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Our Washington.*

CECIL J. CURRAN, '12.

AMERICA! No nobler word, no higher thought
E'er warmed with quickening love the heart of
patriot;
Ideal so pure that words must wither that would
touch
Its simple fire. America and Freedom! Such
The spell that draws the peasant serf from foreign
climes
And such the subtle charm in grievous, bloody
times
That makes it sweet to die. America, the dream
Of ages, real! Yet pause, lest presently we seem
Forgetful of the past. This great fruition came
Of bleeding, broken hearts—of war, that direful
game
Of life and death. And yet, if none had been to lead,
To break the pregnant soil, to sow the primal seed,
The sacrifice were vain. But God gave such a
man,
With purpose high, whose mind ran o'er the span
Of years, and saw the truth. His ragged soldiers
fought
Through years of toil and death, because his life had
taught
Them all the loveliness of his ideal. He coped
With every enemy of Freedom's cause, and hoped
And prayed that it might win in triumph over all.
His pray'r fulfilled, content, he thanked his God;
then tall
Above his fellows, did he spurn the paltry thing
Of jew'ls and gold, the venal symbol of a king.
Our Washington! No nation's hero ever earned
A greater love. Thy living memory is burned
Eternal in our ardent hearts. In war, in peace,
The inspiration of thy life can never cease.

* Read at the flag presentation, Thursday, Feb. 22.

Stray Thoughts on Printing.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.



HE first printers, says an old number of the *American Printer*, were the Assyrians who, with pointed sticks and mud bricks, probably used to print cuneiform hand-bills for the "Bismya Five and Ten Cent Store" and the "Nineveh Hair Emporium." However, if we allow this claim, it seems only just to consider another—that of the duck. No doubt the first printer was Noah's gander, which made its impressions on the soft, black mud deposited on Mount Ararat. Perhaps, after the Flood, the printing establishment was removed to the banks of the Euphrates, and as time went on, other houses were set up. I am sure we may say, as Dr. Bank's has often said, "For miles and miles along the Nile, they are doing things as they have been for four or five thousand years." And when we consider that both duck and Assyrian processes are merely dints in mud, we are inclined to allow the duck's claim.

But now we take a long hop, step and jump through the halls of Time from the ancient Assyrians to Gutenberg and Coster. We do this because we know nothing to say about printing in the meantime, and consider it tact to take this leap, hoping that our readers will not notice this break of a mere few thousand years.

But here we are in the middle of the fifteenth century undecided as to who really whittled out the first set of type from wooden blocks. Most people concede the honor to Gutenberg—so do printers, who set forth as their most

conclusive argument the fact that he borrowed money to start business and soon went bankrupt.

But that is neither here nor there. After some one, let us say, endowed the world with hand-carved type, printing offices sprang up from time to time in the large towns. Let us imagine ourselves living in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, and take a trip to one of these offices which is, let us say, situated on a narrow lane just around the corner from London Bridge. As we enter we are surprised by the cleanliness which prevails, for we have just returned from the *Scholastic* office. On the stool in front of his case is the printer who besides being compositor is also pressman and binder of the occasional book that comes his way. Possibly he is setting one of Swift's animated tirades against his fellowman, or one of Pope's satires against his literary contemporaries, or perhaps it is one of Addison's elegant pen-pictures of English life. If so, he is lucky. But more likely it is one of the thousands of dreary pamphlets which were written at that time, and which, no doubt, put many a printer to sleep and allowed many a printer's devil to slip out to a quiet game of marbles. In one corner of the shop is a hand-press. After the type is set, it is put into this press and inked, a sheet of paper is spread over it, and a heavy stone is let down to press the paper against the type. In the other corner is the bindery. It consists of a press much like those used in present-day business offices to manifold typewritten copies of letters. When the books are bound they are placed in wooden vices for a few days, and then are ready for the readers. If we should visit this same shop another day, we should see the same printer sitting at his table and running his fingers through the hair on his perplexed head. He has no custom to-day, and, as he must live, he has thrown his pride behind him and turned author. He is racking his brain for a suitable conclusion for an original ballad he has just composed. When the poem is finished it will be set off by several woodcut illustrations, which, perhaps, were artistic in their day (if we emphasize the *perhaps*). After this original production is printed and bound, the "devil" will be given an armful and sent out on the streets to make individual bargains with buyers.

Our visit has been short, but we have had

a glance at a plain printer as he was before the noise of the steam press and linotype and monotype came to mar the quiet of his quaint realm. And so things went on until the daily press was born. Then necessity, as is her wont, mothered invention after invention—the telegraph for gathering the news, the type-setting machines for composing, the steam press for printing, automatic binders, and many others—which have raised the daily press to its present position of tremendous prestige. And now we come to the second part of our paper—"What the newspaper owes to machinery." In the days of Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana a newspaper was its editor. The paper was bought to get a line on the editor's views on political and other momentous questions. It was then in the power of the editors of the metropolitan dailies to make or unmake almost any public man. But as time went on the telegraph was perfected and Charles Gordon Bennett, founder of the New York *Herald*, saw in it a vast possibility. He worked on the principle that "the people wanted news, not views," and he established a paper which emphasized the news section rather than the editorials. Bennett's plan was eminently successful, and other papers were soon forced to follow his lead. The spicy news sheet appealed to the public much more forcibly than did the sober editorial page, and the demands for papers could not be satisfied because of the slow machinery in use at that time.

The American inventor was called upon, and his genius responded to the call. The telegraph was further developed. Press associations were formed. Chief among these is the Associated Press which is typical. It is supported by all the papers which constitute its membership, and maintains representatives in all the larger towns. In cities of any considerable size the association has offices and a staff. Whenever anything occurs which a representative thinks might be news, he telegraphs an outline of the "story" to the nearest Associated Press office. If a fuller account is wanted, he will receive word telling him how many words he is expected to write. This message is then edited at the central office and sent out to every other office in the association to which it will be of use. Some of our largest dailies have private wires to many points, but most of the news for most of the papers

is gathered by press associations and distributed by means of the telegraph, which, at present, is capable of transmitting four different messages at the same time over one wire.

The inventor's attention was next turned to the press; and its evolution is as striking as was that of the news-gatherer from a horse-back rider to an electric wire. The old hand press gave way to the roller press, which was supplanted by others until the present-day style was arrived at. In this connection it might be interesting to note a paragraph which appeared in a newspaper in 1885 concerning the then new press. It tells of the advance made during the previous quarter century, and concludes by saying that the printing press had been brought near to perfection, for then it was possible to print a paper every two seconds—1800 an hour! Think of it! We wonder what the author of that article would say if he could step into the press room of one of our New York or Chicago dailies and there see a press fed from rolls of paper from two to four miles long, which prints, folds and counts 144,000 eight-page papers an hour. What would be his consternation to see a machine turn out ready for delivery more papers in one minute than his "perfect" machine could print in an hour!

While the press was developing other inventors were called into the field to make possible quicker and better work in the composing room. The accomplishments along this line represent a series of developments as do those in presses and in telegraphy. If, at the outset, the inventor had been asked to produce a machine which would cast two hundred and forty characters a minute, accurate to the thousandth part of an inch; which would assemble these type and automatically space each line; and automatically set each line into the galley, he would have given up in despair, declaring that not even the genii of the Arabian Nights could perform such a feat. Yet precisely this machine exists—in fact, two of them run every weekday in the year right here in our own printing office.

Then, as speed became king, the old-fashioned wood-cut was too slow and tedious in the making, for every dot and line on it had to be painstakingly engraved. It, too, suffered a series of changes, and to-day it is supplanted by the acid process of engraving. By this process a photograph of the object desired

to be shown in the illustration is taken and printed on a metal plate; the plate is dipped in an acid solution which eats away all superfluous parts and leaves a cut from which the illustration can be printed. And all this in less than an hour's time.

I have mentioned but a few of the more important inventions which play a part in the modern newspaper get-up. Without them the newspaper could never exist. Besides the machinery mentioned above, the printer is supplied with all sorts of slitting, perforating, cutting, numbering, counting and registering machines; and he has electric motors to run them. These and other changes have caused so much wonder that nothing in the line of machinery is thought impossible by the printer. In fact, there are men living who have so many times seen the impossible that they do not expect the American inventor to stop short of a machine which will gather the news, edit it, set the type, supply the paper, cuts and ink, do the printing, cutting and folding, deliver the papers, and collect the monthly subscription.

That the press is one of the great modern institutions goes without saying; how it is of inestimable value to the home, the state and religion, and how it can be made more so, are beyond my field. It is enough for me to say that the human brain has planned and the human hand executed creatures with hearts of steel, bodies of iron and limbs of brass which immeasurably excel man himself in speed, dexterity and precision. It is these machines which have made journalism, as we know it, possible.

The Call to Arms.

EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12.

THE restless clouds and chafing moon,
And the first-born stillness of the night,
And the sound of fretting birds in the trees,
Unnatural in the misty breeze.
As the swaying rider in his flight
Cries out "To Arms!" with a ghostly tune.

Then a curtain drawn, a flickering light,
A startled farmer beside the door,
The stamp of a steed, a fond embrace,
An appealing look into his face
Whom loving wife would see no more—
An unknown martyr to his country's right.

What's in a Name.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14.

Broke! That one word expressed precisely the financial condition of "Duckie" Russell when he awoke one morning in March after a rather gay "night before." For "Duckie," this was no uncommon state of affairs; but at this particular time, to be without a cent in his pockets was very embarrassing at best. So "Duckie" wasted but few minutes till he took from the drawer of his dresser a small notebook. Glancing over its pages, which bore the names of his various unwilling and much-beset benefactors, "Duckie" decided that Bill Leonard was about due for a "touch." "Duckie" usually acted upon such decisions, and forthwith proceeded to the task before him. Therefore did Bill Leonard, sorting his daily mail the next morning, have the pleasure of reading a most pathetic piece of prose at the end of which appeared the signature of "Duckie" Russell. But Leonard was proof against the force of "Duckie's" rhetoric, and resolved to write him a curt note of refusal and make an effort to be rid of him for good.

In that same mail, however, was a dunning letter of another sort enclosed in a neat, pink envelope which was addressed in a dainty feminine hand that caused Bill's heart to flutter as he carefully cut the edge of the envelope. Would "Dear Bill" be so kind as to accompany "Mary" to a reception the next afternoon? was the sum total contained in two pages of familiar chatter about nothing. Undoubtedly Bill would be so kind—glad of the chance to advance himself further in the good graces of his dearest friend.

"Call, sir?" said a servant, opening the door at this juncture.

"Just a minute," said Leonard as he quickly penned two notes. The first:

DEAR "DUCKIE":—Received your note this morning. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I accede to your request with the utmost readiness. Am very busy, but can always find time to oblige you, dear.

"BILL."

Intended for Mary, who was personally known to Bill by the affectionate title with which he opened the note. The second:

"Positively no. Now look here! You've

been after me long enough, quit it, and settle down to real life. I've got no time to waste with you.

"BILL."

Written for the eyes of "Duckie" Russell.

"Here! Fix up these notes in their envelopes and post them at once," directed Leonard as he left the office in charge of the servant.

"Yes, sir," replied that obedient person, and proceeded to fulfil Bill's order.

Next morning a jovial "Duckie" Russell, with a "glad hand," confronted Bill when he opened his office door.

"Now, what do you want, 'Duckie'? Didn't you get my note, or must I tell you personally what I think of you?"

"Why, now, Billy? What's up? Why this sudden change? I took it from your note that a 'ten spot' was waiting here on a silver platter for me. What's the matter, Bill?"

"Matter! What do you mean?"

"Aha! memory fails, eh, Bill? Well, read this," said "Duckie," handing Bill a note which Leonard instantly recognized as the one intended for his own dear "Duckie," and not for this scapegrace.

"By George! that servant!" he exclaimed as he reached for the 'phone.

"Hello! 3248 R. please; yes!"—"Hello! Would you please have Mary come to the phone?"—"Ah! Good-morning, Mary!—Eh!—Oh! I say, let me explain—I know; but just a word please. My servant—Wont you let me explain?—I assure you, I am very sorry—"

At length Bill was allowed to clear up the mystery to the satisfaction of the invisible "Duckie," the while "Duckie," the visible sat open-mouthed and saw his ten dollars really fading away.

"Oh, very well then, as you bid me to, I'll do it with pleasure! Good-bye, dear," concluded Bill.

Turning to "Duckie," he gave him a look full of deepest meaning, drew from his pocket a "ten spot," gave it to "Duckie," and said:

"Thank my servant and your endearing nom de plume, but not Bill Leonard. Get out."

THE echoes ring through the forest dim,
Where the breeze-stirred branches nod
The glad refrain of her ceaseless hymn
To the greater glory of God."

Home.

WILLIAM J. HICKS, '13.

Hidden from view of the public road by trees is a great house. It stands there inscrutably silent with its secret of life as deep and awful as the grave. An air of despair comes forebodingly from its walls. "Who comes here?" will be asked, and uninvited and scant will be his welcome unless he be one—yes, for one is always welcome. And so travellers ask: "Who lives there?" "Old Channing," the coachman will reply, and to all other inquiries will shrug his shoulders and shake his head negatively. If the journey past this living mausoleum is at night the coachman will whip up his horses when passing it. Then a long slit of light points through the curtains. But aside from this the house is deserted and dead.

Yes, the coachman is right. Old Channing does live there. But strange to say, if the same traveller were passing twenty years before he would have put the same question? "Who lives there?" Yet how different the scene, for then the yard was filled with flowers and a child played away his innocence among them. Then a lady was mistress, and the red rose was not more fair than she. Everywhere in this garden of yesterday was happiness. Then the drivers would answer all queries, for the Channing family was well known. The passage at night was an inspiration to the traveller. The summer wind sang the nodding roses to sleep. Everywhere was quiet. The itinerant's mind was turned from gloom to Him, or to home.

But the year of bright flowers, fair lady and sweet child is gone long ago. The lady is sleeping her last long sleep and the flowers, neglected, have withered and died. The child has grown into manhood and disclaimed his father. So in the gloomy house the old man sits waiting for his boy. His vigil is endless, for his boy will never, never come. So he sits and waits and watches before the fire. "Oh, my boy, my boy!" But no boy responds to the call.

Night after night the old man sits waiting. Before his lonely fire he reflects over the years of his happiness. His reflections have grown into a mania that he will never see his boy again. There is a dreary void in his heart,

and the solitude of the great house frightens him. Often in his lonely hours he hears a violent knock at the door and strange noises fill the apartments. Then the old man hopeful yet frightened tip-toes to the window and peeps through the curtains out upon the veranda. But no one is there, so he resumes his vigil before the fire.

Night after night creeps into year after year. Still the old man sits alone. But the years are leaving their impression. His eyes dart about insanely, his hands twitch nervously and his cheeks are sunken in like old graves. The stooping back and dragging walk tell the story. Outside to-night the wind shrieks like the cry of a lost soul. Death waits. But for what a hollow, hollow victory.

Christmas, the greatest of days has passed. To-night is the eve of the New Year. To-night at twelve the year will die and live. Out away from all earthly happiness, away from the beatific influence of children, the old man sits before his lonely grate. His good heart often wondered whether his God would punish him for caring for one too much. Then he would say—"Jesus, forgive me!"

Will the new year bring his boy? Thinking of his child he resolves to end the year with the boy's picture in his hand. Musing over the days of his childhood he remembers his own. Oh, happy, happy childhood, never to come again! And the sweet memories make him half joyous as he waits for the clock to strike the hour.

The old man is dying. He sees his boy coming home to him. Then a beautiful lady beckons to him to come to her—Home; there where worry and sin have no habitation; where peace and love live forever. The clock begins to strike the hour—one—two—three—four—knelling out another year of hopeful waiting. Five—six—seven—the son advances to greet his father. Then he stops, for the old man is praying. Eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve.

Outside the snow falls upon the frozen ground of the new year, whirling about in gleeful fairy dance. Inside the house a prodigal kneels sobbing beside a broken-hearted father. Death at last! The old story! The story we all will be told, but never repeat. He is gone where flesh will not cry for its image, home to his beautiful lady. And the bells in the city are ringing out merrily, for there is a new year.

The Storm.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

THE leaden-bosomed sky o'erhead,
 The thunder's roar, the storm-king's tread,
 The dark'ning clouds, encircling form,
 The portents of a coming storm.

A lightning flash, and the storm breaks,
 The waters surge upon the lakes,
 The rising waves in anger roar,
 Descending now engulf the shore.

At morning's dawn a calmer sea
 Lies tranquil 'fore the beaten lea.
 Yet round a craft the wavelets play,
 A wreckage of the yesterday.

Catholic Fiction.

THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13.

VI—THE SUCCESS OF PATRICK DESMOND.—Egan.

The Catholic novel of today is essentially a purpose novel. The writer when composing an essentially Catholic story has very little hope of attaining fame through his efforts, but receives his reward in the satisfaction he feels in having added another book to that most useful of libraries—the library of Catholic fiction. With few exceptions the Catholic novelist has been poorly repaid for his labors; but he is doing noble work in supplementing the work of the clergy and the Catholic schools, and in giving to the young a substitute for the light, meaningless novels of some popular writers.

Maurice Francis Egan has contributed generously to Catholic fiction, and it is safe to say that his books are successful. He has not become wealthy through them, but their purpose is no doubt accomplished. In "The Success of Patrick Desmond" Egan has carried out the ideals which a Catholic author should have, and while perhaps as a novel the book is not all that it could be, it is undoubtedly a great addition to Catholic fiction.

The plot can not be said to be satisfying, yet the book teaches a great moral; and if the story is carefully studied, one will find that the author has handled the characters in a very creditable manner. The rewards and

punishments are not handed out in disproportionate fashion, and a general "amnesty" is not proclaimed in order that the reader may be pleased. At all times Mr. Egan seems to realize that he is dealing with human beings in the ordinary walks of life, and treats them as such. The characters are well chosen, and all point to a moral well worth taking to heart.

The principal scenes of the story are laid in the small manufacturing town of Redwood and in the city of New York. In the office of one of the mills in this small town is employed the central figure of the story, Patrick Desmond, the son of a poor widow. Impulsive and warm hearted, with a love for all that is high and worthy in life, he keenly feels his sordid environments and constantly longs for the chance which will raise him above the "common herd" to a place where he will have both influence and wealth. He firmly believes that his position in the world is the result of misfortunate circumstances; and that because his position is not elevated men and women of the higher circles look down upon him. With such notions occupying his mind he meets Eleanor Redwood, the daughter of Judge Redwood, one of the most important citizens of the town. From the first Patrick has a great admiration for Eleanor. The wife of Judge Redwood is dead, and the judge himself is indifferent to all religious influences.

The mother of Eleanor, an apostate Catholic, unknown to her daughter was subject to temporary fits of insanity. In one of these spells, shortly before her death, she imagined that Patrick Desmond was her son and that in reality Eleanor was not her daughter, but the daughter of Mrs. Desmond. Accordingly she wrote a letter to Mrs. Desmond asking her to carefully guard Patrick as she had done in the case of Eleanor.

In the course of the story Eleanor finds the note, and not knowing of her mother's infirmity, believes its contents to be true. She is immensely distressed and intends to ask her father for information, but before she can do so he is stricken with apoplexy caused indirectly by the failure of some mines in which he had invested all his wealth. Eleanor brings her father to New York where he can be under the care of a specialist. On her arrival in the city she turns over the now worthless mining stock to Patrick Desmond, with the explana-

tion that he and not she is the rightful owner. The stock no sooner changes hands than it immediately commences to rise in value. Desmond, however, learns the true condition of affairs and returns the valuable stock to Eleanor. Meanwhile the judge has died, a convert to the religion of his wife.

The daughter having this proof of the integrity of Desmond and having a sincere admiration for the faith which can make such men, allows him to take charge of all her business affairs. She has become acquainted with the Fitzgeralds, a Catholic family and friends of Patrick Desmond. While visiting with them she is converted to the true church.

It is at about this point that the character of Desmond is tested. He is in love with Eleanor, and now facts are in his possession which point to the speedy failure of the mines and in consequence the ruin of Eleanor's fortune. Besides this he himself has invested in the stock and both will be ruined by the failure of the mines. He alone knows of the danger, and there is plenty of opportunity to get rid of the stock and let some one else suffer by the failure. According to the code of business ethics such a course would not be wrong, but his religion and conscience tell him otherwise. He triumphs over the temptation: the mines are worthless, yet his character remains irreproachable.

Eleanor is entirely unconcerned over the failure of the mines, and continues to live in New York receiving instructions in the Catholic faith. The Fitzgeralds believe—not without reason—that soon Patrick and Eleanor will be married. Desmond is well known to be deeply attached to Eleanor, and she has repeatedly expressed her admiration for him; but, to the surprise of all her match-making friends, she enters a convent to become a Sister of Charity. Desmond returns to his mother in the little town of Redwood and lives an honest, upright life, an example to all those around him.

Thus it is that Egan ends the story. The principal character, as well as many of the minor characters, teaches important lessons. The hero is not made to appear as the perfection of manhood. He seeks his fortune in New York, and there the loneliness of a crowd, the utter heartlessness of the great city, oppress him, and he realizes that those who remain at home are indeed happy. The

defects in his character are mere surface flaws which disappear in life's discipline; and in the affair of the mining stocks he meets and resists the terrible temptation of his life. Thus it came about that the success of Patrick Desmond was not a monied one, but lay in the wealth of a stainless character and the esteem of all good men.

Eleanor Redwood, amiable and self-sacrificing, can not be satisfied outside of the Church. Her mind is capable of holding only what is high and noble, and she realizes that the feelings and convictions of her friends are only superficial. She is therefore in a very receptive mood toward the teachings of the Catholic Church. Her servant Belinda—who is also a convert—is an exaggerated type of the old-fashioned servant girl. She is the aggressive ruler of the kitchen and of the house in general, but her tyranny is tolerated because of the good qualities that lie beneath a gruff exterior.

Judge Redwood is a representative of that highly respectable class whose members have left God out of their calculations, believing that the upright have no need of religion. His persecution of religion made his wife apostatize, though she became reconciled to the Church on her death-bed. However, when the test came in his own case the judge showed the dismal failure of his theories by acknowledging the religion of his wife and allowing himself to be baptized.

Besides these there are other characters, samples of which are found in everyday life. Mrs. Desmond, anxiously solicitous for the spiritual welfare of her son, is an example of the true Christian mother. Nellie and Miles Galligan and Mr. and Mrs. Bayard serve to show us the unhappy results which attend some marriages. Mr. and Mrs. Bayard are characters which point strikingly to the evil of marriage without religion; they are typical representatives of those who furnish material for the divorce courts of the country.

In free and unassuming language and without aiming at a lavish display of the passionate, Mr. Egan has put many lessons into his story. He proves that he is a close student of character and a keen observer of men and things, and while he teaches many important lessons, there is, underlying the story, a current of earnest feeling which will keep the interest of the reader and make him feel that the time given to the story is not wasted.

A Hand-Painted Horse Race.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

Why Bert Fellows had left camp early in May with six hundred odd dollars in his pocket, and a most noticeable air of self-assurance, only to return two months later with frayed trousers, and a bearing of pained resignation, had long remained a mystery.

When late in November, under the mellowing influences of Pure Rye, he unburdened his soul of the lamentable occurrences of the previous summer, I listened with eager interest.

"It was all on account of Surething Marshall," he vouchsafed bitterly, and desisted therewith to invoke summary vengeance upon the whole Marshall lineage.

"I meets him up at Bemidji after leavin' the outfit here, and uh course Surething's dead broke as he allus is. Incerdentally he's likewise full uh original ideas for gold-brickin' somebody, which same is Surething's long suit. This time it bein' a scheme to do up the noble redman, whose nobleness is considerably detracted from by a tendency to be bow-legged an' squint eyed an' addicted to peppermint extract.

"Previous to falling in with me, Surething's been playin' the punkin circuit with a runnin' hoss which has almost paid expenses. The sheriff havin' collected the accessories for a board bill, the former figures to retrieve his fortune by makin' a killin' up at the Leech Lake Indyun Reservation.

"It's sorter superfluous tuh inform yuh that an Indyun will bet anything up to an' includin' his soul on a hoss race, though uh course the last-named ain't real popular among white men as a safe bet, not bein' negotiable, so to speak.

"Marshall's game is to take this yere selling plater up to the reservation along with another nag that looks just like him an' that can't run fast enough to beat a carpet. Uh course we play up the fake hoss as bein' a world-beater, an' offer to stake our roll. Then makin' a big bluff uh secrecy, we take our slow cayuse out for a twilight trial which the Indyun's ain't supposed to be in on. A couple of hundred Chippewas hidden around in the brush, figurin' that we're a false alarm, see a golden opportunity to clean out two fool 'chimocomans.'

'Confidence being thus restored,' as the Wall-Street journals say, we lay all our cash on the nag, trot out the other hoss, and leave Poor Lo's domocile with twelve hundred bucks clear gain on two to one odds.

"It was sure the smoothest shell-game I ever hear Surething evolve, and I fell for it immediate. When I see the two hosses my enthusiasn dwindles a whole heap. Both are bays, all right, but the former Sheepshead performer stands fifteen hands, while the government donation to Indian equestrianism totals about fourteen an' a half. Marshall has the judicious aforethought, however, to brand the Eastern hoss U. S. on his left shoulder to correspond with the other cayuse.

"If I was two years old an' feeble minded,' I remarks a heap scornful, 'maybe I might imagine thet those two plugs couldn't be told apart none; but a fellow who banks on palmin' them off for each other on Chippewas is mentally unbalanced, otherwise off in the think-box.'

"Marshall intimatin' that I cease my childish prattle goes on to explain his lay. 'One good, distinctive mark will make these 'ere hosses regular twins,' he elucidates, 'and I got a line on what that feature is.'

"We'll paint a peculiar shaped white blaze on the face of this yere bronc, and take him out to the reservation that way, as a sure winner. 'Waldorf Billy,' here, who kin knock the varnish off 1.46 goes out as he is, and we take a lot of pains not to mention him as any kind of a turf eater. A couple of hours before the festivities we give this bronc's face an alcohol bath, after which we paint uh landscape of the same kind on Waldorf Billy, the rest bein' dead easy.

"The same afternoon we kalsomined the cayuse with a paint uh Surething's own make, warranted to dry quickly, look natural, and succumb to removin' agencies, like these patent cosmetics advertised in the *Ladies Home Journal*.

"Everything went off smoothly, in fact, so durned slick that story writers would call it ominous or portentuous, or something on that order. The lords uh the forest held back on any bettin' until we sent the bronc around the second night. We'd brought a ninety-five pound kid along to do the ridin' an' keep his mouth shut.

"It was a splendid moonlight night when I tossed him into the saddle, and I knew that

every buck on government land was located somewhere in the dense hazel brush which fringed the track. Pursuant to instructions, the kid drives the bronc out, and he runs with all the speed and grace of an ant towing a Baldwin locomotive.

"Next mornin' we were swamped with an influx uh Indyuns beggin' for a chance to give us two to one odds. The opposin' nag was Chief Two Pines sorrel and could run some.

"Long before noon we'd placed the six hundred bones which represented my total cash assets, and three hundred more we'd borrowed in Bemidge. We kept our hosses in a dingy lcg stable up on a big bluff, locked in and safe from the pryin' eyes of thieving government wards. About ten-thirty Surething gave me the sign, and I went up an' washed off the bronc's face with alcohol, rubbin' it dry with a rag. In thirty minutes you'd never have known that his face had ever been doctored. Surething, who elected to do the artist stunt, went up after dinner and altered the face of the hoss wherewith we were going to vilely deceive some eighty or ninety Indyuns. By three-thirty, the time set for the race, I had figured out where I would invest the proceeds uh the little Jekyll an' Hyde proceedings.

"The Chief's animal, a clean, rangy, glass-eyed sorrel, was ridden by his nine-year old son, and all the Indyuns, clear down to the papooses, were crazy with excitement. The sorrel took the pole with one jump, but at the first quarter our nag was a length in the lead.

"It's a good, stiff mile,' chuckled Surething, 'we'll skin 'em a city block.'

"As they flashed by the half, the Indyun contender was right alongside, and the whoops uh the blanket delegation were plumb deafening. As they shot past the three-quarter post with the sorrel three lengths in the lead a puzzled expression began to wreath the features uh Surething.

"There's no need uh dwellin' on this part uh the narrative extensive," Bert wound up dismally, "the sorrel simply rompin' under the wire, while the embodiment of our hopes an' fears crept into the home stretch."

"As we unsaddled the exhausted loser, I notices an agonized look suddenly spread over Marshall's face, seein' which I wasn't much surprised when he turned round an' gasped hoarsely, 'By heavens, Fellows, I painted the wrong hoss.'"

Wordsworth's Theory of Poetry.

VINCENT DE PAUL RYAN, '13.

Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.—*Wordsworth*.

William Wordsworth, one of the foremost poets of the age of Romanticism, was the founder of a new system of poetry, if system it may appropriately be called. He taught that Nature should be expressed in the simplest terms, that all artificialities should be put aside, and that no words not sanctioned in prose should be used by the poet. Nature to him was a living thing. All about him—in the rivers, the flowers, and the rocks,—he could see sorrow and joy. The trees told of numerous mysteries; the birds sang in the most beautiful languages. He saw Nature as it is, and as such he expressed it.

Of the many selections that set forth his theory, "The Daffodils" is one of the best. In this poem he describes a host of daffodils. He tells how they affect him; how he reads from them stories of their inmost thoughts. "To the Daisy" is another of his poems that conforms to his theory. In this, he tells how the daisy, though unassuming and commonplace, can fill the most downcast heart with gladness. He beautifully refers to the daisy as

A queen in a crown of rubies drest.

In the latter part of his life, Wordsworth did not follow his theory. He discarded it for a more technical style, for a style not unlike that of Shelley's. And it is well that he did so, for had he not changed he would very possibly not have written his greatest work, "Intimations of Immortality."

In this poem, Wordsworth sings of the course of a life; how one is happy in childhood when one has just come from another world—Heaven; how, as the years roll by, one becomes less happy because of the dimming of one's life's star; and how, in old age, one forgets "the glories one has known and "that imperial palace whence he came." This work, besides being the poet's greatest, from a literary standpoint, is also a good example of his philosophy of life. At its close he tells how the things of Nature appeal to him, in the words,

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

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—The well-known devotion of the Forty Hours served as a fitting preparation for the holy season of Lent which began Wednesday.

The Devotion of the Forty Hours. The number of students that approached the sacraments, the visits which were made by so many during the day, the large attendance at mass and benediction are sure signs that the devotion was fruitful of grace to many. No doubt many a Lenten resolution has been made as a result of the Forty Hours.

—In accordance with a beautiful custom, long established at Notre Dame, the members of the Senior class presented to the University on Washington's Birthday a

The Flag Presentation. flag as a pledge of loyalty and devotion to their country.

That flag, to be raised on next Commencement day, will for a year float above the towers of the University, bearing to the world the message that another band of men whose characters have been molded at Notre Dame have been sent forth with their Alma Mater's benediction to do battle for the cause of God and country. Patriotism is never found without religion, and the man who does not love his God is not a friend to his country. Church and country have common cause against irreligion and injustice, and the true son of Notre Dame will not be neutral in the conflict.

—The mayor and city fathers have submitted the decent people of South Bend to one "scientific" boxing exhibition some short time ago. The promoters

The Good Name of South Bend. are so elated over the success of the venture that it is quite possible they may make a second attempt on a larger scale.

The mayor and councilmen should know that South Bend is not a border town where everything and anything goes; they should know it has built up its industries, its churches, its educational institutions, its broad streets, and inviting parks by legitimate business, by social and religious efforts, and not by inviting the assistance of the questionable element that follows the prize ring. No respectable, progressive town nowadays permits ring fighting. Beyond the confines of civilization, where anything that quickens interest and brings in money is permitted, the "noble art" may possibly exhibit itself. But South Bend is a progressive city along legitimate lines. She enjoys a large population of respectable citizens. She is a center of education, public and religious. It is to be hoped the mayor of the city and his council will realize that South Bend is in Indiana and not Nevada. If they do not, then it is the obvious duty of everybody who has the good name of the city at heart to make a dignified but at the same time a firm and vigorous protest.

Personally the SCHOLASTIC has no interest whatever in the politics of the present administration, or indeed of any administration. But it is interested in our neighboring city whose Press and whose people look upon Notre Dame with well-wishing and sympathetic interest. The SCHOLASTIC is so proud of South Bend that it would view with alarm any tendency on the part of the city to take on the methods of towns that rise out of a wilderness of prairie where any diversion is welcome—even prize fighting.

—Last Saturday a hundred words were dictated to the students of the English classes. Though not the simplest, they were ordinary words—such as one meets in his daily reading. Of this hundred one boy missed 66, another missed none. The average of mistakes was about twenty per cent. We

are to learn from this the weakness of preparatory courses and the carelessness of advanced grades. High schools evidently don't teach spelling, colleges don't correct the high schools. It is an old saw, that there is no credit in being a good speller, but a big discredit in being a poor one. If it is hard to feel there is much love in a "Yours affectionately" when we know the writer had to ask his neighbor how many "fs" in the word, we can easily see that the business man will doubt all ability if he receives an applicant's "recommendation of abbility."

With some persons, spelling is as simple as breathing; with others it is a lesson. But, easy or hard, be correct. Incorrectness may seem to you to be a trivial fault, but to others it argues greater faults. It is little, but its consequences may be disastrous. In society some blunders will lie more severely on your head than felonies. Just as a man's language is his card of introduction, so one's spelling is the first test of his education. It is a law of society's making. Do not grumble at it. Go to work; study not to violate it. You can not change it; therefore you must obey it.

Ash-Wednesday.

On Ash-Wednesday the blessing of the ashes took place. An explanation of the ceremonies was given by Father Walsh previous to the blessing. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. President of the University; the deacon and subdeacon were Father Walsh and Father O'Donnell. Ash-Wednesday marks the formal opening of the season of Lent.

The Forty Hours' Devotion.

Forty Hours' devotion opened last Sunday at the eight o'clock mass and closed Tuesday evening with solemn benediction. The opening ceremonies were well carried out. The Communion solo, *Jesu, Amor Mi*, was rendered with devotion. After the mass, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in solemn procession around the church. Father Walsh was celebrant of the mass, and was assisted by Fathers Irving and O'Donnell as deacon and subdeacon.

At the mass of reposition Tuesday morning Father Connor officiated with Fathers Scheier and Franciscus as deacon and subdeacon.

The closing exercises on Tuesday night were very impressive. After the Litany of the Saints had been chanted, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament moved slowly through the church while the *Pange Lingua* was sung by alternate choirs. The Blessed Sacrament was carried by Father French; Fathers Carroll and McNamara assisted. Solemn benediction marked the close of the Forty Hours' devotion. Besides the students and faculty, there were present members of Sacred Heart parish and visitors from South Bend. Confessions were heard every night while the Exposition lasted and many of the students received Holy Communion.

An Excellent Concert this Evening.

The concert which will be given in Washington Hall this evening should prove a first-class attraction. The International Opera Company is composed of excellent performers and should make a very favorable impression. Students will do well not to miss this concert in the regular concert program.

Lecture on Automobile Making.

An illustrated lecture, especially entertaining to those interested in engineering or manufacturing, was given in Washington hall by the representative of the Studebaker Company on Thursday evening, February 15. There were a number of rolls of pictures showing a great many of the labor-saving machines at work. Besides greatly increasing the efficiency of the workmen and decreasing the cost of production these machines give more accurate and uniform results than could be obtained by the employment of the most skilled labor. An inspection of the large "E. M. F." plant at Detroit shows the remarkable results that can be obtained by a minute division of labor. An exciting race between an "E. M. F. 30" and an aeroplane at the Detroit Aviation meet last summer was shown.

The pictures thrown on the screen were very distinct, and the irregularity of motion so often met with was not noticed. Motion pictures of this kind are always highly interesting not only to those directly interested in automobiling but to all such as have an interest in mechanics of any kind.

Flag Presentation.

Shortly after mass Thursday morning, the Washington's Birthday Exercises were held. As in the past, these exercises were characterized by dignity and the note of patriotism always in evidence at functions of this nature at Notre Dame. Following an old and sacred precedent at the University, the graduating class of this year presented a beautiful flag of the nation as a token of their loyalty, and in recognition of the spirit of patriotism and the love of country which is evidenced in such a marked degree by all the sons of the University. This tender tradition of Flag day was established by the well-known and well-loved Father Regan many years ago, and has been faithfully lived up to ever since. The presentation speech was made on behalf of the class by the president, Mr. Russell Gregory Finn. Mr. Finn referred to the fine spirit of patriotism with which Notre Dame inspires her sons. He called to mind the cross and the flag that rise up before the students as twin symbols of liberty. He referred with feeling to the University's service to her country during the war.

In accepting the flag in the name of the University, the Vice-President, Father Walsh, spoke in such terms of the achievements of the men of Notre Dame in the service of their country, that every student present must have felt pride at the fact that he too would one day represent a school which has already established such high standards of patriotism. The following selections from Father Walsh's speech may well be preserved and remembered:

By a strange train of circumstances with purposes known only to the mind of God, the Catholics in this country were signalled out as the proper subjects of suspicion and distrust. And yet the charges made were a revelation rather of what un-Americans hoped might be true than a truthful statement of facts. There has never been a time in the history of our country when the Catholic Church as a body could rightfully be accused of entertaining a traitorous thought against the country that we love.

The political dissensions and the religious disputes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are sufficient explanation of the attitude of others toward our Church during those times; but the malice of a later day, the pain from thrusts that could not be met in the open, it was hard to bear with these; argument was useless, denial was hissed at, action was needed, and action, born of wronged loyalty, was given.

At the close of the Revolutionary war all eyes were turned towards him whose praise we sing to-day;

he had been the instrument of God in leading us from bondage into freedom. His words were truth; there was no haste in his judgments; his estimate of men was just. The words he then spoke to the Catholics of America did much to correct the ideas of a large part of the young country's population: "I hope ever to see America the foremost nation in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government; or of the important assistance they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic faith is professed." He thought no doubt of the tremendous sacrifice made by the Carrolls and others, thought of the dashing young Gen. Moylan, or the brave Fitzgerald who alone stood by him at Monmouth. The words of the Father of our Country did much, no doubt, to lend a proper appreciation to the deeds of a later generation when a Sheridan swept down the Valley of the Shenandoah, when Rosencrans capped with Blue the Rock of Chicamauga, and Meagher, bearing the tattered flag that now rests within our walls, made his six frantic charges against the stone wall of Fredericksburg to be driven back only because from the other side, too, showed a silken flag of green.

We have a proud record that we may point to; but that is not enough. In the spirit of truest brotherly love we must still aim at higher purposes for the glorious future of our country.

The attitude of the founders of this institution towards the country of their adoption has always been for me a matter of real admiration. They came from France at a time when France was racked and torn by the effects of a pretended republican freedom. They had felt the sting of bitter oppression in their own land. Republicanism, the only kind they knew, meant suffering and intolerance. They came to America, a republican country, at a time when their co-religionists were the objects of ignominy and hatred. But they had a strong confidence in God and the final triumph of real Americanism. They threw themselves into the arms of America; they took that flag as their own, for they knew that when the makers of our constitution declared all men free and equal, they meant what they said.

The love for America, the love for the freedom that Washington gave us, was grafted into the very vitals of Notre Dame from the date of its founding. When the Civil War broke out Notre Dame was poor, very poor. And yet from the meagre ranks of its faculty Father Sorin sent seven of its brightest men to serve as chaplains in the armies of the North. We do not realize now what a sacrifice that meant. But the ever-present loyalty was there and had to show itself. The same loyalty that drew forth the flower of the student body to serve its country, the spirit that gave strength to Father Cooney as he knelt long hours in the swamps before Richmond, the spirit that inspired Father Corby to mount the Rock at Gettysburg, the spirit that led Sergeant Fitzpatrick of Notre Dame to dash up the hillside at San Juan and be the first to place our colors on the Spanish breastworks—it was the same spirit that rested in

the breast of young Shillington, of Brownson hall, and caused him to stand by his post and go bravely to the bottom as the colors of the Maine slowly settled in the waters of Havana Harbor.

It was quite proper too that Notre Dame, whose sons had served their country so well, should have kept burning brightly the fire of patriotism by the organization of a local Post of the Grand Army of the Republic; that she should have gathered together priests and brothers, the remnants of a more heroic day. There are but few of them left now and their life blood is growing cold. But they already bequeathed us their spirit; they have already shown what love for country means, and when they shall have gone their memory shall live, a sweet and holy thought.

Here in this noble country of ours a temple of Liberty has been reared. The arch of that temple's entrance is our constitution, and the keystone of that arch is the nation's guarantee of civil and religious liberty. Despite that guarantee it took time to prove the Church's position; to show it forth as the safeguard of Republican institutions. But it took a very short while to prove that any institution that can maintain itself only by assailing those who differ from it, does not deserve to live, and so many of them died.

The annual recurrence of the birthday of General Washington is a fitting time to recall these things; a fitting time too to recall the underlying principles of loyalty to Church and country. We can only forget the names of great men when we forget the things they stand for. With our honored predecessors at Notre Dame patriotism was ever a sacred duty. And to-day, as the graduating class of this year gather to offer to their Alma Mater the flag of their country, we see a forecast, a hope, that the loyalty and devotion of the past shall be carried safely into the future, an offering that shall help to perpetuate the spirit of our founders.

Mr. Cyril J. Curran read a well-worded poem in honor of Washington, which is published elsewhere in this issue.

The music for the occasion was furnished by the University band and a number of patriotic songs were sung by the audience.

Society Notes.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

Four very interesting papers were read at the regular meeting of the Electrical Engineering Society last Friday evening. A. H. Keys delivered a paper on "Transformers." He went into details regarding the construction and the use of different types. Transformer losses were also treated. A paper on "Railway Block Signals" was read by Charles Robinson. The speaker described the numerous methods of signaling in use, and the different types of signals. The third speaker, D. P. McDonald,

discussed "Illumination." He paid particular attention to the up-to-date methods used in lighting machine shops. He also traced the recent development of illumination in an interesting manner. "Automobile Roller Bearings" was the title of a paper read by L. E. McKimm. He spoke on the advantages and the method of manufacture of this bearing. With black-board sketches he showed the section views. The president read a letter from the "Inter-collegiate Aeronautical Association of America." The letter contained announcements concerning the coming aviation meet to be held under the auspices of this Society. After an informal debate on "Piece Work vs. Day Work," in which many of the members showed exceptional interest, the meeting adjourned. A flash-light picture of the society was taken at the opening of the meeting.

Personals.

—In the absence of Father Cavanaugh, Rev. Father Walsh, the Vice-President, delivered the address of acceptance of the flag.

—Announcement is made that Dr. Francis J. Quinlan (Laetare Medalist 1906) and Dr. Stephen W. Roof have removed to 66 West 52nd Street, New York, N. Y.

—The President spoke on the evening of Washington's Birthday to the Creve-Coeur Club of Peoria. Archbishop Spalding extended his good offices to securing Father Cavanaugh for the Peorians.

—Though the late Father Hugh O'Gara McShane is said to have died without leaving a will, the executor of the estate, Rev. Father O'Gara, has decided that Father McShane's library is to come to the University of Notre Dame. This generous act of Father O'Gara is considered to be an interpretation of the wishes of Father McShane whose devotion to the University was one of his several characteristics.

—The marriage is announced of Mr. John E. Franchere of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a former student, and Miss Julia Manning of Kansas City, Mo. The ceremony took place in Kansas City Feb. 14. After March 1st Mr. and Mrs. Franchere will be at home at 1545 A Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. John is remembered by the faculty and by contemporaries as one of the best Notre Dame men of his time. Congratulations and good wishes.

Calendar.

Sunday, Feb. 25—First Sunday in Lent
Brownson Literary and Debating
Corby-All stars in basketball
Tuesday, Feb. 27—Leland T. Powers in Readings
at 5 p.m.
Wednesday, Feb. 28—Lenten Devotions 7:30 p.m.
Thursday, Feb. 29—First Friday Confessions.
Friday, March 1—First Friday.
Christian Doctrine Examinations at 5 p. m.
Lenten Devotions at 7:30 p. m.
Saturday, March 2—Examinations.

Local Items.

—Very few societies held their regular meetings during the week.

—Lent came in like a lion Wednesday with the fiercest blizzard in years.

—Examinations in all the Christian Doctrine classes will be held Friday next at 5 p. m.

—The Carroll hall boys have daily mass in the chapel of the Main Building. Hymns are sung by all the boys during the holy sacrifice.

—"Snowed in" Wednesday and Thursday expressed pretty well the prevailing weather conditions.

—The examinations are scheduled to take place March 2d and 4th. The work of preparation for these same disagreeable tests has been on for some time.

—On March the 10th the Freshman Lawyers will hold their annual banquet. From all indications nearly the entire class will attend, and we are sure that it will be one of the best in the history of the class.

—Followers of the interhall basketball teams were treated to only two exhibitions last week, Brownson for some strange reason postponing two games. As it was, Corby kept on climbing to the top with a clear record by swamping St. Joseph, Feb. 15, and just nosing out Walsh on the 18th.

—At a meeting of the Junior class held in Sorin law room Wednesday evening, Louis Kiley was elected business manager of the 1913 *Dome*. A committee to make arrangements for the Junior Prom was appointed by President Burns as follows:—William Donahue, William Moran, and James O'Brien.

—Fast team work dazzled "Nig" Kane's

quintet, and although showing a little "class" here and there, presented the game to the victors, 29-8. Too much attention to track is asserted as the cause of defeat by Mgr. Yerns. For Corby, Bensberg, Pliska and Roach excelled, while Fortier was always prominent for St. Joseph.

—Walsh gave us one of those heart thrills in the game with the "Braves," and after having the advantage until the last few minutes, was forced to taste the cup. Some say Roach and Donovan turned the trick, but we—well we have said the same thing before. Byrne's work alone entitled Walsh to the victory which these columns have tried to chronicle. It is a safe bet that Walsh won't be the last in the race.

—The Carroll hall Eucharistic League had a delightful celebration Tuesday evening. The exercises began in room twenty-one where Father O'Donnell gave a very excellent talk on "Thanksgiving after Holy Communion." Father Hagerty, Father Carroll and Brother Alban spoke briefly at the lunch which followed. Ice cream, cakes, candies and all kinds of good things were served up with the speeches. Brother Florian and the boys from St. Joseph's hall gave their services to make the evening pleasant. The boys want especially to thank Brother Alban, through whose efforts the entertainment was planned and carried out.

Athletic Notes.

BASEBALL WORK PROGRESSING.

Wintry blasts can do little to chill the ardor of the band of diamond artists engaged in the squabble for places on the Varsity. Fortified against the cooling breezes by the strong walls of the gymnasium and invigorated by the summer temperature maintained in the big baseball cage, the players are carrying on the early training work without any regard to the weather conditions which make northern Indiana an ideal resort for devotees of hockey, coasting and skating.

The practice of the past months has given Coach Smith an accurate line on the ability of most of the men. His judgment as to the caliber of those who survived the first reduction of the big squad is justified daily in the showing of the aspirants permitted to continue the contest for Varsity positions. About thirty-

five men now comprise the band. Another cut will be necessary before the final roster of regulars is announced, but the head-chopping process will hardly take place before outdoor work is begun. The material in sight promises one of the best nines turned out by Notre Dame in several seasons.

With Farrell, Arnfield, O'Connell and Granfield, all of whom are monogram members of last year's team, trying out for the infield positions, the squad will be provided with a defense worthy of favorable comparison with any college infield in the middle west. The showing of O'Connell and Arnfield around second base is of a spectacular nature. Both men are gifted with experience at their stations, and the manner in which they guard the sack drew complimentary mention from no less a personage than Lee Tannehill, the White Sox infielder, who was heard to remark that the men "are as fast as any pair of infielders in the big leagues." Carmody, Rohan, Newning and Elward are also showing up well in the infield. Granfield has been absent with the basketball team for the past week, but the close of the season with today's game will give him an opportunity to give his full attention to baseball.

Another of the promising candidates was called away in the forepart of the week when Lee received word of the death of a relative. The football star is making a strong bid for an outfield post and seems destined to land one of the berths. The ability of "Cy" Williams in the gardens is too well known to warrant comment, and with Lee, Duggan and Elward contesting for the two remaining places the outfield problem need cause little worry. Track practice claims most of Johnny Mehlem's attention at present, but the former interhall light is billed to take up the task of rounding into twirling shape in the near future and his addition to the staff will practically complete the pitching squad. Regan, Berger, Wells, Sheehan, Roach, and McGough are among the mound artists who have attracted most attention thus far.

Assistant Coach Erickson is giving valuable assistance to Ed Smith, especially in the drilling of the outfielders, and his direction of the second string has forced the boss to exert himself to the limit to win in several of the practice games. Erickson will have full charge of the squad after Smith leaves in April to

take charge of the Grand Rapids club of the Central League.

BASKETBALL TEAM RETURNS UNDEFEATED.

The annual jaunt of the basketball team into foreign parts was completed Thursday night when the snow-bound players returned to the University to receive the justly-earned plaudits of their fellows. And the record of the party merits all the honors a loyal student body may shower upon a victorious team. Five games were played by the Varsity on the trip and five victories were credited to Notre Dame. When the conditions under which the gold and blue battled are considered, a better realization of the magnitude of the performance can be obtained. Covering approximately eight hundred miles, traveling a portion of each day and playing at night, contending with weather conditions more severe than were met at any time during the home season, the Varsity carried the colors into the camps of the enemy, and from every conflict emerged conquerors.

The record of the team is as follows: Earlham College at Richmond, Ind., February 16, 17 to 14; Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio, Feb. 17, 24 to 23; Heidelberg University at Tiffin, Ohio, February 19, 36 to 23; St. John's University at Toledo, Ohio, February 20, 33 to 18; Detroit University at Detroit, Mich., February 21, 29 to 19. The blizzard of the past week cut off intercourse between Hope College of Holland, Mich., and the outer world, and prevented the Varsity from playing the game scheduled with that school on Washington's Birthday.

The strain of constant travel had its effect upon the men toward the end of their journey and made the party glad to return to the comparative quiet of school life. Fortunately none of the men were injured, nor did sickness increase the duties of Coach Maris, and the entire squad will be available in the remaining games of the season. DePaul University of Chicago will be the contenders in a contest here this afternoon. Unless other arrangements are made this will be the last appearance of the squad in action at home. It is possible that two additional games may be scheduled with the Commercial Athletic Club team of South Bend to settle the question of supremacy raised by the victory of the club quintet in the game played February 14, but the action of Assistant Manager Cotter will determine

whether or not we will see the teams in play.

The St. John's game at Toledo was a thrilling struggle witnessed by a large force of Alumni. Here Feeney displayed class by an exhibition of defensive work which drew repeated rounds of applause. McNichol maintained his standard of high-class work throughout the entire trip and was included in the opening lineup of every game. Cahill alternated with Kenny at the other forward and Kelleher and Nowers divided honors at the guard position.

Safety Valve.

OUR DAILY JOURNAL.

Monday read some Odes and felt bad.

Tuesday read some Odes and felt bad also.

Wednesday Speeches, Ode, Music. Odes for supper.

This being a leap year, Washington's b. d. was advanced one to Feb. 23—according to our Contemporary's half-page "dandy" calendar.

THE USUAL PROCEDURE.

On Wednesday evening, previous to the regular meeting, the Civil Engineering Society met in the parlor of the Main Building to sit for the *Dome* picture. The members then repaired to room sixty-five where the usual procedure followed.—*Civil Engineering*.

MCDUQUE-MCSWEENEY PRINCIPALS.

The oft-postponed debate regarding the future of engineering took place at this meeting. Mr. Duque and Mr. McSweeney were the principals.—*Ibid*.

PH² FROM LATIN.³

That's as far as I got (O'Connell).

Well now, Father, couldn't this mean (H. Dockweiler).

Mr. Finn isn't feeling well this morning (Curran).

Too much noise back there.

NEW BOOKS.

First Steps in Latin—*Bennett*.

First Steps in Dancing—*Prof. Joe Martin*.

Is not the snow beautiful?

E VITA EXCESSIT.

On Tuesday last Mr. Night Permission, who had been very low ever since January sixth, passed away. While his departure was not unexpected, still his many devoted friends hoped he would not thus suddenly succumb. At the funeral the band, followed by the Buglers and the Drum, performed properly. Many of the Student Body—including Walsh hall—shed a tear over dear old Mr. Night Permission. The Prefects of the Various Halls and certain Members of the Faculty carried conventional *crêpe*, but not one of them was prostrated, that you could notice. When the lid shot down the bang could not be heard for the lamentations of the immediate mourners. Conspicuous among those present was our Staff Corres-

pondent. Several of the Walsh hall Gay Set acted as pall bearers.

Mr. Peter Verns will deliver a fine lecture on Socialism tomorrow evening to the Entire Student Body of Dear Old St. Joe. M. P. Y. will say some kaustik things 'bout them Socialists we 'spect.

FAMOUS KNIGHTS

King Arthur.

Lancelot.

Twelfth Night.

Sorinite.

Ten in a Bar-room.

Night Permission (deceased).

THE MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

II.—WILLIAM JOSEPH HICKS.

To praise William Joseph Hicks is like carrying coals to Newcastle, or painting the lily, or giving Jesse Herr a sweeter smile, or making Russell Finn more Cool and Refined. There are certain things *You can't do*, Dear Reader; and, what is vastly more to the point, there are certain things which even *He can't do*.

Hicks, Booth, Shakespeare, Guy de Maupassant, and a few others: Master Cox, Cecil Birder and Milroy, possibly. Of Hicks we speak. He might have been a pianist, but the Drama (with a prolonged *a*) early claimed him for herself. He started with McGarry and was accepted with *éclat*. Later he starred alone and he shone with all the *aplomb of a veteran*. His rise was phenomenal. Like Lord Byron—who will not be recognized* by the freshmen—he got up late one morning and found himself a Headliner in the *News*. His subsequent triumphs—notably in the Annual Student Voodvile—need not be mentioned to the literati who Peruse These Columns. What else shall we add? Nothing else. Amadis of Gaul in our next.

We are pleased to announce The Fact That: The Bi-Monthly Examinations will transpire on March 2 & 4.

Write on one side of the paper only.

Don't fold the paper.

Fill out Blank.

Try Old College—Main 3826.

All in bed?—We thought so.

The mid-season quit spirit has developed in the Brownson basketball team we notice. He's a cheap sport who quits in the face of a licking.

The lady was not lost after all.

No doubt many had visions of a Hero Medal.

*Spelt also with *s* according to erudite author of "Literary Tlagiarism."