

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTURVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITURVS ·

VOL. XLV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 10, 1912.

No. 18.

## The Torrent.

PATRICK A. BARRY, '12

**A** LOUD, 'resounding roar,  
And clouds of silvery spray  
That rise from black and threatening rocks  
And, phantom-like, to heaven soar;  
Till soon a glinting ray  
Of shimmering sunshine Beauty's wealth unlocks.

## The Dream of Gerontius.

SIMON. E. TWINING, '13.



O short a time has elapsed since Cardinal Newman's death, and so priceless was the heritage of English prose he left the world, that the worth of his verse is only now coming to be recognized.

His "Lead, Kindly Light" is, to be sure, known wherever the English language is loved; but Cardinal Newman has written a greater poem than "Lead, Kindly Light"—greater because in its larger compass are many lyrical passages eclipsing "Lead, Kindly Light" in sweetness and depth of emotional conception. In "The Dream of Gerontius" is told the story of a human soul from the moment the shackles of earth begin to fall away till it loses itself in the cleansing flood of purgatorial flames.

Gerontius means "an old man." It is worthy of note that Cardinal Newman was himself an old man at the time the poem was written, because we are thus furnished with objective proof that the writer spoke to the heart from the heart; that here we may read the yearnings, the fears, the hopes, not of souls in general, but of the soul of that man in whom Episcopa-

lianism had made its greatest contribution to the Catholic Church.

"The Dream of Gerontius" is a dramatic poem. Various characters speak to us; there is a simple plot, so simple, indeed, that only search will discover it; and there is a climax. But "dramatic" has, in modern usage, come to stand for tinsel and insincerity, and Newman has here embodied the very opposites of these qualities. Again, departing from the established rule of dramatic versifiers, he uses in the poem not one but several meters. For this it seems unnecessary to make excuse. It is but a praiseworthy adaptation of sound to sense. Poetry is frequently compared to music. In the subdivisions, the dramatic poem is comparable to the opera: and who can conceive of an opera without its changes of movement to express the various emotions and degrees of emotion experienced by the characters?

In his essay on "The Orator," Cicero says that there is scarcely anyone who has not a keener eye for faults in a speech than for its good qualities, so that whatever there is which displeases, obscures what ought to be praised. This may with equal truth be said of a poem. Certain it is that there are in the "Dream of Gerontius," many passages which are not clothed in any conventionally poetic form, and occasional passages, clothed in poetic form, which deserve quite as little as does Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy" to be called poetry. For instance, Newman puts this stanza into the mouths of the first choir of angelicals:

The younger son He willed to be  
A marvel in his birth:  
Spirit and flesh his parents were;  
His home was heaven and earth.

There is one passage, even, in which sense and grammatical construction are hopelessly out of joint:



The foe blasphemed the holy Lord,  
As if he reckoned ill,  
In that He placed His puppet man  
The frontier place to fill.

For even in his best estate,  
With amplest gifts endued,  
A sorry sentinel was he,  
A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help  
Must needs possess a wife,  
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts,  
Who had angelic life.

And when, by blandishment of Eve  
That earth-born Adam fell;  
He shrieked in triumph and he cried,  
"A sorry sentinel!"

Now the personal pronoun beginning the third verse of the last stanza quoted, agrees grammatically with "Adam" in the second verse just preceding. But that makes nonsense, and Newman does not write nonsense. "He," then, refers *in sense* to Satan, spoken of as "The foe" in the first verse of the first stanza quoted.

So faithfully and so beautifully, however, does the "Dream of Gerontius" present the Catholic doctrine regarding death, judgment and the after-life, so consumingly intense and pure the faith of its writer shows itself, and so numerous are the surpassingly splendid lyrical passages, that it is only with hesitation one can mention the occasional and slight defects in detail.

Gerontius feels that death is near, and he says:

Jesu, Maria—I am near to death,  
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.

He feels that his soul will soon

Drop from out this universal frame  
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,  
That utter nothingness, of which it came.

[Here Gerontius calls the soul "I".]

The prayers with which Holy Mother Church consoles her dying children are heard, and Gerontius is comforted:

Novissima hora est; and  
I fain would sleep;  
The pain has wearied me... Into Thy hands,  
O Lord, into Thy hands...

Now it is the soul that speaks:

I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said:  
'He's gone;' and then a sigh went round the room.  
And then I surely heard a priestly voice  
Cry 'Subvenite;' and they knelt in prayer.  
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,  
And fainter and more faint the accents come,  
As at an ever-widening interval.

I can not forbear quoting the remainder of the passage:

Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?  
This silence pours a solitariness  
Into the very essence of my soul;  
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,  
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.  
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring  
By a strange introversion, and perforce  
I now begin to feed upon myself,  
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Does not Shakespeare himself seem here to speak to us? And now it is Milton:

[Gerontius. It is his guardian angel who speaks]  
He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,  
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,  
With his whole essence shattered and unsound.  
And coiled around his heart a demon dire,  
Which was not of his nature, but had skill  
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

The demons' songs are couched in the harsh and uncouth poetic form used in the days of King Alfred—a form admirably adapted to the purpose:

Virtue and vice,  
A knave's pretence,  
'Tis all the same;  
Ha! ha!  
Dread of hell-fire,  
Of the venomous flame,  
A coward's plea.

Several stanzas from the songs of the angelical choirs have already been quoted. Two of the most perfect songs in the whole poem yet remain—the "Soul's Song" and the "Guardian Angel's Song." The "Soul's Song" includes the lines which are without question the most perfect product of Cardinal Newman's poetic genius:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep  
There let me be,  
And there in hope the long night-watches keep,  
Told out for me.  
There, motionless and happy in my pain,  
Lone, not forlorn,—  
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain  
Until the morn.  
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,  
Which ne'er can cease  
To throb and pine and languish, till possesst  
Of its Sole Peace.  
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:  
Take me away,  
That sooner I may rise and go above,  
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Except Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," no song in the English language is comparable to this in depth of religious feeling or in musical expression. For this one passage alone the



"Dream of Gerontius" deserves a place in the hearts of all English-speaking people, to be known and loved until our age is obscured by the veil of time.

And now the soul of Gerontius is judged, and as it enters the realms of purification the Guardian Angel hymns a song of hope:

Softly and gently, dearly ransomed soul,  
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,  
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,  
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,  
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,  
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,  
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,  
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;  
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,  
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;  
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

#### Dumb Animals.

JACOB R. GEIGER, '13.

Mrs. Wellsworth, President of the "Society Preventing Cruelty to Animals," was happy. She had at last caused the arrest and conviction of a man on the charge of cruelty to animals. The Wellsworths were the wealthiest people in Hillsburg. Mr. Wellsworth owned a brick plant which gave employment to most of the citizens of that enterprising little hamlet. They were, therefore, very influential people. Mrs. Wellsworth, filled with a desire to help uplift the conditions of the village, had organized an "S. P. C. A." She did it in the first place to gain popularity, in the second place because she had nothing else to do. Up to this time, however, she had made no arrests, a thing which caused her much vexation, but at last her triumph had come.

Mr. Ezra Crane, a farmer of the vicinity, had gone to Hillsburg that day to look after some trifling business. He hitched his horse in front of the general store, and as he did so he noticed that the harness was disarranged. He walked up to the horse to adjust the misplaced strap; as he did so the horse, for no apparent reason, kicked him on that very sensitive spot midway between the knee and

ankle. Ezra gave a howl of pain and snatching his buggy whip, speedily demolished it on the vicious horse's side. In the midst of this excitement, Mrs. Wellsworth appeared upon the scene. She was first amazed, then terrified. She looked up and down the street. The customary loafers were sitting before the store converting lumber into shavings. A little apart from them was the village marshal asleep in a big chair. Mrs. Wellsworth awakened him and had the angry Ezra Crane arrested.

The judge was obliged, in accordance with the law, to fine Mr. Crane five dollars. Now Mr. Crane was a poor man, and five dollars meant a great deal to him; besides, the provocation justified him to a certain extent. The judge would have let the man go, perhaps, with a lecture, but there was Mrs. Wellsworth, and Mrs. Wellsworth was a person of some weight—literally as well as figuratively, for she weighed two hundred pounds. So Mr. Crane was fined five dollars. He had not that much money with him, but he said that a neighbor of his who was in town would pass his house in returning home and he would send word to his son to bring the money to town. As Mrs. Wellsworth turned to go Mr. Crane said to her:

"I hope to thunder some animal does something to you some day that'll make you want to kill it to get even." But Mrs. Wellsworth glared at him and passed out into the street.

Mrs. Wellsworth being very fat—"plump" she called it, but she knew better—was in the habit of taking long walks every day in the vain hope of getting thin. Shortly after the arrest of Ezra Crane she started on her daily walk.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. The day was clear. It was in early October, and the countryside was resplendent in the reds, yellows and browns of autumn. Mrs. Wellsworth plodded heavily along the road pausing for breath now and then. When she had walked about three miles she noticed a large apple tree a short distance from the road, and beneath it she saw a spring of clear water. She was very thirsty, so by a slow and laborious process she climbed over the fence and went to the tree. She took a small drink of water, for the doctor warned her not to drink water if she hoped to lose weight.

Just as she prepared to go she saw a large bulldog rushing across the field towards her. She looked wildly about. The fence seemed



miles away. Just then she saw a ladder against the tree. She rushed to it and scrambled up into the tree just in time. She seized a limb and hung on for dear life. The dog rushed around the tree. He barked and growled; he snarled and tore at the bark of the tree. He was fairly bristling with anger. Mrs. Wellsworth seated herself, as comfortably as her weight would permit on a limb. She was terribly frightened. The dog showed no signs of leaving, so Mrs. Wellsworth tried some of her much preached doctrine of gentleness to animals. She talked to the dog, but it seemed to increase his wrath. She made a motion as if to come down the ladder whereupon the dog actually tried to climb up. Much frightened, she settled back upon the limb on which she had been. She was now growing tired, so she simply sat and waited. The dog stretched out upon the ground and glared at her with one eye. He was an ugly looking brute with a big brown spot around his eye. Mrs. Wellsworth was now growing angry, for it was getting late and she wanted to get back to Hillsburg. She could have shot that dog without remorse in spite of her firm belief in kindness to animals.

Suddenly she heard the rattle of a buggy along the road. She called for help and the dog started barking. The buggy was instantly stopped and a tall awkward farmer boy sprang out and came across the field to the apple tree.

"What chu doin' up there?" he asked.

"That—that brute—there chased me here," sputtered Mrs. Wellsworth pointing to the dog.

"Well, what chu doin' in this field? We keep that dog here to watch the apple tree. Maybe you was stealing apples?" replied the boy.

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Wellsworth. "I came here for a drink and that brute chased me up this tree. That animal should be shot."

"Well, who are you anyhow?" asked the boy.

"Young man I am Mrs. Wellsworth. You had better call off your dog before you get into trouble."

The boy paused a moment then he slowly added: "I don't know, you're trespassin', you know."

"Call off your dog and allow me to descend. It would do you no good to arrest me for trespassing."

Then the boy replied: "All right. Here, Towser! Now come down."

It was easy to ascend the ladder, but coming down was harder. There was no bulldog to urge her and then there was a man below watching her. The boy offered to help her and as Mrs. Wellsworth put out her hand the ladder turned and she fell with a thud upon the unfortunate boy. Luckily no bones were broken by either party. So after Mrs. Wellsworth regained her breath and dignity she berated the poor boy for his stupidity. Then she remembered that she would want to ride in with him so she added:

"Well, it was mostly my fault, I guess; but I am badly shaken up. Will you drive me to town? I will pay you."

"I've got a load already, but I can leave it here and come back for it if I get enough."

"How much do you want?" she asked.

"Five dollars," replied the boy.

"What! Preposterous! Why, that is exorbitant. I refuse to pay it."

"Well, suit yourself, mam. I must be goin'," answered the boy. But Mrs. Wellsworth was in no condition to walk to town, so she agreed.

The horse walked—walked slowly and Mrs. Wellsworth spoke to the boy about it. He replied.

"I can't make him go; he's worked hard to-day and ain't fit to haul sich a load." Whereupon Mrs. Wellsworth suddenly became silent; but the boy continued: "Yes, siree, I believe in bein' kind to dumb animals as can't help themselves. Why, these animals makes our living for us farmers. If it wasn't for cows an' horses we would starve."

Mrs. Wellsworth remembered a sentiment like this that she had expressed in one of her lectures, but she said nothing.

"You take that dog," continued the boy, "you think he's a brute an' all that, but he's a mighty good dog. Why he watches things better 'n a man could."

"He is a brute," exclaimed Mrs. Wellsworth.

"He is unsafe to let run at large."

"He don't run at large, mam. He's kept in the field," replied the boy.

Again Mrs. Wellsworth was silent.

"Now take this horse," continued the boy. "He's a good worker, but not much for travelin'."

Mrs. Wellsworth inwardly agreed. She could beat him on a walk. "But we've got another horse that's plum mean. We feed him good an' all that, and every chance he gets he kicks or bites some one. He won't be satisfied till he



kills some one. Now if I didn't know that he was a pore dumb brute, I'd half kill him sometimes. But I believe in kindness to animals, I do."

Mrs. Wellsworth never took such a ride. The buggy was bumpy and it seemed that there were millions of stones on the road and it struck every one. Then the boy kept up the prattle about kindness to animals until Mrs. Wellsworth burst out:

"Yes, kindness is all right with some animals; but I know two that can not be treated too unkindly. That brute of a dog of yours, and this animal drawing the buggy. Some animals are not fit to live and if you don't be still I shall get out and walk and you wont get paid."

The journey continued in silence. At last they drew up before the home of Mrs. Wellsworth. She got out of the buggy, stiff and sore in every joint. She produced a five dollar note and turned to the boy.

"Here you are," she said. "But will you, as a favor, tell me what you are going to do with it and why you asked so much to take me to town?"

The boy pocketed the note and smiled:

"Yes, I'll tell you. I'm goin' to pay my father's fine. He was arrested this morning for cruelty to animals."

#### Catholic Fiction.

#### V.—THE MAN OF THE FAMILY.—*Reid.*

THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER, '12.

At no time has national life been more faithfully mirrored by contemporaneous fiction than is the character of the American people today by the American novel. Our virtues and our vices, our ideals and our actualities, the religious, social, political, economical, and industrial conditions that constitute our environment, our art, our letters, our science,—in fact, anything with which we are associated or which concerns us in any manner whatsoever—all are facts which the novelist offers for our contemplation in the attractive form of fiction. Too often, however, it is our faults and defects which are the themes of the most popular fiction; hence we grow weary of reading nothing else than stories of marital infidelity, political

corruption, and all kinds of moral degeneracy, which in many cases were written for the sole purpose of excusing or even defending the evils they so vividly depict. Before entering upon a discussion of the work it will be best, perhaps, to give the following outline of the story:

Madame Prévost, a widow and the descendant of an old, aristocratic Creole family, has been obliged by adverse circumstances to mortgage the family homestead, a plantation on the Bayou Têche in Louisiana, and the only means of support she has for herself and those depending on her. There she lives with her mother and four daughters, the oldest of whom, Yvonne, "the man of the family," manages the estate. Yvonne and her mother are unable to discharge the indebtedness or even to diminish it, and the mortgage is now due. Such is the state of affairs when Madame Prévost is visited by Mr. Burnham, the son of her father's overseer and the holder of the mortgage, who demands prompt settlement. On learning that she can not pay him, he threatens foreclosure unless she effects a marriage between her second daughter, Diane, and his son, whereupon he will give Madame Prévost the mortgage and assure her of her home as long as she lives, and after her death the place is to pass to the possession of Diane. Humiliated beyond measure that she should have to listen to such a proposal, Madame Prévost consents reluctantly to discuss the matter with Diane, and is allowed three months' time for considering and rendering her decision. When Diane is informed of the object of Mr. Burnham's visit, she, to the great surprise of her mother and sister Yvonne, declares her willingness to sacrifice herself if before the expiration of the three months no other means can be found whereby the estate may be saved, and her mother, grandmother, and sisters spared the hardships of poverty. Finding Diane unyielding to many entreaties and arguments dissuading her from such a course, Yvonne resolves to obtain in some way or other her sister's ransom. That same day she finds among some old family records a scrap of paper written by her great-great-grandfather, Henri de Marsillac, telling how before he was forced to flee on the night of the uprising of the slaves in Santo Domingo in 1791, he had buried some money, jewelry and plate at a certain specified place on his estate. As every means had been exhausted to procure



the much-needed funds which meant Diane's happiness, Yvonne determines to institute a search for her ancestor's buried treasure. Having no one to go but herself she induces her mother to allow her undertake the venture. That she may be better protected it is decided that she go in masculine attire. Yvonne's mission is kept a secret from everyone outside of the immediate family circle, it being given out that she was visiting an aunt in New York, whither she had gone.

The heroic girl, masquerading as a young man under the name of Henri de Marsillac, takes passage on a steamer bound from New York to Hayti. On board Henri meets Herbert Atherton, a millionaire's son, who is on his way to the West Indies to recuperate his health. The acquaintance formed by these two soon ripens into the strongest friendship. Henri is led to tell his friend the object of his trip and about his family, maintaining, however, a strict secrecy regarding his own identity. Because Atherton sees the inexperience of the boy, and also because he is attracted by the possibility of some interesting adventures, he accompanies Henri when the latter lands in Hayti, and takes charge of the search for the treasure. This is found, but only after the expedition is threatened with a premature and disastrous end. While among the ruins of the former De Marsillac estate Atherton wishes to take a photograph of his companion, and only after much persuasion is his request granted. Upon his arrival in New York with the recovered gold and jewelry, Henri writes a letter to his friend in which he expresses heartfelt thanks for all that Atherton has done for him, and telling him that he, Henri, must now go out of his life entirely, begs to be forgotten.

Some months after the events in Hayti Atherton comes to New Orleans to find out what he can about the De Marsillac family. Though he has felt keenly Henri's seemingly ungrateful conduct in losing himself completely to him, he still loves the boy. Being told that the male line of the De Marsillacs is extinct, and that their only living descendants are the Prévosts and Madame de Marsillac, he concludes that he had been made the dupe of an impostor. Desiring to communicate with the Prévosts concerning the treasure, he is led to believe from what he hears that they have received it. Meeting Diane, she assures him that the recovered valuables passed into

the possession of the rightful owners, and she thanks him for the assistance he rendered in the recovery. She also adds that the person named De Marsillac had full authority to act as he did. The unknown Henri de Marsillac becomes the cause of a quarrel between Diane and her lover, Adrien Varigny. The photograph of De Marsillac taken in Hayti is the means by which Octave, Adrien's sister and Yvonne's friend, finally solves the whole affair and brings it to a happy conclusion. The story of Diane's ransom is made known; Adrien and his lady are reconciled; and Atherton with greater love than before—now that he knows all—claims her, the sometime Henri de Marsillac, for his bride.

The story is not extraordinary. It has plenty of movement, and none of its phases have been slighted. In certain respects it is very realistic, in others, romantic, and yet it can not be said that it is improbable. It is a matter of record that experiences, as wonderful, as unusual, as thrilling as those undergone by Yvonne have been the lot of many young women in the past; that such is the case even today we have only to look into the newspapers to convince ourselves. Even if it does seem highly improbable that a girl like Yvonne reared in all the seclusion and refinement of an aristocratic French family, and ignorant of the ways of the world should so successfully accomplish what she did, we must remember that she had the blessing of God upon herself and her undertaking. Recognition of the Providence of the Almighty is the mark which distinguishes the Catholic novel from most of the purely secular fiction in which God has either no place whatever or is brought in only to be ridiculed.

As to most of the characters of the story little need be said, Madame Prévost, Madame de Marsillac, her mother, Mr. Burnham, the two youngest Prévost girls, Ninon and Hélène, Langdon, Adrien Varigny and his sister Octave, Colonel and Madame Varigny, Atherton, Sr., and even Herbert Atherton, are all conventional types. Beautiful Diane, the gentle, with her captivating vivacity, and with her generous spirit of self-sacrifice is attractive and pleasing. Without, however, the noble and lovable presence of Yvonne Prévost the novel would have little to recommend its perusal. So realistic is the portrait drawn of her that she is to us like a real person, living flesh and blood,



and we follow her through the succession of events with the same feelings of solicitude that we have for those dear to us. Though not possessed of all the exquisite beauty that distinguishes her sister Diane, Yvonne is, nevertheless, a very comely girl; what she lacks of perfection in grace of feature, she makes up in excellence of heart and strength of will. She has the vigorous instincts and executive ability of a man coupled with the refinement and capacity for orderly management of a woman. In absence of male members of the family she takes upon herself the superintendence of the plantation. That she is well qualified to do so, we are assured by Colonel Varigny. "No man," says he, "could have done better." Because of the success achieved in this rôle she is properly called "the man of the family." Her resourcefulness is shown in her prompt determination to obtain Diane's ransom by finding the buried treasure. That she does not fully realize all the dangers to which she will be exposed in carrying out her resolution does not detract from her unquestioned bravery: she knows enough to have some idea of the awful perils which she, an unprotected girl masquerading as a boy, will have to face. Her actions on the voyage and in Hayti bespeak her indomitable courage. Notwithstanding the fact that her feminine nature asserts itself again and again, she plays her assumed part perseveringly and well. In the hour of trial she has recourse to her Heavenly Father, and is spurred on with renewed strength by the thought of the happiness that will be occasioned to those she loves by the accomplishment of her mission. Here we have an example of human love of the highest and purest type. Yvonne Prévost is a heroine truly heroic, and not like the leading characters found in some of our most widely read fiction of today, that are heroines only by name.

The scenic description in "The Man of the Family" is for the most part good, but often conventional. What is said about the ocean, Turk's Island, and Hayti might have been taken from an ordinary, tourist's guide-book. It must be admitted, however, that these descriptions have sufficient animation to make the reader feel as if he were present in and breathing the atmosphere of the place described.

In conclusion it may be said that this de-

lightfully dramatic novel is a happy blend of realism and romanticism. Though not without faults in technique, it is intensely interesting because of the brisk movement and stirring incidents of its plot, its ennobling theme of love, and most of all, the lovely personality of its heroine. From the great amount of space devoted to the subject it would seem that one of the objects the author had in mind in writing this book was to draw attention to the disgraceful and deplorable condition of Hayti and its black people. Taking it all in all, "The Man of the Family" is worth while reading, and he who does so will not regret the time so spent.

### Varsity Verse.

#### A PROPOSAL.

On a grassy knoll far from public view,  
Sat two lovers apart; and it's well she knew,  
When twisting his cap and twitching his eyes,  
He said to her: "Will you?" between his sighs.  
"This is quite sudden," said she with surprise.

"If mamma is willing, and pa won't worry,  
Perhaps I might tell—but at least be merry."  
Then smiling at him and stroking his head  
"My heart is yours," she quietly said;  
"Let's fix the day when we will be wed."

E. J. H.

#### MY GOAT.

The goat I own is wondrous thin  
With speed just like a hare;  
I'll always bet on him to win  
Now take me! if you dare.

He may look old, and even slow  
But I will have you note  
That when it comes to the fastest go—  
You can not get my goat.

T. F. O'N.

#### AD MUSCULUM.

Companion of the silent hours;  
Daintiest creature of the night;  
Soft and grey, thy pretty coat,  
Shining eyes so small and bright—

Mousie, I would sing of thee,  
Loudest praise for thee I'll sound,  
Most effective terror known,  
When lovely woman is around.

Let the splendid work go on;  
Charge upon her, little one,  
Whene'er she flaunts herself about,  
Frighten her and make her run. C. J. C.



### The Forlorn Hope.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

Night had descended with a suddenness peculiar to the Yukon Hills, and the flickering light of two oil lamps played upon the ashy face of "Chuck" Davis, lying quietly upon the pine table. Upon the countenances of the seven other occupants of the cabin was depicted the resignation of utter helplessness.

They had been cutting a drift into the paying bank of Shashewa Creek when a huge clod of frozen earth had broken off and ricocheted down the steep incline. Dave Tellier's hurried cry of warning had only served to confuse Davis, who sprang directly into its path and received the full impact upon his head and shoulders. At first they thought he had been killed, but now, two full hours after the accident, he was still breathing jerkily, and his face, oddly flushed, was beginning to turn grayer. Bud Fraser passed a huge calloused hand over the head of the stricken man and glanced up at the tense-faced group.

"His head is just like a bag of ice, over his left ear, boys" he announced quietly. "I reckon his skull's sure fractured."

"Aye tenk he ain't having any chance then," observed Chris Larsen with stolid finality. "Aye'm tenking he's yoos same like Bill Powers down Circle City way. He bane thirty-sax hours knocked out afore he die." Larsen's brusque stating of the Power's case shocked the group out of their lethargy of despair.

"There's just one thing to be done," snapped Sandy McFarlane. "Davis has been with us fellows for four years, and we're not going to stand around and see him die. It's up to the gang to make an effort." The other six stirred uneasily as the full import of Sandy's declaration was borne to their stunned minds.

Down at Nemish Falls, a good three hundred miles southwest of Shashewa, was the populous camp of White Lode. There was a physician there, who for a commensurate fee, would attempt to save Davis' life. But three hundred miles at this time of year, when the awful Arctic blizzards were hourly expected,—why a fellow stood about one chance in a thousand of getting there himself.

"Our outfit has always raised the long

holler about having the best bunch of dogs north of Fairbanks," continued McFarlane grimly, "and it's a sure enough chance to back our play."

"Maybe he'll cash in before morning," observed Tellier, "but uh corse that ain't the point." He hitched his belt nervously. "Seeing as how I kinda queered things with my yellin', I suppose it's up to me?"

"We ain't planning to feature any volunteering here," retorted McFarlane, "there is a better way." He reached over to the soap-box shelf and tossed a grimy deck of cards upon a table. "Is it a go?" Born gamblers, the others nodded assent. It seemed a lot fairer, somehow than leaving Tellier go without an even chance all around. With Norwegian imperturbability, Larsen brushed the top card off, and silently the others followed suit. By some caprice of fate, it was McFarlane himself who drew the deciding card. The tense lines of his face softened perceptibly as he turned to the group and said:

"Yuh can harness them, Joe, leading, while I collect some grub." He didn't offer to shake hands as the gang assembled to see him off. It would seem too much as if he never expected to see them again. He knew it would hearten them up to take it casually, with at least the affectation of unconcern.

Without preliminary whines, Yaheet Joe, the big, iron-gray leader threw his weight into the collar, and the emissaries of a forlorn hope started bravely over wastes of frozen white. Two-thirds of the long night they travelled, pausing only for short rests. Once when McFarlane glanced over his shoulder, he perceived away back on his own trail three or four black shapes.

"Wolves," he muttered, "queer how they're runnin' in small packs this time o' year." He hitched his revolver forward, and threw a glance at his rifle on the sled, just to assure himself that it was there in case of emergency. But though the black dots wavered afar back they didn't close up the distance, and finally disappeared in the Arctic blackness. He camped comfortably enough late that night, feeding each dog his pound of sun-dried salmon before crawling into his sleeping bag. Five hours' rest was sufficient to enable man and dogs to reel off about thirty-six miles before another camp.

On the morning of the third day a peculiar



gray haze sent a chill of apprehension through Sandy's heart. The much-dreaded blizzard was imminent, and he would be caught short of the timber. With the first flurry of great white flakes he unhitched the dogs, fed them and himself, lighted his pipe, and prepared philosophically for the advent of the cold North's most formidable weapon—a "white" blizzard. With the dogs burrowing into the snow and snuggling around him, he passed scatheless through two days of howling winds and swirling opaqueness. Upon the third he resumed his journey confident that the worst had been passed. But the oppressive silence and endless hummocks of sneering white seemed to fill him with vague forebodings. He was not lost, he knew, as he looked at his compass. The correctness of his traveling was attested by the position of the steel needle. But he should now be in the timber, he reflected with increasing uneasiness. He would be more sheltered there and would, of course, reach it tomorrow. But the morrow's travel brought only the same stretches of cursed white as the preceding day, and there gradually loomed up the awful conviction that somewhere in his calculations there had been a slip. He again consulted his compass. There seemed to be some unnatural immobility about the needle. He turned the instrument and the needle turned with it. Then came the thought that left his face drawn as yellow parchment. In putting it in his pocket he had snapped the securing clasp. The needle could not move. Instead of traveling southwest he had been going almost due north. Wearily, hopelessly, he secured his right direction and speeded his tired dogs southwest. Precious time had been lost. His provisions were running low, his dogs weakening.

In the impotency of his rage, he cursed himself, the cold, and finally that which man sees not, does not understand, but indiscriminately terms—luck. That day, and the next, and the one succeeding he plodded on; lashing his exhausted dogs into renewed effort, praying for the sight of timber. And the Fear—it was always present. It howled jeers in the wind; it whispered out of the darkness; it cackled joyfully in the scrunching snow, and danced in the shadows of the Alaskan night. He had long since ceased to conjecture how Davis was getting on. Forcing his weary, foot-sore dogs, dragging his pain-racked frame, he

concentrated every effort upon getting into the timber. There, sheltered from the sweeps of the cutting wind, he would build a great, roaring, cackling fire.

But in the meantime the Fear was ever with him. From amorphous evil, it assumed the shape of a man; an emaciated wreck of a man with yellow tusk-like teeth protruding through swollen, cracked, blue lips; a man whose glazed eyes stared out of a hideously frost-blackened face. In short, just such a man was Ed Traverse when he had helped to bring him in, half starved, frozen and dying. He wondered if they would bring him in that way. He even caught himself speculating with a queer impersonal concern as to whether his mouth would look so horribly wide and ghastly as had Ed Traverse's from starvation.

But the timber,—ah, there it was in front of him—dense, green, inviting. Or was it on one side, or behind? Or was there any timber at all? He turned to speak encouragingly to the dogs. But where were they? He had lost them. He laughed harshly. It was a good joke. What did he need of dogs? Wasn't he in a big rich, red room, with a warm fire leaping and beckoning in a spacious fireplace? He was glad that cold, grim Alaska, with its torturing frost and hunger had faded into a dream. He would sit down by this great fire and warm his chilled bones.

When they found him, he was crawling on his hands and knees in a small, well-worn circle. He did not know or care that he was being lifted in strong arms while they poured whisky through his cracked, bleeding lips. He babbled cheerfully about a fireplace and big warm cosy mansions. In an unguarded moment when his trapper discoverers left the room, he got out of his bunk, and crawled again in a small circle around the floor. Early next morning the wild lustre died out of his staring eyes, and another soul sped through the frost-laden air of the murderous North.

Some months later, over a green felt table in a Fairbank's saloon, Dave Tellier had occasion to refer to the incident.

"Chuck Davis died within an hour after he'd left," he said. "We followed McFarlane's trail, but couldn't ketch him. He must have been traveling some."



# Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the  
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic  
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLV. February 10, 1912. No. 18.

## Board of Editors.

JOHN P. MURPHY, '12	EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12
PATRICK A. BARRY, '12	RUSSELL G. FINN, '12
CYRIL J. CURRAN, '12	WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13
SIMON E. TWINING, '13	JOHN F. O'CONNELL, '13
LOUIS J. KILEY, '13	MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14
WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.	

—At a time when America faced the greatest crisis of her national existence, when the forces of disruption struggled for supremacy against those of the Union, there was The Lincoln need more than at any other We Love. time for a great statesman leader.

If such a man had not been given America at that time, the world must have looked elsewhere for a model of national independence. If he had neglected a single iota in the performance of his duty, American citizenship must have bowed to the false standards of a spurious government. But the work of Abraham Lincoln was unimpeachable, his character impeccable and the American Union was preserved. His labor for America and for mankind were almost beyond measure. His proper reward, too, inestimable. Yet at the moment when he stretched forth his hand to the harvest, the mad frenzy of an assassin struck him down. The man who most deserved to live, who had done most for his country, suffered the fate of a tyrant. His loss was universally mourned and is still remembered with sorrow. Yet the man who killed the Lincoln of America still lives to strike the common Lincoln of society. He who tramples on the principles of righteousness in his endeavor to attain his supposed rights still lives and wields his destructive influence. He is the dissenter, the socialist, who abandons ethical order for the gratification of his per-

sonal prejudices, who clamors for his rights in his supreme disregard for the right. Yet society opens its doors to him. If we detest Lincoln's assassin we must equally detest any one preaching his principles and attempting to put them in practice.

We accept the dictum that Shakespeare wrote plays of such excellence they are not equaled in literature. All of us have read, and we agree; yet when **Shakespearian Drama.** we set ourselves to choose a play for presentation we make our selection from among magazine stories worked into dramatic form by mediocre playwrights. It is objected that Shakespeare is too difficult. Beethoven and Handel and Bach are difficult, too,—yet it is insisted that our musicians essay the interpretation of these composers. We are willing to make allowances when one aims at a star. Why should we accept a lower standard for our plays? We talk about the "influence of the stage," and we neglect to aim at dramatic art. Let us have the best in the drama, even if the best be rendered with many imperfections.

—The rectors of some of the halls have adopted a system whereby students having a general average of ninety per cent or better are given general day per-  
**The Merit System.** missions. While this in no way affects the ordinary discipline of the hall, it recognizes and sets apart the industrious as deserving of more than the careless. Excellence in class-work, like virtue, carries its own reward. In many cases, however, the inexperienced youth forgets this, and would prefer to just "pass," and enjoy himself, meanwhile wasting time with idle companionship and frivolous amusements. Now he can see that he is not only depriving himself of the benefits to be derived from studious application, but also of the opportunity to enjoy greater freedom in his school life.

The advantage of this plan, from the point of view of the disciplinarian, consists in this, that it can not fail to establish a nice balance between the student's work and pleasure. A man who is able to obtain a general average of ninety per cent is doing very good work. In order to maintain it, he is obliged to apply himself to his studies regularly and with understanding.



—Ohio is the home of Presidents and has a town called Tiffin. Tiffin among other things, has an infirmity. The infirmity is one Colchester, one Roberts and a company.

C., R. and the company in **Tiffin Oratory.** form us by postal card that they can furnish outlines and material for orations, debates, essays, theses, lectures, political speeches et cetera; they will furnish whole or in part, by the inch, foot or square yard. "We also," adds the combine, "write in French, Spanish and German."

Athens was made resonant when Demosthenes hurled defiance at Philip; Rome's crumbling senate chambers still echo Cicero's high appeal; London parliament thunders with the voice of Burke; sea-caressed Kerry lingers with fondness on the name of O'Connell; yes; and Tiffin lives in the lustre of Colchester, Roberts and the company.

We commend all the infirm—the intellectually blind, halt, deaf and dumb—to the oratorical hospital situate at Tiffin. The diet furnished by Messrs. C., R. and Co. will sit light on the mind. Appropriately so, since only the light-minded will apply for the product.

—Some time ago Archbishop Harty exposed the proselytizing methods of the Y. M. C. A. in the Philippine Islands. As a result, Sr.

Gregoria Araneta, of the **A Latin American and Department of Finance**

**The Y. M. C. A.** and Justice, who was appointed chairman of the committee on subscription for the new Filipino Y. M. C. A., has tendered his resignation because of his conviction that the organization is sectarian and bigoted in its principles and workings. If the Y. M. C. A. is sincerely anxious to do good, it has ample opportunity among the non-Catholic people of our own country. There is no immediate need to go so far afield when there is need at home. The Y. M. C. A. should know also that neither a full stomach, nor well-appointed club-rooms, nor marble baths, ever made a convert worth having. If the organization doesn't appeal to men for its own sake, for its teachings, its principles, not all the buildings from coast to coast will make men love it and live for it. This Latin-American, Sr. Gregoria Araneta, has given us a noble example of dignified action. It should prove a useful lesson to the Y. M. C. A. also.

### Mr. Landon's Impersonation.

Last Saturday, S. Landon, the impersonator, appeared in Washington hall. The list of characters he presented was made up almost entirely of literary men and humorists, including Edgar Allen Poe, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Tennyson and Longfellow. With each impersonation Mr. Landon recited some selection from the author. Those from Bill Nye and Longfellow were the most acceptable. One serious fault with Mr. Landon's work is his constant repetition of such phrases as "if you please," and "with the aid of these artificial devices." It may be difficult to fill in the time between the different changes of character. One very good method is to leave the time unfilled. There does not seem to be any demand for the device of distracting the baby by talking nonsense to keep it quiet,—especially when it has just the contrary effect on the baby.

### Committee of Catholic Federation.

Beginning Thursday a committee appointed by the American Federation of Catholic societies met here at the University to discuss and formulate a plan of social service. The report will be submitted to the executive committee of the Federation, and later on will be taken up at the next general meeting to be held in Louisville, Ky.

The committee which met here consisted of Right Rev. Bishop P. J. Muldoon, Rockford, chairman; Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University; Rev. Peter E. Dietz, Secretary of the Militia of Christ, Milwaukee, Wis.; Prof. Hagerty, Professor of Economics and Sociology in Ohio State University; Peter W. Collins, Sec'y-Treasurer, International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, Springfield, Ill.

### "The Unchanging Orient."

Rev. Dr. Roche, Vice-President of the Catholic Extension Society, gave a brief and interesting account of his recent trip around the world last Tuesday night. He spent most of the time talking on the Oriental countries, India, China and Japan. The importance of religion to a people is exemplified in these countries.



Religion and the public profession of it have held such vast populations in order through thousands of years. Dr. Roche says that Christianity, while performing this function as well as other religions, goes further, and holds out to the poor and downtrodden classes a hope of better things. Its good results are especially noticeable in India where the caste system has resulted in such terrible distinctions.

Dr. Max Pam arrived during the course of the lecture and was accorded a hearty welcome.

---

### Society Notes.

---

#### BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The fourteenth regular meeting of the society was held last Sunday evening. The election of officers for the second term resulted as follows: R. Walsh, president; E. Reidman, vice-president; V. Viso, secretary; G. Clark, treasurer; H. Stanton, reporter; S. Burns, sergeant-at-arms. After the election the members adjourned to one of the dining-rooms where a smoker was enjoyed. For a while Mr. Emmet Walter, president during the first term, acted as toastmaster; he was then succeeded by the new president, Mr. Raymond Walsh, who called on new and old officers for speeches. The closing remarks were made by the critic, Rev. L. Carrico, C. S. C.

#### CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society held its usual weekly meeting on Thursday night of this week. First on the program was an instructive paper by Mr. Stewart on "Concrete Bridges." Mr. Stewart spoke in favor of the use of concrete in the building of bridges. Although many structures built of concrete in recent years have failed to stand the tests to which they were subjected, Mr. Stewart attributed their failure to the fact that contractors and even farmers have constructed them without the advice of expert engineers. As compared with steel bridges concrete bridges are by far the more beautiful and durable.

Mr. Marcille presented the various phases of modern pavement construction in a paper on "Brick Pavements." The number of miles of brick pavement in operation in the United States is increasing very rapidly, and durable and economical construction of them is receiving much attention from engineers.

"College Training for the Engineer" was the title of a very scholarly paper read by Mr. Yearns. Mr. Yearns presented incontrovertible arguments in favor of college training as a factor in the success of the engineer. In college one receives a thorough drill in all the theories underlying engineering problems which makes it much easier for one to succeed than if taught by hard knocks in the school of experience. In the latter method of education one learns the *how* but not the *why* of things.

Mr. Kirk entertained the society with a very learned talk upon Archimede's principle of buoyancy and upon the weight of a body in a vacuum compared to its weight in air. Many questions were put to Mr. Kirk by members of the society desiring elucidation upon various points. Mr. Kirk answered them with ease, quoting freely passages from his own text-book on physics.

The director took occasion at the completion of the program to compliment those who took part therein, upon the excellent character of their work.

---

### Personals.

---

—Brother Alphonsus received a letter from Frank Madden recently asking for a list of Catholic books. Frank is teaching in Hillsdale high school, and is working up a Catholic reading club for the Hillsdale church.

—Keene Fitzpatrick, a student of last year, is now in the automobile business in Los Angeles, California. He is associated with two other Notre Dame boys, Larry Symonds and Forrest Smithson. Keene's address is 4027 Dalton Street.

—Alba H. Wrape, a well-known student for the past two years, is employed in his father's office, Paragould, Arkansas. Alba sent in his subscription for the SCHOLASTIC, and gave us the welcome information that he expects to return to school next fall.

—Mr. Frank Hagenbarth (student in the eighties) was recently called to Washington to advise the administration on questions pertaining to the wool tariff, the duty on lead, and the prosecution of the packers. Mr. Hagenbarth is deeply interested in all of these things and is considered to be an expert particularly in questions regarding wool. While in Washington he met Father J. Burns of Holy Cross College, for the first time since their student days.



### Calendar.

Sunday, Feb. 11—Sorin-Corby, Walsh-St. Joseph in basketball.  
 Monday, Feb. 12—A. A. U. Championship Track-meet at Chicago. (Date uncertain.)  
 Tuesday, Feb. 13—Varsity vs. Commercial Athletic Club in basketball at South Bend.  
 Wednesday, Feb. 14—Varsity vs. Earlham College in basketball at Richmond, Indiana.  
 Thursday, Feb. 15—Varsity vs. Miami University in basketball at Cincinnati.  
 Brownson-Sorin, St. Joseph-Corby in basketball  
 Friday, Feb. 16—State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis.  
 Varsity vs. St. Mary's College in basketball at Dayton, Ohio.  
 Saturday, Feb. 17—Varsity vs. Ohio State University in basketball at Columbus, Ohio.

### Obituary.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of the Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane (A. M. '94, L.L. D. '95), a distinguished priest of the archdiocese of Chicago. His death occurred early Monday morning and though not unexpected, it is a source of profound grief not only to his own spiritual children but to legions of friends everywhere and particularly at Notre Dame.

Dr. McShane was in truest sense a friend of the University. Her praise was ever upon his lips, her success was dear to him, her triumphs filled him with enthusiasm and joy. Nor was it merely lip service that he rendered Alma Mater. No Commencement ever passed without his sending a considerable gift of money and indeed in this unostentatious way he was decidedly the most generous benefactor of the University among her alumni.

Whenever bereavement came to the University through death, Dr. McShane was always present in person to show sympathy and respect and therefore his memory will always be held in benediction and in affectionate remembrance. Many a fervent prayer will go up for him from the hearts of the Community and old students. *R. I. P.*

Another devoted old student and friend of the University was the Rev. P. J. Gormley who passed away at a venerable age in Chicago recently. There are few at the University now who remember Father Gormley as a student, but such as do can hardly find words to express their praise.

Father Gormley—who is not to be confused

with a recent priestly alumnus of the same name—accomplished a great work during his years of priestly service and carries with him to the grave the gratitude and veneration of all who knew him. He was most highly respected at the University for which his friendship was uniform and strong. May he rest in peace!

Mr. Anastasio de Baca of Brownson hall has the profound sympathy of the University in the death of his mother at her home in Albuquerque, New Mexico, January 29th. May she rest in peace!

### Local News.

—The second session is now well under way. The old heads have lost no time in making a good start.

—Students of the advanced English classes took in *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice* last Wednesday.

—Brownson's basketball team, has been considerably weakened by the promotion of "Curly" Nowers to the Varsity ranks.

—Carroll hall Eucharistic League held a meeting during the week at which Rev. Father Hagerty addressed the students.

—A basketball team, representing the Holy Name Society of South Bend, met defeat at the hands of the Brownsons last Friday evening 26-13.

—The State Peace Oratorical Contest will be held some time in April. The contest to choose our representative will take place in March.

—Sorin after a bad start got its bearings in the St. Joseph game last Sunday and compelled the west-siders to be satisfied with a five-point advantage, 16-11.

—The SCHOLASTIC staff held a very important meeting recently. Two names for places on the board have been submitted from the Sophomore English class.

—Sunday afternoon Walsh pushed Brownson along by giving up in a slow game 16-7. The Walsh boys continue to improve and will be troublesome in the next series.

—The first call for debaters brought thirty-three hopeful aspirants. Father Bolger, who has charge of the debating work, expects to see the number increase to forty before the end of the week.



—Rev. Fathers French, Walsh and Maguire represented the Community and the University at Father McShane's funeral. The meeting of Social Service held here, of which he is a member, made it impossible for President Cavanaugh to be present at the funeral.

—Brownson found a tartar in St. Joseph hall and was pushed to the limit to win perhaps the hardest game played thus far. The presence of the Varsity scrubs with the Brownson men did not deter the Saints from working as a unit. After trying for a few minutes in the last half to secure the lead, St. Joseph was forced to take the short end of 14-12.

—Corby and Brownson remained at the head of the basketball league by winning their scheduled games with Walsh and St. Joseph Thursday of last week. Walsh found Corby's second team almost enough for them, and when the "vets" appeared, it was only a question of how high the score might go. The final statement read, Corby 21, Walsh 12.

—With the Corby-Brownson, Sorin-Walsh games Thursday, February 8, the first series will have been played. Corby and Brownson have no defeats and their first meeting should be interesting. St. Joseph is even with two victories offset by two defeats. Sorin and Walsh have yet to see victory, and their contests will decide the "cellar" championship. These two teams are not yet so well developed as the other two contestants. The standing to date exclusive of Thursday's games:

Team	Won	Lost	
Brownson	3	0	1000
Corby	2	0	1000
St. Joseph	2	2	500
Sorin	0	2	000
Walsh	0	3	000

### Athletic Notes.

#### TRACK.

Dilatory tactics employed by the authorities of the Amateur Athletic Union in settling the date of the A. A. U. Championship meet have prevented Coach Maris from taking any decisive steps toward the selection of the track candidates to represent Notre Dame in the meeting. The initial announcement by the central body, which is in charge of the affair, nominated Milwaukee as the place, and Feb. 12 as the date of the event. Later the scene of the meet was transferred to Chicago

where it will be held in Dexter pavilion, but the date was left undecided. Definite advice is expected by the coach during the next few days. An inter-college meet, similar to the Red and Blue meetings of past years, will probably be held to determine the personnel of the team.

The daily workouts of the squad have been fraught with results pleasing to the coach. With Mehlem, Bergman, Wasson and Wells working out in the sprints, that feature of track athletics is certain of able representation. Captain Fletcher has given up the dashes, and is now devoting his entire time to the low hurdles and high jump, in both of which events he is gaining splendid form. The retirement of the captain from the sprints marks the departure of a true champion. Fletcher has been defeated but once in the gymnasium during his three years of competition, and then it required one of his own team-mates, Wasson, to turn the trick.

The dirt floor of the Dexter pavilion will give Philbrook an opportunity to display some of his real ability in the shot-put. In practice the giant weight man has been heaving the 16-pound shot well over 45 feet, and the same mark at Chicago is certain to land first honors. O'Neill, Rochne and Eichenlaub are working on the shot with Philbrook, and give evidence of ability which may be used to advantage. O'Neill and Rockne are also devoting a share of their time to the pole vault with good results.

Fisher and Henahan in the quarter, Devine in the half, Plant and Cavanaugh in the mile, and Hogan in the mile are the most promising of the runners. Most of these are well known, but their number will be increased by some of the dark horses that are jogging their way into condition. Baseball practice keeps Williams engaged for a portion of each afternoon, but the tall hurdler finds time to prove to Coach Maris that he has lost none of last year's skill in the broad jump and barrier events.

#### WABASH COMFORTABLY DISPOSED OF.

The Varsity again proved its superiority over Wabash. This time on the enemy's territory. By a score of 20 to 18, Notre Dame eliminated Wabash from any claim to state championship honors in a hotly fought battle at Crawfordsville, Friday, February second. Nowers appeared for the first time in Varsity company, and put up an excellent game at guard. Wabash led the scoring all through



the game until the last three minutes of play. At one time the score stood 16 to 8, but just then the Varsity fell into its old combination and played so fast that Wabash could not find the ball. In the latter part of the second half, Feeney and Lambert were put out of the game by Referee Reiman, although each protested the other had not fouled. About three minutes before the final shot, the score was 18 to 12 in favor of Wabash, when McNichol, Kenney and Granfield scored baskets in quick succession, tying the score, then McNichol put the score ahead by throwing two free shots. Granfield played a perfect game, both on the offense and defense, although McNichol is responsible for most of the scores. Ellis and Lambert played well for Wabash. Summary:

Notre Dame (20)		Wabash (18)	
Kenney	R. F.	Lambert, Yount	
McNichol	L. F.	Eglin	
Granfield	C.	Ellis	
Nowers	R. G.	Hill	
Feeney, Kelleher	L. G.	Burrows	
Field goals—McNichol 4, Kenney 2, Granfield 2, Eglin 5, Lambert 2. Free throws—Lambert 3, McNichol 4. Referee—Reiman.			

#### ROSE POLY EASY.

The basketball fans were expecting a game last Monday when Rose Poly travelled from the south to meet the Varsity here, and when the game began they settled down for an hour's keen enjoyment, for there was no scoring and some fast playing for the first few minutes; but when the Varsity broke loose, expectations for a good game were dispelled. Kenney was in the infirmary with a severe attack of tonsillitis and Cahill was given a chance to display his form, which he did with effect. Granfield was in his usual trim, and led the scoring with five field goals, McNichol following close with four. Granfield was at a disadvantage at center because the visitors alternated two tall players at that position, allowing one to rest while the other jumped for the ball, but the advantage thus gained was overcome by the clocklike teamwork of the gold and blue.

Notre Dame (31)		Rose Poly (14)	
Cahill, Kelley	R. F.	Wente	
McNichol	L. F.	Deeming	
Granfield (C.), Larsen	C.	Hagerty	
Nowers	R. G.	Gray (Capt.)	
Feeney, Kelleher	L. G.	Poggensee, Crowe	
Field goals—Granfield 5, McNichol 4, Cahill 3, Kelley, Nowers; Hagerty 3, Deeming, Wente 2. Free throws—McNichol 3, Hagerty 2. Referee—Barnhart of Indiana. Time of halves—20 minute.			

The greatest interest centering in Monday's game resulted from the fact that on relative scores we have defeated everything in the state except Earlham and Purdue. The Varsity meets Earlham next Wednesday, but Purdue and the Varsity can hardly be compared for want of comparative scores. At all events we have an equal claim on the State Championship.

#### BASEBALL.

That the daily workouts in the gymnasium are beginning to effect an improvement in the condition of the baseball players, is apparent from the form displayed by most of the men in the practice. Batting practice will begin as soon as the pitchers have rounded into shape. Prospects for a high-class twirling staff are brighter this season than they have been in several years.

The large number of candidates for infield positions has made it difficult to draw an accurate line on the ability of the different men. Farrell, Arnfield, O'Connell and Granfield of last year's squad seem to have lost none of their cunning in keeping the ball within the confines of the diamond, and while more than a month remains before the weeding out process begins, these men promise the many first-year rivals a stiff fight for the permanent berths. Lathrop, Dunphy, Furlong, Roach, Hines, Bruce and Campbell are putting up strong competition with the regulars for the infield positions. With only "Cy" Williams of last year's team certain of a place in the outfield the squabble for the remaining places promises to be exciting. The catching department will also provide an interesting race. Kenny, a former Holy Cross player, is looked upon with favor by Coach Ed Smith, while Gray, McGinnis and Bensberg are also in the running.

#### FIRST HOCKEY VICTORY.

Hockey is the latest addition to the list of sports at the University. Cold weather, ideal skating conditions and hockey enthusiasts formed a combination several weeks ago which resulted in the organization of several teams. From this beginning the formation of a crack team resulted as a matter of course, and through the enterprise of Basil Soisson and Father Burke a game with Culver Military Academy resulted. The easy victory of the fledgling squad over the soldier boys awakened the rooters to the possibilities of the sport, and a regulation rink was laid out on St. Mary's lake. Plans have been made



for a return game with Culver to be played this afternoon and contests with Case at Cleveland and Winona Academy at Winona, Indiana, are under consideration. Manager Soisson is in touch with the Calumet Hockey club as well as several other organizations devoted to the sport in northern Michigan, and a trip to the copper country may result.

The contest with Culver proved easy notwithstanding the fact that the gold and blue team lacked experience. Gray, a former member of the Calumet Hockey Club, and Krug, who hails from Canada, the land of the sport, were the stars of the contest. The work of Heyl, Garvey and Shaughnessy was clever. Lineup:

Notre Dame (7)		Culver (1)
Shaughnessy	Goal	Clark
Garvey	Point	Lonabaugh
Heyl	Cover point	Scriver
Krug (Captain)	Rover	Stevens
Gray	Center	McDonald
Nippert	Right wing	Aneek
Walsh	Left wing.	Brown, Lamb

### Safety Valve

#### DONTS.

Don't plug  
Don't loaf  
Don't pass  
Don't flunk  
Don't stick around  
Don't skive

\*\*\*

Not to be outdone by the serious sophomores who stole a saying or so, the fickle freshmen stole a sonnet or several. Yes, sir!

\*\*\*

#### ON THE STAIRS.

Mr. Cheerful—Fine healthy weather, Doctor.

Dr. Powers—Y-e-e-s. (Then, brightening up)  
But it won't last.

\*\*\*

Sunday bring a day of rest, no sweaters are allowed.

\*\*\*

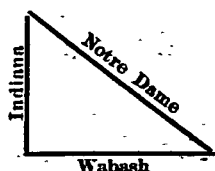
#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have pleasure in announcing that we are now prepared to answer all inquiries for the "well-dressed man." Hours 10:00 a. m. to 2:00 a. m. Phone 3826. (Adv.)

\*\*\*

#### THE DEBATING TRIANGLE.

(Proposition XIX.)



The square of the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

#### FAMOUS MIKES

Mike's Restaurant.  
Mike Fritch.  
Microbe.  
Mike Carmody  
Microscope  
Mike Dunn

\*\*\*

How beautiful is the Snow! [Second call.]

\*\*\*

200 demerits for S. Landon. Talking in the wash room.

\*\*\*

#### SOCIETY REPORT CARD.

(Please fill this out.)

The ..... regular meeting of the ..... Society was held..... all the members being present. Mr. .... read a paper on ..... which was very good. Mr. .... read another paper on ..... which was also very good.

The question for debate was: "Resolved: That ....."  
Messrs. ...., ...., upheld the affirmative, while  
Messrs. ...., ...., upheld the negative. Both  
sides did fine, the ..... winning by a narrow  
margin. After the customary few wise saws by  
the Critic the meeting adjourned.

\*\*\*

Dogma Prof.—How many epistles are there, Mr. Dundon?

Mr. Dundon—I don't know how many epistles there are, but I know the twelve other Apostles.

\*\*\*

The students of Senior Latin have been discussing for some weeks with considerable warmth *Quid Quaeris* and *Quaerisne Cur*. Curran and Finn stick by *Quid Quaeris*, while Howard, Lange, Breslin and Billy Burke are fighting hard for *Quaerisne Cur*. The row is causing a vast deal of interest in University Circles. (alias, the Entire Student Body.)

\*\*\*

#### COOL AND REFINED.

The hall was not too brilliantly lighted—just bright enough to make the scene appear cool and refined—*First Military Ball*.

\*\*\*

#### AND PH<sup>2</sup> FOR DECORATIVE COMMITTEE.

The decorative committee deserves much praise for the artistic appearance which the bawl\* presented.—*Ibid*.

\*\*\*

Our local sport reporters have been "caging the basket" long enough. We suggest the following variants:

Cooping the basket  
Coralling the basket  
Lassoing the globe  
Bushel-basketing the spheroid.  
Lifting the inflated hollowness into its bottomless receptacle.  
Inveigling the elusive sphere into the scoring net.

\*\*\*

Our constitution, did you say? Cool and refined, thank you!

\*\*\*

#### The Unchanging Sorinite.

\* Erratum—For *bawl* read *ball*.