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## Baby Rose.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '13.

SWEET Rose, little fairy,  
So blithe and so airy,  
How happy you are and how gay!  
The sound of your laughter  
Refreshes me after  
The work of a wearisome day.


The trivial matter  
About which you chatter  
Is pregnant with meaning to me:  
My heart fills with yearning  
With love I am burning  
For you, Rose, Acushla Machree.

The flowers are not fairer,  
Their fragrance not rarer  
Than your little innocent soul;  
The angel that guards you,  
And tenderly wards you  
Will keep you as years onward roll.

## American Journalism.\*

GEORGE GRISWALD HILL.

(CONCLUSION.)

N addition to the machinery where-  
by it obtains news of foreign  
and domestic events, every news-  
paper maintains a more or less  
extensive city force under the  
immediate direction of the city  
editor. This force includes the "cub" re-  
porters, who visit the police courts and follow  
up minor police cases and accidents, those  
who make the round of the hotels, the hos-

pitals, the shipping offices and other places  
where news is likely to develop; the more  
experienced court reporters, the financial  
men who cover the operations of the stock  
market, the board of trade and similar insti-  
tutions; the political reporters, who keep  
in constant touch with the local political  
leaders, the board of aldermen, the mayor's  
office, etc., and finally the star reporters who  
are supposed to be able to cover any story of  
importance from a railway disaster to the  
consecration of a bishop, a murder trial to  
an important social event. On all the larger  
papers, society, music and the drama are handled  
in separate departments, as are also the literary  
matter and sporting news, and usually the  
Sunday supplement is under the supervision  
of a Sunday editor with a corps of men wholly  
distinct from the daily force.

Practically nothing is done at random.  
All is system. In a book kept for the purpose  
the city editor makes a note of every coming  
event likely to be productive of news, and each  
day he assigns reporters to cover the events  
of that day. Even in handling an unexpected  
disaster a system is pursued. The first man  
on the ground gathers such details as are  
available and telephones them to the city  
editor, who makes such arrangements as the  
extent of the disaster seems to warrant. If  
the man first to arrive is competent he may be  
told to take charge and to make his head-  
quarters at some point within easy reach of a  
telephone and where he may be found by others  
assigned to help him. Then as other reporters  
can be reached they are told to report to the  
first man and he distributes the work between  
them. Suppose there is a large fire with loss

\* Lecture read before the Faculty and students  
in Washington Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 22, 1911.

of life. The first man is instructed to do the casualties, that is, to get the number and names of those killed and injured. The second man to arrive is told to work on the amount of damage done. The third is assigned to cover danger and damage to surrounding property. A fourth is charged to discover the cause of the fire, a fifth to interview those who were rescued, a sixth to interview the families of those killed, and still another to write interesting incidents attending the fire, what are known in newspaper offices as "human int." stories. Each man, except perhaps the one sent to the homes of those killed, reports to the man in charge who telephones to the office a brief outline of the news as gathered, while his men write out their stories. The man in charge also edits the copy of his assistants and a constant line of messengers conveys it as edited to the home office.

In the case of a great disaster, an extra edition is printed as soon as a few essential details can be gained over the telephone. An hour or so later a second is printed, and so on, each containing a more detailed and more accurate account of the event. On the larger dailies no expense is spared to gain the news and to print it promptly. Star reporters hire automobiles with the extravagance of a millionaire, charter boats to cover a marine disaster, make reckless runs on railway locomotives: in a word, do anything necessary to obey the injunction, "Get the news, and get it first."

When President McKinley was assassinated, the newspapers rushed their best men to Buffalo. The wounded President lay at death's door in a private residence, remote from the hotels. The newspaper men could take no chances. They erected tents opposite the residence and lived for days on sandwiches and coffee, never daring to leave their assignment until the end came.

During the Spanish War newspaper men were sent on tugs to scout for news along the Cuban shore. Now that it is passed, their descriptions of the agonies they suffered from cold and seasickness as they were buffeted about by the storms of the Caribbean Sea, while they tried to write interesting dispatches for their papers, are decidedly entertaining, although the experiences were far from amusing to them, and more than one poor fellow has never recovered from the effects of the Cuba fever contracted at that time. So, too, in

the Philippine war which followed. Hardships were undergone which would have been unendurable but for the love of adventure and the determination to protect their papers which actuated the correspondents sent into the field, and I know more than one man who has never recovered wholly from the effects of exposure and bad food and water encountered in the Philippines.

At national conventions, during filibusters in Congress, and often at the close of the sessions, the newspaper man must remain on duty for twenty-four, forty-eight and even seventy-two hours with hardly an hour of rest, and it is not an uncommon thing for the entire force of a daily paper to work for twenty-four consecutive hours after a national election. But these experiences are not regarded as hardships, for they are compensated for by the excitement and the satisfaction of seeing the results in print. Perhaps they tell on a man's vitality. It is a fact that newspaper men usually burn out by the time they are fifty, but it is a compensation to be able to make one's living, even though it be a modest one, by doing the one thing one loves best in the world to do.

I have referred to the telegraph as revolutionizing journalism. There have been, however, two other inventions which have contributed hardly less to make the modern newspaper what it is. One is the modern printing press, the other the method of making paper from wood-pulp. Almost within the memory of men now living many papers were printed with hand presses, and none were produced without sending them through the press twice, one for each side of the printed page. In the old days a circulation of one or two thousand copies taxed the capacity of the average office. Only the invention of the modern press, capable of printing both sides of the paper with a single process, printing from a continuous roll of paper from two to four miles long, and turning out the almost incredible number of 96,000 eight-page papers, folded, pasted and counted, each hour, has made possible the circulation of some modern dailies of half a million copies a day.

The invention of wood-pulp paper is accountable for the low price of the modern newspaper. In the old days rag paper cost approximately twenty-four cents a pound. The pulp paper in universal use today costs two and a

fraction cents a pound. It is not durable, and it fades when exposed to sunlight for any considerable time, but the daily newspaper is not made to last and the cheap paper serves its purpose. It is made of spruce wood which is ground into a powder as fine as flour, made into a paste and practically baked on heated rollers into the sheet with which you are all familiar.

The modern press and cheap paper called for another economy of time and money, the substitution of mechanical for hand composition, and the modern linotype came along just in time to fill the demand. Operated like a typewriter, it sets, not the type but the forms, or matrices, from which the type is moulded. As each line is completed and automatically spaced out to the proper and uniform length, a plunger sends from a pot of molten metal just sufficient to fill the mould, and the line is cast in one piece, from which the machine derives its name—the linotype. There are other forms, but this is the one most in use.

And finally, the process of acid engraving has been invented to fill the demand for illustrations which can be produced with great rapidity. A comparatively few years ago newspaper illustrations were printed from wood engravings, every line and dot of which was painstakingly cut by hand. Now the drawing, or photograph, to be reproduced is itself photographed and printed on a metal plate. When this is dipped in an acid solution all superfluous parts are eaten away, and a workable engraving can be produced in considerably less than an hour from the time the original is received.

Another—and the last—phase of journalism, it seems appropriate to discuss is the opportunities it presents for a career. It is doubtful if there is any occupation so alluring to college graduates, aside, of course, from those who have determined definitely upon some other profession.

The number of applications from college graduates for situations on daily newspapers is little short of amazing. To some extent this may be due to the very general belief that newspaper work offers opportunities for travel, for adventure and for excitement presented by few other professions. One young man who was slaving away at a copy-desk confessed to me that he had been determined to become

a newspaper man ever since, as a boy, he had seen the reporters walk through the police lines at fires while he was compelled to remain outside. But aside from those actuated by such superficial motives, there is to many a peculiar satisfaction in seeing the creation of their brain and pencil in print and in seeing it so soon after it is written. It satisfies one of the most powerful and most primitive instincts in human nature, the desire to create and to witness the creation. So general is this satisfaction that it has come to be a standing joke in newspaper offices that as soon as each man can get a copy of the day's paper he reads "his favorite author," said author being, of course, himself. There is no denying the fascination which newspaper work has for most of those engaged in it, a fascination which often prevents them from bettering themselves financially because they can not bear to part from the excitement and interest which to a greater or less extent attaches to every newspaper office.

Generally speaking, however, that interest and excitement are purchased at a high price. Newspaper work may offer greater compensation to men of brief experience but with the natural qualifications than other lines of work not largely manual. On the other hand, it offers far less compensation to the man of mature experience than most professions. In its very nature it seems to militate against thrift; and there are few newspaper men who save any considerable amount, while every newspaper man faces at least the probability that he will burn out by the time he is fifty, when he will have to give way to younger men, whose energy and enthusiasm are fresher and therefore more in demand. The only capital which a newspaper man accumulates is his acquaintance and that is useless when he can no longer work. Practically no newspaper man can expect to receive as great compensation for his services as the successful lawyer or doctor.

The effect on character of a newspaper career is varied, of course, but it takes a character of more than ordinary force to resist the temptations which attend the class of work which falls to the cub reporter; a constant attendance at the police courts and police stations, more or less close association with the underworld, in its broadest sense, and, in the case of the morning paper at least, almost complete isolation from the society in which he would normally

find his pleasure and recreation. These experiences constitute a test of character which destroys many. Some who come through it may be better for the experience. Too often it produces cynics. And even as promotion is attained, there is always a certain abnormal haste and excitement which charms but often injures, which makes for brilliant, rather than for solid work, while the prizes are comparatively few, and the man who is not especially well qualified for the work, if he sticks to it, is more than apt to find himself after a few years a copy reader, handling the product of other's brains, closely confined for eight or ten hours a day and largely cut off from association with his family and friends. This isolation used to be limited to those who worked on daily papers and whose hours of labor ended anywhere from midnight to 3 a. m., but with the numerous early editions of the so-called evening paper there are now many afternoon newspaper men who must forfeit their leisure at the hours which the world devotes to recreation and enjoyment. For instance, the so-called "slaughter house gang," that is the men who do the initial work on early editions of afternoon papers, rewriting articles in morning papers, etc., are required to get to work at 3 a. m. At 4 or 4:30, the so-called "gas house gang" arrives, and by 6 o'clock many of those in more responsible positions put in an appearance.

The prizes for which these men work are comparatively few. It has been estimated that there are about one hundred editors who receive salaries of between \$7500 and \$10,000 a year and possibly a dozen who receive salaries from \$15,000 to \$30,000 a year. To my mind,—and, of course, I may be prejudiced—the position of Washington correspondent presents more attractions than any other post on a daily paper, chiefly because it involves association with the men who loom largest in the affairs of the nation. But the compensation hardly averages \$5000 a year, and that very association necessitates a manner of living too expensive to conform to the dictates of prudence. Taking the compensation of the trained newspaper man throughout the country I fear it will not average over \$1500.

In newspaper work, as in most other lines of human endeavor, it is executive ability which draws the prizes. The man who can judge men, select the ablest assistants, control them,

spur them on to devote their best energies and abilities to the service of the paper, who keeps his head under all circumstances, can plan far ahead, but is never excited by the unforeseen,—he is the man who will get to the top. The man with the finest literary ability and the best news sense must take a place second to him who has executive ability. And that same executive ability would often command even greater compensation in some other line of work.

An old and experienced newspaper man once said that a newspaper man should have no friends, no social relations and no family, that he should live, eat and sleep in his office, and that the first time he ventures outside the door he should be hit over the head. Of course that is an exaggeration, but it is one of those exaggerations employed to convey an appreciation of conditions which it is hard for the average man to realize.

I do not for a moment imagine that anything I may say will deter the young man who has determined to adopt journalism as a profession from doing so. If he has it in him he won't be able to help it, and the best thing his friends can do for him is to extend their condolences and pray for his success. But a knowledge of the facts may deter some from drifting into journalism, and those who are only drifting are indeed fortunate if the winds and the waves of fate take them in some other direction.

And to those who are determined upon journalism as a career, I would say, don't imagine that you can reform the world, or preach a propaganda, or work social or political upheavals as a newspaper man. For years you will be only a soldier in the ranks, with only the privilege of obeying the orders of your superiors, and the chances are that by the time you attain to a position where you might exert much influence you will have lost your youthful enthusiasm, at least so much as would send you out now as a missionary.

Don't go to a large city to begin. The editors of the papers in large cities can rarely afford to experiment with a greenhorn, and even if they can it is difficult to persuade them of the fact. They are an obtuse lot, almost wilfully blind to budding genius, and unkindly inconsiderate of great aspirations. Make your start in a small town. When you have learned the rudiments of your profession in a place

where the competition is less keen than in the great centres of population, branch out gradually. Send short articles, dispatches, etc., to the paper in the larger city with which you would form a connection. If the editor likes your work you will need no introduction. It will speak for itself. And when you have made acquaintances through your work, you may be sure that offers will come. Editors are always looking for men with experience, with ability, and with youth and energy as well.

And finally, don't try to capture an editor with fine writing. The rounded periods which are said to denote the sophomore are the laughing stock of the newspaper office. Cultivate a simple, unaffected style. Tell what you have to say in a concise, clear manner, for that and that alone, together with some evidence that you have the news sense, will gain recognition.

I fear I have already wearied you with this long discussion of what appeals to me as one of the most interesting vocations in modern civilization. If I have thrown some new light on the subject, if I have spoken an effective word for the clean and the creditable newspaper, and have succeeded in inducing you to regard American journalism with a little kindlier consideration, I shall be gratified. Whatever may be its shortcomings, every man worthy of his hire loves his profession and is eager to make known its interests and its better side. And I can not close my remarks with a wiser or a more appropriate expression regarding American journalism than that uttered by that great and beloved Churchman, James Cardinal Gibbons, who, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the newspaper men's Mass, celebrated in New York every Sunday at 3 a. m. wrote:

"The press is undoubtedly a colossal engine of truth or error. We are daily confronted by it. It permeates every walk of life and its influence and circulation are daily increasing. As it is the duty of the press to be an agent of good and not of evil, so it is the duty of the people to give their support to such papers as are conspicuous for their elevating tone, and to do everything in their power to lessen the great evil results of those which have an influence for bad."

A GENTLEMAN does not appear to know more or to be more than those with whom he is thrown in company.—*Spalding.*

### False.

THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER, '12.

THERE'S a picture memory brings to me  
Of other days,  
When my thoughts of love were all of thee  
Who now betrays.  
O, had I known,  
That words alone  
Not always make a vow,  
I should not have the broken heart  
I carry now.

### The Wrong Party.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

Tom Dawson had always liked Helen Donnelly ever since the night he first met her at the K. C's dance; and when the "Fair Co-ed" opened at the Studebaker he saw an opportunity of asking her to go to the theatre with him. But it was Wednesday and he must work till six p. m. How under these circumstances was he to return home, dress for the theatre, call for Helen, and still be in ample time for the evening performance?

"Dawson, is bill number 14071 on file?" came the annoying inquiry of the head clerk. Tom's thoughts of Helen and the "Fair Co-ed" suffered a momentary respite.

"Beg pardon, sir," he managed to falter, "but I was occupied with—"

"See if 14071 has been placed on file, and if it has not, hunt it up," interrupted his boss somewhat imperatively. Number 14071 had not been filed and Tom was kept busy until noon in search of the lost account.

At lunch hour he ate hurriedly and returned to the office before any of the clerks had come. Again his mind wandered back to Helen and the anticipated evening pleasure. But how was he to meet her was the question that puzzled his mind. On the head clerk's desk was the phone. Why not use it before his boss returned? Tom acted on the impulse and picked up the receiver.

"Hyde Park 7172," he called, and waited a moment. "Hello, is this you, Helen?"

"Yes," came over the wire.

"Well, this is Tom; you'll pardon me as I must be brief. I don't care to have the boss

find me on his phone. I have two tickets for the "Fair Co-ed" this evening and would like you to come. It will be impossible for me to call for you as I have to be here until about six tonight. But if I'm not mistaken your brother's club is giving a dinner at the LaSalle this evening. I'm sure your brother will take you to the Annex and I'll meet you there at 8 o'clock sharp. Here comes the boss, Helen, I must hang up. Sorry I can't be more specific, but circumstances alter cases. You won't fail me, Helen, will you?"

"Why no, Tom," she answered, and he hung up just as the head clerk entered.

"Call for me, Dawson?"

"No, sir," answered Tom. "Some one got the wrong party that's all." Little did Tom think then that this falsehood was a truth. The day dragged on slowly for him as all days do when an evening's enjoyment is anticipated. But he was happy; he was to spend the evening with Helen Donnelly at the Studebaker. Helen Donnelly! How different, he thought, was she from Helen Bradley whom he had learned to dislike. Helen Bradley was two years Tom's senior, a frank, outspoken girl,—too outspoken for Tom to admire,—and one who looked upon him as an elder sister would a younger brother. This especially vexed Tom, as Helen Bradley, thinking herself very much in his favor, ventured at times to speak to him even in terms of reproof.

But Helen Donnelly was of a different nature. Her blithesome spirit and her congenial disposition won her numerous friends. She was not outspoken, but neither did she lack courage to voice her feelings. With this girl Tom was to spend the evening.

Six o'clock came and Tom hurried home and prepared himself for the theatre. Two hours later he entered the Annex, and what was his surprise when Helen *Bradley* came forward and took his arm!

"You dear boy, eight o'clock, and just in time. So kind of you, Tom, to ask me with you," she exclaimed before Tom could come to his senses.

"Why—a—good evening,—a—Miss Bradley," he stammered.

"You called me Helen over the phone, Tom," she broke in coquettishly, with a lingering stress on "Tom."

"So I did, Helen,—but I had a little accident down the street,—a—but, we mustn't let

that spoil our evening; let us be going," he faltered. And the two strolled to the theatre down Michigan Avenue.

Tom never enjoyed a play less in all his life; Helen Bradley pronounced him decidedly ill-humored and very inattentive, not only in respect to the play but likewise to her. Tom felt bored and wished himself at the bottom of Lake Michigan. How to account that Helen Bradley and not Helen Donnelly was with him he could not. He would not ask Helen how *she* happened to be at the Annex; this would be taken as an insult, and rightly so, he felt. And though he knew there was a mistake yet he could not tell where. He tried to be gentlemanly, but despite his precautions, his anger got the better of him, and he seemed to slight Helen Bradley several times during the evening. He returned home and spent a restless night wondering where the mistake could be. At breakfast he was silent and disposed to be sulky.

"What's the matter this morning, Tom?" asked Sis, teasingly.

"Nothing," he answered reluctantly and in a sullen manner.

"But there is, Tom. I know there is," insisted his sister.

"Well if there is, what is it?" and Tom raised his eyes for the first time at breakfast.

"Why, you dear old brother. Don't you know your sister started to work as a telephone operator last night and connected all calls from your office?" answered Sis, laughing heartily.

Tom quickly arose from the table. He saw it all now.

"So you connected—," he almost shouted, but Sis finished the story.

"Yes, I connected you with 3989 Hyde Park when you called for 7172. Luckily both Helens have brothers belonging to the same lodge or my little joke would have failed."

"Joke? Do you call that a joke?" Tom was mad. "Do you know, young lady, I could have you expelled from the telephone company for that?"

Sis walked up to her infuriated brother and threw her arms about his neck.

"You could, Tom, but you wont," she said with sisterly confidence.

POETRY is human speech at its most sublime height—*Abbé Bayle*.

## Catholic Fiction.

J. CLOVIS SMITH, '15.

IV.—ROBERT KIMBERLY.—*Spearman*.

“What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,” “Vengeance is Mine, sayeth the Lord.” These two quotations from the new and old testaments form the groundwork upon which the book “Robert Kimberly” is built. It presents, clearly and forcibly, one of the great evils of the day,—divorce,—with one of its most frequent causes, cruelty of husband to wife, and works out the problem in a most ingenious way. The final chapters of the book are rather difficult to analyze; it is hard to draw forth the moral, for if there is one, it is so concealed as to be almost obscured. However, the evil consequences which are liable to result from a mixed marriage are clearly evidenced. The unflinching attitude of the Catholic Church towards divorce is also shown in a situation where all human sentiments plead for mercy.

The plot is very simple and easy to follow. A struggling sugar manufacturer, Walter MacBirney, is made rich by a sudden turn of fortune, and comes to live with his wife Alice in an exclusive circle of rich society people who are all, in some capacity or another, connected with the Kimberly Refining Company, of which Robert Kimberly is the head. Like some other self-made men, who possess a vast amount of brains and energy but very little heart or conscience, MacBirney has treated his wife most inhumanly during their first years spent in poverty. Moreover, when he suddenly reaches a state of affluence, her condition is only slightly bettered, for he falls a victim to the wiles of a designing woman, and covers his wife with disgrace and shame. Small wonder then, that when Robert Kimberly, a man who is a confirmed atheist, whispers words of love to her, she finally succumbs to his persistent energy. But it must not be supposed that she has only been waiting to revenge herself upon her husband for his conduct. On the contrary, she repulses her lover's advances again and again, and it is only after her husband strikes her in a quarrel that she finally allows her repressed love for Kimberly to go unrestrained. That is the climax of

the plot. A divorce is obtained,—and here is one of the anomalies in the story: Alice is a good woman, she is a Catholic, and knows the teachings of her Church, yet she allows Kimberly to secure a decree of divorce for her, and promises to marry him. But God, the all-wise God, steps into the petty affairs of mortals, and Alice dies,—dies with a crucifix tightly clutched in her hands. Her death changes the whole current of his life. He begins to realize that money and human desires are mere straws in the path of Divine Providence. Finally, after much thought, he embraces the Catholic faith, and leaving home and friends departs to the leper settlement at Molokai.

There is one element in the story which becomes more and more apparent as the reader progresses,—its startling probability. The court annals of the day can supply thousands of cases of divorce resulting from similar motives. Moreover, the story is very consistent and logical; the characters are not saints inspired with superhuman grace and strength, they are human, with many human defects and passions.

One great fault is apparent, considering the story from a narrative standpoint, viz., it is very hard to follow in the opening chapters. So many characters are introduced in the first pages, that it is almost impossible to keep track of them. Later, though, when the reader becomes acquainted with these characters, the story moves along rapidly to a strong climax and a powerful ending.

Robert Kimberly is the chief character. He is indeed a strong man, possessing all the traits of a great leader of men—determination, persistence, and foresight, and one not so frequently found, kindness of heart. It is this element of kindness in his nature which seems to have first attracted Alice to him. It is easy to see how he came to assume a foremost place in the financial world, for the persistence with which he pays his court to Alice, would alone, if otherwise directed, have been enough to insure his success. The real greatness of the man, and also his individuality, are shown in the last chapters. The hours spent in agony at the bedside of Alice work a wonderful change in his character; and having once decided to leave the frivolous life of society, neither friends nor family ties can hold him.

To draw the truest portrait of Alice, one can only say that she is a real woman. She has all the strong traits of a woman, love of honor,

affection, sincerity, and above all, the sacred feelings of a mother. On the other hand, her logic is often false, and her emotions uncontrolled. She allows her feelings to sway her better judgment, although we must admit that her provocation was very great. However, her true character appears on her death-bed, when once more she embraces the faith of Christ, which she had lost in the struggle and buffetings of her life's terrible journey.

MacBirney's character stands out prominently. He acts at once as a foil to Kimberly, and as the "villain" in the story. While one need not try to condone any of his faults, one may reflect that, after all, he was not wholly to blame. The trials connected with a young and struggling business, are enough to drive the heart out of any man, and later, when riches are within his grasp, the fast social set into which he falls completes his ruin. However, his brutal treatment of Alice turns to disgust any feeling of pity one may entertain for him.

The other characters each play their destined part. Dolly DeCastro and her husband present the modern enigma of simple marital happiness in the midst of the swirl of social life. Brother Francis is ever the pure, simple monk, endearing himself by his affectionate loyalty to all his friends. Miss Venable is a young lady, whose generous heart is more affected by the troubles of her friends than her own. Charles Kimberly, his wife and the Nelsons, make up the minor element in the cast.

The characters, as a whole, are well drawn. While at first there may seem to be too many of them, the social atmosphere in which the book is laid, demands a goodly number. They are well chosen, the many types portrayed setting forth the various phases of human life. All the characters naturally develop as the story goes on, with the exception perhaps of Robert Kimberly and Alice, whose characters are moulded by the ordeals they undergo.

Mr. Spearman handles his descriptions in a masterly manner. Humor, pathos and tragedy, all flow from his pen in strong lines, the scene in which Alice quarrels with her husband and the watch in the death chamber, being particularly vivid. The diction is fairly good, as good as can be found in any modern novel. On the whole, it may be said that the book is a distinct success, and one which will certainly uphold Mr. Spearman's already established fame as a novelist.

### Gratitude.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13

The morning papers had carried into many homes in New York city the story of the kidnapping of Judge Howe's little son. The crime was the topic of many a conversation that day; many were the speculations made as to motives, chances of recovery and the means that would be taken to apprehend the guilty. Rewards and promises of no prosecution were made by the grief-stricken family, but all in vain. Days, weeks and months passed, no new developments appeared, no new clues were found, and the case finally dropped from public notice. The only consolation the judge and his family had was the fact that the child bore a mark by which he could be identified in future years should the opportunity arrive; the boy had been burned when a baby and his arm would always bear a peculiar scar.

In the tenement districts and along the river front of New York, men, women, and whole families come and go, often without being known to their temporary neighbors and without knowing them. In these sections where "the other half" lives it is seldom that questions are asked of one person by another. Here, if anywhere, people tend strictly to their own business.

Into one of these tenements a family had just moved—a family of three, father, mother and son. The other inhabitants of the house made no friendly calls to welcome the newcomers, but simply favored them with scrutinizing glances, prompted more by curiosity than anything and often containing much of suspicion and distrust. The family, however, soon became a part of the settlement and failed to attract further attention.

The little boy was very fond of the poor woman, his mother,—exceptionally so it seemed to those who bothered to notice. But he rather shunned the society of his father. Often he would ask his mother why his father always had to work at night and sleep in the daytime. She would put him off with some evasive answer about the difficulties of choosing employment. The lad, who was very observing, noticed that the subject was a painful one for his mother and ceased questioning her about it.

One night, several years after they had taken up their present quarters, the father told his



son to come with him, as he was now old enough to do some work. They set out together and soon met two others, both gruff, surly fellows like his father. They proceeded straight to a large building, a bank; went around to the back and stopped near a window; a few swift sure strokes of a sharp instrument and a hole was made in the grating and the window broke. Then they lifted the boy up to the opening. Now he realized what their work meant; he revolted at the idea of becoming a party to the crime and struggled to get down. Fearing that he would make an outcry, the men lowered him, and one of them, his father, with an oath struck him and he fell unconscious.

Some minutes passed and he came to his senses. There was a large swelling on the back of his head which caused him terrible pain. He arose and made his way home as quickly as he was able, arriving there before his father. The mother met him with a worried look on her face. He paused a moment and then said:

"Mother, I know now what work father has—don't let us stay here any longer with such a man."

"But where can we go, what shall we do?" she asked.

As he was about to make answer the boy fell forward faint with the pain of his wound. His mother ran to his side and noticed the lump on his head. Her boy had been hurt, and she knew by whom, and why. Surely she would stay in that house no longer. She bathed her son's head and he soon recovered from his faint. Quickly she gathered a few small things in a bundle, took what money she had, left a note explaining their departure and said, "Come we must leave this house at once."

Some years passed and the boy had grown to a man, tall and stalwart. He was employed in the detective bureau of the police force. While engaged on a case of bank robbery he examined the place where the men had entered. It called to his mind the scene in which he had participated years before. There was something familiar in the way in which the work had been done, and he felt sure that this time he was to hunt his father. He imparted his suspicions to his mother who begged him to spare her husband if possible. Because of his love for her he promised to warn his father, and if he promised reform, to drop the case.

After a long search, he at last came upon the fellow. To the young man he looked more

desperate and more depraved than when they had lived together in the little tenement. His condition too seemed to be anything but prosperous. The detective told him his errand, told him the reason for his making the offer. The man was sullen at first, denied all knowledge of the crime and claimed not to recognize his son. Suddenly his manner changed: he blamed the other for all his misfortunes, cursed him and finally struck at him. Enraged at such treatment from the man he had come to help, the young man grappled with the thief and easily overcame him.

The bank robber had been in jail for a week. The exact nature of the charge had not been made public as much remained to be done in the case. As he lay in his cell day after day he was, to all appearances, engaged in deep thought. Finally he asked for a private interview with Judge Howe. His request was granted, and the judge was closeted with him for an hour or more and came away greatly excited. The prisoner's tale was as follows:

"Judge, you sent me up once for a year and I swore to get even. It took a long time, but my chance came. I stole your boy. I am telling you this and will tell you where to find him because he tried to do me a good turn after I treated him dirt mean. He has shown me it pays to live straight, and if I get out of this scrape I intend to change my line of business."

That same day Judge Howe found his boy, and fortunately one he had a right to be proud of. Then his thoughts turned to the man, who, if he had caused him much misery, had just now brought him great happiness.

The evidence so far gathered against the man was purely circumstantial and not at all sufficient to convict him. Father and son both agreed to drop their interest in the pursuit, and as a result the prisoner was charged with a minor offense. As no one appeared against him he was dismissed, and under the patronage of Judge Howe and his family succeeded in obtaining more honest and more profitable employment than that in which he had heretofore engaged.

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#### The Ephemera's Song.

Today I am, tomorrow not;  
My life is free from sorrow;  
Thrice happy is my earthly lot;  
I care not for the morrow.

M. N.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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—In the sermon last Sunday the attractiveness of real home life was very beautifully pictured for us. Its quiet intimacy was contrasted with the unwholesome

**Home Life.** worldliness in some families where the tawdry pleasures of modern civilization and the demands of society, so called, have interfered and spoiled all the finer joy of the home. The love of mother and father and child is so simple a thing that it can not fail to be alloyed by the distractions, however innocent, of the outside world. After all, the home depends mostly upon the mother. If it is her will to make it a good home, so it will be. If she is indifferent or neglectful, only a miracle can preserve its sanctity. Her love for the home can not be affected; it must be true and sincere.

Any theme that has for its central idea the home, appeals very strongly to the boy at school. Because he is absent from it for so long, he can see it in all its beauty; he can understand all that it means to him now and hereafter. He can love it the more, and enjoy its delights with an increased appetite when he returns to them. For some of us, perhaps, just such reminder as this is needed to make us appreciate the blessings of a good home. Nothing is better in this world. Society depends upon it. We all do.

—In their endeavor to satisfy the demands of their patrons theatre managers have described

the general aspect of the relationship between the American player and play-  
**The Menace of** goer. But in doing so they  
**Vaudeville.** have made us painfully aware that the average American theatre does not fulfil its highest offices. It is not at the same time educational and elevating. Its chief aim is amusement. True, the American people in their leisure do not care to think; they do not want to study. The public for a great part takes what it is offered, and for a still greater part depends for its education upon the press and the stage.

The growing cry has been for vaudeville, vaudeville, and as a result the stage has been flooded with every form of "artist" and mechanic that could withstand the glare of the foot-lights. The average audience demands something of merely momentary interest, something that will help to while away an idle hour, and the lighter, the more spectacular the production, the more striking its success. This condition is deadly not only to the dramatic art, but to public tastes and morals.

Who then is at fault? The theatrical manager is responding merely to demands. He is giving what is asked for. He is giving poison to children. If a manager receives demands for immoral productions, he is not expected to satisfy those who make the demand. Common decency and law restrain him. Why then should he attempt to lower the standards of public amusement and public education? He attempts to commercialize what is distinctly opposed to commercialism, and as a result a city or an entire nation runs wild in pursuit of cheap and demoralizing entertainment.

—There are certain matters in the daily run of our lives that can be arranged better by our own good judgment and nice sense of the proprieties than by  
**Self-Restraint in** all manner of school regulations. Among such, the  
**Smoking.** habit of drawing a few farewell puffs from the pipe just before entering any of the buildings, either for residence, meals, class or study offers itself for our thought. It shows want of restraint, of the natural good manners which sit so gracefully on those who have refined instincts. For those of us who smoke there is given ample time for smoking. It may be done leisurely and comfortably—in so far as it gives comfort. There does not

seem to be any good reason why a student should try to puncture his lungs in a wild attempt to transform a pipeful of tobacco into a cloud of smoke in the space of a minute. Also there are places for smoking, and these places are not situated immediately in front of the refectory doors, or on the porches of the different buildings, or before the study rooms. In well regulated hotels men do not smoke always and everywhere. They have consideration for other people who may not relish having smoke blown into their faces at every turn. A little restraint—the restraint that springs from good judgment—will work wonders. It will do away with the nimbus of tobacco smoke that glorifies a few young heads going to and returning from meals and classes. It will make less conspicuous on the front lawn the human steam engines fired by tobacco. It will make everyone feel that a smoke is a luxury which to be enjoyed need not be observed by all mankind, nor of such density as to shut out the light of the sun. Only barbarians live without making some little act of self-denial out of consideration for the comforts of others. And we are quite sure that we are not barbarians.

—In the words of a college philosopher—  
 “Most men flunk out because they study too little most of the time, too much part of the time, and not enough all the time.” Quite as philosophically  
**Hugging the Steam-Pipes.** it may be said that most students lose their health because they take too little exercise most of the time, too much part of the time, and not enough all the time. Since the advent of cold weather most of us have formed the unholy habit of “hugging the steam-pipes,”—and yet it is especially at this season that we need to take plenty of outdoor exercise. When the weather is warm we throw our windows open wide, and the air is equally fresh and invigorating inside and out-of-doors. In cold weather, however, even the “fresh air fiend” must for the sake of warmth endure considerable lifeless air in his room. Outdoor exercise is therefore doubly important at this season if a man will keep himself strong and vigorous. Health is of prime importance, and no man can reasonably hope to preserve his health and do his work well who does not devote at least an hour daily to systematic exercise in the open air.

### The Marcasson Company Concert.

Last Wednesday evening at 7:30 a somewhat slim audience listened to a high-class concert by the Marcasson Company in Washington hall. Mr. Sol Marcasson rendered some very excellent classical numbers on the violin, which were listened to with marked attention and generously applauded. Mme. Marcasson, who accompanied on the piano, gave evidence of a full understanding of the accompanist's art. Dr. Jackson, a member of the company, is a tenor of not very remarkable range, or sweetness, but the pieces he sang were suitable to his voice and he rendered them with sympathy. All told, we enjoyed the concert very much. We might remark in passing that we have heard the song about the pretty Irish girl and the little pigs for encore so often, we would not consider it a calamity if somebody would kill off the piggies.

### Book Review.

Those who were not fortunate enough to read “The Wargrave Trust,” as published serially in the *Ave Maria*, will be glad to know that it has been issued recently in book form from the Benziger Press. It is a chronicle of modern times with the scenes laid in the South with which the authoress is so familiar, and knows so well how to describe.

The “trust” included many broad acres which had been handed down intact from generation to generation, till strangers had wondered how it had been done. The oldest inhabitants could only answer, “There's some sort of a family trust which has never been violated.” And now, as death draws near, because of an estrangement between father and son, one not in the direct line is called upon to continue the “trust.”

The death of the aged colonel presents an excellent comparison between a Protestant and a Catholic deathbed. As the breaths grow slower the hero reads those beautiful prayers for the dying, so familiar to Catholics and so unfamiliar to those outside the Church.

It is a story of self-surrender on the part of the heroine, and calls for a vigorous assertion of the best in human nature. It tells of a great wrong and great suffering and final reward. It brings out the deepest human interest, and must be read to be appreciated.

### The Junior Law Banquet.

The Junior lawyers put aside their Blackstones and Kents Wednesday evening to indulge in the things of the appetite. An elaborate spread was laid. Mr. Leo A. Schumacher, president of the class, was toastmaster. He called upon several members who responded with well-chosen addresses on a variety of subjects. Mr. Cotter spoke on "Athletics," Mr. O'Hara on "What it Means to be a Lawyer," and Mr. Milroy drew a vivid picture of the class in 1940. The other speakers were Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Meersman and Mr. Dougherty. Mr. Lynch and Mr. Murphy gave vent to their vocal talents to the music of the Carmody-Hicks orchestra.

Notre Dame spirit was conspicuous all evening. Not an opportunity was lost to pay tribute of respect and gratitude to Alma Mater and the faculty of the law department.

Judge Howard in a closing address, "A Few Words of Advice," told, in a style singularly his own, what is expected of the Notre Dame lawyer. The judge's ideas of a lawyer and his ideas of a citizen coming from himself, the ideal lawyer and citizen, made a lasting impression.

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### Detroit String Quartette.

The Detroit String Quartette furnished an hour and a half of delightful entertainment last Saturday night. Though all the music was classical,—the program consisting of selections from Mozart, Borodine, Chopin and Poppers—it produced none of the heavy effects on the audience which many companies succeed in producing. This time even the most uninitiated could and did appreciate the fact that he was listening to the work of artists. The Quartette came to us heralded as one of the best numbers on our concert list and our best expectations were fully realized. Mme. Elsa Ruegger is considered one of the world's best cellists, and her work last Saturday amply justified this distinction. She rendered two solos, "Nocturne" by Chopin and "Elfentanz" by Popper, the latter being especially well liked. The entertainment was successful from every point of view, and we hope to see the Detroit String Quartette at Notre Dame on future occasions.

### Society Notes.

#### BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its twelfth regular meeting last Sunday. Before proceeding with the literary program, a motion was made to tender a farewell smoker in honor of the presiding officers. The motion met with favor, and it is probable that the banquet will be given the evening of February fourth.

The question debated, "Resolved, That the Russian treaty be abrogated," is a very late political problem, and it was discussed with a large amount of interest. The affirmative was composed of Messrs. S. Burns, H. Stanton and O. Murphy. The negative was supported by Messrs. E. Stephen, E. Riedman and A. Clay. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative after a lengthy discussion on the part of the judges who were Messrs. Riley, Bogy and Viso. After the usual criticism and advice of the Critic and the announcement of the program for the next meeting, the society adjourned.

#### CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The concert on Wednesday night, which is the regular night for the Civil Engineering Society's weekly meeting, necessitated the postponement of the latter until Thursday night, when an important session was held. At a previous meeting the matter of changing the constitution of the society had been under consideration by the members. The old constitution having been found inadequate for the present needs of the society a committee had been appointed to revise the old constitution.

At a later meeting this committee made a partial report of their work; at Thursday's meeting a full report was made, the constitution as revised was read and considered in detail by the society as a whole. Several minor clauses caused lengthy discussion, but the constitution was adopted finally, practically as it was read by the secretary. The society voted thanks to the committee for the good work it did in preparing the new constitution. Owing to the time consumed in the discussion the literary program of the evening was perforce deferred until some future date.

### Calendar.

- Sunday, Jan. 28—Brownson-Sorin; St. Joseph-Corby in basketball.
- Tuesday, Jan. 30—Varsity-Lane Tech. in basketball at N. D.
- Wednesday, Jan. 31—Military Ball.
- Thursday, Feb. 1—First Friday Confessions.  
St. Joseph-Brownson; Walsh-Corby in basketball.
- Friday, Feb. 2—Candlemas Day. First Friday.  
Wabash vs. Notre Dame in basketball at Crawfordsville.
- Saturday, Feb. 3—Lecture, 5:00 p. m. S. Landon.

### Obituary.

The mother of Frank Brooke, a student in Brownson hall for the past year and a half, died on January 20 in Lansing, Michigan. Mrs. Brooke had been ailing for some time and her death was not unexpected. The following resolutions were drafted by the students of Brownson hall, who, in a body, received Holy Communion for the departed soul of the mother of their former hall-mate:

#### RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and power to remove from this life the well beloved mother of our esteemed fellow-student, Frank Brooke, and

WHEREAS: By this untimely summons her husband has lost a kind and loving wife and his family a tender parent, and

WHEREAS: In testimony of our sincere sympathy for his family and especially her son, be it

RESOLVED: That we, his fellow students of Brownson Hall, tender our deepest sympathy in this his hour of sorrow, and be it further

RESOLVED: That a copy of these resolutions be tendered the bereaved family and also that they be printed in the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Aelred Fowler

Committee—Stuart Ely

Paul. A. Schmitt

The sister of Mr. Arnold Krebs of Brownson hall departed this life on January 15. Mr. Krebs had just entered as a student of the University when he received the sad intelligence. The SCHOLASTIC wishes to express the sympathy of his fellow students in his sad bereavement.

### Local News.

- The Walsh track men have begun training.
- The second term opens next Friday. Bills of study will be given out all day Thursday.
- The members of Joe Martin's dancing

class will make their debut at the Military Ball.

—Coach McNichol reports thirty candidates for the Walsh basketball team. Can you beat that for spirit?

—Brownson's basketball quintet met defeat last Saturday at Culver Military Academy. The score was 33-29.

—Bridge is now the favorite pastime in Sorin rec.-room. Devitt, McGlynn, and F. O'Connell are some of the clever "bridgers."

—The defeat last Saturday developed some of the school spirit which in most of us lies dormant. Give us half a dozen more such games.

—Khaki uniforms have been ordered by the members of Co. B, and thus the whole battalion will shortly be equipped with both service and dress uniforms.

—The Brownson basketball team played Gary High School at Gary, Wednesday evening. Score, 41-33 in Gary's favor.

—The Carroll Eucharistic League held a very successful meeting during the week at which very important matters were taken up and discussed.

—Eleven candidates reported for first basketball practice in Sorin last Saturday. Manager McBride expects to develop a championship team.

—The Brownson hockey team has made arrangements to meet Culver Military Academy in a contest to be held soon at Culver.

—The Walsh Chicks are planning a pre-Lenten entertainment that will eclipse any such affair ever held at the University. The date has not been definitely fixed, but the finance and program committees are already at work.

### Athletic Notes.

#### WE CAPTURE SECOND HONORS.

Second place in the First Regiment meet at Chicago, January 20, furnished a pleasing entry of the Notre Dame team into the world of track athletics for the season of 1912. The meeting was a handicap affair, and while the old story of "what might have been" has often been told, there is some excuse for saying that a more liberal dispensation of margins would have placed the gold and blue at the top of the scoring column. The Chicago Athletic Association took high honors with 29 points,

Notre Dame followed with 23, while Lewis Institute came in third with 13 points.

The showing is especially pleasing in that the points were won almost entirely by first-year men. Fletcher, Wasson and Philbrook were at scratch in all of the events in which they excel, while the past performances of Bergman, Fisher, Hogan and others of the "old guard" were so well known to the authorities, as is proven by the handicaps allotted them, that their failure to add to the total was not unexpected.

Fletcher gave an indication of his class in a special event, the 40-yard low hurdles, taking first against Dinneen of the Seventh Regiment, Burgess of the Illinois Athletic Club and Shaw of Northwestern, who finished in the order named, in the fast time of :5 2-5 seconds.

Notre Dame opened the meet with a good start, Mehlem of Corby fame, taking first in the 40-yard dash in 4 3-5 seconds. Williams added another point in this event with third place, Ward of the C. A. A. taking third. The short dash provided over a solid hour of excitement, more than forty starters being entered in the sprint, the preliminaries requiring twelve heats. Hood added to the score with a second in the high jump, his handicap giving him a mark of 5 feet, 10 inches, and Williams from scratch annexed a third place in the 40-yard high hurdles in 5 4-5.

The combination of a wood floor and scratch position prevented Philbrook from displaying his prowess in the shot-put, but O'Neill proved equal to the occasion, taking first with a heave of 44 feet 1-2 inch, McCormick of the First Regiment landing second, and Menaul, the University of Chicago star, taking third place. Henehan escaped the crowded field in the quarter mile with a handicap of 20 yards and increased the lead in a pretty manner, taking first by a comfortable margin in 58 seconds.

#### Summary:—

40-yard dash (finals)—Mehlem, Notre Dame, first; Ward, C. A. A., second; Williams, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:04 3-5.

High Jump—Won by Sears, C. A. A.; Hood, Notre Dame, second; Cox, U. of C. third. Height, 5 feet, 10 inches.

40-yard low hurdles—Won by Fletcher, Notre Dame; Dinneen, Seventh Regiment, second; Burgess, I. A. C., third. Time, 0:05 2-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Case, unattacked; Stibolt, C. A. A., second; Williams, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:05 4-5.

Shotput—Won by O'Neill, Notre Dame; McCormick, First Regiment, second; Menaul, U. of C., third. Distance, 44 feet 1-2 inch.

440-yard dash—Won by Henehan, Notre Dame; Field, Lewis Institute, second; Yates, I. S. G. A. A., third. Time, 0:58.

#### CHANGE IN GYMNASIUM HOURS.

Physical Director Maris announces a new arrangement by which the gymnasium will be open to students daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, from nine until twelve each morning, and from three-thirty until six in the afternoon. Classes in physical exercise are held every morning except Mondays and Thursdays, from nine until twelve, leaving the apparatus available for those desiring to exercise along original lines at all other hours. Mr. Maris can be found in the gymnasium at almost any hour of the day and will be pleased to outline a plan of exercise for those wishing to take up the work. The increase in number of those taking advantage of the facilities of the apparatus room necessitated the change in hours. More than three times the number of students are utilizing the gymnasium this year than in the past.

#### NORTHWESTERN PAINTS SKIDOO SIGN.

Notre Dame suffered the first defeat of the season in basketball at the hands of Northwestern college last Saturday in a game which kept the gallery in an uproar almost from the moment play began. Two field goals by the visitors in the last minute of play broke the tie with which the contest seemed destined to end, and gave Northwestern the long end of a 23 to 19 score. Unheralded and unannounced, the invading quintet came forth from a lowly village called Naperville, on the outskirts of Chicago, prepared to give the Varsity a "practice game." This they did with a vengeance.

Team work of an advanced type is the secret of the visitors' success. An ability to locate the baskets from almost any angle, coupled with a coolness in pinches which reflects greater credit on the men because of their presence in foreign parts, gave Northwestern an advantage which would not be denied. In fairness to the Varsity it must be said that the squad was laboring under a triple handicap, the absence of McNichol, Cahill and Coach Maris. The two players were kept out of the game by injuries, while Maris was in Chicago with the track team on the day of the game, and the absence of anyone capable of advising

the men between halves prevented them from taking advantage of the weak points of the visiting quintet.

Kelleher and Feeney were important factors in the low score polled up by Northwestern, their guarding of the net making it almost impossible for the visitors to do anything near the basket. Kenny starred for Notre Dame by annexing four field goals, while Byrne and Granfield divided honors with two apiece. The shooting of Gametsfelder and Kostner of Northwestern was good to look at; nothing seemed too difficult for the man with the long name, while his passing, as well as that of his team-mates, was quite up to Notre Dame form. Lineup:

Notre Dame (19)		Northwestern (23).
Kenny,	R. F.	Gametsfelder.
Byrne,	L. F.	Winkenweider.
Granfield (captain),	C.	Kostner.
Finnigan, Kelleher,	R. G.	Biester (captain).
Feeny,	L. G.	Quilling.

Summary—Field goals—Kenny, 4; Byrne, 2; Granfield, 2; Gametsfelder, 6; Kostner, 2; Biester, Quilling. Free throws—Kenny, 3; Gametsfelder, 2; Winkenweider. Referee—Barnhart of Indiana. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Wabash will be the attraction this afternoon. In past years the Little Giants have proved one of the strongest opponents of Notre Dame in basketball, and the record of the team thus far does not indicate that this year will be an exception. Wabash has already defeated Rose Poly and DePauw, and seems in a fair way to annex state championship honors if victorious today. Schomer, former University of Chicago center, will referee the game.

BASEBALL PRACTICE BEGAN LAST MONDAY.

Baseball for the season of 1912 made an auspicious entrance at Notre Dame last Monday when about fifty candidates reported to Captain Williams for the opening practice. Manager Edward Smith of the Grand Rapids baseball club, who will coach the players until the opening of the Central League season in the latter part of April was present, and obtained an introduction to each of the men. Fred Erickson, of Chicago, a member of the Boston National League club in 1907, has been engaged as assistant coach and will arrive next Monday ready to take up the work of the season.

Most of the men who aspire to places on the Varsity gave some evidence of their ability in trial games last fall, and the showing at that

time may be taken as an indication that the contest for places will wax hot until the final choice is made. The list of candidates includes: Mehlem, Berger, Regan, Sheehan, Wells and Schafer, pitchers; Kenny, Gray, Bensberg and McGinnis, catchers; Farrell, Campbell, Lathrop, Dolan and Dunphy, first basemen; Arnfield, Wasson, Kelly, second basemen; O'Connell, Carmody, Furlong, Roach and Schollard, shortstops; Granfield, Cahill and Gallery, third basemen, and Captain Williams, Elward, Bruce, McLaughlin, Lee, Finnegan, Duggan, Pliska and Bergman in the outfield.

SAINTS DOWN WALSH.

Walsh and St. Joseph halls clashed in the first interhall basketball game Thursday afternoon, and after thirty minutes of action mixed with flashes of football, the scorers announced the St. Joseph boys victors, 25-7.

Walsh was sorely in need of Barnhardt and Hug of last year's team; the light aspirants were no match for the heavier boys of St. Joseph hall. The score:

St. Joseph.		Walsh.
Kane	L. F.	McNamara, Joyce
Diener	R. F.	Byrne, Birder
Stack	C.	Soisson, White
Fortier	L. G.	Baujan
Howard	R. G.	Newning, Shaughnessy

Goals—Kane, 7; Howard, 3; Diener, 1; Stack, 1; McNamara, 1; Byrne, 1. Free throws—Soisson, 3; Kane, 1; Referee, Finnegan. Halves, 15 minutes.

Sorin, scheduled to play Corby Thursday, decided not to play because of lack of practice. The large number of games makes it necessary that the different teams have a special night to themselves, for all can not use the gymnasium Wednesday or Saturday. It is hoped that the Athletic Board will make some definite arrangement. "Valie" LeBlanc promises a surprise in the Sorin team and the SCHOLASTIC hopes to be able to chronicle good things about the Scholars.

CARROLL GOLDS WIN FIRST MEET.

The 1912 track season was ushered in with the conventional blaze of glory last Wednesday night when two teams from Carroll hall fought for the upper edge of a 39-38 score. The occasion was the first Gold and Blue meet of the season, and Captain Cagney's Goldsteins managed to show just one more point to their credit than Louie Fritch's Blues. As the sporting editor of the Safety Valve would put it,

"although there were no world's records broken the meet was full of surprises, and brought forth some good material that may, etc., etc." However, without wishing to "cast any reflections on the individual stars" (S. V. apologies accepted), it may be said that a whole lot of the good material came from the Notre Dame café, in the form of sandwiches for the winning team—and of course the officials. The generosity of South Bend merchants helped to put life into the meet, for there were valuable prizes for the winners. The point winners were: O'Shea, Rose, Fritch, Allen, Cagney, Williams, Lodeski, Sweeney, Doherty, Walsh, McDonough, Del Smith, Bollin, Ffrench, Dee.

The following firms gave the donations that made a complete success of the meet: Walkover Shoe Co., pair of shoes; Adlers, pennant and fob; Bastian, box of writing paper; Peterson and Adler, ties; Shaffer and Platner, candy; McInerny and Doran, candy; Nobiles, candy; Hullies, candy; Mike's, sandwiches.

### Safety Valve.

#### RULES FOR BI-MONTHLY EXAMINATION.

(1) Arrange all your work carefully on these sheets. Do not ride a pony in the class-room during examination time.

(2) Write on both sides of the paper only.

(3) Write with your best foot forward.

\*\*\*

Soon the call will go forth for Varsity debaters. Then, Friends, Romans, Countrymen, Ladies and Gentlemen, and Gentlemen of the University, the library will be the Mecca for the Oratorical Student Body.

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We see from last week's *Scholastic* that the Battalion ball is *being* pushed.

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lab-in-nac elttil ehT  
rae reh ffo detib eh bmal ehT  
laH elcnU morf tog ehS  
bmal elttil a dah yraM  
!AIRAM XILEFNI O

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#### CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Mr. Cortazar had been considering for several days the possibility of a man's getting off the earth. On Wednesday night he was asked to give a decision and his reasons therefor. He stated that he believed it to be an impossibility for a man to get off the earth. This statement provoked a storm of protest from Mr. Kirk who argued that a man could get off the earth, and advanced a number of logical arguments to prove his contention. Mr. Cortazar maintained that a man had no place to make a running start if he wanted to jump off the earth. Mr. Kirk held a man could do

it in a standing jump, or a hop, le'p and jump-like they have over in Ireland. Mr. Fahey wondered where a man would land if he jumped off the earth. Mr. Enaje, who wanted to be funny, said he could land on a star. The discussion will be continued next time.

\*\*\*

The other day one of our students had an operation for concussion of the brain. On examination it was found he had no brain to concuss, which started the doctors concussing.

\*\*\*

A movement was on foot to present a silver set to These Columns by the Walsh Chicks in appreciation for services rendered. However, after the movement was on foot, Langan put his foot on the movement, and the movement stayed right there.

\*\*\*

"Holy Name Society Bend Knee to Corby" flashes the *South Bend Tribune* in big type. Corby wants all that's coming, but will probably forego the honors hereinafore mentioned.

\*\*\*

#### OUR ESTEEMED WEEKLY.

"Northwestern college of Naperville will send a team to Notre Dame today. The team has a reputation among secondary schools in Illinois, and will undoubtedly furnish the Varsity with a good practice game." They did. And that's what you can expect every time you start Michiganing.

\*\*\*

Dear Safety Valve: You're due for a crack on Walshers 'bout going to Brownson. Why don't you come on? We'll work up a laugh somehow.

H. N.

These columns furnish news. Walshers reach Brownson so often it ceases to be news.

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#### A CARD OF SYMPATHY.

Last Thursday young Master Basketball Sorin got a serious attack of heart failure when about to play at some innocent game with his first cousin, Master Basketball Corby. Following so close on the death of her other beloved son, Master Football Sorin, who was laid away last fall, this affliction of Master Basketball is a decided shock to Mrs. Sorin Hall. To the Rector, Prefects and all the Book-eyes, the Faculty and the remainder of Entire Student Body extend a message of sympathy and hope.

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The professor of biology informs us that the insects [bugs] of this country eat up a grand total of \$400,000,000 worth annually. Wouldn't enjoy "shagging" for those same bugs, you may be sure.

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Will anybody inform us just what kind of material is connoted by the phrase "Varsity material?"

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Don't forget that the great 22nd of Feb. ode contest is now open. We notice that Robert Case has entered (unattached) the great endurance odium backed by Father McNamara.

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#### OUR JOKE CORNER.

Teacher—How many are two and two?  
Bright Boy—Four.