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## The Piper.

BY JOHN AMBROSE, '20.

THE gentle wind has called the leaves,  
Dressed out in colors gay,  
And by his music, soft and sweet,  
He lures them all away.

But now his mood has turned to wrath,  
A death-dance does he play;  
The dance is done, the snow has come,  
And the leaves, ah, welladay!

## On Recovering from Love Affairs.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

A CERTAIN book of personal essays offers as an appendix a list of possible subjects which includes this paradox: "On Recovering from Love Affairs."

The title is, on the face of it, ridiculous.

To write on "Recovering from Love Affairs" would be like writing on "Recovering from Being Born an Ethiopian." One simply doesn't recover, that's all. Intrepid soldiers have traversed No Man's Land and lived to tell the tale, garnished by their imaginations and served to gullible palates. A man may recover from the ravages of a disease, from the foreclosing of a mortgage, from the machinations of a promoter, and from divers other misfortunes. But recover from love affairs? Never! Romeo and Juliet didn't recover. Benedict didn't recover. His disorder developed into matrimony, the most violent form of relapse. After the wedding doubtless his convalescence was rapid.

There is but one effective antidote for love. It is injected by either member of the medical firm, Church and State. The prime ingredients of the prescription are honor, love (ceasing to be a luxury and become a duty), and obedience.

Patients are required to abstain from flirtations, staying out late at night, smoking in the house, buying too many and too expensive hats, and cognate dissipations. The treatment is, in most cases, sure to eradicate the most virulent attack of amorousness.

But aside from this tried and true medication there is no other. The swain who, in emulation of Don Juan, delves into the mystery of love not wisely but too often, will, in the end, find his heart or spirit, or wherever *affaires du coeur* most indelibly imprint their effects, scarred like the chest of a Roman warrior. The memory of his adventures in affection may be gone from immediate consciousness, but it will linger somewhere in his skull, and return during his moments of mental leisure to make him stare at objects without seeing them and wonder on the everlasting why of things. For the conquests in which she assists Venus exacts reprisal.

The subsequences of a love affair depend, of course, upon the personalities of the two principals and the circumstances attendant upon its termination. From a wide variety of possibilities the following might be selected as representative:

Suppose the maiden has grown weary of the lover, nor hesitates to let him see her revised state of mind. Then if he be humble, he will accept his congé without protest, and, in the bitterness of introspection, will assure himself that he was not worthy of his inamorata. Thenceforth he will be more wary of the other sex, entrench his heart, and enter into love, if at all, with the timidity of a bather who tries the temperature of the water with a shrinking toe.

If, on the other hand, he be of the species akin to the vainglorious Sir Oracle, rejection will only convince him of the hebetude of the rejecter. He will not admit to others, scarcely to himself, that he was the rejectee. He will assure inquiring friends that he is not of a mind

for uxoriousness, and that really, to tell the truth, he had feared he would have to shoot the girl to be rid of her. In secret his self-assurance has received a blow from which it will never entirely recover, but he is happy, so he says, in shunting the whole matter. And forthwith he becomes egregious in his attentions to other ladies to show his quondam favorite that *he* didn't care. Far from it. Pooh!

Suppose, again, that an unassuming fellow finds the anaesthetic that love administers to judgment and observation wearing off. The young lady's faults, which erst he had not noticed, now become glaring. He therefore takes up his gifts like the Arab and steals away, leaving the girl, if she cares for him, to mourn like "poor, banished Hagar in the wild." But this chap, being, as I have said, unassuming, makes no revelations for the keepers of the *chronique scandaleuse*. If taunted with the impeachment of having loved unrequitedly by those who do not know, very likely he will affect the role of despondency. Thus he saves the girl humiliation. Further than that, he had rather appear a martyr to the whims of a coquette than a triumphant heart-breaker; the fearful admiration conceded Lothario seems less desirable than the pity offered to Amelia's Captain Dobbin. Pity, he figures, is, according to the poets, who receive a great deal of it, a step toward love, even though it be at the same time a retrogression from respect. But of such stuff as the above case, it must be confessed, breach-of-promise suits are made.

We might consider, finally, that armed truce known as "Platonic Friendship." This is safe enough at the end of a love affair, when an interest between two persons, having developed into the full warmth of passion, finally simmers down to a mere mutuality of interests. The twain then become devotees of art, or literature, or the like, who have, or pretend to have, tastes in common. But an affair which begins with "Platonic Friendship" is dangerous, often leading to love or even worse. The beclouded fools who are concerned, feeding their common sense on the flummery that they are simply possessed of a commutual liking for *vers libre*, or rarebit suppers, or almost any expedient that will bring them together, are deceiving no one but themselves. They are, without realizing it, pursuing art for heart's sake. From this affliction, alas, there is no

recovery. Worse invariably comes to worst.

Of course the above cases are by no means comprehensive; I do not claim that all abortive love affairs might be indexed under one of the adduced instances. The reader will recognize that the number of possible examples is delimited only by the countless types of human nature. And, speaking almost entirely from hearsay as I do, I am further handicapped by lack of the sort of experience in which swings, davenport, front porches, parlors, shady nooks, and so on, figure largely.

There is one incident of my early days, however, to which I may refer in supporting my contention that each passing attachment occupies a niche all its own in the temples of memory. I can remember the occasion well, though I was at the time an extremely beardless youth.

The scene of the affair—my first, I think,—the home of a playmate who was celebrating his anniversary with befitting festivities, a cake surmounted by seven candles, each one indicative of a year, and everything that is customary at celebrations of this kind. I arrived in due time, my shining face bespeaking the vigor of my mother's arm, and the lustre of my shoes, while due directly to my own efforts, an indication of her vigilance in another direction. My neck was adorned with an expansive collar and a white silk tie, tied after the fashion of a Bohemian artist. Never shall I forget that tie; I hated it so cordially. It was my Nemesis; the fly in the ointment of my merrymaking. Unfailingly it was thrust upon me on every occasion when, without it, my happiness would have been complete. With that haberdashery desecration at my throat I felt as if I were the center of all eyes, like a youth who is blossoming from the cocoon of bloomers into the self-conscious glory of long trousers. But the neighbor women assured my mother that it looked "dear" on me, and therefore I wore the tie.

The house in which juniority disported itself was crammed to the brim with children; the bashful ones on chairs about whose legs they entwined the nether portions of their anatomies; the more assured ones boisterously engaged in sliding the rugs over the hardwood floors, marring the furniture, and breaking the bric-a-brac. There is always an unconscionable number of children at such affairs, invitations being extended almost promiscuously, on the

veritable theory that the number of those present is in direct proportion to the number of presents.

But of that varied crowd there was one who was to be my own particular portion for the afternoon—a girl. Her first name I remember dimly, Hyacinthe or Heliotrope or something similar—too poetically difficult for my prosaic memory—but the patronymic is entirely gone from my mind. This little miss was invited as the especial guest of the young host. But for some unaccountable reason she at once took a fancy to me. Perhaps it was my large, vari-formed freckles that fascinated her. I know not. But the attraction, though inexplicable, was none the less real. She gazed at me until I was sure that my garter, never dependable, was up to its tricks again.

In the osculatory games that occupy young revellers I was her constant choice. Needless to say this preference was embarrassing to one so youthfully unsentimental as I. I was not old enough to be flattered or to appreciate a position that would have been extremely delectable had her years and mine been more mature.

The climax came when Miss X voiced the emotion that seemed to be surging within her and announced as her opinion that the nicest person there was the boy with the white tie. I could have cursed her quite cheerfully for that. To think that of all my Sunday clothes, and all my excellent qualities, she should select that execrable tie as the most salient feature of my make up, physical, spiritual, and sartorial. It wasn't my underdone complexion; it wasn't my freckle-besprinkled skin; it wasn't my oversized ears—none of these. She placed the center of my magnetism in nothing more indigenous to me than a white silk necktie!

It was while I was in the disgruntled mood resulting from her disclosure that I was guilty of the act that brought me into disgrace. I've forgotten what it was. Very likely I wouldn't tell if I did remember. Sometimes in reminiscing I am almost convinced that my *faux pas* consisted in upsetting my coffee over my person. At about that period of my life I had a quaint habit of committing that clumsiness with a regularity quite disconcerting to our laundress. But on second thought it always occurs to me that such a mishap would rather have gratified than displeased me, because it would no doubt

have saturated my tie into an unrepresentable muddiness. Anything calculated to rid me of that millstone I should have welcomed wholeheartedly.

But whatever the slip, my host seized upon it eagerly, made much stock of it, and lifted his voice to inquire disagreeably if his faithless sweet could like a boy that would do or say, as the nature of the case demanded, anything like that. Whereupon the guests one and all took up the cry with much stroking of their index fingers at me, until I was thoroughly shamed. Without doubt it would have ended by my leaving the party prematurely and retreating homeward in tears, had not Miss X intervened. Calmly, sweetly, she came over to me, sat down in my lap, and put her childish—his arms about my neck, encompassing tie, collar and all. And I, with mind untutored in the ways of vampires—the movies had not come into prominence, and I should probably have taken the word Kipling, as Abe Potash does, for the present participle of "kiple"—I suffered her to do it. I was too unsophisticated to be suspicious, as I would if anything like that were to happen now.

The action was effective. The other children returned to their games while my rival skulked in a corner biting nails.

Thinking on that occurrence now, I am often filled with an envy of my juvenile self. That was the first and last woman I have found that really seemed to understand me. I despair of finding another. No doubt to look for that is expecting too much. I do not understand myself; so how, pray, could any woman? When in the company of girls I am distressingly out of my element. I know not what to do or say. If I speak of the weather they think I'm a bromide; if I don't mention the weather they think I never go out. If I praise them I am obsequious; if I don't, they yawn and are bored. If I speak of myself I am conceited; if I avoid the egoistic subject they infer that I never do anything worth relating. It's very discouraging.

Perhaps it is this condition of affairs that presents single blessedness to me in so roseate a hue. Such is my mental state in this regard that recently on hearing Mr. Stuart Walker refer to a boy who was "rewarded for being kind to his mother by betrothal to the princess," I found myself questioning the advisability of using the word "rewarded" in that connection. Undoubtedly my difficulty is analogous to

that of the fox whom Aesop pictures as deciding he didn't like wine when he heard the grape crop was a failure. I'm still young, however.

But my lamentable fondness for self-examination has weaned me from my original thesis. To shorten this already protracted brochure: You, reader: can you ponder on other and happier days without there falling across your heart a shadow of those emotions that once filled it to overflowing; thrills that now are supplemented by a little sadness and a little longing? Can you send your mind backward and recall a little girl to whom you used to write notes in the classroom; or for whom you always dropped a token in the Valentine box; or for whose sake you simulated ignorance in the spelling contests, that she might go higher in the line? Can your musing bring back to you a vision of curls that you used to pull oftener than other curls at dancing school; or of the girl, who, on the eve of your departure for college, dabbed at her wet cheeks with a silly, sweet little handkerchief? or of a young lady into whose eyes you looked, with your soul tugging at its leash, while you breathed: "Sweetheart, I can't express what I feel for you? It's—it's awful!" Or a vision of the one for whom you quit smoking—except in secret? Or of the one to whom you declared you'd never marry anyone if you couldn't marry her? Can your thinking renew the feeling that possessed you as you swore to the only one (for the time being) that nothing would ever come between you—and most likely as long as you continued in the position that accompanied the oath of fidelity anything more bulky than a sheet of paper would have had a hard time getting between you? Do you remember a girl with whom you planned on the time when you would return, pockets bulging, to claim her for your bride? Or the one to whom you revealed your desire to do mighty things, and then when all the world was at your feet, to point to her and say: "She was my inspiration; she, not I, deserves the praise"? Or the one whom you assured you were vastly unworthy of her? Or the one to whom you said: "If ever the time comes when you don't care for me any more, just tell me. It will hurt, dear, but I shall go on loving you just the same"?

If any one of these tentatives awakens a retrospective echo in your heart I may hereupon append a

Q. E. D.

### Varsity Verse.

#### THE CHARGE OF THE LADIES' AID.

Everywhere I go these days  
I see those knitting fiends;  
One must remark their busy ways,  
(Advertising always pays),  
Bless their hearts!

I see them now on every side,  
Doing their darndest;  
Knitters on the street-cars ride  
Working on their sweaters pied  
(Heaven help the wearers!)

Knitters to the right of me,  
Tatting and stitching.  
From the vulgar gaze they flee,  
How they hate publicity.  
(Yes, they do!)

With their needles three feet long  
And a bale of yarn,  
Merrily they stitch along  
For the soldiers big and strong,  
Who don the wristlets with a song  
(The Hymn of Hate).

In the parks they daily sit  
Busily engaged;  
Anxious they to do their bit,  
And *at home* continue it?  
Sure they do—knit!

D. J. E.

#### TWO MYSTERIES.

Each hour leads on the close of day,  
And the days drift by to make the year;  
And the years that pass us on life's way  
Point to the grave as the shades appear.

"O what is death?" we cry at last;  
"And what is life?" the dead reply,  
"For days once closed, forever past,  
Are wedded to eternity."

A void exists to part this pair,  
Yet, either may in both be found,  
Like sea and sky, severed by air,  
For sky is sea above the ground.

United and divided too,  
Sea full of sky, and sky of sea,  
So life and death as twins are, who  
Still mingle time and eternity.

T. J. H.

## On Circumstantial Evidence.

BY JOHN LOUIS REUSS, '18.

Condemned for life! For twenty long and phantom-haunted years that one thought has obsessed my soul. Here in this tomb of the living I am destined to stay until the very monotony of the bleak, grey walls destroys what little life is left in me. Sunshine, golden fields, friends, and love—all have been taken from me. They are but memories—embers of a once gloriously-flaming fire, which day by day grow fainter. Soon they too will die out, and thus the one solace of my confinement will pass away, and naught will be left save the hideous vision of the crime that has buried me alive in this sepulchral dungeon. But before God I am innocent!

I can see, as if it were but yesterday, the crowded court-room, the sad faces of sympathy mingled with hard, heartless faces, anxious to witness every phase of the trial. The fools! One would think that they were intent upon the climax of the latest play, so eager are they. But above the hubbub of the room, I can hear the state weaving its web of circumstantial evidence about my very life. My counsel pleads; yet even I feel the futility of it all. My heart hammers loudly against my breast, and I am powerless. I see the jury file quickly out of the box, anxious to be rid of the case. During the brief suspense hope surges high, only to fall into the deeper despair. Seconds are minutes, and minutes hours. At last the door opens, and the men who hold in their hands my liberty, or—no, it can not be! Surely they know that I am innocent! I clutch tightly the arms of my chair; a cold perspiration comes over me; my temples throb till the arteries are ready to burst. The foreman rises. A death-like silence fills the room, and the beating of my heart all but deafens me. He speaks the sentence,—“Guilty.”

Guilty! The very walls echo the word as if in mockery; every voice in the room seems to be shouting the awful sentence into my ears. Guilty! They have declared me guilty of having killed her—her whose existence was my all, her for whom I would have sacrificed everything, yea, even my life. Oh, the irony of it! Then the taut, strained nerves snapped; I collapsed and all was oblivion.

So often have I enacted this scene that it

has burned itself into my brain. The horrid image of it grows clearer and more vivid with each succeeding day. During the first few years of my confinement I was less troubled with this hideous nightmare, for some hope still remained to me. God knew that I was innocent, and I trusted in Him. Somehow I felt that in His mercy He would release me from the hell-hole into which I had been so unjustly cast. Each morning that I rose from my hard cot, which my guardians call a bed, I thought that that day would surely see the end of my misery. I fancied my reappearance into the world. I was vibrant with life and hope. Each step that I heard in the corridor was directed, I thought, toward my dimly lighted cell to tear down the barriers that separated me from the liberty that was rightly mine. Each shadow that appeared in the little grating over my door I pictured as my liberator. But always with the darkness came disappointment. I prayed until my knees were raw from the rough hardness of the floor, and still I must stay here. I have wept, and at times, from sheer madness, laughed until the hollow mockeries of the echo silenced me.

Once through the carelessness of my keeper my knife and fork were left in my cell. I conceived escape. Fiendishly I guarded the tools until night would conceal my work. Breathlessly I watched the shaft of light that came through the iron-barred aperture in the door grow dimmer and dimmer. Then, when I could no longer distinguish the few objects in my cell, I began my work. I directed my effort to the rear wall. I knew not on which side opened the gate to freedom, but little I cared if I could but at least get beyond the four grey walls that were stifling my soul. Unceasingly I labored until I had worn knife and fork to mere needles and my fingers were lacerated by the roughness of the rocks, only to despair in finding that I had made but the slightest impression on the hard stone. Exhausted, I flung myself down on the floor and shrieked until the warden came to question my sanity.

Often have I wondered why I should desire freedom. The stigma which has been branded upon me in the name of justice is ineffaceable. Men whose companionship I once enjoyed would avoid me, scorn me, despise me, for they too believe me guilty of the crime that has placed me here. And she, whose eyes defied the very stars, whose smile was as radiant as the spring

sunshine, whose caress as tender as the gentlest zephyr, whose soul was angelic—she, the one thought of my thoughts, is no longer in the world to welcome me. And I, O God, who worshipped her very presence, am accused of having plucked that fairest of roses from the garden of life, and am thus punished for it. Oh, how I recall that happiest and most haunting of days when, as we strolled through the fragrant fields, the first flowers of spring seemed to bow in reverence for her. I unfolded the secrets of love that had long burdened my heart. Then it was that she hinted that another was seeking her hand, and I, blinded by jealousy and disappointed affection, left her. Foclishly, unable to shield my bitterness, I talked.

The night that followed was for me a sleepless one. I arose repentant, and determined to beseech forgiveness. But it was not long until I heard of the crime which has since meant to me this living death. So great was my grief, that I recall nothing in the interval before I was taken as being the last person seen with her.

Often have I wondered why I should wish liberty, but as soon as I think of condemnation for life in this grave, the desire for freedom makes me frantic. My soul longs again for the sun, the star-lit sky, the song of the birds, the scent of the budding flowers, the gentle caress of the wind—longs for life! Oh, that these walls could crumble around me and let me go, that all this wretched life were but a hideous nightmare, from which I could awake a living man in a living world!

\* \* \*

I have just read a newspaper,—my first communication with the outside world since I was buried here—a newspaper which my guard so kindly smuggled into my cell. All of those haunting visions have returned; for in the news is recorded the death of him who was the rival claimant for the hand of the sweetest of womankind. Oh, that I might banish them, or, that failing, end my wearisome existence.

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I am free! I can scarcely believe the reality of my existence. But here are the burnished autumn leaves, the clear blue sky, and pulsing life. I am free!—even from the horrible stigma of guilt. It was his dying confession which opened wide to me the portals of freedom. Hands clasp again in friendships long severed, and in it all I see and praise God. The very ecstasy of it overcomes me!

## Wood Notes Wild.

BY BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

### THE SONG OF THE VESPER SPARROW.

I hear a song of summer,  
Tender, wild and sweet,  
The Vesper Sparrow singing—  
In a field of wheat.

Early in the morning  
Flows that liquid song,  
And till the evening shadows—  
All day long.

Summer days are waning,  
Few the birds we hear;  
The Vesper, too, is songless,  
Sweetest of the year.

Autumn leaves are falling,  
All the birds are mute;  
Most we miss the music  
Of the Vesper's lute.

### SNOWBIRDS.

Have you seen the snowbirds,  
How they dart and quiver,  
How they flit and sally,  
In the woods and by the river?

Backs with slaty garments,  
Tails with snowy edges,  
Breasts with darkness-covered—  
See them in the hedges.

Hear their snapping call-notes  
In the wintry weather,  
As they perch in hedge-rows,  
Not a drooping feather.

Now in grassy places,  
Flying, hopping, feeding,  
Plenty is there for them—  
Little are they needing.

Look! the sky is darkened,  
And the air is stinging,  
Fast the flakes are falling—  
Snowbirds keep a-winging.

While the storm is raging,  
Drifts of snow are filling  
All the woods and by-ways  
Near the farmer's tilling.



Higher than the snowfall,  
 Many weeds are waving—  
 Flocks of snowbirds feeding  
 On the snowy paving.

Though the spring is coming,  
 Still the snowbirds tarry,  
 And the gentler breezes  
 Sweet their trilling carry.

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Over the Cabbages.

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BY EARL T. O'CONNOR, '19.

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Before Uncle Sam had flung his hat into the ring last April the neighborly relations of the Careys and the McGills might have furnished the text for an edifying sermon. When Mrs. Carey answered the weekly invitation to weekly dinners at the McGills', the flowers that graced the center of the table were plucked with her own hand from the Carey garden. But the spirit of the war had invaded even the outskirts of our peaceful Quaker City.

The Careys' beautiful flower garden had undergone a decided transformation. Mrs. Carey, not satisfied with the extent of her flower garden, had purchased the idle lot adjoining the rear of her property, which had been the playground of the small boys of the neighborhood, and had converted this together with her original garden into a small truck farm. She boasted, as most of women would have boasted if in her place: "If I do say so myself, my cabbages are the best in the neighborhood, and even the market can show no better potatoes than I raise in my own backyard." And it was a fine garden,—leastwise it was before it was devastated. The damage was done, Mrs. Carey was sure, by the chickens next door. While the flowers possessed the land the chickens had not been tempted out of Mrs. McGill's backyard, and though no one had as yet actually caught them in the act, the evidence seemed strong against them. Morning after morning Mrs. Carey found her finest vegetables uprooted. Even young onions exhaling their first pungence were not spared.

Though we can hardly blame chickens for yielding to such temptation, these old friends, Mrs. McGill and Mrs. Carey, had a violent quarrel over the matter. Mrs. McGill eloquently championed the cause of her chicks, Mrs. Carey quite as eloquently denounced them, and in the

ardor of the civil strife that followed the European conflict was all but forgotten in that corner of the city.

The whole neighborhood was presently interested; all the citizens and "citizenesses" lined up on one side or the other, the odds being slightly in favor of Mrs. McGill and her much-maligned brood. And why not? The chickens were to all appearances innocent, that is, to all except the continually mussed-up garden. No one had ever reported seeing them out of their own dominion. Even Mrs. Carey admitted that she had never caught them abroad, although she had stayed up not a few nights waiting for them with a vengeance.

It seemed that these were most crafty chickens, or else, that they were, as Mrs. Carey intimated, set loose upon the garden at an ungodly hour by someone that kept a better watch than even she herself. Who else could this be than Mrs. McGill? She was strictly anti-vegetarian, and—to borrow from O'Henry—loved to "awaken to the sound of the flowers and the smell of the birds."

Not to neglect farther the other *personæ* in the episode—Tom Carey, in his twentieth year, possessed a goodly physique, illuminated by merry brown eyes which looked upon the world bravely, but which of late could see nothing but Geraldine McGill. Could we have looked through his eyes we should have beheld a graceful wisp of a girl, with a halo of golden hair and a few very noticeable freckles—the penalty of her outdoor life.

Only when at home were these two interested in the backyard war that was being waged between the matrons. When there, each of them as a matter of filial duty took sides with the maternal cause, Geraldine agreeing with the wrath of her mother, and Tom diplomatically putting in a few words in support of his outraged parent.

One evening Mrs. Carey, highly incensed at having found more of her garden violated, argued with Tom until the latter agreed to set a few small game traps for the invaders. The leader of the opposing forces was likewise in a fury. She was positive that a few of her chickens were missing. So, after the supper table had been cleared, Mrs. McGill bent herself to the task of persuading Geraldine to do violence to the vaunted garden next door. Was she not sure that her chickens were being taken? Mrs. Carey had accused her of sending

them into the garden with malice prepense, and even of having torn up some of the vegetables with her own hands. They had stood enough and more. If they were to be accused so generously, then why not do something that would justify the accusation?

Tom sat at the window in the dark kitchen, his ear hungrily awaiting the sound of snapping springs and the squawk of the unwary marauders. But as midnight had passed without any disturbance whatever, he had about decided to give up the watch. If the chickens should venture from their roost this night, his traps would tell the tale in the morning. Thus he was about to retire, when he thought that he heard something outside. He listened with a degree of anxiety. It seemed to be a person moving about. It now occurred to him to arm himself, to bring up his artillery before leading himself to the surprise attack upon the invader.

Geraldine had seated herself in the darkest corner of the back porch. This seclusion was quite unnecessary, as the night was pitch black. What would Tom think of her if he knew that she had done as her mother had ordered? But what excuse could she give her mother if she did otherwise?

Tom hurried out and found to his surprise that one of his traps held "a biped without feathers." Soon Geraldine was explaining. She had been sitting on the porch, lost in thought when suddenly her attention was attracted by the disturbance out in the garden. A few youngsters of the neighborhood were evidently holding a grudge against Mrs. Carey for having spoiled their ballfield. One of the marauding expedition had remained somewhat after the others had gone, for the purpose of doing further damage, and now he had a fair prospect of being out all night. Although the trap was light and hurt but little, the captors had in their attention to each other forgotten all about the little captive. A humble plea secured his prompt release.

As a way of healing the unfortunate breach between the two families, Tom and Geraldine there and then, while their irate mothers slept in ignorance of the peace that was being arranged, planned a partnership garden and a hennery of their own, which agreement was in due time approved by Mrs. McGill and Mrs. Carey—and then the World War resumed its place of first importance among current events.

## A Character Sketch of Portia.

BY ROBERT CUSHMAN CARR.

In all of Shakespeare's plays, he has presented to the world no more womanly woman than the Portia of the famous "pound of flesh" trial. She combines in herself all the good qualities of womanhood, with a few of the harmless weaknesses which make her more a woman than she would have been without them. Her virtues are known to all the world, as they deserve to be,

For the four winds blow in from every coast  
Renowned suitors.

There is one to whom she seems to show some favor, and in the portrayal of his wooing, Shakespeare has created a delightful comedy of manners. This one, Bassanio, sets forth his desire thus:

In Belmont is a lady richly left, . . .  
And many Jasons come in quest of her,  
O my Antonio, had I but the means  
To hold a rival place with one of them,  
I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
That I should questionless be fortunate.

The author says little of Portia's physical beauty. Bassanio makes a reference in the same scene to her hair saying that

her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

He speaks a second time in this manner after he has chosen the leaden casket and found her portrait within. But her mental excellencies, Shakespeare delights in presenting for our admiration, either through her own words, or the praises of others. In the first scene in which we meet her, she is naming over the many suitors who have tried to win her hand and failed. For each of them she coins some epithet to express her opinion. One is "a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horses." Of another, she says: "I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth." Another she likes "very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk." And so hateful is the thought of marriage with him that "I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge."

Not the least of Portia's good attributes is her gentleness. The Prince of Morocco has come to try his fortune at the caskets. One can hardly



expect her to favor marriage with him, but she dislikes him not for his complexion, and is as courteous to him as to anyone of her own race. Not even in her manner can he read her disfavor. She takes refuge behind the provisions of her father's will, saying that because of it she cannot choose.

If my father had not scanted me, . . .  
Yourself (renowned Prince) then stood as fair  
As any comer I have look'd on yet  
For my affection,

which means that she did not like him at all.

It is difficult to throw together a few words so that they may be called an epigram. But Portia does this very thing again and again in the course of the play. To choose a few from many:

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.  
To offend and judge are distinct offices,  
And of opposed natures.  
How far that little candle throws its beams,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Those of the trial scene are so numerous that it is almost impossible to quote them. They should be read consecutively, so that their beauty as a whole may be better realized.

Portia does not hesitate to rank herself with the lowest, seemingly unaware that her place is among the highest. She speaks of everyone

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

To her promised husband she says,

You see, my lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am.

Rarely one finds unusual mental development combined with a sense of humor. Portia has both. The messenger, who brings news of Bassanio's coming, is so moved by the thought of his master's worth that he breaks into simile to find proper expression for his respect and admiration. Portia tells him:

I am half afeared  
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,  
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.

Bassanio, wishing to make his choice among the caskets immediately, says that his suspense is such that he lives upon the rack. She, playing upon the last word, replies:

Upon the rack, Bassanio, then confess  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

This characteristic is developed at greater length in the events just after the trial scene and in the reunion at Belmont. A wife who plans and executes a harmless scheme to obtain

her husband's ring, and then gives it back as another, to be worn more faithfully than the first, is indeed possessed of a delicate sense of humor.

In the midst of the happiness attendant upon Bassanio's fortunate choice, Portia forgets herself entirely in her eagerness to aid Antonio. When the letter comes telling of his plight, she displays all the quickness and decision of a general on the field of battle. Although rejoicing in her newly found happiness, she exclaims to her husband:

O love! dispatch all business and begone.

And with this aspect of her character, in which the others culminate and are united, we may well take leave of her.

### Getting His Measure.

BY JOSEPH RAYMOND CLANCY, '19.

Joseph Hickey, a college graduate who spent his summers at Stony Lake, was seated on a ledge of rocks overlooking the water thinking of the young lady he had danced with the evening before. "Kath is a dandy girl," he mused; "can play, sing, dance, and—but, shucks! I wouldn't marry her? I want a wife with more to her."

Kathleen Quinn, the only daughter of the wealthy Senator Quinn, with her mother and four brothers, spent some weeks every summer at the lake. Joe had met her a number of times and thought that he knew her perfectly.

Two playful hands stole over the dreamer's eyes. Released a moment later, Joe turned and looked into the mischievous Irish face of Kathleen. The two of them had sauntered down to the water's edge, when presently a worn and withered old woman who was gathering wood along the shore happened along. Kathleen observed the difficulty with which the woman carried her load, and promptly excusing herself from Tom, relieved her of most of her burden. She did it all in the easy, spontaneous way which showed that she could not have done otherwise. Joe was ashamed that it had not occurred to him, as it should have, to do what she had done. He concluded that this little "Belle de Ball" was not merely the laughing lass that he had thought her but a real woman withal. And to his credit, he wondered: "Whether there is enough to me to make me worthy of her?"

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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—In far too many cases the college man does not appreciate the valuable supplementary opportunities which his college life affords, or it may be that he recognizes sufficiently the opportunities but through sheer indolence neglects to take advantage of them. As a special incentive to her students to develop themselves in the art of public speaking, Notre Dame bestows annually the Breen Medal. The occasion to achieve this very desirable distinction presents itself on the fifth day of next month. It is hard to understand why the contest for this award is not more popular. Most college men—and nearly all the students of law, very strange to say, among them—seem to think that this optional work does not deserve their attention. They know that their future is almost sure to make demands of them for public speech, but they trust that by chance they may be equal to the occasion when it presents itself, that somehow the power of speech will come when it is needed; and so they take no part in the various contests which would be of so much sure benefit. That this mind on the matter is so common here is regrettable. The cases of Demosthenes, of Burke, of Webster, and of every man who has made his mark by eloquence are proof that naught but relentless practice can produce the effective speaker. The student who knows that he is likely to have occasion to do more or less public speaking in his professional life after his schooldays should greedily grasp every chance to develop his power in that direction. The leaders in every kind of activity are almost invariably the men who can declare themselves

publicly. And every man who graduates from college should be able to give a creditable account of himself when he is called upon, as he is sure to be from time to time, to take the floor. The ability to do so can be developed by any student who will set himself to the task seriously and stick to it. Whether you be a senior or a freshman, get into the coming contest with the best speech that is in you. Win or lose, the good you will get out of such an effort will make it many times worth your while. Incidentally, you may merit a medal that means something and therewith the privilege of representing your school in the state and interstate contests later in the year. Everybody out for the preliminaries!

—The examinations for the first quarter of the school year are imminent. For all of us, no doubt, they are here with sufficient promptness, and for some of us with the swiftness of an avenging Nemesis. Many students regard examinations as a disagreeable and rather unnecessary ordeal. They look upon them in much the same way that the gardener views the uprooting of his rose-bushes: he finds out the condition of the roots, but it does not help the plants very much. This is a wrong attitude. However we may regard the examinations, it behooves us to make the most of them; and if we go at them with a will they can be made most serviceable. The extra work at the end of each quarter, if done in the right spirit and in the right way, becomes the harvest time for the student. A good review is the only way to get a comprehensive and co-ordinated knowledge of any subject. The daily work is too limited in its scope and too particular in its details to afford this systematic grasp of the matter. In preparation for the big test we should carefully gather up for permanent keeping the practical essence of the matter covered during the quarter. At the end of an examination that has been prepared for in this fashion we shall probably find that we have a much more adequate knowledge of our subject than we had thought possible. All college students now have an additional reason for making their bulletins as good as possible in that they are to be ranked in graduation according to the scholastic averages achieved during their course. Let us then prepare for next week with all seriousness, and thus make it a proper climax to our two months of study.

## Bulletin of Examinations.

Nov. 18, 19, 20 AND 21.

Nov. 18.—7:00 p. m. Christian Doctrine A, B and C.

Nov. 19.—Classes taught at 8:10 and 10:15 will be examined at 8:10 and 10:15 respectively. Christian Doctrine I and II at 7:00 p. m. Classes taught at 1:15 and 3:05 will be examined at 1:30 and 4:30 respectively.

Nov. 20.—Professors will announce classes to be examined on this day.

Nov. 21.—Classes taught at 9:05 and 11:10 will be examined at 8:10 and 10:15 respectively. Classes taught at 2:05 will be examined at 1:30.

## Local News.

—Found—Some text-books and a fountain-pen. Apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—The annual Breen Medal contest is approaching. All participants must hand their names to Father Schumacher before Nov. 20.

—Father William Connor, C. S. C., has returned from a visit to Providence, R. I., and will resume his duties as novice master, relieving Father Edward Finnegan, C. S. C.

—The Glee Club has been invited to appear at a concert given to the soldiers of Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich. The first local concert will be given to the students here Thursday evening, Nov. 27.

—Father Wesley James Donahue, C. S. C., of the Mission Band, has been preaching a series of sermons for non-Catholics at the St. Vincent de Paul church in Pontiac, Mich. They have attracted much attention in the newspapers of that neighborhood.

—The reports of our Diamond Jubilee Celebration have penetrated to far off New Zealand as is evident from a quarter page of flattering comment given to the event by a recent number of the *New Zealand Tablet*.

—Coach Chester L. Brewer, of the Michigan Agricultural College, was the guest of Coach Harper, Sunday. The visit was a mere exchange of felicitations and gossip of athletics in general. M. A. C. is to meet us in all sports this year.

—The "colonels" of the Kentucky Club held a meeting, Saturday, Nov. 20, at LaSalle's landing, on the banks of the St. Joseph river. Dinner, prepared in camp fashion, was served. The walk to the "landing" took the place of the customary Kentucky appetizer.

—The short course branch of the Chamber of Commerce held its usual meeting Thursday, November 8. Charles W. Bader read a paper

on the "Industrial Growth of the Indiana Lake Front." A dinner will be had November 24 and a program is being arranged for the occasion.

—Dorothy Gish in "Atta Boy's Last Race" was the pleasing attraction Wednesday in Washington Hall. All Triangle movies contrive to present a good story well acted, and when you add a little artist like Dorothy you are sure of an evening's pleasure. Griffith's stars all have very ingratiating mannerisms and Dorothy Gish is one of the best of these.

—The Architects of Notre Dame held a business meeting last week which was followed by a luncheon in honor of Professor Worden of the Art Department. Papers on architectural topics were read by Ott, Ricker and Kunz. Professor Worden was the principal speaker of the occasion.

—The Polish-French Army commission members, Captain Wacław Gonsiorowski, and Lieut. Wilodzimerz Szaniawski were the guests of the University Saturday afternoon. They were accompanied by Joseph A. Wrewinski, vice-censor of the Polish National Alliance. Father Joseph Burke did the honors with his usual *aplomb*.

—Preparation is already being made for the Junior Law Prom which will be held at the Oliver on December 5. This dance promises to be one of the brightest of the pre-Christmas social functions. The committee is composed of H. L. Leslie, P. I. Fenlon, M. E. Doran, H. T. Lavery, E. C. Donnelly, J. R. Suttner, and W. R. Miller.

—The Poetry Society held its regular meeting Sunday evening at which there was the usual discussion of books of poetry and poetry news. A favorable review of "Notre Dame Verse" from a current magazine was also read. The two best poems of the evening were voted to be "Solitude" by James H. McDonald and "Sea Village" by George D. Haller.

—Brother Peter, C. S. C., former director of the Holy Trinity High School in Chicago, and noted social worker among the Polish people there, is spending a few weeks at the Notre Dame Community House. Brother Peter is preparing to enter the missionary field in India. He will be accompanied by Rev. Charles Finner, C. S. C., of the Holy Cross Missionary Band.

—Two hundred apples, representing twenty varieties from the best fruit farms of Ohio,

are being inspected by the horticultural department. We don't know what becomes of the samples studied in this course, but we have an idea that the champion college course would combine this horticultural thing with a domestic class at St. Mary's,—with apple dumplings as a by-product.

—At the senior law class dinner, Nov. 21, State senator Charles Hagerty will be the speaker of the evening. Dan McGlyn has consented to act as toastmaster. The dinner is in charge of John Raab, Albert O'Sullivan, and Thomas Kelley.

—The Pam Club, the senior journalist organization, elected the following officers Wednesday: honorary president, John Cooney; honorary member, Father Thomas A. Lahey; president, James Logan; vice-president, Charles Call; treasurer, Robert McAuliffe; secretary, Alex Szczepanik. The Sophomores will be asked to enter into the organization.

—The Chamber of Commerce held an interesting meeting last Wednesday. The Shanghai, China, Chamber of Commerce was the subject of a paper read by Arimond O'Brien of Laporte. The paper was discussed by Louis la Roche of Hong-Kong, China. James Foran, a wholesale produce purchasing agent of Fond du Lac, Wis., read a paper on the responsibilities and activities of his business.

—On last Sunday evening a very enjoyable meeting was held by the Holy Cross Literary Society. A vocal duet was rendered by M. Coyle and T. Richards; a story read by Mr. Palmer; a recitation by F. Cavanaugh; a paper by James Kline; a lecture on Eugene Fields by F. Butler, and a comic sketch by J. Hogan and M. Mangan. Mr. Butler was also elected to fill a vacancy in the executive committee.

—One morning last week a venerable looking member of the owl family left its accustomed haunts and perched in dignified solemnity upon our library. The librarian's face was wreathed in smiles, after learning of the predilection of this proverbial mascot of scholars, until some mathematical-minded observer discovered that his owlship was seated upon the thirteenth tier of tiles covering the roof. Now the librarian is in a quandary—was it a good omen or not?

—Once the doors of the old boathouse swung wide before the concerted stride of lean lithe bodies bending under the weight of the

racing shell. Of old, the water dripped in the night from the wet hulls. But racing palled; the oars were cobwebbed in their racks; the mice built nests in the coxswain's seat; and now irreverent, forgetful hands are laid upon the old building and it has become the laboratory of the horticultural department, the storehouse of farm machines.

—The South Bend *Tribune* gave an account recently of the football team at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, on which Lieut. Grant, of last year's Varsity, is starring at quarter. Mississippi College was beaten 45 to 0 after two days' practice by the army men. Grant intercepted two forward passes and ran 70 and 75 yards for two touchdowns through a broken field. Lieut. Pete Vaughn, another former Notre Dame star, has been detailed to take charge of the athletic work of the camp.

—The Knights of Columbus held a business and social meeting Tuesday evening at which an excellent program was presented under the direction of lecturer, Thos. Kelley. Father Edward Finnegan spoke to the assembled members on the duties of the knighthood, while deputy James Hines emphasized the place of American youth in future events. Bernard Dohn entertained on the saxophone and G. Ott and Charles McCarthy sang several solos which were interspersed with selections by the Banjo-Mandolin Club. Riley, Overton, and Godes also rendered vocal violin and piano trios.

—According to the South Bend *Tribune*, Professor Robert Lee Green is entertaining a romantic visitor from the South at his home. Quoting the *Tribune*: "The 'Dasheen' is in South Bend. An Irish lover or rebel, poacher, or dragoon, banshee or fairy,—or is it a Hindu potentate? By the long wash of the smooth Floridean sea, where the tufted palms reach up to the languishing moon, the 'dasheen' grew from tender infancy to bearded maturity. At the Green household he was put into warm water, and when taken out he was 'eaten up.' Professor Green says he would rather eat the 'dasheen' than starve."

—Rumors have reached us of a movement towards arranging a post-season Notre Dame-Marquette football game. Marquette has a strong team this year, having beaten Beloit by a larger score than Wisconsin did, and on that showing Milwaukee fans,—who have never

forgotten the brand of ball they enjoyed in 1910, '11, '12—are eager to arrange another clash with Notre Dame. Marquette gave us some of our toughest tussels, but, in spite of the friendly relations existing between the two schools, it is questionable whether our light and inexperienced team will be in condition for another contest after finishing the present difficult schedule.

—A letter has been received from Perry Miller, formerly of Brownson and Cadillac halls and now at Camp Jackson, Columbus, South Carolina, enclosing six dollars for the Bengal Missions in India. This bit of news properly belongs to the "Personals," but we place it in the "local news" designedly, lest some of our students miss its lesson. Perry's pockets never jingled with a surplus of spending money as a student nor do they now as a soldier, yet, on receiving his first wages in the service, his thoughts turned from those legitimate comforts which might alleviate certain camp inconveniences, and he gave, we might say, of his necessities. How many students are as generous in giving of their abundance for the salvation of souls.

—The following very complimentary notice of "Notre Dame Verse" appears in the November number of *The Catholic World*. We beg to assure the kindly reviewer that Speer Strahan is a real person and that that is his real name.

"It happens just now that poetry is in fashion," the editors of this little volume remark in their foreword. It is; and it would be better for the world if more poetry of the kind included in this little book were fashionable—in preference to some of the elucubrations that are in vogue. Not that this is a complete collection of poetic masterpieces; nor that devotional verse is the only kind to be commended. It is rather the spirit of the writings herein gathered that appeals; the uniform sense of high ideals, of nobility in aspiration, that is refreshing.

Some famous names are included in the list of contributors. Charles Warren Stoddard is here, with his inimitable "Lahaina," and his "Indiana;" Maurice Francis Egan, with an exquisite sonnet, "An Eventide;" Father Charles L. O'Donnell offers four beautiful selections, one a quatrain of the sort that the lamented Father Tabb was wont to write; Speer Strahan is also represented, whose verse is well-known—and whom we also suspect of being ("somebody else!") and two or three others, perhaps not quite so familiar. Paul R. Martin's sonnet, "Kathleen ni Houlihan" is one of the best pieces in the book.

The little volume is a fitting literary memorial of the recently-celebrated diamond jubilee of Notre Dame University, where poetry, as the editor tells us, "is a tradition." Any school might be proud of having produced such a group of poets.

## Obituaries.

It becomes our sad duty to chronicle the death of Dr. James C. Monaghan, one-time professor of economics here and at present supreme national lecturer for the Knights of Columbus. Dr. Monaghan had been in poor health for some years, but in spite of physical ailments devoted himself unselfishly to the interests of education and of Catholicity to the last, his death coming as a result of a stroke of apoplexy suffered at his home in New York. In addition to his connections with Notre Dame and the Knights of Columbus, Dr. Monaghan was at one time professor of psychology and economics at Wisconsin University, and later accepted the position of president of the New York School of Technology. He also served as U. S. Consul at Mannheim and Chemnitz, Germany, being afterwards appointed to a similar post in Jamaica. He is survived by a widow and two children, one of whom was formerly a student in Carroll hall. Dr. Monaghan was at all times a part of the University, and even when duty called him elsewhere the closeness of his relations to Notre Dame never relaxed. As a professor and a scholar, but above all as a Catholic man, he was a type the memory of whose association the University will ever cherish. To his sorrowing wife and children the University offers its sincere sympathy. The prayers of his former associates will not be wanting in supplicating God for the repose of his soul.

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Notre Dame lost one of its oldest living graduates recently when Captain William Ball, prominent citizen of Lafayette, passed away in that city. Captain Ball during his life was an ardent lover of Irish freedom, having raised a company in Lafayette during the Fenian Rebellion for the purpose of striking a blow at England through her colony, Canada. The sympathy of many friends go out to his sister, Mrs. Lucius Tong of South Bend, and to the other relatives of the deceased.

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Hundreds of old students for whom the "pie house" on the Niles road was a frequent haven of happiness, will learn with regret of the death of Mr. and Mrs. John Haney. Mrs. Haney died last week after a short illness, but God in His mercy did not break by death the union in which this simple christian man and

woman lived so beautifully during life. One week after the death of his wife, Mr. Haney followed her into God's presence. The prayers of hundreds of old students will be offered for the souls of those two gentle friends of the "Notre Dame boys."

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Personals.

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—"Jimmie" Devitt (C. E., '13) is with the quota of engineers recently sent to France.

—Lieutenant Jerome Martin, a student of law last year, paid a short visit to his brother Joseph Martin. "Jerry" is stationed at Camp Custer in Battle Creek, Michigan.

—Hugh J. Daly (LL. B. '12) is acting in the capacity of Field Secretary for the Knights of Columbus in their cantonment activities at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas.

—"Gus" Dorais, Notre Dame's greatest quarterback, is still demonstrating his ability on the gridiron with the Fort Wayne "Friars" in the capacity of quarterback and captain.

—The congratulations of many friends are extended to Mr. Richard Collins (A. M., '14), whose marriage to Miss Helen Culkin of St. Joseph, Mo., was solemnized on the twelfth of October.

—"Jerry" Voelkers, former Varsity track and football man, was at the Gymnasium for the returns of the Army game. Jerry took the trip to West Point with the team that first defeated the Cadets.

—John Guendling, a member of last year's graduating class, was also present in the Gymnasium on the same occasion. John is now supervising engineer for the Dodge Brothers Manufacturing Co. of Mishawaka.

—Ray Whipple, one of our recent football lights, was injured recently while playing with the Heralds of Detroit against Toledo. The papers describe him as one of the best ends ever seen in Detroit.

—Carlton Beh (Ph. B., '17), accompanied by his brother, made a short visit to the University recently, and after shaking hands with many of his old friends, witnessed the drubbing given South Dakota on Cartier Field.

—"Pete" Yerns (C. E., '17), remembered as the Champion of the Boat House, writes that he is at present located at Camp Grant in Rock-

ford, Illinois, but expects to be transferred soon to "somewhere south of the Mason-Dixon line."

—John P. Conboy (LL.B., '15) of South Bend was a visitor at the University recently. He is at present travelling for the International Harvester Co. Al Fries (C. E., '16), who was connected with the erection of our new library, accompanied him.

—The University has received an announcement of the marriage of Francesco Gaston (C.E., '02) to Miss Marie Hernando, of New York City. The ceremony occurred on September twenty-fourth, and the best wishes of the University and of old friends are cordially extended.

—Desmond O'Boyle, former resident of Corby Hall, is a Lieutenant in the Canadian army in England, where he has been instructing the soldiers in rifle shooting. In a recent meet his company succeeded in winning second place. This is but one out of many instances showing what our Notre Dame cadets are capable of doing.

—Word has been received that Justin Maloney, former Notre Dame basketball star, has been appointed to succeed Ward Lambert, as basketball coach at Purdue University. Justin is a brother of William Maloney, C. S. C., of St. Edward College, Austin, Texas, and until his appointment, was practising law in Crawfordsville, Ind.

—An item from the *Banker's Magazine* of October 17 states that Paul R. Byrne (Ph.B., '13) has been appointed Librarian of the new Commercial Library now being installed in the service department of the National Bank of Commerce in New York City. Mr. Byrne is well qualified for his new position, being a graduate both of Notre Dame and of the New York State Library School.

—News has arrived from Fort Sam Houston, Texas, of the entrance of "Charlie" Grimes, Sophomore journalist of last year, into the aviation corps. Charlie writes: "I passed the mental examination for a first lieutenancy in the aviation section Wednesday, and to-day, after seven severe hours, passed the physical exam. It was about as strenuous and nerve-racking as is ever given in the army or elsewhere. We were seasick, homesick, and many were rejected. But I am now awaiting a commission, and will move to the aviation field shortly."



## Athletic Notes.

## COSTLY VICTORY OVER MORNINGSIDE.

There was no flavor in the Notre Dame victory at Sioux City, Iowa, last Saturday, when Morningside was humbled 13 to 0. The regrettable injury which incapacitated George Gipp for the remainder of the season marred the afternoon. When the big halfback from Calumet broke his leg early in the first quarter the players lost interest in the game. Not until the second quarter did they score.

"Big Frank" Rydzewski, whose interceptions are coming to be a part of every game, pulled a long Morningside forward pass out of the air, and sprinted forty yards for a touchdown. In the third quarter a combination of straight football and a sprinkling of forward passes enabled Notre Dame to score a second touchdown—the final one of the game.

As usual the Notre Dame line held like a stone wall. Morningside has a powerful eleven, but found it impossible to gain ground with anything like consistency. The margin of victory for Notre Dame might have been much greater but for the unfortunate accident that took Gipp out of the game, and the "pep" out of the team for the time being. Dave Philbin was unable to accompany the team on the trip. He was suffering from a bad cold, and Harper thought it better judgment to save him for the M. A. C. and W. & J. games. The loss of Gipp will, of course, seriously weaken the varsity scoring machine in the two remaining games of the season, but the "ole fight" will be there when the pinch comes—we are sure of that. And that will go a long ways towards overcoming the handicap under which the team now labors.

## CROSS COUNTRY RUN.

Two and one-half minutes seems to be the lucky handicap in the annual intra-varsity cross country race. Van Wonterghen with that much start won the long run for this year last Tuesday afternoon, while Sweeney finished ahead a year ago, starting with the same handicap.

Van Wonterghen used excellent judgment throughout the race, slowly but surely overtaking the men with three, four and five minute handicaps, and running just fast enough so that he was never pressed by the men who

started after him. Call, with a handicap of one and one-half minutes, finished second, 150 yards behind Van Wonterghen; Harbert, with three minutes handicap, was fourth; Shanahan, with a start of five minutes came in third; "Pete" Noonan, scratch, finished fifth; McMahon, five minutes, sixth; O'Connor, five minutes, seventh; Flick, five minutes, eighth.

Noonan and Sweeney started from scratch, but the latter was forced from the race with severe stomach cramps early in the race. That left Noonan to force his way through the long row of runners, some of whom were given nearly a mile start on him. He made a heroic effort, and arrived at the quarter mile oval on Cartier field just as Van Wonterghen was finishing. "Pete" made the fastest time of the day—24 min. 12 sec. Call had the second best elapsed time—25 min. 19. sec. Van Wonterghen, the winner, ran the course in 25 min. 50 sec.

## INTERHALL FOOTBALL.

The light Brownsonites with Mohardt, their line smashing halfback continually in the lime-light, held the Walsh Hall to two touchdowns, Sunday afternoon, in what proved to be the hardest fought game of the interhall season. Three times Brownson threatened the Walsh goal but the down-campus wall, Flaherty et al, was impregnable in the critical moments. Walsh produced a galaxy of stars in Flaherty, Fenessey, Beeleand and Wheeler, while Flick for Brownson directed the plunges of Mohardt and Jenny. It was a true pigskin tournament with sidelines whose enthusiasm eclipsed that of many a Varsity battle.

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Sorin and Corby clashed Sunday morning in a seven alike fight that was a real tonic to jaded football appetites. Stopping Babcock was like catching a bullet with a pillow, the husky Corbyite going through the Sorin defence time and again for long gains. Pockard, Larazolla and Mulligan bore the brunt of Sorin's scrap, while Babcock was ably assisted by Sheehan and Murphy.

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The Carroll Hall football team played its first outside game Sunday when they battled the South Bend High School sophomores to a 6 to 6 tie. The Carrollites played a better class of football throughout, but were unable to overcome the handicap of weight sufficiently to break the tie.

## Safety Valve.

DEAR FATHER

It is getting near examination time and I don't know nothing. I've been fooling the teachers by playing off I was deaf and as professors always have weak voices and sore throats they can't shout loud enough to ask me questions. I heard one professor say to the another, "he's an intelligent looking fellow and it's certainly too bad he can't hear," so I've been trying to look more intelligent every day, and I tell you this looking intelligent gets on a fellow's nerves and has me near wore out. Listen, Dad! my math teacher is crazy. He gets up before our class of sixty, all boys from good homes, and says things like  $2x + 4y - z = 30$ . And all the boys shake their heads as if they believed it, I think they must be kidding him along. We all know that x and y and z are letters of the alphabet but he's got them all mixed up with arithmetic which is figures. But the boys don't never correct him but just look intelligent. To-day my English teacher asked me what a anapest was and as I didn't never hear of that kind of pest I held my hand to my ear and said "What?" and he said, "Next," without looking at me and the next one said "two shorts and a long" which had no more sense to it than if he said two Mutts and a Jeff and the professor said "Correct" and marked him one hundred. Father, as I don't know nothing about my classes send me some money—

Your son, HUMBERT.

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And the student who asked if Mary Roquefort wasn't playing in "The Little American" was on the wrong scent.

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No, Percival, a shillalah is not a Hawaiian instrument, neither is a corridor a spittoon.

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The Carrollite, who when asked who Kerensky was, replied that he played center for the Varsity football team, had a general idea of sounds.

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## THE MINIMS' INNING.

The wheatless-meatless days have come,  
The saddest of the year,  
Our grief is like a peck of peas,  
Ker-splash! there goes a tear.  
Yet in the darkness we can see  
A little ray of hope,  
They say that ere a month has passed.  
There won't be any soap.

Bring on the soapless days, good friends,  
List to our nightly cries—  
No more will mother lather us  
And get it in our eyes.  
No more will we be seized at dawn  
And thrown into a tub,  
And beaten with a scrubbing brush  
Oh, mother, there's the rub.

There isn't any reason why  
We should be pulled about  
And scrubbed by every one we meet—  
Some day they'll wear us out.

So why we have a soapless voice  
Let's loudly sing the praise  
Of the wise guy who saved us boys—  
Bring on the soapless days!

\*\*\*

Brownsonite—"Did you ever think, Joe, that if you got down to work and studied faithfully every day without exception what a wonderful position you might have in ten years?"

Walshite—"Say, if I ever even thought of studying every day I'd be a nervous wreck."

\*\*\*

Talking about the fellow who sold his birth mark for a mess of potash, we were wondering if Alex Szczpanik's name didn't look like a test word in a typewriting exercise.

\*\*\*

Now that the golf club has been organized we may expect the rope skippers to play a strenuous game of sugar, pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar!

\*\*\*

## A DRAMA.

SCENE: A wintry night on the North coast of Africa. Snow is blowing in blinding gales across the strand. A Prussian officer is asleep beneath a tree around which hover myriad butterflies of variegated color. Suddenly a yellow taxi wheels up and a sweet girl of sixteen autumns alights carrying a box of sardines in one hand and a lemon squeezer in the other. She looks dreamily around and seeing no one she draws a graphophone from her pocket and puts on the "Home, Sweet Home" record.

Officer (*awaking and sitting up*):

Methinks I hear the splash of some sweet voice  
'Tis like the gurgle of the soup, no choice  
Is left to me but follow after it,  
Or can it be I've fallen in a fit?  
No, see there's something moves in yonder snow  
Down where the violets and turnips grow,  
'Tis not a man, nay, it is for too fair  
And lo! what wondrous golden-plated hair.

He pulls a stethoscope from his pocket and puts it to his eye—he can see nothing. He snatches a microscope from his vest and puts it to his ear—he can hear nothing. He seizes a gyroscope and holds it to his collar-bone—he can sing nothing. He draws two aces and a gun as his eyes fall again on his golden-haired queen.

Queen—(*approaching him*) Or have I wandered to an unknown heaven.

Where men play not at seven or eleven,  
Where nothing but sweet buds my eye scan scan—  
O save me, Socrates! I see a man.

(*She pulls an ice-cream freezer from her muff and turns the handle furiously in an endeavor to freeze the officer out.*)

Officer (*springing to his feet*):

Where is this Socrates, I'll fight him now  
I'll hew him down as I would fell a cow.  
It grieves me, dear, to think you'd not call me,  
I'll cook pancakes for you and make you tea.

(*He lifts up a side of bacon and pats her gently on the cheek with it. She melts with compassion and falls in his arms.*)

NO CURTAIN.