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The Fields of France.

BY JAMES H. MCDONALD, '19.

OFt have I raised my blossoming face to thee
With joy, O lofty sky, oft have I read
In thine expressive mien the grace that, shed
From God Almighty seeking love from me.

But now I sink beneath this scourge and plea,
And raise my blood-shot eyes to Mercy fled,
The lash is raised o'er me in conflict dread,
The pride I nourished blinds my power to see.

O what a plight is mine, and what the shame
That that which was my own I should betray!
Is this a monster curse that o'er me burns
Driving me to despair? Ah, no, the blame
Is all mine own. The eve of sinful day
Must come that peace may dawn when light
returns.

The Successful Play: Some of Its Requirements.

BY HOWARD R. PARKER, '17.

WHEN a play is spoken of as successful the question arises: By what standard is it so pronounced: the standard of the art critic, who is concerned merely with the technical form of the production; or that of the theatrical manager, who asks whether the play will be favorably received by the public? The first is the test of the dramatic theorist, who dissects the play to learn how it fulfills the requirements of technique. The other test comes when the work is given to the public, often when it is handed to the producer for consideration. The question then is whether the play has enough vitality to withstand the demands of popular taste, to become a stage reality; or whether it is to remain the subject-matter for the reviewer and the study-club.

Although fidelity to the rules of dramatic art is found in most plays that win popular approval, there are exceptions. Often a play is faultless in technique and ingenious in construction; it passes the laboratory test of the reviewer and is pronounced a "good play" in every respect. Yet it never reaches the stage; or given a trial, it fails ingloriously as a theatrical attraction.

Again, it often happens that the play, which o'erleaps accepted rules of construction is instantly welcomed by the theatre-going public, whose applause effectively drowns the complaining voices of the critics. Such a play covers up its artistic defects by supplying some element that appeals strongly to the average patron. The carefully constructed play, on the other hand, is attuned to the more cultured ear, and hence it passes over the heads of the majority of those who take their drama from the theatre, rather than from the printed volume.

For the purposes of this study we shall assume the second interpretation of the word "successful," the box-office interpretation. The drama that attracts the crowds offers the more interesting study, for there is more psychology in an appeal to the multitude than to a deliberative assembly of learned critics.

In asking the question, "What are some of the requirements of a successful play," we are taking up a subtle problem. It is certain, however, that logical arrangement is an essential element. The play that leads the audience to expect one line of action and then supplies something entirely different is doomed to early death. An example of chaos in structure was seen in a recent dramatic fiasco, "Where the Rooster Crows," a play which lasted only a week after being selected as the opening attraction for the re-organized Playhouse in Chicago. The play was produced in South Bend the night before its opening in Chicago. From the beginning of the second act it was apparent

that "Where the Rooster Crows" would be a sorry failure before a metropolitan audience. The production carried a very capable cast and was well staged, but the play itself was a hodge-podge of threads and minor episodes that were entirely irrelevant to the main action. In the second act there occurs the fatal blunder. A man and his sister, suspected of spying on the fortifications of the United States government, are to meet after dark in a deserted barn for a parley with a Filipino whom they have engaged for espionage. Another man, young, handsome, and slangy, and enamored of the woman in the case, learns of the intended meeting and goes to the barn with his colored valet. They hide in the hay-loft, prepared to protect their country from harm.

The curtain rises on the interior of the barn, which is staged with absolute fidelity to reality, giving perfect atmosphere for the expected action. The two men climb the narrow ladder into the hayloft. With all the breathlessness of small boys, we follow them, psychically, and become "all set" to listen to the proceedings. But instead of providing the action that would be perfectly logical, the playwright ushers into the barn a quartette of villagers drinking whiskey and laughing at the blindness of their wives, who imagine them to be ardent temperance advocates. The whole act is consumed by the antics of these bucolic hypocrites and the sudden entry of their hitherto unsuspecting helpmates, while the audience waits in vain for the resumption of the main action. Even the name of the piece is taken from this episode, the countersign of the rural revelers being an imitation of a crowing rooster, a feat which is easy enough for these barnyard conspirators. This is an extreme example, but it shows clearly the folly of neglecting the requirements of unity and logical sequence.

The plot of "Under Cover," a very successful detective drama by Roi Cooper Megrue, is worked out in logical and climactic order, so that the audience is absorbed throughout. In this play every step of the action follows naturally upon the preceding, and the audience is given the same general run of action that the premises lead them to expect.

The final "punch" in "Under Cover" is greatly responsible for its success, but throughout the play there is close attention to the details of dramatic construction. The expo-

sition is supplied largely through implication and in the shortest time possible. The growth is adroitly managed, so that when the climax is reached the audience is in a fever of expectancy. The play is technically correct and well adapted to the popular taste. It has enjoyed a flourishing career, having served as a vehicle for five companies simultaneously.

Another ingredient in the composition of the successful play is the human interest element. This is responsible for the popular acceptance of plays of the type of "Peg o' My Heart." This drama is the story of a young Irish girl sent to live with some aristocratic relatives whose flattened finances impel them to accept her in return for the annuity which an uncle's will has provided for her care. Peg is an uncultured little miss who carries her huge pet dog in her arms; her hitherto rich relatives are typical English snobs. There is a clash that furnishes comedy of the most genuine character. The audience, quite naturally, is firmly entrenched on the side of Peg. It is the old story of human sympathy, upon which foundation the author, J. Hartley Manners, built a highly successful stage drama.

A play that offers a similar human interest appeal is "Come Out of the Kitchen." It has been running for several months in New York, having received its première at San Francisco last summer under the capable direction of Henry Miller. The play has for its central motive the impoverishment of a proud family in the South, the Beaconsfields. At the opening the two daughters and the three sons of the family are reading a telegram announcing that their father is to undergo a serious operation in London. From the dialogue we learn that the young people have decided to lease the Beaconsfields' country place to a rich bachelor from the North; in this way they hope to defray part of the expense of their father's sickness. The lease provides that the owners shall provide a full corps of servants, from butler to cook. Unable to secure these, and fearful of breaking the lease, the sons and daughters decide, against strong opposition from two of the more proud among their number, to take the places of the servants until a retinue can be engaged.

The five Beaconsfields assume the garb of servants just in time to greet the lessee of the property. The oldest girl takes the position of cook, and it is around her that the action cen-

lers. There are many amusing situations in the story, which ends with the engagement of the new head of the house and the temporary cook; hence the name of the play. Although born to the happy heritage of having Henry Miller as a producer with Ruth Chatterton and Bruce McRae as "leads," the play is itself a clever piece of work. The main situation, a Southern family, accustomed to luxury, acting as household servants to a rich unmarried gentleman from the North, is one that would hold the attention of any audience.

The successful play, we have seen, requires among other things logical sequence and close attention to the trend of the collective mind of the audience, together with a motive that is distinctly human and intimately related to the ordinary playgoer. From other examples it might be shown that tragic endings are seldom acceptable to an audience, except they be done in a masterful way. The ending of "To-day," by George Broadhurst, who had scored a success with "Bought and Paid For" is too violently repulsive to please the average audience, which does not care to see a play end with a man's murdering his wife, no matter how depraved she may have become.

To produce a successful play a writer must study the psychology of the great mass of playgoers and adapt his production to this subtle index. He should study other plays that have failed and try to steer clear of the defects that have led to their rejection. Then if he is lucky his play may be accepted after its fourth or fifth revision.

Little Katharine.

(Who died on her First Communion Day.)

O Katharine mine! In child's estate
Your guarded soul was sweetly great,
Your lips were ruddy as that wine,
For which the hearts of mortals pine.

Until your soul in childhood's state,
Passed through the King's eternal gate;
Ah, there in thought, disconsolate,
Only to God you could incline,

O Katharine mine.

To eat life's food, you scarce could wait;
God's Blood you drank, God's Flesh you ate,
That day,—as by an angel's sigh,
You flew to Him whose Heart Divine
Is your true home. Ah, happy fate,

O Katharine mine!

B. G.

Her Career.

BY JOHN URBAN RILEY, '17.

Dramatis Personæ.

ANN, maid to Neva Graham.

NEVA GRAHAM, an American prima donna, retiring star of the London Grand Opera Company.

CAPTAIN GERALD SYDNEY, in love with Neva.
RED CROSS NURSE.

PLACE.—Living room in the suite occupied by Neva Graham in the Hotel King Edward, London.

TIME.—Scene I. occurs in the fall of 1914; Scene II. in September, 1916.

Between Scene I. and Scene II. the curtain is lowered for a period of five seconds to denote the lapse of two years and to allow for the placing of wheel chairs, a cot bed, etc., and for other minor changes to give the living room a hospital atmosphere.

At the rise of the curtain NEVA is seated at the piano, softly singing the closing bars of "A Dream," by Bartlett, and playing her own accompaniment. As the last note dies away ANN enters with a large box containing flowers.

ANN. Some flowers, Miss Graham.

NEVA. Thank you, Ann. I wonder who sent them? Fill that large vase while I open them. [*Exit ANN.*] (*After opening the box she reads the card.*) From Tony: why the dear child, he shouldn't have spent his money so lavishly. He should have saved it for his voice lessons. (*As she arranges the flowers.*) I wonder who will take care of him when I am gone? I do hope someone will help and encourage him, for he has a beautiful voice and must make a success of it. (*Telephone rings.*) Yes, this is Miss Graham speaking. Oh, I have nothing to say, nothing except that London has been very kind to me, and most appreciative, and for that I shall always love the English. Am I engaged to Captain Sydney? No, I am not. Yes, I am to sing in New York week after next. Yes, my contract is for two years. Thank you. You're very welcome. Good-bye.

Enter ANN. Two more boxes of flowers, Miss Graham.

NEVA. Where on earth shall we put them, Ann? Let me see the cards: (*reading them.*) "From one whom you have made love music and appreciate opera.—Sir John Morehouse." Isn't it wonderful to have friends so kind, Ann?

ANN. But you deserve it, Miss Graham.

NEVA. Why even you flatter me, Ann. And the other is from Bently Young; he's the critic of the *London Mail*. He's been very nice to me, and all he says is "Bon voyage."

ANN. Shall I arrange them, Miss Graham?
(*Holding up flowers.*)

NEVA. Yes, please. (*Clock strikes eight.*)

NEVA. Oh, Ann, it's eight o'clock so soon, and Captain Sydney is coming at quarter after. I must hurry and look presentable. If he comes you may tell him I'll be here presently. [*Exit.*]

ANN. (*Watching Neva exit.*) Oh, if I could only be like her. She's as wonderful as these flowers. (*Bell rings off right.*) I wonder if that's Captain Sydney. She loves him, I know she does, but the people in America want her and she's going back to-morrow to sing to them.

(*Runs to answer bell and returns immediately with huge box containing roses; opens and takes out flowers and note; is arranging flowers when Neva enters and sees roses. Ann gives her the note.*)

NEVA. Oh, Ann, who sent them?

ANN. Captain Sydney, Miss. [*Exit.*]

NEVA. (*Reads note; tears come to her eyes and she shows the emotion it causes; tucks note inside her gown; goes to roses and puts her arms about them, burying her face in the blossoms, then to piano, plays a few bars and is about to sing when bell rings off right; she dries her eyes.*)

ANN (*ushers in CAPTAIN SYDNEY and takes his coat and hat.*)

NEVA (*advancing to meet him*) Gerald, how are you?

SYDNEY. I scarcely know how I feel, Neva. I know I should be happy for you, because to-morrow you're sailing to meet the greatest triumph of your career, but I can't forget that every time the clock ticks all that I hold dearest in this world is going farther away from me.

NEVA. Oh, please Gerald, don't be unhappy; you know I can't feel that I am going to a triumph, when I am leaving you. Our friendship has been my greatest treasure since I've been away from home, and years cannot take away the memories of the hours we've spent together. I shall be in America only two years at the most, and during that time you'll come to visit with me, won't you?

SYDNEY. Yes, I'll try, Neva, but you know an army man cannot plan very far ahead. I may be in India by that time.

NEVA. And you'll answer my letters, won't you, Gerald?

SYDNEY. Yes, Neva, but my dear, you don't understand what it means to have you always near. I've told you so many times that I love you, Neva, and have since that eventful day

over a year ago. Won't you marry me, Neva, won't you give my love another thought?

NEVA. Please, Gerald, don't make it any harder for me to say good-bye. I do care very much, you know I do, more so than for any other man I've ever known, but my love seems so tiny when compared to your devotion that I cannot be sure; I don't dare say "yes" to you. Won't you be patient and wait just a little while longer, till I return to London, Gerald? Let me do something big, something worth while, something to make me worthy of a man like you, and then, if you still love me, and two years away from you do not find me changed, I shall say,—"yes."

SYDNEY. Neva, you mustn't talk like that; it makes me feel so small when you talk of not being worthy. What have I ever done to deserve even the regard you've shown for me? but at least you know me to be a man, and I do love you, Neva, and know I could make you happy.

NEVA. You may think me selfish, Gerald; it isn't that I think more of my career than of your love, but I want to make myself big enough and great enough to always claim your love.

SYDNEY. I know you are sincere in what you say, Neva, and I shall wait and pray for your success, for that will mean your return and my happiness. If nothing unforeseen happens I will come to America, where everyone loves you, for that will make the time that separates us less hard to bear. I shall write just as often as you will let me, and hope to hear from you when the public is not demanding too much of your time. I must go now.

NEVA. I'm sorry you're leaving so early, Gerald.

SYDNEY. I know you must be tired after the reception to-day, and you'll have to be up early to catch the boat train. But I'm not going to say good-bye now, Neva, for I shall go down with you on the train and stand on the dock with all your other admirers to bid you *bon voyage*.

NEVA. Perhaps it's just as well you are going, for if you were to stay I scarcely know what I could talk about, Gerald. You know there are times when things that come very near the heart rob one of speech. Take my hand. (*As he does so she places her other hand over his.*) I want to thank you for the beautiful roses. (*Picture: She bows her head; he is obliged to turn away.*)

SYDNEY. Will you give me one of the blossoms, to keep till you return?

NEVA. Yes (she breaks off blossom, presses it to her lips and places it in his hand). And now, good-night, Gerald.

SYDNEY. Good-night—Neva. [Exit.]

(She turns to watch him exit and listens till the door closes, then buries her face in her hands and sobs. Throws herself on divan and sobs.)

Enter ANN (seeing Neva she expresses her sympathy by pantomime, dims the lights and Exits.) (Silence for a few seconds to denote lapse of time. Suddenly a great clamor is heard in the streets below. Neva raises her head and listens eagerly. She rises as the clamor and shouting increase and goes to window. Opens window and shouting is plainly heard by audience. A bugle sounds; newsboys shout, "War is Declared.")

NEVA. Ann, Ann, come quick, hurry, hurry.

ANN (enters running) Yes, miss.

NEVA. Hurry downstairs and find out if it's true. They're crying "War," down there; I must know; hurry, hurry. (After Ann has gone, as NEVA sees the people running to and fro in the streets she realizes the truth.) War, War! Gerald must go; I may never see him again; he may be killed, and I love him so. Oh why did I say no? I love him, I love him, (as she falls to her knees). O God, send him back to me, let me tell him I love him before he goes; I love him, I love him!

Enter ANN breathlessly. Yes, Miss, it's true; the manager says so. The excitement's terrific downstairs. The clerks are gone and the waiters are rushing out with their aprons on. What shall we do! What shall we do?

(Helps Neva to rise and assists her to divan; bell rings off right.)

NEVA. Quick, Ann, and answer it, it may be from him.

(ANN runs out and returns quickly with note. ANN turns up lights. NEVA tears note open and reads.) "Have you heard the news? War is declared. I have been ordered to High Heath at once and cannot be with you in the morning to say good-bye. Try not to forget me, for I shall always have you before me. Perhaps now I can do something big and great too. You are all my world, and I love you. Gerald."

(NEVA crosses unsteadily to roses, places note in center, buries her face in the blossoms and presses them to her as she sobs. ANN turns away with handkerchief to her eyes. Outside the crowd

cheers as troops pass by and band plays 'God Save the King.' Shouting, sound of marching men and artillery passing.)

Curtain falls for five seconds to denote the lapse of two years and to allow a change of furniture, etc. At rise of curtain scene is the same, but is fitted out as a lounging room for convalescent soldiers, as the hotel has been made into a hospital for wounded. SYDNEY discovered sitting in wheel-chair with eyes swathed in bandages.

(Enter RED CROSS NURSE, looks at Sydney and shakes her head sadly.)

SYDNEY! Do you believe it is true—what the doctor said just now?

NURSE. Yes,—I'm afraid it is true.

SYDNEY. It doesn't seem possible I shall never see again. The trees and flowers, and all my friends—(dreamily)—and Neva,—but I am thankful I have my hearing. I can still hear her sing. (To nurse realizing that she is still there). Have any papers come from America to-day?

NURSE. I'll see. (She goes to pile of mail and selects two papers.)

SYDNEY. Will you read me the opera criticisms?

NURSE (reads two criticisms which give glowing accounts of Neva Graham. SYDNEY grips arms of chair and shakes his head sadly. Sinks into reverie as the NURSE continues to read.)

SYDNEY (as nurse finishes reading.) But those are old papers, aren't they?

NURSE. Yes, but the last mail boat was torpedoed.

(Bell rings off right. NURSE exits to answer it. When she has gone SYDNEY reaches inside his blouse and draws out a small gold case which he opens and presses to his lips. He makes it known to the audience that it is the rose Neva gave him. He puts back his head and goes to sleep with rose between his hands. Re-enter NURSE with NEVA. NEVA wants to rush to him but nurse signals for silence.)

NURSE (softly). The doctor said he must not be excited or disturbed suddenly, Miss; he's still very weak.

NEVA. But hasn't he received my letter? I couldn't cable. The office in New York said it was impossible.

NURSE. The last boat that was to bring mail from New York was torpedoed day before yesterday, Miss.

NEVA. (going to SYDNEY'S side as he stirs,

kneeling and taking his hands in hers.) Gerald,
I'm here; it's Neva. Are you glad?

Exit NURSE (with knowing look).

SYDNEY (*placing his hand on her shoulder and feeling her face*). Neva, is it really you? I've been dreaming you were here beside me.

NEVA. It's true, Gerald. I am here; I've come back.

SYDNEY. You've come back to London to sing? Thank God I still have my ears, for I can hear your beauty, though the doctor says I shall never look upon it again.

NEVA. No; Gerald, I've not come back to sing, except for you; I've come back to take care of you, to be your wife, if you still love me.

(He cannot realize it is true; she folds his hands over the rose in his lap, presses her lips to the medal on his blouse and lays her cheek against the bandage over his eyes.)

SYDNEY. Neva, do you love me that much? I am crippled and blind for life.

NEVA. Yes, dear, I love you even more than that, and when I heard of your bravery, I was so thankful you were alive, and so happy that God had not taken you from me I realized that at last my chance had come to do something really big; really great and worth while,—the chance to love with all my heart!

CURTAIN.

Varsity Verse.

I SHALL BE JEALOUS, LOVE!

When slumber hath folded thee into his arms
And made himself master of all thy dear charms,
When darkness shall close thee about with caress,
And make for himself a crown of each tress—

I shall be jealous, Love!

Dawn shall come girt with gold worshipping there,
Slumber shall yield up his mistress so fair,
Sunbeams shall kiss thee back to the day
And all the wild breezes shall with thee play,—

Seducing the scents of the amorous roses,
Waving and swaying in languorous poses,
If but a rose you were, and I but the leaf,
Then the sharp shears of Time were common grief.

Sweet is the mating that knows no regret,
Fairer than dreams that beguile slumber yet,
Union of souls in one sweet singing joy
That shall last forever, nor suffer alloy,—

Shall I be jealous, Love?

George D. Haller, '19.

MELANCHOLY.

O'er desert sands one trod whose spirit lay
In Melancholy, solitude's grim bower,
No wind,—'twas as a timeless day, and hour
By hour the wanderer hoped and yearned, "O may
I see some bloom perchance of yesterday."
He prayed; and in his footsteps grew a flower,
But yielding to perversity of power,
He plucked it, and it withered quite away.

Oft when in wandering over sorrow's waste,
We have moved 'mid fragrant fields of happiness,
Whose blossoms, nurtured would have multiplied.
Alas, we plucked them with impulsive haste,
Their very roots with cruel ruthlessness
We tore away, but quick they drooped and died.

Joseph E. Gallagher, '19.

THE LAD OF DREAMS.

Like a young bird he came,—with dark hair tossing,
Upon the winds of May and brought to me
The breath of distant hills with dawn-lights burning.
Hills that stand above a summer sea.

For there great waters stretch till sky and ocean
Clasp hands, the while their cheeks with morning
glow,

Nearby the gulls are circling where the tides run,
Casting their silver on the rocks below.

Silver, like Aguilar and his lords together,
Brought on bold galleons from ancient Spain,
Treasure, long-lost in seas in stormy weather,
And now cast here upon the rocks again.

Quick he came like a spring-bird, and I thought me
How in those olden days a lad as tall,
Had gathered there his hosts of Irish bravery
In the far dream-girt hills of Donegal.

Speer Strahan, '17.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

On Sunday afternoon this time of year,
I try to study at a rapid pace,
And as I take my old accustomed place,
Beside the window, thoughts arise so queer,
That concentrated efforts disappear.
A hankering to roam comes on apace,
As I look out and see some radiant face,
The English and Psychology look drear.

My room-mate starts to play his new guitar
And sing the praises of his lady fair;
With gestures and gesticulations fine
He sings the songs of Italy afar,
Of France and Romany beyond compare;—
Time's up! I guess I'll go to Mike's and dine.

R. H. McAuliffe, '19.

Stephen Theodore Badin: An Oration.

BY B. GILBERT

As a cluster of gems set in a brooch, there lie in the valley of the St. Joseph River the buildings of the largest Catholic boarding school in America, the University of Notre Dame. Behind her, beyond the beautiful lakes of which she is so proud, are several small hills, some of which are still covered with massive forests, while others manifest the skill of industrious farmers who have made productive fields and pasture lands out of hills once covered with a dense forest; before her is a broad avenue, which leads to a nearby city. Within the walls of this hallowed institution are to be found relics and works of art unparalleled in America; down to the west, on a little hillock by the shore of St. Mary's Lake, stands a little log cabin.

To tell the story of this sacred spot—and that of the log cabin—would be to recite the history of one of the foremost Indian missions of North America for wellnigh three hundred years. It is of the heroic missionaries of this district that I intend to speak; great, self-sacrificing, spotless men, who left their native lands to come and evangelize the red men of America, to do a great service to humanity while alive, and, when permitted to enjoy the vision of God, to be the intercessors for the great American nation. Of such a type was Stephen Theodore Badin, the man who donated the land on which Notre Dame was erected by Father Edward Sorin.

The time of Father Badin's coming to Notre Dame was a time of great national prosperity. It is known in history as "The era of good feeling." The Union numbered twenty-four states. Indiana had already been in the fold for thirteen years, and it could boast of many growing villages, towns, and cities where the comforts of civilization were replacing the rigors of pioneer life. But while the whites were making rapid progress, the poor helpless red men—especially those of this region—were suffering from the need of a "Black Robe" to instruct their children in the Christian religion.

Into this wilderness of the middle west, came the young, strong, and devoted priest, Father Badin—a Francis Xavier to the natives of Indiana. It was in July of 1768 that there was born at Orleans in France an infant who was afterwards, by his expulsion from his

native land, to be the first within the borders of the United States whose hands should be anointed in ordination to the priesthood. After his ordination, in Baltimore, May 25th, 1793, he was sent with one companion to care for the missions of Kentucky. The two priests were on the mission but two years when, for the sake of the shepherdless flock of Louisiana, Father Badin sacrificed his only helper, and took entire charge of the Kentucky missionary field. Although Father Badin did not feel called to the mission labors of this section, he never complained, because, as he said, "Nothing that is done for God is done in vain."

Father Badin suffered much on this mission. Even the journey to Kentucky in those early days was enough to exhaust the hardest man of to-day. It was on muddy roads, down rivers on flat-bottomed boats; the passengers slept in the open air; and all this during the month of November. Father Badin bravely endured it all. Upon his arrival, he began his work at once. His first altar was a hewn slab. His delight was to say Mass and preach to a small band of Catholics. But in spite of the fact that he liked to preach, he trusted more to prayer for success, as we see by his calling the Trappists to Kentucky at the same time that he called other priests, that they might be active among the people. When he had accomplished his task in Kentucky he left the missions there and took up a work more to his fancy.

It was after this trial of his missionary career, that Father Badin came to the St. Joseph valley and settled at what was later to be known as Notre Dame, where he revived the faith among the Pottawatomies. On the little hillock at the southeastern end of St. Mary's Lake he built a substantial log chapel, and made it his central mission station. That he used all legitimate means in his power to gain the good will of the Indians is clearly shown by one of our foremost local historians, who relates that one time when Father Badin and a Mr. Colerick of Ft. Wayne were visiting a tribe of Ottawas in 1830, a mess of pigeons was boiled, feathers and all, and portions were set before the strangers. Father Badin began to eat his portion as if he relished it. His friend hesitated and Father Badin said to him: "Do not insult the red men; we cannot win them that way. Strip the feathers from the legs and you will find them eatable."

Father Badin continued his work among the Indians of this district for six years. He then

returned to Cincinnati, where much of his time was devoted to literary work. The most prominent of his writings are his "Letters to an Episcopalian Friend," which were published in the *Catholic Telegraph* in the same year, 1836. In 1837 he went to Bardstown, where he acted as vicar-general, at the same time attending several missions. This was no small task for a man in his seventies, but Father Badin performed his work cheerfully, knowing that he was not working for men but for God.

The sufferings of Father Badin are indescribable. As a young man he had been driven out of France by the Revolution. As a young priest he was sent to a mission he not only disliked, but which was so extensive and inconvenient that humanly speaking it was enough to discourage an angel. As a man venerable with age, he found his companions to be men of another generation, men whose views, though often more enlightened, were contrary to those of the aged and experienced missionary priest. Father Badin would never quarrel, but he would change his residence when he met with any difficulty with his fellow priests or his superiors in the hierarchy.

Looking back, we are startled at the noble works and years of this glorious apostle. There is and can be only one explanation of it all. He was a chosen friend of God. God used him as an instrument for the spread of Christianity and for the destruction of the reign of Satan among the chosen children of America. God loved him and He gave him length of days in this life that he might merit a higher place in Heaven. The life of Father Badin was saintly, and although he never was a religious in the sense that we use the word, whenever he visited Notre Dame and taught catechism during the early days of Father Sorin he never missed a community exercise. He was the first to be found at meditation and at spiritual reading. He would sometimes be so lost in his spiritual reading that he would forget about his meals.

Though he died in Cincinnati and was buried in the Cathedral there, his body was moved fifty years later to Notre Dame, that it might rest in the spot where he offered so many holy Masses, where he baptized so many children and converts, where he united so many happy young people in the bond of holy wedlock, and where he spent so many hours in silent prayer and reading. And here rests his body

awaiting the hour of a glorious resurrection, or perhaps a golden shrine after canonization by Mother Church.

Over fourscore years have passed since Father Badin first visited this spot. Great changes have been going on in the meantime. A bloody civil war has passed over the States; the war of wars is devastating Europe; but Notre Dame, where Father Badin dwelt and is buried, is at peace. The Blessed Virgin watches, from on high, the grave of her loyal son beside the beautiful little lake, under the shadow of the great institution named in her honor. St. Joseph beside, as of old, is ever watching the body of his second foster son. No costly monument marks his resting-place. A simple slab of marble covers his grave. A crude log chapel, an exact facsimile of the one built by the heroic man, marks the spot. But while this resting-place is so simple, what greater or more fitting monument could be erected to the memory of one whose life was spent doing the work of his Creator, serving the lonely and the weak? Yea, what greater monument for one who, to use the words of the Apostle, "Became all to all men that He might gain all?"

The Legend of the Sycamore.

BY WILLIAM E. FARRELL.

The death last week of Brother Frederick of this community, will be learned with sincere regret and kindly memory by those who enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with him and who understood and appreciated his rare personality. For years, he was a familiar figure on our campus, where he could be seen frequently in animated conversation with one or another of those who found him congenial. Few men about Notre Dame possessed such a store of historical incident and legend associated with the grounds and environs of the University. He had read much and had talked frequently with the brave pioneers who had preceded him in the community, about the interesting places for miles around. He was equally familiar with the written sources and the oral Indian legends pertaining to these places. Before age and ill health had made inroads on body and mind, he was remarkably gifted with clear memory and poetic insight. It was my privilege to know Brother Frederick well and I recall with "fra-

grant retrospection" the incidents and legends related by him several years ago in our occasional talks or on long walks through pleasant places. One legend with which, so far as I have been able to learn, he alone was familiar, I shall endeavor, as he often requested, to tell.

A little to the west and to the rear of Corby Hall, stands an old, impressive-looking sycamore tree. If one is at all observant of nature's manifold beauties, those that appeal to the sense of grandeur, as well as to the sense of delicacy, this noble tree, especially in the season of foliage, cannot but arrest attention. Its majestic proportions are in themselves enough to command admiration: it towers above its fellows, and gazing calmly down upon them, seems like a tall, white-haired seer, who quietly regards the youthful lives about him and gravely recalls the memories and associations of his own springtime of life; from its trunk huge limbs shoot at symmetrical angles in every direction, ever widening as they rear higher. The grandeur and symmetry of it all is truly striking.

The physical beauty of the tree is, however, incidental, only to the chief interest that is attached to it. If you examine the outlines carefully, you will detect an almost exact formation of the human hand projecting from the ground and lifted as if in appeal, the trunk forming the wrist and the five limbs into which the trunk divides, forming the fingers.

For some years after the founding of Notre Dame, it was not uncommon to see an Indian moving about the grounds, revisiting old haunts and enjoying the natural beauty which then, as now, was very great. One old chief, in particular, was observed coming here several times. He seemed most interested in two places: one was along the shore of the lake, where, usually at evening, he would stand with arms folded, silently contemplating the waters with their peace and beauty at sunset; the other was near the sycamore, then in its youth. He would linger at this spot for a long time with head bowed or with eyes raised to heaven, as if in silent prayer. One of the brothers who had observed this several times became interested and inquired from the Indian why he spent so much time near this tree. The Indian did not speak for a few seconds. His face was calm, yet revealed his suppressed grief. Then he lifted his hand impatiently as if to wave the matter aside, but when the brother spoke again in a tone of sympathy, the old chief told his story.

In the earlier days, when raids between the white men and the Indians were frequent, one white settler who had lost a friend whom he cherished greatly, swore eternal enmity against every red-skin. On one occasion this man, while hunting, was passing through what are now the grounds of Notre Dame, when he caught sight of an old Indian fishing peacefully on the shore of the lake. The Indian was unarmed and suspected nothing. He was a Christian convert, a man of peace and had always sought friendship with the white man. At the sight of the Indian, however, the Indian-hater could not restrain his feelings. He crept up softly toward the shore of the lake and, springing suddenly from the bushes, drove his hunting-knife into the back of the fisherman. The Indian, with a yell, started up and ran eastward from the lake, but when he reached the spot where now stands the great sycamore, he fell exhausted. Here his assaulter reached him again and, in spite of the Indian's supplications and protestations of innocence, attacked him a second time.

The Indian in agony cried out: "What have I done that you should kill me in this way?"

The white man answered: "You are an Indian and Indians have killed my dearest friend."

The Indian, then on the point of death exclaimed: "I am innocent of the blood of any man. I shall appeal to God for vengeance." With these words on his lips, the Indian died.

Some time after this occurrence, a little tree of strange shape sprang up where the Indian's blood had trickled into the earth. Later the chief, who knew the circumstances of the Indian's death, on passing that way was struck by the peculiar shape of the tree, a miniature of its present form. Its signification then dawned upon him. Here was the hand and wrist of his dear friend extended toward heaven. As the sapling grew, it still retained its strange shape and the hand remains to this day lifted in appeal to God as a warning to all who might put to death an innocent man.

No one will doubt, probably, the wholly legendary character of this story, yet it is not lacking in naïve creation. It resembles in some respects a Grecian myth—the story of Apollo and Hyacinthus, or of Daphni. As with most stories of this kind, it may have had its origin in some fact and was then embellished by the Indian imagination.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Book Review.

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—The scrimmage of the second quarter finds some of us still in prime condition, others a bit bruised and short of wind. For those whose showing has not been satisfactory there is still opportunity in the half that is left to repair the defects of the past and to finish with colors flying. Now is the time to do the "grinding" and to get the burden of the work behind, ere "spring trips north again this year." That safe feeling which comes about the first of June to those who have done their duty is easily worth a few weeks of real application now. February and March are the banner months for students. The weather is generally unfavorable to outdoor inducements, and consequently it is easier to seek the seclusion of the room and to work away heedless of the call of out-of-doors. Those who do their hard work now will find satisfaction in knowing that they have done their best; others will find happiness in the thought that no sword of Damocles will be dangling above their heads during the last weeks of the year. Procrastination, besides being the thief of time, is the thief of ambition, and everyone who has tried doing the work of a quarter in one week knows the difficulty of the performance. Let us not throw our books on the shelf and take a rest because the examinations are over. Only the first half is finished: now is the time to get a handicap on the second.

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE FOR 1916.
By William Stanley Braithwaite. New York. Laurence J. Gomme. Octavo, pp. 266. \$1.50.

It was a keen maker of anthologies who wrote that "an anthology that shall have any value must be made on the responsibility of one but on the authority of many." The writer was looking over a past of multiple accomplishment creatively, and of established discernment critically. With only one year to review, a somewhat different problem is presented. The "many" and their "authority" are less of a support to the "one" and his "responsibility." Few poems on their publication at once set the world ringing. It is time which tests song, as it does everything else. Authority slowly takes shape, and as it grows, inversely responsibility diminishes. In a word, the anthology maker runs no risk if he includes "Lucasta, on Going to the Wars" in his collection: there is immense authority for the choice; on the other hand, if, on the opposite page he sets forth "A Thrush in the Moonlight," he assumes a responsibility. Obviously, it is to his higher praise if he anticipates the favoring voice of time; still more if he helps to determine that judgment.

Mr. Braithwaite is such a pioneer. With him, the authority and the responsibility are single. The "many," in the nature of things, are only such magazine editors as have published a poem in question, the critics who have praised it, the newspapers that have copied it,—an insufficient body to interpret time's decision. So the decision is largely Mr. Braithwaite's own, authority and responsibility being conterminous. Inclusiveness, rather than exclusiveness, is apt to mark such a critic's judgments. It will be better to have offered ten poems which will be forgotten, than to have missed one which after time shall keep.

Now that is exactly what happens in the present collection. There are one hundred and eighty-four octavo pages of the best poems from the American magazines of last year. It is almost sufficient space for the printing of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" or Alice Meynell's "Flower of the Mind," anthologies which cover practically the whole of English poetry for several centuries. It is an allotment of importance which would have made "The Oxford Book of English Verse" an issue in at least three volumes of its present size. There is room for a ready distinction here, of course. It may be alleged that even Mr. Braithwaite would increase these famous collections by only one page from the poetry of nineteen hundred and sixteen. The reply is that authority, then, and not responsibility gives value to such a collection. And the query is inevitably forced, why have such an anthology at all?

There is, however, another point of view. Without doubt, there is a strong present interest in poetry, not so much in poetry as established as in—at its broadest—the possibilities of poetry. To represent this interest as it is expressed in its vehicle of publication, the magazines, may well be a legitimate aim of the anthology maker, as also to encourage it. On

this ground, the bulk of the present volume has its allowable defense.

For ourselves, we make no doubt that the "New Poetry," as it is called, will die young; it will never reach old years and hoary respectability. It will contribute nothing permanent to our poetic tradition. The much advertised freedom of form which it is emphasizing was always in our tradition; it is the very life of the verse of such ancients as Shakespeare and Milton, and such moderns as Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson. It was overtly discussed by Patmore, in a critique from which the "new" poets might learn much, wherein it was stated how the beauty of verse is dependent on the "inflection" as against the "infraction" of the laws of verse-making. The distinction is capital: the "new" poets infract, and their freedom is license. In art, as in wider relations, it is by obeying that we conquer. The law of liberty is not the suppression of all other law; it is only obligation's most inclusive statement.

Absolute values-aside, then, Mr. Braithwaite's Anthology presents an interesting array of verse. There is good verse in all the time-honored forms, and there is one new form offered, the "cinquain." It is significant that the quest for something original in subject-matter should have taken several of the poets back to the saints. Thus in the past year there have been two notable ballads written about Saint John Nepomucene, the martyr of the confessional's inviolability. This is a departure indeed. The Poor Man of Assisi has long had his laureates, but the court confessor of Prague is new to modern song. One of these ballads is here reprinted, and, by the way, it would make a splendid "reading" for our elocutionists, as also would "Revelation," by the same author, Ruth Comfort Mitchell. Much of this verse might be made to serve the same practical purpose: it is high time to bury "Laska," and to give a respite to "Gunga Din."

Aside from the actual poems included in this ample volume, there is much to interest the poetry reader. There is an index of all the poems contributed to the magazines for the year, a complete catalogue of the book of verse published, a review of fifteen notable volumes, a list of articles on the subject of poetry and poets, and a brief general bibliography of the criticism of poetry. The volume itself is well made, and worth the dollar and a half for which it sells.

Notices.

The first preliminaries for the college debate will be held on the evening of February 12th.

JUNIORS, SENIORS: ATTENTION.

Portraits of Juniors and Seniors for the 1917 DOME will be taken at the new Parrot-Studio, in the Union Trust Building, at Michigan and Jefferson, South Bend, beginning next Wednesday morning, February 7th. Members of the two classes are asked to sit as soon as possible, for all portraits must be in by March 1st.

The Aero Club of America, through its

president, Mr. Alan R. Hawley, has presented the University with two medals, to be awarded to the two students of Notre Dame writing the best essays on aeronautics. Forty-nine other leading universities of the country will hold similar contests. Mr. Hawley states that he hopes to make the offer annually in the future.

Father Cavanaugh has received from Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, president of the national committee on prisons, the offer of three prizes of \$50, \$25, and \$15, to be given to the three college students writing the best essays on prison reform. The judges will be Prof. James C. Egbert, of Columbia University, Dr. Hastings H. Hart, of the Russell Sage Foundation, and Judge William H. Wadhams, of New York City.

The American Association of Engineers will hold a national promotional convention at the LaSalle Hotel, Chicago, beginning February 8th, 1917. There will be papers and addresses on subjects of business imperative to the profession. All who are associated with the engineering profession are urged to attend.

Varsity News.

—The work of moving the books from the old library to the new has already begun.

—The literal pedants and fresh-air fiends are rejoicing over the fact that a new cinder path is being made around St. Joseph Lake.

—The January thaw has interfered somewhat with the skating on our lakes—in support of the hypothesis that Indiana climate is femininely fickle.

—Father Michael Quinlan and Father Walsh attended the Chicago Alumni banquet that was given at the Hotel LaSalle last Saturday evening.

—"Mike" Murphy, Spanish fistic expert of Sorin Hall, has left Notre Dame and will continue his search for knowledge at Christian Brothers' College, in St. Louis.

—Officers of the junior-law class are pleased with the manner in which the tickets for their annual dance are selling. February Seventh is the time. Place Hall is the place.

—A number of sketches and models in clay, done by students in Professor Worden's class in free-hand drawing, are on display on the second floor of the Main Building.

—The six-reel comedy, "Business Is Business," featuring the Blue Beard of the stage, Nat Goodwin, was shown at Washington Hall last Saturday evening.

—David Griffin, the noted Philadelphia baritone, will probably be secured for entertainment on Washington's Birthday. According to present plans he will sing at both the morning and evening exercises.

—The University's two-story brick garage is about completed. On account of the crowded condition in the boarding halls, room is being made on the second floor to take care of twelve students. We hear that the new domicile is to be styled Cadillac Hall.

—Wednesday evening, February 14th, has been set as the date for the interstate banquet. The entertainment committee promises abundance of fun for all who participate as well as several big surprises. Three hundred tickets will be sold to those who first apply. If you want one, do not wait till they will all have been sold.

—William Sterling Battis returned to Washington Hall last Wednesday evening, delighting a large audience with his character readings from Dickens' novel, "Nicholas Nickleby." Last year Mr. Battis gave impersonations of several of the Dickens' characters, not confining himself to any one novel, and the same might very well have been done this year. The readings became a trifle monotonous and one or two of the characters were a bit overdone.

—An article entitled "American Priests and Foreign Missions" by Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., which originally appeared in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, is now reprinted in pamphlet form by the Mission Press, Techny, Ill. This is another evidence of the zeal shown by the Society of the Divine Word for the progress of the Foreign Missions. H. E. S.

The Club Column.

We have first-hand this report concerning the festive doings in Chicago last Saturday:

"The Notre Dame Club of Chicago held its annual dinner last Saturday evening, January 28th, at the Hamilton Club. Despite the fact that the Notre Dame track team was performing in Chicago on the same evening, a large number of old students gathered for the yearly "feed" and story swapping. Judge Michael Girten,

the president of the club, acted as toastmaster and made good as the official starter of the evening. Rt. Rev. Mgr. Davies Kelley had an interesting talk ready for the boys. Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., told what was being done at the University in preparation for the Jubilee Year. The athletic situation was discussed by Fred Steers and the plans of the Glee Club were outlined by Charles Hughes. The singing was led by Jimmie Wasson, famed as a tenor and track man. It was pleasing to note the increased attendance on the part of the real old-timers and out-of-town grads. As usual Jim Conway of Ottawa was there. Before the meeting broke up it was decided to get together before long and make preparation for a big turn-out at the University next June.

JOHN O'CONNELL, Sec'y."

FRESHMAN LAWYERS ORGANIZE.

Members of the Freshman Law Class met recently, perfected an organization and made plans for a banquet to be held at Mishawaka about the middle of this month. The following officers were chosen: president, Walter Miller, of Defiance, O.; vice-president, Frank Coughlin, of Chicago; secretary, "Larry" Morgan, of Chicago; treasurer, Richard Leslie, of Iowa; historian, Delmar Smith, of Chicago; sergeant-at-arms, Hugh Gibbons, of Iowa. Judge Vurpillat was named honorary president of the organization.

CORRESPONDENTS TO BANQUET.

Plans for a banquet to be held February 6th were made by the Notre Dame Press Club at its weekly meeting last Saturday afternoon. Secretary Stuart H. Carroll was appointed to make arrangements for the affair.

DETROIT ALUMNI DANCE.

Arrangements have been completed for the annual ball to be given by the Notre Dame Club of Detroit, which will be held in the ballroom of the Knights of Columbus, Monday evening, February 12th. The committee in charge consists of James E. Sanford, chairman; Ernest P. Lajoie, William A. O'Brien, Raymond J. Kelly, Edward N. Marcus, Wilmer O. Finch, James E. O'Brien, Howard J. Ellis, Forrest McNally and William J. Redden. The patrons and patronesses for the dance are some of the older alumni of the University and their wives: Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Würzer, Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs.

John G. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. Russell G. Finn, Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Esher, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Hanley, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Finch, and Mr. and Mrs. Forrest McNally. The Detroit Club, always one of the most active of the many Notre Dame organizations, is planning to make the present event one of the most elaborate social functions of the season.

NEW ENGLAND OFFICERS CHOSEN.

At a meeting last week, the New England Club was organized under the following officers: president, John U. Riley, of Boston; vice-president, Jerry Murphy, of Bridgeport, Conn.; secretary, Harry Denny, of Bridgeport, Conn.; treasurer, Charles Grimes, of Pawtucket, R. I.

BANQUET PLANS PROGRESS.

February the 14th has been officially fixed as the date of the first annual banquet of the state, sectional and city clubs of Notre Dame, and plans for the affair are maturing rapidly. An important meeting of the several committees was held Thursday, at which many of the details were determined. The committees are doing their level best in the way of elaborate preparations and there is every promise that the banquet will be a big success.

Obituaries.

FRANCIS COINTET EWING.

The sympathy of the faculty and of the students of the University is extended to Mr John G. Ewing, former professor of History and Economics at Notre Dame, in the loss of his brother, Francis Cointet Ewing, who died at Los Angeles, California, January 23rd, 1917. The deceased was born at Lancaster, Ohio, the son of Philemon Beecher Ewing and Mary Rebecca Gillespie, on November 12th, 1859. He attended Notre Dame from 1872 to 1878. He was a noble Catholic gentleman, and in his death the Church is deprived of a staunch defender of western Catholicism.

BROTHER FREDERICK, C. S. C.

On January 24, 1917, there died at the Community House, Brother Frederick, C. S. C., for many years head of the paint shops here at Notre Dame. His death marks the passing of another of those humble brothers so fondly familiar to a whole generation of students. His loss is felt greatly by the college and by the community. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Capt. W. L. Luhn, Tenth Calvary (Com. '87) is now stationed on the border at Columbus, New Mex.

—Myles H. Sinnott (Ph. B., '10) visited the University for a few hours last Saturday. Myles is now in business with his father at Indianapolis.

—Frank T. Taffe, formerly a student of journalism at Notre Dame, has been re-elected secretary-treasurer and member of the board of directors of the *Cohoes Republican*, published at Cohoes, N. Y.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Marian Estora Birkenbuel to Mr. James Lee Cahill at Joliet, Ill., on January 30th. Mr. and Mrs. Cahill will be at home after March 1st at 109 Roanoke Avenue, Peoria, Illinois.

—Russell C. Hardy (LL. B., '16) recently connected with the Hartford Insurance Co. is now with the Zurich General Accident and Liability Company in Chicago. His home address is 501 Divesey Parkway, Chicago Ill.

—Mr. John F. O'Connell (LL. B., '13) and Miss Adeline Abbie Krippene of Oshkosh, Wis., were married in that city January 27th. After June 1st, John's home address will be 2224 Clifton Ave., Chicago. Heartiest congratulations from Alma Mater to the happy couple.

—William J. Montavon (A. B., '93) now in the U. S. Dept. of Commerce, Lima, Peru, South America, writes that he intends to call together the old Notre Dame boys in Lima and nearby cities in order to form a Notre Dame Club. Such spirit and loyalty to Alma Mater is certainly worthy of commendation.

—Hugh J. Boyle, formerly of Darlington, Wisconsin, and member of the Varsity baseball and track teams in the spring of 1907, is now county attorney for Holt County, at O'Neill, Nebraska. Hugh was a pole-vaulter on the track teams, and played second base on the diamond. He still takes a deep interest in the work of the men of the Gold and Blue.

—Under the heading "Noted Director Joins Goldwin, Allan Dwan, one of Filmland's Powerful Creators Signs," *Motography* a magazine devoted to film work, publishes a picture of our old friend, Joseph Aloysius Dwan, and an enthusiastic account of his remarkable achievements in the productions of great moving

pictures. In the picture Allie is represented as directing a hundred players through a megaphone during a rehearsal.

—Ernest F. DuBrul, who qualified for five degrees at the University in the early nineties, besides being a regular member of the football teams of 1892 and 1893, is now the father of a family of nine children, and is president of the Miller, DuBrul & Peters Mfg. Co., of Cincinnati, manufacturers of cigar and cigarette machinery. In addition Mr. DuBrul is president of the Pyro Clay Products Co., manufacturers of fire-bricks at Oak Hill, Ohio, and lecturer at St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Ohio. This busy alumnus of Notre Dame will attend the monogram meeting next June.

Athletics.

SECOND REGIMENT MEET.

If for no other reason than the remarkable performance of Alfred ("Little Dutch") Bergman, Notre Dame's participation in the opening event of the winter season's activities in the West at the Second Regiment games in Chicago last Saturday night was well worth while. No Notre Dame enthusiast ever doubted the speed of the "Pride of Peru", and if any foreigners were sceptical about it previous to January 27th, they certainly must have been sufficiently assured on that date.

When the clerk of the course cleared the track for the special-invitation-fifty-yard sprint the greatest array of human speedsters ever brought together for a single race made ready to take their marks. Besides Bergman there was the dusky wonder, Butler, there were Ward and Loomis, the redoubtable flyers of the Chicago Athletic Association just back from a triumphant visit to Sweden, and there was the marvelous Mahl of the Columbian Athletic Club, of St. Louis.

When Starter Cayou raised his gun to send the men away, Bergman broke. The sprinters unlimbered a few moments while Cayou placed Bergman's starting blocks a half-yard behind the others. Again the men took their marks. This time everybody was steady. Bergman sprang with the sound of the gun, and at the twenty-yard mark was on even terms with the rest of the field. The momentum he gained by his whirlwind start made him look like a sure

winner. At the forty-yard distance Mahl, Loomis and Bergman were running even. Each gave a final lunge as he approached the tape in the last ten yards. As to who was winner was a question for the judges to decide; the spectators couldn't.

The officials consulted with each other and finally awarded the feature event to Mahl, with Bergman second, and Loomis third. They next announced that the world's record had been tied in :05, 2-5. Except for the penalty due to a false start Bergman must surely have gathered the laurels that went to Mahl in the biggest attraction in an evening of many features.

Frank Kirkland ran a splendid race in the forty-yard high hurdles and finished third. Douglas scored a fourth in the high jump. Our one mile relay team found the "square" track a great hindrance and finished behind the I. A. C. and C. A. A. squads.

THE REDS AND BLUES TO-DAY.

Coach Rockne will stage his annual Red and Blue Meet this afternoon. Captain Miller and ex-Captain Bachman will be the leaders of the teams bearing the rival hues. This will be the final hard work-out before the opening of the heavy program. Commencing next Saturday, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin will be faced at intervals of only seven days. Wisconsin is the only home attraction of the indoor season. The Badgers will be here on Saturday, February 24th.

M. A. C., 31; NOTRE DAME, 25.

Minus "Dick" Daley and "Chet" Grant—one a mainspring on offense and the other a stone wall of defense—Coach Harper's basketball shooters were defeated by the Michigan "Aggies" in the gymnasium of the "Aggies" last Saturday evening. Used to a spacious court the gold and blue quintet found the M. A. C. floor of cigar-box proportions a heavy handicap. Only the night before the supposedly invincible team of the Illinois Athletic Club also found the compact playing space a big disadvantage and lost the first game of their long schedule by a score of 39 to 27. On their home floor, at least, the "Aggies" are practically unbeatable. It was a rejuvenated line-up that Coach Harper presented at the beginning of the game. King was elected to fill the center position; Captain McKenna and Baujan were at the guards, with McDermott and Ronchetti as

orwards. Baujan and the referee could not agree as to just what constituted a personal foul and as a result the big football end was unfortunately required to quit the contest before the completion of the first half. Fitzpatrick took his place. Between the halves the score stood 15 to 8 in favor of M. A. C.

As has come to be the rule of late, Notre Dame played a much better game in the latter half than in the first. Having become more familiar with the floor, they played their opponents to a standstill, and actually scored more points in the second half than the Michiganders. They could not, however, overcome the big lead gained by the home team during the first half, and when the game ended Notre Dame was six points behind.

McDermott held his usual "scoring bee," and during the final half particularly he made the baskets "in swarms." "Pete" Ronchetti was a capable partner for McDermott when it came to passing and he also achieved a couple of baskets. King controlled the tip off with remarkable precision for such a short man. Captain McKenna fought like an Irish Brigade at left guard; Baujan and Fitzpatrick, who succeeded him at right guard, were not much behind their Celtic leader.

All those who wish to see a battle to be remembered should not fail to be in the Notre Dame Gymnasium about eight o'clock on the evening of February 17th, when M. A. C. is to play the return game.

ST. IGNATIUS, 13; CARROLL HALL, 31.

While the Varsity team was in Lansing last Saturday night Carroll Hall was having an interesting basketball game here with a team from St. Ignatius Academy, Chicago. Father Quinlan's "men" played like veterans; the pass work they exhibited at times was phenomenal, and their basket-shooting was of a kind to make any team of their age hustle. Joe Wood, Wolf, and Bailey each scored four field goals. When the game was cinched, as one of the Carrollites explained it, several substitutions were made. Besides the regulars, Brady, Smart, Nigro, Malley, and Williams got a chance to show their quality. Besides the first team of Carroll a league of eight picked teams is flourishing in the junior hall. Two games are played each evening, and nowhere in the University is basket-ball enthusiasm at a higher pitch.

C. W. C.

Scents o' Humor.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Examinations being over we may again bury our books in an obscure corner and devote our time to the more serious things of life, such as the I. S. banquet, the Press-Club feed, the Jr.-Law dance, and the military ball. A man who has corns and dyspepsia is quite *de trop*.

Exams have departed—we're gay and lighthearted,
Once more we're becoming ourselves;
With nothing to do for a quarter or two,
Let's sling the old books on the shelves.

"Where did R. C. go with F. on Sat. night?"

Captain Jim Schock; the poet-policeman of the South Bend force, recently called our attention to the following in the South Bend *Tribune*.

"WANTED—Reliable woman to clean Friday. H. P. 1071."—

We called 1071, but the man who answered the phone was *not* Robinson Crusoe.

AND ECHO ANSWERS "REST!"

* * * * *
* This poor fellow's now at rest— *
* Tried to pass a Logic test. *
* * * * *

FILLING IN.

"You give me a pain," he shouted at the dentist.
"Well, you have a lot o' nerve." replied the molar artist.

OH, EYE SEE.

"That man surely has an eye for business."
"Zat so? Who is he?"
"An oculist."

HIS MIRTH.

He flunked in every single class,
But still he worries not;
He's happy, for he pulled a skive
To town and wasn't caught.

AN APPRECIATION.

Some men are born boobs, some develop into filberts, while others try to rattle a visiting basketball player when he is attempting to toss a free basket.

WE PREFER RED STAR. (adv.)

You may bake, you may batter our yeast if you will,
But the cent that you paid us remains with us still.

—There is a call from the South for a commercial teacher for Pitman Shorthand, Typewriting, and Palmer Penmanship. The teacher must be a single man, salary not stated. Address the Secretary to the President.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to February 3, 1917.

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

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