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The Voice of the Winds.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

A BROAD by the lonely wayside
Each solemn figure stands,
With its wind-stripped branches held aloft
Like distant spectral hands.

All alone in the drear night-watches
The paling moonlight clings
To the waving limbs, like misty shrouds
On the forms of ghostly things.

And the winds on their midnight journey,
A deep, wild grief must know,
For they breathe lost hope and dull despair,
And they groan aloud their woe.

There's a sad sweet note—a something,
I feel, yet know it not,
And it speaks unto my weary soul
All about—I know not what.

So at night, though they stand like spectres,
I often wander there,
For the wind's low voice I love to hear,
With its sad sweet note of care.

Closet Drama.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.



CRITIC writing in the *North American Review* of Mr. Percy Mackaye's poetic drama, "Sappho and Phaon," stated the following: "Mr. Mackaye will never become an effective dramatist unless he learns to appeal to the minds of the multitude instead of to the mind of the individual; unless he learns to care more for his people than for his poetry; unless he learns to build for the spectator instead of for the reader."

We find in this summing up the gist of a great deal that might be said about the closet drama as drama. Epitomized, the fit phrase to convey the idea which the term suggests, is the drama that is not actable. As a form of composition, therefore, it would seem to occupy a position midway between the drama proper and the epic, yet worthy to be claimed by neither. Matthews has, indeed, given it this meaning in its worst sense—a "hybrid-bastard." Whether his stand is justifiable is a question to be considered later. For the present, a resumé of the history of this species will serve our purpose.

Closet drama was unknown among the Greeks. Precedent was not theirs in the matter either of technique or of models, and in consequence they were too busily occupied in setting the limits of their dramatic art proper to be concerned with an artificial form. Moreover, the tragedies of the great Greek trilogy were themselves such a stimulating influence for the creation of an intense national feeling that anything savoring of "parlor" representation would have met with rebuff.

The Roman tragic poets likewise took their themes from Grecian hero-tales. "Œdipus Tyrannus" became a fit vehicle for Seneca to imitate and so exhibit his brilliant wit and wisdom to an admiring group at Cæsar's banquet-chamber. So also have Euripides' "Phædra," the unfortunate victim of cruel divinities, and the "Antigone" of Sophocles, furnished rôles to Seneca in which he clothed all the obscenity, vulgarity and careless flippancy which characterized the society of Rome under the empire. Here, then, in the silver age of Roman literature, we find the real beginnings of closet drama.

And what do we find? What was Seneca's purpose?

It would be passing the limit to say that Seneca had no purpose of portraying men's passions, for this he possessed, just the same as the novelist or the epic poet does. How otherwise could he give us a picture of life? In this sense, and in this sense alone, may his writings be called dramatic poetry. To go further and assert that Seneca wrote his pieces for the stage were but self-deception, for not in a single one of them do we find those little theatricalisms which accentuate situations and heighten the illusion of the spectator. It would be wrong also to assert that Seneca's disregard of all established canons was other than studied, for he was as familiar with Aristotle as we are. Why did not Seneca write real tragedy then? Most likely, because as the emperor's favorite all the honors of the state lay already at his hand without his bothering to labor for them. Besides, Seneca was first and foremost a statesman, and a philosopher next, so that literature was by no means the most important thing in his life.

A brief tracing of the career of closet drama up to our time will now suffice. After Seneca's time it lapsed into disuse; not until the Italian Renaissance is it heard of again. Then the humanists, seizing, as they did, upon every possible means of transporting their own time back to that of the giants of the buried past, turned to the drama as an adequate instrument for their purpose. True, a genuine admiration for the noble severity of Greek tragedy and the rigidly canonical limits of the earlier Roman comedy, may have inspired them. But the real reason for the revival of closet drama at this period is found in Brander Matthews' phrase, "The closet drama seems to be possible only when men of letters look down on the theatre of their own time." The Italians, awakened to the new spirit in their national life and national ideals, could not admire the Morality Plays and the Masques, which were the type of drama then popular on the stage. Imbued with the classical mode of thought, it was from Rome that they took their cue in matters dramatic as well as in all other departments of literature.

Not until the palmy days of the Elizabethan period were past do we see a reincarnation

of the closet drama. Some one has observed that this form can flourish only when there is a divorce between literature and the theatre; the post-Elizabethan period viewed a reaction in the former. It was a time of constant political turmoil, the heaven-sent opportunity for the hack-writer to fulfil his mission. We might even pass over the epoch of the Restoration, so far as its drama is concerned, were it not for Dryden's overriding prominence and the fact that he was the author of many dramas which never got beyond the "closet" stage—which means they never reached any stage at all. The same may be said of the Queen Anne period. Addison's "Cato" is the commanding monument which meets us here. This work may be looked upon as closet drama, since its author never intended it originally for the stage. The high measure of success which it attained was the result more of the acute political feeling and "clarrical" tastes of the times than of real dramatic merit.

No more important additions to the closet drama meet us until the Romantic period of nearly a century later. Again, the absence of legitimate drama at a time when "actors and audiences alike were waiting to recognize and reward a true dramatic poet," is assigned as the reason for its appearance. Scott's novels were just in the midst of their tremendous vogue; Keats, Shelley and Byron occupied the field of lyric poetry, and their skill fanned the flame as it had never been fanned before in England. Both Shelley and Byron tried their craftsmanship at the drama, but their productions never reached the stage. Nor can the reason be adduced that their authors never intended that destiny for them. Not only were the "Cenci" and "Manfred" written with a view to presentation, but in the case of the former the actress, Miss O'Neill, had been selected by Shelley to assume the leading rôle. The same may also be said of Johnson's "Irene," Coleridge's "Remorse," and a number of other plays of this period commonly classed as closet dramas.

A well-marked definition of the term must be borne in mind when dealing with the closet-drama of the Nineteenth Century. The ordinary acceptance of the word is, dramatic literature not intended for the stage. Grant-

ing this to be correct, the large majority of what we are disposed to call closet-drama is really nothing of the sort, but simply that which has been deemed unworthy of presentation, or has been actually rejected. The greatest care must therefore be exercised in dealing with men like Swinburne, Browning and Tennyson, for these men frankly admitted an ambition to see their plays enacted. To a large extent these three men have associated in their lives the history of the nineteenth century closet-drama, so it is by their works that we gauge our definition. Hence they do not properly enter into the range of this discussion at all. Let us quote Swinburne himself. In the dedication of his collected poems he tells us that: "It is with a view to their being enacted at the Globe, the Red Bull or Blackfriars," that he has written his plays. In a naïvely frank discussion of the merits of "Marino Faliero," Swinburne goes on in a similar vein. "Hopelessly impossible as it is from the point of view of modern stagecraft, it could hardly have been thought too untheatrical, too utterly given over to thought without action, by the audience which endured Chapman's fervid eloquence, which was offered and accepted as a substitute for interest of action and study of character."

Now we come to consider the few great pieces whose power and beauty have exalted English closet-drama to a high place in England's literature. It is these products to which Prof. Beers refers when he remarks: "The English closet-drama of the Nineteenth Century is an important body of literature of higher intellectual value than all the stage-plays produced in England during the same period."

Tennyson's "Becket" represents a class which deals mainly with historical themes. Tennyson was not only willing but anxious that this play be adaptable to stage requirements, so it is only by courtesy that mention of it is made here. All of his plays were failures when presented on the stage because Tennyson, like most other great lyricists, did not possess the dramaturgic faculty; for him, poetry superseded action; the truth of form was of greater importance than the beauty of truth and life.

What is true of Tennyson is no less so of

Browning. Like his great contemporary, Browning was desirous to achieve fame as a dramatist, but, like him too, he was doomed to disappointment. It is folly to mention "Strafford," or "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" as purely closet drama, though "Pippa Passes" may claim that right. Browning strove hard for theatrical effect in both of the former; nay, more, he had even chosen Mr. Macready to act the leading part in each. As literature to be read and admired by the few, there is little of Browning, or of any famous poet of the Nineteenth Century, that is undeserving of praise. As dramas with life in them, action, motive, passion, our stage has done very well without them. Even America has not been spared the ambitious closet dramatist, for at least three frightfully tedious works of Longfellow were efforts in that line. He shared the fever of his contemporary English poets to see his plays produced on the stage, but fortunately for him, only one, "Pandora," met this fate.

In advancing with our subject through the Nineteenth Century to our own time, it is important to bear in mind the distinction between closet-drama and the poetic drama, a form which is rapidly gaining in prominence. Plays like "Paolo and Francesca," "Jeanne D'Arc" and "The Land of the Heart's Desire" are certainly to be classed among the successful,actable plays, although they may be a trifle fantastic; some of them, in theme or strained in diction. The main point with the poetic dramatist seems to be an expression of fine thought in beautiful language. This is all very well; it is highly literary, too, perhaps. What could be more so than certain passages in Henry Van Dyke's poetic closet-drama, "The House of Rimmon?" But if the drama is to be an exact reproduction of life, then none of the plays mentioned is of much value as a dramatic production. No normal man ever talked like the puppets of Percy Mackaye or William Butler Yeats; it is neither natural nor even permitted to do so, unless one wishes to be considered as 'queer.' Brunetière went so far as to say that a play is "under no necessity to be literary," meaning, of course, that its success on the stage depends upon something that lies deeper than mere literary quality.

Prof. Hunt has the following phrase: "One of the prime factors in a play is the actor in his personality, gesture, voice and general manner; a factor so potential as often seeming to act in defiance of all relations, and making a comparatively inferior play impressive." All this implies one important fact: that no man can be successful in writing plays who does not possess, in some degree, the dramaturgic faculty. That is, that every successful dramatist must be able to put into his play that elusive something which gives the finished product a dramatic tone and makes it actable. Closet drama has not this quality, and no poetic dramatist has yet come who combines it with the essential excellences of legitimate drama. Elizabethan tragedy has blazed a trail for itself unbroken to our generation by the overmastering light of Shakespeare's genius. Perhaps it were asking too much that the Twentieth Century be blessed with another of his breadth and scope, but the power of a Marlowe, a Massinger, or a Fletcher would do much for our stage.

Purely poetic diction, at least so far as meter is concerned, hampers most men; we are prone to smile sometimes even at Shakespeare's bombast. Nevertheless, noble language, noble thoughts, even though occasionally overstrained, have at all times made men thrill, and after all, the real mission of dramatic art, the same as that of any other art, is to rouse men to genuine emotion. For this reason the poetic drama appeals to me as the most exalted of all forms of dramatic composition. There is no doubt, however, that it is a form which can flourish only under ideal conditions, and it is no less certain that there must be a sweeping change in our present ideas and ideals before those conditions will exist.

Writers treating of the idealistic side of drama, when all things shall have reached perfection, have had much to say about suiting the drama to modern stagecraft. What is the meaning of this term, 'stagecraft' but the "bag of theatricalisms," small tricks employed to emphasize illusion, elaborate scenery? Let the natural order rule. The drama came before stage did, overlooking the fact that "all the world's a stage." Let the stage, then, modify itself

to suit the drama's requirements. True, before a perfect medium can be arrived at there must be sacrifices on both sides, but these will be more than justified by results.

True, also, it is Utopian even to hope for the time when the drama will be purged of all its commercial aspects, because the production of plays has become a business, and the box-office is its most important department. It is not to be asserted either that stagecraft, in the sense of dramatic illusion, should be sacrificed to the detriment of effect taken as a whole, or that any kind of drama is worthy of presentation on the stage. But as long as there is a divorce between commercialism and art, there can be none but slow progress in the way of perfection. A condition of non-agreement or of non-productivity in dramatic literature makes possible the vogue of closet-drama; the struggle between the opposing forces of commercialism and art will prevent the general vogue of the drama that is distinctly literary in tone, because its appeal will not be broad. But the latter alternative is certainly preferable, since it is better to have a drama at least in formation than no drama at all.

Is closet-drama a legitimate form? This is the last issue to be met in this essay. Perhaps I could do no better than quote the views of Prof. Matthews in this contention. It will be remembered by some that last year witnessed a spirited controversy between him and Prof. Beers of Yale on this subject. There is little doubt but that the former gained his point, even though his opponent was defended at some length by Mr. William Morton Payne in *The Dial*, for it needs more than satiric verbiage to steal away the ring of earnest sincerity, and the closet-drama is no better, nor is Brander Matthews the worse, for Mr. Payne's rather cheap sarcasm.

Prof. Matthews does not decry closet-drama as literature. But literature is one thing, dramatic literature another. To quote: "One reason why closet-drama fails to justify itself is because it is too easy. Nothing is more stimulating to the artist than the necessity of grappling with difficulty." What our critic says is true in a full sense. Why, otherwise, has

not closet-drama flourished coevally with legitimate drama? "Behind every reawakening of the closet-drama, one can detect a lazy contempt for, or indifference to, the theatre, and an ignoble longing for its rewards without the trouble of overcoming its difficulties, or of facing its risks." People who write plays with any hope of success have to consider their audience, if not their stage; closet-drama considers neither. The "interest of action" and "study of character," which Swinburne claims for his plays, are two more elements for which the stage is the proper place, and which the stage must have. Closet-drama admits the necessity of neither, and even makes excuses for their absolute omission. The closet-dramatist claims his license as an advantage, and acts accordingly. But his finished work stands forth a weakling, because in indulging himself with petty foibles and in avoiding the "higher call of art," he has not availed himself of all the resources at his command. The chains which bound Shakespeare's genius, and did so to its adornment, he refuses to wear. Byron, Swinburne, Tennyson and Browning were none of them dramatic poets in a true sense, because being in the first place lyrists of a high order, they found it too hard to play the dramatic game according to rule. It is not right, therefore, that they should reap the meed of recognition which has been accorded Sophocles, Corneille, Molière and Shakespeare. The very fact that the great closet-dramas of literature have not survived is a solid argument in proof of the artificiality of the form. "Atlanta in Calydon" is an exquisite poem, as all will admit, but people in speaking of it forget that Swinburne intended it to be a drama. And so it is with the rest. People forget the author of "Lucrece" in remembering who wrote "Hamlet," and many of those who admire the homely beauty of Longfellow's poems could not tell you who was the author of "The Spanish Student." We are not disposed to inquire too far into the legitimacy of closet-drama as an adequate literary form. Even that might bring forth some striking deficiencies. Let it be said only, then, that it is by no means an effective form of dramatic literature; that in such periods as it has flourished, it always has been to the detriment of legitimate drama.

Varsity Verse.

REMINISCENCE.

(From the German.)

WHEN my heart is lonely,
Then my mem'ry throngs
With the thoughts of childhood
And the happy songs
That in love and gladness
Often we did sing,
While the distant echoes
Seem to softly ring.

As the fleecy snowflakes
Quickly must depart,
Neither pain nor pleasure
Long may fill the heart;
Only memory brings us
Back the golden hours
That the fleeting seasons
Left in rosy bowers.

Things for which I've striven
Both in joy and pain;
All the hopes and fancies
E'er that filled my brain,
Like some misty phantom
Quickly have dissolved,
But ideals higher
Have instead evolved.

If my heart is heavy,
In my eye a tear,
If the world is empty,
Far from friends so dear,
Still my restless spirit
Home at last has found,
Love and joy and sorrow
To the Cross are bound.

C. C. M.

MORN.

BEHOLD the pallor that precedes the dawn,
As from the earth the shades of night recede;
The songbird's twitter steals across the lawn
And rosy morn comes hastening to greet us.

W. C.

THE WOULD-BE YOUNG.

When thou art near the glimmering sunbeams shine
On thy bald pate and with thy locks entwine,
And thy few hairs deep shadows cast awry
Across the whiteness of thy forehead high
E'en to that false mustache thou sayst is thine.

And then I see thy false teeth like a shrine
Within thy shrunken jaws, and I decline
To gaze into thy misfit, cold glass eye,
When thou art near.

O shall great Jove such fate to me assign
When chilling age creeps down my natural spine,
And shall I have my eyes and teeth to buy,
My nose to putty and my hairs to dye;
Shall I grieve other souls as thou dost mine,
When thou art near?

R. F. D.

How Winston Won His Case.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

"The auto's ready, Win; will you be back for dinner?"

"I'll try, mother," replied the tall, well-formed son of Mrs. Hall coming out upon the broad veranda. "Don't wait for me, though; I'll probably be too busy to-day anyway. Good-bye, mother," and getting into the auto he sped away down the avenue.

Winston Hall had entered the office of Prosecuting Attorney only three months before, and the thriving little city of Wainscourt was already very proud of the strong, determined influence which her son was beginning to exercise in that office. That morning Win reached the City Hall in record time. Entering the office, he nodded a pleasant good morning to the city clerk who had just come in, and picked up a morning paper.

"Say, Ned, that Nestor girl is certainly a plucky one. I've convicted the negro; he has been proved guilty; and still she insists that he is innocent. To-morrow they hang him. Poor wretch! I don't like this circumstantial evidence anyway. I have never met the young lady herself, but still she insists upon calling at my office this afternoon at three sharp," and Win walked over and stood gazing idly out of the open window.

"Well, I suppose you will receive her?"

"Yes, certainly. Even—Hey there!" he yelled at some one outside, "my auto! Stop!" The next minute Win had dashed down the stairs three steps at a time. Ned dropped the pen he was filling and ran to the window. There three blocks off, Win's automobile was being driven away at a wild pace with three mounted policemen in hot pursuit. With a word of hurried explanation to the astonished chauffeur, Win jumped into another machine that was standing at the curbing and sped away after the fugitive.

"Well, if that isn't highway robbery," thought Win as he narrowly missed colliding with the back end of a wagon. "Come on," he yelled to the pursuing policemen as

he passed them, but his voice was lost in the whirring of the machine and the steady beat of the horses' hoofs.

"He's a nervy one, but I'll get him. There,—now,—no, by Jove, he did it." Three blocks away the thief without ever slackening his pace in the least, had skirted a corner veering about upon two wheels at a perilously difficult angle. Having righted itself the fleeing machine again rushed along the level macadam road. The young lawyer although he had unconsciously applauded the daring and skill of the unknown thief, was himself determined to run no risks, and so his turning, while not so graceful, was at least safely accomplished. Win bit his lips when he saw how much the fugitive had gained at the turn. With almost redoubled speed he sped on again like a flash. The road was deserted; there was not a turn for miles ahead, and the highway was clear of travellers at this time, which made it much more propitious for the race. The level, well-crushed road lay there, a long white line in the noonday sun. After a long stretch in which neither pursuer nor fugitive gained anything, the first machine suddenly began to slacken its speed, slowed up gradually, and then came to a dead stop. Away back in the distance the pursuing automobile came on at undiminished speed. Then Win did a very reckless thing: all unarmed as he was, he stopped his auto a little to the rear of the first machine and clambered boldly out.

"Just as I thought, the oil's given out. By Jove, I'll get the gentleman now, and—no, he's gone. Escaped! The coward! If I had that scoundrel here for a minute I'd thrash him, I'd punch his head, I'd—I'd—"

"Did you mean me, sir?" And a beautiful pair of dark-brown eyes gazed at Win from the front of the auto.

"Pardon me—er, as I was saying, I'd,—pardon me, Miss—er—can I help you?"

In a moment she was standing before him, a wrench in one hand, a small oil can in the other. "Oh help me, help me," she pleaded her voice trembling with emotion. "I need some one, so much. Quick, quick, the auto is broken. I must—"

"But I own—"

"Oh trust me, trust me," she broke in. "I need some one to help me. You are a

man. Take me into your auto. Life and death depend upon it." Win looked for a moment deep into the dark flashing eyes of the girl before him.

"No, she doesn't look like a thief," he thought, "but my position, my office, and if—"

"Look!" Far down the road the body of horsemen were approaching at a rapid pace; the girl was pointing towards them. "See, the police! Oh, help me! Help me now, or it will be too late!" Win heard nothing, saw nothing, only the light of her eyes and the pleading in her soft low voice.

"Hurry then into the auto," and Win, pursuer as he had been, assisted the fair young thief to the machine in the rear. She was in ahead of him and before he had fairly seated himself, started the machine. On again it leaped at a great speed, leaving behind it as it raced along great clouds of thick macadam dust. Win was considered a reckless driver by some of his friends, but now he was compelled to clutch the seat almost in fear, as the auto tore on at a terrible pace. Faster and faster and still faster she increased the speed. Telephone poles flew by with lightning-like rapidity; the dust trailed in one long, low continuous cloud in the wake of the flying vehicle. The big Pierce seemed to touch only the high places, and would doubtless have jumped the curves had there been any. Win wondered if he could continue to ride as fast as she could drive. "And this is a deuce of a note," thought he,—*"this modern lady-thief—I rouse the whole town, and with half the police force at my heels start in pursuit. She awaits my coming upon a lonely country road, dupes me by her honest face, and here I am, the prosecuting attorney, pursued by the mounted police and actually assisting the thief who stole my own auto to escape. I guess this will be sensation enough for the most romantic of them. Maybe she'll run me into a whole nest of these modern, up-to-date, lady-thieves, who knows? If she does I'm a goner sure. And it's leap year too."*

Win smiled at the idea, and then took to watching the flying telephone poles again. Then closing his eyes he held them thus

from the wind and dust for a full two minutes. When he opened them again his first glance fell upon his companion at the wheel. She was sitting erect, her hand upon the wheel, her eyes looking steadily ahead with a determination that inspired a kind of confidence. Win was all admiration, so much so indeed that he hardly noticed the rapidly diminishing speed of the auto. He probably would not have been aware of the fact at all, in his intense admiration, had the machine not stopped with so sudden a jolt, as almost to precipitate him entirely out of his seat. As it was he arose, vaguely anticipating what must come next, and half angry at his own foolishness in being so easily duped by a woman. Already the young lady was getting out.

"See here, Miss, this thing has gone far enough. I'll not stand for—"

"Oh, come with me. Please, do; you'll not regret having trusted me." Win was about to remonstrate again, but something in the tone of her voice and the suspicion of a tear in her dark brown eyes determined him, and he obediently followed her through a break in the fence over into the thicket beyond. The young man felt that she was not deceiving him; yet her actions, her very looks were so queer, so unaccountable, that he knew not what to make of the case. Nevertheless, he mentally resolved to see the affair out now that he had started it.

Suddenly they came upon a small dilapidated cottage standing there in a little clearing. Motioning him to remain where he was, the young lady hurried on and entered at the low wide-open door. Win wondered what on earth could be her mission here. He knew of no historic interest attaching to anything in that vicinity.

Just then a slovenly attired woman with a couple of ragged children hanging at her skirts, appeared at an open window and curiously scrutinized the tall young stranger standing there. To Win, however, they seemed only ordinary representatives of their class. He was indeed in a great "stew," as he put it himself, when suddenly the young lady's voice hailed him from the doorway:

"Would you come in, please, Mr. —"

It might be a conspiracy, but the young man proceeded to obey.

"Well, what now?" noticing the anxious

expression upon her face. Taking a single step towards him as he advanced, she spoke in a low earnest tone:

"You have trusted me until now, and you must trust me a little further. There is a man in here, a poor dying creature; he must sign a certain paper immediately. I can't tell you anything more, but you are a man, you are a gentleman—I will give you the paper afterwards; for if it is not honest and legal you can destroy it. Will you bear witness to his signing?" Win looked again into her honest eyes and saw the truth gleaming there. Eagerly she awaited his answer.

"I will, Miss," Win replied, and he followed her in. There amid the squalid interior of a low, dimly lighted room, he saw what proved to be the semblance of an aged man sitting up in bed. At his side stood a low table upon which lay a sheet of very dirty paper filled with writing. Evidently the man himself had just finished writing. Win shuddered as he looked at that face with the stamp of death upon it, and the stamp of—something else, he knew not what. Going over to the wretched man the young lady placed the pen in his hand, and very laboriously and with much evident pain he signed his full name to the paper. The last letter finished he again sank back into the bed weeping what seemed to be tears of joy and gratitude. In the quiet that followed he lay there, his eyes wide open, staring aimlessly at the two, as the young lady took the pen in hand and signed her own name as a witness. At her indication Win did the same, but it was not until after he had returned the document that he began to chide himself for having forgotten to read the name of the unknown young lady which had been concealed by only a portion of the tattered blotter lying upon the table.

"Is that all?" asked Win as she carefully folded the document, forgetting in the excitement of the moment that the stranger's name lay upon the paper which she held in her hand. Win noticed and smiled remembering his own forgetfulness.

"Yes—just a moment, though, please," she answered. "If you would step outside a moment, I will rejoin you presently after I have spoken a few words to this poor man here. Win glanced half in pity at the dying

man there in the bed, half in admiration at the youthful form at the bedside, and then bowing obediently withdrew.

"Wonder who the man is, and who the Miss, and what the paper. Oh, I guess it doesn't matter much, anyhow. Made his will, or something like that, I suppose, poor fellow. Still I'm a confounded dunce anyway you put it. A lawyer too, and didn't even know what kind of a paper I was signing. I believe that was the earliest business lesson you gave me, Dad, when I was a little fellow sitting upon your knee, and I've broken it to-day for the first time. But you'd forgive me, Dad, I know you would, if you were living, for I banked all upon a pair of honest eyes, and I know the deal is straight."

"Did I keep you waiting long?" she asked as she came out the door.

Win started.

"Yes—no—that is—pardon me, what did you say?" he replied in a rather confused manner, trying to recollect himself after his previous musing.

"Did I keep you waiting long?" she repeated.

"Oh no, certainly not," answered Win, who had by this time regained his accustomed composure. "If you desire now, the auto is in this direction. I can see it from here," and taking her arm the two proceeded in the direction of the road. For a moment they walked on in silence, each wondering who the other might be. Then Win noticing for the first time the awkwardness of the situation and the young lady's preoccupied air, asked teasingly:

"Well, the police didn't get us after all, did they?"

"No, they didn't," she replied glancing up at him, "and you don't know how thankful I am to you. Why, if it wasn't for you, I don't know what I should have done at all. So much depended upon my getting there, you know. But then of course you don't know, so I'll have to explain. I know you ought to be so angry with me for stealing your auto, and taking you away from your business, and causing you so much trouble, all for a thing which only concerned myself. It seems so selfish, but when I got that message, why—well, I just simply had to get there at once, and so I took your auto. But you'll forgive me, won't you?" Win

was really touched by her honest concern.

"Really now, don't mention it," he replied, at the same time inwardly condemning himself for his rash judgments of some hours ago. "You can explain everything on our way back to town."

"I will explain everything," she answered, "but have you the time?"

"Yes," answered Win looking at his watch, it is about one-thirty now. I have an engagement at my office for three o'clock, so we will be able to drive back to town a little more deliberately than we came out. Then, you know, we'll not be quite so liable to meet the mounted police either." She smiled slightly, and he continued: "Is there any special address to which you will like me to bring you?"

"Oh yes," she answered, "I had almost forgotten. If you would be so kind. I have an engagement at three o'clock also at the office of Mr. Hall, Attorney Win—"

"You! Are you—I—I am Win Hall—are—"

"You Win Hall,—you,—and I've had you bearing witness to the real murderer's confession!" She handed him the paper. "What must you think of me? You don't know how sorry I am, Mr. Hall, to have brought you into this affair, situated as you are." Win took the paper, looked at it a moment, and then handed it back again.

"Well, I am proud of my part in this affair, Miss Nestor, all unwitting as it was; you fought a brave fight for the condemned negro, and you deserve to win. I convicted him, it is true; but, before God, I honestly believed he was guilty. I am extremely happy that we may be able to right the wrong I have unintentionally done the innocent man. This evidence, of course, will clear him, and I am very proud, I say, in having been your humble servant, strangely as it has happened, in securing it."

"I'm sure that it's myself who am honored," she replied, "for now everything will be so easy with your assistance."

"Well, we will discuss that later," Win answered, "but remember our engagement is due at—no, I'll tell you what we can do. We'll go back to town restore this auto to its owner, he's a friend of mine anyway, and then stroll over to a nice quiet little café I know of. My own auto is being

well cared for by this time, if the mounted police are good for anything, so we won't have anything at all to trouble us. You can make your explanations there, and I can make mine. I know you must be hungry. Won't you come?"

"Well, since you've been obeying me all afternoon," she replied, a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "I suppose that I'll have to obey you now, just for once anyway. After all, though, I really don't think there is anything to explain, do you?" And Win for answer, turned the auto in the direction of town, and the two sped away down the long country road.

Mrs. Hall sat in her easy-chair that afternoon reading the morning paper. "By the way, Milly," she said, addressing the servant who was just passing through the room, "I guess it's not worth while keeping Win's dinner warm any longer. He's probably lunching out to-day. Poor boy," she went on as the servant disappeared to do her bidding, "I wonder if he is pleading another case. If he is, I know my boy'll win. He always does."

A Blue-Blood.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

WITHIN the royal court he stands, the sole
Ambassador of all his race. About
The throne crowd dukes and counts, and from the
whole

Wide world crowned princes come to seek him out—
The king of England's vast domain. And he
The lone ambassador, of all the earth
Stands nearest now unto his majesty,
Yet no one sees him or suspects his worth.

The blood of prince and monarch, e'en that flood
Which coursed its way thro' England's royal line
Was not more pure than is the kingly blood
That feeds his humble heart. Yea, more, in fine,
The royal blood of England's present king
Flows thro' his veins. And yet no trumpets blare;
The sovereign's royal smiles no welcome bring
To his new blood relation standing there.

Now see! the royal hand is raised aloft,
In rage it trembles o'er his kingly head.
Ah, who must feel his angry wrath? But soft—
Now! Bang! He's got him! The mosquito's dead.

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Notre Dame, Indiana

Notre Dame, Indiana, March 6, 1909.

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—Whenever some political or other offender comes to this land of the brave and the free and the government from whose wrath he has fled makes

Ourselves a formal demand upon us for And Others. the offending subject, it is the

occasion for innumerable mass meetings where the speakers utter the noble laudation of political freedom that are comprehended in the expression "spread-eagle." When it happens that some foolish nobleman in one of the European courts gives some manifestation of his lack of common-sense, it is our custom to censure the nobility of all Europe as imbeciles, proceeding by a very questionable illative process from the part to the whole. The patriotic American sits back in his chair after a day of toil and reads his newspaper with its well-colored accounts of the doings of modern Europe, and congratulates himself like the Pharisee of old that his nation is not like other nations, or offenders against law and order, or obedient to a tyrannical government of hereditary rulers. Over on the Continent, the people take a different view of the matter. They, too, have the modern scandal-monger among them, and they too judge of the American people and their form of government from a few

instances that are afforded prominence in the journals of Paris, London and Berlin. The divorce scandals among our so-called better classes are the occasion of many comments on the dominant classes in these United States. When they are regaled with the full account of the bloodshed and violence of the teamsters' strike in Chicago, of the wave of crime that a few months ago provoked the thought of our leading criminologists, and of the cold-blooded murders among the wealthy where gold apparently buys immunity, they must from these instances form a rather severe judgment of the strength of the government under which such things take place. They judge that these are the ordinary, everyday happenings in this "land of the free." For they never hear of the peaceable strike, of our arbitration of the differences between labor and capital, nor of the many instances where money does not buy immunity. The point that we desire to make is this: that it is the height of injustice to judge of conditions in the other countries of the globe from the few instances that we find recorded in the newspapers, and that it is good policy for Americans to "tend to their own knitting" and cease the childish protest meetings, such as are frequently held in the larger cities of this country, and where unjust condemnation of everything foreign constitutes the "stock in trade" of the loud-voiced, political aspirant. We sit in judgment over Russia, and believe her the great embodiment of oppression and tyranny, while the Russian in St. Petersburg perusing the revolting horrors of an American lynching, the bloody labor riots and the unavenged murder concludes with equal logic that ours is a weak government, and that we are a lawless people among whom life and property are insecure. We condemn the English for their oppression of the Irish peasantry and their Indian subjects, and look with indignation and horror upon the photographs that bear mute testimony to the Congo horrors, while stolid John Bull and the sympathetic Belgian stand aghast at the manner which characterizes our treatment of the negro. We read with undisguised contempt the stories that are told of the idiosyncracies of the German Emperor, and wonder that the people submit to

some of his whims, while the thoughtful German can not understand how the American people can permit their public officials to recklessly "anantias" all who do not happen to corroborate them in their pronouncements. We Americans pity the poor of Spanish-America and wonder at their mud shacks, all unconscious that the educated Spanish gentleman is reading with a heart overflowing with "the milk of human kindness" the descriptions of our slums and tenement houses. "If we could only see ourselves as others see us" is the old saying which if well considered in this connection would long ago have cured the unfortunate habit, that we as a whole have contracted, of meddling in other people's affairs. Before we hold any more protest meetings against Congo cruelties or Russian oppression, let us imagine our own feelings, were the British to hold protest meetings against the barbarous lynchings and oppression of the negro, or our scandalous treatment of the Indian, which is to our dishonor. Let us tend to our own business—live and let live.

In Memoriam.

On Saturday, February 27, at his home in North Brookfield, passed to his eternal reward William Joseph Mahoney aged 32, a former professor in the University. Mr. Mahoney held a secure place in the affections of all who love and labor for Notre Dame. He was a remarkably successful teacher and extremely conscientious in his work. In addition to this he bore an active part in promoting all the University activities. In this he set a shining example. No officer of the University could have worked harder than did he for the promotion and elevation of college athletics. Of a singularly amiable character, Mr. Mahoney easily won and kept affection. When ill health finally constrained him to seek restoration in the sunny South there was profound regret at Notre Dame. That regret has shaded into grief at the news that he has gone away forever. But his memory will live in the hearts of many of the faculty and all of the students who came under his gentle influence. God grant his noble spirit rest!

Father Elliott's Tribute.

Father Walter Elliott, C. S. P., biographer of Father Hecker and originator of the "missions to non-Catholics," is one of the most distinguished priests that have labored in America. He has always borne in his heart a tender memory of Notre Dame and the venerable men whom he knew in his student days here. The following beautiful letter, received during the past week, speaks as eloquently for the writer as it does for the lamented subject:

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Feb. 28, 1909.

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

The death of dear Brother Basil gave me a shock. I had quite forgotten that he must have become an old man by this time. Absence from friends leaves them in our memory standing fast in their course while ours runs on so painfully. I can't say that I knew Basil well. Who ever did but God? Who but God could know so shy a man very well? Shy men, however, are often proud. But Basil was exceedingly humble. He was really (so I have ever thought) a much superior musician to any of our Big Professors. But he never felt it. Least of all did he for an instant show any sensitiveness to their preferment over him. This setting him aside, or rather apart, to their advantage was owing to his plain inability to manage a class, or, I fancy, even to direct a band or orchestra or choir made up of college students. But for understanding and rendering what is beautiful in sound, true and touching, Basil had few equals. And I have known, many fine musicians.

You see, Father, that during all my stay at Notre Dame I was at music all the time, in the choir and band, and, while we had it, the orchestra. Basil was under our eye all the time,—or rather our ears opened the doors of our souls to him—at every turn of our musical life; which was an integral part of all our college life those days.

But how plainly we wild young creatures, even we, could see Basil's deep religion. That man that made the violin sing angelic anthems, we would notice by times absorbed alone in prayer in the church. Never did anyone bear plainer marks of being fascinated with God than did Basil. Oh, thou gentle, retiring, affectionate, prayerful soul what shall not be thy rapture in the harmonies of paradise forever! I find it hard to pray for him because I feel so sure that I had better pray to him.

May God grant you other such vocations as dear Brother Basil and many a one of them!

Ever faithfully in Our Lord,
One of your Old Boys,

WALTER ELLIOTT.

Important Ruling.

On Monday, March 1, the Faculty decided that students who absent themselves from recitations for any cause whatsoever are to be marked zero for each absence. This penalty reduces the student's bulletin mark by a per cent proportionate to the number of recitation periods held between examinations. Professors allow 50% for examination and 50% for daily class-work. According to this practice, a student would be penalized 5% for each absence from a class that meets ten times between examinations, 2% in case the class should meet twenty-five times, and in the same ratio for other conditions. Students absent without cause can not recover forfeited percentage, but in case of absence through sickness or any other reasonable cause, the Director of Studies may permit the student to recover the forfeit by two hours' private work for each recitation missed; students wishing to avail themselves of this privilege should present to the teacher a written authorization on the day they resume their work.

Basket-Ball Team, '09.

Very much of the miscellaneous contention about championship honors is futile to all practical purposes, but the argument of the Notre Dame Basketball team for the amateur championship of the country would be stronger perhaps than that of any other team, whether it is ever officially recognized or not, and our claim to the state championship can not be disputed. We clearly proved our superiority by twice defeating Wabash, former champions for five consecutive years. The solid South will maintain that there is no amateur team in the country better than that of Notre Dame. And they will not be far wrong.

Manager Wood compiled a schedule comprising forty (40) games, thirty of which were played on trips. Out of this number we lost six games on trips and only one on the home court. The defeat on our own court by Detroit A. C. was directly due to the poor condition of the men. The team had just returned from a hard Eastern trip

and were in poorer form than at any other time during the season. The following is the list of games played:

| | Played | Notre Dame | Opponent |
|-------------|-------------------|------------|---------------------|
| Dec. | '08, at N. D. Gym | 37 | Lewis Inst. 14 |
| | N. D. Gym | 30 | Marion Club 10 |
| 18 | Chicago | 46 | Armour Inst 20 |
| 19 | Chicago | 22 | Central Y. 26 |
| 21 | Morrison | 24 | Morrison Y. 20 |
| 22 | Muscatine | 23 | Muscatine 30 |
| 23 | Fairfield | 49 | Fairfield 22 |
| 24 | Peoria | 43 | Peoria Y. 27 |
| 25 | Shelbyville | 64 | Shelby College 14 |
| 26 | St Louis | 60 | Christian Bros. 15 |
| 29 | Nashville | 30 | Nashville A. C. 15 |
| 30 | Birmingham | 38 | Birm. A. C. 20 |
| 31 | Montgomery | 51 | Mont'g'y Y. 24 |
| Jan. 1, '09 | Mobile | { 23 43 | Mobile Y { 14 18 |
| 2 | New Orleans | 28 | New Orleans Y. 9 |
| 4 | Birmingham | 30 | Birm. A C. 22 |
| 5 | Indianapolis | 38 | Marion Club 24 |
| 16 | N. D. Gym | 25 | Central Y 8 |
| 23 | N. D. Gym | 26 | Michigan Ag. 10 |
| 27 | Indianapolis | 47 | Butler College 14 |
| 29 | Dayton | 30 | St. Mary's Inst. 13 |
| 30 | Dayton | 48 | Varsity Club 16 |
| | N. D. Gym | 31 | Oregons 20 |
| Feb. 6 | N. D. Gym | 34 | Battery A. 12 |
| 8 | Lansing | 34 | Michigan Ag. 18 |
| 5 | Crawf'dsville | 31 | Wabash 23 |
| 9 | Detroit | 31 | Detroit A. C. 24 |
| 10 | Buffalo | 22 | Buffalo Ger. 34 |
| 11 | Buffalo | 18 | Buffalo Ger. 31 |
| 12 | Syracuse | 25 | Pastime A. C. 26 |
| 13 | Ithaca | 32 | Cornell 13 |
| 15 | Niagara | 30 | Niagara U. 20 |
| 16 | Grove City | 41 | Company M. 20 |
| 18 | Pittsburg | 36 | Pitts. Lyceum 19 |
| 19 | Tiffin | 26 | Tiffin 41 |
| 20 | N. D. Gym. | 29 | Miami U. 10 |
| 22 | N. D. Gym. | 15 | Detroit A. C. 2c |
| 25 | N. D. Gym. | 21 | Armour Inst. 8 |
| 27 | N. D. Gym | 33 | Wabash 24 |

Total Scores: 1344

773

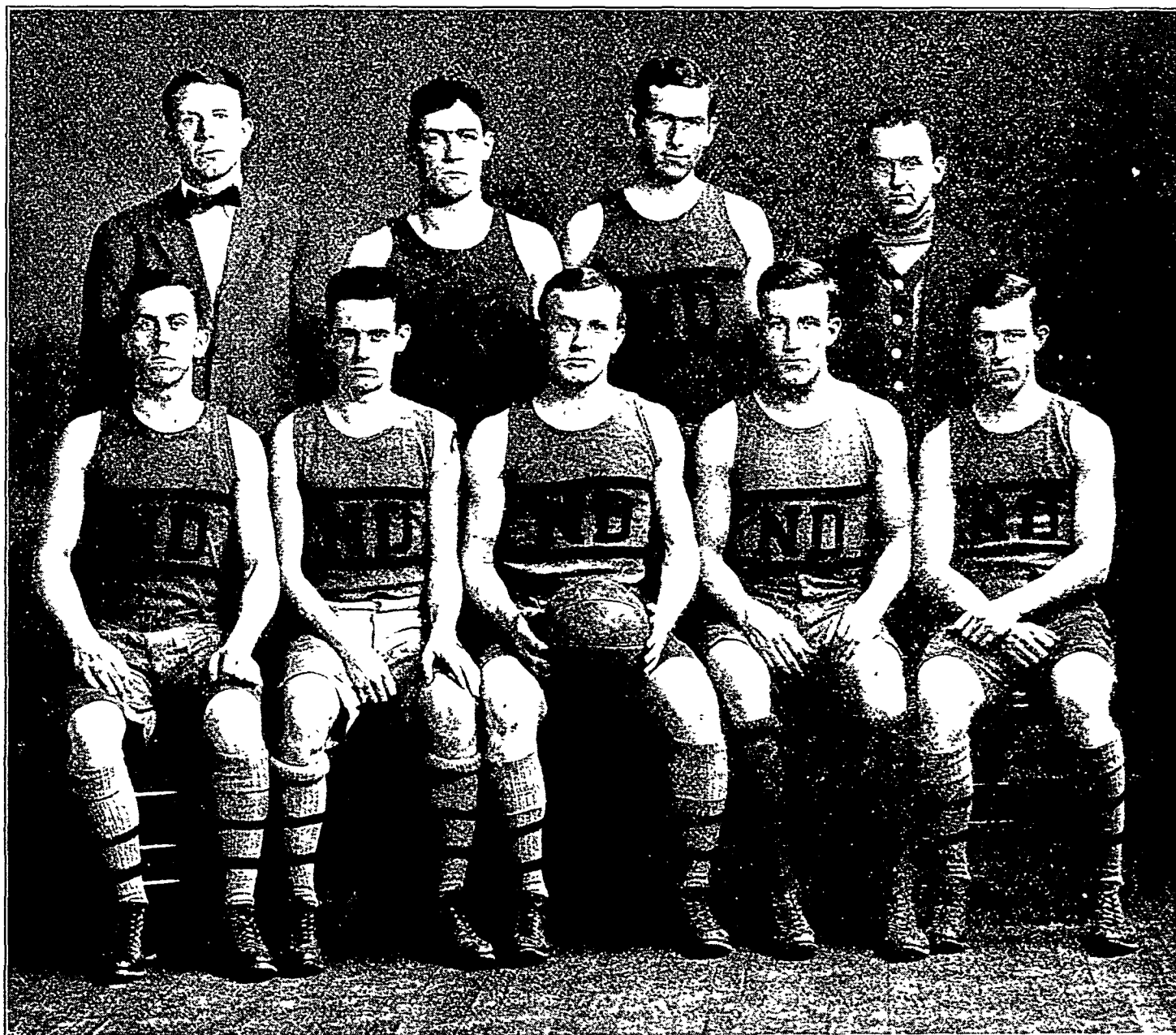
The remarkable success of the season is to be attributed in a large measure to the good feeling which existed among the players, and the entire absence of bickering and scrapping. Each fellow sacrificed individual glory for the success of the team, and the result was the wonderful team-work which elicited so much admiration from critics all over the country.

All the men suffered at various times during the season from sprains, bruises and cuts, but considering the number of hard games played, they kept in splendid condition. Another thing which it gives us

great pleasure to note here is the fact that from all quarters came reports of the gentlemanly behaviour of the Notre Dame team. Winning or losing, the boys always played a clean game. Coach Maris is delighted with the record made this season, and as all the players are eligible to play next year, with the exception of MacDonald, he is confident that the State championship will remain with us for some time.

CHESTER FREEZE (Guard).

Speed, strength and accuracy combined make Freeze one of the best defensive guards on the court. His strongest suit is in breaking up plays and taking the ball from the opponents by intercepting passes. He has a good head for basket-ball, passes accurately and fits right into the team-work. It is doubtful if he has an equal among the amateur players in the country.



RAY SCANLON (Captain-guard).

This was "Dike's" second term as leader of the quintet, and the manner in which he captained them fully justifies their choice. "Dike" knows the game from beginning to end, uses remarkably good judgment, and is one of the best all-around guards in the country. Owing to a change in style of play, he did not score as many field goals as last year, but it is a noticeable fact that his opponents in the game did less scoring also.

JUSTIN J. MALONEY (Forward).

"Dud's" basket throwing ability has earned for him an enviable reputation as a forward. The fact that he is left-handed has fooled his opponents many times and aided him materially in scoring.

JAMES L. FISH (Forward).

"Laz" filled the hardest and most important position on the team in a manner that shows clearly his ability. This position, which is known as "the running forward,"

required him to be all over the court. He had to follow the ball everywhere, and play a defensive game when it was in the possession of the opposing team. His basket throwing was accurate. He is a great feeder, and by passing the ball at the right time enabled Maloney to score many goals.

ROBERT VAUGHAN (Center).

"Pete's" long suit was basket-ball. He played what is called a "loose center." This position did not call for any covering on his part, but when he was needed he was always on hand. Pete could throw a basket from almost any position. He is accurate in handling the ball, and threw many baskets with one hand, while holding off the guard with the other.

GIBSON (Forward).

"Gibbie" was Fish's understudy and when called upon played a splendid game. He is a quick thinker and a hard player, and works every minute of the game.

PAUL MACDONALD (Guard).

"Toohey" always played a steady, consistent game. His strength and speed made him a formidable opponent and a valuable man on the team.

L. C. M.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame, 33; Wabash, 24.

After forty minutes of brilliant playing on both sides, Notre Dame defeated Wabash last Saturday in the final struggle for the State Championship honors. The game was the most spectacular and most interesting one played on the home court this season.

"Dud" Maloney scored twenty-one of our thirty-three points, and Lambert was the highest point-winner for the Down-State team with eighteen points. Fish and Vaughan secured three field goals a piece and materially aided Maloney by their passing. Freeze and Scanlon played a wonderful game, and spoiled many of the visitors' chances for scores. Notre Dame won, not because the dirt floor gave them any advantage, but because their playing was superior to that of the Wabash five.

Wabash

Glascock

Lambert

Bowman

Yount

Stump

R. F.

L. F.

C.

L. G.

R. G.

Notre Dame

Fish

Maloney

Vaughan

Freeze

Scanlon

Goals from field—Fish, 3; Maloney, 6; Vaughan, 3; Yount, 3; Lambert, 5. Goals from fouls—Maloney, 9; Lambert, 8. Halves, twenty minutes. Referee, Lafollette, Purdue.

*
* *

Manager Curtis has just completed arrangements for a game of football with the University of Pittsburg to be played on the 30th of October at Pittsburg in place of the usual game with the University of Indiana. This is the team formerly so well known as the W. W. P. T. and is classed as one of the strong football aggregations of the country.

*
* *

Despite the wonted inclemency and chilling breezes of the March month a pervading baseball enthusiasm is already evident in all classes, from Varsity to Minims. The candidates for the representative nine have had one or two afternoons outside at easy batting practise, but it has not been warm enough yet for anything like a tryout.

Personals.

—David McDonald (student 1905-7) is now employed in the James River National Bank, Jamestown, N. D.

—The friends of John W. Roach (Ph. B., 1908) will be grieved to hear of the death of his mother at Muscatine, Iowa, Feb. 19. May she rest in peace.

—Evaristo R. Batlle (B. S., A. E., 1906), formerly with George J. Schlack, is now editor of a Spanish edition of *Domestic Engineering* in Chicago.

—R. M. Wiley, former student, stopped at the University while on an Eastern trip. Mr. Wiley is now with the Hibernian Savings Bank, Portland, Oregon.

—Adolph J. Zang (student 1902-4) of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, visited the University a few days ago in company with his brother who registered in Brownson Hall.

—Charles J. Mulcrone, Commercial grad-

uate 1902, was a welcome visitor last week. Mr. Mulcrone is now employed in the freight department of the dock at Mackinac Island, Michigan.

—John McBride (student 1895–1902) visited the University last week. He is traveling in the interests of D. H. McBride & Company, the well-known merchants of ecclesiastical goods.

—The Hon. J. Joseph Cooke (LL. B., 1894) delivered a brilliant oration on Lincoln in Beardstown, Illinois, Feb. the 12th. Joe is remembered at the University as one of the ablest students of his time.

—Miss Ida Bruhl and John C. Fanger (Com'l 1904) were married at St. Francis De Sales Church, Cincinnati, on Feb. 17th. Mr. Fanger is a member of the firm of Fanger & Rampe of that city.

—Leo Hinds, student of St. Joseph's Hall 1903–4, of Malone, New York, spent a day at the University last week. He was on his way to Flint, Michigan, where he has accepted a position as draughtsman with the Weston-Mott Co.

—William Carroll (student 1905–8) and Alex McFarland (Ph. B., 1906) have organized a stock company and incorporated under the name of "The Gem City Automobile Company." Carroll is president of the company, McFarland, secretary and treasurer, while John C. Shea, another old student, is one of the directors.

—As was generally announced through the press last summer, Frank J. McNichols (student 1897–8) has become the owner of the West End Ball Club, Chicago. Last week a number of the clubs formed the West End and elected Frank McNichols president.

—Dr. Francis J. Quinlan of New York has been re-elected President-General of the American-Irish Historical Society. His address before the recent Convention in Washington was a remarkably able effort. Dr. Quinlan was the Lætare Medalist of 1906, and his address to the students last May on occasion of the Lætare Jubilee is still gratefully remembered.

—We reprint from the *Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette*: "W. J. Gusching, special apprentice at the Pennsylvania shops, was a schoolmate of T. Dart Walker, the Hoosier artist who made such a hit with the big fleet as corre-

spondent and artist for *Leslie's Weekly* and the *Illustrated London News*. They were associate editors on 'The Dome,' the college year book at Notre Dame."

—John M. Quinlan, A. B. '04, passed the Illinois State Bar Examination which was held recently at Ottawa. There were only 56 successful candidates among the 92 who appeared before the board of examiners. John is a graduate of the Chicago-Kent Law School, and is at present connected with the law firm of Cunningham & Cunningham in Chicago. Part of his law course was taken here after the completion of his college work in the classics.

—Edward A. Hake (student 1895–8) is at present in the employ of the Klingman Furniture Company, Grand Rapids. While a student at the University Mr. Hake showed ability in drawing, winning first honors in artistic drawing. After leaving school he served as assistant to one of the foremost designers of Grand Rapids, and later took full charge of the designing department of the Hake Manufacturing Company. Mr. Hake was the originator of the first correspondence school in furniture design.

Local Items.

—Again the dread exams have been met—and conquered, let us hope.

—Spring fever was in evidence during the week, but Dame Nature got busy and called in Dr. Jack Frost who banished the epidemic.

—Found.—Three fountain-pens, two pairs of glasses, two watches, some knives, cuff-buttons, pins, two songs. The owners may obtain these articles from Bro. Alphonsus.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society and the Brownson Glee Club will conjointly give an entertainment in Brownson reading-room next Monday evening at 8 P. M.

—Despite the cold wind of Thursday, the advance agent of the summer birds, appeared and warbled a feeble lay near Old College. It is probable that the engagement of the feathered troop will be postponed for a while, and that the brave little pioneer will

be compelled to fly back to the Southland to warm his feet.

—It has transpired that the young St. Edwardites have of late been abridging the morning ablution ordinarily required by polite society. A cynic took occasion to suggest that the motive was an aversion to cold water, but it appears that they only wished to have a little more time for study.

—The 1909 "Dome" is receiving a great deal of attention from the editors and the members of the business staff. Students interested in the welfare of student productions should bear in mind that it is advertising the year-book needs to make it a success. If you know any persons in your for their business through this medium, don't fail to mention the "Dome" to them.

—Edward P. Cleary, '09, received word Tuesday announcing the death of his aged grandmother. Mr. Cleary left immediately for his home at Mommence, Ill., where the funeral will take place. The deceased was a fervent Catholic and died with the consolation of her holy religion. The friends of Mr. Cleary extend their heartfelt sympathy and offer a prayer for the repose of the soul of his beloved relative. May she rest in peace!

—The New England Club held a meeting recently and elected the following officers for this year: Chester Freeze, president; Leo J. Fish, vice-president; John P. Murphy, sec.; Leo C. McElroy, treasurer; James Maloney, sergeant-at-arms; Harry C. Curtis, chaplain. Secretary Murphy has already arranged a number of delightfully informal programs for the society and thinks it may even be possible to have the Mayor of Boston deliver one of the addresses to the members.

—A valuable addition has been made to the botanical laboratory and has been properly arranged by Rev. Dr. J. A. Nieuwland, Director of the department. A collection of cryptogamic plants has been received from Dr. E. F. Greene of the National Museum, Washington, D. C., who has also presented a number of valuable works on botany, written by himself. A collection of 100 herbarium specimens of Illinois plants has been presented by W. W. Calkins of Berwin, Illinois.

—Almost fifty lusty Hoosiers gathered in the Columbian room Wednesday night to effect the organization of the Indiana Club. The meeting was spirited and the club hopes to do things during the remainder of the term. Another meeting of the club will be held this evening and arrangements will be made to have a picture taken for the "Dome." The following officers were elected:

President, Justin Maloney; Vice-President, Elmo Funk; Secretary, James P. Kenefick; Treasurer, William Donahue; Sergeant-at-Arms, Leo Schumacher.

—The Hon. Smith Stimmel's lecture on Abraham Lincoln, delivered last Monday afternoon, was of peculiar interest because based on first-hand knowledge of the great man. Experiences and anecdotes of actual happenings which came under the speaker's notice made the lecture interesting and highly illustrative of Lincoln's character. Mr. Stimmel's talk is based on two years of duty as a member of President Lincoln's bodyguard, and is a treat, because there are few men on the lecture platform to-day who knew Lincoln so intimately.

—If "early to bed and early to rise," were the only way of becoming "healthy, wealthy and wise," very many of us would be supernumeraries in the great drama of life, and our cherished friends, Messrs. So and So's of Sorin and Seniors X. Y. and Z. of Old College, instead of being the trumps that they are, would have to perform in rôles of unlettered and weazenly beggars. But, perhaps, there be poets who never saw the sun rise, and Rockefellers and Herculeases who can slumber at length and soundly in the broad daylight. Then, too, the buns are better after they get cold—and so, all things duly considered, we reckon that we have about equal chances in the race with those who habitually anticipate Aurora.

—Again the spot-light is turned on the far-famed "Goofie" and his gun gang. This time, however, the gang plays a very minor part and are designated on the program as "townspeople, etc." It is a one-man show and "Goofie" is in the stellar rôle. It all happened thusly: "Goofie," the mighty hunter, went forth one day into the West, and with the aid of his trusty rifle, brought down two yellow-legged chickens. In high spirits he returned to the University and left his game at the kitchen. They were to be cooked for him by 5:30 o'clock, but when "Goofie" went for his fowls he learned that some one else had been ahead of him and carried off the prize. "Goofie" was angry, to say the least. He immediately assumed a disguise and started out to do a little detective work. He searched and searched, but in vain. The chickens were not to be found. Finally when he had given up in despair, he heard a knock at his door and upon opening it found a plate of chicken bones, the inedible remains of that which was to have furnished a dainty morsel for "Goofie" and the gang. "Goofie" is lost in perplexity, and various black-hand signs posted on the Sorin Hall bulletin board have not aided him in solving the riddle—who stole the chickens?