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Vision.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

THE stars are snowy buds that fall
Over heaven's garden wall,
Where celestial buds in spring
Gleam with silver burgeoning.

All in vesture shining bright,
Through the evening's hidden light,
Beneath those boughs I saw Christ go,
His wounds like amethysts aglow.

The soft wind shook those blessed trees,
Budding through eternities,
And I saw the stars like white buds fall
Over heaven's garden wall.

Wilfrid Ward: An Appreciation.

BY MICHAEL J. EARLY, '17.

The era of the physical sciences is passing. Men no longer seek to explain the phenomena of life in the terms of physical science, but have recourse to metaphysical. A new period of philosophical thought has come upon us, and with its advent there has come likewise a greater interest in Catholic philosophy. When men began to turn from the natural to the supernatural they did so with a certain reluctance, and they required persuasion as well as enlightenment before they admitted the truth of the metaphysical. As a consequence the science of Catholic apologetics has taken on a new importance. Laymen as well as churchmen have recognized this, and perhaps none more clearly than the late editor of the *Dublin Review*, Dr. Wilfrid Ward.

Wilfrid Ward has been the foremost lay apologist of this period of transition and his exposition of Catholic doctrine was all the more forceful for the reason that it was the work

of a layman. During the last twenty years of his life he took up and explained in the famous Dublin quarterly the misunderstood questions of the Catholic religion. And his death, coming at the moment when the intellectual and religious controversy is at its height, is deeply felt in the world of Catholic literature and apologetics. For not only was his influence felt in Ireland and England but his name was known and honored wherever an English-speaking Catholic lived. If his death is a loss to the Catholic world, it is no less a loss to the literary world of all England, for as a man of letters Ward ranks among England's best.

Born in the shadow of Oxford University and spending his youth in and about London, he was always an ardent Englishman. But he was not an Englishman only. He realized that his work was catholic; that it lay above and beyond the confines of one nation. His ideal stretched out into the great wilderness of contested religious principles. He was first of all a Catholic, and such a Catholic as his father had been, animated with the father's zeal, and inspired by the father's ideals.

It is not given to every man to be reared among the great. Such, however, was the fortune of Wilfrid Ward. We are all familiar with the religious revolution in England known as the Oxford movement. William George Ward, the father of Wilfrid, called by the poet Tennyson the "most generous of Ultramontanes," was the most rigorous of converts and a master in Catholic theology. He was at the same time the friend and intimate associate of England's greatest men—Tennyson in poetry, Huxley in philosophy, Tyndal in science, and Newman and Manning in theology. Naturally the younger Ward, child though he was, was constantly thrown into the company of his father's associates, and throughout his life he upon every occasion honored these distinguished acquaintances of his childhood.

From his memoirs recently published, we

get a very quaint and very beautiful picture of the home life of the Wards at Old Hall, near St. Edmund's College, during the early life of the children. The mother seems to have been the initiative and the dominating force of the inner home. The father was, according to the son, "a dim figure in the background, of whom we were in great awe, but whom we seldom saw." The character of this home is a striking contrast to most of the homes of today. "The Catholic Church," says Mr. Ward, "was our one serious interest. Our dreams and our day-dreams were of its offices and of its hierarchy." The Ward children played at the Mass and the various ceremonies of the Church with the same intensity and intelligence as most children play soldiers. This deep and fervent interest in the Church and her work instilled by the silent yet forceful example of the father, remained with Wilfrid Ward until the last, growing in power and fruit as the years went by.

Wilfrid Ward holds a unique place in the world of letters. That he was a vital force in the thought of his day is undoubtedly true. Strange as it may seem he was neither of the early nor of the late Victorian age, nor can he be called a modern. Ward was alone in his work. With William G. Ward, there were contemporaries in Catholic philosophy, Manning, Wiseman and others less known, but with Wilfrid Ward we can find no contemporary. He cannot be classed among the younger number of brilliant writers of whom Hilaire Belloc and Cecil Chesterton are striking examples. He is too far removed from the ideas of current literature for the latter; and not distant enough for the former. He is, as it were, the bridge between the extreme orthodoxy, as exemplified in his father, and the present moderation in religious thought.

Mr. Ward's great contribution to modern times is his series of biographies and his apologetic writings. He was a born biographer. The life of Cardinal Wiseman is accorded by critics to be his best work. As a chronicler of life he achieved such success that a living writer has this to say of him, "He was certainly among other things, a great biographer: and it is likely enough that few in current fashion will understand how great a thing that is to be. The word is often used for the sort of man who is not so much a biographer as a graphographer; a mere writer about writings. Wilfrid Ward

was a biographer in a sense as exact and more exalted than we apply to the biologist; he really dealt with life and the springs of life." His biographies are almost autobiographies. He succeeded, and this is no small matter, in almost completely obliterating himself in his biographical writing, in merging himself in the very life of his subject, and thus was able to write with a sympathy and discernment common to few. We can justly say that he was a most exceptional student of life and character. He studied his fellow-beings with almost superhuman intensity and in a manner that in no way betrayed his own thoughts concerning his subject. If Ward had done no other writing than his series of biographies, he would none the less surely have immortalized his name.

Yet it was as a Catholic writer and an apologist, that Ward achieved his greatest fame. Early in life he conceived his ideal, and throughout the years he endeavored to attain it. That ideal was the reconciliation of all faiths, and chiefly the reconciliation of the Anglican, with the Roman. Like his illustrious predecessor, Boetius, he endeavored to find in Catholicism matter of common interest to non-Catholics, and in setting about this task he wished to place religious belief upon a philosophic basis. He readily recognized that this would be almost impossible under the Scholastic exposition, for Scholasticism was then little understood by the ordinary Catholic and less by Protestants. In searching for a means he found what he was looking for in Newman's "Essay on Development." His ambition was to make clear the doctrines of the Catholic faith to the majority of the people in England; he did not aspire merely to harmonize the difficulties of the educated. He felt his helplessness in so great a task and longed for the day of general education of a religious character. Catholicism cannot overcome the prejudices of ages unless the Catholic and the non-Catholic youth are instructed in both sides of the controversy. In his later years he recognized the materialization of his ideas in the Institute at Louvain, in the Catholic University at Washington, and in our own University of Notre Dame of which he spoke so feelingly in the *Dublin Review*.

As a man, Wilfrid Ward was deeply human, simple and sympathetic to a degree almost unknown in a man of his position. We at Notre Dame who were fortunate enough to have attended his lectures two years ago remember

him as a tall dignified gentleman, courteous and delightful, with a deep and resonant voice, quiet and unassuming and very interesting. That Ward felt the greatness of the men with whom he was early associated, and his great debt to them, we cannot doubt. Agnostic, theologian, and poet, he had welcomed in his youth, and he welcomed them in the prime of his life, attributing to no man an ulterior motive, believing in the sincerity of all and appreciating their positions with a sympathetic judgment. He endeavored to correct where he perceived an error, but he nevertheless respected the man, in spite of his error, provided he was sincere. Thus it was that Ward was a welcome figure wherever philosophy, psychology, or theology was seriously considered. He was a Catholic at all times, but never a bigot, for bigots can exist within, as well as without, the Church. He was a very clever conversationalist both with young men and with old. An associate says: "He was an astonishingly young man for his years, and an attractive companion for men younger than himself; he yet seemed somehow to be the contemporary of the great men whom he had known as a boy, Huxley or Tennyson or Manning. It was not in the least that his friends felt as if they were talking to an old man, but it was as if they were talking to one of these great men in his prime."

As an entertainer, Wilfrid Ward was a surprise to all. A good musician, a singer and a clever elocutionist, he more than entertained. In the interpretation of Tennyson he was at his best. G. K. Chesterton says, "I always felt as if I had seen and listened to Tennyson merely from having seen and listened to Ward."

Wilfrid Ward is now dead. He has left us at the very time that our need of him seems greatest. For twenty-five years he guided the destiny of the *Dublin Review*, and no one man has been deemed capable to take up the task where he has left off. He has done a great work. Perhaps the world will never understand it and appreciate it fully. We cannot gauge his influence upon the English mind. That he was appreciated and respected by his opponents has been the wonder of his career. His influence was subtle and far-reaching and his success lay not in the out-and-out rejection of narrow principles by his opponents but rather in the molding of the English mind to a less narrow and a more open view of Catholicism and Catholic doctrines.

Varsity Verse.

WAITING.

The wind runs wild on the sea tonight,
And the clouds in the sky hang low;
The darkness rustles with misty rain,
And the foam flies,—drifting snow.
A fisherman's on the sea tonight,
And he struggles with helm and oar,
And prays, as he makes for the distant light
In a cottage on the shore.

The wind is wild on the shore tonight,
And the lightnings dance on the lea;
The crash of waters that strike on the beach
Comes up like a wail from the sea.
A woman waits on the shore tonight,
But out on the treacherous swells,
Where the waters keep her heart's delight,
Her anxious spirit dwells.

The wind is low on the sea tonight,
And the mist is a funeral pall;
The sea-birds are singing requiems,
In the caves of the ocean wall.
A woman waits on the shore tonight,
And keeps her tryst with pain;
She does know of the mystic rite,
Nor that she waits in vain.

B. Matthew.

BEREAVEMENT.

Fast through the glimmering city street,
Down to where you lay,
Came Death on reluctant feet
And took your life away.

To the starry heavens I cried aloud
To where your soul had gone;
And sudden through a parted cloud
A new star shone.

Thomas F. Healy, '19.

SEVENTEEN.

As he walks down the street,
Looking saintly and neat
In his new suit and bright-lustred shoes,
Both his cheeks are as red
As his necktie, and head,
For he thinks everyone knows the news.

Though he wants to be gay
As he goes on his way,
And to walk with a step full of vim,

Still he shivers and shakes,
While he swelters and bakes,
For it seems every eye is on him.

Now the reason that he
Feels this criminal glee,
Which has set all his head in a whirl,
Is because, in dismay,
He is now on his way
For the first time to call on his girl.

J. J. W., '20.

THE REASON.

When I sighed, "Are you wed,
My sweet little miss?"
She gloomily said,
When I sighed, "Are you wed?"
"No, it's rheumatiz, Fred,
That makes me like this!"
When I sighed, "Are you wed,
My sweet little miss?"

Barrett Anderson, '20.

The Vendetta.

BY JOHN J. SULLIVAN, JR., '18.

"Say, Freshie, drop that cane!"

James Pembroke Junior turned about angrily and regarded the speaker. The young man before him was thick and square of shoulder and coarse-featured. Pembroke flushed indignantly. "A very common person indeed," he thought to himself.

"Well, don't stand there staring, Reggie dear. Drop that cute little cane now, and hurry on home before it gets too dark," repeated the aggressor, grinning contempt at the freshman.

James Junior grew more indignant. "Drop this cane, did you say? I should say not. Who are you anyway? Take my advice and mind your own affairs, sir." He had not yet heard of the regulation which forbade freshmen the use of canes. And he wondered who this might be who was thus challenging his right to sport a cane if he wished.

The stranger then tried to snatch the cane from the well-gloved hand of its owner. But Pembroke quickly drew it away, and, fairly purple with rage, he raised it and slashed it fiercely across the face of his assailant, producing for the instant on his cheek a livid welt.

The man hesitated for a second under the sharp pain of the stroke. Then, with an angry curse, he charged, caught the cane in mid-air, snapped it in two, and, seizing the frantically struggling Jimmie, sat down on the edge of the college walk, where, with the object of dispute, he administered to his victim a sound, substantial old-fashioned drubbing. Rising finally, a little breathless from the exertion, he tossed the cane and its owner into the road.

"Let that be a lesson to you, young fellow," he said. The grin had returned, and he seemed very well satisfied with the world as he stood there fingering the bruise on his left cheek. "And don't be ashamed to tell anyone that Bill Hargrave taught you."

With a chuckle he went his way, leaving the humiliated Pembroke to think it over.

Jimmie gathered himself up from the dusty road. His face burned from anger and mortification. He blessed the darkness that helped him to his rooms unobserved.

The greater part of that night he lay awake. His whole spirit was utterly outraged. Helplessly he remembered the great strength of Hargrave. The name kept ringing in his ears. He knew he hated that name and its bearer more than anything else. Over and over he promised himself vengeance. His would be a real vendetta. If he were only as strong as Hargrave! He deplored the time he had wasted in the past. It had been his own fault. He had been a weak fool. But now,—and choking back the sobs, he made his solemn vow. He would make himself strong also. Just give him time and he would show them! Until then his revenge could wait. It was not till the small hours of the morning, that he fell to sleep.

He awoke with the memory of his disgrace. Fervently he renewed his resolution of the night before. He flung his silver cigarette-case out upon the campus before he was fully dressed, and from that moment he trained scrupulously to his purpose.

When the Freshmen were called out, Pembroke donned a suit and reported to the coach. More as a joke than anything, he was retained on the squad. He did look out-of-place in a football suit. Laughingly they called him the "Infant Whirlwind." Day after day he did in the gymnasium the long program of exercises he had mapped out for himself. Then came track and basketball and baseball. He tried

hard at all of them. That year also he learned to swim. By June strange new lumps were beginning to form on his biceps, and he had lost all of his old-time pallor. After commencement he left for home, the standing joke in the school's athletics.

When he had settled himself in the plush chair and the train was speeding him toward the city, he thought it over. Hargrave, he still hated with all the original fervor, and the thought of vengeance was just as fresh as it had been the night it was born in his wounded heart. So far he had done his best. But he must keep at it. His father had written and asked him if he had made his plans for the summer. He had not answered the letter, but as he sat there, he was considering the matter very seriously.

"Dad," he told Pembroke Senior, shortly after he got home, "I have my own plans this summer and I won't need any money."

The sire was very much surprised at this sudden purpose. When his breath was restored he looked the boy over carefully; with a vague wonder in his heart, he asked the boy no questions. He would let the youngster do for himself as proposed. At the close of vacation the boy returned. There was a healthy glow to his tanned cheeks. He had grown taller and gained about twenty pounds. He merely explained that he had been on a farm.

The first thing Pembroke heard upon his arrival at college was that Hargrave had failed completely in the final examinations and was repeating his Sophomore year. "Well," thought Jimmie, "that will give me one more year." He tried for the varsity football team and made the third squad. The nickname "Infant Whirlwind" still stuck to him. Often as he limped back to the "gym" after a hard scrimmage he felt like giving it up. But the thought of Hargrave promptly revived his determination. That year closed, and, though Pembroke was still a joke, he was becoming less so.

Again James Pembroke, Jr., disappeared during the summer months. In September he came back home with ten pounds more and another inch added to his stature. His hands were calloused and his skin was tanned to a dark brown. His muscles were large and as hard as India rubber. He started the junior year by making the second squad and he played opposite Hargrave on the line. Pembroke gloried in this though he received most of the hard knocks.

Toward the end of the season he was put into one of the big games for a few minutes. Thereafter he was still known as the "Whirlwind," but the "Infant" had been dropped. He made a place on the swimming team, and in the spring he succeeded in capturing one on the varsity nine. Meanwhile he was among the best in the classroom. He left school for the third time still hating Hargrave with all his soul.

The "Whirlwind" made up his mind while he was packing away a few pennants and pictures in his room. This would be his last chance. He felt sure of his success, but he needed something different from the farm this summer. So a letter went to his home town explaining things, while a train carried him in the opposite direction.

A few days later a young man walked over to the proprietor of a large hotel in a very popular summer resort and inquired whether he needed a good porter that was willing to work. The proprietor looked him over, and smiled.

"Looking for exercise?" he asked.

"Something like that," assented the aspirant.

James Pembroke got the job.

And it was exercise. All through the hot summer months Pembroke carried trunks from the station to the hotel and from the hotel to the station. Very often he had to carry them up two or three flights of stairs. After he had been at the hotel a week he could tell within a pound the weight of any trunk he touched. At the end of August he fired himself. In his socks he stood now an even six feet, and tipped the scales at two hundred. He was all sinew and muscle, and the latter were of banded steel. In his pocket was a wallet of seventy-five dollars which he felt that he had really earned.

Three days after the "Whirlwind" arrived at college for his final year, he broke the record for strength. It had been held by Bill Hargrave. The antagonists began their football practice together. For a while they held their old positions opposite each other. Then Pembroke was changed to the first squad and Hargrave to the second. That year Pembroke made the touchdown that beat Cornell, and he was the idol of the college. He also won his letter in swimming. All through the year he worked hard in his classes. Just before graduation he knocked a home-run which won the last game and the intercollegiate championship.

The evening after commencement James

Pembroke Junior looked for Bill Hargrave. The time had come. He had noticed that Hargrave had been avoiding him of late, but that afternoon he met him face to face as Hargrave was leaving his room.

"I say, Hargrave," he said quietly, "come over to the room a minute, will you?"

The thick-set fellow nodded silently and followed him. When they were both in Pembroke's room, the latter turned and faced his enemy.

"Sit down, Hargrave," he indicated a chair, "I want to talk to you."

The other sank in a chair, and, regarding Pembroke in silence, waited.

"I'm not going to explain the purpose of this little talk because you know it as well as I do," he began. "But if you think you don't, I want you to recall an evening four years ago when you took a little well-dressed fop and gave him the beating of his young life. I was that kid, Hargrave. I guess you know that, and I've never forgotten it. The time of evening up the score has come. Do you think I'm able to do it, Hargrave?"

"Yes, I suppose so," came the answer very slowly. "But it's not going to be easy—remember that."

"Don't you think I ought to thrash you, Bill? Wouldn't you do it if you were in my place?" asked Jimmie.

"I'm pretty sure I would, Pembroke."

"Well, I won't, Bill Hargrave! I've been thinking it out and I want to tell you something. That old score of mine was settled long ago, though I've just realized it. I've thought of nothing else for the last four years, and every time I tackled you out on the field there, every time I pushed your face into the mud and charged you on the line, I was paying back part of that score. I feel now that it is fully paid. But that isn't all. In one way you are the best friend I've ever had: for, if it hadn't been for you, I'd have been sitting out there on the bleachers these last four years, smoking the 'coffin-nails' and yelling myself hoarse. I'd never have done a thing myself. Except for you I'd still be the weak-kneed fop you thrashed that blessed day on the college path. So you see, Hargrave, if anything, I'm in debt to you. I suggest we square-up matters with a dinner at the Hotel. Are you going to shake on it, Bill?"

Hargrave "shook."

In Memory of Sister Clare.

Peacefully rest, tired feet,
For many years that trod
In humbly serving sweet
The hillways up to God.

O tired heart, happily rest
Where there is rest in store,
Safe in your Saviour's breast,
With Christ forevermore.

C. L. O'D.

How to Place a Manuscript.

BY DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18.

A young author who is seeking a place in the field of literature should know that a great deal depends upon the letter which accompanies the manuscript submitted to periodicals. That editors know more than other people is an illusion, commonly cherished by all save the struggling writers whose contributions have been rejected with painful regularity. These latter know that very often editors are at least lacking in judgment and slow to recognize talent.

In many cases, however, the failure of literary tyros may be attributed to the kind of letters enclosed for the editors, who are not demigods that they should be treated in anywise differently from other correspondents. A person may be just as free and familiar with an editor as he would be with an unreasonable bulldog in August.

After examining into the practice of the most successful in communicating with their publishers we venture the following advice to those who are ambitious to break into print. Couch the wording of your next epistle along these lines and the result will be sure. And once you have succeeded in placing an offering, you can send in all your earlier efforts and they will be accepted without question. Most of the literature in the magazines to-day is published simply because the authors thereof once wrote something really worth while.

1. Do not typewrite either manuscript or letter. The handwriting of the author always gives to the affair a personal touch, a literary tone that appeals to the editor at once.

2. Write on both sides of the paper. Evidences of economy appeal to everyone, and particularly to an editor, since the price of paper has gone up.

3. Start off in a friendly manner calculated to put the editor at his ease,—in some such fashion as this: "I hope this finds yourself and family doing real well." If the date of the letter is near some holiday you might wish him many happy returns. In short, demonstrate at once that you accept him as your equal, intellectually and socially.

4. Follow the introduction with a few appropriate remarks on any subject that may suggest itself: the probable outcome of the war; your reasons for favoring the abolition of the general property tax; your opinion as to your neighbor's piano-playing (restricting yourself, if you can, to language that involves no violation of the postal laws).

5. Start the body of the letter by intimating that you are writing not for pleasure but to earn a living. Let the editor see that you are determined to have a literary career, willy-nilly. If you have had experience as a pugilist or a football player, don't fail to mention the fact, enclosing a photograph of yourself garbed accordingly. Many a poor manuscript has been saved by a bellicose recommendation.

6. On the other hand, you may adopt a different tone, and work on the sympathies of the editor. Speak fervently of an invalid mother, or children, five, six, or upward, according as you would appear poor or middle-class.

7. Give a short but optimistic history of the manuscript: to what periodicals it has already been submitted; your estimate of it (eschewing false modesty), and of the editors who have returned it, hinting that, unless all signs fail, they will be seeking new positions shortly.

8. Do not fail to include a biographical sketch of the person who first gave you the idea that you have a talent for literature. State whether or not there have been signs of insanity in his family at any time since 1492.

9. *Do not be too brief.* If you cannot think of anything else copy into your letter a few paragraphs from the American Constitution or from "Gulliver's Travels". It is a good plan to distribute these excerpts here and there in unexpected places that they may be at once surprising and pleasing to the editor.

If you follow these instructions your manuscript will undoubtedly be placed—somewhere.

The Lady of the Dome.

BY AUSTIN MCNICHOLS, '19.

Serenely fair and pure she stands on high
In golden dress, and round her head doth show
A gathered host of heaven's stars aglow:
She hears our prayers, and treasures up each sigh
As through the falling snow we pass her by,
Whence looking up to her from down below
We unseal all our cares that she may know
The heaviness and faults that in us lie.

For mother-like she heals the troubled mind,
Gives rise to joyous peace instead of hate;
Her eyes are ever on our blessed home,
Her presence makes of us a gentler kind;
In her we place our trust, our love, our fate,—
The blessed Lady of the Golden Dome.

For France.

BY J. KENNETH BOYLAN, '17.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

In order of appearance.

MADAME LEFEVRE, a widow.

BABET, her grand-daughter.

CELESTE, her daughter-in-law.

JEAN, her son.

ALPHONSE, an old neighbor.

SCENE: Madame Lefevre's cottage in northern France.

TIME: September, 1914.

The curtain discloses a typical French living room of the peasant class. There is a door at the right of the room, opening into the kitchen; another at the back of the scene, opening into the garden; a large double window in the center of the back wall; and a fireplace at the left of the room.

Madame Lefevre sits before the fire, with knitting in her lap untouched, gazing into the fire.

Enter from door at rear BABET.

BABET. Grandmère! Wake up! They say at the village that the Germans have come twenty miles further. Do you think they will come here?

MADAME. Hush, Babet. The Germans will not come. Our brave soldiers will sweep them back when they come to the front.

BABET. But, Grandmère, the men tell such stories of the things that the Germans are doing. Don't you think they will stop when my papa meets them? Why do they come to our country?

MADAME. It is the way of the world, Babet.

Men think they must fight because the Kaiser says so.

BABET. But why must my papa fight? When will he come back?

MADAME. He fights to save France from the barbarian; and when he has shot the Germans he will come back to us. Let us kneel and pray for him and for France.

(As they pray, CELESTE passes the window slowly and enters the room hesitatingly.)

CELESTE. Mamma!

MADAME. (Calmly) Speak quickly; tell us the news.

CELESTE. On the list it says that Andre—Andre—is—(weeps).

MADAME L. Wounded?

CELESTE. Yes.

MADAME L. Is that all?

CELESTE. No—he is dead.

MADAME L. Dead! Andre! My baby, my firstborn.

BABET. My papa; what is the matter with him? (runs to Madame).

MADAME L. He has been hurt, child. (Raising her head) And the others, Celeste?

CELESTE. They—too—have—

MADAME L. Pierre and Louis! Three, together?

CELESTE. Yes, at the Marne.

BABET. Grandmère, what is the matter? Why are you so still? Tell me what has happened.

MADAME L. Hush, child; say your beads for—our—heroes.

CELESTE. My husband! Andre! Dead! (buries her face in her apron).

MADAME L. Andre—Pierre—Louis! Three—three. Mother of Sorrow, strengthen me! My boys—gone, forever.

CELESTE. But Jean: they said nothing of him on the list. He is safe.

MADAME L. My baby, Jean—he is too young to go in the rank.—God spare him for me. One out of four!

(Silence is unbroken save for the weeping of CELESTE, until Jean enters, running through door at back.)

CELESTE. Jean! He is safe!

JEAN. Mamma! (embraces Madame Lefevre).

MADAME L. My son! My son! You are safe?

JEAN. Not a scratch on my body; but my mind—it is scarred forever. I shut my eyes. I see nothing but blood and flashes of steel.

My ears are full of shrieking shells and bursting bombs. I am almost insane. I hate war.

MADAME L. (Drawing away) Jean! What are you doing here? Have you run away from—my son, look at me.

JEAN. I could not endure it, mother. It terrified me; and then—Henri fell beside me, his head crushed. I shrieked and ran—I think I am mad.

MADAME L. My boy! You are too young for such things; but you must go back. France needs you for her life; to save her from the Germans. You must go, my son.

JEAN. But it is so terrible—

MADAME L. Jean, do you forget the man whose name you bear? Your father's father, who died when the Germans came the last time! You must avenge him. See his picture there on the wall! If you are his grandson you must go back and fight for the right.

JEAN. For France! The slaughter will be glorious, now that my grandfather's spirit goes with me. For France and for you, mamma.

MADAME. Yes, my son,—for France—Good-bye!

Exit JEAN through door at rear.

MADAME L. It is hard—four sons for war.

CELESTE. (Softly) But it is for France.

MADAME L. Yes, for France; to drive the warring Hun off the earth. But four sons—

CELESTE. They have fallen in a holy work.

MADAME L. (Not hearing) Andre—Pierre—Louis—and—Jean! My babies! They are gone—to save France.

(Shouting without and cries of "Vive la France." CELESTE rushes to the window.)

CELESTE. The crowd about the mayor's steps—they are rejoicing.

MADAME L. Perhaps the reports they told you of are not true.

CELESTE. Some one comes.

(Sound of man with wooden leg approaching. Enter ALPHONSE, an old man of the neighborhood.)

ALPHONSE. (Out of breath) The Prussians—are defeated. They have begun to retreat.

CELESTE. Victory!

MADAME L. But my sons: is it true that they have fallen?

ALPHONSE. They have—but they are martyrs that France might live.

MADAME L. Then they are with the Blessed Mother now.

ALPHONSE. They say that an angel host, with flaming locks that blinded the Huns,

swung mighty swords beside the Marne and saved France.

CELESTE. An angel host?

ALPHONSE. Yes, with Michael at their head. They killed half the Germans. God is with us; we shall win now.

MADAME L. Angels! Like the days of Macabæus. Were there no others, saints or spirits?

ALPHONSE. I do not know; the messenger told only of angels.

MADAME L. I am sure there were others: My father, who fought so bravely—and Andre and Pierre and Louis—I am sure the Blessed Mother sent them to aid France.

CELESTE. Then they have protected Jean from harm, too. He must still live.

BABET. And the Germans won't come here, will they?

MADAME L. No, Babet. We are safe and France is safe, for God is with us.

BABET. But my papa: will he come back to me soon again?

CELESTE. No, child; he has gone a long way.

MADAME L. We have given him to God, and God has used him to save France. It is our sacrifice for France.

(CURTAIN.)

From Father.

BY JOHN U. RILEY, '17.

A letter from John B. Frost, beef-packer and cold-storage magnate, senior member of the firm of John B. Frost & Co., to his son, John B. Frost, Jr., who is on his honeymoon:

Mr. John B. Frost, Jr.,

Hollywood Inn,

Hollywood, North Carolina.

My dear Son:

Your last received. Glad to know you and Elizabeth are so thoroughly enjoying yourselves. She is a splendid girl, my boy; and as far as I can see, isn't as useless as most of the young ones of these days. If she proves to be half the woman your mother was, or even as efficient as your brother Jim's wife, then you're lucky indeed.

Henry had trouble with the new car yesterday, so I went down to the office on the "L." Across the aisle sat a female with a pet pug. I tried to hide behind my *Tribune*, but it was

no use. She made such a fuss over the cur I couldn't read. I guess everyone else in the car had the same trouble. To begin with she was dressed up like one of Vanderbilt's pet horses—and the pug, he sure looked disgusted with life. It's a good thing I'd had my breakfast or the sight would have ruined my appetite.

I tell you, there'd ought to be a law against such tom-foolery; it ain't right. Such women ought to be whipped in public. I'll bet that woman would throw a fit if some kid crawled up into her lap. But that pug, he had a blanket wrapped around him, so he wouldn't take cold when the trainman opened the car door, and he wore a silver collar. And all the time he kept shifting from one paw to the other, whenever she'd call him some darn-fool name, just as though he was having all he could do to keep from jumping out the window and committing suicide.

My boy, the poor man that's her husband sure has grounds for divorce. Oh yes, I'm sure she was married; such women always are. No doubt she's too busy with her suffrage club or the society of free thought or free love, or something like that, to spend time having any kids of her own. I suppose she's one of them new women I read so much about in the magazines. Well, then give me the old-fashioned kind, the kind your mother was, my boy, and I'm thankful neither your brother nor yourself picked out a pug fancier. Keep Elizabeth out of these new-fangled societies. They make life miserable for many a man. Is it any wonder the divorce courts are crowded all the time? If that woman had children of her own, she wouldn't have time to nurse a pug on the elevated and spoil a day's work for a whole car-load of hard-working folks. I tell you such women have a lot to answer for.

Well, my boy, you'll forgive your old dad for going on such a rampage, but the sight just made my blood boil. You'll understand. Give my love to Elizabeth, and have a good time, both of you, and remember I'm thinking of you. May run down and come home with you if things aren't in too much of a rush here.

Your affectionate father,

John B. Frost.

P. S. In my heat about the female and her mutt, forgot to say we have closed that deal with J. P. Morgan & Co. for three million sides of bacon and two million hams for the Allies.

J. B. F.

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—The action of the Indiana legislature in adopting statutory prohibition was the expected culmination of the powerful "dry" wave experienced throughout the state.

Prohibition in Indiana.

Prohibition has enthusiastic adherents and equally enthusiastic opponents. It is a question which draws forth abundant vehemence from both sides. It is a subject in which the people of Indiana have for some time been vitally interested, and it is a subject in which they should be more vitally concerned today, after the controversy over a saloonless Indiana has been determined, and the practicability of the problem confronts them. The work of the legislators in making into law that for which two hundred thousand voters petitioned is not the completion of prohibitory activity. A mere prohibition decree on the statute books is but the beginning. With public sentiment indifferent to the enforcement of such a law, it is very likely to do more harm than good. We believe, however, that Hoosiers generally now desire a prohibition that prohibits. The power of the press of the state may be counted upon in the attempt to secure and enforce effective "dry" legislation. Prohibition in Indiana will be a decidedly interesting experiment. No one denies that the evils of intemperance are as great in this state as elsewhere. No one questions the need of serious reform of the liquor traffic. Whether or not prohibition is the solution of the problem depends somewhat upon the character of the law the Indiana

legislature gives the people; but it depends mostly upon the willingness of the people to give the law a fair trial. We know that prohibition will not result in the millennium. The task of the prohibition statute is to reduce the evils of intemperance, and upon the conduct of the Indiana people in helping to enforce the statute depends its ultimate success.

—The death of Brother Potamian of the Christian Brothers is a loss to American Catholic scholarship. During seventy years of his life, he taught many thousands of boys who hold his memory in benediction. He was the author of scientific works of great value and was successful as a practical experimenter in electricity. He was a favorite lecturer before learned audiences. Best of all, he was a conscientious and devoted religious and the crown of scholarship sat nobly on his humble brow. The world is the poorer for his going, but at least it will cherish the memory of his holy and useful life. *R. I. P.*

Advice to Debaters.

In the SCHOLASTIC for 1901, Dr. Austin O'Malley, then professor of English literature at Notre Dame, gives some very pertinent advice to debaters, which we reprint here for the benefit of the candidates of this year:

As to material:

1. Be certain you understand the meaning of every word in the question under discussion, and that you foresee all possible interpretations of the question's meaning.

2. Group your arguments so that useless repetition may be avoided. Commonly the order to follow is: begin with good arguments; set the weakest arguments in the middle of the speech; and end with the strongest arguments. In team-work each man selects a separate group of arguments, and arranges these in the "Homeric Order" mentioned in this paragraph.

3. Do not try to use every argument you find: a multitude of arguments is often confusing. Insist upon a few strong proofs which will vividly affect your audience. Remember a hearer must carry your arguments in his memory, and a multitude of arguments will be forgotten.

4. Express yourself very clearly and accurately. Do not trust to your power of extemporaneous speech; but do not, on the other hand, leave the audience with the opinion that you have recited a memorized "piece."

5. In a debate, when the time is limited, avoid a long exordium.

6. Use short, snappy sentences in a speech. Be concrete. (See *Spencer on Style*).

7. Before writing an important debate read a book like Baker's on "Argumentation."

As to manner of delivery:

1. Be modest but confident.

2. Do not walk about the stage like a bear in pain.

A man that has command of his nerves, and consequently of his audience, does not prance. At the most, you may change your position by a single step when you enter upon a new line of thought.

3. Stand firmly; do not sway at the hips. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your handkerchief within your pocket.

4. Gesture is a motion of the hand or arm which is used by serious speakers only to emphasize a word or phrase. A debater should remember that he is not expected to give an exhibition in calisthenics: never make a gesture merely for physical exercise, and always finish a gesture by an end-stroke with the hand from the wrist. Do not gesticulate across your face, and avoid theatrical, linked and pumping gestures.

5. Avoid any article of clothing that will distract the attention of the audience. Gentlemen do not wear diamonds.

6. Never drink water (or anything else) while you are speaking.

7. Eat only a light meal if you must speak soon after dinner.

8. Speak distinctly, not harshly. Avoid provincial pronunciations. Use English, not the street vulgarities of your own city. Remember that *a* is not *o*, nor *o*, *a*; *u* is not *oo*, *e* is not *i*. Place your accents properly. Forgetfulness of this rule irritates a cultured judge.

9. Do not verbally slug your opponents.

10. Do not hurry.

11. Do not end with formulas like, "I thank you for your attention."

Book Review.

VERSES. By Hilaire Belloc. With an introduction by Joyce Kilmer. Laurence J. Gomme, New York. pp. 91. \$1.25.

English poets writing English prose are many, but, conversely, few *prosateurs* can contend that "a bolder note might swell" if in their hands were placed the poetic lyre. Though, as Francis Thompson said, it is more often lack of inclination than of ability which indisposes a poet to the effort of prose-composition, yet courage and achievement are connoted in the prose-writer who succeeds in verse. Ruskin attempted it and failed, and of all writers of descriptive prose, his glowing passages seem to need nothing but rearrangement in the interests of rhythm and rime to make of them perfect poems. In Belloc, the metrical necessity always aids, and is perhaps sometimes responsible for many unexpected bursts of poetry.

A writer who is known for his prose appears at some disadvantage when he enters the lists of song. His work will be judged and appreciated chiefly by critics who are themselves poets, and the modern scales in these professional hands are almost as relentless as

those provided Dionysius in Hades. But Mr. Belloc's choice of "Verses" for the title of his collection has disarmed violent critics, while Mr. Kilmer's informing introduction prepares the casual reader for more enjoyment than he would anticipate.

The performances of most public figures in poetry are almost uniformly stale, or at least ordinary. Not so with Hilaire Belloc. Freshness and strength, and an exuberance, almost of youth, make the volume interesting and treasurable. At unexpected turns a delicate touch reveals the poetic insight. All song must have intervals, but dignified, satirical, or gay, the intervals in this poet are rarely uninteresting.

Hilaire Belloc is known on both sides of the Atlantic for a keen parliamentarian, a brilliant historian, and a discerning military strategist. To these claims for remembrance Mr. Kilmer adds manifold distinctions. 'He is a Frenchman, an Englishman, a Roman Catholic, a soldier, a democrat, a practical journalist, and a poet.' Enough to give us pause. But hold;—he is always all of these, and "in all these characters he utters his poetry." Of this the verses themselves give best proof. "To the Balliol Men in Africa," "Courtesy," "The South Country," "The Death and Last Confession of Wandering Peter," and a delicious satire, "To Dives," are pieces which will appeal with recurrent freshness to as many different tastes. The collection covers a considerable period of time, but years do not count where poetry is concerned. And because of the poetry that unexpectedly lurks in these pages, the collection and publication of Hilaire Belloc's verses has been a work worth while.

Speer Strahan.

Varsity News.

—The "feller" that is always saying "gimme winter" should have been supremely happy this week.

—Professor Vera has returned from a two months' leave of absence, during which time he visited Mexico and South America.

—The K. of C. dance held at the Oliver Hotel on January 31st was successful from every point of view. Fifty-five couples were present.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Courtney of Detroit, often a welcome guest of the University, delivered an illustrated lecture in Washington Hall last Saturday evening.

—The dance committee of the Senior class met Tuesday to complete plans for their dinner dance which will be held at the Oliver Hotel, the evening of April the twenty-third.

—Students of the engineering department have been invited to attend the national convention of the American Association of Engineers which will be held at the Hotel LaSalle, Chicago, beginning February 8th.

—Seventy-five of the students in Brownson Hall are enjoying general permission for afternoons in consequence of their inability to score a single demerit during the quarter, November to February. We have not heard from the Seminary yet.

—A social session of the Knights of Columbus was held Tuesday evening, January 23rd. Many knights from other councils, and the applicants for entrance into Notre Dame Council were present. A splendid program was rendered. By far the most interesting and appreciative event of the evening was the discourse by Father Schumacher on St. Thomas Aquinas. It was a half hour of instruction and encouragement. The Council is indeed grateful.

Personals.

—The marriage is announced of Senor Rafael Garcia (M. E., '11) and Senorita Maria Gutierrez. The ceremony took place February 2nd in Puebla, Mexico.

—Mr. John E. McPhee (B. S., '90; M. S., '95) and wife announce the arrival of John E. Jr., January 21st. The little newcomer is a citizen of Denver, in the state of Buffalo Bill, and it is expected he will some day join the Notre Dame contingent from the Wild West.

—James Francis Cahill (LL. B., '14) and Miss Queenabel Gardiner were married January 31st, at LaSalle, Illinois. Dan Curtis, the bride's cousin, acted as best man. Cahill was a noted athlete, having been one of our basketball captains. Congratulations from Notre Dame!

—William Poyntelle Downing (LL. B., '14) and Edward A. Hayes have formed a partnership for the practice of law, with offices at 110 North Water St., Decatur, Illinois. "Poynt" is remembered here for his ability as an organist, having been a wizard at manipulating the big pipe organ in the University Church.

—Melady Brothers, South Omaha, Nebraska, is the name of a firm well-known and highly successful in the Live Stock Trade of the west. Here at the University the name is of special interest, since "Gene" Melady, a member of the firm, took part in the first intercollegiate football game in the history of Notre Dame athletics. That was back in 1887 when we played Michigan on our home grounds. Melady and nearly all

the other members of that first team will be here for a reunion next June.

—Larry Lajoie (LL. B., '15) secretary of the Notre Dame Club of Detroit, sends us information of the marriage of Miss Mae Ryal to "Wild Bill" Donovan, '15. The ceremony took place at SS. Peter and Paul's Cathedral in Detroit, Jan. 25th. "The event was properly celebrated by a number of 'Bill's' Notre Dame friends," says Larry, adding that Mr. and Mrs. Donovan have permanent "barracks" at 891 Larned St., East Detroit, Michigan.

—*The Hiberno-Argentine Review*, published in Buenos Ayres, reprints a portion of Father Cavanaugh's "Opening Sermon" and adds: "After all the best test of any school—in fact the only real test—is the class of men it turns out. On that test Notre Dame has no reason to be ashamed." The same issue reprints an article by L'Abbe Germain in a Quebec editorial. In introducing the reprint it says:

In these days many Argentine boys, on the closure of their school course, are wont to seek in the United States of America a university to enter a professional career. Very often Catholic parents are slack in the matter of searching round for the best possible university, and not infrequently it is the university with the biggest name that they are apt to select, paying little attention to the conditions and surroundings, moral and material, in which their boys will be thrown. This policy is frequently fatal to their boys. If parents had no other recourse, their action would not be so culpable, but when they have for the choosing a Catholic university, second to no university in the world, like Notre Dame, their negligence is indefensible.

Obituaries.

MRS. KATE SPALDING.

Mrs. Kate Spalding, sister of the late Archbishop of Peoria, passed away recently at her home near Lebanon, Kentucky. Just a few days before her death Mrs. Spalding presented to the University for the Bishops' Memorial Hall a large and valuable portrait of her uncle, Martin John Spalding, the distinguished archbishop of Baltimore. The readers of the SCHOLASTIC are requested to remember her in their prayers. R. I. P.

MR. JOHN DRUM.

In the death of Mr. John Drum on February 1st the University lost one of its oldest and most loyal inmates. The deceased was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1844. He came to Notre

Dame in 1856 and learned the shoemaker's trade in St. Joseph's Industrial School. Since then, with the exception of a brief period passed in South Bend, he has been the foreman of the local shoe shop. For a good sixty years he has been in his humble way a part of Notre Dame. Throughout his long term of faithful service he cherished a quiet, genuine devotion to the old school, which he had seen develop almost from its beginnings. When the alumni of the early days visited Notre Dame they always inquired where they might find their old friend, John Drum. The death was very sudden, occurring after only a short illness.

The Club Column.

PRESS CLUB BANQUET.

Members of the newly-organized Notre Dame Press Club enjoyed their first banquet at the Nicholson Inn last Tuesday evening. During the evening, Howard R. Parker entertained with piano selections and Harry Scott with vocal solos. Plans for the future activities of the club were discussed "round the table." Rev. Paul Foik, C. S. C., librarian of the University, was a guest of honor. The others in attendance at the banquet were Professor J. M. Cooney, head of the school of journalism, Edward J. McOskey, Stuart H. Carroll, Leo S. Berner, Howard R. Parker, Harry E. Scott, William Kennedy, Robert Carr, Charles Grimes, Charles W. Call, Joseph Merrion, and John Ward.

WASHINGTON HALLERS ORGANIZE.

Students who live in Washington Hall are planning the permanent organization of a social club. Preliminary plans have been discussed and an informal organization has been effected. Within a short time, officers will be elected. One of the social affairs planned by the club is a banquet, to be held in the near future.

INTERSTATE PLANS COMPLETE.

Notre Dame's first annual Interstate banquet will be held next Wednesday night in the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel. Committees in charge of the affair are busy putting the finishing touches to their work, and indications are that the banquet will be even more successful than the originators of the plan had hoped.

Several important meetings of the executive committee were held during the week and reports

of progress in the plans were enthusiastic and encouraging. Treasurers of the various clubs, forming the finance committee, have been in charge of the sale of tickets.

The sale closed Thursday morning. Although a complete account of the number disposed of has not been made as yet, it seems certain that between two hundred and two hundred and fifty students will attend.

Members of the committee in charge promise that the entertainment at the banquet will be something novel. They refuse to divulge the character of the program, holding it as one of the big surprises of the evening. The committee on entertainment consists of Stuart H. Carroll, chairman, Emmett Lenihan, John U. Riley, Thomas Kelly and Harry E. Scott. The ways-and-means committee is made up of Andrew McDonough, chairman, Wallace Coker, Paul Fogarty and Frank Kirkland.

The banquet will start promptly at 7:00 o'clock Wednesday evening and the fun will begin with the first course.

Athletics.

THE BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Six games with conference schools, a visit by Leland Stanford University late in May, and Michigan as attraction for commencement week are the outstanding features of the baseball schedule for 1917, recently announced by Coach Harper. Nineteen games have been arranged, constituting the best schedule Notre Dame has had in a long time. Winter baseball will start in the gymnasium as soon as the floor is vacated by the basketball men toward the end of this month. Batterymen and outfielders seem the greatest need at this early date. Captain Kline, Wolf, Spalding, and Meyer, infielders of last year, will all be on hand. Following is the schedule of dates, games and places.

April 13, 14.....	Illinois at Urbana
April 17.....	Wisconsin at Notre Dame
April 21.....	Notre Dame at Madison
April 24.....	Marshall at Notre Dame
April 26.....	Kalamazoo at Notre Dame
May 2.....	Western State Normal at Notre Dame
May 4.....	Wabash at Notre Dame
May 5.....	Purdue at Notre Dame
May 8.....	Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame
May 11.....	Polish Seminary at Notre Dame
May 16, 17.....	Niagara at Notre Dame

May 22.....Purdue at Lafayette
 May 23.....Leland Stanford at Notre Dame
 May 29.....St. Ignatius (Cleveland) at Notre Dame
 June 1, 2.....Michigan Aggies at Lansing
 June 9.....Michigan at Notre Dame

RED AND BLUE MEET.

Mediocre performances marked the annual Red-and-Blue Meet held in the gymnasium last Saturday afternoon. The talent of the team was nearly equally divided between the two squads, and Captain John Miller's Blue squad finished just six points ahead of Charlie Bachman's Reds,—54 1-2 to 48 1-2.

In the track events the dashmen and hurdlers looked to be about the only athletes near top form. Bergman and Mulligan made excellent time in the sprints, while Kirkland and Starrett put up good exhibitions in the two hurdle races. Captain Miller's 55 2-5 seconds in the quarter mile is somewhat below his previous performances. McDonough and Kasper ran a "suspicious" dead heat in the half-mile. Meehan did the mile for the first time in his career at Notre Dame, and finished with plenty of reserve, in 4:43 3-5. Coyle and Noonan were content to set a very deliberate pace in the two-mile, but Noonan, like Meehan in the mile, was travelling the long route for the first time.

In the field events Douglas high-jumped 5 feet, 8 inches; Miller's broad-jump was 20 ft., 11 inches; Bachman put the shot over forty-one feet; and Bachman, Yeager, McKenna, and Rademacher tied at 10 feet, 6 inches in the pole-vault.

Coach Rockne's novice-races were an interesting innovation. Lockard won the forty-yard dash from a large field. McGuire, the Brownson youngster, made the excellent time of 59 1-2 in the quarter-mile, and Van Winegan stepped the mile in fine fashion after being pressed the entire distance by Galloway.

Corby Hall won a postponed interhall relay race from the Day Students in 1:42. Summaries:

40-yard dash—won by Bergman, Red; Mulligan, Blue, second; J. Miller, Blue third. Time, 4 3-5 sec.

40-yard high hurdles—won by Kirkland, Blue; Starrett, Red, second; Schibelhut, Red, third. Time, 5 3-5 sec.

Running high jump—won by Douglas, Blue; Donahue, Red, second; Schibelhut, Red, third. Height, 5 ft., 8 in.

One-mile run—won by Meehan, Blue; Call, Red, second. Time, 4:43 3-5.

Shot-put—won by Bachman, Red; Ward Miller, Blue, second; Franz, Blue, third. Distance, 41 ft., 7 1-2 in.

440-yard dash—won by John Miller, Blue Hackett, Red, second. Time, 55 2-5 sec.

40-yard low hurdles—won by Kirkland, Blue; Starrett, Red, second; Schibelhut, Red, third. Time, 5 2-5 sec.

880-yard run—McDonough, Blue, and Kasper, Red, tied for first. Time, 2:07 3-5.

Pole-vault—Bachman, Red; McKenna, Red; Yeager, Blue; Rademacher, Blue, all tied for first. Height, 10 ft., 6 in.

220-yard dash—Won by Bergman, Red; Mulligan, Blue, second. Time, 24 2-5 sec.

Running broad-jump—won by John Miller, Blue; Spalding, Red, second; McGinnis, Red, third. Distance, 20 ft., 11 in.

Two-mile run—Noonan, Blue, and Coyle, Red, tied for first. Time 11:06.

NOVICE EVENTS.

40-yard dash—won by Lockard; Malinski, second; Keenan, third. Time, 4 4-5 sec.

One-mile run—won by Van Winegan; Galloway, second. Time, 5:15.

440-yard dash—won by McGuire; Smith, second; Malinski, third. Time, 59 1-2 sec.

ST. VIATOR'S, 26; NOTRE DAME, 46.

Notre Dame defeated St. Viator's College Tuesday afternoon by a margin of twenty points. A terrific spurt in the first half, in which McDermott scored eight baskets, put the gold and blue so far ahead that, at the beginning of the latter half, Coach Harper withdrew McDermott, Daley, and King, to save them for the Wabash game later in the week.

St. Viator's played a stubborn defensive game and managed to elude the Notre Dame guards often enough to pile up a total sufficient to win most games. Outweighed and out-reached, they never stopped fighting, and it was only the very superior dexterity of McDermott and Cassidy in shooting baskets that made their margin of defeat so wide.

Daley has reconsidered his purpose of giving up basketball, and played a good game during the first half against St. Viator's. The value of his return is somewhat offset by the declaration of Grant that he will be unable to take part in the indoor game any more this winter, and that he will take the time off to recuperate before the opening of the baseball and outdoor track seasons.

Corby won an exciting relay race from Sorin between the halves of the St. Viator's game. Spalding, Malinski, Ryan, Hayes, Lockard, and Keenan ran for Corby; Meagher, Baujan, Rydzewski, Slackford, Vogel and Hayes sprinted for Sorin.

Scents o' Humor.

ONE EVERY MINUTE.

(Apologies to the Saturday Evening Post and to Edwin Lefevre.)

It gives me the blueses
 And dimses my eyeses
 To read in the newses,
 "The stock market rises!"

I might have bought scoreses
 Of stockses at parses,
 (The same ones that soarses
 Clean up to the starses.)

But cold were my sockses,
 I. e., my two feetses:
 I bought me no stockses
 Up there in Wall Streetses.

And that's why I pineses
 And cryses and sighses
 To read in headlineses
 "The stock market rises!"

Dan was an Irish farm laborer who, though very industrious, was unable to earn more than a bare living for himself, his good wife Nora and their little boy. To help along, Nora worked for her more fortunate neighbors, doing the rough work in their dairies. These good people appreciated Nora's faithful efforts, so that each week she was given something extra, a "thillagh," as the Irish call it. This "thillagh," coming from farmers who were not wealthy, was tendered not in money but in some commodity that would be of use in Nora's household. And so it was that every Saturday Nora brought something home to her Dan, whether a loaf of home-made bread, an apron full of potatoes, a couple of eggs, or a few sods for the hearth.

One Saturday evening Nora came to the little house on the hillside with a brimming pail of fresh milk and placed it on the floor where Dan would be sure to notice it when he came home for his meagre supper.



Sure enough he noticed it the first thing. He asked where it came from and what they could do with such a quantity of milk.

"Why, it'll sour before the three of us can begin to

finish it," he said, as he measured the pail with his broad hand to see if it was really as large as it looked.

Nora, poor woman, was at a loss to know what to do with such a precious gift. For a few moments both stood in thoughtful silence. Their child, a boy of eight years, came in from the fields where he had been hunting bird-nests, and, seeing his parents in meditation, crept quietly into a corner by the open fire-place.

At last Dan broke the silence, saying, "Nora, I have it."

"Tell us," said Nora eagerly.



"Well," says Dan, "we'll sell that milk and get as many eggs as we can. Then you can go an' get the loan of hatchin' hens from some one o' the neighbors. When the eggs are hatched an' the chickens are raised we can have more eggs an' keep on hatchin' an' raisin' chickens until we have enough to be able to sell; then by'n by we might be able to buy an owl cow. The cow'll have plinty o' grazin' by the side o' the road. Between the milk from the cow an' the eggs an' the chickens we might be able to buy a little patch on the side o' that hill where the bog was drained. By goin' along nice an' aisy we could soon have a couple o' more cows and then we would be able to sell our milk to the creamery. By savin' we could buy one o' them little bonemare ponies—they do be sellin' at the fairs sometimes. The pony would be very handy for bringin' the milk to the creamery."

To all this the boy in the corner listened with the keenest interest, but hearing his father speak of having a nice pony he could not restrain his enthusiasm and burst out:

"An' father! can't I be ridin' the pony roun' the field when he comes back from town?"

"G'long!" roared Dan, wrought up by his imaginary possession of wealth, "G'long! ye young brat, and don't be afther breakin' the pony's back."



In his excitement he allowed his foot to come too close to the pail of milk—and he spilt his dream.

—The bursting of a frozen water pipe on Monday evening flooded part of the Main Building and caused some damage to the University archives. The water seeped into a large safe containing many valuable documents.

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:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86. \$2000.00

\$1000.00

Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, P. T. O'Sullivan, '68; Right-Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75; M. F. Healy, '82; John C. Shea, '98; Clement C. Mitchell, '02; Byron V. Kanaley, '04; Daniel P. Murphy, '95; John P. Lauth, '68.

\$500.00

Robert Sweeny, '03; G. A. Paquette, '90; Rev. John Dinnen, '65; Warren A. Cartier, '87; Stephen B. Fleming, '90; Thomas Hoban, '99; Angus D. McDonald, '00; William A. McInerney, '01; Joseph M. Byrne, '79; Cassius McDonald, '04; William P. Breen, '77; Student from Far West; Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09; C. C. Craig, '85; Frank E. Hering, '98; Peter P. McElligott, '02; James J. Conway, '85; George Cooke, '90; John Dowd, '99.

\$300.00

Frank N. Maas, '77.

\$250.00

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