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Life's Law.

RICHARD R. VOGT, '14.

THE storms of dark November, roaring, sway
The branches bare, and scatter far the heaps
Of withered leaves, and strong the north wind sweeps
Across the open fields and marshes gray.
But when the spring brings back the brighter day,
Between the withered leaves the blossom peeps,
And in the open field the seed that sleeps
Awakes rejoicing in the air of May.

And thus, however bitter at the end
The days of our short summer time may seem,
If we be strong beneath the weight of care
And humbly learn to God's great will to bend,
We'll be awakened by a brighter beam
Than of the sun and in a purer air.

"Lisheen."—A Criticism.

CYRIL J. CURRAN '12.



ISHEEN is a novel of Irish life. It portrays with presumable accuracy the terrible poverty of the peasant, and contrasts it with the ease and self-sufficiency of the landlord. It is a story of contrasts. We are carried quickly from the luxury of the club or mansion to the distress and want of the straw-thatched hovel. There is a tragic note running throughout the story, which is not wholly removed at the end, despite the apparent happy termination of the principal love affair. It leads to no satisfactory conclusion. The hero, although he had resolved to do many things, actually accomplishes

but little, and that little in a very superficial way. Instead of becoming the leader of the people in a splendid uprising from poverty and ignorance, as he had intended, he ends as a wealthy philanthropist, whose beneficence could at best be only local, and whose benefactions would serve rather as a hindrance than as an aid to self-reliant social progress.

Robert Maxwell is an Irish landlord with ideas. He has been reading Tolstoi and other advocates of social revolution, and has become infected by their ideas. His love affair with his cousin proves to be irksome to them both. So he is far from a placid mood when he attends a meeting of Irish landlords at a certain club in Dublin. After some argument, in which he is severely provoked by the sneers of Outram, who had bested him in the suit for his cousin's hand, he agrees to go down among the peasant farmers, and to live their life for one year.

So the story begins. The rest of it narrates his adventures among the peasants. It describes their dire poverty, their unflinching cheerfulness withal, their ignorance, their hatred for their landlords, and all the rest that is ordinarily associated with the oppressed poor of Ireland. From time to time the thread of plot leads back to the pleasanter background of rich homes, luxurious hotels and genial clubs. Episode follows episode, so that almost every chapter holds something that stands out independently of the rest of the story. Some episodes arise in importance to a point where the real plot is almost hidden. The horrible discovery of Mable, after her marriage to Outram and the events that followed it form a story in themselves,—yet they have no real connection with Maxwell and his troubles.

In this novel, as in most of the others by

Canon Sheehan, the plot has been made secondary to character study. The author has deemed it not necessary to make a story that would answer to the technique of plot structure, because for his purposes such procedure could not add to the effectiveness of his novel. He had in mind certain problems in the social conditions of Ireland, and he desired to set them forth in as truthful a light as possible.

Certainly, the author did not intend this book to serve as a solution of any of these problems. Nothing is offered by way of lightening the hardships of the peasants except that there is a suggestion that the landlord try more to understand the life and point of view of the tenants. There is nothing startlingly new about this. In fact it is obvious that indifference upon the part of the powerful landowner will work great evil. The author, of course, tacitly implies many reforms in the Irish social system, such as returning the land to the people, but he certainly does not make this element of his story emphatic, and whatever hope he does hold forth in this way he effectually discourages by his treatment of the Irish themselves.

If we are to accept his picture of the Irish peasant, we certainly can not entertain any hope for his ultimate improvement. The character of the peasant, as represented, is weak, dependable, and incapable of fine feeling. He is jealous, quarrelsome, simple to the point of silliness, and although generous to a fault, so bereft of judgment that he is unable to distinguish a real friend from false, and even after he knows a friend, is so obsessed by his petty prejudices that he totally lacks appreciation.

We have always been told that the Irishman, even in the face of the worst oppression, and in the midst of the most unendurable hardship, is still courageous, steadfast, unmoved. Yet here we are given a family that possessed none of these qualities, but that lost all hope when the blow came, and then indulged in idle re- crimination against the oppressor, instead of making at least an attempt at providing for the future. The McAuliffes were ejected from their home, because of non-payment of rent. The son and daughter make some physical resistance, injuring a policeman, and then are subdued and put in chains. The old father and mother, heart-broken at the unhappy termination of their home life, stand speechless. Maxwell aggravates the matter by appar-

ently urging on the work of destruction. Then all except the old mother cry out against him and the officers. The assembled mob joins in the chorus of abuse and the scene is over. It was a pathetic picture, and yet the pathos of it is ruined by the conduct of the principal actors. There was no self-restraint, no thought for the future, although the eviction had been long expected, and the only thought that the poor people had was to cry out against those who were or seemed to be responsible for their misery. It was childish, unworthy of the indomitable spirit of the Celt. Finally, when the family was re-united after a sojourn in prison, nothing had been done by way of preparing for their livelihood thenceforth. The only move that had been taken by them was made by the daughter, who tried in an underhand way to secure revenge upon Maxwell. If it had not been for the providential interference of Maxwell they would have been in far worse condition than when they were first ejected.

All these troubles were induced as a result of the landlord system, which the author wished to place in the worst light possible. Certainly the misfortunes of this family were terrible. Perhaps they were not to blame for their childish improvidence and vain outcry against their enemies. Long oppression may have dulled their minds to such an extent that they were incapable of anything better, although that is not an easy thing for an Irishman to admit. Suppose these things to be true, what are we to say of the behavior of the peasant towards Maxwell when his great benevolence was announced? The author himself tells us through one of his characters, that Maxwell, had he been present at the announcement would probably have received very rough treatment, instead of the gratitude he deserved. Almost any people would be overcome with pleasure upon hearing that one whom they had suspected wrongly of the blackest treachery was really a friend and benefactor. Yet these people had no word of praise, and remained suspicious for a long time after.

In the course of the story, the author takes frequent occasion to attack the tendency of the native Irish for leaving the land of their birth, and departing for the shores of America, the land of hope. He speaks of the many failures there and disparagingly of the successes, yet in Ireland he holds forth no encouragement.

There the poor man, according to his own telling, has no chance whatever. In America, no one may question that he has the chance, if only he be made of the material that is worthy of success. Why, then, should not the ambitious youth seek the place in which he may prosper? One can readily understand that it is better for the young blood to remain in Ireland, and can see the reasons for discouraging emigration. But Ireland holds no opportunities, and it is better far for the Irish people to be where they may be happy and prosperous, though it be abroad, than to remain at home, and suffer all the terrible hardships that seem to go with Irish life.

The conclusion of "Lisheen," as was said in the beginning, is not satisfactory. After all the difficulties he had undergone, and after all the rebuffs he had received, Maxwell was apparently discouraged, and gave up hope of elevating the Irish peasantry. He marries a beautiful and wealthy girl, and then settles down to the duties of a married man. He is prepared to extend his philanthropy in a concrete manner to the poor people who come immediately under his jurisdiction as a landlord, but beyond that there is no evidence of an intention to help the people. It is perfectly plain that charity will not develop the fine qualities of the individual, or of the multitude. His proper sphere, had he desired to work a lasting good to the people whose cause he espoused, could not be that which he took, but must rather be that of some earnest teacher, whose sincerity, trustfulness and humility would earn for him a place among the people themselves. The Irish people described by the author, however, would not be benefited by such an individual, for they would grow suspicious of the very self-sacrifice of such a nature.

"Lisheen" contains some rather clever character studies. It is well written. It is interesting and wholesome. It is enlivened by wealth of incident, and is set off by a splendid array of backgrounds, with plenty of local color. In spite of these good qualities, however, the work is hardly worthy of the author. He should have exercised greater care in his choice of characters. He has not, we hope, given us the typical Irish we have learned to know and love. If he intended his book as an attack upon the landlord system, it certainly misses the mark, because of the weakness of his presentation of the Irish character.

The Love of Maria.

RUSSELL G. FINN, '12.

Maria sat alone upon the doorstep of her shabby cottage, with little more to do than inwardly resent the sympathetic glances of her neighbors and plot against the hostile circumstances that marred her dreams of a happy future. In the buoyant fancy of girlhood she had planned the delightful life that she was to lead as a woman. Because she was a girl, it was her right to build air castles and rule over the empires of her fancy. It was her right to select her ideal lover from her ideal world of humanity, and to be happy in her imaginings. But in the morning of her womanhood the dreams vanished and left her to the poignant mockeries of an uninteresting reality.

She was married now and ugly of appearance. The former condition was acceptable enough, even gratifying, but the latter she could scarcely endure. Just a few years had passed since she was radiant in the consciousness of being the fairest of the marriageable daughters in the Italian quarter of Detroit. Even the proud Charlotta who came fair and wealthy from the shores of Italy, with stories of the fatherland and brilliant dresses of Neapolitan loom, could not disturb her popularity. She was a prize that every young man in the great city sought after, envied by women because she was fair and amiable and for the same reason loved by men. But now her beauty had waned and her popularity darkened. She would have wept in her unhappiness, but the eyes of such as Maria are unused to tears. Women cried, she thought, only when some dear one died. She did not know the great consolation women find in the secret sobs that are spent in the painful moments of sorrow.

"It is too bad," some friend would say, "that Guiseppe is so unfortunate." Then her heart would burn in agony. When any would attempt to sympathize with her she was robbed of all her native courtesy, and returned such harsh answers that her friends, some because of the offence, others out of a dignified sense of caste, gradually fell away. She loved her husband, loved him more than anyone else in the world, but Guiseppe could not succeed. He was always kind, but his

efforts to make her home comfortable were repaid with but a scant livelihood. He drank, but it did not matter. He did not waste his money on wine, and all men drink.

Maria's life was strange to the artifices of refinement, her impulses unschooled, except by the principles of purity which the good Padre and her mother had pointed out to her. Her endowments had come solely from nature, and by nature she was possessed of ambition and a great power to love. Which of these had distorted the serenity of her housewifery she had never cared to determine. Perhaps she did not even distinguish between them. At any rate, it was the former that filled her with a strong desire to be admired as a leader among the respectable matrons of her acquaintance, and the latter that withheld the gratification of her desire.

"But soon Antonio will fail," Guiseppe would say to her. "His bad mind will deceive him, then we shall win."

Yes, Antonio, evil Antonio. It is he who is the enemy of Guiseppe's home. She blushed angrily when she remembered that at one time before she had married, before Guiseppe had told her of his wicked heart, she had received the attentions of Antonio and had delighted in his wooing. Both men had sought her hand, but she chose the ardent Guiseppe and married him. Then scarcely a day passed in which her husband did not tell her of the hateful envy that Antonio bore him, of how he endeavored to ruin his business by slander and trickery. The simple, faithful Maria never considered that Guiseppe was a jealous man and that his stories might aggravate the wrongs of Antonio. She placed all her confidence in him, loved his friends and hated his enemies.

As Maria sat in the sunshine secretly brooding over her wretchedness, Guiseppe returned from the city where he had been a greater part of the day. He was burdened with wine, but she took no notice of that. She knew that he was greatly troubled about something and very angry. She wanted to soothe him.

"Oh, I am ruined, Maria, I am of no use now. Our friends can only be the ignoble now, the poor and the vile."

"Why do you say such things, *carissima*?" She followed him into the house. In the room which served many purposes he did not look at her, but rested his arms upon the meal table and stared sullenly at the floor. If she

had been an artful woman, not the simple daughter of an Italian immigrant and the wife of an ignorant macaroni vender, she might have approached him and attempted to soothe with words and caresses his troubled mind. But she stood awkwardly in the doorway, with her heart full of anxiety, and simply asked:

"Why are we worse than before?"

Guiseppe rose from the chair and extended his arms imploringly toward her. He was to tell her of the greatest misfortune that had yet befallen them. He would like to have told her the whole truth, that he was worthless, a drunkard, a gambler, more of a parasite than a competitor in business, but he stopped after a partial explanation.

"I have been expelled from the society."

"No! Guiseppe, that could not be." She was shocked almost beyond expression. "Ah! What villainy is this? What have you done, Guiseppe? Tell me. What crime have you committed?" To be poor, to be common was bad enough. But to be outcasts, the very thought made her desperate, and for a moment she wished herself dead.

"How, Guiseppe, how did it happen?"

When Guiseppe spoke it was as if he detested the words that he uttered. He knew their falsehood; he realized the great sin that he was committing when he spoke them, and he feared his cowardice. But he would rather have faced eternal punishment than the disdain of Maria.

"That fiend, Antonio, he caused it, Maria. He lied about me; lied about you. He was not content to steal our business, he wanted all, even our lives. Ah! I could kill him."

"Kill?" the thought was terrible to Maria. Terrible, yet it seemed to fascinate her. Indeed, it was hideous, it mocked her, frightened her, till she was as pale as an English child, yet it attracted her painfully. She left the room and sought the coolness of the yard.

Guiseppe was wretched. He hated himself, hated and respected Antonio and feared Maria. He felt like a miserable worm of the filth,—worse than a frenzied viper that poisons itself with the fangs of its own wicked mouth. Kill? If he should kill at all, it would be his miserable self.

That he had been expelled from the society was very true, but he had been so dealt with because of his lowly habits. He gambled much and drank more. Antonio whom he

debased had often helped him, had counselled him, and, for the sake of Maria, had even given him money. When the general sentiment was turned against him, Antonio alone wished him to be spared. And he had lied devilishly against Antonio. This unfair antagonism was born in the jealous heart of Guiseppe when the two were rivals for the hand of the fair Maria, and had been fostered and developed all through his married life. It was unfair to Maria and deadly to himself, but his vile nature could not transcend its meanness.

For the present, what would he do? Maria was not near him. He would go out, would drink a little and try the game. Perhaps fortune would smile upon him and he would win enough to make a new start. He would seek Antonio, ask him for money, then—no, he did not need it at home—he would drink and play. As he was leaving the house, Maria entered.

"Where are you going now, Guiseppe?"

The spirit of the lie again possessed him.

"I go to the other side of the city, *carrissima*. I have friends there; they will help me. They are strong and I am respected among them. They will help me to defeat Antonio." He stepped out and walked away from the house.

Maria watched him silently. After he had disappeared she lingered in the doorway, breathed deeply of the sweet summer air and surveyed the neighborhood that had been familiar to her from babyhood. She saw down the street the house that had been her father's, and remembered the happy days she had spent within those walls in the careless years of girlhood. It was sweet to think of the bright days of the past, of how on one day when she was left alone in her father's store Antonio came to the door and spoke to her. She remembered that Guiseppe came and drove him away with harsh words and told her that he lived for her alone. It was on that day that she promised to marry him. Remembering these things she was happy, but the memory strangely darkened and seemed hideous to her.

She drew back into the house and went to the sleeping room. A broken mirror reflected her face. The image was repulsive and she hated it. She sat down and tried to think. She was nervous and cold. The air in the room was close and she wanted to go outside once more. She stepped to the door and nervously pressed the shawl to her lips. Must she live

disgraced, an outcast of her own society, frowned upon by those whom in her heart she disdained. Oh! it was too much. She could never bear it.

She went back into the room and took a long, shiny stiletto from Guiseppe's trunk. The steel was cold against her cheek and sent a chill through her. "Antonio's blood will make it warm," she murmured and wrapped it in her shawl. "He said that I was a slave to Di Giorno. The law will forgive me if I silence his lying tongue. I will kill him."

Before going to the office of Antonio, Guiseppe purchased as much liquor as his purse could afford and was very unstable after the drinking. When he arrived, he was alone with Antonio. The latter met him fairly, but frowned when he saw Guiseppe's condition. He ordered the drunken man from the office, but Guiseppe was persistent and pleaded for a hearing. They argued, and Antonio became angry.

"Guiseppe, you are unmanly; you are a brute. To befriend you, I make myself disgraceful."

"You are mean, Antonio. You are—a serpent. You hate me because my love was better graced than yours."

Antonio grew very angry and the two continued to quarrel. Maria stopped outside the door when she heard the loud voices of the men within. She found it hard to understand when she heard Antonio say, "You are a dog, Guiseppe, a sluggard. You have deceived Maria for many years. Your life is a lie. It was for her sake alone that I have not spurned you, and yet she hates me because of you. I will give you this money, but take it home—to her. Your person is repulsive to me. Do not come again."

Maria paled. Her brain grew feverish; her vision blurred, and as she threw open the door and rushed into the room, it seemed as though the whole world were but a filth-hole of lies and sin to which even hell seemed preferable.

The two men stepped back horrified as they saw her raise the shining steel. She took a step toward them, glared fiercely at Guiseppe and closing her eyes, poised for a moment upon her toes drawn up to her full height with the knife held above her head.

The steel was already on its way to her heaving breast when Antonio spoke. He did not know what had brought her there, did not know that she had heard the quarrel, but

he had always felt so keenly the misery of her life and the wretchedness of her husband's character, that he was less surprised at this crisis than Guiseppe, who had slunk tremblingly away and was now supported by the desk.

"Stop, Maria, you are mistaken."

Her hand stopped for a moment, and he rushed to restrain her. Her hand easily loosened on the knife as he tried to take it from her. The knife in his possession, he released her, and she backed away until she reached the wall, where she stood up limply, her lips white and compressed, and she looked furtively at Antonio. From her distended nostrils the breath escaped audibly. She was shamed, frightened, terrified. She would have dashed to the door, but her strength was unequal to this.

"I am sorry that you came here, Maria." Antonio spoke softly, and moved towards her. He held the stiletto behind him that she might not see it.

She was roused by his words, and straightened slightly, feeling her way along the wall to be at a distance.

"I do not understand. Tell me why—but you are ill, Maria. Sit down here, this wine will help you." He took a flask of liquor from the shelf.

Maria did not move, but stared at him, her face very white and drawn.

"I will do that, Antonio. This is my affair, not yours." Guiseppe had risen from his stupor and pushed Antonio aside.

The latter could scarcely restrain himself.

"Speak no more, rat. Do not come near this woman." He pushed Guiseppe away and seemed ready to strike him. The unsteady man retreated a step, but Antonio caught him by the collar and flung him to the floor.

Maria's hands were on his shoulders. "Do not," she began, but stopped short when he turned suddenly to her. From the position in which she stood her two arms were extended toward him. He took them in his hands and held them. She did not resist. They stood motionless, gazing into each other's eyes. For a long time they stood this way, neither moving, neither saying a word. As the tears welled up in Maria's eyes they poured in torrents from Antonio's heart. Each knew the other's feelings in those moments, but neither dared to speak. Neither cared to speak, for

words were as inadequate as they would have been fatal.

The knife had dropped to the floor when Antonio turned to Maria. Guiseppe saw it, and the sight of it inspired a dangerous idea. The influence of the liquor, the desperation he was in and the natural hatred of his heart combined in one frenzied desire to kill, and he reached for the stiletto.

He was on his feet and had raised the blade to aim a blow at Antonio's back when Maria screamed. The force of the futile blow threw the assailant from his feet and he fell to the floor. When they were alone in the room, Antonio went to Maria's side.

"Did you not know him before, Maria?"

She hesitated to answer, fearing the consequence of her words. Her situation was not the most uncomplicated. Without the slightest remonstrance she had seen her husband thrown from the room, and now she found herself alone and in sympathy with the man who had revolutionized her home life.

"I think that I did know him before, but as another person. I thought that you were Guiseppe and that he was what you perhaps are. He said many bad things of you and I hated you."

"But you loved Guiseppe?"

"Yes."

"And you think that I am what he should have been?" Before she could answer, he had taken her in his arms. She remained there very quietly for a moment, unsensed by the great love that possessed her heart. The dreams of her girlhood were all realized in that brief space of time, and her heart thrilled in the ecstasy that this one moment of soul-communion inspired. She was very happy.

Antonio had whispered, "I love you, love you, Maria. You must be my wife now." She struggled from his embrace. She was suddenly made conscious of her sin and revolted against its subtle attractiveness.

"Wife? Why, I am a wife now, Antonio."

"But Maria he is unfit for you, he is—" He stopped when she blessed herself and seemed to ejaculate a prayer. She picked up her shawl and as she hesitated at the door pressed it nervously to her lips. She turned just before she closed the door upon herself and looked at him pityingly.

"But he is my husband, Antonio. God made me his wife. Good-bye."

George Baxter, Inventor.

FRANK BOOS.

"I'm just telling you that it's a dirty, rotten trick! Why, it's a crime to make a fellow write lines and then give him demerits besides." Having uttered these words, Charles Allen hoisted his feet higher among the books on the desk in front of him and looked exceedingly uncomfortable. George Baxter, stretched out luxuriously among the pillows on his bed, glanced at his companion's troubled face and a smile flickered at the corners of his mouth.

"Why, I always rather enjoyed writing lines myself," he said in his quiet way.

"Enjoyed! Oh, yes, I enjoy writing them too! I enjoy it so much that I stay in a stuffy old study-hall every rec. day writing them! I'd much rather write lines than play ball or go to town." Allen's sarcasm was so unmistakable that Baxter grinned in spite of himself.

"When I went to St. Oswald's I used to get two thousand lines a week and write them easily within an hour," said Baxter, remembering past escapades in his early college career.

"Within an hour! Two thousand an hour! Why, you're crazy, man! It takes a fellow a week!" said Allen, sniffing indignantly.

"Aw, you don't know how to do it. It's easy," murmured Baxter in a calm voice.

"Do you?" asked Allen.

"I do!" answered Baxter.

"Two thousand an hour? It can't be done, that's all I've got to say. Why, that's over thirty-three lines a minute."

"All right if you don't believe it, but it's straight nevertheless," said Baxter rubbing his eyes.

"Aw, come off! Don't try to tell me that you can write thirty-three lines a minute." Allen looked at the inventor with disgust.

"I can't, eh? I'll just bet you a swell feed that I can write fifty lines a minute any old time, and write them clear and legible too."

"You can't pull any of that stuff on me, old sport. I've seen too much line writing in my day to fall for a gag like that," returned Allen.

Baxter yawned and stretched and grinned all at once. Then he strolled leisurely to his trunk, threw open the lid, lifted out the empty

top trays and turned to find Allen watching him with interest.

"Here's where I pull off a surprise on you. I've got a little machine in here that I made while at St. Oswald's to help me write my weekly detentions. Want to see it?"

"Haul out your invention," said Allen in an assumed colorless voice. Baxter plunged into the trunk, and after a great deal of puffing and struggling extracted a heavy, square something covered with oilcloth on which was written in large gold letters, *The Baxter Typewriter*. Allen's eager eye at once spied the letters and a disappointed look came over his face.

"Why, it's nothing but a typewriter," he said with disgust.

"The very same," said Baxter with a grin. "Here's the instrument that writes two thousand lines an hour."

"You poor boob, they wont accept lines written with a typewriter! You make me tired."

"They'll accept my lines," said Baxter assuringly.

"Why will they?" demanded Allen.

"Because they wont be able to tell the difference between its writing and my own. You see, when I made this machine instead of putting in type I made a set of script letters to take their place. I also fixed it so that these script letters will join together just like one joins the letters when writing. Again, I use black ink instead of the usual typewriter ink. And last of all, the letters are made of soft rubber so that they do not press into the paper, and thus detection is impossible. Just watch what it does!"

Baxter tore a piece of paper from a tablet, inserted it in the typewriter, struck the keys with the lightning rapidity of an expert and in a few seconds handed the slip to the astonished Allen. Allen was too taken back for a moment to utter a word and kept looking at the writing on the paper, at the triumphant Baxter and at the mysterious typewriter.

"Well I'll be gum swazzled!" he said when his voice returned. "Baxter, you're sure a genius if you invented that machine, and a darned fool to be sticking at school. It's impossible to tell this script from handwriting!"

"Yep, that's the little machine," said Baxter fingering the keys lovingly. "I intend to patent it some day if all goes well and put it

on the market. I have proved that it is practical all right. I'll tell you what you'll do. Bring over your *Scholastic* this afternoon and I'll hammer off your two thousand lines in no time."

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It was late in the afternoon and the lamp on the desk in George Baxter's room threw its rays on a neat pile of papers, a typewriter and two lounging young gentlemen.

"This invention of yours, George, is destined to revolutionize line writing, and that's a cinch. No more shall the weary student strain his fingers, eyes and back laboriously transcribing the literature of the *Scholastic* to foolscap. From henceforward he will go to the "Baxter-Allen Line-Writing Syndicate" and have his lines written for the meagre fee of five cents per hundred," murmured the philosophic Allen.

"We signed the agreement this afternoon, old sport. Remember just because you're taking a History and Economics course don't think you're the entire business force of our firm. You'll have to get out and hustle the same as I will. I'll tell you what to do. Tomorrow's Thursday and when the detention list is read out and the fellows are getting ready to write their lines, you go around to each one secretly and tell him about our little syndicate. Show him specimens of our work and make him promise to keep the thing dark. The news will spread like wildfire anyhow, and in a few days we'll do a rushing business. As soon as the *Scholastic* comes out on Saturdays we'll typewrite it, make about fifty carbon copies of the original script and have the lines ready to hand out on Sunday morning for five cents a hundred. Some scheme, eh?"

"You sure have a great head, old man," said Allen, slapping him on the back approvingly; "all I'm afraid of is how are we going to demand our money?" he added after a pause.

"Why, C. O. D. of course, you boob! Make 'em come across before you hand 'em the lines."

"George, I'm proud of you. You're the first inventor I ever heard of who was a successful business manager."

It was Friday night in the office of the Prefect of Discipline. In a chair leaning against the wall sat the Rector of Brownson hall and at a desk was the Prefect of Discipline himself. Now when two prominent disciplinarians such as these sit in lengthy and mysterious con-

ference while the hands of the office clock point mutely to the hour of eleven, it augurs naught but ill, and behooves rule-breakers to be on their guard.

"As I said before," remarked the rector, "it strikes me as being remarkably strange that all these papers written yesterday are *in the same handwriting*. There is some underhand work going on."

"Did it take the boys who were given detentions long to finish their work?" inquired the prefect.

"That is the strange part of it. They were finished in such a short time that I was astonished. See, here are several of the boys' detentions. Note the marked resemblance of the handwriting," said the rector displaying a pile of neatly written papers.

"Why, the handwriting is identical! Some person has evidently written all these detentions; but how in the world could one person finish them in a single morning?"

"They were all out of the study hall by eleven o'clock at the latest," answered the rector.

"It's strange—very strange. There was no chance for this person to have written them beforehand as you gave out the *Scholastics* with the allotted lines to each boy Saturday morning, did you not?" asked the prefect.

"I did, and I took particular pains to see that the detentions were written from the *Scholastics* prescribed," said the rector.

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George Baxter in his shirt-sleeves was sitting rigidly upright at his desk, pounding a typewriter and Charles Allen likewise in his shirt-sleeves was dictating to him in a sonorous voice from a rather soiled and torn copy of the *Scholastic*. Baxter proved himself an expert at the typewriter. The way he hammered the keys with force and precision; the way he banged it back when the little bell gave its persistent warning; the way he scowled at Allen when the latter did not dictate fast enough, would have merited him a position in any office with ten per week and a promise of a raise. Allen's voice suddenly stopped and that young gentleman yawned, stretched, rose stiffly and threw the *Scholastic* to the floor.

"There, thank goodness, *that's* over! George, old boy, we've got enough lines written to warrant every Brownsonite a skive," he said. The inventor pushed back his chair, ran his fingers through his hair and set about the seemingly

hopeless task of straightening up his desk. While groping blindly among the papers his hand fell upon a small notebook, and a grin of genuine joy spread over his features.

"Chuck," he gurgled, "here's that account book I made out last night, being treasurer of the Baxter-Allen Line-Writing Syndicate. Look it over and see if I've made any mistakes. I don't want to be accused of grafting before our trust is even under way." Allen took the notebook and Baxter turned to resume his endless job of tidying up. Suddenly there was a series of sharp knocks on the door, so sharp indeed that both young men jumped as if shot and sat staring at each other.

"Come in," bawled Baxter. The door opened and the Prefect of Discipline stepped into the room, closed the door and stood before them looking very grave and resolute.

"Good evening, Father!" said George, overcoming his astonishment with the ease that would have done credit to an actor.

"Good evening, Father," echoed Charles, rising quickly with a sudden vague fear clutching at his heart.

"Good evening, boys," said the prefect in a tone that reminded Allen of a dirge, and caused little beads of perspiration to ooze and dampen the noble forehead of George Baxter. There was another moment of silence.

"Boys!" said the prefect, giving Baxter a quiet look, "boys, I am here to make you answer a most serious charge; a charge so serious in fact that the only punishment equal to it seems to be expulsion. Oh, don't fake surprise there, Baxter! You're caught, both of you. What right have you to sell written lines to boys in Brownson hall? Don't try to deny it. No, you needn't get angry about it either, because it won't do any good and is liable to get you in worse trouble. You wonder how I learned all this. Well, that's a long story which will appear in the sequel." George Baxter turned alternately red and white and under his breath he muttered black, bloody curses. Charles Allen seemed to have been stricken dumb, and, abandoning his post by the table, sank into a chair. The prefect walked over to the desk, picked up several sheets covered with the neat script of the machine; looked at the typewriter; then compared the papers in his hand with those on the desk and finally looked at Baxter. The last named look was plainly one of surprise,

and the inventor, determined to make one last appeal and save his beloved machine, said in a voice that choked suspiciously:

"Father, that's the machine that does the line writing—one of my inventions." At the word *invention* the prefect smiled. He had picked up and was looking at the notebook on the cover of which was written in bold, red letters, "Baxter-Allen Line-Writing Syndicate," containing the business profits and losses of said syndicate. That capped the climax. With a quick, jerky movement he pocketed the notebook and papers, gave the typewriter one last inquisitive look, went to the door, opened it; then turned and said:

"Wish you luck, boys." The door closed softly; steps were heard retreating down the deserted corridor and he was gone.

Did you ever notice the expression on the face of a man who has failed to do his duty or been sentenced for robbery or failed in his life work? Such was the face of George Baxter as he sat staring into space.

"Well, there's no use bawling over spilt milk, George, old sport," said Charles in a voice that belied his optimism. "You'll never get out of trouble until you quit monkeying with these fool inventions."

Baxter roused himself from the depths of his melancholy meditation, gave his companion a glance so full of withering scorn that the afore-said sickly smile on Allen's face faded as if he had begun to have fears for his life. Instead of committing murder, as his first inclination prompted him to do, George Baxter merely glared, and said in a voice that showed intense passion restrained—"Shut up!"

Comparison.

FRANK L. STANFORD, '13.

A VIOLET near a broken stile
Was born one summer day;
It sought in vain for friends to while
The weary hours away.

A dewdrop fell upon its breast
And wooed the weeping flower.
A frost then touched the sparkling crest,—
The violet died that hour.

How like with us this violet's lot:
All joys that God can send
Are just begun—grief just forgot,
When earthly life must end.

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—For most Americans, at Notre Dame and elsewhere, an acquaintance with the vernaculars of the countries other than the United States is acquired only with the greatest labor. We think of them with a whole-some respect, for our experience with them is purely academic. But for English we feel all the contempt of familiarity. We use it and misuse it just as we please. We distort it and bend it to suit our own purposes, careless of the consequence save the promotion of our own convenience. In so doing we have permitted our diction to become infected with that plague of all that is pure and legitimate in lingual expression, slang. It saves us time and trouble. It is doubtless emphatic. It is breezy and concise. But it is impossible to use it to any extent without peril to the orderly arrangement of our thoughts, or without forfeiting a certain amount of our self-respect.

We have never seen a man yet who made much use of it whom we would care to trust with anything really important. It is very properly associated with the imbecile. It does not take much philosophy to understand the reason. The inveterate slang-user has the world classified under a very few headings. Man is "guy," or something similar. The fortunate man's circumstances he characterizes as "pretty soft." Now when a man

with this sort of a vocabulary tries to think, he finds it impossible to pass beyond the few vulgar words that mean everything to him. A masterpiece of art or literature or anything else is "hot stuff." A hero is "some kid." We can think of nothing more pitiable than this. It means the annihilation of all a man's finer perceptibilities, and his partial degradation to the level of the beast.

—There is much discussion these days regarding the adoption of the so-called "honor system" in college examinations. The distinctive feature of the system is a signed pledge by which the candidate promises on his honor neither to give nor receive assistance in examinations.

The purpose of exercising strict supervision over students during examinations is to prevent those who are common cheats from exercising their unholy craft, and to protect the honest man who is giving back straight returns.

The student who does his own work with his own mind under the watch of his own good conscience does not care what system you follow. And the cheat is no fit subject to be his own watchman under the "Honor System." Honest students have a right to be protected from cheats just as honest citizens have a right to be protected from hold-ups and housebreakers. It is the business of the state to protect the citizen, and it is the business of the school to protect the student. Those who chorus loudest the dear old slogan—"Leave us on our honor," are the gentlemen who have so little honor in their system they constitute no system worth talking about. It is all capital letter talk, this Honor System.

—Professionalism has been the occasion of much controversy wherever and whenever colleges have competed for athletic honors. The college baseball player **A Premium on Lying.** has found that his abilities can be turned to such practical use that he is often induced to offer his services to a professional club. Heretofore by this act he forfeited all rights to participate in college athletics whether or not he had been materially rewarded for his playing. The compromise recently effected by the faculty representatives of the Western

Conference gives leave to the student athlete to play summer baseball on the condition that he receive no pay for his services. It is presumed that this ruling is of advantage to the Conference, to the college and to the player, relieving the two former of the responsibility of much investigation and allowing to the latter a fuller liberty. Practically the college ball player is professional according to the Conference's latest ruling only when he openly admits having received money for his services, since the Conference has voted to accept the word of all athletes in matters pertaining to their standing. This not only means that professionalism will have a wider berth in college athletics, but it actually places the college athlete in a position where lying will be profitable to him. It means that college athletics will be overrun with lying baseball players. If the Conference is serious, let it decide definitely whether or not it is to tolerate professionalism. If professionalism is to be abolished, then more drastic measures must be adopted than those framed recently in Chicago which invite both professionalism and falsehood.

—It sounds like a paradox to say that those who clamor most for enlarged liberties are the least fit to be free. At all events it is so in the life immediately around us. The young man, for example, who knows how to act and take care of himself here at school and beyond it, who holds the "even tenor" in wellnigh every circumstance, is least insistent on being allowed free rein without bit or bridle. He is quite satisfied with conditions that the experience of many years seems to justify.

The clamor for a letting down of the bars and giving freer range comes from him who is not able to use the privileges of large liberty with discretion. He who persists on doing what he wants is rarely a good judge of his wants. Mature men ask and are grateful for advice. The young and foolish deem themselves sufficiently instructed to act for themselves. They are sour if any limit is put to what they consider their liberties. Liberty, however, is a relative term. It will be best to learn the law of self-restraint by submitting ourselves to regulation, then no doubt we will use and enjoy our freedom to better effect afterwards.

Feast of the Purification.

Yesterday being the feast of the Purification, or Candlemas day, services were held in the Sacred Heart Church at 8 o'clock. Father Walsh, the celebrant, explained the meaning of the feast and the ceremonies connected therewith. After the blessing of the candles and procession, solemn high mass was sung. The assisting ministers were Rev. Fathers Hagerty and Doremus.

Dr. Roche Next Week.

We are pleased to announce that the Rev. Dr. Roche, Vice-President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, will lecture some day the coming week on "The Unchanging Orient." Dr. Roche made a trip around the world last year and his account of peoples and places seen by him is a most attractive narrative. No one at the University can afford to miss this great treat.

Notice.

A triangular league for debates has been formed between the University of Notre Dame, the University of Indiana and Wabash College. The question for debate is: "Resolved, That the Federal government be given exclusive control over corporations engaged in interstate commerce, constitutionality granted."

Three inter-collegiate teams in debate are to be chosen this year to represent Notre Dame, two for the triangular league and one to represent the law school. The three teams will be chosen from the same preliminaries.

All wishing to try for a team are requested to meet in the law room, Sorin hall, Wednesday evening, February 6 at 7:00 p. m. to draw for positions for the first preliminary debate which will be held the first week in March.

First Military Ball.

On the evening of January 31st, the Notre Dame Battalion gave the first military ball at Place Hall. The ball was a long looked-forward-to event, for which the soldiers had been working for several months, and as we expected it was an event worthy of the gold and blue militia. Everything was carried out with that coolness and precision that

bespeaks careful planning and excellent management. From the moment the guests arrived till they departed everything ran smoothly and in perfect order.

The decorative committee deserves much praise for the artistic appearance which the hall presented. The walls and ceiling were festooned with American flags interspersed with pennants and university colors. A military effect was everywhere visible. In each corner of the hall spacious tents had been erected and fitted out as cosy-corners with pillows and banners. Around the room and at the main entrance, stacks of rifles and flags added to the martial effect. In one of the corners the orchestra was seated, half hidden by the decorations and from its hiding place rendered an excellent musical program. The hall was not too brilliantly lighted—just bright enough to make the scene appear cool and refined.

The ball opened with a grand march led by Captain and Mrs. Stogsdall in which everyone participated. Immediately after the grand march the members of the Junior Battalion gave out the programs which were made to resemble army canteens. During the extra numbers a tasty three-coursed luncheon was served in the anti-room, which was also decorated in military fashion. During the dances, punch was served by the Juniors in the anti-room.

Among the notable guests present were Captain and Mrs. Stogsdall, Hon. and Mrs. E. T. Howard, Judge and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, Prof. and Mrs. John Worden, Prof. and Mrs. K. B. Smith, and Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz. The party was chaperoned by Prof. and Mrs. Benitz and Prof. and Mrs. K. B. Smith.

The ball was brilliantly successful, equal to any ever given by Notre Dame students. All who had the privilege of attending can not be too lavish of their praise. The artistic decorations especially brought forth many comments. The affair is one that will live long in the memories of the soldier boys.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society met as usual on Wednesday night. Mr. Derrick gave a very interesting talk on great engineers and their works and the present methods in engineering. He pointed out the fact that the engineer as an individual is coming less and less before

us, while his work in commissions where each man is a specialist is very much in evidence.

Mr. Enaje's paper on the "Importance of correct adjustments of Engineering Instruments," showed not only the annoyance but the positive losses coincident with incorrect adjustment which a few minutes effort could readily remedy. The benefits to the rural districts and to the cities by good systems of well-maintained roads was well treated by Mr. Gonzalez. He pointed out their advantages along commercial as well as educational and social lines.

The question for open discussion was on the absolute zero of temperature and brought out a varied discussion on the question of low temperature and the laws of conservation of energy, Mr. Wasson answering all questions in his characteristic manner.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The preliminaries for choosing a team to represent Brownson Society against the societies of St. Joseph and Holy Cross halls were held on January 25, 26, 27. Two were selected each day, the six successful speakers being the following: Messrs. F. Reily, C. Smith, R. O'Neill, E. Walter, G. Marshall, J. Laird. The judges were Rev. Fathers Carrico, Carroll and Bolger. The final trial will be held Feb. 11, in which the four receiving the highest ranking will compose the Brownson team. The material for a strong team is very good, and Brownson has high hopes of adding to its past laurels in debate. The record for six years has been seven victories out of thirteen debates.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING.

Two very interesting papers were read at the meeting of the Electrical Engineering Society Friday, January 26th. The first speaker, Mr. T. Furlong, '13, entertained the society with a paper on "Assembling of Mine-Hoisting Machinery." From a sketch the speaker described the erecting floor of the Allis-Chalmers plant in Chicago. He gave a description of parts of a hoisting machine and pointed out the difficulties in assembling it. The second paper was read by Mr. Shouvin, '14. He gave an interesting talk on "The Manufacture of Gas Engines." From a blackboard sketch he traced the manufacture of the engine through the different departments. A letter from Mr. Joseph Sinnott (E. E. '07) to the society was read by President Garrity. Prof. Green closed the meeting with an interesting address.

Calendar.

- Sunday, Feb. 4—Septuagesima Sunday.
St. Joseph-Sorin; Brownson-Walsh in basketball.
- Monday, Feb. 5—De Paul vs. Varsity in basketball here.
- Wednesday, Feb. 7—General meeting of Debating candidates, 7:00 p. m. Sorin Law room.
- Thursday, Feb. 8—Sorin-Walsh; Brownson-Corby in basketball.
- Saturday, Feb. 10—Detroit U. vs. Varsity in basketball here.

Obituary.

Students of the late seventies will remember P. J. Dougherty who passed away strengthened by the sacraments of Holy Church on January 21st. When the University was burned in April, 1879, Mr. Dougherty was one of the daring spirits who attempted to save the statue of Our Lady which surmounted the Dome, and was seriously injured in the attempt.

Mr. Dougherty's devotion to Alma Mater was inspiring. When he was seized with his last illness he remarked that just as soon as he recovered he was going to move to be near Notre Dame for the remainder of his life. His son replied, "Yes, father, Notre Dame is a beautiful place to live." "It isn't that," the father answered, "there is something about the religious atmosphere at Notre Dame that can be found at no other place on earth."

Priests, Brothers, and alumni who remember Mr. Dougherty as a student will have him often in their prayers, and the students of today will not fail to send up a prayer that his soul may find eternal rest. *R. I. P.*

From the far south, during the past week, one of the Spanish papers contained a notice which bore a sad meaning to us all. The well-loved John Romana of the Engineering class of 1911, died in Trujillo the victim of typhoid fever toward the end of December. Those of us who knew the amiable and cheerful John as a student will feel a deep personal loss at his sudden going in this the rosy hour of his noon. He was a fine type of young man,—high of purpose, religious, straightforward,—with rich promise of a successful future. To his sorrowing family we extend our unmeasured sympathy and an assurance of prayers. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

"Dud" Moloney of last year's basketball team was an interesting spectator at the Wabash game.

—William C. Schmitt (C. E. '10) has a good position in Portland, Oregon. He expects to be with us in June. His address is Suite 501, Henry Building.

—"Mrs. Henry O. Shephard announces the marriage of her daughter Clara to Mr. E. Claude Sack on Wednesday, the seventeenth of January, nineteen hundred and twelve." We congratulate Mr. Claude Sack and wish the fulness of joy to the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Sack will be at home after March 1st at 635 South Ashland Boulevard, Chicago.

—It is a pleasure to announce that Mr. Max Pam will visit the University the coming week to hear Rev. Dr. Roche's lecture. Mr. Pam is a Doctor of Laws of the University and has donated a thousand dollars as a prize for the best essay on how best to promote the religious element in the training of the young. He is the leading corporation lawyer in the United States.

Local News.

—Holy Cross, Brownson, and St. Joseph's halls are to have debating teams in the field this year.

—D. Sullivan II. has registered in Walsh. Let the mail man beware of the wrath of D. Sullivan I.

—Krug and Walsh are recent additions to the Brownson Hockey Team. A victory over Culver is predicted.

—Raymond O'Donnell has been elected captain of the Brownson Midgets' basketball team. Floyd Schafer is acting as coach.

—According to the circular announcement of the Max Pam Prize Contest, March 15th, 1912, is the date on which all manuscripts must be in the hands of the committee.

—The Walsh hall representative of the Apostolate of Religious Reading reports that he is meeting with hearty co-operation, that the students appreciate the opportunity to get good reading-matter and are making the most of it.

—The Walsh Hall Chicks have organized

a track team, into which have been drafted all students who do not feel themselves quite up to the interhall standard. A promise of future meets infuses spirit, and some good track men are expected to develop.

—The exact value of a demerit has at last been calculated by students of Walsh hall. Fifty demerits are equivalent to five hundred lines, one hour's labor with snow-shovel and ice-pick, or one hour's labor setting up pins in the bowling alleys. Watch for the clean walks.

—No more late rising for the fellows in Walsh. A new plan has been adopted whereby the stragglers are forced to do messenger service and wake their sleep-loving brothers before they themselves may breakfast. Quite a scheme, but not extremely popular with the offenders.

—Although we do not have first-hand information, we understand that the hall managers will convene in the near future and arrange schedules for the two remaining branches of sport—track and baseball. Many of the boys are preparing daily and are ready to start when basketball ends. Sorin has the cup and intends to retain it. Let us hope so.

—On Wednesday and Friday evenings during Lent, devotions will be held in Sacred Heart church. The devotions on Wednesday will consist of a sermon and Benediction, on Friday the Way of the Cross will be said. Following is a list of Lenten sermons: Feb. 28, "Purity," Father Carroll; March 6, "Honesty," Father Schumacher; March 13, "Slander and Calumny," Father Carrico; March 20, "Passion of Our Lord," Father Bolger; March 27, "Confession," Father Maguire.

—Manager McBride and team put in appearance Sunday afternoon and were safely put away by Brownson 29-15. Aided by the accurate shooting of Daly and Newton, Sorin was a contender throughout the first half, but loose playing by the guards in the second period enabled Kelley to cage the ball seven times in succession and to cinch the game. Brownson had a style of team work entirely unsuited for the "Scholars," but inability to locate the basket always kept the score respectably low.

—Following this game St. Joseph and Corby met in one of their old-time struggles, resulting in the latter's favor 16-8. The Corby men evidently thought little of the Saints, for they

offered their second team as an opener. As is usual the veterans were later called in, and only after the hardest fighting did they manage to get the long end of the score. The St. Joseph forwards were off color, and the accuracy shown in the Walsh game could not be repeated. Bergman was easily the best for Corby, and his scoring in the last half gave his team an advantage which the Saints could not overcome. Referee Finnigan's work in both games was commendable, and the customary wrangling was not noticeable.

—Thirty students of Carroll hall enjoyed a glorious bob-sleigh ride to Niles last Wednesday evening. Father Hagerty was in charge of the party and he was kept busy, you may be sure. The youngsters left at 5 o'clock and were pulled over the sparkling snow by four prancing steeds (This will furnish material for the S. V.) They were met at Niles by the mayor and city fathers and shown the sights by moonlight. The shingle mill and the street-car tracks were highly interesting. A banquet followed at which Mr. Kasper was to have made a speech, but was not able to have been present owing to the condition of his health—which is very precarious. Mr. Vogel took his place and said to the mayor and city fathers: "Gentlemen the Council, I thank you one and all for your hospitality and for your great kindness; and that's 'bout all I've got to say." The return home was shortly after. Singing grand opera to the music of the sleigh-bells enlivened the silent atmosphere. At eleven the party entered the portals of the University tired but happy.

Athletic Notes.

LITTLE GIANTS LOSE.

Wabash sustained a reversal which may mean its elimination from the state championship race, the Varsity proved its right to consideration in the list of title claimants, and Notre Dame students were furnished with the gamest and most exciting exhibitions of uphill fighting seen in many a day when the gold and blue triumphed over the Little Giants in basketball last Saturday by the score of 28 to 25. Victory by the Varsity is always pleasing, but added zest is given the triumph when qualities such as those displayed by Captain Granfield and his men in the Wabash game are brought forth. The Wabash team have

class, and their unwillingness to acknowledge defeat until the very end makes the Crawfordsville representation the most formidable of Notre Dame's rivals. Last year, when conditions seemed far more favorable than they are at present, the Little Giants overwhelmed the Varsity here and in turn were overwhelmed at Crawfordsville. In Saturday's contest the Varsity turned the tables after the game had apparently been won by the visitors, the score standing 16 to 11 at the end of the first half in favor of Wabash. It now remains to be seen whether the Giants will be able to withstand the onslaught of the gold and blue on its own floor.

"Skeets" Lambert, of football fame, started the scoring with a pretty basket a few minutes after play began, and Ellis followed a moment later with another goal before the Varsity recovered from the nervousness which seemed to affect the men in the early part of the contest. The Wabash team worked nicely; nothing seemed too difficult for Lambert, who was easily the star of the team, nor Ellis, who obtained four of the eight baskets caged by the visitors in the first half. The game was rough in spots, both Feeney and Ellis being forced to take out time for injuries, but fouls were infrequent. McNichol netted the initial goal for the Varsity on an overhand pass which aroused the rooters, and Kenny succeeded in caging the ball three times, but most of the attempts failed by the merest margin.

The short rest between the halves, coupled with a talk by Coach Maris, infused the proper "pep" into the team and when Granfield brought the score within striking distance the possibility of a victory grew less remote. The captain struck his stride in the last half, and his work was reflected by an improvement in the efforts of the balance of the team. Granfield caged the ball five times during the last session, while his defensive work was a big factor in keeping Lambert from adding to the Wabash total. Kenny and McNichol put up a star game at the forwards, completely outplaying their opponents. The showing of McNichol merits especial praise because of the handicap of illness under which he has been suffering since the holidays. Feeney sustained a jar in the first half which would have meant a trip to the infirmary for an ordinary player, but the big guard continued to play; after a few minutes' rest, he was able to continue the

game. Kelleher as guard also played an excellent game. The line-up:

Notre Dame (28)		Wabash (25)
Kenny	R. F.	Lambert (Captain)
McNichol,	L. F.	Eglin
Granfield (Captain),	C.	Ellis
Kelleher,	R. G.	Hill, Showalter
Feeney,	L. G.	Burrows

Summary: Field goals—Granfield (6), Kenny (5), McNichol (2); Lambert (5), Ellis (4), Eglin. Free throws—Kenny (2); Lambert (5). Referee—Schommer (University of Chicago). Time of halves—20 min.

EASTERN TRIP.

Manager Murphy announces the following dates for the Eastern trip of the baseball nine. The jaunt will last two weeks, opening with the University of West Virginia on May 9, and closing with the University of Vermont May 22.

May 9—University of West Virginia at Morgantown, West Virginia.

May 11—Penn State at Bellfonte, Pennsylvania.

May 13, 14—Mount. St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Md.

May 15—Georgetown Univer., Washington, D. C.

May 16—Catholic University at Washington, D. C.

May 17—Seton Hall College at Orange, New Jersey.

May 18—Brown University at Providence, R. I.

May 20—Dean College at Franklin, Massachusetts.

May 21—Tufts College at Boston, Massachusetts.

May 22—University of Vermont at Burlington, Vt.

LANE TECH DEFEATED.

The Varsity annexed another scalp in basketball last Tuesday evening when Lane Tech, holders of the Cook County secondary school championship submissively accepted the short end of a 26 to 12 score. The usual advance reports concerning the prowess of the Chicago five caused a flurry of excitement in the basketball quarters and induced Coach Maris to pit his strongest team against the visitors at the outset, but aside from the rare moments when the invaders displayed flashes of college form, the result was never in doubt. Speed is one of the strongest features of the Lane team's play, and there were times when the interest of the galleries was awakened by sensational spurts, but accurate passing, heady team work and strong defensive play more than offset the speed of the losers. Burke, captain and right guard, offered the sensation of the game shortly after the opening when he obtained the ball on the tossup and rushed it to the goal in pretty fashion for the first basket. The little leader was easily the star of the Lane team in all departments of the game, and with proper

assistance by his mates things might have been made interesting for the gold and blue. Granfield won the palm for Notre Dame with seven field goals.

With the score at 12 to 6 in the second half Maris made a change in the lineup, Kelly replacing Cahill, whose ankle still bothers him and Larsen going in at center, Granfield moving to guard. That the change did not affect the combination is evident from the final score. Larsen played a good game at center and with further practice will become a capable substitute at the post. Schmidt and Feeney were among the lesser lights of Lane, while Cahill, Kenny and Feeney of the Varsity showed up well. The lineup:

Notre Dame (26)		Lane Tach ¹² ₍₄₎
Cahill, Kelly	L. F.	Russell
Kenny	R. F.	Schmidt
Granfield (Capt.), Larsen	C.	Feeney
Kelleher,	R. G.	Hood
Granfield	L. G.	Burke (C.)

Summary—Field Goals—Granfield 7; Kenny 2; Kelly; Burke (3), Schmidt (1). Free throws—Cahill (4), Kenny (2); Feeney (4). Referee—Barnhardt of Indiana. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Safety Valve.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Master Basketball Sorin is out of danger for the present.

A strong movement is on foot to restore the Minor Board. These Columns are with the movement and behind the Board.

COMING.

Spring Odes
Spring Wheat
Bill-Cotter's Story
May Flowers
and
(O joy!)
The Dome.

SOME SERIOUS SENIOR SAYINGS.

[Referring to the beauties of Nature.]

The sight which I beheld so Impressed me that I will Endeavor to Describe.

He was forcibly Struck by the Beautiful things that Nature had placed about on Every side.

The Sky decked in Blue was Bright and Inspiring.
The Sky was Beginning to Darken to the falling Shadows of the Evening.

Viewed in one Aspect the Landscape was Beautiful.
Behold how Nature manifests herself in a most Wonderful manner!

It is a Beautiful work of Art and it is very Valuable.
Dotted here and There with bright Flower beds.

The Grand March has been marched.

ARMS OF COLLEGES AND HALLS.

(Vd. Oxford picture at the top of the Faculty Stairs to the right*)

Carroll.

The whining school-boy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school.—*Shakespeare*.

Walsh.

A couchant Lion with a Chick roosting on his head. A monogram man—of whom there are several—trying to make a strike with the Earth. High score, 275.

St. Joe.

They also serve who only stand and wait.—*Milton*.
Then, certainly M. G., any little fancy scroll work you care to add.

Corby.

Methinks the lady doth protest too much—*Shakespeare*.

Sorin.

Requiescant in pace!

NOTICE!

The "Bear Cat," "Turkey Trot" and "Bunny Hug" are strictly prohibited in the Corby dance hall, except on Wednesday and Saturday nights.

Cutie Kelly

Official Bouncer.

QUIZ FOR CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

1. What is a Minor Infraction?
2. Who is to determine what is a Minor Infraction?
3. Will all "Faculty committees" have the same views of "Minor Infractions?"

YOUR EDUCATION.

The University of Notre Dame does not depend entirely upon its instructors to furnish to you the knowledge you require. They have surrounded you with influences for good which impart to you knowledge not to be found in text-books.

They have sanctioned the Athletic Store as a source of education in the matter of correct attire, recognizing that at the Athletic Store you will find the highest grade clothing, hats and haberdashery the world produces. Here you are given an opportunity to be the educated man you hope to be when you step forth from the Classic halls of Alma Mater. [As the Bachelor orators will say and have said.]

Students desiring a course in Hats, Hatpins, Watchfobs and Neckties must not fail to visit the Dean of the Department of Haberdashery, opposite Jim's place.

Don't forget, if you have forgotten already, to read Billy Burke's "The Wrong Party" and "Gratitude" by Louis J. Kiley.

How beautiful is the snow!

JOKE CORNER.

This shall not bar a student from playing on any baseball team that is not in the national agreement, or in an outlaw league, provided he receives therefor no compensation, direct or indirect (Revised Conference Rules. Rule 5.)

* Students take the stairs at the rear. Walsh boys the stairs leading to Brownson study hall.