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Life.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

HOW like unto the limpid spring
That drips and drips away,
The tiny stream that marks the source
Whence mighty rivers take their course,
Is childhood's happy day.

How like unto the babbling brook
Bedecked with bud and flower,
That dances onward through the lea
And sings an echo of the sea,
Is youth's swift-passing hour.

How like the rushing river course,
Whose swelling sinews raise
And bear resistless through the day
Whate'er confronts its mighty way,
Is manhood's stretch of days.

How like the last dim reach of blue
Where first the sea appears,
And waveless waters gently roll
Into the deep, its final goal,
Is man's last span of years.

The Greek Chorus.

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12.



THE Greek drama, like everything else which the Greeks did, had its beginning in religious worship. They were first and last a religious people, believing in the power of the gods and conforming their actions to this belief. Before performing any act of importance oracles were consulted to learn whether the gods were propitious. Nearly everything in nature was a divinity to the Greek. What they could not account for in the natural order they ascribed to the super-

natural, so there were almost innumerable gods. These gods were conceived of as having human bodies and human passions, in short, as having all the qualities of man, but in a greater degree. If these deities possessed human attributes, they were naturally imperfect. Of course, among this great number there were those who existed solely for the harm they could do mankind, while, on the other hand, there were those who furnished happiness to man. Among the latter were Demeter and Dionysus.

Out of the simple religious rites in honor of these gods the drama sprang. Both tragedy and comedy grew from a chorus of revellers. Both had their beginnings in religious ceremonies; the tragedy in the leader of the dithyramb; comedy in those who led off the Phallic songs. The growth of the comedy, however, was slower in maturing than that of tragedy. As said before, the extent of a Greek god's worship was determined by his relations to men. If a god brought only the ills of life to man, his worship naturally was not great; but if his gifts made for the greater joy and happiness of mankind, his worship was dear to the heart of everyone. Who, then, of the countless divinities was more deserving of reverence than Dionysus, the wine-god, the giver of joy, the enemy of all that blighted the happiness of man?

The Phoenicians introduced the worship of Dionysus into the Dorian states. It is said that the Dorians were the first to worship gods with hymns and dances. They were a warlike people to whom military education was the only education. Every action came under military supervision. Thus the themes for their hymns were generally concerned with some deed of war or some accomplishment of their ancestors. These hymns were written to be sung by the whole population and not by a single voice. This custom did not prevail very

long, but was substituted by having a band of revellers sing and at the same time dance around an altar raised to Dionysus.

Story had it that Dionysus was attended by strange, goat-like men. In their desire to imitate, the band of revellers, wearing goat skins, feigned that they were satyrs. Hence the word tragedy—from *tragos*, a goat, and *ode*, a song—a goat-song. The leader of the chorus, or coryphæus, impersonated Dionysus, relating some incident in the god's life, the chorus expressing in song the feelings aroused by the speech.

The first great change in the choral lyric was effected by Alcman of Sparta who lived about 660 B. C. He arranged that the singers should move alternately from right to left while singing, and he composed the song in stanzas called *strophe* and *antistrophe*. The *strophe* was sung during the movement to the right; the *antistrophe* during the return to the left. Stesichorus, whose real name was Tisias, but whose skill earned for him the name Stesichorus, or marshall of choruses, added a third part called an *epode*. This epode was sung by the chorus when it ceased from its movements to right and left.

To Arion of Lesbos is awarded the credit for the next great advancement in the growth of the chorus. Some claim for him what has been attributed to Alcman, namely, the composition of songs into *strophe* and *antistrophe*. At any rate, the honor is due to him for having fixed the number of the chorus at fifty and grouped them around the altar in a circular form. Hence we have the name *cyclic* chorus. The highest perfection of the chorus was reached at this point. From this time on the chorus decreased in importance and dialogue increased in importance.

It was not unusual for the poet who wrote the lyrics sung by the chorus to act as leader or coryphæus. Thespis, who lived around 536 B. C., made the poet-leader an actor. The impersonation of character became his chief business. During the course of a festival he would take the part of several characters, using a different mask for each. So besides existing merely for themselves the choruses were sung in order to fill up the time used by the actor in changing. Since the leader had been made an actor the chorus chose another to fill his place. The actor then carried on a dialogue with the leader, the chorus at intervals chanting their songs.

Phrynichus of Athens, though still using one

actor, improved the organization of the chorus by dividing it into small bands representing different groups of characters.

Æschylus introduced a second actor who carried on a dialogue with the first. Thus the dialogue became independent of the chorus. By varying their parts the actors were able to act a complete story, while the chorus expressed the feelings which the action aroused in them. The drama is now mature since a complete action is represented as taking place on the stage. The chorus, however, was never totally lost sight of, and throughout the whole history of the Greek drama the choral lyrics were always written in the Doric dialect. Sophocles introduced a third actor, and the chorus practically became the minor characters of the drama.

Such was the growth and the decline of the tragic chorus as a chorus; and the comic chorus, although later in its development, presents a parallel case.

The Longabardi.

FRANK H. BOOS.

It was in the little village of Pavia in Italy in the year five hundred and sixty eight. It had been three days since a Roman soldier, wounded and breathless, had galloped into quiet Pavia on a jaded steed to tell the frightened inhabitants that the terrible Lombards were crossing the Alps into Italy. Milan had fallen, Tubrurius lay in ashes, and now the barbarian hordes were storming Pavia. So far the city walls had repelled the invaders, but there was little hope. Every able-bodied man was on the walls. Huge stones were hoisted up to be hurled down on the heads of the barbarians. Bonfires were lighted to heat the caldrons of pitch and water. One large catapult was made ready for action. All night long the sentries paced the narrow walls. The women and children crowded together, moaning and weeping. Gloom and terror seized the city. It was a hopeless struggle. When the first streaks of grey announced the coming day, the Lombards rushed at the outer gate. Volley after volley of arrows brought the foremost down; the scalding pitch fell hissing on naked shoulders; great rocks crashed against the dense phalanx, but all to no avail. The gate was burst asunder. A great shout arose. A panic-stricken legionary

rushed towards the Consilium crying, "Longabardi, Longabardi!" Pavia had fallen.

A band of Lombards, about one hundred strong, were marching down the narrow street, picking their way in and out of the piles of dead bodies, broken carts, dying horses and burning débris. They were a terrible-looking band, huge, wild barbarians,—eager for plunder. At their head marched their chief, a man who stood well above six feet, with a gigantic frame, naked from the waist up, with long, dirty, flaxen hair bound to his brow by a heavy, golden band. His eyes were small and steely, placed far back in his head and almost hidden by bushy eyebrows. An ugly cut extended from his protruding cheek-bones across his flat nose. His lower jaw was heavy, and his teeth showed between the thick lips like the fangs of a wolf. Blood from the gash on his face was smeared over his naked and hairy chest. In one huge hand he carried a broad sword, strong and heavy enough to fell a tree. It was Cloderic, one of the petty Lombard chiefs. His band were as fierce a rabble of monsters as mortal eyes ever gazed upon. All were more or less under the influence of wine, and their shouts and cries were deafening.

Suddenly a Pavian woman, white and faint with terror, staggered into the street ahead of them. In her arms she bore a tiny babe. A hideous yell arose as the Lombards caught sight of the staggering woman. Two huge ruffians ran forward and seized her. There was a flash of steel, a scream, and the mother rolled into the gutter, streaming with blood, still clasping her infant to her breast.

"Two more gone," muttered Cloderic, unmoved by the murder. "Two less to defend Italia, for who can stop the warriors of Alboin!"

The street ended abruptly, and before them stood a large, stone building. A cross surmounted the tiny, Gothic tower.

"'Tis a church," cried Cloderic. "When I fought against the tribes of the Gepidae, when in employment for the great emperor of the East, many of these buildings I saw, and all were crowned with crosses. Warriors, enter! Do not burn until we strip it. If anyone be within, remember ye are the fighters of Alboin, the men of Longabardi!"

With a great shout the barbarians rushed up the stone steps and fell upon the door. To their surprise it yielded without breaking. Within stood an aged monk, terror stricken.

"A Christ-dog! Let him feel the steel!" yelled a huge, bloody Lombard. A moment later the barbarian entered the church bearing the monk's head in one hand.

Cloderic rushed up the narrow aisle and into the sanctuary. The church was dark, lighted only by a tiny wax taper which burned before the altar.

"The place is empty," he exclaimed. "Hundgav! see thou that lamp of gold? Take it. Stokel, I'll warrant thee that cross up there is pure gold. What have we here?"

The yelling barbarians stopped. Cloderic stepped back, his sword ready to strike. Before them, at the foot of the altar, knelt a woman dressed in white, her eyes raised to heaven, her lips moving in prayer. Suddenly she rose and faced them, ready for the death she knew must come.

"By the bloody hands of Yoar! what fiend have we here?" roared Cloderic. "And such beauty! Hundgav, go touch her and see if she be woman or devil."

The terrified woman fell at the barbarian's feet, sobbing.

"Yea, chief, she is no fiend," answered Hundgav, grinning. "She is too fair for a devil. Such beauty might fain be wed to even such a chief as thou."

"Be it so," said Cloderic. "She is a Pavian and useth not our tongue. Ah! she is a Christ-woman too?"

Just then the church resounded with terrible shouts from without and a large band of naked Lombards ran into the vestibule.

"'Tis the chief Zeldrin with his band," yelled one of the savages.

Zeldrin came forward, a huge warrior, with a steel helmet on his head and his chest protected by golden chain-armor. One of his eyes was gone, leaving a dark, ugly hole. His beard was shaggy and burned. In one hand he carried a battle-ax, on the other arm, a large brass shield. As Zeldrin approached, chief Cloderic drew himself up to his greatest height and frowned haughtily. The Christian girl wept afresh.

"Knowst thou not, O chief, that I and my band have already taken this church?" exclaimed Cloderic in his deep voice.

"Yea, fellow chief, but the house looked so large and the ornaments so rich there should be plenty to divide between two parties," replied Zeldrin folding his huge arms on his chest.

"Knowst thou not, chief Zeldrin," said Cloderic,

"that I am he whom the Longabardi call 'Mighty.' Whatever I take is mine and mine alone, no man shall take from me!"

Zeldrin answered: "But Pavia is small and the division of gold is just and—"

Here he stopped suddenly and gazed at the Christian girl.

"Good gold!" he exclaimed, "didst ever see such beauty? Who may she be?"

"Part of my spoils," shouted Cloderic, his face darkening with anger.

"Oho! so you capture Christian maidens as well as Christian gold!" responded Zeldrin stepping forward.

"Chief Cloderic taketh whatever he pleaseth."

"Unless Zeldrin wisheth to restrain him."

"It might be so that chief Zeldrin is unable."

Zeldrin laughed confidently and pointed towards his warriors.

"Perhaps Cloderic doth not know that I, Zeldrin, chief of many Longabardi, have many times fought better men than thou. My war-ax biteth deep. Brave men's blood hath many times dyed it. I never—"

But his sentence was never finished: With the roar of an enraged bull, the mighty Cloderic rushed, sword upraised. Zeldrin sprang aside, and warding off the first blow with his shield. But the second sword thrust came too quickly for him. The heavy blade of Cloderic caught him full in the throat. He gasped. Little good did his armor do him; he staggered and swayed.

"Oho! so Zeldrin is a better man than Cloderic is he?" roared the victor.

"And still Cloderic may not have—his—Christian—wife," gasped Zeldrin.

The mighty chief's head fell back and blood gushed from his mouth. Then rousing himself to one final effort, he hurled his heavy battle-ax with terrific force at the sobbing Christian girl who knelt beside the altar. The ax struck true. The girl screamed and fell. Cloderic sprang forward with a loud yell, but Zeldrin had already fallen and lay still on the floor.

The sun that evening set on the ruined city of Pavia. Far within the city the bare walls of a burned church were gilded by the sun's dying rays. Within it, beside a robbed and desecrated altar lay two bodies. One was naked and huge and scarred, the brutal face swollen beyond recognition, but one eye was missing. Beside it lay a figure in white.

Varsity Verse.

DEATH.

A SMILE and a tear,
And an eye grown red
At the silent touch of a hand;
A hope and a fear,
And a grief-bowed head,—
And a toiler less in the land.

T. A. L.

MODERN MOTHER GOOSE.

Tom, Tom, the lawyer's son,
Robbed a bank and away he run;
The bank went down
And broke the town,—
Now Tom is wearing a judge's gown

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a crook,
Taffy came to my house
And stole a fishing hook;
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed,
I just left the fish hook there
And took his fish instead.

T. A. L.

FAMOUS EVENTS IN HISTORY:

CROSSING THE RUBICON

When Julius Caesar Wallingford
Came here to Notre Dame
They quartered him in Corby Hall;
He soon was in the game.

He proved to be a dead game sport,
And joined the Choral Club;
He never coppered anything;
He showed he was no dub.

The prefect got a scoop one day:
He coppered one and all;
"The die is cast," said Julius as
He crossed to Brownson Hall.

H. O.

SNOWFLAKES.

Tell me, spirits fair, of cloudland,
Why this all too-hasty call?
Did ye sin and unrepentant
Leap o'er Heaven's highest wall?

Were ye rather homesick children,
Exiles on some foreign strand;
And escaped were hast'ning backward
To your native northern land? M. A. C.

Silver Latinity.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

The history of Roman literature is divided into two periods known to the students as the Golden and Silver Ages. This division is not made for convenience in study. It is rather because the different standards and types demand it. To the critic, there is as much difference between the Latin of the Silver and that of the Golden age as there is to us between the English of the boy who knows only the rules of correct grammar and the English of the university professor. Golden Latinity is sincere, refined and simple; Silver Latinity is comparatively insincere, uncouth and complex. The comparative statements represent the general trend of the two ages and may not be taken too absolutely. It would be strange if the Silver age, coming as it does immediately after the Golden, contained no traces of that age's style of literature.

It would be axiomatic to say that the literature of Cicero's time was classical in every sense of that word. The diction was as pure as possible; the style as simple as possible. And yet scarcely were Cicero and Livy and Virgil dead when this literature took on an altogether new tone, and an epoch of pretensions began. What was the cause of this great change in a few short years? Was it the lack of genius? No, because the Silver age of Roman literature contained many able men, Tacitus, Quintilian, Pliny, etc. No, strange as it may seem, we must lay the change to the times, to the customs and especially to the government. The change of the moderate monarchy to despotism is perhaps the greatest cause of this deterioration.

One thing we must not lose sight of in considering this epoch, is the belief on the part of its writers that their standard of literature was in advance of that set by Cicero and Virgil. They saw in these writers what they considered crudeness and what we call simplicity, and sought to excel by embellishment what too frequently was only bombast.

At the beginning of the Christian era, government, as has been said, changed to despotism. Craftiness and brutality took the place of openness and clemency. The emperor was sole ruler. He feared anything like independence on the part of his subjects. The result was

slavery, servility or persecution. During the first one hundred years, which practically cover the Silver age, despotism reigned without respite except for the eleven years of Vespasian's rule from 68 to 79 A. D., the two years under Titus 79 to 81 A. D., and the close of the epoch under Nerva and Trajan from 96 on. But little could be accomplished during the short time of Vespasian and Titus, and the time of Nerva and Trajan came too late to do more than "wake the people to the knowledge of the losses and sufferings of the fatal past."

Now, how did despotism affect literature? We might ask, "Did not the emperors know enough about literature to further it?" Yes, but it is the very knowledge that they had, their individual appreciation, that aggravated the evils. They were actually jealous of the literary success of others. They wrote verses themselves, and demanded that they be lauded and immortalized. It was the natural outcome that these degenerate tyrants should crush anyone that could write better than they themselves could. The result was not only despotism over the land and over men's bodies, but even over men's minds. Servility which spoke the lies of flattery was alone allowed to speak; independence of thought and of speech was compelled to silence under threat of death.

Men now had the choice of two roads, servility or silence. Many chose the former and killed their genius in the bud. Others chose the latter, and these are the lights of the Silver age of Roman literature. It is this latter group in which we are interested.

Compelled to silence, compelled to restrain their independence of speech, their thoughts in the richness of their possibilities could only find subject-matter by withdrawing within themselves into the "innermost sphere" of their being. This effected an earnestness and a power of concentration that was invaluable in domestic life and a mastery in psychological observation. Men retired within themselves and learned to study spiritual things. The soul and the heart with their wondrous possibilities were analyzed.

While this was the case with most, some however, became soured and morbid. They saw the falseness around them, and became cynical in their views of life. As all men must hide their thoughts, their powers and their real selves, they were forced to appear as different from what they really were and

hypocrisy and affectation were the natural result. Constantly watched by spies, "men felt as though they were on the stage; they considered impressions; they became dramatic, they declaimed instead of speaking."

Now, all these tendencies on the part of men found expression in literature. Simple and natural composition was considered insipid; the aim was to be brilliant. Epigrams were in abundance. Quintilian says that the age was noted for rhetorical figures and poetic terms. Poetry became prosy and prose became poetical. The literature was filled with mannerisms and bombastic pathos. The number of writers deserving of consideration were many, but the bright lights in the view of modern criticism were few. Probably the best way to gain a knowledge of the tendencies and accomplishments of the age will be to consider several of the leading writers.

One of the leading men of literature in Nero's age, from 54-68 A. D., was Seneca the Younger. His style set the model which it became the fashion to imitate. It was striking and popular, but it did not please Quintilian who came later. Quintilian says it is brilliant and shows reflection, but he charges the author with want of self-restraint, with jerkiness, frequent repetitions and tricks of rhetoric. Though his style is bad, his diction is considered, on the whole, fairly classical. Seneca died A. D. 66. His works were principally philosophical, comprising treatises on Anger, Providence, Tranquillity, and Clemency, with twenty books on moral letters. The tragedies that bear his name are inferior to his prose writings.

Seneca had a nephew, Lucan, 38 to 65 A. D., who followed his uncle in his pursuit of literature. Of his works only the *Pharsalia* is extant. "It is," say critics, "brilliant and attractive, but shows the lack of discipline." Of all the Latin poets, he is the least Virgilian, so that Merivale remarks, "he had never studied—one is almost tempted to believe that he had never read,—Virgil." He is probably the first poet who shows the clear marks of Silver Latinity.

In Pliny the Elder, 23 to 79 A. D., the same style and faults are found as in Seneca. His work was principally that of a compiler. He was a deep student in science and collected an enormous mass of notes that he used in his writings. The only work of Pliny's which we have now is his *Natural History* containing much information on physics and astronomy.

Of all the men of the Silver age, Quintilian, born between 35 and 40 A. D., stands most prominent in resistance against the unclassical literature of the times. His sound judgment led him to a true appreciation of the writers of the Golden age. He held up before his pupils the loftier and purer models. He shows great taste and justice in his criticisms. In spite of this knowledge, however, his own style did not escape the fashionable influences, and he frequently falls below the models which he attempted to copy. He died in the last epoch of the Silver age, about 118 A. D. The simplicity at which Quintilian aimed came closer to perfection in Frontinus who showed that the corruption was in the times, not in the language itself.

During the Flavian Dynasty, 69-96 A. D., there lived several epic poets. Their general correctness of diction and simplicity of expression is probably due to the influence of Quintilian. Flacus, Italicus and Statius are probably the greatest of these poets. They, however, lacked genius, drawing their inspirations from books rather than from nature. Statius shows the greatest natural ability of the three.

One of the most careful and powerful of all the poets of this time was Juvenal. By studying the classical authors, he kept his language simple and pure. The language is rhetorical, but extremely powerful, and not bombastic. His extant works are sixteen satires, which score the society at Rome in his age. As satire found its perfection in Juvenal, witty epigrams are mastered by Martial. In fourteen books he depicts life in Rome and the tendencies of the times.

The two greatest prose writers of this period are Pliny the Younger and especially Tacitus. Pliny was born about 61 A. D. He was accomplished, devoted to literature, rich and munificent. No Roman from the time of Cicero acquired so high a reputation for eloquence, but all of his orations are lost except a "Panegyric on Trajan." He published a collection of letters in ten books, which are highly prized. The Latinity of these letters is perhaps not inferior to that of Cicero, whom he imitated. Erasmus praises them most highly. There is one quality of style that Pliny possesses more than any other writer of either the Golden or Silver age, and that is what appeals to the reader of today as modernity. Pliny's letters

are the letters of a man of today; his descriptions, those of a twentieth century *littérateur*. In reading his masterly letters one forgets that they were written in the first century of the Christian era.

No author of the Silver age is more read and admired than Tacitus. Living at the close of the age, he came under the influence of Quintilian, and imitated the classical writers.

The Silver age was, then, an age of mediocre Latinity, mediocre rather on account of the government and the customs than because of a lack of genius. Towards the end of the first century, under more clement and intelligent emperors, literature advanced rapidly, and we have such men as Tacitus and Pliny. It was pre-eminently the age of rhetoric, though that rhetoric was not the simple, unadorned rhetoric of the Golden age.

Bill's Getaway.

W. J. WILLIAMS, '14.

Although Bill, according to a wise custom, sat with his back to the wall he happened to have his face in a big glass of beer when the sheriff stepped softly in and sat down opposite him at the little table. Bill put his glass down and smiled pleasantly, for he knew that the sheriff's gun was within a foot of his stomach. He also knew the sheriff had a practice of shooting rings around a man's middle if the occasion justified. He only smiled and called the bar-tender. Removing Bill's side artillery the sheriff said:

"You are sure a fool, Bill, giving yourself up this way when you had three or four laps ahead all the time. Now we are down on the border line, all you would have to do is to cross the Rio and you would be safe. Why did you hang around town here all night? Why it's disgusting, the indifference you assume towards my ability to get the man I'm after."

Bill sighed, "Yep, I am a fool you see, but I met up with that fat-faced gambler, Jake. I meets him up by the market last night, just as I was gittin' in town, an' he seys as how there was a good game agoin' every night, an' you know, sheriff, I couldn't leave. I ain't had a chans teh set in a reel good stiff game fer a long time. I recon this is the only town in Texas where a game's runnin' an' there's a

bunch of Rangers here too. So of course I stalls round, aimin' teh get my hoss acrost some time before daylight. But I wins straight away from the jump an' no man's agoin' teh leave a good thing like that. 'Gettin' easy money ain't none too common now nowadays."

After he had finished, he poured himself a stiff drink of high proof yellow goods. The sheriff kept silent all the while, watching him down the contents of the glass. Finally he asked:

"Bill, if you got the little bundle of money you might as well hand it over to me now before it slips your memory." Adding, "I am of the belief the bank will sure be some pleased to get it."

Carelessly Bill tossed upon the table a good sized package done up in brown paper and adorned with red splotches of sealing wax at each end.

"Yeh want the entire amount," he said, "it's all there."

"Bill, you are a dandy fellow. I suppose you intended to change part of it for poker chips by this time. We had better run over to the telegraph office now and send a little wire that I've got the goods, and then if you'll say you'll behave as becomes a gent, we'll take a look at that poker game you all was telling about. I've got a hunch that there's too much money down here close to the border that would be safe if I took some of it back to my country. Will you come along friendly or do you want me to incarcerate you in the local bastille until we leave?"

"Sheriff," Bill said earnestly, "I've sure not got none too much hankerin' teh rest my weary bones alongside some drunken Mex, abreathin' the foul air of this here legal boarding house an' under them conditions I'm sure youn ontill further orders."

They then left the saloon and crossed the street to the telegraph office. The sheriff with Bill by his side sent the message and visiting several more saloons until they were pretty well "tanked up" but feeling strong for a chance at the game which for a long time had been denied them, they went to supper.

They had no more than finished their supper and started down the street when they met Jacobs the gambler.

"Hello, Jake," cried Bill, "here's a friend of mine from up in the State, and we're comin' up teh see yeh a little later. What's doin'?"

Jacobs told them how they had been closed up in the town, but had moved across the river to Santa Cruz, where he had a nice place fixed up and he added he would be glad to see both of them over there.

Bill's face fell and the sheriff frowned. They both saw their entertainment gone glimmering, for Santa Cruz was in Mexico and the sheriff was not of a mind to take his prisoner to a foreign country just then. The sheriff finally got him to promise to act the gentleman. Pretty soon the sheriff and Bill were engaged in a six-handed poker game. Playing there about an hour they cleaned up about six hundred when the sheriff got tired and started off to the roulette wheel.

It was not long until the sheriff was playing strong on the wheel, but the little ivory ball always fell in a number that was entirely blank. Bill saw that after a while the sheriff was playing recklessly and desperately:

"Old hoss," he finally muttered, "let's cut it out and roll in the hay. I'm most terrible sleepy."

The sheriff turned a flushed face. "Go on upstairs and go to bed, Bill," he advised shortly, "I'll come up pretty soon and we'll go back across in the morning."

"Good night. I'll be upstairs when you want to go. Felix will show you which room," and with that the door closed.

Bill was awakened by a smashing at the door about two hours later. Jumping up from his cot he lit the gas and opened the door. The sheriff entered staggering and dropped upon the edge of the cot. He shook all over as if chilled, but the night was apparently hot.

"The devil," cried Bill, "what's the matter?"

"Bill, boy, they got to me. I'm cleaned. The wheel went against me."

"Oh, well," said Bill, "you needn't worry about the few hundred you won from Jake."

"Why cuss it, they got the whole roll. I lost the eight hundred dollars I won from Jake, four hundred good hard gold of my own, and—" his voice grew low and hard—"the eight thousand I took off you."

"What? The bank's money!" cried Bill.

"Well, you are a plumb fool."

"Yes, the bank's money. They got at me all right," replied the sheriff. "It means hell for me, Bill. It means I sell our little ranch, Jennie's and mine, to make good. My own fault though. No one drug me into it."

"Go to bed, sheriff," said Bill who generally cool was now much disturbed. "We'll talk it over in the mornin'."

He did so and was soon sound asleep. When he awoke the next morning the first thing he saw was Bill's empty cot. Then he railed out.

"The dirty skunk! I knew he was no white man, the dirty renegade! Beatin' it for the interior now. Well, I've made a plumb mess of the whole thing."

Just then a knock was heard at the door. The sheriff opened it and the messenger handed him a heavy bundle done up in brown paper and roughly tied with a cord. He tore it open and gasped. There lay before him gold, silver and bills in a promiscuous pile on the table. There was an envelope in the pile. The sheriff opened it and read:

DEAR SHERIFF:—You was pretty white to me. I knew that the bank roll and winnings from the game was brought over there every morning to the bank, so I met the guy as was bringin' it an' borrowed it ofen him. He saw me pretty plain, so I had to clout him on the bean, and I have gone on back over to Santa Cruz. This stuff is for you and if you want me, too, come on over. I will wait today for you.

Bill."

"P. S. I kept some for myself."

Mechanically the sheriff counted the money. It was even eight thousand eight hundred. "Of course I'm sorry Bill got away from a first-class officer like me, but I don't guess I'll go over there after him."

Treasures.

M. A. CAREY, '11.

WITHIN the silent, darksome deep,
Where sea-glass waves and sways unseen,
The purest pearls of brightest sheen,
Like monks, their lonely vigils keep.

Embosomed in the miser earth
'Neath rock-vaults piled up row on row,
The freshest silvered streamlets flow
And ever prattle sounds of mirth.

Far out in heaven's blue, boundless field,
Where eye and even fancy feign
Would scan, bright stars are set to rain
A light, to mortals ne'er revealed.

But ah! that men should always strive
For treasures set beyond their grasp;
While thus within their careless clasp,
Pure beauties waste and griefs survive.

The Ex-Convict.

THOMAS MAHONEY, '14.

"Bring number 563 in here," ordered the warden of the state penitentiary.

"Yes, sir," replied a "trusty" who was in the office.

Number 563 had been sentenced to serve thirty years in prison for the crime of murder. At the time of the alleged murder he was a young immigrant, having been in America only six months. On arriving at New York he went to that section of the city in which "his" people lived,—the Italian quarter. He lived in a lodging house from the start. He had only been there a few months when some of the men began to read of and discuss the methods of those who got money so easily by the "Black Hand" method. Soon some of these Italians sent out a letter signed by the Black Hand demanding a large sum of money from one of their wealthy brethren. They were caught by the police and accused of several Black Hand murders that had been committed shortly before. Number 563 and four other Italians were convicted and sentenced to serve terms in prison. Convict number 563's term was now completed.

When he entered the office of the warden, the latter met him with a smile and said:

"Well, your time is up." Number 563 seemed very much surprised.

"It is?" he asked. Long ago he had lost count of the years.

"Go into that room there," said the warden, "and you will find a suit of clothes." Number 563 did as he was ordered and in a few minutes reappeared in his new costume.

"Good-by," said the warden; "try and be good." Number 563 muttered a few words and in a short time found himself outside of those great stone walls for the first time in thirty years.

Oh, those thirty years! His memories of the days spent in sunny Italy were very faint indeed. It seemed as though all of his life was spent behind those cold gray walls instead of just one half of it. When he was first brought to prison he was terrified. He believed that he would never more get beyond those walls except in a coffin. But here he was now, those thirty years were spent, and he was once more a free man. But was he glad? He was afraid, greatly

afraid. Where would he go? What would he do? Here he was once more thrown upon the world without an education, without a friend, and without money; he, a man of sixty years, appearing and feeling like a man of seventy-five. Yes, he knew what he would do. He had said when convicted that he would kill his prosecutors. But where were they? He didn't know. He didn't have that feeling of revenge in him any more, anyway.

He would apply for work. What kind of work? Oh, any kind of manual labor. He walked fearfully towards the city. He saw a gang of men digging a ditch. He could do that. He asked the foreman for a job.

"You are too old," he replied. "You couldn't work fast enough."

He went on. Every place he went he met with the same reply until towards evening he finally secured a job of moving freight on the docks. The boss of the freight handlers gave him enough money to buy his supper and breakfast. Where did he sleep? Oh, under the docks. The next morning he appeared at work again and apparently had secured a regular position. It was hard work, certainly, but it was all he could do. In the late afternoon he saw a policeman talking to the boss and they were both casting sidelong glances at him. That evening at six o'clock the ex-convict was told that he wasn't needed any longer.

A few days later a little note of a few lines could be seen in the morning paper. It read: "The body of an unknown man was found floating in the river at the foot of Monroe Street yesterday. It is thought that he committed suicide. The inquest will be held today."

Things of Beauty.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

A TENDER babe in a crib asleep,
And the croon of a mother's song;
A tear that springs from the heart's well deep
For the shame of a conscious wrong.

A lily white in a waste of thorns,
And the skylark's liquid strain;
The saffron hues of the summer morns,—
And the raindrops' sweet refrain.

A star that droops in the western sky,
And the hum of bees at noon;
The gleam of joy in a lover's eye—
And the sound of a long lost tune.

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Calendar.

Sunday, January 29—Brownson Literary Society.
St. Joseph Literary Society
Band Practice after mass.

Monday, January 30—Band Practice at 12:30
Orchestra Practice.
Baseball Practice.

Tuesday, January 31—Glee Club Practice.

Wednesday, February 1—Newman's lecture on Russia
Philopatrian Society.
Civil Engineering Society

Thursday, February 2—Feast of the Purification.
Solemn mass.
Band Practice after mass
First Friday Confessions.

Friday, February 3—Band Practice at 12:30.
First Friday.

Track practice daily at 3 p. m. Thursday 10:00 a. m.
Basket-ball practice daily 3:45 p. m. Thursday 9:00 a. m.

—Within a few weeks the crack of rifles on the new range in the gymnasium will announce the final touches on the work of the new department of military science and tactics. The impression made so far by the military companies is very favorable. The different companies have been organized only a short time, but within that time they have shown remarkable skill, and their appearance on dress parade recently evoked universal praise. The value of the drill will be more apparent to the students as the work advances, and their earnest co-operation with their officers is an assurance of

the ultimate success of the battalion. Parents and admiring friends will find cause for congratulation on the part these young soldiers will take in the final exercises of the year; the skill and efficiency that they will have acquired by that time will add a note of distinction to these festivities. Let the good work go on.

—An important detail in our school life is punctuality. Where every hour has its specific duty the matter of promptness is very important

in order to the proper fulfillment of that duty. It seems

Promptness. reasonable to suppose that when a certain period of time

is given for the performance of a certain amount of work, that work will not be performed so well in a shorter period. Business and professional men lay great stress on keeping an appointment to the minute, and on being at their desk at a set hour. Usually they live up to a rule of this kind themselves and they require those whom they employ to live up to it also. If a college education does not include the lesson of promptness it certainly is missing a very important part of its field. It should emphasize the necessity of entering the class or lecture room on time, it should insist that students generally live up to the time limit set for handing in essays or written work of any kind. We are all of us prolific of excuses, but it is safe to say ninety per cent. of our excuses have their seat in our imagination. Most of our "could nots" are "would nots" and our phrase "I forgot" might be changed to "I neglected." What has to be done should be done early, otherwise it becomes burdensome. We can not learn the lesson of promptness too soon, for our failure to learn it may lose us business and prestige in later life.

—Sometimes one is led to think that too much time is given in our colleges to elocution and not enough to reading. At least the number

of those who can not read is so large, one should be pardoned for so thinking. Doubtless there are many elocution

The Homely Art of Reading. teachers who spend much time on accentuation, emphasis, voice modulation and tone. Hence perhaps it would not be correct to lay the fault at their door. The fact is, most boys do not know how to read. And by reading, in this instance, is not meant the high and very artistic

kind that suggests a long course of training, but the simple kind which acts as a vehicle to convey the author's thought to the mind of a listener. Ever so many pronounce correctly, but fail to link word with word and clause with clause. They see one word at a time and never look beyond for what follows. The result is a jerkiness which does away with the movement of the sentence. The good reader looks ahead, he sees the thought before he renders it to the listener; he is undergoing a continual course of preparation from sentence to sentence. Hence he is never taken by surprise. He understands fully what he reads and interprets as he understands. A reader is really an interpreter. What he reads may not call for the play of emotion for many of the gymnastics of the human voice; but at least it calls for intelligent interpretation as a result of understanding. Most of us at times have to live through the ordeal of those who deliver sound but not sense, of those who mutilate rime and reason, who succeed in concealing an author's thought as effectively as if they were paid to do so. One period a week in English classes devoted to reading aloud with the view to bringing out the sense of a printed page would not be misspent.

—With the beginning of this year, the Department of Education of the Catholic University published the first number of *The Catholic Educational Review*. If the first issue be taken as an indication of the spirit and standard proposed for the *Review*, there will be no question as to the high place it will hold. The names of the contributors to the first issue are a guarantee of scholarship and serious regard for the written word at any time under any circumstance. Drs. Pace, Shahan and Shields we have heard here at Notre Dame, and we know what to expect from any enterprise to which they give their attention. Dr. Pace writes on "The Papacy and Education," Dr. Shahan on "The Pastor in Education," Dr. Shields on "The Teaching of Religion." In addition, "The Playground Movement," receives careful handling from John J. McCoy, and Robert Swickerath, S. J., gives a very readable discussion of "Jesuit Education in America." We wish the new *Review* length of years and the fullest measure of influence.

Rules for the Peace Oratorical Contest.

We herewith present the rules to govern the Annual Oratorical Contest of Indiana Colleges, under the auspices of Intercollegiate Peace Association.

1. Contestants must be undergraduates.
2. Orations shall deal with some phase of the general Subject of International Arbitration and Peace.
3. Orations shall be limited to 16 minutes on delivery.
4. Winner of first honor shall represent the State in the Interstate Contest.
5. Prizes are: for first honor, \$75; second honor, \$50.

As this contest is to be held at the University this year a number of Notre Dame students should be candidates. No time should be lost in thinking it over. Hand in your name today.

Rev. Arthur O'Malley in First Lecture Here.

The Rev. Arthur O'Malley of Toronto, Canada, delivered his first lecture at the University Saturday evening, January 21st. As was said by the President introducing him, Father O'Malley is a "big man" in Toronto. His theme was a lordly one and the lecturer attacked it with great vigor. An innovation was made by breaking the lecture into sections and allowing the audience short intervals for conversation which were much enjoyed. It is evident that Father O'Malley delights in his work, and it was observed on all sides that his audience was remarkably quiet.

Mr. Newman's Third Lecture.

The third of the series of lectures by the well-known traveller was delivered on Wednesday afternoon. We enjoyed the trip through Turkey quite as much as any of the journeys we have made with Mr. Newman. The memory of the Turkish fire-department "rushing" wildly to a midnight fire will live long in our minds. The views of Constantinople by moonlight and other scenes of nature in the Orient were among the finest ever seen on the local stage. The next lecture will be on Russia. We might suggest that a special effort be made to get these 2:15 lectures through with not later than 3:30. One enjoys a breath of fresh air between the conclusion of a lecture, however interesting, and the beginning of a regular scheduled class.

Obituary.

On Wednesday last the Rev. August Goupille, C. S. C., passed away at St. Joseph's farm after a long illness. Father Goupille belonged to the French Province of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and was, until the expulsion of the religious orders from France, President of the famous St. Croix College, Neuilly, Paris. Those who visited the college during the years of Father Goupille's presidency remember him as a priest of gracious manners and pleasing address. We bespeak for the deceased priest the prayers of all our readers. *R. I. P.*

The end came peacefully a short time ago to the venerable Father Mathew Hannon, of Darlington, Wis. Father Hannon was eighty-four years of age at the time of his death, and was rounding out his fifty-ninth in the holy priesthood. He was a student here in the late forties. We recommend the soul of this worthy priest to all our readers. *R. I. P.*

Rev. Father Eugene F. McBarron, pastor of the Assumption Church in Evansville, Indiana, who died last Wednesday morning, was at one time a student of Notre Dame. In pursuance of his studies for the clergy he matriculated at the University in 1863 as a student in the classical course. The prayers of the Faculty and the students are requested for the repose of his soul. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—The present address of Francis P. Byrne, student about six years ago, is 7 Gardner Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

—Mr. Eugene J. Jennings, a former student at Notre Dame, is in business with his father at 573 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y.

—Albert A. Kotte (C. E., '06) and Clement L. Devine (C. E., '07), both of Alliance, Ohio, were visitors at the University last week.

—Rev. T. J. McCaffrey, who will be pleasantly remembered by the students of twelve years ago, is now rector of St. Patrick's Church, Mt. Sterling, Kentucky.

—Graduates or old students desiring positions as teachers in the Philippines at a salary of from nine to twelve hundred dollars a year, may com-

municate with the War Dep't., Bureau of Insular Affairs, Washington, D. C. Transportation is offered in addition to salary, and advancement to two thousand a year is possible.

—Mr. J. M. Manley, student 1890-'91, made a pleasant visit to the University last Tuesday. Mr. Manley was on the football team of his year, and as far as physical proportions are concerned would still make a great center rush. He has been remarkably successful, and holds the position of Secretary and Attorney for the National Metal Trades Association. His address is 2615 Park Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

—Old students of middle age, with whom the name of Father John P. Quinn of the diocese of Peoria is a golden memory, will be interested in the announcement that Father John has been transferred from Peoria to be made irremovable rector of St. Columba's Church, Ottawa, Illinois. Father John Quinn is one of the most beloved priests in all the middle west, and it is a great grief to his old people that they must part with him. Father Quinn has the best prayers and good wishes of the University for his success.

—January 23rd marked the fiftieth anniversary of the religious life of the beloved and venerable Brother Urban, for many years porter of the University. In a characteristically quiet and dignified way, Brother Urban celebrated the event among his confrères and friends. The years lie gently on the head and on the heart of this good man whose whole life has been one of edification and devotedness. Many were the good wishes offered him on his anniversary day and many the fervent prayers that went up. May he long be spared to the Community and to his friends.

—When it comes to pairing we must really "hand it" to Peter P. McElligott, graduate in Law, 1902, and an all-around good Notre Dame man. They are electing a United States Senator in New York, and every assembly man who for any grave reason must be absent, is obliged to pair off with another assembly man of the opposing political party. Peter not only managed this pairing successfully, but contrived another pairing on the same day. Miss Rose Lynch of Brooklyn was the party, and the knot was tied by Father Belford in the Church of the Nativity, Brooklyn. We predict that Peter will be Governor of New York yet. Congratulations.

Society Notes.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

On Wednesday, January 25th, the newly elected officers of Notre Dame Council No. 1477 were installed by District Deputy Weber and his staff from South Bend. After the installation the new Grand Knight, Professor Benitz, took the chair and conducted a business meeting. Several applications for membership were read; other business was left over to the next meeting. The scheduled debate on the question of woman suffrage was held in a decidedly original form, Messrs. Havican and Arnold doing all the talking, and leaving nothing to be said by their colleagues.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its eleventh regular meeting last Sunday evening. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That immigration in the United States should be prohibited." Messrs. J. Robins, E. McGough and E. Kelly upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. E. Walters, A. Clay and J. Doherty, the negative. The decision was given to the negative. After the debate Mr. J. McCarthy read a very instructive paper entitled "The Literary Society." This carefully prepared essay merited high appreciation. The meeting then adjourned.

CORBY LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Corby Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting last Sunday evening. A committee was appointed to determine the expense of note-books and programs. The question of the debate was: "Resolved, That the United States Federal Government should own and control the railroads." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. R. Milroy and C. Fahey, the negative by Messrs. P. Cumming and C. Durbin. The decision was given to the affirmative. Mr. Henry Morritz started the ball rolling in impromptu speech-making by reciting a few of his witticisms, which were taken up by other members and enjoyed immensely by all present. At the close of the program, Father O'Donnell gave some points to the society on the necessary data for debating.

ST. JOSEPH LITERARY.

Sunday evening St. Joseph Literary Society rendered a program which showed that the society intends to surpass all previous records. Mr. Twining read an interesting paper on

James Whitcomb Riley and recited two of this poet's serious poems. William Sponsler furnished the real entertainment of the evening. He performed some clever tricks on the piano, and also showed how through a variation in time a piece of music might serve both as a funeral march and as ragtime. Joseph Huerkamp recited "Liberty Bell" which was followed by a reading by John Burns. Mr. Burns showed rare ability in both reading and interpretation. His work marks him as one of the cleverest elocutionists found in St. Joseph's Literary Society for several years. Charles Robinson delighted the society with a violin solo. Following recitations by E. Savord and W. Corcoran, the critic, Father Maguire, commented on the good work done by the society.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The usual interesting program was given in the Civil Engineering Society on the evening of Jan. 25. Mr. Bracho furnished his hearers with the very best information upon "The value of the degree of Curvature." Curvature in track greatly reduces the capacity of a railroad line because it causes great loss of power, brings destruction to the rolling stock, increases the chance of derailment and hinders fast travel. These numerous objections against curvature make its consideration very important in the location of railroad lines. Mr. Cortazar drew a comparison between the Metric and English systems of weights and measures. The summation of his paper was a hearty recommendation of the Metric system for standard usage. Since the introduction of the Metric system by France in 1795 most countries have adopted its usage realizing it to be superior to the old irregular systems. The Metric system was authorized for use in the United States by Congress in 1866 and a provision made for its introduction into the post office department. Mr. Wolff of the Senior Class discussed a proposition involving the principle of kinetic and potential energies. His presentation of this subject aroused much interest among the members who proposed many objections to his conclusions. This subject is one of more than ordinary interest to the engineer and Mr. Wolff clearly showed by his explanation of the difficulties raised that he has a thorough knowledge of this interesting principle of mechanics. Mr. Caparo, who is taking much interest in the society, attended the meeting.

Local Items.

—Found:—A pair of black fur gloves. Apply to Students' Office.

—Father Irving is now at work organizing a glee club in Corby hall.

—The report that an inter-hall bowling tournament will soon be on is in the air.

—Students who must visit the printing office to see the animals will kindly keep their paws off the machinery.

—So many special basketball games are pulled off by special teams every evening we can not begin to give an account of them.

—A meeting of the managers of the basketball teams of the different halls was held during the week to arrange the inter-hall schedule.

—Thursday morning the Knights of Columbus assisted in a body at a mass of requiem for Prof. Edwards, who belonged to the Notre Dame council.

—Chester McGrath has been appointed assistant law librarian. Several new reports and treatises have been added to the library during the past week.

—A dancing party by the Notre Dame students of South Bend will be held Wednesday evening, Feb. 8th, at La Salle hall. A very pleasant time is expected.

—Baseball coach Kelly has issued his call for candidates to report in the gym at 3 o'clock. It is expected that many will respond, making the chances for a fast team bright.

—Racks for the safe keeping of the Battalion's guns have been placed in each hall. The quartermaster sergeant of each company will have charge of and be responsible for the guns.

—Rifle practice for the Battalion starts Monday. Targets have been placed in the big gym. It is expected that great rivalry will be shown by the different companies to obtain the highest score.

—Twenty-four men drew for places in the preliminary trials for the Varsity and Law debating teams Wednesday afternoon. These trials will be held the first of March. The contest for places on the teams promises to be exciting. The material available presages another championship team for Notre Dame.

—The illustrated lectures given by Mr. Newman in Washington Hall Wednesday afternoons are not only very interesting but also highly instructive. The pictures shown represent the expenditure of an enormous amount of time and money which alone could have accomplished such remarkable results.

—The Eucharistic League is gaining new members daily in the different halls. Directors have been appointed in each hall to whom those wishing to join this good movement should apply. Gold and blue ornamented badges are given to each member to wear. The League has a most worthy purpose, and should gather in every Catholic student in the University.

—The local Pittsburg-St. Louis basket-ball team defeated the C. A. A. of South Bend on the latter's floor. The game was exciting throughout, C. A. A. getting a big lead on the local team in the first part of the game. After the P.-St. L. crowd became accustomed to the slippery floor they soon tied the score. From then on they easily outplayed the C. A. A., winning 34-24. The line-up of the local team was B. Soisson and McCague forwards; O'Connor centre; M. Heyl, R. Soisson, Dolan and O'Herron, Guards.

—A worthy movement was started in St. Edward's hall by the establishment of the Holy Name Society. The object of this society is to show reverence for the Holy Name and the prevention of its misuse. At the first meeting of the society the following were chosen to office: Rev. Father Cavanaugh, Honorary President; George Madigan, President; John Maltby, Vice-President; John O'Connell, Secretary; Sylvester Vyzral, Treasurer; Joseph Seery, Standard Bearer; John Sullivan, Censor; Andrew Moy-nihan, Marshall; George Schloem, Sergeant-at-Arms; Rev. P. J. Carroll, Chaplain; Rev. J. L. Carrico, Spiritual Director. The boys have taken hold of the good work with a will.

Athletic Notes.

Varsity Humbled by Wabash.

For the first time this season Captain Fish and his team of basketball men felt the reverses of fate when they walked off the field last Saturday afternoon defeated by the score of 39 to 21 at the hands of their old rivals, Wabash.

For several years the Wabash game has furnished the best offering for local fans in the way of excitement and best playing of any game of the season. The two teams have generally been very evenly matched and both have always fought to the last ditch to wrest victory from the contest. During the first half of last Saturday's contest it seemed that this year's struggle would be fully as exciting as have been those of the past; but it took the second half to dislodge this belief. The first period closed with the locals one point in the lead, the score being 13 to 12. With the opening of the second half the tide turned against the Notre Dame men, for attempt after attempt failed to lodge the ball in the basket. This probably affected their work. Anyhow, the visitors had sufficient encouragement to rush the contest and this they did, as the number of points which they scored in this period indicates. While every man on the Wabash representation played a brilliant game the honors must be given to Herron who was in almost every play executed. The little down-state forward proved a marvel for speed, and his quick passes proved a big factor in keeping the ball in the immediate vicinity of his goal. Schlemmer and Elgin were the strong men in counting up the scores, each making five field goals apiece. For the locals, Fish, Maloney and Burke were responsible for the local score. "Laz" made another of his long-distance goals in the first half which proved the feature play of the afternoon.

SUMMARY:

NOTRE DAME		WABASH.
Fish, McNicol,	R. F.	Herron, Leffel.
Maloney,	L. F.	Elgin
Burke,	C.	Schlemmer
Walsh, Grandfield,	R. G.	Lambert
Ulatowski, Feeney,	L. G.	Stump
Field goals—Lambert, 5; Schlemmer, 5; Herron, 2; Fish, 3; Maloney, 3; Burke, 2; Elgin, 5; Leffel, 4. Free throws,—Maloney 5; Lambert, 5.		

TRACK TEAM TAKES SECOND PLACE.

Coach Maris and his band of athletes succeeded in taking second place in the First Regiment meet held in Chicago last Saturday evening. The Illinois Athletic Club, with a big boost in the way of handicaps, carried away the premier honors, by a margin of only three points over the local athletes. Had the soldiers' officials been as liberal with the Notre Dame men in the way of handicaps as they were

with the I. A. C. team our banner would have been tacked securely at the top. But even with this disadvantage against us Notre Dame would still have won the meet were it not for the accident in the quarter-mile race. Martin and Fletcher collided on the last lap of this race while holding the lead with Rochne. Both of the first-mentioned athletes were thrown. Rochne in evading the spilled athletes lost his stride, but recovered sufficiently to take second place in the event. Had this accident not occurred, Notre Dame would have taken all three positions, and in that way earned the necessary points to win the meet.

Devine and Bergman proved the stars of the meet. "Long John" started from scratch in the half, and after a most gruelling race pulled in winner, putting up the gamest fight of the evening. Bergman proved the surprise of the evening when he walked away with the forty-yard event. The little Corby star managed to win second place in the preliminary and two semi-final heats, and in the final he breasted the tape winner in easy fashion.

In the two-mile race the handicap given to Dana's opponents proved too great to be overcome by the "Rabbit." In the high jump as well as in the mile, large handicaps proved too great an obstacle to the local athletes. Fletcher lost third place in the high jump to Manual of Chicago University after jumping about an hour to decide a tie. Steers put up a game fight to bring home the mile, but was unable to catch Moage of the I. A. C. or Davis of Lake Forest, who had handicaps of 35 and 25 yards respectively. O'Neill took second place in the pole vault, being defeated for first honors by Coyle of Chicago University. In the relay Notre Dame was forced to take second place to the C. A. A.

NORTHWESTERN COLLEGE TODAY.

Basket-ball enthusiasts will have an opportunity of seeing the Varsity lined up against Northwestern College of Naperville, Ill., this afternoon on the local field. The visitors are coming with but very little fame preceding them, so it is thought that the local men will not find much difficulty in winning the laurels. O'Neill will probably be seen back at centre again, but if Burke continues to play the game he exhibited in the last two contests, the former centre will probably confine his attention to track athletics, as the coach believes it will not be best to overwork him.

Safety Valve.

ON THE ROAD TO NILES.

To the Editor: If this "exhaust" meets with the approval of the SCHOLASTIC's "engineer," it might be run through the Valve.

It was a pitiful mistake,
An error sad and grim;
I was waiting for that car to Niles,
The light was low and dim.

It came ere long, and out at once
There stepped a dainty dame;
And looking up and down the place
She straight unto me came.

"O Jap," she cried, "my own dear Jap!"
And kissed me as she spake;
Then looked again, and blushing cried:
"O pardon my mistake!"

"Forgive me, maiden fair," cried I,
"For I am not your Jap;
And as regards the kiss you gave,
I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I've often stood
Upon that platform dim;
But only once in a man's whole life,
Do such things come to him.

G. U. M.

A GREAT THOUGHT.

The kid was in a pickle
'Cause he swallowed down a nickel
And mamma wept for sorrow till her eyes grew dim.

Then rose an ancient man—
Just a hundred years his span—
And said: "'Tis only Buckley gets that nickel out
of him."

AINT THIS THE ONE?

I met that guy you call Boos:
When he blushes he's just like a rose.
Quite oft to the mirror he goes
Where he's always afixing up bows.

Last Saturday was a terrible day. Wabash walloped us, the track team was trimmed in Chicago. Worse still, we were not fully fortified for that crowning trial.

TO ILLUSTRATE.

Yund,
At a Saengerbund,
Started to sing
Something.
The crowd scowled
And howled.

And Yund began to talk back to them.
Then some one shouted: "Raus mit 'em!"
And he was rausted.

So this then is Portia, the blithe, blooming, billowy
Belmont beauty!

FOR TONSILLITIS.

[Use as a gargle after each meal.]
You Yust Yump with Young Youngerman.

The newly admitted member to the Brownson Lit. has usually this to say: "Mr. President and fellow members, I am very glad to be a member of this society. I'll do the best I can to help the good work of this society. That's about all I've got to say. And I thank you." Much the same elsewhere, eh?

It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that Mike Morrissey has lent his illustrious head to the bald-headed row.

Joseph Lee Ryan, the famous impressario and step-the-light-fantastic, will now entertain you!

"Enter under protest" may be all right, but we'd rather have it settled before going in.

Paniagua, bread and water,
I have thirst and hunger too.
Paniagua, Paniagua,
Geeve me leetle beet of you.

IT JUST SHOWS YOU.

Prefect.—Mr. Collins, I didn't see you in church Thursday morning.

Joe.—You forget we have our own Parish, Father.

Prefect.—Quite so, quite so.

Lynch is sore because we reported him at class last Monday. We hereby apologize and declare that Lynch was not at class last Monday. Hope this closes the incident.

We have private information that Corby hopes to enter Bergman in the hall track meets. 'Spect the matter will be debated somewhat acrimoniously or so.

OUR WEEKLY PRIZE PUZZLE.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Eating a piece of pie:
Well, Stony McGlynn
Just happened right in
And little Jack started to cry.
Why?

Professor of Chemistry—Mr. Fenesy, if I gave you chloroform how would you determine its molecular weight?

Mr. Fenesy—In the usual way.

That "Fourth" ran its 278th consecutive night and proved the greatest farce ever.