

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 9, 1912.

No. 22.

## A Tribute.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

**D**AWN breaks in silence, yet it speaks the more  
Unto the lonely watcher on the strand,  
Since beauty has a voice that carries o'er  
The rolling sea and traffic of the land;  
For God's own art  
Calls to the heart,  
Tho' it be clothed in sculpture or in song,  
Or to the earth or bending sky belong.

Tho' great the beauty of the silver star,  
Hung high upon the veiled brow of night,  
Tho' fair the hills that greet us from afar  
When Dawn sweeps in her chariot flaming light;  
Yet, God has given  
One touch of Heaven

To crown the wonder of His perfect plan,  
And nature knows it, since she bows to man.

Then, why look earthward when the Master's art  
Lies all about us, if we would but read  
The varied beauties of the human heart,  
Where Christian thought unfolds to Christ-like deed?  
Why smiles or tears  
For Youth and Years,  
When Hope points out beyond the Western wave,  
And writes its message o'er the Christian grave?

Lips have no call nor tongue no need to preach  
Unto the yearnings of an eager soul:—  
Who live in Christ, by merely living, teach  
To such as these the way unto the goal.  
For hearts can trace  
The Master's face  
And hear the beatings of His Sacred Heart  
In lives that bear the impress of His art.

So have we felt, who on our humble way  
Have walked beside a soldier in the strife,

Whose watchword is the noble word, obey;  
Whose aim, the guerdon of a promised life.  
So have we heard  
God's blessed word,  
As chanted, not in numbers but in deeds,  
By one who urges, but in urging, leads.

Now, childlike we have gathered here to mete  
Our coin of thanks for all past favors done,  
With hopes that make their prayer before the feet  
Of great St. Gilbert on his golden throne,  
That Christ's sweet praise  
May crown the days  
Which thou hast spent in holy fealty,  
By joys that know no end,—eternally.

## The Poet of the Heart.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

Longfellow is America's only representative poet. There have been some—though not very many—minor poets; but none of them has risen above mediocrity. Fritz-Greene Halleck wrote some fairly good poetry, but most of it lacks imagination. Bayard Taylor has been justly called "too narrow," and his works are even now in obscurity. "Thanatopsis" is about the only work on which William Cullen Bryant can base a claim to a place in our Hall of Fame. John G. Whittier, though a clear, forceful writer, lacks variety in thought and expression, and has even been characterized by one critic as "in-artistic," whatever that may mean. The poems of Poe are noted for their melodiousness and melancholic beauty, but there are too few of them, and not a sufficient variety to class Poe as a representative poet of America.

In a series of lectures given by Father John Talbot Smith to the students of the University

of Notre Dame in the spring of 1910, this critic stated: "America has as yet produced only one poet who can rank higher than the mediocre class; the poet to whom I refer is Longfellow."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His life was singularly free from the reprehensible irregularities so common in the lives of many poets and famous men. In 1831 he married Miss Mary Storer Potter. Four years later his wife died, and her death was the first deep sorrow of the poet's life. In 1843 he married Miss Frances Appleton, but in 1861 the tragic death of his second wife again broke the serenity of his scholarly life. After this second bereavement, Longfellow did not write so much as before. He passed the remaining years of his life calmly awaiting death, which occurred March 15, 1882. Longfellow wore "the white flower of a blameless life," and "his beautiful character is mirrored in all he wrote."

With the exception of Tennyson, Longfellow is read more widely in England than any other poet. This is because he is a poet of the people and "the children's poet." Henry Pancoast has truly said,— "It is not a light thing to write songs that go straight to the heart of the people and yet never stoop to win favor by a single suggestion of anything vulgar, trivial, or base." There is not a vulgar word, not the slightest suggestion of triviality in all Longfellow's works. The smallest child, even the mind most prone to evil thought, can find nothing suggestive of evil.

There is in much of Longfellow's poetry an undertone of longing softened into resignation, which in music finds a counterpart in the negro songs of Stephen Foster. It is the quasi-sadness which comes over the heart of the lonely old man looking back to the days of his childhood. We feel that from the inmost soul of the poet comes the song:—

Vision of childhood! stay, oh stay!  
Ye are so sweet and wild!  
And distant voices seem to say  
"It cannot be! They pass away!  
Other themes demand thy lay;  
Thou art no more a child."

But the last stanza in the "Prelude to Voices of the Night," Longfellow's first volume of verse, seems to contain in epitome the substance of nearly all his poetry. A voice in the woodlands whispered to him:

Look, then, into thine heart; and write!

Yes, into Life's deep stream!  
All forms of sorrow and delight,  
All solemn voices of the Night,  
That can soothe thee or affright,—  
Be these, henceforth, thy theme!

In the "Psalm of Life" this theme is very apparent. The heart of the young man said to the psalmist:

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow  
Is our destined end or way;

yet we know from the very spirit of the piece that though enjoyment and sorrow be not our *destined* end or way, nevertheless they are, to a very great extent, our *way*, and almost invariably our *end*.

In Longfellow, however, the element of melancholy does not have the harshness of morbidity and despair characteristic of Byron and Shelley. On the contrary, it has the sweetness of resignation and hope. Longfellow is never pessimistic in his outlook on life, but is ever buoyed up with the hope of brighter things. When assailed by grief the poet does not lament bitterly or unreasonably, but he restrains and moderates his grief. The poem "Footsteps of Angels" was composed after the death of his first wife. In it we can see how great was his devotion and love for her, and we behold with admiration how his noble heart bore up beneath the chastening rod of affliction. To a mother mourning for her deceased children, Longfellow addressed that exquisite little threnody "The Reaper and the Flowers." What a message of consolation it bears! Surely, the mother's heart must have forgotten its sorrow, when it heard that message.

We often wonder why Longfellow is so pre-eminently a poet of the people. Several reasons might be adduced, but they can all be comprised in these two: simplicity of form and expression, and a child-like trust in God. Instead of giving minute and complex expression to the ordinary emotions, he rather suggests in a very simple manner that which, although indefinable, is common. Mark the simplicity of the following little song entitled "Delia" and note how unconsciously the heart is stirred by its beauty:

Sweet as the tender fragrance that survives  
When martyred flowers breathe out their little lives;  
Sweet as a song that once consoled our pain  
But never will be sung to us again  
Is thy remembrance. Now the hour of rest  
Hath come to thee. Sleep darling, it is best.

Just as it is the simple suggestiveness that attracts our attention to this piece, so it is this same quality joined with the belief and hope in an omniscient God that compels our interest in very many of Longfellow's best poems. This is why he is a poet of the people. What he writes is easily understood, and goes directly to the heart. Many poets have written poems more lofty in imagination and more sublime, but it is doubtful whether any have found such favor with so many people as he has. We do not read Longfellow once only; we read and reread him with ever-increasing delight. While our ears are charmed by the rhythm and music of the lines, our heart is enchanted by the beauty of the thought and were this statement not true, Longfellow would be but a "jingle-man" at best.

Most of Longfellow's poetry is deeply religious in tone. "Blind Bartimeus" with its scriptural theme might be written by an ascetic, and "Midnight Mass for The Dying Year," needs no other explanation than the title to make known its Catholic setting. In *Evangeline* this spirit is especially notable. The Black Robe Chief is pictured truthfully and without the slightest trace of prejudice. At the tents of the Jesuit Mission, *Evangeline* first meets the priest as he "knelt with his children."

A crucifix fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree and overshadowed by  
grapevines  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling  
beneath it.

But the sweetest and saddest moment in this, his masterpiece, is when the heroine, a Sister of Mercy, bowing her will to that of her Heavenly Father, utters those sublimely solemn words, "Father, I thank you!" Our sympathy goes out to that heart-broken maiden as unconsciously as our love for our mother, and our heart gives vent to its restlessness in a sigh of mingled pain and resignation.

Tag.

FRANCIS B. MCBRIDE, '12.

"Jane, I think we had better do away with Tag."

"Tom! Why not say it is best that we burn our home. You could not have shocked me more. Send Tag away after the children, and even we, have grown to love him as we do?

No, Tom, it would be too hard on the children."

"It is the children I am thinking of, my dear. You know I have always considered that dog as having more sense than some humans, ever since the day I found him on the roadway, his right forepaw crushed. The grateful expression in his eyes, when I bandaged the injured member, is still with me. But lately he has been roaming around so disconsolate that I have begun to fear for the children's safety, and it would not be right to take any chances even with Tag. However, I will watch him closely for the next few days and see if I can learn what troubles him. I must see to Beppo's care before sending him to the stock show, so keep the children away from Tag until I can attend to him."

Tom Watson had, after the lawyers had shown him the inventory of his father's estate, decided to give up chasing the almighty dollar and retire with his family to the beautiful estate on the Hudson, which his father had left him. There he could pursue to his heart's content, his two pet hobbies,—one that of making everyone about him happy and the other, animals. From the time that he first started to waddle, his love of animals and their love of him was evident. Every evening Tom would gather all the scraps from the table and throw them out at the back entrance for those dogs, as Tom put it "who were not as lucky as himself." This practice continued until Watson's back yard became the rendezvous of all the stray mongrels of the town, and the neighbors began to complain.

It was two years ago that on returning from an early morning walk he found Tag by the roadside, whining and licking his crushed paw. Taking the brute, a well-proportioned bull pup, into the barn he bandaged the leg and nursed him back to the old vigor. He immediately became the constant companion of the two children, Tommy and Marie.

Then came Beppo. Tom had gone to New York to attend the stock show and while there had taken a fancy to the prize Hereford of the show, later purchasing him. The arrival of the bull was quite an event at the home of the Watson's, and they all went to the barn to see Tom's "latest."

There, in the box stall he stood, handsome and defiant, seemingly aware of the striking appearance which he made. All were profuse in their admiration of the beast, Tommy

more so than the rest, for the youngster moved forward boldly, as if to caress the animal. Beppo immediately showed his dislike for Tommy by rearing up and snorting. Tag, standing in the rear of the group, immediately sprang at the bull, and Tom hurried his wife and children from the barn, sending Tag with them.

Thus began a feud between Tag and Beppo. At every opportunity, the dog would steal over to the pasture and tantalize the bull. Tag was most delighted when he could nag at Beppo's feet and rouse the beast to such anger that he would run madly at him. This continued until Beppo caught Tag on his horns and hurled him over the enclosure into a ditch. The physical hurts that the dog received were of no consequence when compared with his shame at being caught unaware. And so far the past few days he had avoided the pasture.

On the morning before the day set for shipping Beppo to the stock show, Tommy stole away from his nurse and went out to play with Tag. Further demonstrating the inquisitive nature of a boy of seven, he wandered to the barn with the dog. The door of the box stall was open just far enough to admit Tommy; so not content with his position of safety outside, he entered the stall intending that he and Tag and the bull would in the future be friends.

Beppo was slowly munching some hay and turned to glance at the intruders. Upon seeing the little red collar on Tommy's blouse, the bull repeated his performance of the day he had shown his dislike for the boy. Rearing suddenly on his hind legs he broke the light halter which held him to the feed box, and with snorts of rage he proceeded to prepare for the annihilation of everything within his reach. He soon found himself busily engaged with Tag, who had sprung at him and torn an ugly gash in his throat. This seemed to surprise the bull, but did not tend to lessen his anger. Beppo rushed madly at the dog, but wasted his energy on the side of the stall shattering the woodwork. Tag attempted to repeat his first success by springing from the side of the bull, but Beppo swung his head around in time to strike the dog in the breast with one of his horns, inflicting a painful wound and throwing Tag back to the wall. Not to be thus easily beaten, the dog, with renewed vigor lunged again at

the throat of the bull and planted his teeth firmly there. The bull, at first maddened by annoyance, now had to fight hard for his life. He tossed his head violently, endeavoring to loosen the dog's grip. After one or two attempts to shake Tag off, Beppo, his breath shut off and weak from the loss of blood, sank to the floor, with the dog still at his throat.

Tommy had been so frightened that he could not move or utter a sound; now he recovered control of his vocal organs and made up for lost time. His father and mother found him standing against the partition of the stall, death white, and gazing at the result of his little escapade. Tag, at every opportunity, was taking a firmer grip on the throat of Beppo, already dead, and refused to release his grip until Tom spoke to him.

The child began his story of the fight, but choked up with sobs and ran to his mother's arms. Father and mother took in the picture at a glance, and understood that they owed their child's life to the faithfulness of Tag. Tom laid his hand gently on the dog's head saying:

"I think I understand the cause of the grouch you have had for the past few days, old boy."

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### Way Down South.

WARREN BALDWIN, '14.

Before the time of the Civil War, there lived in the southwestern part of Kentucky Colonel Harris and his family. No one ever knew where Colonel Harris got his title, but every one applied it when addressing him. The home, or, as it should be called, the mansion, of Colonel Harris was a big and spacious wooden structure. The veranda in the front of the house had large columns at each corner, and this alone was enough to give the house the appearance of comfort. The rooms were large and airy and several oil paintings of the Colonel's ancestors were hanging on the walls.

The mansion was situated in the center of his plantation, surrounded by large trees with an avenue running from the house to the road leading to the city. Several little negro cabins were situated near the house and it was here that the slaves spent their nights. Beyond the trees on either side

stretched cotton fields dotted with little log houses for the storing of cotton. A river ran along the north side of the field. Here it was that the Colonel and his family,—for the women were as handy with the rifle as the men—spent many a happy hour fishing and hunting. There grew near the house a patch of tobacco which was cured by the slaves and consumed by the Colonel.

In the stables were the Colonel's fine horses, most of them with pedigrees as long as the Colonel's beard. His favorite riding horse, Dick, was said to be one of the fastest horses in the state of Kentucky. He had won several ribbons at the state fair which were proudly shown to all strangers who visited the home of the Colonel. Then too, he had several dogs. Every slave had a favorite one, and it was their custom to sit for hours trying to persuade one another that their dog was first and best. A slave would always save a crust for his chosen animal, and it was remarkable to see how well they were liked by the dogs.

The Colonel was now a man well along in years, wore a long frock coat and always insisted that his mint-julep be ready for him when he awoke in the morning. His wife was a grey-haired lady who was loved by all the slaves. They liked their master also, but, as Uncle Handy said: "Marsa Harris gets mad powful quick, but he shore am a good man."

The Colonel had two children,—George who was now twenty-three years of age, and Martha about twenty. George was a stately, well-built young man and was one of the best horse-men in his part of the country. He and Martha used to take great delight in racing down the avenue from the house to the country road. Martha was blonde and the pride of her father's life.

Uncle Handy was a good old southern slave. He was the overseer of the plantation whose duty it was to see that the slaves did as their master desired. All the blacks liked Uncle Handy and looked up to him and his wife, Aunt Hanna. Aunt Hanna was head of the house; saw that it was kept in good order; insisted on cooking the meals on a birthday, Christmas or on any particular feast.

One day a young man from the North came to visit Colonel Harris and his family. After this young Northerner, whose name was Jack Emerick, had been there about two weeks he became very fond of Martha. One day while

he and the young lady were walking together up the tree-lined avenue, he made a remark which Martha took as an insult. Uncle Handy happened to be near when the remark was made. Although he did not think that Martha ought to get insulted at what Emerick said, he stepped up, and before Emerick had a chance to defend himself he was lying flat on the ground. Martha told Uncle Handy to get away and let Mr. Emerick alone. Handy replied:

"I'll do what you says, Mistess Martha, but de Lord knows I'se ain't guine to see no Yankee hurt your feelin's."

Martha never told the incident to her father, for like most Southerners, he was hot-headed, and she knew that he would probably hurt his Northern guest.

Another instance where Uncle Handy proved beyond a doubt that he was a true slave and which incidentally gave the Colonel a chance to show that he liked fair play, was one day when the Colonel took Uncle Handy with him to the city to buy a supply of groceries and "feed" for the plantation. When they reached the town, Colonel Harris went out to make his purchases. He told Uncle Handy to watch the horse and luggage until he returned. Uncle Handy had been walking up and down the block watching his charge for some time when he saw a young boy hit the horse a sharp blow. The horse tried to run away, but Uncle Handy finally got him quieted, and then repaid the lad with a whipping. The little fellow felt hurt you may be sure, and he ran off to return in about fifteen minutes with his father. This latter presently threw Uncle Handy down and began to maul him. The Colonel saw the disturbance and came up to help his slave. He pulled the fellow off and after Uncle Handy had explained why he whipped the boy, the Colonel told the aggressive gentleman that the negro was right, and that if he ever laid hand on him again he would "sure take a hand in it himself."

Uncle Handy was a sad-looking man that night. But when he arrived home, he told his Aunt Hanna that he and some white man got in a fight and "if Marsa Harris hadn't pulled me off that white man I sho' would have pulverized him."

LIBERTY can never be solid, except based upon the altars where the mysteries of our faith are consummated.—*Bishop O'Farrell.*

## Varsity Verse.

A MEDLEY.

The trees are all leaving,  
Behold their sad boughs!  
The wind has turned swinish,  
For heark to its soughs!  
Can something be doing?—  
The grass is bedewed!  
Though bark the branch wouldn't,  
I saw the trees wood.

M. N.

CONTRAST.

To some is given in this life,  
To tread the open plain,  
In tranquil trust and free from strife  
All unperplexed by pain.

The others through dark valleys tread,  
They seek, nor ever rest,  
Exploring nature, God, the dead,  
With question and with test.

E. A. R.

WASTED TEARS.

And now apart  
I cease my painful, weary grieving,  
For in my heart  
The fluttering of sorrows leaving  
Gives hope anew.

A lasting while  
Memories I loved were dimmed with tears;  
But now a smile  
Shines on my sullen sadness and cheers  
The thought of you.

R. G. F.

VERSE MAKING.

I'd love to be a poet like some men  
And able to write any kind of verse;  
Just so I could hand in some now and then  
To get a mark of "four" at least, no worse.

I'd rather live my life without my toes  
Than measure feet—this truly I admit.  
I'd rather write a thousand lines of prose  
Than write this stuff—devoid of sense or wit.

J. J. H.

WHAT SHALL WE DO?

"Rush on!" some say, "time is not found,  
If you want it, you must make it."  
"More haste, less speed!" the others sound,  
"If you want time you must take it."

W. M. G.

## Catholic Fiction.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

VII.—LOVE THRIVES IN WAR.—*Crowley.*

"Love Thrives in War" is not a treatise on religion or sociology. With a sense of discrimination rare among woman novelists of the day Mary Catherine Crowley has left such subjects to those fitted to speak on them with authority, and while many of her sister novelists, under the cloak of what they call the "problem" novel, have been putting forth a mass of pruriently suggestive matter, she has given us this wholesome historical novel, absorbingly interesting in narrative, delightful in its story of chivalric love, realistic in description, and true to its historical setting.

The love-story is complicated. Laurente MacIntosh, a beautiful Scotch-Canadian girl, has three suitors, the gallant Scotchman, Captain Muir, of Colonel Proctor's staff, Pierre Labodie, an American of French-Canadian blood, who has been her friend from childhood when she was accustomed to spend much time in the home of her cousin, on the American side of the Detroit river, and James La Salle, "Blue-Jacket," a French-Indian, whom the girl hates, and who is madly in love with her. On Laurente's eighteenth birthday her father gives a grand fête, to which British, Canadians, and Americans are invited,—among them Pierre Labodie and Captain Muir.

La Salle comes to the ball uninvited, and finding the girl alone for a moment, pours burning words of love into unwilling ears. Several days after the fête Captain Muir calls and he, too, declares his love. Laurente's heart will not give her lips an answer. Meanwhile there arises mutual distrust between the British, Canadians, and Indians on the one side, and the Americans on the other, and war is imminent. Just before Pierre Labodie goes to Washington to offer his sword in the American cause, he, too, crossing to British soil, tells Laurente of his love, and is made happy by her answer.

The war breaks out. General Hull invades Canada, and then, straightway frightened at his boldness, withdraws. Pierre is captured, and "Blue-Jacket" comes to torture Laurente with this news, hoping that she will fly to him for protection. When he leaves, the girl

tramps six miles to the road leading to the British camp, over which, if the half-breed's story has been true, Pierre will be led a prisoner, and hides in a clump of thicket by the roadside. Pierre sees her, and is filled with fresh hope and courage. Captain Muir, in command of the prisoners, sees her, and reads in her eyes her love for his American prisoner. As she is returning home La Salle meets her, and secures her promise to marry him if he save Pierre, who will otherwise, he says, be handed over to the Indian prophet Elskwatawa, and, since Tecumseh is not at hand to restrain the Indians, will be put to death along with the other prisoners. She makes confidante of her mother. Pierre, given a few hours parole by Proctor, comes to the MacIntosh home. As he is about to leave, Laurente seeks a pledge that he will seize upon any opportunity of escape which shall be offered him. As he is about to promise, Madame MacIntosh, her discretion put to rout, assures him that "Blue-Jacket" has sworn to free him. Pierre demands the half-breed's reason, and in spite of Laurente's efforts to silence her mother, Madame MacIntosh tells him of Laurente's promise. Pierre swears that he will never accept his life or freedom at La Salle's hands.

The next day a band of British and Indians, among them La Salle, come, at Proctor's bidding, to search the MacIntosh home. Pierre Labodie has escaped. La Salle tells Laurente that it is through his efforts. The "laird" goes to Proctor's headquarters to protest against the indignity to which he has been subjected, and the news is brought back that the responsibility for Labodie's escape lies with Captain Muir, and that only his past services stand between him and court-martial. Laurente knows that the Captain, loving her with all his heart, has saved his rival, the man she loves. Her father swears that on the morrow she shall marry the British officer in the English Church at Sandwich. Love and religious conscientiousness are opposed to this, and when Captain Muir, given hope by the "laird's" assurance, comes to gain the girl's consent, she has fled to the home of her American cousin.

The British forces cross and attack the American fort. Captain Hull disgraces his country by raising a white flag, and General Brock and Tecumseh take possession. Meanwhile a band of Indians pillage the Catholic church,

destroy the wonderful organ, and are only restrained from demolishing "Le bon Père" Richard's printing press, the only one in the northwest, by the good priest's courage. In the commotion of the occupation of the city Pierre, aided by Laurente, effects his escape, through a clever ruse.

One winter day Laurente receives a message that some one who longs to see her will be near the Labodie homestead at sunset. Believing that Pierre has returned, she goes to the place appointed, but finds, instead of her soldier lover, the half-breed, James La Salle, who carries her to his mother's home in Frenchtown, leaving her there in charge of his mother and his cousin, Matanah. The girl escapes from the house, is captured by a band of Indians, and is returned to "Blue-Jacket" who this time takes her to Fort Malden on the Detroit. There Tecumseh, prince of red men, comes upon him attempting to force his attentions on Laurente. Tecumseh berates the half-breed, and sends him on a long journey.

Pierre, meanwhile, is in General "Tippecanoe" Harrison's army, and is captured in the fight at Fort Meigs and brought to Fort Malden a prisoner. Tecumseh grants Laurente permission to visit him with the surgeon. Soon, however, the American officers, Pierre among them, are removed to Detroit. General Harrison, on land, and Captain Perry, on the lakes, defeat the British in many engagements, and Proctor, frightened, sets fire to Fort Malden and evacuates, abandoning his captives. Laurente escapes to Amherstburg just before the arrival of the victorious American troops. Amid the stirring war scenes Pierre claims her as his wife and Père Richard marries them. Aboard Perry's flagship they go to Detroit, and cross the river to Laurente's old home, to make glad the hearts of the "laird" and his wife.

The war is ended. Captain Muir is dead. James La Salle has fled with the British into Canada. Pierre, now "Captain" Labodie, takes his wife to the old mansion of the Labodies, and there love makes their lives bright even to the end.

This, in brief, is the narrative, and it is in this narrative that the strength of the novel lies. There is no character study,—no attempt at character study; the characters are real men and women, and the story deals with their deeds, not with their thoughts. The

plot is clear, and is worked out directly and naturally.

Père Richard, General Hull, Captain Perry, General Proctor, General Brock, General Harrison, and the scenes of their activities, all are here, like Tecumseh, just as they are in history. We talk with them, and grow to know them intimately, just as they are. The style in which the story is written is easy, and natural, and polished. We appreciate that the style is polished, however, only when, having read through the book, we recall that not in a single place did we encounter any roughness to detract our attention from the narrative to the language and expression which clothe it. Two things, then, make "Love Thrives in War" worthy a place in the most select library of fiction,—first, the fresh, wholesome, and interesting narrative; second, the fidelity of the characters, places, and events described to authentic history. No one can read the novel without feeling an awakened interest in the momentous events of our country's early history, without better understanding the characters of the men of that time whose names we shall ever remember, and without appreciating better the heritage of country purchased for us by their loyal efforts and sacrifice.

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#### George Baxter, Inventor.

FRANK BOOS, '15.

Red Mullin calmly blew a cloud of tobacco smoke at a sign on the wall which forbade smoking by order of the faculty.

"So he gave him a black eye, did he?" he asked of Charles Allen who was sitting at a desk in such a strange posture that the patched soles of his shoes were the most visible part of him.

"Yep," came his answer, "he pasted him one on the blinker that jarred his optic nerve some, I tell you. He only hit him once, but say, I'll bet old Baxter thought he was chief astronomer at Washington Heights Observatory for the stars he saw. Closed it up tighter'n a gambling joint on Sunday."

"How did it happen? Tell me about it," said Mullin, always inquisitive.

"Do you know this George Baxter?" inquired Allen.

"Nope, can't say as I do," was the reply.

"What, don't know George Baxter? Don't know the greatest inventive genius that ever drove a nail? My son, half of your life is wasted. Why, he's the pride of Notre Dame, is Baxter. Better get acquainted if you ever expect to amount to anything in future years."

"Go ahead and tell me about him," said Mullin, plainly interested.

"Well, to begin with, Baxter hails from Indiana. Maybe that accounts for it, for Indiana's a funny state. Its chief product is celebrities; everybody's famous for something. The young men are all promising. Some of them blossom out and then go back to the farm where they belong and hoe potatoes all their lives. Others keep right on blossomin' and turn into poets, and pester us to death with praises of the rippling rills and quiet meadows until they get poetic sore throat and can't sing no more. Then there's still others that blossom out and go to seed and become just plain, everyday inventors of the dismal attic and sad story variety.

"This George Baxter belongs to the last type of Hoosier, and he's a real, full-blooded genius. Why, that guy's cerebellum is so crammed full of ideas that he has to wear a tight cap to keep his skull together—and he suffers from concussion of the brain half the time at that.

"Where'd we leave off at? Oh, yes, about that black eye of his. It's a peach, all right; about as black and cheerful looking as examination day in November. Gee, that guy's always in trouble, and always on account of some darn fool invention. He's been on the carpet so often that he's worn a hole in it; and demerits—well, he keeps account of them with an adding machine and a set of ledgers.

"Now about this latest sensation of his. You see, he's rooming with Buck Binder; you know Buck. He's about as ambitious as the ground hog that sticks his snoot out once a year; and he's got a mania for sleep. He's one of those guys that's uncomfortable outside their pajamas, and wears out a mattress every other month.

"Well, this Buck likes to eat all right, but he likes to sleep better; consequently he don't get up for breakfast more'n once or twice a year, and the Prefect's always climbing his frame about it. He made life so darned miserable for him that he appeals to Baxter with tears in his eyes as big as cocoanuts.



"George, he agrees to wake him up every mornin', bein' kind-hearted, but after three unsuccessful attempts, during which he used every known method from ice-water to dumpin' the bed over with the same results, he begins to get riled.

"Now Baxter is naturally as calm and quiet as Sorin Hall on a study night, but he's just like an ice jam—terrible when you get him started. So off trots George to the shops with his overalls on and blood in his eye. He tinkers all day with wires and clockworks and batteries, and blows back to the hall about four bells, with a suit-case full of junk.

"Seein' that Binder wasn't in the room, he let me in and started at once to set up his outfit. First, he cut his room-mate's mattress full of holes and stuck it full of wires and little copper plates, connecting them up in no time. Next, he runs the wires down under the carpet to the clothes-closet where he connects them with a box full of dry cells. Then he runs another set of wires to the table, hidden by the table-cover, and fastens them on to the alarm clock.

"I could see he'd been monkeyin' with the alarm clock, too, 'cause it had a new tin back and looked larger. When everything was ready, he sat down and gave me the inside dope about it, 'cause I was pretty much in the dark. He explained that when the alarm clock pointed to six-thirty, the machinery in the back would turn on the circuit and leave it on for fifteen minutes. Meanwhile, the guy in the bed would be getting a gentle little shock, just enough to make him want to get up.

"He explained that the dry cells weren't very strong; just strong enough to bring old Binder out of Dreamland on the fast express. He said he wouldn't wind up the clock till just before he backed into the flax, so there'd be no danger of Buck gettin' wise—he generally piled into bed at eight o'clock anyhow.

"Well, to make a long story short, there wasn't any need of alarm clocks on our floor the next morning. About six-thirty, I was wakened by a series of the most inhuman yells that ever deafened mortal ears. Yells—why it sounded like a cross between a steam calliope and a wild-cat siren with a bag-full of tom-cats thrown in to boot. The whole floor was awake in about six seconds and doing the four-forty for Baxter's room where the noise came from.

"I arrived about fourth and stuck my head

inside the door kinder careful. Of all the sights! Buck Binder was lyin' on his bed, wigglin' all over like a guy with nine different kinds of St. Vitus dance, and with the most agonized expression on his face that ever distorted a human physiognomy. And Baxter, he was doin' the Highland fling act all over the room, bawling that the dry cells were too strong, and that Buck would be electrocuted if he didn't find his pliers darned quick; tearing his hair in genuine melodramatic fashion.

"We were all more or less excited, and stood around with our mouths open like a gang of rubes at a circus—and in the meantime, Buck was suffering every kind of physical torture this side of the fire and brimstone. Baxter tore around like a dog with the hydrophobia looking for his pliers; but the pliers had migrated to parts unknown, and besides, a guy ain't quite equal to do any real Sherlock Holmes searchin' when he knows he's murderin' a feller and can't help it.

"Then I got a happy thought and grabbed Buck by the leg and pulled him off'n the bed. That happy business of mine kinder got soured in the process, and the next moment I felt as if every needle and pin in the universe had been stuck into me. I dropped that foot like a hot pertater. If Buck was dyin', he'd got to die; I wouldn't grab that hoof of his again for a million shares of Standard Oil.

"Then all of a sudden, when we were all jumpin' around and yellin' like the dangerous ward in a bug house, the clock points to fifteen minutes to seven, and the current shuts off. By that time every Prefect and every guy in the hall was tryin' to get close enough to find out what the doings were. When the electricity fades away, Binder gives a groan of relief, and we all rush forward to do the hero stunt; but Buck wasn't dead, not by a long shot—leastwise, if he was, he turned out to be the most animated corpse that ever scared an undertaker.

"With one bound he was out of that bed, scattering us all over the room like pins in a bowling alley, and ups and pastes Baxter a regular white hope wallop in the eye. That was all there was to it, except that our inventive friend looks as if his left optic had started to mortify.

"And say, that juice was just what Buck Binder needed to wake him up and make him look alive. They say he's as industrious now as a woman on bargain day.

# 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.            MARCH 9, 1912.            No. 22.

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—As a fitting close to the bi-monthly examinations came the inspection of the military companies by the president and Capt. Stogsdall and the faculty of discipline Monday evening.

The appearance which Being and Seeming. the soldiers presented speaks well for the military department of the school. In pleasant contrast to the slouch and the hands-in-the-pockets attitude of the non-military students, the soldiers in their gray uniforms were erect and attentive. This is one of the big assets of military training. It gives appearance, grace, correct movements. It develops ambition for physical form. To be intelligent is more important than to appear intelligent of course. But then *to be* and *to appear* create a condition very much more desirable than *to be* and not *to appear*. The soldiers of the battalion have the seeming—and the real, too, as we hope—of intelligence. One can not say so much of some of the other students.

—The proverb says of March, that its exit shall be made under conditions which are the reverse of those which accompany its entrance.

This year March has The March Proverb. come in as a lion. Storms from the North, snows and ice and bitter blasts have trumpeted the birth of this uncertain month. Storms from the South, rebellions and wars and diplomatic eruptions, have blazed forth

a savage welcome to the first of March. Creeping in from the West, the horrors of murders committed in the name of labor are casting gloom over all the country as they exact the full quota of retribution. In the East a great political volcano, after smouldering for nearly four years, has suddenly burst forth in all its fiery vehemence, carrying havoc into every conservative circle and throwing our peaceful country into political warfare. Surely March has come in as a lion. War, crime, politics and the elements, all have combined in one tempestuous outburst to make a grand éclat as bold March bows himself in. Even the examinations have contributed to the disorder. But the proverb says that March shall go out as a lamb, and with all faith in the truth of proverbs, we hope so; yes, we hope for peace and the disappearance of all early March disturbances. But the storms that we have seen in early March are all alike—abnormalities, departures from nature. They are the convulsive sort and essentially short-lived. Indeed we hope so. Yes, we hope that March will go out like a lamb.

—The Delinquent List for the second half of the month of February shows the following interesting figures: Sorin hall with a total number of 100 students has Some Interesting Hall Figures. 6 delinquents; Corby with a total of 144 has 26; Walsh with a total of 116 has 14; St. Joseph with a total of 58 has 9; Carroll with a total of 90 has 30; Brownson with a total of 138 has 53; Old College with its small family of 9 has 2.

From the figures of this list, Brownson and Carroll present the poorest front, while Sorin, Walsh and St. Joseph give very creditable evidence of scholarship. Corby's record also is high enough to need no apologies. The results throw considerable light on the studious habits of Walsh hall boys who heretofore have not been considered notably enamored of books, and have afforded our humorists on the last page occasions for outputs of wit. Sorin of course lives in tradition as the hall of learning, and one is not so surprised even at the splendid record. Corby's 26 against a total of 144 stands well up in the credit column. St. Joseph's 9 out of 58 holds up the record of this hall rather well enough. Brownson and Carroll have been outdistanced by a number

of laps, as they say in athletic phraseology. Of course the Carrollites are young, and youth is not often fond of books. But that is neither here nor there. These two time-honored halls, Carroll and Brownson, should release the throttle valve and put on full steam from now till they pull into the terminal in June. Meantime it will be a pleasant task to announce their increase of speed with every new day.

—The establishment of a republic in China has surprised the nations of the world not only by the suddenness of the movement, but because of the comparative ease with which the republicans gained their purposes. Probably no other political change of like importance has occurred with so little violence.

The philosophical assent of the members of the royal family and their unhostile attitude toward the new government assures us that at least the country is not taking a backward step. The one-time premier of the Manchu dynasty, Yuan Shih-kai, is now the elected president of the republic; while his former master, the emperor, is to live in security, enjoying his position of religious head of the nation and receiving an annual income from the government.

With political conditions thus quickly adjusted there should be little difficulty in placing the new government on a firm foundation. The ability of such leaders as Yuan Shih-kai and Dr. Sun Yat Sen has already been demonstrated, and if the allied nations continue to maintain a neutral and unselfish attitude, the republican government will, in all probability, overcome the lawless element and a stronger and more modern nation will be the result.

—The warm, sunny days are coming, when, resist as we may, we feel more and more like giving up to the enchantment of the great outdoors and forgetting all about the dry worn books that make their silent appeal to us from the book shelf. Then comes the war between the austere will and the subtle charm of relaxing into the lazy contentment of idleness. We know that we are here to improve ourselves, and that books are essential to that important process, and with that knowledge to help us in our fight, we hope to emerge the victor. Whether we do or not depends altogether

upon the sincerity of our belief in the salutary grace of work.

But now we are still in the grasp of the chill, enlivening days of winter, and there is no excuse for us. In the spring we can plead that we have succumbed to the fever that is supposed to accompany that season. Now everything is favorable, and we should make the most of it. The rigor of the cold drives us fast down the highway that leads to knowledge. The rough, uneven places and the treacherous quagmires are frozen over hard, and afford a secure footing to the itinerant student. Let us keep up with the race, or make a start, if we have not been in the running so far, and there is no doubt but that we can develop sufficient momentum to carry us over the disheartening sand road that we are sure to meet when spring comes. If we wait until then to start, it will be very hard to make the necessary spurt, and we will soon have to slow up, stop, and fall by the wayside.

The life of St. Thomas Aquinas, whose feast-day the philosophy students celebrated this week, is so interesting that it might well be made to supply points for an interesting human story.

**Philosophers.** Born of a noble family of royal blood, Thomas of Aquin entered the Dominican Order in 1243, at the age of 18. His mother opposed his course, but was finally won over by his sisters. He studied at the University of Naples, at Cologne, under Albertus Magnus, and received his Bachelor of Theology degree at the University of Paris when 28 years of age. When the University became hostile to the mendicant orders he sprang to their defense, and so completely vindicated their position that he received his Doctorate at the same university in 1257. Thereafter he lectured in all the great universities of Italy and France, while at the same time busied with labors of church statesmanship, and engaged in writing his great works on philosophy and theology. The highest ecclesiastical preferments were offered him, but so great was his devotion to his work that he refused them all. Summoned in 1274 by Pope Gregory X. to attend a church council at Lyons he collapsed on the way and died at the Cistercian monastery of Fossa Nuova. He was made a doctor of the Church in 1567. His "Summa Theologiae" forms the great doctrinal standard of the Catholic Church.

### New York Club Welcomes Col. Hoynes.

On the evening of Feb. 29, at the Manhattan hotel, forty of the Notre Dame Alumni residing in New York and nearby cities gave Colonel Hoynes a regal greeting. Very Rev. Provincial Morrissey and the Colonel arrived in the docks of the White Star Line Thursday evening and were immediately escorted to the dining-room of the Manhattan. The banquet was tendered to our distinguished dean of the law school as a mark of appreciation for the recent decoration which he received from the Holy Father.

The program of toasts began when the presiding officer, Father Luke Evers (A. B. '79), introduced Father Morrissey. The purpose of Father Morrissey's remarks was to explain to the old boys the meaning and dignity of the knighthood conferred on the guest of honor. James P. Fogerty (LL. B. '00) of Philadelphia followed with a fine tribute to the rare personality and legal scholarship of his former professor of law. Hon. Peter P. McElligott (LL. B. '02), of the New York legislature, was equally enthusiastic in his estimate of Sir William. F. X. McCullom and Dr. James J. Walsh followed with words of sincere appreciation for the high distinction of knighthood which the Holy Father conferred. The banquet was voted one of the most interesting and delightful in years.

### Philosophers' Day.

Thursday, following an honored custom, the students and members of the faculty of philosophy, observed the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. In the morning Father Marin, a member of the Dominican order, to which the great St. Thomas belonged, said Mass according to the Dominican rite. This form differs from the regular ritual of the Mass to which we are accustomed only in minor details.

Before the mass Father Hagerty spoke briefly of St. Thomas as the patron of philosophical schools and of our indebtedness to him for explanations of many of the beliefs that are a part of our Catholic life. He told, what few of us knew, that Saint Thomas was the author of many hymns used in the ceremonies of the Church. To him we are indebted for the *O Salutaris* and the *Tantum Ergo*. This latter is only a part of the *Pange Lingua*.

After the services in the church there remained an important feature of the days' celebration. The annual philosophers' day banquet took place at one o'clock. At that hour with appetites strangely out of harmony with the proverbial calmness that is usually attributed to philosophers, one hundred or so amateur followers of the great Angel of the Schools waited for the event which has been rendered famous in tradition. The "spread" was worthy of the Philosophical school. Rev. Father Marin, O. P., and the three Dominican Seminary students, who are students in the English department, were present as guests of honor on the day when the Church honors the world-famous Dominican.

### The Second Lenten Sermon.

The second of the Lenten series of sermons was delivered Wednesday evening at half-past seven. The Rev. Father Schumacher, who was the speaker, took for his subject "Honesty and Sincerity." He spoke on the meaning of sincerity, how our Lord extolled it and how He lashed the Scribes and Pharisees with the bitterest denunciation for their hypocrisy and insincerity. The preacher then passed on to dishonesty in private and public life at the present time, and referred to the vain attempts which men make to justify their conduct. Finally Father Schumacher coming nearer to the immediate lives of the students, discussed dishonesty in examinations, in seeking for awards and prizes, in writing and speaking, which latter offense goes under the head of plagiarism. The preacher's sermon was strikingly forceful and timely, and was given marked attention. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded the services.

### Obituary.

The death is announced of John F. McHugh (A. B. '72; A. M. '74) of Lafayette, Indiana who passed away at Lafayette, February 29th, after an illness of two months. At the time of his death he was counsel for the Monon and Clover Leaf Railroads, and he had previously had a distinguished career as a member of the Indiana Legislature. He was graduated at sixteen years of age and is believed to have been the youngest graduate in the history of the University. R. I. P.

## Praise for John Shea.

In an editorial with the title "The Law and Progress," in the *Dayton Daily News*, John Shea, a loyal former student of the University, receives the following well-deserved high tribute. The writer is commenting on the discussion over initiative and referendum before the Montgomery County Bar Association.

There was one lawyer present who fully understood progressiveness—with due respect to all others present. Just one man who had made any study of the subject, or who was aware of the tendencies of the times. That was John Shea—or John C. Shea, attorney, as he is formally known by the sign upon his door. Shea has made a study of progressiveness. He knows all about the initiative and referendum—and believes in it, as most people do who understand it. And he didn't hesitate to tell his fellow lawyers that he believed in it. In fact, he had a good deal to say upon the subject, and had no trouble convincing his fellows that the best thing some of them could do would be to read a little more of the present and a little less of the past, even if the law is founded upon precedents.

Shea is, naturally, pretty close to the people. He is from the shops. He meets and mingles with the masses—and understands them. Property has never become so sacred to him that he can not see through it to the rights of man. Probably he remembers the days when all he had were his two good hands and a stout heart.

At any rate, he has not allowed the law to deaden his humanity; he still thinks for his fellowman as well as for machines and corporations. It is unfortunate that he does not get into politics, for the country needs such men at this time in the public office.

## Battalion Reviewed.

A review took the place of the regular battalion drill scheduled for Monday evening. In the reviewing party were Captain Stogsdall and Sergeant Herring, Fathers Cavanaugh, Walsh, Hagerty, Burke, McNamara, and Brcs. Alphonsus and Alban. There has been much progress, and Carroll company deserves especially to be complimented for the fine appearance it made. New work will now be taken up at every drill period, and if the battalion is to be a credit to the University when the army inspector comes this spring not one drill period may be missed by any member.

It is the earnest wish of Captain Stogsdall that students who belong to the battalion make it a special point to be present on those evenings when drill is held. Thus the best results will be brought about from the military training.

## Personals.

—Mr. John Murphy of Chicago visited his son, John Murphy, of Carroll hall, last Sunday.

—Mrs. George W. Sawkins of Toledo, Ohio, was entertained by her son, John A. Sawkins, during the week.

—"Dyke" Scanlon of Gary, Indiana, one of the "Champs" of '08, witnessed the Varsity work-out Sunday morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Gossard of Tipton, Indiana, were the guests of their son Everitt Gossard of Carroll hall, last week.

—"Nick" Gamboa (C. E. '11) is connected with a contracting firm which is at present erecting a large public building in Cienfuegos, Cuba.

—Father Provincial Morrissey, who returned from Rome Wednesday, brings most pleasing reports of the Notre Dame colony now studying in the Eternal City.

—Steven H. Herr (C. E. '10) is secretary of the Good Roads Commission of Illinois, with offices at Springfield, Illinois. Fast work! But for Steve, there's no limit.

—Mr. T. A. Daly of the *Philadelphia Standard and Times*, who has delivered readings to us on two very entertaining occasions, visited the University for a few hours Tuesday last.

—Mr. C. S. Barry of Chicago was the guest of his two sons, Norman and George, yesterday. Norman is a student of Carroll and George is at present a noted youngster in St. Edward's hall.

—Mrs. John Lynch of New York City was called to the University by the sudden illness of her son, George Lynch. George, we are glad to announce, has made good gains in health during the past week.

—W. J. Curren (short E. E. '08) is now editor of the *Clovis News*, Clovis, New Mexico. We prophesy increase in influence and literary merit for the Clovis publication under the direction of this earnest alumnus.

—"Otto A. Weille, Consulting Engineer, 924 Old National Building, Spokane, Washington; Maurus J. Uhrick, Associate. Waterworks, pavements, irrigation, railroads."

Maurus is a C. E. '06, and it looks good to see our old Physics teacher climbing the ladder.

### Calendar.

Sunday, March 10—Mass, Celebrant, Rev. W. Moloney.  
Sermon, Rev. L. Carrico.

Brownson Literary and Debating Society.

St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society.

Wednesday, March 13—Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.  
Civil Engineering Society.

Thursday, March 14—Ohio State vs. Notre Dame in track.

Friday, March 15—Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

### Local News.

—The Carroll hall Eucharistic League had a meeting Monday evening in the Philopatrian room.

—The baseball schedule, which has been arranged for this year, presents the best line-up of home games in many years.

—Local weather men predict that when spring comes this year, it will come for good. There will be no false alarms.

—At a meeting of the senior class Wednesday evening it was decided to postpone the class banquet until commencement week.

—The minims have taken down their toboggan, which is the official announcement that winter has departed. One hopes so.

—Junior, senior and sophomore "philosophers" were excused from all classes Wednesday to celebrate the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas.

—The SCHOLASTIC editors have been so busy with examinations—as they say—that "copy" this week was as scarce as fresh cherries.

—The examinations this week killed off all literary and engineering meetings. They will, however, be resumed next week with all their accustomed vigor.

—A Committee has been appointed by the Senior class to have charge of the Senior Ball. It is definitely stated that the subscription will be five dollars.

—The President attended the meeting of the Social Advancement Committee of the Catholic Federation society which met in Chicago last Wednesday.

—Members of the college faculty have been invited to an entertainment to be given March 19 by the St. Joseph Literary Society, commemorating St. Joseph's day.

—Ten volumes of the Catholic Encyclopedia,

donated to the library by Notre Dame Council K. of C., are now on the reference shelves. The others will be placed there as they come from the press.

—Some of the Sorin track men, who are expected to pile up points in the triangular meet are LeBlanc, hurdles and broad jump; Larney, quarter-mile; McDonald and F. O'Connell, dashes; G. Regan, broad jump; Stanford, pole-vault; Eichenlaub, shot-put.

—The University of Texas wrote asking Mgr. Murphy for a football game to be played in Austin the end of October. The distance, and the added fact that next year's schedule is now about completed, have decided the Faculty Board not to consider the game for next season at all events.

—In what will go down in record as a decidedly uninteresting interhall meet, Walsh toyed with the athletes of St. Joseph hall Thursday afternoon. The gentlemen who represented the Saints secured one first, four seconds and a tie for second in the pole vault, making a total of  $18\frac{1}{2}$  points. The  $66\frac{1}{2}$  which were got together by the Walsh boys were like picking up money on the street or falling heir to an uncle's fortune. The "meet" is not worthy of a more extended and detailed notice. In fact every additional line of space will be a subtraction. The less said the more easily forgotten.

### Athletic Notes.

#### FIRST TRYOUT IN TRACK.

Track athletics made its formal debut at the University last Saturday afternoon when the Varsity was divided for the purpose of demonstrating the worth of the individual members of the squad. The Gold representation, headed by Captain Fletcher, verified the statement concerning the fate of divided houses by falling before the onslaught of Philbrook's Blue team, to the score of 37 to 32.

On the whole, the showing of the track aspirants was remarkably good, and a repetition of the marks will insure victory for Notre Dame in most of the meets scheduled for the coming season. It remained for Philbrook to furnish the sensation of the day in the shot-put with a heave of 45 feet, 2 inches, setting a new gym record for the weight event. The previous record of 44 feet 11 inches was made by the

*Paul B. ... 440-5531*

veteran star last spring. Philbrook has been practising consistently with the shot for the past two months, with the Amateur All-Round Championship in view, and it is not unlikely that his latest record will be supplanted by a better mark before the outdoor season begins.

The giant proved his versatility by turning from the shot put to the high-jump and taking first place in the latter event with a leap of 5 feet 11 inches, not only a good mark in itself but a wonderful jump for a man of Philbrook's weight. Fletcher was forced to bow to his team-mate in the high-jump after clearing the bar at 5 feet 10 inches.

Fletcher proved that he has lost none of his old class in his favorite event, the low hurdles, by taking first place in the fast time of :05 1-5. Williams drew second in the low barriers, but proved his claim to pre-eminence in the 40-yard high hurdles by winning handily over Larsen and Rockne. With Wasson out of the meet because of injuries sustained during baseball practice sometime ago, the lanky sprinter was enabled to add another first to his list, incidentally cinching his claim to individual honors by winning the broad jump with a mark of 21 feet 10 inches.

The running events were replete with surprises of an encouraging nature, if the future may be looked to. Mehlem started the comment by taking the lead in the 40-yard dash and maintaining it against Fletcher and Donovan. The time, :04 3-5, equals the best time made in the event in any meet at the University last year and will undoubtedly stand for the current season. Birder gave Fisher a good race in the quarter mile, but the pace told on the youngster toward the end, and some further practice will be necessary before he can be considered of Varsity caliber.

Plant proved his mettle in the mile run, after permitting Hogan to set the pace for two-thirds of the distance, by drawing away from his veteran opponent in a long, swinging stride and finishing in the lead by a comfortable margin. That the squad will not be wanting in distance runners is apparent from the showing of Cavanaugh in the two-mile run, the little Corby star reeling it off in 10:39 2-5. Summary of events:

40-yard dash—Won by Mehlem (Blue); Fletcher (Gold), second. Time, :04 3-5.

Low hurdles—Won by Fletcher (Blue); Williams (Blues), second. Time, :05 1-5.

High Hurdles—Won by Williams (Blue); Larsen (Gold), second. Time, :05 3-5.

440-yard run—Won by Fisher (Gold); Birder (Blue), second. Time, :53 1-5.

Mile run—Won by plant (Gold); Hogan (Blue), second. Time, 4:50.

Two-mile run—Won by Cavanaugh (Gold). Time 10:39 2-5.

High Jump—Won by Philbrook (Blue); Fletcher second (Gold). Height, 5 feet, 11 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Williams (Blue); Rockne (Blue) second. Distance, 21 feet, 10 inches.

Shot-put—Won by Philbrook (Blue); O'Neill (Gold), second. Distance, 45 feet, 2 inches.

OHIO STATE THURSDAY.

Ohio State will be the opponent of Notre Dame in a dual track meet to be staged here Thursday next. It was in the Ohio State meet last year that Devine broke the Western indoor record for the half-mile with a mark of 1:59 2-5, while Wickoff, of the visiting team, aroused attention by taking the two mile in the unusual time of 9:55. Wickoff is still with the team, which contains a number of other good men, and the contest is certain to prove interesting.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

The official schedule of the Varsity baseball nine is as follows:

- April 3—Grand Rapids (Central League), Notre Dame
- “ 4—Grand Rapids (Central League), Notre Dame
- “ 9—Olivet College ..... Notre Dame
- “ 10—South Bend (Central League), South Bend
- “ 11—South Bend (Central League) .. Notre Dame
- “ 13—Grand Rapids (Central League), Notre Dame
- “ 15—Grand Rapids (Central League), Notre Dame
- “ 16—Grand Rapids (Central League) Notre Dame
- “ 18—South Bend (Central League), Notre Dame
- “ 20—South Bend (Central League), South Bend
- “ 22—Grand Rapids (Central League), Notre Dame
- “ 23—University of Kentucky .. Notre Dame
- “ 24—University of Arkansas .... Notre Dame
- “ 25—University of Arkansas .... Notre Dame
- “ 26—University of Arkansas .... Notre Dame
- “ 29—Rose Polytechnic Institute, Notre Dame
- May 4 —De Paul University ..... Notre Dame
- “ 6—Wabash College (pending) ... Notre Dame
- “ 7—Wabash College (pending)..... Notre Dame
- “ 9—University of W. Virginia.....Morganstown.
- “ 10—University of W. Virginia.....Morganstown.
- “ 11—Penn State ..... Bellefonte, Pa.
- ” 13—Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
- “ 14—Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
- “ 15—Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
- “ 16—Catholic University..... Washington, D. C.
- “ 17—Seton Hall College ..... South Orange, N. J.
- “ 18—Brown University at .... Providence, R. I.
- “ 20—Dean Academy ..... Franklin, Mass.
- “ 21—Tufts College ..... Boston, Mass.
- “ 22—University of Vermont .. Burlington, Vt.
- “ 31—St. Viateur's College.....Notre Dame
- June 1—Beloit College ..... Notre Dame
- “ 8—Earlham College.....Notre Dame
- “ 17—Alumni ..... Notre Dame

The schedule is longer and promises more good games than any schedule arranged for the gold and blue team in recent years. Mgr. Murphy has been busily engaged in arranging the dates since long before the close of the football season, and the extended trip through the East, which is now a certainty, as well as the home offerings, attest the success of his efforts. In the games with South Bend and Grand Rapids of the Central League, and with the Universities of Arkansas and Wabash the Varsity will be forced into splendid form for the Eastern invasion. Notre Dame will be represented by an unusually strong team this year, unless all signs fail, and the work of the manager seems destined to give the University the prominence in college baseball which merit deserves.

### Safety Valve.

Many who went to the Philosophers' Banquet got as close to, and as much out of, a Ph. B. as they'll ever get again.

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#### THE MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

##### IV.—Glenn Smith.

Glenn Smith has risen from the matt to the point of friendship with Poynt Downing. He won glory for himself and for all the Braves at the Student Woodville (Specialty act No. 2) by holding the great Turk Oaas at bay for five minutes. He runs a whole track meet all by himself in the rec hall of Corby. He has a room with the aforementioned Poynt, and one of the standing regulations of these two worthies is that no visitors be allowed into their hang-out—though they themselves have been known to drop in occasionally.

Mr. Smith is a model of moderation. A little study, a little sleep, a little sport, a little skive, a bit to eat, a little church—and that is about all. He lives in Cleveland and believes in Mr. Taft. No, he is not the gentleman of the same name from Minnesota, nor any relation. His residence hall is the home of the Braves of which frequent mention is made in These Columns. Tubby next week.

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He who uses a pony often gets the horse-laugh.

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The Passing of the Back Row Front was what happened in advanced Latin, if you must know.

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#### ATHLETIC HINTS.

For yellow streaks—use sand.

For cold feet—try pep.

For swell head—consult your bulletin marks.

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We are again indebted to the Engineering Society, this time for the invaluable information that the ability of gas bag balloons to ascend depends wholly

upon atmospheric pressure." The debating tryouts are now on. Watch for the gas-bag balloon ascensions.

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The name of the play was not "Queen Blanche," as our drowsy weekly would have us believe, but "Queen Blanche of Castille," quite another party. We are referring to the drama presented by the queens of the adjacent kingdom.

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DEAR DAD:—The fact that I have 275 demerits and a general average of only 58 you will readily understand when you remember one can get 300 demerits in an afternoon while it takes a month's plugging to get 70. Affectionately, Tom.

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DEAR SON—The fact that this check is No. 5275 and the inclosure only \$2.00 you will readily understand when you remember you can write 250 or so thousand of these check Nos. in a few hours, while it takes a whole month to add 70 to the bank acc't. Affectionately, DAD.

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Although we have never read the *Germania* of Tacitus, still we have read the *Germania* of Thomas A. J. Dockweiler twice. We were pleased to learn from same that the *Germania* was intended as a political brochure according to such distinguished authorities as Ashbach, Zernial, Goelzer and Mullenhoff. We have thought so ourself this long time.

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Dome 20th, we notice, is the Latest Date for Handing in Prize Essays and Graduating Theses in all the Colleges. Old College [Main 3826] please remember.

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"They were tightly clenched," Mr. Howard assures us, "and in the charred hand of one was a knife, the blade of which was sunk deep in the swollen torso of the other."

#### THE CHILD READER SERIES.

##### First Lesson.

That is a large white pony which was found at the great pony show. Have you seen the pony? No, I have not seen the pony. Why have you not seen the pony? I have not seen the pony because the boy kept the pony ahide. He is a bright boy to keep his pony ahide. Let us see if we can find the pony. I think we will not find the pony.

##### Second Lesson.

This is a bun. All good boys are fond of buns, and one good boy will eat many buns. What will you do with the bun? I will eat the bun. Will you eat the whole bun? Yes, I will eat the whole bun and ten more whole buns. You are a good boy and will be the pride of your alma mater some day.

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I refer to Russell Gregory Cool Refined Finn.

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You're as welcome as the flowers of Dome.

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No, we never argue, Mr. Condon. You can't disagree with us.

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Bi-Monthly flunks are *being* mailed.