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Be My Guide!

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

WHEN the earth seems but a garden,
Where the choicest flowers smile,
Where the sun in blissful splendor
Fain would rest a while,—
When in that abode of gladness
Secretly my soul would hide
To escape the hand of sadness—
Lord, be Thou my guide!

When the dreary night of sorrow
In my bleeding heart does reign,
And the only true companions
Are my care and pain,—
In that sad and silent hour,
That I gladly may confide
In Thy mercy, in Thy power—
Lord, be Thou my guide!

When I wander like an exile
Far from home, in foreign lands,
Where the words of love I utter
No one understands,—
When the friends I loved forsake me,
When I face life's changing tide,
And despair would overtake me—
Lord, be Thou my guide!

When from life all charm is taken,
And my tired, weary heart
From this home of grief and sorrow
Gladly would depart,—
When my soul, deprived of pleasures,
To an empty world has died,
Longing for eternal treasures—
Lord, be Thou my guide!

Wordsworth's Theory of Poetry.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.



HE world is not in the hands of a blind fate. Great crises have arisen in its history, crises whose sequel had to be for the betterment or the detriment of the human race accordingly as the good or evil of the extreme forces ultimately prevailed. Such crises, however, in any field of activity, nearly always develops at least one man who is able to master the situation, who seems providentially sent to turn the riot to new and unexpected advantages. It has been so in literature and art.

It was no mere accident, we deem, that in the great battle of Tolbiac, the Norman minstrel, Taillefer, should have led the victorious vanguard tossing his sword in air, and chanting the heroic song of Roland, the epic of the Franks, singing, as it were, at the very moment of his people's triumph, the death song of their own language, which was to bequeath its beauties to another tongue, and then fall into lasting oblivion. Neither was it a mere freak of fortune, that the old English language, splendid in the rough, though it was, yet rude, unformed, and woefully uncertain, after its long period of formation and absorption, should when its fate hung as it were by a thread, have found in Geoffrey Chaucer the master-mind that it most needed. Indeed it was something more than chance that gave us the only man of his time wholly capable of molding that hetero-

geneous accumulation of all that was best in the Norman-French and Anglo-Saxon tongues, into the rich, well-ordered language that we now possess. And so during all the steady advance of English literature, the masters have always been at hand when their services were most needed, sometimes to tear down a false ideal, sometimes to build up a true one, and always to strengthen and beautify the language. If others attribute all this to mere chance, we at least who believe in the destiny of our language, love to think that it was not so.

If Shakespeare and his contemporaries were destined to discover and develop the great dramatic possibilities of our language; if Pope and Addison were to polish its roughness into something like the beauty of the finished diamond; if Milton was to weave into that language the spirit and the expression of an immortal epic, we feel that, above all others, it was William Wordsworth who was providentially called upon to purify and naturalize the diction of our lyric poetry.

Wordsworth did not live in an age when literature was in an impoverished condition, nor were his fellow-poets all men of second or third-rate ability. If such had been the case, perhaps his star might have risen higher and flamed far brighter than it really did; at all events, his work would certainly have been more properly realized by the supercritical minds of the day, educated as they were to the fascinating pomp and pretence of the Byronic school. Within the course of Wordsworth's activity as a poet, the literary firmament shone with a more brilliant galaxy of first-rate stars, perhaps, than ever at any other time lit up the span of a single man's life. When he was born in 1771, Gray had but another year to live and Goldsmith four. Cowper and Burns were still at work. Shelley, Moore, Keats, Browning, Byron and Southey, were all to arise and attain to their heights during the course of his lifetime. Coleridge, too, the only one of all whom he admired as possessed in the greatest degree "of greatness, love and beauty," was born in the succeeding year. Among such lights as these it was that Wordsworth was born; born to one of the greatest and noblest works, perhaps,

for which a writer has ever been called, that of teaching mankind to look to the simple and natural about them for the real poetry of life.

Emerson has said that "Wordsworth's genius was the great exceptional fact of the literature of this period," and Ruskin, the great artist of style, calls him "the keenest eyed of all modern poets for what is deep and essential in nature." Another writer treating of the poet, unhesitatingly styles "Wordsworth England's great philosophic, as Shakespeare is her great dramatic, and Milton her great epic poet." This is high praise indeed, coming as it does from the masters themselves, but Wordsworth's aim was higher, his purpose loftier, than the fame of mere artistic and poetic accomplishment. To him such praise may have been agreeable, but it was not that for which he labored. The same might truly have been spoken in some degree at least of Shelley, or Byron, or Goethe, or Keats, but their writings did not always breathe of what was pure and morally uplifting. Even the immortal Milton, we know, must needs have handed down to posterity, a treatise favoring divorce and polygamy. Greater indeed and far beyond the praise of all these in Wordsworth's eyes, was that simple and yet sublime tribute of Tennyson's to "him who uttered nothing base."

When speaking of his "theory of poetry," we must remember that Wordsworth did not personally advertise, or in any way seek to propagate it among the poets of his time. His lyric poems were written according to its principles, it is true, but they had been published long before he ever attempted to formulate his theory of poetic diction. He did so only when called upon to defend himself against the violent attacks of the classic scholars of the day.

To understand properly what the true motives were which prompted this theory, and why, after all, Wordsworth considered them so essential, we must look closely into his conception of what really constitutes a true poet. It will be evident that his eye looked deeper, far deeper, than the mere outward expression or surface ornament, which, like the fruit of the Dead-Sea country, contains within a beautiful and pleasing exterior

nothing but dry bitter ashes. His judgments seem to pierce to the very soul in order to determine the natural characteristics of the true poet. "A great poet," he says, "must be a great man; and a great man must be a good man; and a good man ought to be a happy man." Again, "Every great poet is a teacher. I wish to be considered as a teacher or as nothing. To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the precious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and sincerely virtuous." Such was the aim of his life, his vocation; such, the test of a true poet.

Judging these sentiments to be sincere, and no one has ever doubted them, we can not but look to find something equally high-minded in the theory of poetic diction, which such a man must possess. And we do find them so in that wonderful formulation of his "theory of poetry," as written by himself in the second edition of his lyrical poems, published in 1800. The three points developed may be thus classified: I. That it is the office of true poetry to make "the feelings give importance to the action and situation, not the action and situation to the feelings." In direct conjunction with this proposition he also maintains—and here is where the critics of the classic school mostly attacked him—that the language used should be as near as possible to the language of real life. "My main endeavor as to style," he says, "is that my poems should be written in pure, intelligible English. II. That true poetic diction, as such, is essentially opposed to the false, the unreal, the affected, and the bombastic in poetry, not less so than in prose; that the metrical should be identical with the prose order. III. That naturalness prevail throughout. "If the poet's subject be judiciously chosen it will naturally and upon fit occasion, lead him to passions, the language of which, if selected truly and judiciously, must necessarily be dignified and variegated, and alive with metaphors and figures." No foreign splendors should be sought after; "where the passions are of a milder character the style should be subdued and temperate."

This in brief—simplicity and naturalness—is Wordsworth's theory of poetry, however

dissemblers may have tried to controvert its true meaning; simplicity of expression, that loftiness of thought and that truthfulness towards nature and life which seeks

How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

And indeed Wordsworth's verse has built that "princely throne," and has built it upon "humble truth," for he is to-day known and loved beyond all others in the language as the "poet of common life" and the "poet of nature and of human ties."

Coming as he did, however, in an age when the emotional and sometimes excessively passionate poetry of Byron, Moore, Scott, Keats and Campbell, had taken a firm hold upon literature, his task was by no means an easy one. The theory, too, which he upheld, must be considered, as it really was, an open revolt against the established taste of a people, imbued to the fullest extent with the emotional forms of the classic school. Imagine if you can in what manner Byron would have described the little scene of which Wordsworth writes in such naïve simplicity:

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

From Byron, typical example as he is of his day, we expect something entirely different. He does not see the simple and what we call common beauties of nature so much as the awe-inspiring, the majestic, or morbidly attractive. For him the Palatine has no beauty, though others may have found it there; only the grotesque ruins, the waste, the fallen citadel, seem to attract him when he writes:

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall flower grown
Matted and mass'd together hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch-crushed, column-strown
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damp, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight.

Such to a degree was the difference in the two great opponents, Byron champion of the Eighteenth Century classical school and Wordsworth, the lone apostle of simplicity and naturalness.

Ruskin says that "Wordsworth's distinctive work was a war with pomp and

pretence, and a display of the majesty of simple feelings and humble hearts." Wordsworth himself realized this, as he did the possession of his own peculiar poetic talent, and it was always with a conscious reverence for that gift that he wrote. To him nature and humanity were from God; as such he loved to reveal their peculiar, hidden beauties to an unknowing world. Other poets sang often presumingly of the Godhead, of religion, of the supernatural. Wordsworth but seldom dared to do so, and even then with the greatest diffidence, for he felt that there were some subjects too high for even his lofty genius. The classic poets sang of love; some even deified it. Wordsworth never did. To him it was too delicate a subject; it was not his mission. Others wrote humorously of life and its problems. Wordsworth never did. Life was too real, too earnest, for jest or quip of any sort. Nature and humanity in their common forms cried out to him.

To me the meanest flower that grows can give
Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears.

Therein lies his love for nature. Not in the glory and pomp of the sunset alone, but in the modest little field daisy as well, and in the "Nun demure of noble port," did he find his inspiration.

The subject of Wordsworth's songs do not deal with the profound reasoners, the heroes of war, or the kings of the earth, but with the poor "laboring swain" and the "lowly countryman."

The assertion that "There is no essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition," was one of the portions of his theory which was most violently attacked by the critics of his own day. They insist that in setting aside the poetic diction of the Eighteenth Century, and substituting the extreme simplicity of a more liberal and natural phraseology, Wordsworth has advocated a direct tendency into the degeneracy of babyishness and trivialities. When he tells us that

The swan on still St. Mary's lake
Floats double, swan and shadow,

could he have been more simple? Has he made use of a single word that would not have come from the mouth of the lowly peasant or the honest countryman? Could he have been more true to nature? Is not

the picture he paints the identical one that we would find upon the developed negative of the scene? "The swan floats double, swan and shadow." There is not a line in the language more simple or more true to nature, and does it point to puerility or the dwelling upon trivialities?

His enemies, however they may have risen against him, and blinded the people of his own day to the quality of his writings, have not been able to keep him discredited. Indeed his works stand to-day, and will stand for generations to come, the best monument, the most eloquent expression of his theory of poetry. Like some of our modern artists, the classic scholars of his day may have painted with more vivid or fantastic colors, may, indeed, have caught more readily the popular eye, but it was Wordsworth above all others—simple and natural though he was,—who resembled to the greatest extent the old masters of the past in the personal warmth and the soulful feelings of his poetry. Someone has said that "he lived poetry;" his place in literature proves that it must have been so, for only he who "lives poetry" can live forever as a maker of poetry. Speaking in an early sonnet of

The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays,

he concludes thus beautifully:

Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,
Then gladly could I end my mortal days.

His wish has been gratified. Among English poets he must ever stand as "nature's great interpreter, contemplative, calm, yet prophet-like in the voicing of his message to men." His truthfulness to the pathetic and the beautiful in rustic life, must ever carry his name onward and upward as it has that of Burns in Scotland. Like that great poet, whose works he himself so loved, Wordsworth found his inspiration in the humble home, at the lowly hearth fire of the poor; like him too, he found more music in the soft coo of the dove than in the ravishing song of the nightingale, more beauty in the "little, humble celadine" than in the majestic loveliness of the rose, or the calm poise of the lily.

Possessing little or no dramatic faculty of any kind, Wordsworth nevertheless has

a broader and a wider instinct in the portrayal of humanity than any other poet from the time of Shakespeare himself. To-day we find his influence and the influence of his poetry working in our literature in the self-same manner as it did in his own day, but with a much greater and a much more marked degree of effect, for the world has at last been educated to his theory, to the true beauty of the simple and the natural in life. And to us Americans especially does he live on in another, who by the ideals of his life, and the simple naturalness of his poetry, might truly be called a second Wordsworth, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With Emerson we can well say: "Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great."

A Visit to the Moon.

MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10

If Tom Russell hadn't been a multi-millionaire he could never have done what he eventually accomplished—actually set foot on the moon. The only way Tom Russell differed from the ordinary rich young man was that while at college he really "plugged," not that he might fit himself better for a professional career, but because he liked to dabble in Electricity. Having more money than one can use properly he very naturally abused it by financing a scheme to visit the moon, which he and some of his companions thought out.

Why Russell should have supplied the cash for such an undertaking not even his three boon college chums, who had agreed to accompany him, knew. They had consulted practically all the college professors and electrical experts in the country, however, on the scientific principles involved in the plan, and found they were on the safe and conservative grounds of science.

Summarily the scheme was this: by increasing universal gravitation, the mutual attraction of the sun and earth for each other, Tom Russell conceived the idea of bringing the earth near enough to the sun at a time when the moon was in a parallel line between the earth and sun so that the moon might be brought within our

atmosphere. Once within our atmosphere of sixty-five miles it would be simply a matter of an airship ride to make a real investigation of the satellite. The great difficulty, of course, that confronted Russell was, how was he to increase universal gravitation? The latest theory on this phenomenon was that this gravitation is an electro-magnetic force. That the earth is a magnet and that strong magnetic current encircles the earth at the equator Tetzler had proved. Of course Russell knew that the magnetic force of a magnet is greatly increased by an electric current run through a coil of wire encircling a magnet. On the assumption then that universal gravitation is an electro-magnetic force and that the earth is a magnet, all that now remained to be solved was, could enough copper wire be secured to encircle the earth, and was it possible to generate a sufficient quantity of electricity to bring the earth nearer to the sun by 86,000 miles, the distance of the moon from the earth?

Immediately after their graduation from Hartley University the Amazon River was harnessed to supply the electricity necessary for the project, and the necessary copper wire was strung around the equator. By Christmas of the same year a dirigible balloon was secured with a food and drink supply for a year and with such other easily portable articles as would help to pass their year on the moon comfortably.

At two A. M. of the first of January, 1910, Business Manager Jackson at Lima, Peru, in South America, received the signal from Tom's ascending airship to start operation at once. Whereupon the main switch was closed, and electricity from fifteen thousand dynamos shot into copper wires encircling the earth, which by increasing the electro-magnet force exerted between the earth and sun instantaneously drew the earth toward the sun so that the moon having pierced our atmosphere looked like a neighboring world, occupying something like a tenth of the whole sky. The heat became intense. On waking in temperate and arctic zones people had to change their winter apparel for a lighter one. The New Year's frost was turned into a delightful summer morning. Sleigh-riding parties just returning from an outing were obliged to get wheels to replace

the runners and came rolling home as from a summer picnic.

The one-year clock, which our lunar investigators had with them on board the airship, in five minutes would announce the expiration of one year. Thereupon they started preparations to descend to the earth. Every minute they were approaching nearer and nearer *firma terra*. At a distance of three miles they saw faintly the outlines of several airship excursions. As they flew past them on their downward course the waving of handkerchiefs brought them to their senses. It was a refreshing sensation to get back home and see the people again.

When at last they landed safely on the outskirts of a large city, which they found out later was their old college town, Hartley, they overheard a youngster tearing along on an electric motor skates remark: "Wonder where de rubes got de air-skow?" Yes, their 1909 airship looked as old-fashioned as a horse-car would have looked in 1909. As they entered the city in their queer garbs the twenty-first century dandies flying past them on their electric motor skates nudged each other as the gay New Yorkers did of old when Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' snooze entered his native village. The earth being drawn to the sun by Tom's electro-magnetic system changed the earth's orbit, thus shortening the days and years, so much so that the one year's absence the lunar visitors had planned upon was actually twenty years.

On arriving in the business centre of the city one of them purchased a paper from a kid chirping at the top of his voice "1930 in Retrospect."

"That must be the *Chicago American*," muttered Russell, "for we have been absent only one year." On examination, however, it was found to be the good old conservative *New York Sun*, and in big headlines they read: "1930 in Retrospect." "Mr. Roosevelt nominated at the advanced age of seventy-five as honorary President of the world. Mr. Bryan still trying. Socialism tried and failed. Will probably die out like anarchism in 1915. Negro problem finally solved in the only way possible, by the negro realizing that he is a negro. The censure imposed upon a thoughtless senator for mentioning

the 'Guaranty of Bank Deposit' as a possible form of financial legislation, is deemed a wise and just procedure by a special referendum vote of Oklahoma."

Things were going at a terrific rate. No one walked. All used electric motor skates. After walking a mile or so, which took them about four hours by the town clock, they entered a restaurant in time for supper. They were told to take seats in a kind of waiting-room and leave their orders with colored waiters who were dressed in fine white linen and sped around on a kind of electric roller skate. While waiting they had a few minutes to view their surroundings. They saw that the restaurant was lighted by the X-ray system, and while deciphering a 'notice' on the wall spelled in Rooseveltian simple spelling, their waiter pressed a button and suddenly the chairs upon which they were seated began racing down the room to a table prepared for them much to the discomfiture of the riders, who, having been taken unawares, clung to the moving chairs, wondering whither they were going and how they would land. They finally realized that some twenty years had really elapsed since they started for the moon by the patches of gray in their hair which until then they had never noticed. This realization added a touch of sadness to the excursion, and so to prevent any more unnecessary ravages of the flight of years Tom called to one of the waiters and asked him if he could secure a telegraph wire to Lima, South America, immediately.

"Telegraph wire," pondered the waiter thoughtfully, "I read about that system of transmitting intelligence when I was a boy at school. Everyone uses the wireless now."

On learning this he wrote on a slip of paper this message: "Present manager of the Russell Electro-Magnetic Plant, stop operations at once. Tom Russell, Institutor."

Scarcely had the waiter started on his message when Tom beckoned to another colored server. Pressing a roll of bills into his hand, Tom told him to have a sleigh at the restaurant door in about half an hour.

"A sleigh," protested the negro.

"No, I'm not crazy. I know it's summer. But I want a sleigh here in half an hour

regardless of cost." Another bill conquered, and a few minutes later there was a row on the automatic telephone, but the grin on the waiter's face as he hung up the receiver and faced Tom showed he had won.

The gentlemen at the neighboring table were evidently business men of considerable consequence, for they were discussing means whereby the day might be prolonged so as to do more business and incidentally make greater profits. Several of them promised to finance any scientific attempt to prolong the day. Tom Russell shouted over to them. "What will you give me if I prolong the day twenty-five times larger than it is?" A pool of fifty millions was agreed upon.

In exactly fifteen minutes things seemed suddenly to stand still—then a sensation of a long elevator descent, a gasp for breath—a jerk, and all was quiet again. As the restaurant guests ran to the open doors and windows to ascertain if the world was really coming to an end they were met by a blinding snow storm. When the sleigh which Tom had ordered arrived he decided that he had lost nothing by the experiment to drive out to his *Alma Mater*.

That evening Tom Russell with his three chums were treated like mythical heroes of the past when walking down a corridor of Fowler Hall they pointed out to the authorities of Hartley their likenesses in the picture of the graduating class of 1909.

To a Cloud.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

THROUGH the fair sunshine
Filled with delight,
Floating and drifting
Slowly from sight;

Through the cold moonlight
Sailing in air,
Sailing so smoothly
Silver and fair;

Over the mountains
Wind-swept and blown,
Through the dark heavens
Nightly alone;

Into the starlight
Whither away
Moving so mist-like
Cloud of a day?

Shadow of vapor
Wave of the air,
Free from all worry,
Dross, and all care;

Changing and changeless,
Flying or still
Silvery fantasy
Riding at will;

Swift as an arrow
Toward regions remote
Where comets are flying
And worlds are afloat;

Form, still half-spirit,
Cloud of to-day,
Where lies the haven
Ending thy way?

Dost thou ne'er cease to
Wander and roam;
Spirit of vapor.
Where is thy home?

'Mongst myriads of worlds
Seen but unknown,
Dost thou find refuge
There with thine own?

"Solved into nothing,
Scattered and lost,
Haven I claim not on
Reality's coast;

"Through the fair sunshine
Filled with delight,
Sailing and drifting
Slowly from sight;

"Faint as ambitions
Cherished by man,
Failing to reckon
God and His Plan.

"Onward, still onward
Drifting through space,
Then in a void is
Ended my race.

"Only a wand'ring
Cloud of to-day
Nil is my haven,
Goalless my way."

The Understudy.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.

Where had he seen her before? This was the question that puzzled young Ehart, champion sprinter of the Lakewood Varsity track team. What an absurd thing to happen, too, on a trip, when the championship laurels had been regained from Quinston. But the startling resemblance, the momentary spell, of those eyes—yes, they had almost unnerved him, and he resumed his seat in the laughing crowd with a pounding heart, and settled himself to ponder the matter.

Lucile might have forgotten him, for it was now a year since they had communicated, and he regretted his neglect by which their correspondence had been broken off. But he could never have forgotten her, and yet—determining to place the matter squarely before himself, he called the porter.

"Can you tell me the name of the tall, dark-haired young lady in the next coach ahead?" And a dollar was slipped into the hand of the colored gentleman.

"Well, boss," replied the darkey, "Ah sees the name, Miss Marguerite Francis on her suit-case. Dat's all Ah knows about her, 'ceptin' she's one of dese yere actress-ladies."

Marguerite Francis! He had never heard the name before; but an actress might have more than one name. At all events, he determined to investigate further.

Inquiry from the conductor revealed the fact that Miss Francis was leading lady in "The Never-Marry Widow," a play which was to appear in Collegeville the following week. This information suggested a scheme which was astounding in its audacity even to Ehart himself. But he refused absolutely to believe that it was not perfectly feasible.

"Why, blame it, why not?" he mused. "Have I been rehearsing that part forty times a week, making love to a wooden girl like Billy Lewis for nothing? If I can't work it, I'll make one big bluff at it, anyhow."

With which determination, Joe Ehart

approached the manager of the Grand Theatre.

"Frank," he began, "I'm going to ask you a favor."

"Go ahead," was the reply, "anything I've got is yours. You put five hundred into my pocket when you won that hundred yards against the Quinston guy."

Ehart laughed.

"Don't make any rash promises, old boy. I'm asking a big one, remember."

"What is it?"

"Next week," pursued the young man, "you're putting on the 'Never-Marry Widow' with some one named Marguerite Francis in the title-rôle, aren't you?"

"Yes, dandy show too, and—"

"I don't care anything about that. What I want is to appear in the performance—as understudy for a sort of tryout, don't you know. I've worked at the part pretty hard because we're going to put the play on up at school next month, and I can handle it. How about it?"

"How about it? I think you've got more nerve than any youngster I ever saw, that's how about it. Not a chance in the world. Why, you don't suppose I could fix it up, do you?"

"Why not? Anyway, you can help a lot. You'll do that much, won't you, Frank? Why, I've simply got to do it or bust. That's all there's to it."

"Well," returned the manager dubiously, "I'll see Dubois and do what I can. You might come around after supper and put in a word. Confound you," his face relaxing into a smile, "if anyone can persuade him, you can."

Ehart came around that evening, and by the same token, Dubois' leading man "came around" too. Ehart was to assume the part of the successful aspirant for the hand of the "widow," in consequence of the feigned illness of Dubois.

On the Thursday evening subsequent, something over a thousand uproarious college youths made the old Grand Theatre fairly tremble with the exuberant life within it. A college play in a college town always attracts a college crowd, and the never-failing presence of the "widow"—hypothetical, of course—only whetted interest in the fortunes of the several candidates for

her hand. When the lithe, formly young athlete, who barely nosed out his villainous competitor in a gruelling mile-run, incidentally smashing the record, of course, the audience went wild with enthusiasm. Then some one thought of Ehart—"Spunky" Ehart—their our-hero, and at the mere mention of his name the cheers were redoubled.

"Ehart! Ehart!" they yelled, for had he not performed just such a service for Lakewood as this one, which the glamour of stageland had connected into a deed worthy of some Attic hero? And his was for no *Alma Mater* which existed only on flaring advance notices, as this mad crowd bore witness. "Ehart! Where's Ehart!" was the cry that rose from the throng, incessant, strong and ever stronger in its volume. "Oh—h—h, Spunky!" Into the stage itself, away up where a crowd of actors and actresses were madly intent upon a non-existent mile race, the clamor penetrated. And in the heart of the central figure in this gathering—a young lady bewitchingly gowned in an adorable red—there was a sudden tumult. Her pulse beat fast and her cheeks reddened with a real blush as she realized what had before been mere conjecture. It was "Spunky" Ehart, her ardent lover of an earlier day, who was playing opposite her that night. And her heart throbbed and throbbed again, while a proud happiness came over her, as she heard her name called again, and cheered to the echo by the college youths who filled the rows behind her.

The last act came. It was supposed to be a love scene—as everyone knows—when all the unsuccessful besiegers of the heroine's heart appear and are turned down in quick succession, till the hero, a handsome young fellow, flushed with hard-won laurels, strides upon the stage to receive the meed of victory.

But some love scenes are made in books, while others are spoken out of the heart. This one was out of the heart. Behind the scenes the manager fumed, the chorus girls tittered, and once or twice the real understudy uttered feverish promptings in the aspirate voice.

He was standing behind her chair, supposed to be floundering about in a foolish

manner, trying to muster courage to propose, but really carrying his senses with him most admirably.

"Did you know me at first?" he said, leaning easily over her chair.

"That's not it!" hissed the understudy. "Kneel down, you fool, and propose!"

The girl, looking demurely down, dared not provoke the managerial wrath by replying to Ehart. But he insisted.

"You surely haven't forgotten me, Lucile," addressing her by her name.

She saw that it was no use. Looking frankly into his face, she replied:

"Why, Joe Ehart! Didn't you and I make mud pies together when we were kids?"

In the wings confusion was raging. The manager swore till he had exhausted his vocabulary, and then sat down in utter disgust, while the rest, seeing their chief incapacitated, were thrown into a terrible state of disorder. But this was not a figure to what was going on in the audience. The girl's words were not comprehended at first, but in a moment Ehart by a dexterous thrust or two at the make-up which hid his features, stood before them revealed. Then such a howl went up as had never before shaken the walls of the Grand Theatre. The great crowd in its enthusiasm would have burst upon the stage and carried Ehart away in triumph, had not some one behind the scenes had enough presence of mind to ring down the curtain.

The manager had recovered to the extent that he rushed excitedly up to Miss Francis, and thrusting a fat finger into her face, shouted: "You're fired! Fired! Do you hear? Tryin' to run this show like low comedy, are you?"

She was taken aback, but only for a moment. It was Ehart, the understudy, who tickled the irate manager under the chin.

"Fired, eh? What do you suppose we care? We were going to quit your darned old show anyhow." Turning to the girl for confirmation, he whispered, "I graduate next month, you know. It's all right isn't it?"

She hesitated a moment; then looked up smiling at the manager, while she linked her arm in Ehart's.

"Will you take my resignation now, or shall I send it wrapped up?"

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Notre Dame, Indiana, March 20, 1909,

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Christian Reid, Lætare Medallist.

The Lætare Medal, which is awarded every year on Lætare Sunday by the University to some member of the Catholic laity in the United States in recognition of distinguished service in art, literature, science or philanthropy, is conferred this year on Frances Christine Fisher Tiernan, novelist, better known in the world of letters as Christian Reid. Mrs. Tiernan is a native and resident of Salisbury, North Carolina, and the first Southerner to be named for the Lætare Medal distinction. She is most highly esteemed and loved in Southland, and is well known throughout the country as author of many popular Catholic novels. The novel that succeeds is a powerful and far-reaching force for good or for evil. The fiction of Christian Reid enjoys enviable success, and those who have read any portion of it must have realized that it is potent only for good. We believe that the selection made by the officials of the University will be recognized as eminently judicious by everyone who knows the well-known facts.

—The passage of non-partisanship judiciary bills in several of the states during the recent legislative sessions is undoubtedly a step in the right direction.

A Non-Partisan Judiciary. But with due respect to the well-intentioned law-makers, this corrective legislation will be by no means sweeping in its results. That our judiciary is to be immediately freed from lines of party support, the most ardent of reformers will hardly contend. So long as partisanship plays its part in American politics political parties will hardly refrain from clinging in a good measure to their chosen candidates. This has been evidenced in the states where such legislation has existed in the past, and although conventions have placed their tickets in the field sans judiciary, petitions by Republican or Democratic politicians alike have secured the results that conventions would have brought about. Where judicial nominations are influenced by members of the Bar Association, as is the case in some states, the judiciary is robbed of some of its political affiliation, but even bar associations are not immune from party strife. There are two features of this law which will undoubtedly tend to higher standards: it does not openly cast the members of the bench into the political arena, there to be the subject of muck-raking harangues, and secondly, the deserving jurist may preside at our tribunals without drawing upon himself the odium of disloyalty.

—Not more than a couple of generations ago the champion debater was the idol of the college world. But time has wrought changes. The intellectual *Scholar or Athlete?* star no longer holds the centre of the stage: the muscular hero of the gridiron, the diamond and the track now receives the honors once lavished upon the man who burned the "midnight oil." This fact is significant and regrettable. Are we going to hold out the athlete as the most remarkable product, the most adequate expression and the best representative of our collegiate and university activity? Are we going to take our greatest pride in breaking records for sprinting, and gathering trophies from the athletic arena?

The ruling ambition of our schools should rather be to produce orators superior even to Demosthenes, statesmen of the Washington and Lincoln size, scholars of width and depth, of knowledge and of power, students grounded in the finest principles of Philosophy and Economics, and above all men who can and will make the world better.

We need men who are strong physically for nearly every purpose that is worth accomplishing, but brute force in man without intellectual and moral ability can do little good and is likely to do great harm. We admire and appreciate the great minds and wills that our schools have furnished, and we need more of them. And "the way," to quote Professor Hoaly of Yale, "to make the American people more interested in scholarship than in athletics is by proving that our prize scholars, more than our prize athletes, represent the type of men for which there is a public need." Our schools should be neither anti-athletic nor super-athletic. We are not prepared to argue that there is an actual excess of athletics in our American colleges and universities, but the deification of the athlete to the neglect of the scholar is a very bad sign. We are measured by what we like best and pride most.

Obituary.

The many friends of John McNulty and the members of the Sophomore class, wish to extend him their heartfelt sympathy upon the death of his father. Mr. McNulty while upon a pleasure trip at Hot Springs, was taken with a sudden attack of appendicitis, and died after an apparently successful operation, about three hours before the arrival of his son. Mr. McNulty had been twice prosecuting attorney of Madison County, Ill., and for many years was a conspicuous member of the Wise, McNulty and Keefe law firm. He received his education at Notre Dame, and has always proved himself an honor to his *Alma Mater*. The SCHOLASTIC on behalf of the University extends condolence to the bereaved family and friends. R. I. P.

Saint Patrick's Day.

The Feast of the Great Apostle of Ireland was celebrated in the usual manner at Notre Dame last Wednesday. High Mass was sung by Father Crumley, Vice-President of the University, assisted by Father Schumacher as deacon, and Father O'Connor as subdeacon. Father Murphy delivered the sermon. Taking as his text the words of St. John, "By this you shall overcome the world;" he spoke of the spread of Christianity accomplished by the faithful sons of St. Patrick, and concluded with an eloquent appeal to his hearers to follow the noble example set by the Irish defenders of the Faith.

A concert in the rotunda of the Main Building by the University band under the direction of Professor Petersen helped to while away the morning hours. The annual baseball game between the Irish and the Germans resulted disastrously for the sons of Erin, the Germans winning by a score of 7-4.

But "the play's the thing." In the afternoon, Brother Cyprian's band of Philopatrians added another to their list of successes by their clever production of John Lane O'Connor's "Two Titled Truants," which was written for the Society about five years ago, when Mr. O'Connor was Professor of Elocution at Notre Dame.

The young actors showed the results of the careful and steady training which they have been receiving from their able director. The scenery and mechanical effects, which form such an important factor in any play, were excellent, and the elegant costuming contributed much to the beauty and harmony of the whole play.

George Clark and Walter Ward, as "The Truants," won praise for the simplicity and earnestness with which they carried out their parts, while William Downing played well the difficult rôle of "Fool." James Robins, Claude Sorg, Otto Hug, Homer Carroll and Carl White, in the portrayal of their respective parts, merit special mention. The hit of the whole performance was undoubtedly the acting of Julius Lee, as Sam Dibbs, the country dolt. He showed remarkable talent and capacity for comedy parts in the second act, as a servant at an inn where Shakespearean players gathered.

The audience, which included quite a number of South Bend's élite, seemed very well satisfied with the afternoon's entertainment. The orchestra's well-rendered program made the time between the acts pass pleasantly. The following is the cast of the Play:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Norbert Bertram	}	The TruantsWalter Ward
Herbert Bertram	George Clarke	
Edward Bertram, Norbert's exiled brother, under the name of Ned Burton.....James Robins			
Lord Bertram, father of Norbert and Edward, Claude Sorg			
John Bertram, his brother, father of Herbert...Otto Hug			
Clinker, Lord Bertram's fool.....William Downing			
Hugh Holt, Lord Bertram's steward.....Carl White			
Sam Dibbs, servant at Bertram Hall.....Julius Lee			
William Shakespeare.....Wallace Melchior			
Dick Cowley	}	Players in Shakespeare's Company	William Cody
William Kemp			W. m Cotter
Harry Condell			James Cahill
Peter Dobbins, Landlord of Gray's Inn....Homer Carroll			
Turnkey at Newgate Prison.....Frank Raff			
Guard at Newgate Prison.....Elmer McPhee			
Steve Covey	}	ThievesHarry Armstrong
		Eugene Murphy
Harry Godfrey	}	Companions of Norbert and HerbertRaymond Lobes
Edgar		Frederick Mills
Alfred		Raymond O'Donnell
Arthur		Frank Newton
Elwin		Charles Murdock
		Thomas Clark
Bat	}	Citizens of LondonJohn Fordyce
Wat		Leon Soisson
Tom		Marcus Cartwright
Ted		Otto Griesbach
Bob		Felix Sellers
Tim		George Sippel

The scene is laid in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. J. F. O'H.

The Finals in the Law Debating Contest.

It was three years ago that the Notre Dame Law School sent three of their best debaters to represent them in a debate with Georgetown College of Law. Since those days of Farabaugh, Cosgrove and Malloy, the Law department has taken little interest in debating outside of its immediate course, and it was mainly to revive the interest in this branch of work that a debate was arranged with Detroit Law School to be held in that city May 28. The finals were held last Saturday evening in the law room, nine men competing, six upholding and three opposing the proposition of

"Guarantee of Bank Deposits." The contestants gave evidence of a sincere and exhaustive study of the question, searching out the vital points and presenting them in masterly fashion. Mr. Farabaugh presided. The three judges of the debate, Messrs. Moore and Shurtz of South Bend, and Prof. Hines of the University, ranked the men in the following order: T. Walker, first; P. Donovan, second; E. Carville and J. Deery, a tie for third; G. Sands, fifth; J. Deiner, sixth; G. McCarthy, seventh; R. Coffey, eighth; J. Ely, ninth. The first four chosen will compose the team that will represent the Law School in their debate at Detroit.

Mr. Walker was the unanimous choice of the judges for first place. His striking personality, the excellence of his delivery and his strong and convincing argument merited for him the place he was awarded. Mr. Walker is one of the very best, if not the best, debater at the University, having recently won first place on the representative team that is to meet Georgetown in April. Mr. Donovan's manner of argument and presentation was similar to that of Mr. Walker's. He has a good appearance and a clear and convincing delivery. He will, no doubt, prove a valuable factor in the coming debate. Mr. Carville showed marked improvement over his work in the preliminaries. His speech gave evidence of a thorough examination and careful preparation of the question. He was tied by Mr. Deery who was unquestionably the most deliberate speaker. His strength lay in his main speech which was delivered with sincerity and precision.

The other five men developed clear and forceful arguments. They evinced their knowledge of the subject by the acuteness in which they rid the question of its vagueness and discursiveness, and in picking out the essentials and disposing of them in legal style. They will be eligible next year, with the exception of Mr. Deiner, and with the experience gained in this contest they will no doubt prove worthy candidates for the team. Everything considered the Law debate was a complete success. The team chosen are all men of the good metal, and give promise of upholding the honor of the Notre Dame Law School in their contest with Detroit. C. W. M.

In the College World.

Wrestling as a branch of college sports is becoming very popular of late. At Gal-lawdet College, the Lyceum is given over for the use of the wrestling club. Beloit recently held a tournament in the Smith Gymnasium. Although the sport was new to many of the contestants, the exhibition proved to be a marked success.

* *

Coach Stewart of the Purdue Basket-Ball Team has resigned to accept the position of coach in all branches of athletics at Alleghany College.

* *

The Fathers of the Society of Jesus are beginning a new college in Kansas City, to be known as Rockhurst. Father Dowling, formerly President of Creighton University, is behind the movement.

* *

The law students of Indiana University recently paid a visit to the State Legislature and the Supreme Court.

* *

Myron Bertram, Editor-in-Chief of the *Debris*, the Purdue annual, has resigned and quit school to enter West Point.

* *

Yale is considering the advisability of establishing a student council to control all departments of under-graduate life.

* *

Ohio State University defeated Illinois in debate on March 13, and on the same night also defeated the Indiana University team on the subject: "Resolved, That Congress should immediately provide for the further strengthening of the navy." The Indiana school also lost to Illinois on the same night. Ohio won first place in the triangular debating league by winning two debates; Illinois, second, with one victory and one defeat; Indiana, last place with two defeats.

* *

Bishop Lillis, of the Fort Leavenworth (Kansas) Diocese, was appointed Chairman of the Kansas Text-Book Commission by Governor Stubbs; but his Grace was unable

to accept the position. There was considerable objection from the Methodists of the State, but the governor refused to annul the appointment, repeatedly insisting that the Bishop accept the position.

* *

Columbia will soon have two new departments, Sanitary Engineering and Forestry.

* *

Carroll D. Wright, President of Clark College, who died on February 20 at Worcester, Mass., was for twenty years United States Commissioner of Labor, and at one time lecturer at Columbia, Harvard and the Catholic University of America.

* *

The Indiana legislature has appropriated one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for Indiana University.

* *

Governor Gillett of California vetoed the bill to admit graduates of the law departments of California University and Stanford to the state bar without examination.

* *

Dr. F. J. McConnell was installed as President of De Pauw on March 10. His inauguration address was on "The Christian Ideal and the Pursuit of Knowledge."

* *

And again at the close of an athletic season, strictly according to time-honored custom, Chicago University claims the championship. This time the prize is the National Basket-Ball Title. Dr. Raycroft of Chicago chooses four Chicago men and Watson of Illinois as the "All-Western Stars."

* *

Elmer E. Brown, a graduate of Illinois and formerly at the head of the school systems of Illinois, Michigan and California, has been suggested as successor to President Angell of Michigan University. Dr. Andrew McLaughlin, head of the department of history at Chicago, Professor Guy of Harvard, Secretary of the Interior Garfield, and Professor Jenks of Cornell, have also been named for the position. President Angell's resignation will take effect next July.

O. A. S.

Mr. Robertson's Lecture.

Mr. Donald Robertson, who lectured at the University on last Thursday afternoon, is perhaps the first practical exponent of the artistic drama in America. From time to time, an effort has been made by persons interested in the classics to found a theatre, where nothing but drama of the highest standard of artistic merit would be presented. This idea originated in Chicago, and sufficient money was provided to re-furnish the old Steinway Hall for the purpose. But like many other ventures which are launched with the intention of upholding art, a serious drawback was encountered and the plan was abandoned before the people at large really realized what the New Theatre project meant. The cause of the failure of this venture has been attributed to a variety of causes, but those most intimately acquainted with it did not hesitate to say the director of the enterprise could not forsake the lure of commerce for the sake of art.

The second venture of the kind, which it is gratifying to say, looks as if it would be permanent, was that of Mr. Robertson, who came to Chicago a season or so ago, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of art. Mr. Robertson forsook a brilliant stage career, because in the ordinary glare of the limelight, a man must give way to public demand. Mr. Robertson's instinct rebelled at this and he decided to make any sacrifices necessary in order to present for the pleasure of those who had a true appreciation of acting, the plays of those masters, whose works are too often left to mould away on the shelves of the library rather than fulfil the primary intention of their authors, who wrote them that they might be acted.

In an unpretentious way Mr. Robertson began his experiment, having gathered about him a capable company of players, who like himself, preferred to produce classics rather than pander to public taste. By means of special matinées, Mr. Robertson obtained a hearing and for months it looked as if he, like his predecessors of the New Theatre, would be compelled to abandon his project. Little by little, however, he gained ground and a demand began to arise for the Robertson

plays. The public learned that in some of the old comedies, never before produced in this country, there was a store of rich fun and satire that has never been equalled by the dramatists of the present day. The trustees of the Art Institute recognized the service that Mr. Robertson was doing for art in Chicago, and early last season, they offered him the use of the Institute as a permanent theatre, where he and his little band of enthusiastic actors might produce their plays without the inconvenience of moving from one playhouse to another.

In his address Thursday, Mr. Robertson proposed to treat of "The Actor's Calling," but his lecture was of a scope so broad, that the original subject was lost sight of after awhile, and his auditors were given a concise talk on the relation of the theatre to art. He treated his subject in a masterful manner, his own personality and his excellent delivery making it interesting from first to last. Point after point was developed in a clear and logical way. Among the many interesting things the lecturer said the following were particularly adaptable to the condition of present-day drama: "The actor who strives to do nothing more than amuse, is merely the successor of the court fool—twisted in mind and twisted in body." "The theatre is a place of recreation but not a hospital." "When commerce comes in at the door, art flies out at the window." "The true artist can not express concretely, what he feels abstractly."

P. R. M.

Athletic Notes.

C. A. A., 49½; NOTRE DAME, 45½.

After what might fittingly be termed a record-breaking meet, the Chicago Athletic Club track team left for home last Saturday bearing with them the N.D. scalp. The meet was interesting from start to finish, and though it was conceded by nearly all that Chicago would win, at times it looked as though expectations would be overturned by a Notre Dame victory, as they really would have been except for the little "if's" incidental to every contest.

Notre Dame started off by taking first place in the forty-yard dash. Fletcher won this, handily defeating both Irons and Taylor. But in the mile, the situation was reversed,

Chicago taking both first and second places, Steers, for Notre Dame finishing third.

Philbrook and Dimmick did great work in the shot-put, and took first and second places respectively. In this event, Philbrook broke the Gymnasium record, which has stood since 1899 with a put of 42 feet 1½ inches, seven and one-half inches better than the former record.

Irons, world-champion broad-jumper, broke the "Gym" record made by Thompson, of Illinois, in 1901 with a jump of 22 feet 7¼ inches. Wasson and McDonough took second and third honors.

Moriarty, J Schobinger and McGrègory divided the points in the pole-vault, all clearing the bar at 10 feet 6 inches. E. Schobinger who failed in competition to clear 9 feet 6 inches, afterward went eleven feet, but the mark does not stand as a Gymnasium record.

In the 440, Duffy went two laps, leading all the way and then by mistake stopped running, thinking the race was over. C. A. A. consequently took all three places in this event. Had Duffy continued he would probably have finished at least second, and his three points in this race would have won the meet for us by two points. After Moriarty and Fairfield had tied twice for first place in the high hurdles it was decided to divide the points.

Dana won the half mile in pretty style, defeating Wallace and Murphy with ease. The time was fast, the race being run in 2:02 3-5. Degenhardt won the high jump after a fine contest. Fletcher taking second and Connell and Cleppinger sharing third honors. The relay race, won by Notre Dame was a pretty one, the eight laps being covered in the fast time of 2:16 4-5 seconds.

SUMMARY:

40-yard dash—Fletcher, N. D., 1st; Irons, C. A. A., 2d, Taylor, C. A. A., 3rd. Time, 4 3-5 sec.

40-yard high hurdles—Moriarty and Fairfield, 1st.

Mile run—Crocumbe, C. A. A., 1st; Murphy, C. A. A., 2nd; Steers, N. D., 3rd. Time, 4:39 3-5 sec.

High jump—Degenhardt, C. A. A., 1st; Fletcher, N. D., 2nd; Connell, N. D., and Cleppinger, C. A. A., 3rd. Height, 5 ft. 9 in.

Pole Vault—Moriarty, N. D., J. Schobinger, C. A. A., and McGrègory, C. A. A., tied. Height, 10 ft. 6 in.

Broad jump—Irons, C. A. A., Wasson, N. D., 2nd; McDonough, 3rd. Distance, 22 ft. 7¼ inches.

Half mile—Dana, N. D., 1st; Wallace, C. A. A., 2nd; Murphy, C. A. A., 3rd. Time, 2:02 3-5 sec.

440-yard run—Wallerr, C. A. A., 1st; Ryan, C. A. A., 2nd; Larson, C. A. A., 3rd. Time, 54 3-5 sec.

Shot-put—Philbrook, N. D., 1st; Dimmick, N. D., 2nd; Draper, C. A. A., 3rd. Distance, 42 ft. 1½ inches.

Relay—Won by Notre Dame, Wasson, Fletcher, Duffy, Moriarty. Time, 2:16 4-5 sec.

The Minim Track Team and the team of Assumption School, South Bend, had a lively meet in the Varsity Gymnasium yesterday afternoon, resulting in a victory of 69 to 26 in favor of the Minims. O'Shea was the highest point-winner for the home boys, and Davis, for the visitors. The events and results were as follows:

40-yard dash—Denvir, N. D., 1st; O'Shea, N. D., 2nd; H. Cagney, N. D., 3rd. Time, 6 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—H. Cagney, N. D., 1st; Paule, N. D., 2nd; Davis, N. D., 3rd. Time, 7 seconds.

High jump—Paule, N. D., 1st; LaFortune, Assumption, and Davis, N. D., tie for 2nd. Height, 4 feet 3 inches.

Broad jump—O'Shea, N. D., 1st; Davis, Assumption, 2nd; Paule, N. D., 3rd. Length, 13 feet 8 inches.

Pole-Vault—Scott, Assumption, 1st; H. Cagney, N. D., Gotfredson, N. D., and Russel, N. D., tied for 2nd. Height, 6 feet 3 inches.

Shot-put—Davis, Assumption, 1st; LaFortune, Assumption, 2nd. Distance, 32 feet 3 inches.

220-yard dash—O'Shea, N. D., 1st; Bryson, N. D., 2nd; Sims, Assumption, 3rd. Time, 31 2-5 seconds.

440-yard run—Bryson, N. D., 1st; Poulin, Assumption, 2nd; Denvir, N. D., 3rd. Time, 1 min. 12 4-5 seconds.

Half-mile run—Cox, N. D., 1st; Maher, Assumption, 2nd; B. Cagney, N. D., 3rd.

Mile run (10 laps)—Cox, N. D., 1st; Frederick, Assumption, 2nd; Zundel, N. D., 3rd. Time 5 minutes, 2 seconds.

Personals.

—Edward P. Gallagher (LL. B., 1901), a successful member of the bar in Philadelphia and a loyal alumnus, stopped at the University last week. He was returning from a visit to his brother, the Rev. Father Gallagher, president of Columbia University, Portland.

—Patrick Beacom, graduate in Pharmacy 1906, is now employed in the chemical department of the Steel Works at Gary, Ind. "Pat" Beacom's prestige at Notre Dame was won on the gridiron, and his success in athletics speaks well for his future in other fields.

—J. H. Gormley (student 1901-3), in the employ of George P. Post and Sons, Architectural Engineers, New York, is General Superintendent of Construction in the erection of the Wisconsin State Capitol at Madison. He obtained this position through a competitive examination, receiving the highest standing of the seventy-eight who entered for examination.

—Max J. Jurschek (LL. B., 1908) is at present in Granada, Spain. He spent the last two months in France and will pass the present month riding through Spain. From there he intends going down into Italy and visiting the scenes of the recent earthquake. Max has worn out a couple of bicycles, been arrested once in Russia as a spy, and had many other discouraging experiences; but he vows not to return until he has seen the best of the Old World.

Local Items.

—Messrs. P. Donovan and E. Carville, who won places on the Law Debating Team, were formerly members of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society. Mr. Donovan was one of the cleverest debaters in the Inter-hall Freshman contest last year, and Mr. Carville two years ago represented Brownson Hall in the Inter-hall Oratorical Contest.

—The Apostolate of Religious Reading is a free library of books, papers and magazines for the use of the students of the University. The Apostolate is under the direction of Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C. Contributions to the fund for the purchase of books, etc., will be thankfully received by the director. Up to the present time \$23.10 have been contributed by the students.

—At the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, held March 14, the question of the government ownership of railroads was discussed. Several of the speakers showed marked ability in extemporaneous speaking. The recitations on the program were "The Last Leaf" by P. Byrne, "To a Water-Fowl" by C. Tyler, "Little Homer's Slate" by S. Gira, "Now I Lay Me Down" by R. Bowen, "The Bridge" by M. Heyl.

—The long-delayed Freshman Oratorical Contest was held Thursday evening. A similar event took place last November, but as the results were unsatisfactory it was decided to give the competitors more time for preparation. The speakers and orations were as follows: W. C. Cray, "Christ, Master of Men;" W. I. Zink, "Joan of Arc;" J. T. Foley, "Moral Training and the Peace Ideal." Cray received first place and was awarded the ten-dollar prize, Zink, second, and Foley, third. The judges were Fathers Schumacher, Quinlan and Walsh.

—Shakespeare's "Macbeth" will be presented in Washington Hall on Easter Monday by the members of the Senior Dramatic Club. Rehearsals are now under way and everything points to a successful production. The Booth version of the tragedy will be used by the student-actors. Claude Sorg, who is cast in the title-rôle, is doing praiseworthy work and Leo McElroy, who will play Lady Macbeth, is coming up to expectations. The presentation is under the direction of Professor Speiss. The cast is as follows: Macbeth, Claude A. Sorg; McDuff, Howard W. McAleenan; Banquo, Francis J. Hollearn; Ross, William Parrish; Lennox, John F. O'Hara; Seyton, Joseph Balensiefer; Fleance, Joseph Huerkamp; Lady Macbeth, Leo McElroy; Gentlewoman, Paul R. Rush; First Witch, Charles J. Kelly; Second Witch, Farrell

Donahue; Third Witch, Joseph Goddeyene. Minor rôles will be played by Joseph John Meersman, Edmund Shea, Louis Dionne and Tom Havican.

—The score of students hailing from the Wolverine state have organized themselves into the "Michigan Tribe," the election taking place at a solemn pow-wow held on the 13th. Despite the date chosen for the election, the braves declare that it was lucky for them, and the peace pipe was smoked without interruption under the guidance of "White Sport" McCarthy. The tribe chose the following braves to lead them on the war path: Big Chief, Rex Edward Lamb; Little Chief, Joseph Charles Goddeyene; Wampum Keeper, Frank L. Madden. On Sunday morning the braves donned war paint and feathers, and under the fairest omens of the medicine men, they scouted towards the Bend and fell upon the wigwam of Photographer McDonald. The photographer was not caught off his guard, however, but brought his trusty camera to bear upon the band and they were shot in behalf of the Dome. Another pow-wow will be held in the near future at which the band will feast on the choicest venison, and toast to "Dear Old Michigan."

—The crowning feature of St. Patrick's day was the Freshman banquet at the Oliver. The café on the second floor was given over to the class, and when the doors opened at seven o'clock, the tables, prettily decorated in green and white, the class colors, presented an inviting appearance. Nearly sixty members of the Class of '12 were present and displayed a practical appreciation of the earnest efforts of the committee and the management of the hotel. They did ample justice to an eight-course dinner, and the merry jests passed back and forth kept everyone in a happy mood. John F. O'Hara was the toastmaster of the occasion, and the responses to the toasts proposed showed that oratory is far from being a lost art among the Freshmen. President Walter Duncan spoke on "The Freshman," John Corbett, on "Notre Dame," and A. A. Hilkert, on "St. Patrick's Day;" Paul Rush responded for "Our Absent Friends," and Wm. Fish discoursed on "Freshman Athletics." John P. Murphy evoked many rounds of laughter with his "Class Prophecy."

The regret of the class at the absence of Father Schumacher, the intended guest of honor, was voiced by Mr. Duncan and Mr. Rush. A number of impromptu addresses were given, a manly spirit of frank cordiality characterizing them all. The class of '12 is to be congratulated on the establishment of this precedent, and on the success with which this initial venture was carried out.