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Nature's Lesson.

FREDERICK CARROLL, '12.

WHAT mystic scenes enchant the lake
At twilight's purple glow;
What shadows darken o'er the brake
What whisp'ring breezes blow!

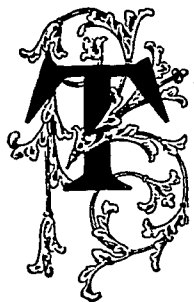
All cares, it seems, from me depart,
And with the shadows die,
And peace and calm steal o'er my heart,
And I dream of days gone by.

'Tis pleasant too when softened notes
Of songsters in the trees
Blend sweetly in the timid throats
And die upon the breeze.

Such themes as these give peace and rest
And soothe my changing fears;
They teach me how to make the best
Of youth's fast-fading years.

The Three Great French Dramatists.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.



THE racial characteristics of the French people are strikingly revealed in their drama. The French followed the bent of their own genius, just as the Spanish and the English had done; this led them in time to a drama not so energetic as the English and not so full of surprises as the Spanish, but surpassing them both in technique and in the logical order with which its action was conducted.

In order to appreciate the French drama properly, one should study the history of the French people, and it must be borne in mind that the French are not so individual as the Spaniards, nor so self-willed as the English.

They are rather governed by social instinct, relishing strict order, not to say restraint. Inheritors of the Latin traditions of decorum, the French do not dislike rules, nor do they object to what might seem to the English to be restrictions. Above all they are fond of logic and of the simplicity that comes of having a single aim, and so far as the acceptance of the rules of the theatre and the observance of the Unities have helped their playwrights to attain this end, it has been, in a way, beneficial to their dramatic literature.

The troubles and terrors of the great civil and religious wars of the Sixteenth Century had in certain spheres of society produced a reaction towards culture and refinement; also the seal had been set upon the results of the Renaissance by Malherbe, the father of French style. Much of the French drama of this age is of the same kind as its romance literature, and, like it, fell under the polite castigation of Boileau's satire. Heroic love—quite a technical passion—seized hold of the French theatre as well as of the Romances. A mixture of the forms of classical comedy with elements of the Spanish and of the Italian pastoral was attempted with great temporary success by A. Hardy (1560–1631).

Corneille (1606–1684) was the first of the great French dramatists. His earliest, most important play was the "Cid," which was derived from a Spanish drama. Hardy had already shown him the way of condensing the ordinary mediæval narrative in dialogue into a succession of striking adventures; and Corneille, in turn, concentrated all his effort on a single main situation, the very climax of a struggle between desire and duty. He cut out of his Spanish original and cast away all that did not serve to

throw into higher relief this final exercise of the human will, always the dominating element of a true drama; and thus it was that he fixed once for all the form and content of French tragedy. Founded on a loosely constructed Spanish drama, the "Cid" did not exhibit the three Unities, and for this fault it was censured at Richelieu's command by the French Academy which he had founded to be the custodian and the controller of taste. The final establishment of the rules was in reality due to Corneille's avowed effort to conform to them after he had been censured. Corneille's Horace depicts his character as a dramatist. The play was simple in plot, swift in action, and the poet presented only "the naked climax, stripped of all accessory episodes." The theme being a conflict between family affection and fervid patriotism must have been tempting to a man of Corneille's temper.

The French tragedy was not, as it professed to be, a copy of the classical tragedy of the Greeks or Romans. The mold of French tragedy was cast by Corneille, but the creative power of his genius was unable to fill it with more than a few examples. His range of passions and characters was limited. He preferred, he said, the reproach of having made his women too heroic to that of having made his men effeminate. His actions inclined too much to the exhibition of conflicts political rather than broadly ethical in their significance. Corneille's characters are larger than life; they are of heroic size, all of them. Their exaltation of sentiment may seem to some a little too high strung, but that is a characteristic of the French, and hence perfectly natural. The French play-goers were thrilled with pleasure, as they are yet, when the characters vied with one another in voicing noble sentiments. Corneille was not only a playwright, skilled in the building of plot, but he was also a true poet.

In comedy also the first great epoch of French dramatic literature begins with Corneille, for it is said that Molière owed to him the inspiration of the tone and style which he made those of the higher forms of French comedy. Corneille rather suggested than exemplified the conditions of the growth of sentimental comedy, or domestic drama, known as the *Drame*.

Racine (1639-1699) does not surpass Corneille, his elder contemporary. His heroes are all of one type, that of a "gracious gloriousness;" his heroines vary in their fortunes, but they are all the "trophies of love," with the exception of the Scriptural personages which stand apart from the rest. "The extraordinary situations that Corneille had been delighted to discover in history, Racine rejected altogether, choosing rather to deal with what was less extravagant,—the growth of a man's love for a woman who loved another, or the consequences of a woman's mad passion for a youth who cared nothing for her. In his plays the action is internal rather than external, and the moral debate within the heart of man is not always accompanied by mere physical movement, visible to the heedless spectator. Racine did not seek to interest the spectator in what his characters were doing before their eyes, but rather in what these characters were in themselves, and in what they were feeling and suffering." Racine was a psychologist, and hence he made his study of the inner secrets of the human soul effective on the stage. "Racine's conscious possession of the power of arousing and retaining the interest of the play-goers of his own nation may be one of the reasons why he was prone to choose a woman as the central figure in most of his plays. The touch of Racine was caressingly feminine; whereas that of Corneille was ever manly and stalwart. Corneille was ever striving to fortify the soul of man, while Racine was ever seeking to reveal the heart of woman. Racine's language was also easier, more familiar, more homelike than that of Corneille's. Racine's melodious verse is also evidence that French is not so unpoetical a language as those have said who can not feel its music or dislike its nasal tone. If we contrast the courtly audience of Racine with the gathering of Athenian citizens to judge a drama of Sophocles, we can see one reason why French tragedy lacks the depth and the sweep of the Greek."

French tragedy appeared "when a noble and well-regulated monarchy, under Louis XIV., established the empire of decorum, the life of the court, the pomp and circumstance of society, and the elegant, domestic phases of aristocracy;" and French tragedy could

not but disappear "when the social rule of nobles and the manners of the ante-chamber were abolished by the Revolution." Lyrical passages still occur in some of Corneille's early masterpieces, as the "Cid;" the epical element also is found in narrative passages, but the chorus is constantly banished, to reappear only in Racine's latest works as a scholastic experiment.

Molière (1622-1693) is greater than Corneille or Racine, partly because of his own superior genius, and partly because the racial characteristics of the French can find their fullest expression rather in comedy than in tragedy. Molière is not only the foremost figure in all French literature, but he has been deemed worthy to be set by the side of Sophocles and of Shakespeare. His first regular comedy was "L'Etourdi" which attained such success that it induced the principal members of a rival company to join his troupe. The "Misanthrope," in which he attacks in a violent manner the ignorant leeches and apothecaries of his age, is universally recognized as his masterpiece. His last play, entitled "The Imaginary Illness," is a biting satire on the whole craft of doctors. As regards art the value of Molière's contributions to French literature is beyond calculation. His name has become almost synonymous with comedy. He was a playwright who knew his art perfectly; he was possessed of dramaturgic faculties and the skill of a born play-maker. He reached the inner chords of man's nature, and that artificiality which marks Corneille and Racine was unknown to him.

Molière is superior to Corneille and Racine in the variety of his themes, in the breadth of his philosophy, and in the ingenuity of his technique; and in spite of the fact that he is a writer of comedies, while they both wrote tragedies, he can be called a greater poet than either of them, taking the word poet in its broader meaning. Although the French are somewhat lacking in the energetic imagination which ought to inform tragedy they have special qualifications for comedy. They are easily witty, humorous and have a keen sense of the ridiculous. Brander Matthews says, "that in pure comedy Molière's supremacy is indisputable. He displays at times the sentiments of a loyal courtier, at others that gay spirit of oppo-

sition which is all but indispensable to a popular French wit. His comedies offer elaborate and subtle, even tender, pictures of human character in its eternal types, lively sketches of social folly and literary extravagances, and broad appeals to the ordinary sources of vulgar merriment. Light and perspicuous in construction he is master of the delicate play of irony. Faithful to the canons of delicate taste, and under the safe guidance of true natural humor, his style suits itself to every species attempted by him. He raised the comedy of character out of the lower sphere of caricature, and in his greatest creations subordinated to the highest ends of all dramatic composition the plots he so skilfully built and the pictures of the manners he so faithfully reproduced."

If in studying the French drama therefore, certain passages appear to possess a peculiar, even subtle quality, one must always remember that these three great representatives of French life and customs instinctively knew what would appeal most forcibly to their own people. The French are always French, always highly refined, social and respectfully gay. Consequently, if these characteristics be lost sight of when comparing the French drama with the drama of other races, it will not be difficult to construct premises that would give us a conclusion not altogether in harmony with our notions of the drama; but if these characteristics be borne in mind, such a conclusion would not be the easiest to obtain, except, perhaps, through some illicit process of hypothetical reasoning.

Undertones.

HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09.

WHAT splendor grips our hearts as do the sounds
Of human voices in familiar tones?
Not lust for yellow gold, or flaming stones,
Nor power too limitless for earthly bounds,
Transcendent knowledge climbing up the rounds
Of wisdom's ladder; none the wise man owns
Enthralls the heart, forgetfulness enthrones,
Or gives as strong a clue to memory's hounds.
The other things will vanish as the mist
Before the coming of the lord of day,
Or as the winds that wander where they list
O'er silver foam or cloud-land castles grey;
But hearts will thrill and olden echoes throng
To hear a well-known voice, an old-time song.

Hope.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.

A FAR it beckoned, shining bright,
Piercing the Erebian gloom,
Guiding the errant ships aright,
Averting the cry of doom.

Loud rang the morning cannon's roar
Across the treacherous bay,
But the light in the tower shone as before
In the dawn of the rising day.

In the Interest of Science.

LEO C. McELROY, '10.

"It certainly was a wonderful exhibition. I don't believe I have ever seen the equal. Why, when he took them rabbits and all that cloth out of my hat, I was that surprised, I was nigh speechless. And when he made that rose-bush grow right there on the stage, that there was some trick too."

The scene was the front porch of the National Hotel, Hayrick, Indiana, the time, the morning after an exhibition of sleight of hand by Prof. Ferdinand Hellerman at the Hayrick Opera House. A group of idlers were discussing the various tricks performed by the magician and airing their views on the subject of prestidigitation. Hiram Caney, Hayrick's oldest inhabitant, who had been rendered "nigh speechless" by the apparition of a pair of rabbits and seventeen yards of cloth ribbon from his own perfectly harmless hat, had pronounced Prof. Hellerman to be peerless in his line.

"He's in there in the hotel now eatin' his breakfast, and when he comes out I mean to ask him about some of his tricks. I most caught on to a couple of them," said Hiram, "especially that egg trick. Only he had the egg in the cup instead of in his hand."

Some five or ten minutes later the professor appeared on the porch.

"Mornin', Professor," said Hiram, "sit down. We was just talkin' 'bout your performance last night."

The professor seated himself and drew a cigar from his pocket, the tip of which he removed with a pocket-clipper, and lighted it.

"Well, how did it strike you?" he asked, genially.

"'Twas mighty fine, sir, mighty fine. I was just tellin' the boys as how I most seen through one or two of your tricks. But there was a few things in 'em that I didn't quite catch. F'rinstance now, how did you get that there egg in the cup?"

"Why, that was very simple indeed," responded the professor, laughing. All his auditors leaned forward expectantly. "You see, there wasn't any egg in the cup."

"There wa'n't?" exclaimed one of the listeners.

"But I seen it," protested Hiram.

"Oh no. What you saw was merely a collapsible imitation of an egg. I had it palmed in my right hand, and when I dropped it into the cup, the spring inside was released and made it look like an egg. The real egg I had dropped into my coat pocket."

"Well, I swan," gasped the oldest inhabitant.

"You know," continued the magician, "I am going to give another exhibition to-night, at which I will reveal the manner in which I accomplished most of my seemingly wonderful results. If you are there, you will laugh at yourselves for having been so easily fooled last evening."

At this point, a travelling salesman, who had arrived in town the previous day appeared on the hotel porch and seated himself at the edge of the assembly. The talk now became general, resolving itself into a discussion of the magician's art and the narration of some adventures by Hellerman. Before long somebody mentioned hypnotism.

"Ah!" remarked Hellerman, "that is indeed an interesting science. To be able, by concentration of one's mental powers to control the thoughts and actions of another—that is what appeals to me."

"Hypnotism—bosh!" The interruption came from the drummer. "Nobody can make me believe that this hypnotism gag is not a fake. There's one thing that this chicken doesn't tumble for."

The magician's eyes took on a new expression. He seemed to be somewhat nettled by the incredulity of the drummer.

"Indeed," he said quietly. "Let me tell

you, sir, I have witnessed some very remarkable experiments along the line of hypnosis, and I am firmly convinced that it is a scientific discovery of great value to humanity."

"And I repeat that I believe all these wonders that are called experiments in hypnosis are framed up beforehand and are nothing but a big sell," responded the drummer.

"Well, I have a little proposition to make to you. I have dabbled a trifle in the study of this thing, and have performed some of the simpler experiments myself. Now if you are really desirous of testing the genuineness of the thing, you come around to the Opera House to-night, and I will substantiate all the claims that I have made for it."

"You're on. And if you want to back your faith up with a little of the long green stuff that talks loudest, I'll accommodate you for any sum you may name up to five hundred dollars."

"I'll take two hundred dollars of that money," said the Professor rising, "and by this time to-morrow morning, you will be a poorer but wiser man." The traveling salesman laughed scornfully.

The story of the discussion between the two men and of the subsequent wager was quickly spread over the village, with the result that by eight o'clock that evening the opera house was packed to the limit of its capacity. The professor had reduced the price of admission to ten cents, saying that the drummer's two hundred dollars would more than reimburse him, and that he desired everybody to witness the triumph of mind. During the afternoon the professor had a secret confab with Hiram Caney and about a dozen of his particular friends, the result of which was seemingly very agreeable to them, for they went around for the rest of the afternoon with mysterious smiles on their countenances.

Promptly at eight o'clock that evening Prof. Hellerman walked upon the stage, and after a few stereotyped remarks of introduction began to perform his sleight of hand tricks, revealing after each feat, as he had promised to do, the manner in which it had been accomplished. But the public appetite was no longer to be appeased with things

they knew to be false. They yearned with a mighty yearning for the great event of the evening—the demonstration which was to prove the validity of hypnotism. Finally the professor concluded his tricks, and stepping forward told the audience of the morning's wager, finishing his remarks with the request that the salesman, if he were present, would come upon the stage. The salesman was present, and quickly made his way down the aisle and up to the stage. His smile was a thoroughly cynical one. Quiet fell upon the audience. Nobody moved, so intent was each one on hearing every word and watching every move of the two men upon the stage. The magician took from his pocket a roll of bills amounting to two hundred dollars in tens and fives and laid them on a table in full view of the audience. The salesman did the same. Then the disciple of Mesmer motioned for his subject to be seated. The drummer sat down, but despite his attempt to appear calm and collected, it could be seen that he was somewhat ill at ease.

Slowly Hellerman passed his hands across the man's forehead. He had taken his position directly behind the chair, and his eyes gazed off into space, apparently directed at a point in the rear of the hall above the heads of the spectators. It was evident, however, that he saw nothing. The motion of his hands gradually quickened. His lips too were moving, and now and again those in the front rows caught the word "sleep" in a sibilant whisper. Intense excitement prevailed, but still there was dead silence.

Now the operator's hands were being drawn across the drummer's face from forehead to chin, and he had moved from his position in the rear to take up one in front of his subject. The salesman's head began to droop. Lower and lower it sank until he was hunched over with his head down almost between his knees. He was asleep.

Hellerman stepped to one side, and without taking his eyes from his subject said in a sharp tone: "Arise." The drummer did so, slowly. His eyes were wide open, but the smile was no longer evident; his face was without expression of any sort.

"What is your name, please?"

"Frank Dooley."

"No, you are mistaken. It is Carrie

Nation. Now take this hatchet and break up that bar and those bottles of—"

As he spoke, Hellerman held out one hand as if offering him a hatchet, and with the other hand pointed to a plain pine table at one side of the stage. Dooley accepted the imaginary hatchet, and rushing, to the table, proceeded to smash unseen bottles and glasses with all the ardor of the original Carrie, until Hellerman commanded him to desist. Several other ludicrous antics he compelled the scoffer to perform and then he said to him. "Take your two hundred dollars from the table." Dooley obeyed. "Now go down among the audience and ask Hiram Caney to change a ten-dollar bill."

Down from the stage went the helpless man, directed by Hellerman who remained on the stage.

Caney with a jubilant expression on his face had taken some money from his pocket and was waiting for him. When the exchange was made, the hypnotist said to Dooley, "Now give Mr. Caney two dollars." This was done and the remaining eight dollars went back into Dooley's pocket. Then the drummer, according to the command of his master, proceeded to pass among the others in the audience who were able to change a five or a ten-dollar bill. Among those who had money on hand, were all of those who had attended the confab in the afternoon.

Dooley continued to give away ten-dollar bills in exchange for seven, eight and nine dollars until the original two hundred dollars was distributed. Then, with the change he had received bulging out his coat pocket, he was recalled to the stage.

Acting still under the instructions of Hellerman he took the money from his pocket and placed it on the table. Hellerman next commanded him to remove his coat, collar and tie and to lie flat upon the stage, face down and head toward the audience. While in that position he was restored to his normal condition.

To say that Dooley was mortified would be putting it mildly. When he fully realized what had happened, he grabbed coat, collar and tie, and without waiting to don them, left the place, while the Hayrickites laughed until they were blue in the face, and

departed for home, well satisfied with the entertainment.

A day or two later, while Hiram Caney was sunning himself on the porch of the National Hotel, one of his bosom friends came running up, waving a paper excitedly.

"Here, Hiram, read this here piece," he exclaimed breathlessly.

Caney took the newspaper which was from a town about sixty miles away and read the following item:

"The arrest of 'Sneaky' Whalen and Thomas Lockhart, confidence men, brought to light one of the most clever brace games ever practised in this part of the state. Whalen who has quite a police record, and Lockhart who posed as a traveling salesman, would register at the hotel of some small village, to all appearances total strangers to one another. Whalen is quite a clever sleight-of-hand performer and posed as a magician. It was the custom of the pair to get into an altercation over the merits of hypnotism and then to make a wager which was to be settled by an experiment at Whalen's evening performance. Whalen apparently succeeded in hypnotizing Lockhart, and then made him pass out ten-dollar bills among the spectators, receiving in return eight or nine dollars in small bills. The ten-dollar bills were fairly good counterfeits, and the two crooks departed from each village where they operated with considerable good money in exchange for a trifle more in home-made."

Hiram looked up from the paper with a most rueful countenance. Then he took from his pocket a ten-dollar bill at which he gazed long and earnestly:

"Well, I swan," he remarked.

Sophomore Science.

A bird in the hand sometimes means a term in the penitentiary.

Wisdom is found in many different forms in different men, but the wisest of all men is he who knows how to hold his tongue. Many men who might be accounted wise quickly dispel that illusion from the minds of others by speech, and many a fool has concealed his folly by silence.

Varsity Verse.

GEE! IT'S AWFUL.

Say! it's awful when a fellow's got to study all day long,
When there's lots 'a other things that he could do;
When a kid is told that if he runs away from school
it's wrong,

And he has to go, though he doubts, if it be true—
Gee! It's awful.

Say! it's awful when a circus comes and pa won't
let you go,

And he says to watch the house while he is gone;
But it's worse when later on he sees you coming from
the show,

And then says, "When I get home I'll see you, John"—
Gee! It's awful.

Say! it's awful when your mother says you can't go
off to skate,

And you do the very thing that you're forbid,
And then when you come running home a couple
hours late,

And you find that ma told pa just what you did,
Gee! It's awful.

Say! it's awful when you see your dad a taking down
the strap,

From the sacred place it holds upon the wall
When he takes you up and turns your stomach—
down upon his lap,

And you lie there waiting for that strap to fall,
Gee! It's awful.

G. J. F.

A LITTLE INCONSISTENT.

Have you ever stopped to think about the way young
girls are named?

How repeatedly one meets from day to day
Some lassie cold and frigid, or tempestuous as March,
Yet invariably one finds her name is May.

There was a hired girl once who cooked and washed
the clothes,

Her parents long before had called her Tilly.
This poor young maid was awful black, an African,
I think,

And yet her "steady" called her his "Fair Lily."

I knew a maiden once who always sulked in deep
despair;

When things went wrong her habit was to mope;
Unless her every wish was gratified her spirits sank,
But she answered to the pretty name of Hope.

One eve I saw a maiden, six-feet-two and very fat
Demurely sitting in a crowded trolley.

I was wond'ring what her name was, when a friend
of hers came in,

And sitting down, said, "Why! Good evening, Dolly."

In the town there dwells a damsel who is fair indeed
to see,

Not infrequently she flirts with handsome students,
And though such conduct be foolish and unwise in
the extreme,

She rejoices in the cognomen of Prudence. M.

Prohibition vs. Regulation.

JOHN B. McMAHON, '09.

Alcoholic liquors are a blessing in their proper use, a curse and a public nuisance in their abuse. Government exists in consequence of the necessity of preserving order in society; and the use or sale of these liquors becomes its concern whenever they injure society or any of its parts. The experience of all times and places indicates that the sale of intoxicants does affect the order of society, and consequently government has a clear right to regulate or even prohibit, if circumstances seem to make it advisable, the sale of spirituous liquors as beverages. Its right in this respect does not differ from similar rights to regulate, for instance, the marketing of opium or cocaine. The man who disputes this right, whether out of selfish or other motives, is wrong. He sets himself and his judgment above that of almost all civilized peoples. For whatever tends to affect the order of civil society is, by general opinion, the proper object of governmental regulation. This is a rule which admits of no exceptions, and which, in reference to the liquor traffic, can be validly evaded only by a demur, which the opinion of an intelligent and observing people would never sustain.

But while the right of government in this particular is beyond dispute, the manner in which it shall be exercised should, like every other question of policy, be determined in great measure by the great law of expediency. Here there is a large field for discussion. For everyone's judgment of particular expediency is based upon his recognition of existing circumstances, and it is but natural that men would disagree in this. Accordingly there is a numerous class which believes that the social harmony and public good-will can be best conserved by prohibition, either by the smaller unit of government, or by the general government, of the manufacture and sale of these liquors; while another great class is equally sincere in the conviction that prohibition is impracticable and, in fact, unnecessary, since a more strict regulation of both the manufacture and sale will conduce to the removal of most of the objectionable

features of the present sale of stimulants. These two very opposite views are founded on a common acknowledgment of the many evils and dangers of intemperance. They include the opinions of practically all observers and thinkers. There are, of course, some who, out of other motives than a reasonable belief that in one or the other plan is the solution of the problem, take a stand on one side or the other. This latter class includes those who are financially interested in the continuance of the liquor traffic, and a very large number of those whom the abuse of liquor has incited to an unthinking prejudice which finds in prohibition a more satisfying expression than in the other plan. With these people argument is futile, being overbalanced, as they are in one instance by a selfish desire for gain, and in the other by a prejudice which blunts the force of all objections to which prohibition may be liable. Since this latter class is undeserving of attention, we shall devote ourselves to an impartial consideration of the respective merits of the two plans proposed, without regard to the appeals to passion and sentiment which the advocates of both sides are wont to offer in lieu of argument.

Is prohibition a "consummation devoutly to be wished for," as some would have us believe? It is, provided there is good reason to believe that it can be made really effective; otherwise it is fraught with the greatest of dangers. There are several plans that are advocated by those who believe in prohibition, each of which is deserving of consideration. The first of these is National prohibition. It is the most feasible of all in many respects, but the form of our government, with the police powers reserved to the various states, makes it absolutely impossible, at least until the rights of the states have entirely succumbed to the often deplored tendency toward a centralized government. The difficulty of obtaining the necessary constitutional amendments leaves general prohibition out of the question as an immediate remedy. The only way in which it could be accomplished outside of federal law, is for all the states, through their various assemblies, to enact uniform laws, which is a very distant possibility in view of the lack of unanimity on many other and important matters.

The other plans propose prohibition through the various units of local government—the district, the county and the state. The fundamental error of all these measures is that they govern only the sale and not the manufacture of stimulants. As long as the manufacture of stimulants is permitted in any part of the country, there is likely to be difficulty in enforcing prohibition of any sort. It is for this reason that national prohibition—if our Constitution would allow it—appears more feasible. It could strike at the manufacture as well as the sale of alcohol. As conditions are, however, every attempt to enforce these local sumptuary laws is apt to be met with evasion. The craving and desire for liquor is so great that it induces men in the hope of gain to brave the dangers of punishment. In a state it would require a whole state militia to make a law effective; while there is some food for thought in the fact that putting such sales on the same par with acts intrinsically wrong, has a tendency to lower the respect for law in general. It is a very dangerous thing to pass any law, or attach criminal penalties to acts that are not regarded by all intelligent and decent people as wrong. For such legislation will be unsustained by the consent necessary to make it effective. Then, too, there is no way under the present construction of our interstate commerce laws, to prevent the importation of liquor from other states; while local option in either county or district is of little avail because of the facility with which intoxicants can be obtained in adjoining or nearby districts or counties. Indeed, it is not improbable that it will be purchased in larger amounts and consumed with more harm than if retailed under license. At best, all such legislation deprives the moderate drinker of his potion, and only attaches a little inconvenience to obtaining that which satisfies the craving of the habitual and immoderate consumer. Now, since the evils arise not from the moderate consumption of liquor, but from the habitual and excessive drinking, measures of the nature of local prohibition are not the proper remedy. Admitting, therefore, as everyone does, the need of some restriction on this much-abused traffic, what measures are best suited to remove the evils and injury

to society with the least amount of injustice and a maximum of good? The answer lies in the proper regulation of the manufacture and sale of these beverages; in a reform of our present methods of dealing with the traffic. The men who advocate well-defined systems of this nature are the ones to whom we must look for the betterment of the deplorable conditions resultant upon the abuse of alcoholic drinks.

The first of these reforms should be with reference to the manufacture of distillation. An end should be made to adulteration of wines and spirits. This is a measure clearly in the interests of public health, as no small number of the ills to which "topers" are subject can, in the final analysis, be attributed to this and to the fact that these goods are not kept sufficiently long. This is especially true of those liquors consumed by the poorer class. If pure liquor could ever be uniformly secured, a great step would be taken in the direction of better conditions. We have laws securing the purity of food, well justified on the grounds of public health. Let us have a few along this line, or at least a better enforcement of those now on the statutes. No resolutions of the wholesale liquor organization will ever avail. The government has undertaken the partial regulation of distilling and brewing, and it should not go half-way nor cease until the poisons are really eliminated and the liquors are really what they are represented. The taxes, too, which are imposed should differentiate. The tariff, which is only another name for a tax, is differentiated in favor of home industries. The application of this same principle in the internal revenue system would encourage the consumption of such light drinks as ale and wine at the expense of the stronger drinks like gin and whiskey.

The second field of reform is the retailing of such drinks. The breweries and distilleries should be prohibited under the most severe penalties from paying the license of any retailer, and discouraged, if possible, from starting any retailer up in business. The obvious result of this would be to decrease the number of those engaged in the business. If in addition to this a very high license were to be charged it would still further lower this number, and above all secure a higher class of saloonists, since this amount would bar the "floater" and the "hale-fellow well-met" who has failed in other pursuits. These, as experience has demonstrated,

are not the proper men to engage in this business. With the numbers thus reduced, naturally the individual profits of those who engaged in this business would increase, and the saloonist made independent of the gains which under our present system of competition are derived from the sale of liquors to minors and drunkards. In addition to all this, the decreased number of saloons would make inspection and supervision much more easy, and greatly facilitate the enforcement of the laws now on the various municipal statutes regarding the hours of closing and the sale of liquor to those who are not entitled to it.

Another change that might work good results is the insertion of a contingency clause in the license, *i. e.*, the license to be *ipso facto*, forfeited upon conviction of the licensee for violation of any of the local laws regarding the retailing of liquor. We insert such conditions in our franchises and grants. Why is it not practicable here? These are only a few of many points to a system of reform which avoids both the absolute prohibition of the visionary and the anarchy of unrestrained "free whiskey." It is essentially practicable, and is the only true reform as long as men remain in their present state of imperfection.

In conclusion, it may be stated, that had one-half of the efforts that have been made to attain prohibition been directed towards the accomplishment of these reforms they would have met with heartier co-operation from the great mass of the people and with greater results than the prohibitionist can now show after years of agitation. Let condemnation of liquor and the saloonist be supplanted by a campaign of education along sane lines, and the American public sentiment will demand the change. But common-sense teaches the common people the futility of attempting by one act to destroy an appetite that has existed in man since the time when the saintly Noah inadvertently imbibed too freely, and the fallacy of attributing all of the sins of the race to drink. Above all, the American people, as a whole, would rather see the drinker take his dram in a decent and orderly saloon, pay his tax to the government, and be sure of pure, unadulterated liquor, than to imbibe secretly and illicitly of adulterated spirits behind the red windows of a drug store or in the dive of a district where red is equally predominating in the color effect.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, February 20, 1909,

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—Ruskin in "The Crown of Wild Olives" says that "the worst of misunderstandings arising from the two orders, rich and poor, comes from the unlucky fact

The "Goo Boo" Chimpanzee. that the wise of one class habitually contemplate the foolish of the other.... Each

class has a tendency to look to the faults of the other." It is upon this evident fact that modern socialism largely relies for the increase of its advocates. For, while the doctrine of socialism is positive, yet its premise of fact is the evils that exist under the present construction of society and the "class consciousness" which they engender. The following, which is taken from a recent issue of a Toledo newspaper, is one of the many instances of the mawkishness and harmful extravagance that characterizes the foolish of the wealthy classes:

Orrville, February 9.—To telegrams and cablegrams announcing the death yesterday of their pet chimpanzee "Miss Tony," known all over the world, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Lambrigger, of Orrville, have received numerous messages of condolence. The chimpanzee was laid out by undertakers and is lying in state in the Lambrigger parlor. The body will be cremated in a casket valued at \$100. "Miss Tony" was as nearly human as an animal could be, even as it died, saying "Goo Boo," which the Lambriggers assert is "Good-bye." The chim-

panzee had been exhibited all over the world, played a tiny piano and operated a typewriter.

Such foolishness quite naturally awakens indignation in the breast of every toiler to whom the money thus expended would be a means of education, health and comfort for the precious human lives entrusted to his care. It creates in his heart the resentment, the hatred of present conditions, which makes him an easy victim to the spirit of condemnation of existing institutions, of the rights of capital, which spirit prompts the vicious teachings of socialism. The public sentiment of America should be set firmly against such exterior manifestations of insanity. The press should not give the attention nor the space to these deplorable evidences of degeneracy which properly belongs to events of important interest to the thinking American public. Neither is the death of "Miss Tony," late of the family Lambrigger, the fit object of cabled condolences from the "codfish" aristocracy, nor of the wasteful expenditure of the money that represents the sweat and toil of the honest American workman. The "Goo Boo" chimpanzee, with its achievements on the typewriter and piano, represents comparatively a much higher type of intelligence and greater utility to society than the "goo boo" species that mourns its departure, condoles the bereaved and augments the ranks of the party that threaten destruction to government, religion and the home.

—Latterly we have heard a good deal about the classics. We have read serious articles on the value of Greek roots in teaching. "the young idea how

The Study of to shoot," whose ponderous Greek. arguments lead us to suspect

that perhaps the young idea will never do more than stagger in a blind circle after assimilating a course whose heaviness would make the inventor of boarding-house hash die of jaundice. Of course we all admire Homer. We're brought up to do it. It's the correct thing in Boston. Not to do so is to place oneself irrevocably in the outer darkness of the unappreciative, while our more sympathetic, or, at any rate, more tactful brethren bask in the pure, white light of culture that

streams from the primal source. We prefer to bask, even though the "good Homer does nod sometimes," as that acute critic and clever man of the world, Horace, once remarked. It seems probable that many students are, literally scared away from Greek not so much by any inherent difficulty but by the general air of mystery in which it is wrapped. Strange alphabetical signs meet the beginner at the outset. The aorist-tense-dual-member-middle-voice is, to say the least, well-nigh incomprehensible to the Twentieth-Century American, and the irregular verb is Greek, indeed. He feels vaguely uncomfortable as if he was breathing an atmosphere too rare for his proper development, and so, like a fish out of water, he longs to return to his element. In the end he does so, although it is certain that if he had stayed he, like the mudfish, would develop sufficiently to prosper in the thinner air of his abnormal habitat. He would learn to appreciate what is one of the most logically developed and flexible languages ever used by men. His mind and imagination would feast on a literature that even in its ruin is the delight of the discerning, that stimulates as well as enriches from its own prodigious store, whose quickening writers have passed into bywords as standards of comparison in literary art. To study their work is in itself a liberal education, to ignore them is to cut oneself off from the ripe perfection of the golden civilization of the past.

Death of Arthur P. Hughes.

We were grieved a few days ago on receiving information of the death of Arthur P. Hughes, a student last year in Brownson Hall, which took place on the 9th inst. at Fargo, North Dakota, where he was visiting an uncle. The body was removed to the home of the deceased at Belleville, Ontario, and interred on Sunday last. Arthur was a good boy, and was much liked by his fellow-students in Brownson. The Faculty and students extend their sincere sympathy to the bereaved relatives of the deceased. Mrs. Hughes, mother of the deceased, requests of all prayers for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

Victory in the State Oratorical Contest.

Everyone at Notre Dame rejoiced last Saturday morning on learning that Mr. McNamee, our representative in the Indiana State Oratorical Contest of the night previous, had taken first place. The prospect had not been the brightest, as Mr. McNamee had been in the Infirmary suffering from a



IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09.

severe cold and tonsillitis for some time previous to the event, and had consequently been unable to submit to much of the training desirable. The safe margin, however, in the decision of the judges of seven points over the speaker that received second place shows that the preparation was amply sufficient.

Six other Indiana colleges participated in the meet. Miss Janet Fenamore of Earlham, with the subject, "The Social Revolution," won second place; Mr. Walter H. Linn of Wabash, "Democracy and the Individual," third; Mr. Francis V. Westhafer of De Pauw, "The New Reform of Freedom," fourth; Miss Harriet W. Elliot of Hanover, "In the Shadow of the Prison," fifth; Mr. D. F. Robinson of Butler, "Diplomacy of Democracy," sixth; Mr. Howard C. Whitcomb, "The Rôle of our Country," seventh.

Mr. Ignatius E. McNamee is from Portland, Oregon, a senior student in the classical course, the popular president of the '09 class, and winner this year of the Breen medal in Oratory. By having won the State Contest, Notre Dame is privileged to represent Indiana in the big Interstate Contest which will be held at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wisconsin, on the 21st of May next.

The Interstate Oratorical Association, one of the largest leagues of its kind in the country, embraces the states of Iowa, Colorado, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Minnesota and Michigan.

Mr. McNamee's speech on "Child Labor" is earnest, vigorous, well constructed and may be relied upon to get good marks for composition from any set of judges; and with the rapid and steady development the speaker is showing in quality of delivery there is good hope of a second Interstate victory for Notre Dame, the first having been won two years ago by Mr. Edward O'Flynn, '07.

There was no delegation to the contest from Notre Dame, as there was from some of the other schools, but according to accounts, the alumni present made good for our absence.

The Indianapolis Star of the morning after the contest had the following comment concerning the winner and the winning oration:

Ignatius E. McNamee, representing Notre Dame University, won first place at the Indiana State Oratorical Contest in Tomlinson Hall last night with a brilliant oration on "Child Labor."

The oration of McNamee was masterful in its construction and given with extreme good taste and earnestness. The young man's ability to compose won him first place from two of the judges on composition and second place from the third. His oration was logical, forceful and polished and moved along with

sufficient rapidity not to tire. There were also many praiseworthy things in Mr. McNamee's control of himself in speaking. His voice was in good form being naturally pleasant in tone, and added much to the effectiveness of his oration.

The speaker combined shame and ridicule in his criticism of America's indifference to the child-labor problem. He spoke of former times when labor training was training in the highest degree—the time before children were enslaved to machinery. He ridiculed Congress for spending its valuable time and the money of the nation in insignificant legislation, overlooking this which he styled the more important. He insisted that there must be a reaction when the government must bear the burden now on the shoulders of the working child.

The following was the program of the contest:

PROGRAM.

- Invocation.....Rev. H. C. Clippinger, D. D.
- Pastor Edwin Ray M. E. Church, Indianapolis, Ind.
- Selection.....Odeon Male Quartette
- "Diplomacy of Democracy"—Mr. D. F. Robinson—Butler
- "In the Shadow of Prison Walls"
- Miss Harriet W. Elliott.....Hanover
- "The New Reform of Freedom"
- Mr. Francis V. Westhafer.....De Pauw
- "The Rôle of Our Country"
- Mr. Howard C. Whitcomb.....Franklin
- Selection.....Odeon Male Quartette
- "Child Labor"
- Mr. Ignatius E. McNamee...Notre Dame
- "The Social Revolution"
- Miss Janet Fenamore.....Earlham
- "Democracy and the Individual"
- Mr. Walter H. Linn.....Wabash
- Selection.....Odeon Male Quartette

Decision of Judges

Judges on Manuscript

- President Charles F. Thwing—Western Reserve Univ
- Professor Frederick E. Bolton—University of Iowa
- Professor Felix E. Schelling—University of Penn.

Judges on Delivery

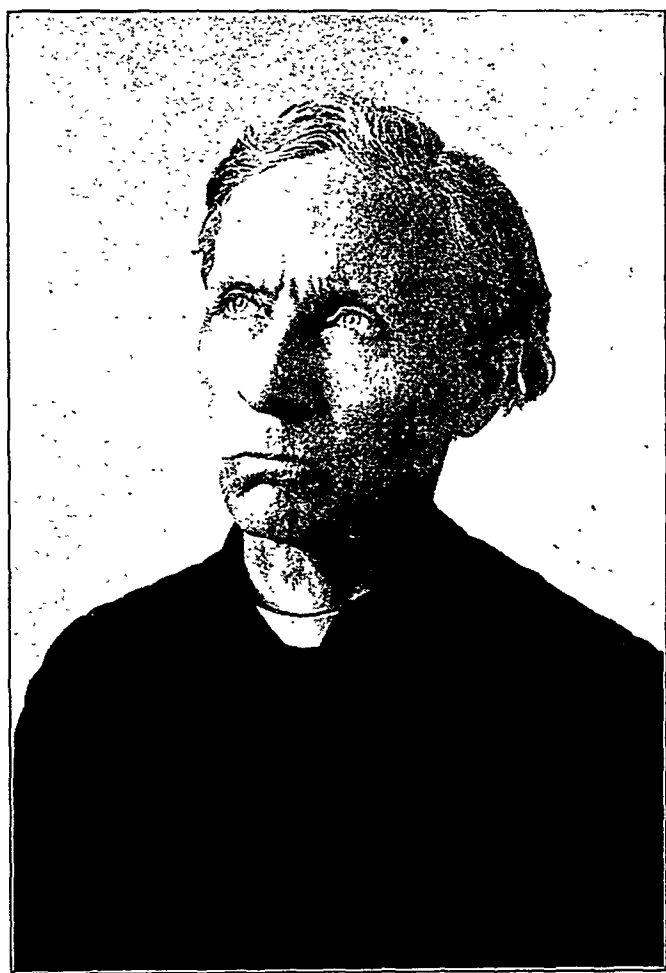
- Mr. Samuel D. Miller.....Indianapolis
- Mr. Evans Woolen.....Indianapolis
- Professor George H. McKnight—University of Ohio.

The table here given shows the markings by the individual judges of the several competitors in the contest:

JUDGES		Thwing		Bolton		Schelling		Miller		Woolen		McKnight		TOTAL RANK
CONTESTANTS	Place	Composition		Composition		Composition		Delivery		Delivery		Delivery		
		PER CENT	RANK	PER CENT	RANK	PER CENT	RANK	PER CENT	RANK	PER CENT	RANK	PER CENT	RANK	
Butler.....	6	85	2	89	5	90	1	80	5	76	6	80	6	25
Hanover.....	5	81	3	91	3	80	3	70	7	78	5	90	3	24
DePauw.....	4	69	6	87	6	85	2	90	2	80	4	85	4	24
Franklin.....	7	65	7	86	7	80	3	79	6	70	7	75	7	37
Notre Dame.....	1	90	1	97	1	85	2	93	1	90	2	95	2	9
Earlham.....	2	71	5	90	4	85	2	88	3	92	1	98	1	16
Wabash.....	3	79	4	93	2	80	3	85	4	88	3	82	5	21

The Death of Brother Basil, C. S. C.

It was a sorrowful message the church bells announced to Notre Dame on Friday, February 12: another member of Holy Cross had been called to his reward, a member long esteemed and loved by all—Brother Basil. Brother Basil left us suddenly, but not unprepared. His entire life had been an act of preparation for that supreme moment. When he embraced the austere life of a



religious, there burned in his soul the fire of genius: music was the natural expression of his ardent spirit. His wonderful talent he laid on the altar of sacrifice. This, however, was not all he had to offer: his best and purest holocaust was a heart full of love for God, a mind thinking and striving only for the honor and glory of the Church, a hand anxious to toil in the interests of Holy Cross.

Brother Basil, known in the world as John Magus, was born in Freiburg, Bavaria, Feb. 15, 1828; he received the religious habit in the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Dec. 12, 1852, and was professed June 24, 1853. To his old age he fulfilled every day with the vigor and enthusiasm of youth. And so he appeared before his Judge with the credit of

fifty-six years of service in the religious life.

On Saturday last the members of the Community and the students of the University attended the Solemn High Mass of Requiem, celebrated by the Very Reverend Provincial, Father Morrissey, assisted by Fathers J. B. Scheier as deacon, and M. J. Walsh as subdeacon. The University choir did its best to beautify the last ceremonies for him who for so long a time had been the very soul and centre of the choir, and whose ear was now shut to the solemn tones of the *De Profundis*. The organ was draped in black as if mourning for the master, and the tremulous chords seemed to bid him a last sad farewell. The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Cavanaugh, President of the University, who spoke eloquent words of the virtues and merits of the deceased, not in order to praise him, but to formulate the beautiful lesson unobtrusively but plainly taught by the life of the deceased.

The following paragraphs from the sermon are the tribute merited by the departed Brother:

"He was a man of extraordinary modesty. When he joined the Congregation of Holy Cross he came with no blare of trumpets. It was not known then nor afterwards until it was accidentally discovered that he was gifted with a genius for music; that this great power had been nourished by study and devotion; that in all America there were few who knew the contents of musical literature as he did, and fewer still who could interpret them with such exquisite delicacy and feeling. From the day on which his talent was revealed until his worn and wasted body rested in death he was the University organist and the director of the department of music. During those years he developed many students who shared in some small measure in his power. Scattered over the country to-day they will go to their graves with the memory of a holy man who loved only what was greatest and best in music, whose life itself was a great hymn of praise to God. And great multitudes of other students, who knew him only as the college organist, will remember him forever as the gentle soul who charmed forth from the heart of the great organ such exquisite improvisations as the angels may well have

leaned down from Heaven to hear. But the lesson that I wish to draw from this side of his character for you is that in him there was not a trace of vainglory. In him was modesty and simplicity and Christian humility.

"Another lesson was his heroic devotedness to his work. It is a great thing to say of a man that for more than fifty years he has gone loyally to his work with hardly a single interruption. There must have been many days when it cost heroic effort to do so—days of suffering and pain, but the sun hardly rose more faithfully upon the earth each day than he went to his appointed work. On the night before he died he was at his post playing the organ for Benediction. To his work he brought a conscientiousness which overlooked no detail and which tolerated no shabbiness. Work to be work at all must be good work, and if that long and useful life had left us, professors and students, no other lesson than this high ideal of the quality of work, that alone would have been a great and distinguished service. He was pious and mortified. In the days of his novitiate he nourished a tender devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and throughout all his life that devotion grew until it brought him close to sanctity. His life was a blameless life, and few and small must have been his transgressions, yet his spirit of mortification was almost heroic. St. Jerome, after more than fifty years of austere penance in the desert, still trembled when he thought of the judgments of God. Brother Basil after as many years spent in holiness and innocence in his Religious Community was still disciplined and mortified in body with an austerity that was almost saintlike. There is a lesson here for us who think nothing of offending God by serious sin and to whom the thought never comes that a sin, however slight, must be expiated by penance in this world or by pain in the next. And so Brother Basil went through life shedding holiness and devotion about him. The memory of his genius, and above all of his virtue, will live in the minds of generations of students, and will find its place in the annals of his Community as one of its most treasured possessions."

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame, 34; M. A. C., 18.

The Varsity opened her Eastern trip with a victory, administering to the Michigan Aggies their first defeat upon the home floor. The game played on Feb. 8th was an easy victory, the team being in no danger at any time. Maloney, although injured in the second half, pluckily refused to quit, and played a star game, making more than half the points registered by Notre Dame.

* *

Notre Dame, 31; Detroit A. C., 24.

The team added another victory to her brilliant record by defeating in a fast and classy game, the D. A. C. quintet at Detroit on Feb. 9. Although the locals led at the end of the first half, the fast and furious pace set by the Varsity soon told on them, enabling us to win out easily in the second half.

The following telegram concerning the game between the Varsity and the Detroit Athletic Club on the 9th, was sent by an old student who witnessed the contest:

On Matchbox Court Notre won 31-24. First half Detroit's favor 13-12. Spectacular passing and shooting win applause of Detroit rooters. Detroit says best game ever played here. Notre Dame bewildered the Locals in their second half rally. Detroit played very good game. Conditions of our team won. No injuries; no stars on Notre Dame—they shone like the whole blame Milky Way.

* *

Notre Dame, 22; Buffalo Germans, 35.

On Feb. 10, the Buffalo Germans put a temporary check to our invasion of the East, by giving us the third defeat of the season. Although the Varsity gained a lead of eleven points in the first ten minutes they were not able to hold it against the world's champions, who finally defeated them. The Buffalo paper states it was the fastest game of basket-ball seen there this year. It surely must have been, for when they beat the Notre Dame team, they are certainly "going some."

* *

Notre Dame, 18; Buffalo Germans, 32.

The German aggregation duplicated its performance of the 10th by defeating the Varsity Thursday by the score of 32 to 18. One of the largest crowds of the year

witnessed a fast and snappy game, in which Vaughan starred, doing great defensive work, and rarely failing on a fair chance at the net. The team changed their tactics from the long reckless shots they used the previous night, to quick passes in order to get the ball well under the baskets before attempting to make a goal, but the close guarding of the Germans kept us from scoring often.

* *

Notre Dame, 25; Syracuse Pastimes, 26.

With the N. D. men greatly handicapped by having to play under A. A. U. rules, the Syracusans managed to nose out a victory on February 12. At the end of the first half the Pastimes led by four points. Notre Dame found herself in the second half, however. With five minutes to play the score stood 24 to 24. A throw from foul line by Fish put the Varsity one point ahead, but their opponents quickly threw a basket, making it 26 to 25. A foul was called on the Pastimes, and while the ball was in the air the whistle blew for time.

* *

NOTRE DAME, 32; CORNELL, 13.

The Varsity defeated the Cornell University Five last Saturday night by the score of 32 to 13. The Cornell players, having played Pennsylvania and Columbia, both of whom are putting up a strong claim for Eastern championship, think that the Notre Dame team is superior to either of them.

* *

We have received from Manager Wood at Pittsburg a telegram reporting a victory of 30 to 20 over Niagara, 36 to 19 over Pittsburgh Lyceum, and one of 41 to 31 over Grove City, but have not yet learned anything concerning the details of these contests.

* *

The following schedule of track meets has been arranged up to date:

March 6—Indiana at Notre Dame.

March 13—Chicago A. A. at Notre Dame.

May 1—Michigan A. C. at Notre Dame.

May 22—Armour Institute, Michigan A. C. and Notre Dame at Lansing.

In the meet with Indiana no one below Sophomore standing will be allowed to compete. Although this will weaken the team somewhat, able substitutes are not wanting, and our chances for victory are not seriously diminished.

The meet with the C. A. A. in particular promises to be a good one, for M'gr. Delaney intends to bring about twenty men with him to represent the association, among whom are such men as Irons, Taylor, Iddings, Waller, Dean, Johnson and other sturdy athletes who have shown their ability on many previous occasions.

The list of events will include: the 40 yard dash, 40 yard high hurdles, 40 yard low hurdles, 440 yard dash, 880 yard run, 1 mile, relay race, 16 pound shot-put, high jump, pole-vault, running broad jump, and a 2 mile run.

Our chances for victory are most encouraging, as the result of First Regiment Meet at Chicago plainly indicates. Captain Schmitt, Moriarty, Fletcher, and Wasson are all showing great form in the sprints and hurdles, while Philbrooks and Dimmick will ably take care of the shot-put. Dana, Steers, and Ben Oriel are in good trim for the distances, and there is the possible chance for the development of some "dark horse" out of the rest of the distance material that has reported. Roth and Wasson will be able to hold up the honors for N. D. in the broad jump, while Fletcher and McDonough will no doubt do the same in the high jump. With Moriarty to hold up our side in the pole vault, we have a team that will be able to compete with the best of them.

* *

INTER-HALL CHAMPIONSHIP TRACK MEET.
CORBY VS. BROWNSON.

Last Thursday afternoon, the championship meet between Brownson and Corby was held in the big gymnasium, the Brownsonites finally winning 53 to 42 after a hard fight. The meet was a fast and exciting one, the result remaining in doubt until Brownson gained a safe lead after winning the half-mile and broad jump, the last two events before the relay.

The "dope" of both teams was upset, as it usually is, when Mehlen surprised everybody by winning the forty-yard dash for Corby against Connelly who had been picked as the winner. Everybody was surprised again when "Billy" Burke won the low hurdles; although he was expected "to place," he was not picked for first. But the greatest surprise of all was when "Micky" McMahon stepped into the ring to put the shot, and although he did not have the form, he succeeded in putting enough muscle behind the "pill" to win the event. Dean showed his disregard for the talk when he defeated Foley in the half-mile who had been figured upon for first place.

Connell of Brownson was the highest point-winner, registering 14 points, twice tying for first and winning a first and third. Burke of Brownson was second individual point-winner, winning a first, a second and a third. Mehlen of Corby was third, winning first in the forty-yard dash and second in the low hurdles.

* *

The Brownson relay team defeated the Corby team in an exciting race, which closed

one of the most interesting meets ever seen in the gym. On Monday afternoon, there will be a track meet in the gymnasium between the Varsity and the Freshmen. On the Varsity squad are the following men: Capt. Schmitt, Moriarty, Dana, Roth, McDonough, Beady, Foley, Dean, Duffy, Miller, Wood, Edwards, McMahon, Maloney, McKenzie and Shuster. The freshman team will be made up of Fletcher, Philbrook, Wasson, Dimmick, Steers, Ben Oliel, Burke, Mehlem, Connell, Connelly, Sullivan, Rush, Devine and Hebner. The meet will be full of excitement as some of the Freshmen have been making a splendid showing in practise and will make the Varsity work hard for every point.

Personals.

—Thomas Callahan, student in the Mining Engineering Course last year, has secured an excellent position in that line of work with a firm in Salt Lake City, Utah.

—Varnum A. Parish (Litt. B., 1908) spent Sunday at the University visiting his brother, William and old friends. Varnum is now taking Law at Chicago University.

—William Carroll, student in Pharmacy for the past three years, stopped at the University on his return from the Motor Show in Chicago. Mr. Carroll intends to start in the automobile business in Dayton with Alexander W. McFarland (Ph. B., 1906).

—Among the visitors at the University this week were Clement L. Devine (C. E., 1907) and Albert A. Kotte (C. E., 1906) who are engaged in contracting work in Alliance, Ohio, and Thomas J. Tobin (C. E., 1907) of Temple, Texas, who is at present employed as Division Engineer by the Sante Fé RR.

—At the annual convention of the Catholic Students' Association of America held at Iowa City, Iowa, Feb. 13th James T. Keefe (Ph. B., 1907) was elected President of the Association. During his last two years at Notre Dame "Jim" Keefe was one of the most prominent and popular students of the University. In athletics he was known as the fastest half-miler in the Middle West.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Isabel M. Birdsall to Mr. John J. O'Connell at the Church of the Nativity, Brooklyn, New York, on Feb. 22. John received the degree of A. B. from the University in 1901, and has since been employed by the *New York Tribune*. He is a loyal son of Notre Dame, his father also having been a student, and his uncle, Father John O'Connell, of the Holy Cross Congregation.

Local Items.

—The Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia holds its second annual dinner at the Hotel Majestic to-day.

—The Total Abstinence Society held a meeting last Sunday evening in the Sorin Law room. Father O'Neill, C. S. C., read an interesting paper for the members. The Society will have a smoker this evening.

—According to the Catalogue the bi-monthly examinations for the mid-year period will be held next Friday and Saturday. Do not provoke or distract the Quan Medal candidates during those days.

—Strong as "Brudder Sylvest" undoubtedly is, we doubt if he can stand much longer the hammering he receives every day in Sorin smoking room at the hands of Corbett—not James J. Corbett is a pianist of marked power, and whenever he touches the piano he always makes quite an impression—usually on the keys.

—The rumor is rife at the University that as a result of a private interview between President Pulliam, of the National League, and J. Arthur Cook of New York and vicinity, the latter will not return to school next fall. We do not vouch for the truth of this report, but as it seemed to have an important bearing on the baseball future of Notre Dame, we thought it best to acquaint our readers with it. If true, it only serves to emphasize the veracity of President Pulliam's assertion that Notre Dame is the cradle of baseball players, or words to that effect. Truly, we do turn out men who would be a credit to either of the big leagues.

—The Junior Laws met last week and elected the following class officers: Edward J. Lynch, president; Dornay A. Kelly, vice-president; Malachy Clark, treasurer; Harry F. McDonagh, secretary; James L. Cahill, sergeant-at-arms. Not to be outdone by the other classes the Junior Laws are planning to have a banquet in the near future. Only one incident marred the harmony of the meeting. Raymond T. Coffey, a prominent littérateur of Iowa, attended the meeting and volunteered some advice to the under-classmen. But Mr. Coffey's suggestions were not taken in the liberal spirit in which they were offered. The Freshmen resented the intrusion of a Junior who was not, and never would be, a lawyer, and after several unkind criticisms, a motion was made that he be forcibly ejected. Mr. Coffey, however, with graceful dignity, declined the offer of assistance in departing, and withdrew from the assembly, remarking in an undertone, something about "crudity to an individual" who merely wished to help.