Thanksgiving.

JOSEPH E. CYPRIAN.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessing earth displays,
We owe great thankfulness and praise,
To Thee, Who givest all.

The golden sunshine, balmy air,
Sweet flowers, fruits, Thy love declare.
Where harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Thou God, Who givest all.

An Appreciation of Thomas Hood.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

You have seen no doubt, sometime or other, in the course of a country walk, a tiny violet growing close to the edge of the dusty highroad; and later you have noticed, if you were observant, that the little flower was choked with dust, and that the heedless hurry of the multitude had put an end to its short existence. It lived only long enough to diffuse a breath of fragrance over its common surroundings, and to cheer the eyes of a few passers-by. Just such an existence was Thomas Hood's; such his modest, fragrant service; such his untimely end. Striving to acquire a livelihood by pandering to the whims and fancies of the London rabble, this poet of the poor was unable to give to the world the beauty and wealth of his noblest thoughts. Like the violet he grew up under adverse circumstances. Pinching poverty and the demands of an illiterate populace sullied the beauty of his thought, and, in consequence, he is remembered chiefly for his clever punning and ready wit. But in the few real poems of his that time has treasured, we breathe a fragrance as of the violet.

"I must sing, I must grin, I must tumble; I must turn language head over heels and leap through grammar. To make laughs is my calling." To some these words signify that it was Hood's desire to play the clown rather than the poet and instructor. But to the reader that understands the unfavorable conditions under which he wrote, the lines have a far deeper and sadder significance, for they tell the story of his poverty. Reading the lines as the poet wrote them, "I must sing, I must grin, I must tumble," etc., we readily understand that grim necessity required him to be a humorist.

It seems almost incredible that he—an invalid during the whole of his life—could have written verses which teem with the cheerfulness of youth. In addition to the discomfort of his crippled condition, he had to endure the anxiety and reverses that wait on poverty. Yet of all the lines he wrote, not even one whimper a complaint. Nor is he self-exalting, for there is not a line that boasts of his patience. If he mentions his misfortunes he turns them into a "laughing apology for not being ready with his expected supply of wit." Even when he was made penniless by the failure of a firm in which he held a financial interest, he refused to be conquered by grief and discouragement, and remarked that he "had to be a lively Hood to gain a livelihood." It is this nobleness of courage and this complete forgetfulness of self that command our warmest admiration for Hood. He was naturally witty, and the public of his time was aware of it. Hence, it demanded a continuous flow of wit in his verses. His poverty necessitated his meeting the demand, and therein was the preventative to higher attainments.
Hood frequently utilized the pun as a source of humor, but his genius in handling it often transformed it into genuine wit, as is the case in Faithless Sally Brown.

O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so?
But never such a blow!

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing, "All's well,"
But could not though he tried;
His head was turned and so he chewed
His pigtail till he died.

His death which happened in his berth
At forty odd befell;
They went and told the sexton
And the sexton tolled the bell.

These stanzas,—the four closing ones of the ballad,—are sufficient to give an idea of the general tone of the poem. Each abounds in humor and in puns, yet the humor never becomes dry nor the punning monotonous.

In Faithless Nelly Gray,
Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Nelly Gray, not caring to share her life with a man who had "both legs in the grave," refused Ben Battle's offer of marriage.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope did he entwine,
And for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

And so we read Hood's lighter verses and never tire of "threading through the maze of his inexhaustible puns." A Parental Ode to My Son, Aged Three Years and Five Months, Morning Meditations, Truth in Parenthesis, and Sally Simpkin's Lament, are a number of ballads of like character to Faithless Nelly Gray, and they, too, abound in sport and joviality. They merit admiration all the more from the fact that their author was a man "with dark, sad eyes set in a pale and pain-worn, yet tranquil face, with an expression of suffering about his mouth that told of weakness and disease. This is the author who would have us learn that the sense of humor is the ever-ready remedy for ills, the best safeguard against an arrogant nature, and the greatest incentive to submit with patience to the trials of life. Surely Thomas Hood, unlike many preachers, practised his teachings faithfully. So oblivious was he to his own suffering, that he lived in another world,—a world far different from his world of reality.

Yet this writer of so much humor was not without his serious moods. Indeed his fame,—what little the world has grudgingly given him,—rests not upon his humorous verses but rather upon those written when great thoughts came to his mind and unheard melodies entranced him. It is these productions that will last when his lighter verses shall have been forgotten. The Song of the Shirt, Eugene Aram, and The Bridge of Sighs no one will call ephemeral. And so it is to be regretted that the poet whose genius produced works of this class had to devote the greater part of his time to what was frivolous and transient.

Hood saw his own mistake only when the greater part of his life had been spent. "Had I foreseen, indeed, some five and thirty years ago that such a demand would be made upon me, I might have laid myself out on a purpose, as Dr. Watt recommends, so as to give of every day some good account at last: I would have lived like a Frenchman, for effect, and made my life a long dress rehearsal of the future biography. My whole course of existence up to the present moment would hardly furnish materials for one of those bald biographies that content the old gentleman of Sylvanus Urban." This is a self-confession that Hood had not known his own powers in the realm of literature. For years he wasted his genius on a trifling public that knew him only as a jester and refused to know him as a poet. Because he wrote to please these, his greatest contributions to literature were given sparingly, and his deepest thoughts remained unsung. Though his poems are few in number they are, priceless in merit. The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies, a poem which perhaps possesses more imagination than all his other poems combined, has been compared with Spencer's Faery Queen and with the best works of Shakespeare. Eugene Aram, a poem revealing the secrets of a human heart tortured by a guilty conscience, has merited the praise that it has only been surpassed in its kind by Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. If Hood evoked laughter in Domestic Asides, he touched the chords of pathos in The Deathbed. If he ever knowingly ridiculed his fellow-toiler he also opened the ears of Justice to the "sharp and exceedingly bitter cry of the
hitherto inarticulate,—the sudden wail, not of the poor seamstress alone, but of the whole body of the underpaid and over-worked, fighting out their grim duel with hunger." This he did in that poem that found echo in the hearts of so many thousands of poor, underpaid workmen and women—The Song of the Shirt. Another poem, The Lay of the Laborer, similar in its theme, contributed much toward lessening the appalling conditions of the laboring class. Indeed, so sympathetic was Hood with the poor and oppressed that his pen was never idle in their behalf. How keenly he, observed their sufferings in the minutest details is manifest in the Song of the Shirt, and here we may premise that this poem applied to Hood himself as well as to the poor seamstress for whom it was a plea. Hood on his deathbed, with poverty for his companion, lays bare in this poem a feeling of despair and agony which could come only from experience, and which is not a natural power of any poet:

With fingers weary and worn,  
With eyelids heavy and red,  
A woman sat in unwomanly rags  
Plying her needle and thread—  
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
And still with a dolorous voice  
She sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'

O men, with sisters dear!  
O men, with mothers and wives!  
It is not linen you're wearing out,  
But human creatures' lives.  
Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!  
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
Sewing at once, with a double thread,  
A shroud as well as a shirt.

To attempt to select certain verses from this poem of wonderful sympathy in order to demonstrate its strength would be useless. The poem must be read in its entirety. We read one verse only to pass on to another more powerful:

But why do I talk of Death?  
That phantom of grizzly bone,  
I hardly fear its terrible shape,  
It seems so like my own—  
It seems so like my own,  
Because of the facts I keep;  
O God, that bread should be so dear,  
And flesh and blood so cheap.

And these lines were written by the jester, the punster, the fun-maker! They were written by a man whom the world would not recognize as worthy of the immortal garb of the poet. If these lines are not poetry, where shall we find it? Alas, how many geniuses have wasted their talents to answer the call of an uncultured public! We know that a poet is to be judged by what he has left to posterity, and not by what he might have left under different circumstances. But even considering this, our sympathies go out to Thomas Hood because we believe literature has not paid him his due. It is lamentable to think that to the public of his time, he was only a humorist, he whose thoughts were "thoughts too deep for tears."

Hood was a poet of many moods, as is evident from verses in which he blends the notes of pathos with those of humor. These poems, though often made the subject of severe criticism, are always pure, and behind their patches of "seemingly grotesque nonsense there is generally some moral, satirical, or poetical meaning." What Hood accomplished in this branch of his works has fittingly been expressed by the pen of an admirer in a copy of the Edinburgh Review. "He introduced comedy and tragedy to each other and taught them by an interchange of good offices to live together in cordial union." In The Seasons, a short lyric, the few humorous expressions interspersed in the stanzas never mar the thought. One of Hood's critics, commenting on this combination of humor and pathos, writes: "He often blends feeling, fancy, wit, and thoughtfulness in one queer rhyme or quaint quibble. Hood was no mere provoker of barren laughter, but a man whose mirth had its roots in sentiment and humanity. He saw the serious side of life as clearly as the ludicrous. He knew what a thin partition separates tears from laughter in this world; that the deepest feeling often expresses itself in quaint oddities of caricature; that wisdom sometimes condescends to pun, and grief to wreath its face in smiles."

On his deathbed, Thomas Hood was: the same noble character that he was in his flourishing manhood, and in his dying moments remarked with the same optimism which had pervaded his whole life that the "world was not so bad, humanly speaking, as people would make it out to be." The world had been cruel to him and yet he loved it. And though he rests in a lonely cemetery of Kensal Green,—when rightly he should be placed among the immortals in Westminster,—his name will never be forgotten as the poet friend of the suffering, and over his silent grave

The living will weep and sigh  
Over dust that once was loved.
Varsity Verse.

A SMILE.
There is a window on my way
From the office. Day by day,
A girl I used to see in there,
Who bravely laughed at work and care.

As seasons went and seasons came,
Each day I saw her there the same,
Faithful to her task, and she
Was always smiling cheerily.

I merely glanced nor wondered why
The window each time caught my eye;
But now I look and look in vain.
For now when I go down that street
I want a smile I never meet.

THE POET'S TROUBLES.
Of all the things we have to do,
I think there's nothing worse
Than sitting up till ten at night
To write eight lines of verse.

You rack your brains to find a rhyme.
Of words you try to think;
You use up all your extra time.
But don't consume much ink.

EXCUSES.
A tear-drop glistened in her eye—
I knew not what to do;
I saw that I had made her cry,
For a tear-drop glistened in her eye;
I glanced around—no one was nigh—
I kissed her then; now wouldn't you.
If a tear-drop glistened in her eye
And you knew not what to do?

THE KLONDIKE.
A wild and weary waste of snow;
A biting, killing frost;
A train of drooping, starving dogs—
A miner spent and lost.

A wind that piled the snow in drifts
And laid the dark ice bare.
And, too, the worst of all, a sun
That blinded with its glare.

The day is done, the moon comes out,
The wind has hushed its breath.
The pale, cold light shines on a form
Forever still in death.

An Unexpected Thanksgiving.

FRANK H. BOOS, '15.

"I—I'm afraid I ain't doin' exactly the right thing, Mr. Grant."
The little, spare man looked cautiously at the girl beside him. She seemed so pleased, so happy, and nestled so snugly against the rich upholstery, yet her cheap hat, rusty black skirt, and shabby shoes were proclaiming loudly that she had never ridden in a limousine before.

"Hm—m!" was all he said, stroking his white Vandyke thoughtfully.

He was a little, old, neat, dapper gentleman in the neighborhood of fifty, with steel-blue eyes and a sad, kind face.

"Hm—m! Why not! I see no reason why you shouldn't come with me. I invited you, didn't I?"

"Y—yes," she said, looking away: "but—"

"You did perfectly right in accepting, my dear young lady," the elderly gentleman assured her.

"Mebby,—and mebby not," she replied a bit snappishly.

"But what is wrong about it? Why shouldn't you have accepted my invitation?"

"Oh, I dunno. Yes, I do too. Why, Mr. Grant, you don't even know my name!"

"By George, that's right," he acknowledged, his eyes popping a trifle in consternation or assumed. I never thought of that! Strange, isn't it, that I—er—overlooked so vital a matter.

She gave him a questioning glance, but his face, beaming with kindness, reassured her.

"May I—er—take the liberty of inquiring what your name might be?" he asked, leaning forward a trifle.

"Out there, 'at your factory, they call me by a number. I'm Nine Eighty-nine."

"Yes, yes, but that isn't your name. I—"

"I'd rather you didn't know it. It won't do no good nohow. Call me—ah—Miss Nine Eighty-nine if you want to; I don't care what you call me."

"But, my dear young lady, I can't call you by that absurd number. Won't you give me your real—"

"It's good enough for your foreman and your pay clerks. It's by that number that I gets
There was something soft, something appealing in the old man's voice that made her regret her snappish answer. She looked, and in the dim light of the fading day she saw, or thought she saw, a suspicious moisture gathering in his eyes, softening their steely blue expression and fogging the thick nose-glasses. "Aw, Mr. Grant, what good will it do?" she protested.

"What good?" And his voice became suddenly very weak and shrill. Little girl, little lady, if—if you only knew, only could understand, the things I am hoping for, longing for, hungering for, you—"

"Yes, that's all right, Mr. Grant," she interrupted, not unkindly; "but why did you invite me to take this here trip, that's what I want to know."

"If you will give me time, just a few moments, I will explain. I—I don't feel—very well—just, now," and dropping his cane, the old gentleman removed his glasses and wiped the tears from his eyes.

While the great limosine droned on, she watched him curiously as he struggled to regain his self-control, and then gazed vacantly out of the window, half exasperated.

"Huh!" she said to herself, "the boss's gone batty. Doin' the weep act right. I—I wonder what's the matter with him. Mebby he's gone daffy over me. Gee! mebby he really—"

She would, in all probability, have bolted. He's gone daffy over me. Gee! mebby he really—"

"Jane," began Mr. Grant, "here is the young lady of whom I spoke. Did you get the things I ordered?"

"Yes, sir. They are upstairs, sir."

"Good. Then Jane, take care of this young lady. Follow Jane, please. She will show you your room."

Miss Nine Eighty-nine, eyeing the kind little maid with some misgivings, retreated several steps, her eyes wide with mingled fear and surprise. She clung tightly to the elderly gentleman's arm.

"Aw, naw," she protested, "I don't wanta. Say, who is she, Mr. Grant?"

"She is your maid, dear. Go with her and dress for dinner. Please do, that's a nice girl."

She would, in all probability, have bolted, but the kindly little woman in black and white was a portly little woman in black and white came to them.

"Jane," began Mr. Grant, "here is the young lady of whom I spoke. Did you get the things I ordered?"

"Yes, sir. They are upstairs, sir."

"Good. Then Jane, take care of this young lady. Follow Jane, please. She will show you your room."

The limosine stopped at the end of a long, winding drive, fringed on either side by hedges of hawthorn and evergreen; a great gate swung open and footmen ran down the great steps of the portico and opened the door.

As one in a dream—a wonderful dream of fairyland—she went up the stone steps and on into the hall, led by the elderly gentleman and followed by liveried servants.

The richness, the luxuriousness, of the mansion overawed her, and the silent, bowing servants startled her. Conscious of her poor clothes and mean appearance she shrank back frightened and ashamed, and would have gone no farther but for the reassuring voice of Mr. Grant.

"Come, dear, into the hall. James, remove her wraps."

A butler of the frozen-face type gingerly helped her off with the long, plain coat—she could ill afford to part with it, it covered such a multitude of offenses against style, fashion, and good taste. Taking her by the arm, Mr. Grant led Miss Nine Eighty-nine through a gorgeous reception room and into the parlor. Here, answering a signal, a portly little woman in black and white came to them.

"Jane," began Mr. Grant, "here is the young lady of whom I spoke. Did you get the things I ordered?"

"Yes, sir. They are upstairs, sir."

"Good. Then Jane, take care of this young lady. Follow Jane, please. She will show you your room."

The limosine stopped at the end of a long, winding drive, fringed on either side by hedges of hawthorn and evergreen; a great gate swung open and footmen ran down the great steps of the portico and opened the door. As one in a dream—a wonderful dream of fairyland—she went up the stone steps and on into the hall, led by the elderly gentleman and followed by liveried servants.
untidy factory girl, there stood before him a fairy in immaculate white,—a beautiful, dazzling fairy, with the sweet, unspoiled face of an angel and the golden hair of an angel, too, a sight to gladden the heart of any childless old man."

"Darling! my child!" he gasped, unconscious of what he was saying, overcome with surging emotions.

"Ain't I swell, Mr. Grant!" she gurgled joyously, pivoting around on her heel for a full inspection. "Look, ain't these rags simply the limit? Look, dimon's, real dimon's, an' sure 'nuf, pearls, and the lace and fixin's is real French stuff. No fakes here! An' pipe the slippers! Gold, sure's you're livin'! An' the stockin's is real, truty silk! Guess I ain't some doll, eh? An' gloves to wear in the house an' rings! Holy Christmas, get on to these rings! Real em'ral's and some more dimon's. Ain't I the swell high stepper? Fer the love o' Mike, boss, say somethin', will ye?"

Tears of joy were coursing unrestrained down the old man's cheeks as he took her gloved hand in both of his and earnestly kissed it.

"Dear," he murmured, choking back the sobs that would come; "you are beautiful—beautiful."

Then, walking unsteadily, he led her gently into the parlor—she still talking incoherently about her newly-acquired costume, he, bowed and silent, trembling with a new-found joy. In front of an oil portrait on the parlor wall he paused and adjusted his spectacles.

"Dear," he said in a voice that trembled and sounded very far away, "look there!"

Miss Nine Eight-three looked,—then involuntarily stepped back.

"Why—why, it's me!" she stammered. A choking sound issued from Mr. Grant's lips.

"Why, sure 'nuf, it's me all dolled up!"

Together, hand in hand, they stood in silence before the picture, while the old grandfather's clock in the corner slowly and decorously sounded the hour of nine. Then with a sigh, he turned to her.

"No, dear, it is not you. Years and years ago, when I was a young man, I married. A daughter came to us, a beautiful, golden-haired little angel. She died."

Here the old man stopped and wiped his eyes.

"She was too good, too innocent, too beautiful to live. Her right place was up above with the angels, and they took her away to live with them. It was a terrible blow, and soon, very soon, my wife went too, leaving me all alone in this dreary house. God alone knows how I have grieved for them—how I have suffered. I struggled, I was successful. I had everything I wanted except the one great thing I had lost forever. I wanted my little daughter, my beautiful little girl, my darling, my Helen! Oh, I have longed for her, hungered for her, cried and prayed to have her back. For long, cruel years I prayed God to give me resignment and patience. And then God, who is all merciful, granted me mercy. In the bowels of my great factory amidst the dust and noise and confusion, I saw the living image of my Helen,—I saw you. O child, if you only knew, if only you could understand how my heart went out to you as I saw you at your work bench! Tell me, dear one, are your parents living!"

The girl was crying too.

"Naw!" she said fiercely through her tears; "I never had none as I know of!"

"Oh, thank God, thank God! My Helen, come back to me again, my Helen!"

"Dinner is served," announced the butler with awful decorum, making up, as he later informed the French cook, for his master's frightful disregard for the proprieties in taking up with a friendless factory girl.

"And, Helen—"

"What, Father?"

"Will you—will you be my—my little girl for life?"

"Will I? Will I? Why, boss—Father, I mean—such a question is absurd. I certainly will; me fer you all the time!"

"Dinner is served," proclaimed the butler again, disdaining by his colorless, rigidly moral tone, all part or share in the proceedings of the morning.

On their way into the dining-room, happy Mr. Grant squeezed his newly-adopted daughter's arm.

"And today, Helen, is Thanksgiving."

"That's so; it is, ain't it?" she responded. "Gee, Father, I never knew what it meant before today. There ain't no such day on the East Side."

Mr. Grant choked again.

"An' say, Father, the maid, told me not ter eat with my knife: Is that straight stuff, daddy, or was she kiddin' me?"
Let Us Give Thanks.

The golden harvest has been gathered in,
A lavish hand gave many hundredfold;
You tilled the soil and placed the seed therein,
But He gave life where all was dark and cold.

Then sing to God in joyful, thankful strains,
For though you watered—He the increase gave;
And he who now in thankless mind remains,
For necessary bread deserves to crave.

B. W.

Don Orsino—A Summary.

HENRY I. DOCKWEILER, '12.

There is probably no phase of letters more absorbing in interest than literary criticism. Criticism—"the "art of judging with correct taste,"—aims to give praise where praise is merited, and adverse comment where such comment is justified. In the criticism of the modern novel several things are to be remembered: the critic must be especially concerned in ascertaining what has been the fidelity of the author in "holding the mirror up to nature." For, in truth, the real novel is nothing more than a tale portraying life in its daily moods, characters that might live and be seen upon the street corners or in the drawing-room, and events and incidents which are possible in everyday life. Therefore, realism and naturalism are elements which must find place in every good novel. Then, too, the critic must also be on the alert to discover whether or not the author has been so absorbed in his work that his mind has wandered; whether he has left natural conditions to exaggerate the display of emotions; and whether these emotions, proceeding from love, anger, revenge, etc., are good or bad.

The scene of Marion Crawford's "Don Orsino" is laid principally in Rome, and the time dealt with is that after the fall of the temporal power of the Pope. Don Orsino, the principal figure in the novel, is the son of Giovanni Saracinesca and his wife, Corona. When Don Orsino's education was completed and his twenty-first birthday rapidly nearing, his old grandfather, Prince Saracinesca, decided that upon that eventful day the boy's mother should receive a magnificent portrait of her son. Therefore daily the youth repaired to the magnificent studio of Anastase Gouache, the noted French painter. On one occasion their conversation drifted to the subject of love. Gouache was a friend of Don Orsino's family and wanted to see the young man happily married. By chance he mentioned the fact that a beautiful "Spanish princess" was on that very morning coming to his studio to have her portrait finished,—Orsino, much interested, in the description of the lady, begged permission to remain in the studio until she should arrive. He had not long to wait, for in a few minutes the "princess"—Madame d'Aranjuez—entered the room and Orsino was introduced to her. From the start he took a peculiar interest in the woman, but, as he thought, it was nothing more serious than a feeling of friendship. That day he accompanied the young lady to her hotel, and before leaving asked permission to visit her. The madame answered indifferently that they should probably meet again.

About this time in Roma, speculation in property and building was at its height: thousands had invested immense sums with great success; and so it happened that Don Orsino, in his desire to get away from his present monotony of life, conceived the idea of entering this kind of business. His father and his grandfather would give him no encouragement, but having money of his own, which he had won at the club, he set out to see San Giacinto, another of his relatives, about an investment. But San Giacinto, a man of great commercial sagacity, advised Orsino that the time for speculation had passed. Not content with this answer, the young man finally persuaded himself to see Del Ferice, a most successful venturer in the recent investments, but one on bad terms with Don Orsino's family. The rupture had been brought about through a duel between Del Ferice and Giovanni Saracinesca. But Del Ferice seemed to be willing to help Don Orsino, and the two joined forces in a business operation within a short time. After their meeting Orsino was prone to believe that after all the "financier" was not such a bad man as he had been depicted: it remains for the latter part of this story to prove that he had not been believed.

Through the days that Don Orsino was inaugurating the business deal, he was not indifferent to his new friend Madame D'Aranjuez. Indeed he paid her frequent visits at her apartments, talked over general subjects of interest, took her as his guest to the Jubilee held in St. Peter's, and on one occasion, overcome by
a sudden passion of love for the woman, dared even to kiss her against her will. He also communicated to her all his actions and prospects in business, and she seemed particularly interested in them. Soon the members of his family discovered his relations with the woman. Neither his father nor his mother was particularly pleased, but they would not interfere with their son's actions, for now he was past his minority. However, for curiosity's sake Giovanni assiduously inquired about the young woman of his affections. He found out that her name had been mentioned in very flattering terms by the newspapers, that she had been called very beautiful, that she was the widow of a Spanish naval officer, that she had been admitted into Dona Tulia's society, and that she was a member of some royal family,—but was, to some degree, a woman of mystery. She could not have descended from a royal Spanish house, because the genealogical charts did not contain the name of "d'Aranjuez," and some suspected that she had assumed a false name.

After a few days Del Ferice had made plans for assisting Don Orsino in his new business, and had obtained a certain Andrea Contini, an architect, to be the young man's partner. The small amount of capital was then invested, and soon the work of building an apartment house was well under way. The new firm went under the name of Andrea Contini and Company, the young nobleman withholding his name because he did not want to be known publicly as a business man, and, too, if the venture should fail, as had often been predicted, he preferred the family name to be out of the deal. It now came to a point when the Andrea Contini Company had to obtain more money to continue building. Orsino made another deal with Ferice, by which the latter's bank furnished certain sums of money at different intervals for constructing the houses, at the same time securing mortgages upon the buildings. But the work prospered, and everything pointed to success.

Orsino, in the meanwhile had lost the company of Madame d'Aranjuez—or Maria Consuelo, as she was better known,—because she had returned to France for the summer months.

Often Orsino went to speak with old Spicca,—once a notorious duelist and now, strangely enough, a frequent caller at Madame Consuelo's, but the hardened old fellow either could not or would not give him the information sought.

By this time, the Andrea Contini Company had entered upon business on a larger scale. Larger sums of money were borrowed from Del Ferice, and all of it was invested in property. Before long, as had been predicted by San Giacinto, a financial panic came. Dealer after dealer and contractor after contractor went bankrupt, and Orsino feared lest the same fate would befall his business. But though the bank stopped payment on all other notes, it did not stop payment on those of Orsino's company. The affair looked suspicious, and it flashed across Orsino's mind that Del Ferice was trying to lead him on to worse disaster. It appeared that the shrewd financier, through loans of money and mortgages, was putting the Andrea Contini Company under such heavy obligations to him that it would result in Orsino and Contini working away their whole lives for no compensation or going into bankruptcy. The latter was not agreeable to Orsino, and so he chose to continue work. This move was a source of disquiet to his family, since Del Ferice was as unforgiving as he was powerful.

In the fall of the same year Maria Consuelo again took up her abode in Rome, but it was some time before Orsino had a chance to renew his acquaintance with her. When the two finally did meet, their relationship became more intimate than ever, and the young man became a willing victim to her charms. Together the pair talked about Orsino's precarious position in business, and Maria Consuelo appeared to be quite anxious on his account. But day by day the situation became worse until Del Ferice had practically a mortgage upon Orsino's future life.

One day Orsino and Maria Consuelo talked together until they reached the point where they spoke of their own relations. It was now very clear that they were truly in love, for in answer to Maria Consuelo's question of how long they should love each other, Orsino said: "For all our lives now, and for all our life hereafter." But though Maria Consuelo acknowledged that she loved the young man, there was some hesitancy in her manner, and she seemed to be unhappy, and looked frightened, pale, and nervous, as if she were withholding some great secret of her life. Orsino asked her to marry him, but she answered sadly: "I can not marry you." Then she begged
him to leave her, saying, "You tempt me." Orsino was as one stunned; he went about in a daze. Cast off by the one he loved, his thoughts, sometimes bitter, sometimes yearning, ever reverted to her. But soon he had more than baffled love to occupy him; Del Ferice had begun to take his vengeance.

Some time after, Madame d'Aranjuez—now abroad—wrote to Spicca, upbraiding him with being the author of her life and the author of her unhappiness. She said that she had recently discovered, through attested documents, that she was the illegitimate daughter of Lucrezia Ferris unmarried, and Count Spicca, who had later acknowledged the offspring as his. This same Lucrezia Ferris was the woman that served Maria Consuelo in Rome as her maid.

Don Orsino had by this time received a number of letters from Maria Consuelo, and in return had written a number of communications to her, addressing them to Egypt, where she was now travelling with an old princess, whom she had known in her younger days. His letters dealt with the sad state of his affairs, disclosing to her his precarious position in the hands of the evil Del Ferice.

The crisis in Orsino's business life now arrived—the time when he and his partner would be obliged to make another contract with Del Ferice. This would probably decide their fate, as previous contracts, mortgages, and loans had given Del Ferice complete power over them. Orsino entered Del Ferice's office on the morning set for the meeting. He was surprised to find the shrewd financier in a genial mood, but was completely astonished when told that all his obligations with Del Ferice and the bank had been cancelled, and that he and his partner were free men. No reason was given for the astounding change in affairs.

At about the same time that this event took place, Spicca, who was now rapidly failing in health, received another letter from Maria Consuelo stating that she had married Ugo Del Ferice, and that the princess, with whom she was travelling, was not expected to live until they reached Normandy. Orsino likewise received a letter from her which had been written on the eve of her marriage. It was dominated by a certain pathos, and in every line Orsino could see that Maria Consuelo still loved him above all other men, and that she was just about to marry a man whom she did not really love. In the conclusion of the letter she counselled him, now that he had come out of his business difficulties free, to commence his "real life" in earnest. Orsino was profoundly affected by the letter, and the more he pondered over it the more intangible seemed its hidden message.

Not long after this Orsino was summoned to Spicca's bedside, for the old man was in his last illness. While Orsino was conversing with him, Santi, Spicca's servant, brought a message into the room. It read, "Count Spicca: The Princess is dead. I know the truth at last. I come to you at once. (signed) Maria Consuelo." Orsino was overcome with surprise, and Spicca, believing this to be the opportune time, gave the young man the whole truth of Maria Consuelo's life. It developed that the old princess, with whom the Madame d'Aranjuez had been travelling, once had a daughter, Marie, who fell in love with a man much below her rank. A diplomatic marriage was impossible, and so the young folks married secretly. The young bride soon had a child; to have let the fact be known publicly would have caused a great scandal. Various schemes suggested themselves in the matter, and, in the last extremity, Spicca took the child as his own, and to "white-wash" the affair married Lucrezia Ferris a fortnight later. So Maria Consuelo was really the granddaughter of the old Princess, while state documents showed her to be the daughter of Spicca and Lucrezia. It was now clear that Spicca had made a great sacrifice, in order to save the reputation of the young Princess Marie.

The door of Spicca's bedroom softly opened and Maria Consuelo entered. At once she went over to the bed and threw her arms about the old man's neck and kissed him many times. The "father" and the "daughter" talked together for a few moments; and then it was apparent that Spicca's end was near. But there was one thing that bothered him yet, and that was, why Maria Consuelo became the wife of Del Ferice. His dying request was not refused. Her answer to him was: "I married to save the man I loved." The two embraced each other again, and then the famous old duelist passed away. He was a man who had sacrificed his life for the reputation of another. Indeed, Maria Consuelo had loved Orsino as he had not loved her—and she had sacrificed her life to Del Ferice to save Orsino from financial and social ruin.
—No distinctively American institution has been prompted by worthier motives, or more consistently maintained throughout the centuries, than has our observance of a national Thanksgiving Day. Two hundred and eighty-one years ago, Governor Winthrop of the historic Puritan colony of New England, ordained that a day should be set aside to return thanks to Almighty God for the peace and plenty that had finally come to relieve the perils and privations that so long and so severely tried the hearts of these colonists. The custom that thus had its inception on the bleak New England coast almost three centuries ago, has never been permitted to lapse, and this year, pursuant to the practice that has so long obtained, the President of the United States has issued a Proclamation designating the last Thursday in November as a day for nationwide thanksgiving to the Creator of all good. In emulation of the chief Executive, the governors of the respective states have also officially proclaimed Thanksgiving as a legal holiday, setting forth the sentiments which prompt the keeping of this festival. We acclaim this custom as one of the very finest traditions that have grown up with American history. Certainly it is one of the most praiseworthy practices of all time. This is the only period in the whole year when this country, as a nation, accords to God a measure of thanks for the universal prosperity and general welfare that He has never failed to bestow. It is the only day of the three hundred and sixty-five on which many of our citizens take cognizance of their dependence upon the Supreme Being. The same devout motives that prompted Winthrop's initial proclamation should actuate us in the observance of this day. It is its profoundly religious character that has made Thanksgiving Day an invaluable institution; this character should be faithfully maintained in the feast. Let it never degenerate into an occasion for riotous feasting, as we sometimes have reason to fear it will.

—The Bible is the best-known and highest-prized book among all nations of the earth. It is God's own book, written according to His inspiration and under the infallible guidance of His Holy Spirit. Critics—unbelievers as well as believers—consider it the world's greatest piece of literature. This most fundamental source of the Creator's revelations to His creatures should be known and studied; and because it is the holiest of documents, and contains our rules of faith and of life, all students should be familiar with its lessons.

—We fear that the Bible does not receive from young people the attention which it deserves. Only lately a professor of rhetoric at Michigan University, wishing to test the biblical knowledge of his students, gave them in an examination a set of questions on the Bible. From the point of view of accuracy the answers might as well have been given by Fiji Islanders. One young man, a student of law, gave as his opinion that "Jesus Christ died at a good old age;" another wrote that "Nazareth" was the name of Christ's father, "Nazarene," the name of His mother. Many of the other answers displayed ignorance equally profound, and taken together they point most strikingly to a lack of knowledge that is deplorable. Here at Notre Dame we have special facilities for becoming intimately acquainted with the Bible: its lessons form the texts for frequent sermons; it is used as a text-book in dogma classes, and at some time or another a copy of this "book of books" comes into the possession of each student. Our familiarity with Scripture should not, therefore, end with the classes in Christian doctrine. The text-book Bible should not be stowed away in the corner of a trunk or find an obscure place on the shelf.
A Visit from Cardinal Farley.

On last Monday His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, Prince of the Church and Archbishop of New York, paid us the honor of a visit to our University. Cardinal Farley was on his way back to his see after a month's tour of the West, which culminated in Denver, Colorado, where his Eminence consecrated the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception.

The visit of the Cardinal was the occasion of much rejoicing. The gay appearance of the University buildings, decked out with papal and national flags, triumphant strains from the band, and a cheering multitude of students greeted the arrival of the Cardinal and his party. To the Faculty of the University and the students assembled in Washington hall, his Eminence spoke kind words of appreciation and encouragement. Though no introduction of the Cardinal was necessary, his audience listened with pleasure to the words of greeting spoken by Father Cavanaugh, who said, in part:

GENTLEMEN OF THE UNIVERSITY:—It has not often happened in the history of your Alma Mater that so much happiness and distinction has come to it on a single day. The illustrious Churchman, who has honored us with his presence, is one of the bright traditions of our American hierarchy. The story of his work has almost the flavor of an Arabian fairy-tale. He presides over what I believe to be the greatest Archdiocese of the world-wide Catholic Church. He has grown from boyhood to such perfect stature of civic and ecclesiastical manhood that, from his great watch-tower on the banks of the Tiber, the Father of the Faithful, amid the rejoicing of the world, has laid his hand to lay upon his brow the highest crown short of the papacy itself that any one can receive.

The Cardinal spoke praise of our University that we were proud to hear, and made prophecies of our future that we resolved to justify:

STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME:—It is a pleasure to me to find myself here after twenty years. It is nearly twenty years since I first visited what was even then a flourishing university. Today I see evidences of growth equal to anything I saw during the long journey I made across the continent.

Here one can easily imagine himself in one of the old Universities of Europe; you are reminded of the historic paintings of Oxford; there is about the place a delightful flavor of antiquity,—the impression of a growth that is centuries old.

I remember meeting the grand old man, the splendid old missionary, who laid the foundations of this great school. I remember meeting him in Rome, thirty-five or more years ago.

Today, as I look around this hall, I can not think of any college hall that carries with it the classic lines and the suggestion of Rome as this hall does. And everything else is done on this same grand scale. Your Church, which is a cathedral in itself, and all other buildings seem owing to the inspiration of that priest, who I believe is with the Eternal Father today—the good Father Sorin who is venerated not only by his own associates but by all students of this University that find shelter here.

My young friends, I am not going to make a graduating address, but there are a few things which I should say to anybody like you at any time, and I wish to say them to you now. Your opportunities here are something exceptional. Your good Father Cavanaugh has often alluded to the men that have come to my Archdiocese from here and I have joy in telling you that I have none to surpass them in zeal, intelligence and in promise.

I don't suppose all of you are going to enter the Church, but there is a place for you outside of the sanctuary. We want men well versed in every species of knowledge, and I have good reason to know that you will receive that knowledge here, for you have a Faculty equal to any in the country, not only in number but in equipment. That is one thing you have reason to be proud of and grateful for. Now we want you, when you leave such an institution as this, to become leaders of men. You will of necessity become such. Men will look up to you and expect great things from you. Even if you have not had the honor of being graduated from Notre Dame, it is a culture in itself to remain here for a little while. No matter how short or how long your stay here may be, it ought to do you good and it ought to shine forth in your life afterwards. It is impossible for any young man to come into a life of this kind without acquiring a culture which must influence everyone with whom he may come in contact. You will be called upon to do the work that the men of today are doing now.

In my journey across the continent I found men very generous. You are of the spirit of the West, which is a great, big-hearted spirit. Bigotry seems to be eliminated almost everywhere, so that your fortune, your luck, is far in advance of what we, who were in college thirty-five or forty years ago, experienced. You have not to meet the difficulties and the sacrifices that your predecessors of thirty or forty years ago were called upon to bear. You will be expected to take up the work that they began, and you will have to enlarge it, and spread it, and identify yourself more closely with the Church's work. In the face of the world, hold up the grand old banner of Catholic faith. That is the lesson and the training that this institution imparts.

With the Cardinal were Monsignor Lavelle, Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York; Monsignor Lewis, Secretary to His Eminence; Monsignor McLean, Rector of historic Old St. Peter's on Barclay St.; Father Luke Evers (A. B. '79); Very Reverend Dean O'Brien, Kalamazoo, and the Reverend Father Ryan, Pontiac, Michigan.
Picture Plots.

Here is a new opportunity for college students that have a liking and ability for story writing to earn good money in a very pleasant way. We advise such to read carefully the advertisement of this proposition in the advertising section of this issue of the Scholastic.

To the minds of most of us the words "moving pictures" suggest nothing but a cheap form of entertainment, designed particularly for those who can neither afford nor appreciate the "better" things in the show line. We sneer at the crowds going and coming from the nickeldromes and kindred places, although we must confess that we are often compelled to sit up and take notice by the motion "plays" that are presented after the acts at the high-class vaudeville theatres.

That anything higher than mechanical art enters into the production of the films that make these "plays" possible we little dream, although it is a fact that a considerable portion of the literary folk of the country are daily taxing their imagination in efforts to make good films and, incidentally, to enlarge their bank accounts.

Despite the cry against motion picture houses, the business of film production is progressing, and the rivalry among the dozen or more concerns in this country engaged in such work is so great that no expense is spared in endeavors to put out superior films. "New ideas! new ideas!" is the constant cry, and, naturally, the manufacturers turn to the literary folk for assistance. At least ten firms are buying ideas to be worked out on the screen, and the dearth of good ideas is such that a few concerns are advertising that they will pay high prices for the kind of suggestions they want. Ideas put into workable form are called "scenarios," and for acceptable "scenarios" the advertising manufacturers agree to pay from ten dollars to one hundred dollars.

All of the big companies maintain literary departments, the business of which is to pass upon "scenarios" and work up ideas submitted. Persons of recognized literary ability are at the heads of most of these departments, and this fact, it is generally agreed, is tending more to raise the standard of the moving picture than all the legislation and censorship that the public reformers are bringing about. As to the writing of "picture plays," one of the large firms has issued a booklet, which contains the following:

"That the motion picture, in recent years, has taken its place in the amusement world is clearly established. Briefly, it bears to the stage production the same relation the short story bears to the full volume novel. It differs chiefly from the stage play in that no lines are introduced. Despite this limitation and despite the brevity and low price at which this entertainment is offered to the public, film manufacturers require that their product must qualify with the ever-ascending standards, dramatically, artistically, and morally. To this end the manufacturers are spending thousands of dollars each year to obtain the most skillful producers, the best dramatic talent, and the most effective stage devices in the production of the pictures. The same is true of the story which the picture portrays.

"The writing of stories or plays for modern picture production is practically a new profession. Writers of successful motion picture plays find their work constantly in demand and at good prices. The field is not crowded with successful authors, and many who are able to produce available plays have not yet grasped the first principles of the moving picture drama, nor do they seem to have any inkling of what the manufacturers require. Many of these have the qualities, imagination, talent and ingenuity which make for success in this line, some of them having won success in the magazine field.

"In the writing of motion picture plays anyone who is capable of evolving an interesting plot adapted to motion picture presentation may win success. The proposition is the germ of the plot. It consists of a condition or situation from which the details of the story are developed. The success of a comedy composition lies in the novelty of the plot, or some new and interesting phase of an old proposition, in its interest-holding qualities, logic and probability, and the humor of the individual scenes and situations. There is a wide difference between the 'comedy' and 'comic' pictures, and this difference lies chiefly in that the comedy depends largely for its humor in the cleverness and wit of the plot, where the comic is usually merely a series of situations arising from one incident or situation. In the comic film there is little plot and the
scenes are loosely connected, while the success of the picture usually depends upon the fun obtained from each scene. Good comedy stories are hard to obtain, are hard to conceive and are necessarily, on account of their rarity, much in demand. It seems hard for most writers to differentiate the wit and clever ingenuity of the good comedy scenario with the trivial and frivolous one which is not."

To show the desire of the manufacturer to get wholesome pictures, the following extract is given:

"Beware of any scenes which may violate good taste, manners or morals, and avoid all crimes, such as burglary, kidnapping, highway robbery, murder and suicide, showing the methods employed in the accomplishment of such crimes."

The Chicago Notre Dame Club.

The Notre Dame Club of Chicago held their last weekly meeting on Monday, November 11th. The business of the meeting was chiefly concerned with the final arrangements for the entertainment of the Notre Dame football team. The entertainment will take the form of either a banquet or a theatre party, with an informal gathering of all N. D. men in the city at some prominent hotel after the supper or the theatre. The pleasures of the evening will not be enjoyed exclusively by the gentlemen. The committee gallantly invites the presence of the ladies—the wives, sisters or sweethearts of the members of the club and of their guests.

Boston Philharmonic Orchestral Club.

The concert which was rendered in Washington Hall last Saturday evening by the Boston Philharmonic Orchestral Club was undoubtedly the best musical presentation of the season. In point of numbers the concert party was the largest that has appeared thus far in the course. Led by Mr. J. W. Crowley and assisted by Mme. Clara Sexton, soprano, the Orchestral club presented a program of exceptional merit. The several vocal selections by Mme. Sexton were well rendered and repeatedly encored. The ensemble numbers, particularly the finale from "The Quaker Girl" were of the highest excellence. Probably the most popular of all the presentations were the violin solos of Mr. Vincent Walkden.

University Art Exhibition.

Students of the University should not miss the opportunity of seeing the excellent exhibit of art now on display in the University library. There are some eighty or ninety pictures on view, sent to us on request of Professor John Worden of the Art Department from the Art Institute of Chicago. The exhibition consists of two groups: first, a series of portraits and landscapes by Leon J. Makielski, a talented young artist of South Bend; and second, selected productions by the pupils of the Art Institute.

All of Makielski's oil portraits have hung upon the walls of the Institute, and were awarded the highest prize given by this school of art. His landscapes, which are exceptionally pleasing, embrace subjects taken from the Middle West and from rural regions of France and Italy. The young artist is now abroad, pursuing his art education in Paris.

The other series of pictures embraces work in design and illustration; subjects done from life in charcoal, pencil, and water color; and pastel work and ornamentation.

We owe this artistic treat to the courtesy of Mr. William M. R. French, director of the Art Institute of Chicago. Many of the pictures will remain with us permanently to form part of our own art collection. This exhibition, which will continue for one week more, is the first of a series of five to be given this year. Since it is true that there is much pleasure and culture to be derived from inspecting and studying an art exhibit, even for those not technically versed, these exhibitions here announced should be appreciated and visited.

Book Review.

The "Black Brotherhood," by Rev. P. P. Garrold, S. J., is primarily a book for young people, but will also be relished by such of their elders as wish to renew their youth in the delightful incidents of boyish romance. The tale of three English boys, their various adventures, pranks, and sports, is the tale of a fast-disappearing type of youth, the manly, self-reliant, well-mannered little fellows who knew the sting of discipline and how to bear it without a whimper, the boys who later became Wellingtons and Asquiths, whose deeds of
brain and brawn have made England what she is. In choosing his characters, Father Garrold shows a natural literary discretion, and develops them to the point of intimacy and friendship, until you begin to pick out Tommies and Alexanders and Williams among your youthful acquaintances.

This delightful novel is published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. Price, net $1.35.

**Personals.**

—Fabian Johnston (E. E. '12), of St. Louis, Missouri, visited friends here on Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. "Red" Kelly, of Kankakee, Illinois, called at the University Sunday last.

—Walter Maguire (M. E. '12) is at present inspector for the Northern Pacific Railroad, at Minneapolis, Minnesota.

—Rev. Luke J. Evers (A. M. '86), of New York city was a member of Cardinal Farley's party on the latter's tour of the country.

—Wendell Phillips (B. S. in Architecture, '12) has been placed in charge of Cardinal Farley's party on the latter's tour of the country.

—"Phil" Phillips (Short M. E., '12), of Chicago, is doing engineering work for the Kewanee Boiler Co. at Green Bay, Wisconsin.

—"Bill" Carrico (Commercial '11) is an instructor in the business college of Columbia University, Portland, Oregon. "Bill's" old friends wish him all success in his new undertaking.

—Forrest Fletcher (Short E. E. '12), of Chicago, is Physical Director at the Utah State Normal School, Cedar City, Utah. "Fletch" was one of the N. D. men at the last Olympic meet.

—Bernard ("Dutch") Lange (Litt. B. '12), in a letter from St. Bonaventure's Seminary, Allegheny, New York, says he likes the new place but misses the lakes of Notre Dame very much.

—The American Institute of Architects recently honored Dean Rolland Adelsperger, of the Architectural Department, with the presidency of the Indiana Chapter of the Institute.

—Lawrence A. Williams (student '06-'07) has opened a law office at 367 Frick Annex, Pittsburg, Pa. Larry has many friends among the Faculty and the men of his time. Their encouragement and best wishes are his.

—Guillemo Patterson (Ph. D. '12) is vice-mayor of the City of Panama, and teacher of mathematics in the Panama National Institute. "Pat's" old friends are glad to learn of his success and wish him more of it.

—Mr. Patrick M. Molloy (LL. B. '07), as assistant to the State Attorney of Oklahoma, recently scored a victory in a sensational murder case at Tulsa, Oklahoma. "Pat" was a member of the Varsity debating team for two years. We wish him more and greater victories.

—In the course of a friendly letter from the Most Rev. J. J. Harty, D. D., Archbishop of Manila, Philippine Islands, His Grace says: "Notre Dame has ever a very warm place in my heart for the work which it accomplishes, and I lose no opportunity of recommending it to the scions of Filipino families who have the means for education in America as the University best adapted to educate them as Catholic gentlemen and scholars. We see the influence of your University even in these distant parts."

—M. A. Diskin (LL. B. '07) writes as follows from Goldfield, Nevada: "Mr. Carville (LL. B. '09) was elected District Attorney of Elko County, Nevada, and I was elected District Attorney of Esmeralda County. Mr. Herr, another old Notre Dame man, was a candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court, but lost by a small margin. This is a complete list of the Notre Dame boys in Nevada, and I am only sorry we have not more." The SCHOLASTIC congratulates "Mike" and "Ted," and prophesies a brilliant future for them.

—The School of Journalism is indebted to Mr. S. H. Horgan of Orange, N. J., for some interesting gifts. There is a French Grammar and a Fourth Year book on Natural History which were used by James Gordon Bennett while at school, and a copy-book filled with the future editor's French exercises and compositions. Preparatory students will be comforted to know that "mal" and "bien mal" are scattered abundantly over the pages in the handwriting of the indignant professor, and on nearly every page James Gordon Bennett is directed to do exercises over or to write a word thirty times.

Mr. Horgan has also presented a number of precious manuscripts and letters for which the University sends him grateful thanks.
Calendar.

Sunday, Nov. 24—Brownson Literary Society, 7:30.
Monday, Nov. 25—Architectural Society, 7:30 p.m.
Philopatrian Society, 5:00 p.m.
Orchestra Practice, 7:00 p.m.
Tuesday—Meeting of “K” of C, 7:45 p.m.
Meeting of Indianapolis Club, 7:30 p.m.
Wednesday—Civil Engineering Society, 8:30 p.m.
Thursday—Thanksgiving Day.
Notre Dame vs. Marquette at Chicago, White Sox Park.
Sorin Hall vs. Overlands of Toledo at Toledo.
Corby vs. Friars of Fort Wayne at Ft. Wayne.

Local News.

LOST! — A pearl Rosary. Finder will please return to rector of Sorin hall and receive reward.

—At a recent meeting of the Sophomore class, an informal dance was decided upon, and the date set for December 9.

—Last Sunday morning the Walsh Preps added another scalp to their wampum belt when they defeated Carroll hall 12 to 0.

—FOUND — A ring, a fountain pen, some keys, cuff-links, tie-pins, knives, and other articles. Owners may apply to Bro. Alphonsus, Brownson hall.

—Father Carroll reports with satisfaction that English IV passed a very creditable examination, that the marks are exceptional. But then, could we expect less from our men of ’13?

—The Philopatrians were obliged to omit their regular meeting this week on account of examinations. The little fellows have not been idle, however. They have a very interesting program prepared for next Monday evening.

—As we all know, Corby journeys to Ft. Wayne Thanksgiving day to give the Friars there the battle of their lives. The boys of Corby made such an excellent showing at Ft. Wayne last Thanksgiving that a return game was requested. Have a good time, Corbyites, and above all, come back with pelts.

—We who for years have suffered ourselves to be jammed, sardine-like, into the narrow confines of one-horse Hill St. cars, may now see one fond dream realized. A modern pay-as-you-enter car made its first appearance last Monday on the notorious rocky road to town, and was greeted by general surprise. Some one hinted that the track down Notre Dame Ave was laid by the Engineering class of ’47, but this, we beg to state, is not quite true.

—We suppose that the Safety Valve will be called upon as usual to publish many of the answers to the examination questions. It seems to be the sad lot of some poor unfortunate to make “bulls,” and to have “tombstones” erected to their memory. In their behalf we request the Valve to kindly “go asy.”

—The SCHOLASTIC readers will be glad to hear that Walter Eckersall has again extended praise to Notre Dame. In his judgment, according to a recent statement in the Chicago Tribune, the eleven of old N. D. is the only team in the West which can at all dispute Wisconsin’s title to the Western Championship.

—The Dome board officially announces that a complete new set of photos of the faculty will be taken for the great book of ’13. The members of the Faculty, Juniors, and Seniors are all kindly requested to have their pictures taken at the Hogue Studio as soon as convenient. They will be at no expense, for the Dome will foot the bill.

—Did you notice the battery of cameras and kodaks with which Cardinal Farley was greeted last Monday morning? On both sides of the road, from the Post Office to the Main Building, fellows desperately snapped at the dignitaries, no doubt giving His Eminence the opinion that Notre Dame was a “sure nuf” school of Journalism.

—The cast for the new play, David Garrick, has been formally announced by Prof. Koehler and reads as follows:

Prologue .......................... Harold McConnell
Cast of Characters.
David Garrick .................. Leon P. Gendron
Mr. Simon Ingot .................. George N. McCoy
Squire Chivy .................. Joseph Stack
Mr. Smith ........................ Patrick Cuming
Mr. Brown ........................ Vincent. D. Ryan
Mr. Jones ........................ Kingsley Murphy
Thomas .................. Emmett Lenihan
George (Garrick’s valet) ...... Cyril Langan
Miss Ada Ingot .................. Cecil Birder
Mrs. Smith ........................ Knute Rockne
Miss Araminta Brown ............ George Lynch

—We are nearing Thanksgiving with its odors of browning turkey, and rich plum-pudding, its championship football games, and its trip home. There is a restlessness in the air that is catching. All are trying
to decide which is the better—a full meal with
the loved ones at home, or a trip to Chicago
which promises excitement and fun.
—No, that disturbance last Wednesday was
not a race riot, neither was it a cane rush nor
a dog fight. Three guileless traveling men,
laden with samples of Velvet smoking tobacco
appeared on the campus shortly after dinner
and were greeted so enthusiastically that they
fled for safety into the express wagon. Come
again, brothers, because "everybody's smoking
it now."

Athletic Notes.

ST. JOSEPH WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Monday afternoon St. Joseph won the inter-
hall championship by defeating Sorin 9 to 0.
The victors are fully entitled to the honor as
they finished the season with a clean slate.
Three victories, one tie, and no defeats is their
record.

To the St. Joseph backfield must be given
the lion's share of the glory, as it was their
plunges and end runs that enabled their team
to score early in the game. Sorin's line resisted
all attacks in the first half, whereas the Saints'
defense was somewhat weak, permitting their
opponents to make first down a number of times.

After vainly testing the line, Kane took the
ball around left end for about 20 yards, bring­
ing it to Sorin's 25-yard line, from which
point he made a goal from the field. This
ended the scoring for the first half.

In the next quarter the St. Joseph line took
a brace, thus enabling the backs to make more
consistent gains. By long straight bucks,
Maloney, Traynor, and O'Donnell brought the
ball within ten yards of the Sorin goal line
and an end run by Kane took it over on the
next play.

It was not until the last few minutes that
Sorin threatened St. Joseph's goal line. A long
forward pass, O'Connell to Regan, and an end
run by O'Connell placed the ball threateningly
near St. Joseph's goal, but the calling of time
rendered the rally fruitless, and left St. Joseph
unscored, on for the season of 1912.

WALSH DEFEATED BY CULVER.

Walsh hall received the short end of a 25
to 0 score at Culver last Saturday. Although
the cadets had to fight for every inch of ground,
their superior weight and teamwork overcame
the defense of the southsiders. Stiles, Culver's
quarterback, put up a magnificent game.
He circled the ends almost at will, and his
two forward passes over the goal line for touch-
downs were perfect. For Walsh, Harvat loomed
up brightly in his old-time form. He was the
best ground gainer for Walsh. Matthews pulled
off some of his long end runs, and Carroll played
a great game at guard.

The treatment given the Walsh team by
the cadets was the best ever. No efforts were
spared to make their visit a pleasant one.
The courteous, gentlemanly conduct of their
opponents during the game, as well as before
and after it, will long be remembered with
pleasure by the N. D. team. We want more
relations of this kind with Culver—more games
with the class of young men that can fight
hard for victory without forgetting that they
are gentlemen.

THANKSGIVING.

The turkey's in the oven, and
The spuds are in the pot;
The pumpkin pie that mother made
Is large and piping hot.

There's one thing I could never see,
And ma can't make it clear—
Why those that made Thanksgiving Day,
Can't have it twice a year.

W. D. C.

THE MIGHTY SUFFRAGETTE.

(A Walt Mason, Sir, Your Pardon)

A suffragette was speeching,—and, believe me,
she could speech—in raucous accents screeching,
teaching all that she could reach; and I listened with
rapt wonder at a courage that would dare to select
a public corner for to rant and tear one's hair. I
am not a crabb'd old moss-back, worshiping the ob­
solete; nor a cynic misanthropic snarling at a world
replete with attempts to better mankind by dis­
coursing on one's feet. But I can not help reflecting,
as I view the fleeting years, that we should remove
some people from this transient vale of tears; and
foremost among those leaving, if I had my way, you
bet 'twould be the howling, growling, yowling, scowl­
ing, militant suffragette. "Why are we procrasti­
nating?" shouts Miss Angelina Wops, and full
soon they're masticating fibrous flesh of local
cops. Enraptured by their noble cause, they next
proceed to slam the abject old prime minister on his
shrinking diaphragm. Their idea of civic virtue seems
to lie in raising—well, there is something quite sugges­
tive in the fiendish way they yell. Theirs may be a
righteous battle, as they rhapsodize and roar, and
mayhaps they are inspired to smash in windows by
the score; maybe they're justified, progressive, when
they scratch the copper's face, but to folks like me—
old-fashioned—they're a blot upon the race.