Dickens.

FRANCIS A. ZINK, '08.

Few hearts in all the world are charged so deep
With tender sympathy for mankind; few
Have had a larger love for all. His true,
Prolific mirth has lulled to gentle sleep
Fierce pain, and forced the sense of want to creep
From out the empty hearth. None better knew
Then these sad poor how great the joy he drew
From their soft hearts, or how he made them weep;
And now, as then, the selfsame cheer we find
Where'er Mirth comes with her all-potent charms;
Death, darkness, pain, must each and all give place
To her bewitching smile. The troubled mind
Shakes off dull care and sorrow's wild alarms
And all the ailments of a burdened race.

Iago.

COE A. MCKENNA, '10.

In Iago we have one of the greatest criminals that the master-mind of Shakespeare produced.
As a character of drama, this creation ranks high among the noted personages that make Shakespeare so realistic, and as a villain he occupies a place alone, even when considered with those many other characters of passion and violence that are so realistically portrayed in the Shakespearian tragedies.
He is not a theoretical being such as one is liable to imagine him to be: he can be seen any day on the streets of our large cities. How often it is that you see a man who at the first glance causes a chill of terror to creep over you; a man in whose cold, cruel eyes a lurking look of death appears, and you seem to feel, as you glance at him, that he is capable of doing even the worst of crimes. Men of Iago's type are daily perpetrating blood-thirsty crimes—crimes that are even worse than that which sent Desdemona and Othello to an unhappy death. When we think of the innumerable murders that within the last few years have mystified the police of the country, it is not unreasonable to believe Iago a real character.

Iago, the greatest of villains, was nevertheless the most intelligent character that Shakespeare has produced. In him we find brutality personified, protected by some screen that hides his heartless nature from the unsuspecting Othello and the loving Desdemona. So well guarded is his speech and so cleverly are his plans arranged that they place implicit confidence in him, call him "honest" and "worthy Iago," never once suspecting his treacherous plot till his villainous laugh proclaims his final triumph. It is his foresight and the manner in which he completely keeps his victims under his control that make Iago not only the greatest villain but the greatest intellect of all of Shakespeare's people.
As many men are born with a natural inclination for good, in just such a manner was Iago created with a love for the wicked. The crimes he committed were done not so much for revenge as to satisfy an inborn craving for wrong that is natural to some men. His mind was not poisoned by any action of Othello, but it was diseased by nature. Iago was too intelligent to believe that the Moor had wronged him, for he
himself tells us of the nobleness of the Moor's nature. In one place he says:

The Moor is of a free and open nature
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.

And in another place:

The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare say he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband.

Iago really felt no hatred for Othello, but only sought to harm him because of the wickedness of his corrupted nature, which made him have a thirst for killing others, or at least begot in him a passion which made him instinctively cruel toward others. He endeavors to satisfy his own mind that he has just reason for revenge, and is always trying to persuade himself that the Moor has wronged him. The few unnatural excuses are only the small matches which are necessary to start that combustible nature which soon becomes a raging flame. The same impetus which causes men to kill deer just for the pleasure of doing it, or that causes children to torture flies just to see them suffer, was the impetus that caused Iago to tell the lies that brought on murder and suicide. It may be said that Iago is an extreme instance of the kind; at least we must admit that he is the most subtle and intellectual devil we could imagine incarnate.

The play opens with Iago's plan of vengeance against the Moor. Cassio has been appointed second in command, a position which Iago thinks he ought to have. Roderigo, one of Desdemona's former suitors, is persuaded to assist Iago in his revenge. Already Iago has been making good use of Roderigo's money, for in his opening lines Roderigo says:

Thou Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine.

Iago's hatred because of Cassio's appointment has turned his mind to revenge against the Moor:

I follow him to serve my turn upon him.

A very characteristic speech of Iago's follows this when, after the marriage of Othello and Desdemona, he says to Roderigo:

Call up her father:
Rouse him (Othello), make after him, poison his delight,

Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsman,
And tho' he in fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies.

Roderigo in heart likes the Moor, but he has absolutely no self-will or reason whatever; he is completely under the influence of the smooth-tongued Iago. After the court-room scene, in which Othello so nobly defends himself, Roderigo is filled with remorse, but this is short-lived, for when he talks with Iago, so completely is he again won over that he sells his entire estate to raise the money Iago demands.

One of the most powerful passages in the play is that in which the whole plot is laid bare and in which Iago completely exposes his nature when he says:

Tho' I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life
I must show out a flag and a sign of love,
Which is indeed but a sign.

How truly he carries out all these evil purposes becomes more apparent the further the play proceeds. He is successful because of his apparently open nature. He stays with Othello only that his villainous purpose may be accomplished. He eats with the Moor and profits by his kindness only that he may have a better chance to enact his base designs. He conscientiously permits his lust for blood to have supremacy over his nobler qualities. We have reason to doubt whether Iago ever considered any distinction between good or evil; if he did he had no conception of human kindness. His mind was corrupt just as some apples are sour. His poisonous blood boiled at the pleasure of others; his own gaiety, such as it is, comes from the success of his villainous plots. When Othello and Desdemona meet after the storm with greetings of love and happiness, Iago says:

Oh, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make the noise
As honest as I am.

Iago gradually poisons the mind of Othello by lies so cleverly arranged as to fool even a more suspicious man than the Moor. He plays on all the chords that will serve to move Othello's heart, and he even uses Othello's own statements to work to his advantage. He is apparently frank and open-hearted, working always as it would seem to the Moor's interest. The last remark Brabantio, Desdemona's father, makes to Othello on parting is:
Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;  
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

Iago overheard this and knew what a lasting impression it must have made on Othello; he kept it hoarded up in that active brain of his; and when Othello commences to be swayed by his lies, he reminds him of his stepfather's final plea:

She deceived her father in marrying you.

This arouses the Moor's memory and comes as a death-blow to his faith in Desdemona. Iago gets his wife, Emilia, to steal from Desdemona a very precious handkerchief which the Moor has given her. This he drops where Cassio will find it. By telling Othello that Cassio has alienated the affections of Desdemona, which he renders more vivid by pertinent falsehoods, Iago gets Othello so inflamed that he can stand it no longer. A very characteristic dialogue here follows, in which is shown the treachery or cunningness of Iago. The Moor bursting with rage says:

I'll tear her to pieces.
IAGO.—Nay, but be wise, yet we see nothing done.  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,  
Have you not seen sometimes a handkerchief  
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?  
MOOR.—I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.  
IAGO.—I know not that: but such a handkerchief,—  
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with...

Othello—If it be that,  
IAGO.—If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

One of Iago's most famous speeches is known by almost every school child in the whole land:

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their soul:  
Who steals my purse steals trash: 'tis something nothing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he that stoles from me my good name,  
Rob's me of that which not enriches him  
And makes me poor indeed.

As a closing remark in this sketch of one of Shakespeare's greatest characters I can do no better than use the words of Charles Brandes, an eminent Shakespearian authority. Speaking of Iago he says: "There is more depth, more penetrating knowledge of human nature in this one character than in the whole of Macbeth. Iago is the very embodiment of the grand manner."

Syrinx.

H. A. Ledwidge, '09.

FRAIL reed that trembles in the summer breeze,  
Tell me the burden of its eery song!  
Does Pan, thy olden lover, overlong  
Make silver moan because his lays displease  
The Oreades whom he would fain appease,  
And bring together in a breathless throng,  
To hear his piping, swiftly loud and strong,  
Pulse with the passion of the rolling seas?

Or has Lyæus and his Menad crew  
With shouts of rapture, ringing through the dells  
Awakened Echo from her sleep anew,  
Till from her heaving bosom slowly wells  
A sigh for vain Narcissus, though he flew  
Long years ago across the mountain fields?

The cloven-footed god no longer calls  
Across the sacred stillness to his kind;  
No longer does his piping, on the wind  
Entice the nymphs to leave their barking walls.  
Pale Echo's wail on ears unheeding falls,  
And drifting dust is he for whom she pined.  
The golden days are past; no more ye-find  
Divinities within these leafy halls.

But yesterday there came a child whose mirth  
Floated like music on the breezes, clear  
And sounding like a rapturous rebirth  
Of that sweet piping which ye hold so dear;  
It filled the dusky glades as if no dearth  
Had left us sighing till we saw her here.

Farlow's Choice.

James J. Flaherty, '08.

Milton Farlow had been home from college just four weeks when he was summoned one afternoon to his father's office. He was told that in a few days he must take charge of a position in the West and build up a business career for himself. For Milton college days were over. He had received his degree from Yale, and the past month had been one round of pleasure and amusement. Being the son of a wealthy father, who had given his children the best that money could buy, Milton had grown up through his younger years without the slightest knowledge of what work or responsibility in the business world meant.

At an early age he was placed in the hands of private tutors and later sent to the
great university. Hitherto life had been one long day of amusement and travel to him when not in college, and his summers were spent beside the sea or amidst the glitter and festivities of fashionable resorts. To him the hard actualities of life were like a myth or a mere thought not to be taken seriously.

Though his father was wealthy he was a self-made man, priding himself upon the fact that his fortune was honestly acquired. By self-denial and sacrifice in early life he acquired sufficient funds to establish a brokerage business which grew larger each year, till now his holdings had passed the million mark. But his belief was always that if one were to succeed in life it rested with the man. Education was the best thing in the world, but he was strong in his opinion that its possessor must have determination to do things and to win.

For a long time he was aware of an intimacy between his son and Mildred Bates, but though he said nothing he knew his son was spending too much time in the girl's company; so he decided it was high time for Milton to be thinking of the future and to establish himself in business.

"For a long time I have been thinking," he said to his son, "of your future. I want you to go West and take charge of my affairs out there. You must give up all your old habits and start as I did without a cent. You have a good education, and by perseverance and determination you ought to be successful. Remember your diploma is only a sign of what you have done in the past. Duty must be your motto; place it above all things. You can be ready to go West in a few days."

As Milton sat that afternoon in the brilliant hall, his mind involuntarily wandered back to past years, his friends, his college days, and he wondered what the future would unravel to him. He took a hand in a game of pool with only a half-hearted interest. How could he leave Mildred Bates? How could he isolate himself in some small Western town, give up the gayety of the society life of Boston? Impossible! He must tear himself away from his associations, the club—Mildred Bates. He had known her before he was graduated, but she never seemed the same to him as during the past few weeks. She had provided amusements for him, and he was loath to leave her. He determined not to do his father's bidding until he obtained her promise to accompany him. He would call on her that evening and tell her all.

As he thus mused his attention was drawn to a man who shambled across the room. He bore marks of being a refined man, though his clothes were worn and threadbare. Dissipation had left its traces. That he was reared to something better than the bar-room and gaming table was evident. His entrance was a cue for Farlow to relieve his mind, so he engaged in conversation with the forlorn creature. Farlow found him to be a charming conversationalist, one who had travelled far and observed even the smallest things in life. His was an eventful career. First in one country, then in another, now on the sea, then in the wilds of a tropical clime, merely roaming about trying to forget. Once he was young and prosperous, the fond son of doting parents, "but," he said, "I placed other things before duty, and now you see the result. I met and wooed a girl, married her but only to have her prove false to me. I had never earned a dollar, and at first I hesitated; I stood between love and duty; I chose the former. My life has been a failure, given to drinking and gambling."

He finished his story and shuffled from the room.

"Between love and duty," rang in Milton's ears as he still sat in the hall and looked on at the players as the balls clicked and rolled over the green tables.

That night Milton received his instructions from his father, and the morning found him on his way to the boundless West.

"If she proves true, she will write," he thought, as the train rolled out of the station. But Farlow waited in vain, and he, too, learned to forget.
The coward shrinks beneath the weight of fears;
Life's burden and its curse;
The hero toils beneath the weight of years
And rules the universe.

A Rival Namesake.

Thomas A. Lahey, '11.

"By Jove, Frank, I must meet that eligible daughter of Mr. Morley's this evening. Through a little diplomacy on my part, I have succeeded in obtaining an invitation to the grand ball which they are holding, and if I but once become acquainted with the young lady, I will strain all my powers to make her mine. Funds are low now, you know, and she is certainly a brilliant catch. You appreciate my ability in that line, old fellow. She must submit to my charms, for I am determined to win her."

In this manner Percy Wydette addressed his friend as they walked across the thoroughfare of the thriving city of Seton. The elderly companion smiled slightly, as he recalled the numerous love affairs which had so frequently entangled this youth in their meshes, and the unfortunate endings which always accompanied them.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"You have my best wishes, I am sure," his friend replied, as he was about to turn an adjoining corner. "She is certainly the heiress of a considerable pile, and your bank account would not suffer any by the addition of a million or so."

Percy, encouraged by the approval of his friend, hastened towards the old mansion which was already aglow with light, fully determined to win the beautiful young heiress, whom he had until now only dared to admire from a distance.

George Rasleigh, the most popular young man of his set, stood within the entrance of the hallway, the centre of a crowd of joking youths of various ages. His wealth, appearance and attractive manners had won for him the young lady's open regard, and it was generally believed that he would certainly be the next master of the Morley mansion. Percy had heard the report, and with his usual rashness determined to begin operations by being introduced through the lover himself.

"How in the world did you manage to come here?" asked George, jokingly, in reply to his request. "You are not personally acquainted with the young lady."

"Pardon me," Percy replied, in the most dignified tone he could assume, "but I am an intimate and valued friend of her parents, and they desire that we have the mutual pleasure of becoming acquainted."

George, bowing slightly with that queer expression on his face which usually meant something, retired, and in a few moments the two returned talking very earnestly. Percy received the introduction with an elaborate display of studied gracefulness, and immediately proceeded in his own peculiar way to monopolize the conversation.

Many marvelled that the beautiful and popular young heiress should abandon the company of her distinguished guests in order to publicly show her affection for a penniless snob and worthless fop, as they expressed it. Even George, who was always welcome, tried to approach her upon three different occasions, but each time he was coldly repulsed, and Percy from his vantage point at her side rejoiced within himself exceedingly. Realizing his power of attraction he gave it full play, and the bewitching smile and delicate compliments which she showered upon him satisfied the youth that she was hopelessly in love. It was with the greatest difficulty that he finally tore himself from her presence, yet he was partially consoled by the possession of the beautiful rose which had nestled in her hair during the evening, and the knowledge that she had asked him to visit her the next afternoon.

Undisturbed sleep was impossible after such an evening, for those dreamy eyes and that beautiful countenance seemed ever present with him. A hundred times during the night they walked together under the arched trees of the old mansion; a hundred times he told her of the love which was
burning within him, and a hundred times did she answer that he alone should be the light of her life. Suddenly the whir, whir of an alarm clock rang upon his ears, and he awoke to the sad reality that it was only a dream.

The sudden change so disconcerted him that for the space of a full half hour he conducted himself so absent-mindedly as to evoke a dissertation concerning insane asylums from his ordinarily meek landlady. Yet Percy was extremely happy, for would he not be with her again in a few hours? This thought had such an effect upon him, that he completed his elaborate toilet to the air of the most popular love-songs of the day, which made the landlady smile in a knowing manner, for she felt certain now that he was not crazy, but only love-sick.

With a light heart he sought out a café where his credit was still good, and seating himself in a concealed corner sent in his order. The memories of the preceding night so crowded in upon him as to bring on a brown study from which even the savory odor of a delicious meal was unable to arouse him. Gradually, however, he became dimly conscious of those same low, musical tones which had so thrilled him but the night before. Yes, it was she. Percy blushed and hid himself behind his newspaper.

His eyes sparkled and a smile gradually overspread his countenance at the words she was uttering:

"Oh, Mary, did I tell you about my new sweetheart? He has the most beautiful eyes and such lovely curly hair. I could not refuse Percy anything, Oh, I do love him so much."

Percy was so completely overcome with emotion, that for a few moments he sat there, unmindful of everything and everybody. When he had recovered sufficiently from his joyous intoxication to realize where he was and what had happened, they had gone; but still her words rang upon his ears in all their original tenderness of expression—"I could not refuse Percy anything." "Could not?" then he would go immediately, remind her of the words spoken in the café and ask her to be his forever, the companion of his heart and the sole possessor of his love. Ten minutes later, a smiling servant ushered him into the young lady's presence.

"I see that I am not unexpected," he said accepting the proffered chair. The blush which suffused her face at this remark was not lost upon the eager-young man who saw in it a very hopeful sign. Remembering the rosebud which now nestled near his palpitating heart he recognized in her apparent embarrassment the coquette endeavoring to hide a love which refuses to be silent. He paused abashed, and for the first time wavered in his determination.

Yet it only needed the magic charm of her eyes, half concealed though they were by the long lashes, to arouse the slumbering eloquence of his youthful soul. Falling upon his knees before her, he pored forth his love in an impassioned appeal: he reminded her of her words concerning him in the café; he told her of his undying love for her, of the necessity of her love to the happy continuance of his own life, and waxing eloquent, crowned his plea by offering himself as the faithful husband of her affections and the protector of her fortunes.

Perspiring and happy he knelt there awaiting the acceptance which he knew must come. Her lips quivered with suppressed emotion, and a far-away look crept into the beautiful blue eyes. Percy smiled encouragingly, and waited calmly until she could control her feelings sufficiently for the answer.

"My poor boy," she said, speaking only with the greatest effort, "my poor boy, the love which was unconsciously revealed to you this afternoon by my words I again acknowledge before you. I can not but make it known, though I would be silent."

"My dear"—but before, he could utter another word a little French poodle dashed into the room, and lay at the feet of its mistress wagging its tail in an excess of joy. Holding the animal in her arms she smiled slightly: "Allow me, sir, to introduce my new sweetheart, Percy. Good afternoon." His French namesake barked a little bark of approval, but the slamming of a door announced the youth's sudden departure and spared them the imprecations hurled at the dog. A week later Percy read the announcement of the wedding of Miss Morley and Mr. George Ralseigh, and again he called down vengeance upon the innocent little poodle dog.
Home.

JOHN A. BEYERS, '11.

A VISIT to that dear old place
Would fill my soul with joy,
Although I could not see the face
I loved when but a boy.

I see the little cottage white,
With mother in the door;
The barnyard scene was my delight
Just for a year or more.

Now many years have passed since first
I left my dear old home
To satisfy that longing thirst
Which was in me to roam.

The whole wide world I now have seen,
But nothing can compare
With home and mother as its queen:
I wish she now were there.

"It Might Have Been."

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

Mrs. Holton finished her frugal evening repast and again set the little table in her accustomed way. Opposite her own seat she placed a cup and saucer, plate, knife and fork. Not that she awaited the home-coming of a belated member of the family, but as a continual reminder of her absent boy, Charlie, for whom she had looked and.longed for twelve years past. She then went into her small sitting-room where a bright fire blazed, for the seasons had once more made their round and winter again ruled with undisputed sway.

Mrs. Holton was a widow. Pestilence had taken from her those whom she held most dear—a beloved husband and two affectionate children, aged ten and fourteen years. She was now all alone in the world except for her eldest son, Charlie, for whom she had pined and wept all these long years. Charlie had left home to join the army before misfortune had deprived her of her loved ones, and had never returned. For the first two years not a month passed without a letter from him. Since that time there came never a word to say whether he was alive or dead. Her husband had always believed his son dead, but she firmly trusted that the same Providence that had deprived her of her husband’s care would restore her son to her. How well she remembered the day when, in company with her husband and the two "little ones," all now sleeping in the little graveyard just across the road from her own door, she went to the station to see Charlie off. How commanding he looked in his uniform of blue. Surely he would be a general some day. How he folded her in his arms and said: "I shall return to you, mother, when the war is over. My country needs me now, mother, but I shall come back to you some day."

She seated herself near a window overlooking the road down which she had so often gazed in expectation of Charlie. The sifting snow against the panes and the soft murmur of the steaming kettle soon lulled the aching heart to rest. The golden rays of the setting sun broke through a rift in the clouds and rested upon the weary head as if in blessing. Outside in the little churchyard the shifting shuttle of the wind was gently weaving a pure white coverlet from the falling snow over the graves of the loved ones sleeping there.

Ah! there down the road comes Charlie at last. Surely her eyes do not deceive her. He is still dressed in his soldier’s uniform. How manfully he bears himself and how stately is his step. She would know him among a whole regiment of soldiers. At last her weary waiting is at an end. A loud rap at the door roused her from her slumber. Could it be that she had only been dreaming? No, it certainly must be Charlie. She hastened to the door to welcome him.

"O uncle," she cried as she recognized the figure in the doorway, "I thought Charlie had come."

"What! Charlie come on such a night as this!" exclaimed the old man, a relative who was making a friendly call.

"Well, uncle," she replied, vainly endeavoring to conceal the utter desolation that filled her mother's heart, "you know it might have been."
The Cry of a Sensitive Soul.

R. T. COFFEY, '10.

WHY call him mad? Why look with scornful eyes
Upon the man whose quaking soul cries out
In pain beneath the world's cruel, stinging knout?
Perhaps deep in that trembling soul, there lies,
Unseen, the scars brought from some well-Avon field
Where thou, proud one, would faint and yield.

A Prairie Episode.

FRANK X. CULL, '09.

Under the blistering glare of an Arizona
sun two drooping figures on horseback
slowly made their way across the baked
soil of the prairie. With their wide-brimmed
hats pulled closely down to shelter their
necks and shoulders from the tormenting
glow, they stoically withstood the sweltering
heat. Not a breath of air stirred save
a visible haze rising from the parched and
fissured earth. All day they had braved
that blazing sun, and now, as though
balked of its purpose, it seemed to be
giving vent to a final effort to scorch
them off the landscape.

Long ago they had given up any effort
at directing their steeds, and indeed the
jaded creatures needed no guidance; with
reins trailing from their necks, and with
low-hung heads, they plodded faithfully
onwards. Both horses and riders appeared
as though the last ounce of spirit had been
seared from their souls.

The foremost horseman seemed even more
dejected, if possible, than the other. His
bowed face, burned to a deep tan, almost
copperish in hue, bore the indubitable marks
of the man of the prairie. He wore yellow
corduroys, leggings, and a badly used blue
flannel shirt, spread wide at the throat to
allow free play, to his sinewy neck and
shoulders. His great hands, manacled at
the wrists, proclaimed him a prisoner in
the toils of the law.

His companion was dressed in much the
same attire, and bore a Winchester rifle
thrown over the pommel of his saddle.
Save for an occasional glance at his captive
he remained immobile in his seat, scarcely
swaying with the motion of his horse.

The silence had remained unbroken for
hours. Strange it sounded then when the
prisoner opened his parched lips and
remarked: "Must be almost there now, Bob." The sheriff raised his head and looked
about him as one aroused from a dream.

"Ye, not more'n two or three miles
now, I reckon," he replied, and then as
though overcome by this bit of loquacious-
ness he lowered his head and resumed his
drearly statuesque pose. But the other seemed
inclined to continue the conversation.

"Wonder what they'll do with me!" he
queried with a note of suggestiveness in
his voice.

"Hard tellin'," was the sheriff's noncom-
mittal reply. Then after a pause: "The
boys are pretty much worked up over this
rustlin' business. They may make trouble."

Unsatisfied but resigned, the horse-thief
resumed his silence. On they plodded for
a mile or more. Then at a little rise in
the ground the sheriff uttered a gasp of
dismay. Instantly both stopped and peered
straight ahead in the direction of the town.
Far down in the distant haze they descried
a body of horsemen coming toward them
at a gallop.

"Just as I expected," growled the officer
angrily. "They expect us, and are out to
meet us. It's you they want, Pete, an' they
mean business."

Together they sat, sheltered from view
by the foothill, and watched the troop rapidly
taking shape in the distance. Both were
wide-awake and alert now. The prisoner
stared calmly at his oncoming assailants,
ever betraying so much as a quiver of
emotion. His steel blue eyes and set lips
gave defiance to the danger. For some
moments neither spoke, then the captive
turned to his companion.

"Looka here, Bob, there's ten to one
here, an' there's no use in showin' fight. I
guess I can pay. You let 'em have me."

For answer the sheriff quietly looked to
the magazine of his rifle, closing it with
an ominous snap.

Nearer drew the cavalcade, plainly visible
now, scarcely a mile off. They were riding
three abreast, and numbered about twenty.

"Come now, Bob," protested the prisoner
earnestly, "there ain't no use burnin' good
powder. We haven' a ghost of a 'show. They'll get me, anyways. I ain't skeered of a bullet or a noose either."

The officer pondered for a moment, seemingly wavering between acquiescence and resolution. Then wheeling sharply about he spoke quickly and decisively.

"Pete, I can't see no use in sacerfisin' your life for horse stealin'. You ain't done nothin' worse as I heard tell of. Now I'm goin' to cut you loose, and you clear out of here, mighty quick. But mind, the best thing you can do is ride down to Yellow Gulch an' give yourself up. The militia's there, an' the boys can't get you. If you don't,—well, I'll get you, anyways."

So saying, he swiftly released the manacles. The liberated prisoner sat in his saddle as one struck dumb.

"Beat it now," ordered the sheriff, "an' mind what I tell you. Will you do it?"

"I'm goin' sure," was the response, and a moment later the horse-thief was fast disappearing in a cloud of dust on the backward trail. For a moment the sheriff gazed after the fleeing form, and then turned forward toward the approaching troop.

As they neared, a decided commotion became apparent among the body. They stopped within a few yards of him, disappointment and chagrin written on every face.

"Where's your man?" one of them asked.

"Missed him," was the laconic response. "Missed him!" The men looked at one another in consternation. Bob Cummins missed his man! That was a casualty hitherto unheard of.

The sheriff started to move on. Crestfallen and depressed, the horsemen reluctantly turned about and rode into town in silence. Two hours later the sheriff of Sangamon County was called away from a poker game in the Lone Hand Saloon to meet a visitor outside.

"Good evenin', Ed," was the greeting he received.

"Evenin', sir." The officer took the proffered hand. And then the Honorable Edward P. Banks, Esq., gave a gulp that threatened to take in his copious quid of Bull-Dog Twist as he heard this confession:

"Lock me up, Ed. I'm Red Pete, wanted hyar abouts for horse stealin',"
superior advantages as something fiduciary in nature—a trust for which he owes the world a duty in return. Every educated man should use his faculties in such a way as to be productive of the general good of his fellowmen. It behooves us then, as students and citizens, to take up these problems, study them out and solve them to the best of our ability, in order that we be prepared to assert our convictions in the cause of right when the time comes to approach the ballot-box.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08
FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08
IGNATIUS E. MCKEENE, '09
JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08
EDWARD M. KENNEDY, '08
FRANCIS X. CULL, '09
GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10
RICHARD COLLINTINE, '09
HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09
WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
VARNUM A. PARISH, '09
JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08
JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08
ROBERT L. SÄLEY, '08
OTTO A. SCHMID, '09
COE A. MCKENNA, '10
EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09
PETER E. HEBERT, '10

The country is just now in a state of agitation anticipating the coming presidential election. Statesmen and public-spirited men are busyng themselves with important questions of the day, studying and publishing campaign tracts, considering platforms, and so on, in preparation for the campaign. The newspapers are printing column after column of political matter, and the great battle is already on in the world without.

We here in our college live in a world of our own, apart from the struggle and moil of business and politics. Engaged in educational pursuits, we are too prone to be forgetful of those powerful forces which are struggling for mastery in the great world where we must soon take an active part. Nevertheless, these questions are of vital interest to us as citizens and students. When after leaving college we take our places in the world, we will be looked to for guidance to a large extent in these matters. The world recognizes education. A great deal more is expected from a college graduate than from the ordinary citizen. He is the man who is expected to lead the way; and he should regard his

Public Debate and Public Opinion. It is a splendid practice, which prevails within our universities throughout the country, by which the most important suggestions toward national advancement are thoroughly discussed before the public. Such debates teach men the importance of striving for the best; they school them in the current economic and social problems which vitally affect the community at large, and so help to advance the standard of national education; and, finally, they show men how to choose and weigh and balance arguments;
and so, with this work going on, we begin to have a reasoning multitude of truth-seeking citizens and not a mass of unthinking reformers.

For this other reason—incidental, it would seem, rather than intentional—let us encourage public debates wherever we can; and let us hope that their importance will be more noticeably appreciated by those who should be active in the formation of our national principles.

—Just now, while the spirit of reform is sweeping over the country, would it not be well for people to take notice of some of the so-called literature that The Popular is flooding the market? Much Novel. of it is trash and is not worth the time spent in reading it, yet how many people, especially the young, dote over the latest hero or heroine. Even in the libraries of homes do we find prominence given to just such books that our grand-folks considered trash. Yet if we ask the popular novel reader, who has finished the "latest out" before it is even commented upon by critics, he will say that such works as Shakespeare, Dickens, etc., smack too much of Puritanism or are too ancient, that the plots are too staid and common. He has not learned to realize that for the right kind of mental enjoyment he must turn to just such ancient "stuff." The entertainment afforded by present-day masters of the art of writing may satisfy a large circle of readers, but it must be noted that present-day masters are not necessarily those whose mastery is to stand the test of the ages. Literature is a thing that is permanent.

—With the time drawing near for the republican convention, Yale and Cornell have again entered the lists as rivals,—this time not in oratory, or debating, or athletics, but in politics.

A Variation in College Rivalry. Each school has a representative in the candidacy, and naturally enough each has hopes its candidate will pluck the coveted plum. This new kind of rivalry between the two schools points out two things: The first is that in political strife, among college men as well as elsewhere, even the choice of a presidential nominee depends upon something more personal than individual worth; the second is that there exists a certain invisible fraternal bond between men of the same school. It is altogether probable that the majority of the students of both these great eastern universities know neither Taft nor Hughes personally, yet they are the most zealous enthusiasts that either man can claim among his following. Every man of both universities considers it a personal victory and a laurel for his school if his choice be successful, and as this idea, which certainly has not been brought about through personal interest, must have come through a love of Alma Mater, it goes to show that college days give us more than mere learning. There is established that mutual bond of fraternal feeling which in later years is not only of personal satisfaction but may be of personal value.

—Scarcely had the roar of farewell cannons died away, saluting the fleet on its departure for the Pacific, when the Department of the Navy was plunged into a turmoil of excitement. The publication of an article in McClure's Magazine, criticising the Bureau System and the work of the department in the construction of battleships, started the controversy. Henry Reuterdahl was the man with the muck-rake, charging in his article that our battleships are gravely defective in construction. The powder magazines were so placed as to greatly increase the danger of explosions. Torpedoes and torpedo crafts were unsatisfactory. The sailors were not skilled in battle tactics, and finally the unbusiness-like methods of the bureau caused a yearly waste of several millions, enough to build two battleships.

No new, unheard of charges were made. Official reports had recognized the charges long before; yet nothing was done. But publicity, the circulation of the charges among the public, and this at the psychological moment, when the navy was in the lime-light of national interest, gave the charges a new meaning and a sensational interest and power which aroused the
bureau officials to action. A stir resulted. Uneasiness might well be felt, because Congress, at present in session, will probably investigate matters, and perchance it might do something. For once, however, the charges are not against individuals; they do not disclose graft or corruption, but rather they are directed against and disclose the unbusiness-like methods employed.

Jefferson once said he would rather live in a land that boasted a good press and no government than in one having a government and no publicity. In this case publicity set the ball rolling. It brought the case before the people and showed them the state of affairs. The weakness of the system had been known before to the men on the "inside," but nothing was done to remedy affairs until the press began its work of dissemination. Now that investigation has begun, a more business-like method may be substituted. At least, let us hope such will be the case. Doubtless Jefferson was right on the influence of the press for good or evil. Journalism is far from perfection in America, but it does much good and is capable of much better. The good results accruing from the navy investigation is a benefit to all America. It will at least show the voter what is being done with the money paid as taxes, and a great part of the credit therefore is due to the press.

—Of the various influences in our colleges that go to establish good fellowship there is perhaps none to surpass that of the song.

There seems to be a magnetic force in the song which draws hearts together, which creates sameness of spirit, unity of aim and conformity of action. Milton has told us that "Song charms the sense," and we think him quite right in his opinion. There is no one who can listen to the airs of our national songs, or to the warbling melodies of the little birds, whose senses will not be so charmed that he will be forced to give expression to feelings of love and good cheer. Such expressions tend to foster that spirit of brotherhood and geniality that should permeate the life of every college son.

At the present time when State clubs are being organized and becoming so general in our colleges, members of such clubs should endeavor to produce a number of songs as would manifest the spirit of the society. If when on our vacations, or when we are graduated and out in the cold world, we should meet a member of our old State Club, what could afford us greater pleasure than to be able to join him in an old-time song that once bespoke the spirit of our college days? It is for this reason that we exhort our college students to compose more songs. The method of doing so is easy, and the task is not so difficult. Model your song after some national or popular air, and make it as "ketchy" as possible.

—The recent killing of the Chicago police officers while engaged in the discharge of their duties has brought forcibly before the attention of the public the growing disregard which a certain class of individuals has shown in respect for those entrusted with the preservation of law and order in our municipalities. What is true of our cities may be also applied to the country at large. This state of affairs is due, in a large measure, as has been stated, to the lack of moral and religious training in the educational system which is in vogue in our country, a system which trains the minds of our youth but neglects absolutely the heart. In spite of this fact much of the mischief may also be laid at the doors of the modern corporations. Americans, as a class, are the most law-abiding citizens in the world, but the example which some of our corporations are laying down for their brethren finds rich soil in many who lack that strengthening and elevating influence which is formed by honest industrial enterprises. It is high time that those in the higher positions of commercial development should recognize the duties which they owe to society and act accordingly. When corporate interests begin to respect the law and the vehicles of the law, purity in city, state and national politics shall have taken a long stride forward, and obedience to recognized authority shall not be a by-word among men.
"The Rivals" at Notre Dame.

We shall never again believe that thirteen is an unlucky number, for the 13th of January this year added another to the bright traditions of Washington Hall. There was no whisper beforehand of the treat that was in store for us, and perhaps this was why it was so fully enjoyed. Moreover, we are informed that the performance of "The Rivals" by Joseph and William Jefferson and their brilliant company was complimentary, and was intended as a tribute to the faculty and students of the University.

"The Rivals" of Richard Brinsley Sheridan is a classic of English comedy, and "The Rivals" of the late Joseph Jefferson is even more laughter-provoking. Some of the more formal dialogues have been omitted, and the more comic scenes, while still kept to the classic standard, have been elaborated to such an extent as to intensify the laughter without losing the spirit of the original.

Mr. William Jefferson, inheritor of his ever-lamented father's genius for refined and irresistible humor, naturally holds the centre of the stage. A hundred delicate touches throughout the performance show how perfectly he has remembered, and many other touches prove that his own original power is of classic quality. It was impossible to look at "Bob Acres" either at rest or in motion without laughing.

Joseph Jefferson's "Sir Lucius" is also a wonderful bit of interpretation. It is a perfectly typical Irish soldier of fortune that he portrays. Delicate shades of interpretation here and there bespeak the artist, and one can not too much admire the restraint, the delicious flavor (it is not a brogue), of the speech, the mixture of pugnacity and gentility revealed in this part.

Mr. Richard Lyle was an admirable "Sir Anthony." The angularities, the frenzied outbursts, the paternal tyrannies of the old man are blended in a wonderful way with the "human nature" of the character. Whether the mood was irascible or jocular it was always well rendered.

Mr. Leopold Lane played the interesting rôle of "Jack." Gifted with a superb presence, a resonant voice, a remarkable distinctness of enunciation and above all a flexibility of spirit that responds promptly to varying emotions, Mr. Lane was a most satisfying "Captain Absolute." His work shows experience, culture and sympathy.

The part of "Falkland," especially in the Jefferson adaptation, is a difficult one to play successfully, because there is so little in it except what the personality of the player can put into it. Mr. John Dillon kept the rôle in due subordination without ever missing a single nuance of interpretation.

The "David" of the play is a gorgeous creation, and gorgeously did Mr. Lawrence Windom render it. Farcical laughter wiggled in his walk, rolled in his eye, radiated from his make-up and fell with a dull thud in his ponderous speech. David was great!

The "Fag" of Mr. Roger Burnham was in keeping with the rest of the cast. It is a sprightly part, and the brilliant young actor gave it just the right touch and the right importance.

And the ladies—oh! the delightful "Mrs. Malaprop!" It would seem as though the part had been created for Miss Loretta Wells. The traditional rendering was enriched with fresh "language" and original bits of action here and there, and the whole was a memorable reading of the lines. "Mrs. Malaprop" was indeed Malapropically done.

Miss Roberta Brennan was called upon to interpret the part of "Lydia Languish" as well as "Lucy" on account of the illness of Miss Blanche Bender. There is a very special charm about the acting of Miss Brennan. She has cultivated art without losing naturalness; and the absence of mannerism makes her work very impressive. Miss Brennan captivated us all.

In fine the day was a memorable one, and the echo of the laughter still bursts on one's ears occasionally as the fellows in little groups here and there go over the play in memory. The kindly actors, we are told, found the audience responsive and sympathetic. On our part, let us assure them that their names are associated in our memory with one of the freshest and most delightful afternoons of our lives. So, Messrs. Jefferson, here's to you and your family, and your associates and their families, and may you all live long and prosper!
Lecture on Labrador.

On Saturday, Jan. 11, Clifford E. Easton lectured on his trip through Labrador. The story was interesting inasmuch as any attempt at exploring the country is fraught with great difficulty, as was the case when Mr. Eastman and his party endeavored to reach parts of the interior with which the civilized world is entirely unfamiliar. The story of danger which served as a unifying thread of description for the series of stereopticon views was interesting and in a measure instructive. Mr. Easton's special exhibit of trophies of his trip was peculiarly attractive and entertaining; among the articles shown was a genuine esquimo whip thirty-five feet in length.

Reading by Bertha K. Baker.

The reading of the famous comedy Cyrano de Bergerac by Bertha K. Baker in Washington Hall Wednesday afternoon was both instructive and interesting. With an exceedingly deep and clear voice for a woman she was able to score a success in both the male and female roles of the play. Many bursts of applause greeted her dramatic delineation, and her cleverly contrasted characters enabled the listeners to follow the plot with ease. Cyrano de Bergerac is one of the most famous of modern comedies, and the number of separate characters introduced at the outset of the play makes it difficult as a reading; but our reader soon overcame the difficulties, and in a number of powerful scenes very cleverly demonstrated her ability.

Athletic Notes.

Notre Dame, 66; South Bend C. A. C., 2.

The Varsity basket-ball team opened the season Wednesday night by defeating the South Bend C. A. C. by the score of 66 to 2. The city team never had a look in, and the Varsity scored at will. The work of Dubuc and Maloney was especially noticeable; both men made several brilliant field goals. The team work displayed by the Varsity showed that Coach Maris has not been idle in the short time the men have been out, and judging from the whirlwind manner in which the five disposed of the first game the chances look bright for their winning the majority of games on the schedule. At several periods of the game two passes, never more than three, were all that was necessary for a basket. The work of the entire team was all that could be asked, and for the first time in years Notre Dame has a basket-ball team that classes with the best in the country.

Although Manager McGannon has not as yet completed the basket-ball schedule he has arranged games with Wabash College, Detroit Y. M. C. A., Lake Forest, Lewis Institute, and Kalamazoo. Owing to the fact that he was compelled to start work on the schedule late, he is having a hard time to get games, as most of the college schedules are already made out.

Notre Dame
Line-Up.

Dubuc          R. F.          Talcott
Maloney        L. F.          J. Harris
Burke, Wood    C.            Burgman
Scanlon        L. G.          Beaudway
Boyle, Wood    R. G.          L. Harris

Field goals—Maloney, 10; Dubuc, 10; Wood, 8; Scanlon, 2. Free throws—Maloney, 6; Talcott, 1; Burgman, 1. Referees—Farrell and Kasper.

The second team defeated Corby Hall by the score of 22 to 4 as a curtain raiser to the Varsity game. Fish and Kennedy of the second team carried away the individual honors, although every man on the team gave indication of Varsity calibre.

Baseball.

Coach Curtis issued the first call for Varsity baseball candidates on Tuesday. About thirty men answered the call, and it is expected that at least twenty more will make a try for the team. Of last year's team still in school and who are eligible to play are Capt. Brogan, third base; Bonham left field; McKee, centre; Dubuc, right field and pitcher; "Dreams" Scanlon, pitcher; Ray Scanlon, catcher; and "Jimmie" Cooke, catcher. The wealth of last year's second team men and inter-hall stars on hand to fill up the vacant places on the team, assures the success of this season's Varsity. Such men as Centliver, Fish, Daniels, Phillips, Kelley, Maloney, Burke, Dodge, Boyd, Ryan,
McDonald and Munson of football fame, are all of Varsity calibre besides a score of other good men who are out. Coach Curtis will remain with the team until school closes as he finishes a course in law next June and will not join New York until after school.

The eastern trip has been approved by the faculty, and will be made some time in May. The first game will be played with Western Reserve, and then following in order, the Varsity will meet Niagara, Syracuse, Williams, Dartmouth, Amherst or Harvard, Holy Cross, Fordham, Columbia and Georgetown. The at-home games will run clear up to Commencement, as school does not let out this year until June 15, and the majority of games will be played after the eastern trip. It is the intention of the management to cut out the minor games this year, and if possible play only the large schools in the West. As yet the schedule has not been announced, but will be in a few weeks.

**TRACK.**

Coach Maris has about twenty-five men working on the track daily and predicts a good team this season. Of last year's squad still in school there are Captain Keach, Moriarty, Washburn, O'Leary, Cripe, Woods, Roth, Scales, McDonough, Schmitt and Duffy. The fall meet this year brought out several good men who appear to be Varsity stuff.

Such men as Devine, middle-distance man; Hebenstreit, sprints; Parish, Scholl, Roach, long distance, and several others who were not out this fall, are all working hard, and all show great promise. Arrangements are under way for a dual meet with Wisconsin and also Purdue. There is still some talk of another triangular meet with Indiana and Wabash, but the chances are that the meet will not be held.

The State meet will be here this year, some time in May. Cartier Field received a good "going over" last fall, but before the meet is pulled off, the track will receive a new covering and the field in general will get a "fixing up."

The basketball team meets Kalamazoo to-night in the Gym.
Local Items.

—In our personal column to-day John F. Shea and the members of his class are assigned to the year '04,—the figures should be '06.

—Season tickets for basket-ball are now on sale and may be presented for admission to-night when the Varsity meets Kalamazoo in the first intercollegiate contest of the year.

—The Brownson reading-room has taken on a cheerful air since the painters and electricians have completed their work of renovation. The lighting is now all that could be desired.

—The recent fall of snow has materially lessened the delights of skating which were so popular during the first week of the month. For a while the ice was all that could be desired.

—Preparations have been commenced for the presentation of plays during the coming months. The Philopatrians present their annual play on St. Patrick's Day. The upper class men will appear later.

—The Knights of Columbus have on their list a large number of students who are candidates for admission to the society on the occasion of the next exemplification of degree work which is set for January 26.

—On Friday, the 24th, Guy Carlton Lee is scheduled to lecture before the students. He is one of America's best essayists, and is well known as a contributor to current magazines. Opie Read will follow him on the 18th of February.

—Professor Monaghan, who conducted our course in Economics and History during the first semester, is now engaged in lecturing in various cities in the state of Wisconsin; he is succeeded in his work at the University by Dr. M. Walsh, C. S. C.

—An attempt has been made to organize a local chess club. The purpose is to develop players who may be able to participate in inter-collegiate contests next year. A few practice games have been played by beginners in the Brownson reading-room.

—On Saturday, Feb. 1st, there will be examinations in the Arithmetic classes, Mathematics A, B, C, D, E, H, Algebra I, Analytic Geometry and Science A and B. On the following Monday there will be an organization of the classes intended as a continuation of these subjects.

—The members of the Senior Class have enough to keep them busy at this time of the year. Besides the regular studies scheduled for their course they are engaged in preparing copy for the Dome, participat-