Hohm, 1b	0	0	9	1	Keenan, c	0	1	7	2
Gunkel, p	0	1	0	6	Edgren, p	1	0	1	2
					Murphy, p	1	0	0	0
Total	7	10	27	11		2	6	24	10

Illinois 0 0 0 3 0 2 2 0 *—7
Notre Dame 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0—2

Errors—Krebs, Wolf, Kline, Meyer. Two-base hit—Koptik. Home runs—Clark (2), Koptik. Struck out—By Edgren, 4; by Murphy, 1; by Gunkel, 9. Bases on balls—Off Edgren, 2; off Murphy, 1; off Gunkel, 1.

***

The second game with Illinois was a pitcher's battle between Slim Walsh and Gyp Davis, the latter having the edge. He allowed us but three hits while Walsh allowed six. At that, Slim should have come out winner; but his support was ragged, four errors being chalked up against the team. Twice when a Notre Dame rally seemed about to take place, double plays cut off all chances of scoring.

We managed to get the bases full in the first round, but could not muster the necessary punch to put a run across. Their first scoring came in the initial inning. Clark walked and Halas laid down a pretty bunt. Meyers dropped the throw, which landed Clark on second and Halas on first. Both men advanced on Krebs' out to short, and Clark scampered home on Andres' passed ball, while Halas went to third. On Bradley's bounder to third, Halas came home with the other run.

In the third, Illinois filled the bases with none down but Walsh set them down in one, two, three order without a score. They managed to put one run across in the fourth by a walk a hit and an error. Again, in the seventh, a hit, a walk and a couple of errors netted them three more, bringing the count up to six.

ILLINOIS	R	H	P	A	N. DAME	R	H	P	A
Clark, lf	2	2	2	0	Wolf, ss	0	1	3	1
G. Halas, rf	2	1	0	0	Elward, cf	0	1	1	0
Krebs, 3b	1	0	2	1	Kline, 3b	0	0	0	1
Bradley, c	0	0	8	1	Meyer, 1b	0	1	11	1
Arbuckle, cf	0	0	1	0	Jones, lf	0	0	2	1
Koptik, ss	0	1	3	3	Spalding, 2b	0	0	1	0
Thomas, 2b	1	0	4	3	Corker, lf	0	0	0	0
Hohm, 1b	0	2	6	0	Anders, c	0	0	0	0
Davis, p	0	0	1	3	Walsh, p.	0	0	0	1
Totals	6	6	27	11		0	3	24	5

Illinois 2 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 *—6
Notre Dame 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Errors—Thomas, Walsh, Krebs, Jones, Spalding, Wolf, Kline, Hohm. Struck out—By Davis, 8; by Walsh, 4. Bases on balls—Off Davis, 4; off Walsh, 3. Stolen bases—Hohm, Krebs. Hit by pitcher—Davis. Passed ball—Anders.

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The interhall schedule, as announced by Athletic Director Harper, is as follows:

TEAMS	TIME	FIELD
	Sunday, April 30.	
Sorin *vs.* Walsh	10:00	Brownson
Brownson *vs.* Corby	3:30	Cartier
Day Students *vs.* St. Joseph	3:30	Brownson
	Thursday, May 4.	
Corby *vs.* Walsh	10:00	Brownson
St. Joseph *vs.* Sorin	2:00	Brownson
Day Students *vs.* Brownson	2:00	Cartier
	Sunday, May 7.	
Brownson *vs.* Walsh	10:00	Brownson
Sorin *vs.* Day Students	3:30	Cartier
Corby *vs.* St. Joseph	3:30	Brownson
	Thursday, May 11.	
Sorin *vs.* Brownson	10:00	Brownson
Walsh *vs.* St. Joseph	2:00	Cartier
Corby *vs.* Day Students	2:00	Brownson
	Sunday, May 14.	
Walsh *vs.* Day Students	10:00	Brownson
Brownson *vs.* St. Joseph	3:30	Brownson
Sorin *vs.* Corby	3:30	Cartier

	Sunday, May 21.	
Brownson *vs.* Corby	10:00	Brownson
Sorin *vs.* Walsh	3:30	Cartier
Day Students *vs.* St. Joseph	3:30	Brownson
	Sunday, May 28.	
St. Joseph *vs.* Sorin	10:00	Brownson
Day Students *vs.* Brownson	3:30	Cartier
Corby *vs.* Walsh	3:30	Brownson
	Thursday, June 1.	
Brownson *vs.* Walsh	10:00	Brownson
Sorin *vs.* Day Students	2:00	Brownson
Corby *vs.* St. Joseph	2:00	Cartier
	Sunday, June 4.	
Sorin *vs.* Brownson	10:00	Brownson
Walsh *vs.* St. Joseph	3:30	Cartier
Corby *vs.* Day Students	3:30	Brownson
	Thursday, June 8.	
Walsh *vs.* Day Students	10:00	Brownson
Brownson *vs.* St. Joseph	2:00	Cartier
Sorin *vs.* Corby	2:00	Brownson

Safety Valve.

I ate a peck of rubber peas
And underneath my chin
The cutest piece of cornmeal mush
I fastened with a pin.

I slipped a prune with wrinkled face
Beneath my colored vest,
As on my broken leg swift dropped
The shadows of the West.

The little cook came out and wept,
She seemed a fragile vase,
I stroked her golden locks for love
And kicked her in the face.

The moon fled up the milky way
With sand burrs in her hair;
And Ursa Major did the dip
She surely was a bear.

I put a sandwich into bed
And ate a pair of sheets,
And in the hollow of my hand,
I squeezed four pickled beats.

A pretty golden tooth came loose,
The best tooth in my head,
I shoved a bathtub in my mouth
To serve me in its stead.

All these brave manly acts I did
To save my little one,
For she was on a desert isle,
And I was on a "bun."

***

DEAR JOE:—

I wrote you some time ago and told you that after Easter I would quit corresponding and put all my time on the writing of my thesis. I didn't know what I was talking about. It can't be done. I don't care whether I get an English thesis or not now that I have been to Chicago for Easter and have met the thesis of beauty and loveliness. Joe, I could tell the first time she smiled at me that I was doomed to write letters for the rest of the year, and believe me, I've written her some choice ones, telling her what a queen she is. Of course I've had to look all the words up in the dictionary lest this essence of sweetness might think me ignorant, but I would almost slave for her—yes, if she asked me, I think I'd undertake to dig all the dandelions out of the campus lawn or count the absentees in Walsh Hall or do any other impossible work. But what I wanted to ask you, Joe, is this: Should I, when sending her presents, make her think they are mere trifles for one in my condition, and never let her even suspect that I sold all my text-books and pawned my clothes to buy them? She told me she wanted to come down for my graduation, but I have no time for graduation now since all my class time is devoted to writing letters. What will I tell her? Write at once.

JOHN.

***

BAND MOTTO.

Practice makes martyrs of the neighbors.

***

Charity begins at home but it has some stride and speed.

***

Imagination makes liars of us all.

***

THE RHYME OF THE ANCIENT FORD JOKE.

He lay upon his deathbed
His will lay at his side
His children knelt about him, ah!
And bitterly they cried.

They sniffed and sobbed and slobbered
Until the bed was soaked,
Then all at once the old man sneezed,
And hollered 'ooh' and croaked.

He'd hardly kicked the bucket
Than all the tears stopped still
And up the children jumped in glee
To read the old man's will.

My son, you're willed my razor
My wife shall have our cat
To Tili I leave the old 'larm clock
And all such things as that.

To mother-in-law the parrot
The landlord gets the rent;
And to myself I will the Ford
That never yet was lent.

Ah, yes that trusty lizzy
Sweet Buss! for which I crave,
I want it when I'm buried—
I want it at my grave.

For though it may look sickly
With all its brass and tin,
It's pulled me out of every hole
I ever landed in.

B. J. A.