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Portia.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

THY face was moulded by deft Nature's hand,
Thy cheeks by her were painted to a hue
So soft, so tender,—skies of such a blue
Ne'er hung o'er earth; no eyes so grand
As thine, that laugh and gleam, yet ever stand
Clear as the stream reflecting what is true.
O lady, when thy fair face comes in view
It lights the darksome hollows of the land!

In thee we see what woman true may be:
Beloved, adorned, enriched with golden show,
Yet ne'er rejoicing in vain gaiety.
Thy heart with truest love wast e'er aglow;
Thy tender sympathy didst often bless
The mortal who evoked thy tenderness.

The Apostle of Pessimism.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.



HE collected short-stories of Guy de Maupassant fill eighteen bulky volumes; it is a sad commentary on the moral and literary character of the author's work that this number of volumes is greater than the number of his stories which are worthy of preservation and remembrance. There is an explanation, of course: the stories were written weekly for the newspapers and magazines of Paris, and their purpose was to please the gay and sensual Parisian public. A further explanation must be sought, however, in the author's life and in his literary associations.

The story of De Maupassant's life is brief. He was born in Normandy, became the pupil of Gustave Flaubert, and in 1880, under the

protection of Flaubert, made his literary debut with a novel, published by Zola and his friends. That is all biographers care to say about his life—out of charity, perhaps,—except that in 1891 he contracted a disease of the brain, from which he never recovered. He died in 1893. "The man who lives like a beast must expect to die like one." As in the life of our own Edgar Allen Poe, the fruits of dissipation had been harvested early, and death came rather as a relief than a misfortune. Commenting on the mass of De Maupassant's literary output in so short a period, Paul Bourget argues that such industry was incompatible with habits of dissipation. This is surely prompted by enthusiasm, and we are reminded of a definition of an enthusiast as "a man who believes three times as much as he can prove." Most of De Maupassant's stories could only have been written by a debauchee, and in the midst of his dissipation.

There are many points of likeness between De Maupassant and Poe; these, however, will suggest themselves. Two contrasts may be profitably noted: Poe acknowledges the truths of Christianity, and confides in a merciful God; De Maupassant is a pessimist of the tribe Schopenhauer, holding with his chief that "Life is a path of red-hot coals with a few cool places here and there"; "a snare laid by nature, where joy is always changed to misery, where noble words and the highest professions of faith serve the lowest plans and the most cruel egoism, and where chagrin, crime, and folly are forever at hand to pursue implacably our hopes, nullify our virtues, and annihilate our wisdom." Again, Poe is never grossly immoral or suggestive; De Maupassant is almost always so. His eighteen volumes of short-stories, expurgated, are published in a single small volume. The religious philosophy

of the two authors but partly accounts for this difference. The cause must be sought for in the standards set by American and French readers. The moral tone of a nation's literature at any period is not so much determined by the morality of its authors—Poe may have been quite as much of a debauchee as De Maupassant—as by the morality of its reading public. This is a responsibility which seems to rest lightly on the public's shoulders.

Retracing, De Maupassant is not merely passively immoral and irreligious,—on the contrary he is a militant preacher of his pernicious doctrines. God is to him only a sensualist who creates, in somewhat the way that a fish spawns, because it is his nature, and thereafter gives no further thought to His creatures; motherhood is brutish, and is the great destroyer of woman's happiness. If it be true of story-writers, as of poets, that they are to be "judged by the frame of mind they produce," De Maupassant must have long ago been condemned.

It is often said that even the devil has his good qualities,—but that is not true. With any good qualities the devil would cease to exist as such and become a man. Men alone have both good and bad qualities and perform both good and bad actions. The problem of world progress is to forget the bad and hold fast to the good. Forgetting, then, all we know about the man De Maupassant, and submitting all his works to the smelting heat of criticism, we have left thirteen tales among the most perfect in the field of short-story literature,—so perfect that they challenge criticism. The most striking characteristic of the stories is their simplicity and completeness of plot. A peasant picks up a piece of string,—we have a story; or perhaps Madame borrows a diamond necklace,—it is all the same; for De Maupassant there was a story in everything, and since he did not have to go out of his way to seek the frame for a story he had the more time to devote to the development of originality and effectiveness in style. In description he is concrete and suggestive, and his narrative is clear and rapid in motion. For the sake of rapidly advancing the action and for developing character he makes extensive use of dialogue, and this is natural and unaffected. There is no character-analysis; his characters reveal their personality in speech and action. The keenness of the author's sense-perception is shown in many passages. Take this one from "The

Coward," for example,—“When the clock was about to strike, the little grinding sound of the spring which stands erect caused him to give a start; and for several seconds after that he was obliged to open his mouth to breathe, he remained so much oppressed.” What other author would have noted so insignificant a matter, or could have developed it to so much importance?

All the stories are tinged with dark pessimism. De Maupassant does not know how to end a story happily, and stories which begin cheerfully enough, like "Little Soldier," end in tragic melancholy. "Moonlight," alone lacks the tragedy, but even that story is melancholy, and ends in doubt and despair. "The Necklace," "The Coward" and the "Piece of String" are unquestionably his best works. As Gilbert Keith Chesterton has said of Stevenson, it may be said of De Maupassant, that he "died with a thousand stories in his heart." How many of these we should have cared to hear may be questioned, yet for the sake of one jewel we would listen to them all. Is a diamond not worth the mining?

The Failure.

JOHN F. CARROLL, '14.

There were many warm days that summer, but the middle of August brought the climax of the season's heat. Save for the faint breeze which blew over the city each evening from the bay, there was no relief to the millions of weary souls who drudged and sweated in order that they might live. The offices of Rowlands and Company were filled with toiling clerks, for this was the firm's busy season. They packed woollens and checked them to Alaska, they unpacked laces and then consigned them with sweaty bodies and aching heads, to the Middle West, and themselves to perdition.

In the big ledgers, they copied the orders and multiplied the cost, and jotted down the sales of Rowlands and Company. The heat made them insensible to the amounts that the figures told. Only in a vague way did they comprehend how William Rowlands and others of the firm took their winter vacations in Florida and at four-thirty each summer day sped up the Sound to their villas by the sea. No, if they thought at all, it was only how long it

would take the hands of the big clock in Grace Church to reach the magic hour when they would lay aside their bills, fold up their glasses, and close the ledger, free until the same relentless hands should call them back to their day's task.

Sometimes they anticipated what pleasure would be in store for them that evening—a walk in the park, or a ride down the bay, or perhaps the vague delight of sitting in a summer garden listening to some sweltering artist bawl forth the latest songs.

But there was one in the office who was different. Day after day, he had sat crooked over the great ledger, silent, taking no part in the talk that occurred when the head bookkeeper had gone up to the superintendent's office for instruction. He had not offered his friendship to anyone, and the others had paid only scant attention to him. When they spoke it was only the customary good-morning, or if they asked any questions relating to the business, it was not prefaced by "Oh, by the way, Jim," as they were accustomed among themselves, but rather by a "Beg pardon, Mr. Story," and he had never made any attempt to encourage a change in this form of greeting. What his life might be outside of hours, they never knew and cared less. All they noticed was that he was always on time and did his work well. And Story, as he walked to his rooms after the day's toil was over, cared little what they thought. His greatest pleasure was derived from the reading of his books, or an occasional visit to one of the theatres. He had been with Rowlands for twelve years now, and these years of toil had left their mark. He was about forty-five, slightly stooped, and a nervous twitching of the hands was noticeable as he walked. His hair once black, but now iron-grey, had become thin, and his black felt hat concealed a bald spot on the crown of his finely shaped head.

He sat at his desk this particular day, strangely preoccupied. From his customary position over the ledger, he would occasionally raise his head and gaze long and hard at the letter which lay open before him. It was an invitation to a reunion. A gathering of the Harvard class of '71—his class. How the letter had ever reached him, he did not know. He found it lying on his desk when he came to work. He wondered at this. The year book always had his name, but instead of his address and business, the simple story "not heard from"

was always printed. Ah! no. There was a time, years back now, before his wife's death, that his name and business had proudly appeared with the rest, but now, he mused, what was the use. None of the class would care to hear from him now. He had acknowledged years ago to himself that he, Jim Story, was a failure. And from then till now, no word had ever been heard of James Story, class of '71.

For hours he had wrestled with himself whether or not he should attend. To go and acknowledge by his clothes and manners that he was a failure in the eyes of the world, was more than his pride could overcome. And musing further, he would recall the last reunion he had attended, the last before the dark chapter of his life commenced. His wife had bid him good-bye as he had taken the train for the old college town, And what a dinner! Everybody was there. Full of youthful hopes and ambitions that the three years in the world had not dispelled, they gathered and made merry. He remembered with pride that he himself was one of the foremost figures then. Everybody had heard of his phenomenal success in business, and both he and his partner, Forgan, had been the recipients of many a congratulation from enthusiastic admirers. And then had come the crash. While Dave Forgan, his partner, was in London establishing their first branch office, it came, sudden, unexpected, and he had found himself stunned and penniless. And then she had died. His wife, who had cheered and encouraged him in the first black hours of his failure. With all debts paid he had literally buried himself, a failure at twenty-five and utterly lacking the initiative to make a fresh start. Beyond the few terse cablegrams from Forgan, he had never heard a word from his partner. And so Jim Story was content to accept the wages of a clerk and to spend his hours of rest in the rooms on Thirty-fifth street.

And now that the message had come to him, a link in the chain of circumstances between his past and his present life, it came as a distinct shock. His longings for the old crowd eventually overcame his pride, and he accepted the invitation with thanks. On the night when the banquet was to occur, Story astonished the force at Rowlands by asking to be excused an hour earlier. The head bookkeeper gasped, nodded his assent, and Jenkins, the doorman, was for calling a cab thinking that the man

was ill. Story putting on his evening clothes, smiled grimly as he reflected deeply on the past twelve years. At length he was ready, and boarding a surface-car he prepared himself for a long, hot journey across the city. Not a breath of air was stirring, and as the car passed through crowded Mulberry and Queen Streets the odors from hucksters' carts and the smells from Italian restaurants made him sick, and he seemed to grow faint and a sense of tiredness and discouragement crept over him. Finally he got off the car and discovered that the University Club was yet some blocks away. Walking along the beautiful avenue he sighed as he watched the continual procession of cabs, taxicabs and limousines as they sped down the stretch of asphalt. The evening promised to offer no relief from the heat of the day. The windows of the club were wide open and Story perceived that he was late. The dinner had already begun. From across the street he could see the row of faces around the table. He hesitated, then stopped. What right had he to go there. Every man there was prosperous and happy while he—he stopped and gazed intently. Above the whirr of the fans and the click of glasses he could hear the men's voices. There was Hastings, his old room-mate, seated near the head. Hastings stroked on the great crew of '70, and his round chubby face told the story that he had never lost the popularity that had been his in the college days. And there was Read, another of the old crowd, and Wallace. Story remembered that Billy Wallace was now one of the great railroad magnates. They all were there. And Story, as he gazed at the happy crowd, repeated again and again the word he knew so well, "Failure."

A big French limousine sped past him and drew up at the curb of the University club, and running up the steps was a man that Story at once recognized as Forgan, his old partner. What thoughts that man held of him! "Failure." Between a desire to conquer pride and to turn his back on this assemblage of old-time friends Story finally reached the door. The footman, alarmed at the man's weakness, supported him as he fumbled for his card. As the man turned to conduct him to the dining-room, he saw the spectacle of a gray-haired old man dressed in a wrinkled ill-fitting dress-suit, lying prostrate on the floor.

When he awoke it was in the parlors of the

club—his club, Story proudly told himself. And there was the old crowd gathered around him. The faint breeze wafted in through the windows soothed his brow and cleared his brain. He looked up into the faces of those around him, and heard the voice of Forgan, Dave Forgan, his old partner, saying "Well, Jim, you gave me the slip for twelve years, but I've found you at last. Remember the Great Eastern Stock we bought of Barings? Well, it jumped over the fence in '80 and Story and Forgan is the best paying house in London today. Shake!" Story joined the crowd with all the strength he possessed in giving three cheers for Harvard and '71, and smiled gratefully at the following three cheers for the ex-failure.

Theory of Simplicity in Poetry.

LADISLAUS P. TOMCZAC, '15.

In defending his theory, the Wordsworthian will assert that all poets were merely men of letters. In his estimation, Collins, in his tender "Ode to Evening," and Gray, in his "Elegy," expound their natural and acquired abilities only, and are not real poets. Moreover, to him the author of "Lycidas" and "Allegro" and "Penseroso" is, strictly speaking, a very able man of letters, but never a bard in the true sense of the word. He will admit, however, that Burns mirrored Wordsworth in thought, feeling and melodious diction. He concedes Burns a poet's name, because, like Wordsworth, the Scotchman believed and accomplished what he believed, "built a princely throne on humble truths;" nevertheless, he is sparing in conferring this immortal name and applies it only to those who believe and write in accordance with the laws established by Wordsworth.

The critic of English poets must be well acquainted with the theory of the simple poet, if he would know the Wordsworthian's reason for his curious classification of famous bards; also if he would understand the reasonableness of the numerous estimates of Wordsworth.

The simplicity of Wordsworth's writings is characteristic of his theory. The twin poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge, believed that poetry was not opposed to prose, of which verse is the true antithesis, but that it was the reverse of science. Its only purpose is to give pleasure, and its guiding star is the imagination, of which

the "echo of man and nature" is the expression.

Wordsworth saw the need of emotion, but entirely neglected taste. It is, then, "that taste has been vilely mistaken for sentiment, and disgust with its abuse may have incited the Wordsworthians and others to disqualify it." The poet was wholly indifferent to history, and labored as hard to avoid "poetic diction" as others labored to produce it. He united deep feeling with the most profound ideas; his purpose was, in the words of Coleridge, "to carry on the feelings of childhood with the powers of manhood; to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had made familiar."

Unlike other poets, Wordsworth takes for his loftiest themes the common incidents of daily life. He shapes the external world to the inner mind with the purpose of producing a paradise. The "simple produce of the common day" he covers over with splendid imaginings, in order to create communion between nature and man. He believes that he is far more philosophical than other poets who, to be unintelligible, do not sympathize with mankind. He insinuates that it is useless to prove that the productions of recognized poets are poetry, when they are not even common sense. The language of men served him well in expression, although it is very unmusical, and, as a rule, heavy and cumbrous. And, to create interest by some mystic element, he saturated his dry, prosy diction with Pantheism.

His theory may be said to be his downfall; for while he, in his imagination, soars as high as the skylark, and while his "heart and eye" are with the "nest upon the dewy ground," he flies wherever he pleases, defying all standards of poetry. But if we take any definition of poetry, we discover that there are passages in Wordsworth which "by no definition and by no terms can be called poetry." If poetry is the "record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds," we must agree that there are considerably many verses of Wordsworth's poetry that are not good and happy. But if we are to judge a poet, not by any aspect of theory, or philosophy, or theology, but by pure poetic quality, by his vividness of imagination as well as by his diction, we are bound to assign numerous poems of Wordsworth a place with the best in our language.

Varsity Verse.

DECEIVED.

OH, whispering breeze from the far-distant south,
Come tell me thy message and do not delay!
Bold harbinger, thou, of the gay-hearted spring,
Quick, answer my question, quick, answer, I pray!

Will spring be here soon? Hist! What didst thou say?
For surely thou spokest,—or was I deceived?
No! Yes! for the trees have all heard thy harsh word.
Ah, cruel one! would thou wert never conceived!

M. J. N.

THE SHOOTING STAR.

Two stars God set in the sky one night
And Earth was filled with the joy of the sight;
But envy climbs to the heaven's height,
And one star sulked and hid its light.
Then sure and heavy the Maker's might,
And swift as lightning the doomed star's flight:
It shot from heaven a moment bright,
A trail of red and revengeful light—
Though men were stricken dumb with fright,
The message was only of Heaven's might,
For God is good, and His will is right.

S. E. T.

THE RICH MAN.

For gold I sought, for gold I wrought;
I labored long and late
With both my toiling hands 'I caught
The iron throat of Fate
Like one who fights the empty air
Was I who struggled thus,
And Dives had his sumptuous fare
And I was Lazarus.
She that denied me teeming wealth,
Gave me a little love,
A little while of blessed health.
A little while my body knew
No sickness nor defeat,
A little while the roses blew
And made the midnight sweet.
Then I made venture of my strength,
I cast and lost the throw.
And since I beg no more of Fate;
Loveless and sick and old
She pelts me to the churchyard gate
With hard and cruel gold.

E. DE F.

LOUIS.

Many long months have passed—
Since I saw the sweet boy
Whose arrival last spring
Filled our household with joy:
Many more months shall come
Ere that baby I'll see;
Then alas, he'll be grown
And a stranger to me.

T. A. D.

A thoughtless hand the daisy white
From its stalk does rudely sever;
The beauty fair of a rare delight
Is lost to man forever.

W. M. G.

A Plea for the Classics.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.

It would seem, on first thought, that a plea for the classics is quite unnecessary, for almost everyone is willing to admit the immeasurable value of books. But it is one thing to be convinced, and a quite different thing to be persuaded. On closer study, we find that there is little or no place in our American life outside of our institutions of learning for these priceless gems of knowledge. Even in conceding that a place is found for them in colleges and universities, we are, perhaps, over-generous; for is it not the rule, rather than the exception, that college men read only such books as are assigned; read them with little interest and less profit; and then neglect them utterly after they have finished their days in college? It has been said with truth that the high ideals and elevating sentiments found in the classics mean about as much to the section-hand on a railroad as they do to the average college man—pure nonsense.

This utter lack of appreciation for the classics is general in America, and in stating it, I have only reiterated the complaint made by Ruskin, concerning England, more than half a century ago. We have no reason to suppose that conditions are better in the rest of the world; because the whole world is tussling with problems of better machinery, better transportation, better methods. And why? All is to secure money, which insures "success in life," which satisfies our vanity, which is the goal of our ambition.

What has been the result of this all-absorbing rush for gold? Among the many things, a neglect of books. It is of this we shall treat.

Ours is called a reading age. It is also called an age of intelligence. In a way, it may be both, but it is anything but an age of intelligent reading. Day in and day out, the year round, numberless publishers are flooding the book-shops with volumes of shallow writing, and unloading on the people this worthless trash, until it is almost impossible for the average reader to fall in with one of the very few good books of recent writing. And the worst of it is that the people pounce on this shallow stuff, devour it greedily, and think it good.

If we heed Johnson when he says, "A man ought to read just as inclination leads him," the chance of the classics with the present generation is slender, because our tastes seem to run toward the light, hollow productions of the day. This, however, is not cause for discouragement, but should rather act as a stimulus for a resolve to read better books. Hope there is, because there are some men among us who are not entirely absorbed in the crazy fight for riches; who do not despise learning; who really appreciate the classics. To these fortunate few, books serve for delight,—delight of the keenest sort,—and we may learn from them. And the great lesson they have to teach is that expressed by Ruskin, when he asks: "Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy when you may talk with kings and queens"?

And there is no reason why we should not enjoy this royal conversation. As Christians you will admit that things of the mind are greater and fairer than material things; that intellectual enjoyment surpasses physical pleasure; that the soul is above the body. Then why do we choose the thin, shallow writings of the present, the housemaid and stable-boy gossip, which contains, on the average, about as much ennobling spiritual thought as the mind of Satan; or, what is not quite so bad, refuse to read altogether? Why do we not heed the voices of the dead which speak to us and make us heirs of the spiritual life of the past?

The answer is,—We can not read. And this is not only my answer, but it must be yours also. We admit that the classics contain the best of thought and the best style. We further admit that man should strive for all that is best in this life. Then, like true sophists, we refuse to read books, saying: "They are dry, old-fashioned stuff, and we can't get interested in them." We thereby admit that we do not know how to read, how to extract the thought out of these books.

As Archbishop Spalding points out, the commercialism of this age has resulted in a society of commonplace individuals; there is a remarkable absence of the kind of men who will live in their deeds and words for all time, men like Homer, Alexander, Caesar, Shakespeare, Napoleon. It is only such men who serve as examples to those who follow and make possible better manhood. Our millionaires will not go down in history, for it is

no great achievement to inherit wealth, or to snatch bread from the mouths of one's fellow-men and amass a fortune therefrom—certainly not an ennobling one.

To rescue ourselves from mediocrity, then, we must associate with the individual. This is not difficult. The individuals are waiting to receive us with open arms.

We would fain have our country endure for all time, but history teaches us that nations are like trees; they spring up from small seeds, grow to maturity, blossom and decay. So did Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Carthage, Rome. Some are only small shrubs which live but a short life, while others are mighty redwoods and endure for many ages. Shuddering as the thought is, that our beloved country might at some day cease to exist, is it not a sort of patriotism to desire, in such case, that our country be remembered as we now remember Rome? If God, in His wisdom, sees fit at some future time to let this nation pass away, is there one who would rather it be forgotten than remembered and respected? Of course, the end of our country is not in sight. We hope, and it is probable, that it will not come for centuries; yet, if by some unforeseen occurrence the end were at hand, would it be remembered a thousand years hence? Who are our heroes? Who are our poets? Who are our giants of intellect? To the first two questions we may answer that we have our heroes and poets. But every petty nation and tribe of the earth has its also. To the last question we must admit that we have none. True, we may boast the highest industrial development yet attained; but even before this generation passes, the methods of the present will have become old-fashioned and shall be forgotten.

But let us take a more cheerful view of the situation. It is even more patriotic to wish to leave divinely human men as examples for posterity. At heart we are both patriotic and charitable, and can not take the stand, either patriotic or charitable, taken by John Trumbull who cynically asks:

What has posterity done for us
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should risk our necks to gripe or noose?

It is, then, to our best interests, and to those of our posterity, that we turn at least a small part of our attention from money-making, and center it on a branch which will produce noble men. It is for us to make or re-make

the acquaintance of great individuals. If we do so, we may be sure that we will not neglect to introduce our children. Then, in time, America will produce, perhaps not saints, perhaps not warriors, but at least great literary men, who will be loved and remembered forever; for certainly, if we associate with the great, we can not remain small.

I have tried to show you that not only a great deal of knowledge, but also unlimited pleasure may be derived from reading books in the right way. If I have succeeded even in getting you to think on the subject, I have accomplished much. But, as in other cases, conviction is only one step, and to be effective, must be followed by action. Thus the freedom of the negro was held a good thing by a majority of the people of the United States just before 1681, but a fearful war was fought before slavery was abolished. However, we have an advantage over other pleaders. In our case, to know the value of books puts one beyond excuse. Here at our very feet we have the greatest of the great begging us to listen to them. Homer and Shakespeare in poetry, Dickens and Thackeray in the novel, Cicero, Montaigne, Bacon and Addison in the essay, Demosthenes, Cicero and Burke in the oration, and countless numbers in these and other branches of literature, lie unopened in Lemonnier Library the year long. These great monuments, like the pyramids, have come down to us from other days, but in comparison with which, the pyramids dwindle to littleness. Just as we would not miss an opportunity to gaze on and admire the real pyramids to see a hollow, artificial, miniature one in an exposition grounds, so ought we not to lose opportunities to gaze on and admire great books for the sake of exploring little ones. For when we read a light novel of the passing kind, we lose forever the opportunity to read some great book worth train-loads of cheapness. The greatest and deepest are left unread and unfathomed, while we fill our spare hours dipping and paddling in the shallow ephemeral "books for a day."

Since, then, books give to all who rightly use them the society of the greatest and best men, let us thank God for books. But let us not stop here. Let us prove that we are thankful by availing ourselves of the opportunities at hand, by associating with these men, the best and noblest of the race.

Canoeing on the Styx.

 ARTHUR HAYES, '15.

They were a gloomy crowd. Ordinarily we associate with canoeing parties only levity and mirth. But then silvery moonlight flecks the placid waters, or mellow sunlight floods the scene and envelops the occupants of the frail craft. Here it was different. Huge, lowering, slate-gray crags walled in the river, which flowed black, smooth and oily. No noisy ripples or gurgling falls marred its unbroken surface, but its very noiselessness impressed one's senses more profoundly than pandemonium. Behind a few misty rays of light struggled with the oppressive gloom. Ahead all was lost in Stygian darkness. The Social Climber yawned languidly through bejeweled fingers.

"I do hope," she drawled in a voice that bespoke years of cultivation, "that the society here is exclusive. One finds so many plebeian upstarts even in Newport." No one deigned to reply. The newspaper reporter endeavored vainly to pierce the darkness.

"If I can interview Julius Caesar or some of the other celebrities in these parts," he ejaculated eagerly, "it will be a genuine scoop. A reminiscence of his college days would be good for three columns and a couple of half tones." The capitalist swore in disgusted accents and returned to surveying the stream.

"Too smooth for water power," he remarked carelessly. "I suppose this 'ere king pin Pluto controls all the sites, anyway. He'd very probably want a controlling interest in the stock." The river curved abruptly, revealing a small island, upon which there crouched a huge hydra-headed dog.

"On the right, ladies and gentlemen," chirped a small, active man in the bow, "you will observe the renowned dog that some Grecian something-or-other bamboozled with honey sops." He glanced around, then realizing his situation, subsided with apologetic mien. He could not help it. He had been a barker with a see-the-city-for-a-quarter company. It was the professional instinct which the surroundings of gloom had failed to efface.

They were now in the suburbs of the infernal regions. White-shrouded figures of ancient fame flitted silently back and forth. The occupants of the canoe could feel no wind,

but despite this fact, the limestone crags kept up an eerie wailing. The Man who reads Congressional Records assumed an erudite expression and hazarded an opinion.

"The prevailing state of innocuous desuetude is ascribable to certain fundamentally unsound tariff regulations." He might have rambled on in this strain interminably, had not a large drab gray touring car swept by. Alone in the rear seat sat a dark, gloomy, majestic man with piercing black eyes. He glanced neither to the right nor to the left, but a few ex-members of the pretorian guard saluted instinctively.

"If I could run nine-cent gas in here, after fixing the municipal authorities," murmured the capitalist wistfully, but the others heeded not. The shades were everywhere. They glided through the immense grottoes, they reposed on granite crags, they stood motionless on mighty pinnacles.

"If I only had my lorgnette," wailed the Social Climber, "I should stare some of these impertinent creatures into a realization of their proper position."

The canoe stopped alongside a landing worn from eons of use by incoming spirits. The occupants disembarked and scattered. A decrepit old man with a still more antique lantern hobbled hopefully toward the group, but upon discerning the capitalist in the crowd, he turned away with an expression of cynical resignation.

The Social Climber hied herself away in quest of the local quarters of the D. A. R. The newspaper man was seen trying to elicit the opinion of a sphinx-faced shade on whether Shakespeare or Bacon wrote the plays. The capitalist wandered around disconsolately, his mind revolving the illuminating possibilities of nine-cent gas.

 "The Story of Cecilia": An Appreciation.

 J. CLOVIS SMITH, '14.

It has been truly remarked that the little things often produce the greatest changes in our lives. Some such little things form the plot of the "Story of Cecilia" (published by Benziger Bros.) by Katharine Tynan. A young doctor in a little Irish village falls deeply in love with a young girl far above him in rank. The girl's betrothed, captured by African savages, has

been given up for dead, and this has slightly unseated her reason. She meets the young physician and becomes possessed of the idea that he is her lost sweetheart. Falling dangerously ill, her life is saved by the constant ministrations and unceasing watchfulness of Doctor Grace. Upon her recovery they are married and a year later Cecilia is born.

Cecilia's early life is spent in the peace and quiet of a convent school where she endears herself to everyone by her noble character and sympathetic heart. During this time her father, by steady, consistent effort, has won his way to success, but in his life there is an ever-present torment, which shadows all his days. His wife's fiancé has returned from the dead, and it is the Doctor's constant fear that his wife will awake, recognize her husband's false identity and turn from him to her former lover. Yet all the while he shelters her with an affection that is sublime, so pure, so strong, so tender, and she, perpetually young through her lapse of memory, returns his love in full measure.

Such is the condition of things when Cecilia completes her schooling and sets forth on a visit to her mother's relatives at Dromore Castle. Here, with terrible suddenness she enters upon the stern drama of life. She meets a young nobleman, Lord Kilrush, who soon comes to admire and then to love her. In an innocent way she begins to like him and only discovers how great this liking really is when she hears a friend mention that Betty, her cousin and dearest friend, loves him.

The information has a great effect on Cecilia. Her heart is torn with conflicting emotions, but without hesitation she forms a noble resolve to reject Lord Kilrush, though it costs her a life's happiness. The ensuing weeks are a period of bitter anguish and mental torture, of dark days and sleepless nights. Finally, her thoughts turn once more to her happy childhood, and she determines to re-enter the convent, this time forever.

Meanwhile Lord Kilrush has been told that Cecilia is engaged to her cousin, but before he can ascertain the truth from her own lips, a serious accident befalls him. Upon his recovery, the anxious lover hastens to her home, and this meeting, with its mutual exchange of confidences clears up everything; he tells her of Betty's marriage to an old friend, while she laughs away all his fears of her engagement, and as a result the convent loses a promising

young postulant. At the same time the cloud that has shrouded her father's happiness ever since his marriage is removed; his wife meets her former betrothed and remembers, but thereafter cherishes her husband with a love even greater than before.

After reading such a book, one can only wish that there were more of the kind. It is a splendid story, teaching the great lesson of life with intense clearness, yet not so ostentatiously as to leave an impression that one has been preached at. The nobility of unselfishness forms the underlying, ever-constant theme, holding in check the consuming fires of love and passion. Such an ideal lifts the great loves of Cecilia and her father beyond the human plane, and adds to them a touch of the divine. So far removed is it from the silly, sentimental bosh of the majority of our "best-sellers," that there can be absolutely no comparison.

The dual plot, dealing with the love stories of two generations, is finely drawn and presents a type as yet unworn in the world of fiction. The action is good, and has an ease and grace that make up for what it lacks in dramatic intensity. As to the latter, we must remember that the book is not meant to be a strong, forceful portrayal of modern social life, replete with suggestive incidents, striking situations and breathless climaxes,—it is a sweet, simple story of real life, with little of its glamour and much of its pain. Nevertheless, there are some very effective contrasts and delightful bits of humor, together with many extremely fine figures of speech and one or two exquisite scenic descriptions. The most noticeable feature, however, is the clear-cut, vivid impression left by every phrase, every sentence. The words are carefully selected and express the precise shades of meaning, giving evidence of painstaking effort and rare talent.

Like all other works of merit, the book of course has its defects. The very characteristic remarked above sometimes lends a metallic effect, which is increased by abrupt transitions of sentences and a slight monotony in sentence structure. Moreover, the paragraphs in many places are too short and choppy, and produce a broken, uneven effect. But beyond some slight faults of literary technique the book makes excellent reading, and is well worth the attention of every thoughtful student of human life, as well as of the person who seeks only a few hours of refreshing, strengthening amusement.

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—The University on Wednesday evening extended greetings and congratulations to Colonel Hoynes after his return from Europe, honored by the Sovereign Pontiff. In doing so the Faculty and Students showed true regard for one whose life has so long been linked to the life of the school. Colonel William Hoynes has always assumed an attitude of loyalty for the institution to which he gave his services, and the University and her teachers and her students appreciate that devotion. Kindly, courteous, charitable, and Christian, Colonel Hoynes has won the lasting devotedness of a wide circle of friends. Years have come and brought him a ripe harvest of joy among those with whom he has lived and labored. There are no dark corners in his nature where jealousy and littleness lurk to leap out betimes and hinder the work and the progress of other men. High purposed and cavalero, Sir William Hoynes is worthy any knightly honor it may please those in high places to confer.

—Church statistics show that eighteen million Americans are Catholics. Relatively few of these ever come before the eye of the public; indeed until recent years Catholics were often puzzled when asked to give the names of prominent contemporary laymen of the faith. Outsiders

have sometimes ungenerously inferred from this that the Catholic population is passive and inert, and not actively interested in the welfare of the nation. Such belief is perhaps a result of the fact that the Catholic is not accustomed to employ press-agents to advertise his good works. Misapprehensions, however, are always sooner or later dispelled; and it is to the credit of Notre Dame that in presenting to Thomas Mulry the Laetare Medal for 1912 the University has called America's attention not only to the splendid and altruistic work of the medalist, but thereby also to the unassuming and self-sacrificing labors of thousands of other devoted American Catholic laymen who do not furnish a daily autobiography to the newspapers.

—Barbarism, fostered by conditions in the mountains of Virginia, has brought shame and sorrow to the people of that state. A fearless and just judge and his helpers, the sheriff and prosecuting attorney of Carroll county, are dead—openly murdered by the members of a clan who are so totally ignorant as not to understand the purpose of government.

The leader of the feudists had just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for assaulting an officer and for having aided a prisoner of the county to escape, when, actuated by the feudal spirit of revenge, the other members of the gang opened fire on the officers of the county and the jurors. Three men were killed and many others wounded. The feudists then fled to their inaccessible fastnesses in the mountains.

To the people of this age the revelation of such conditions as those existing in the Virginia mountains is very startling. One can scarcely believe that there is such a large band as that of the Allens—which numbers one hundred men—ready at all times to avenge any action that is contrary to the selfish and barbaric notion of right held by its members. They recognize no government but that of their own will, and attempt to gain their purposes with the blind instinct of savage nature. Through success as moonshiners they have become so bold as to attack a court of justice.

Our courts have been so hedged in with dignity that attacks such as this have been extremely rare; and it is to be hoped that the punishment which Virginia shall inflict on these outlaws will be sure and terrible. Men of

such a type do not deserve the consideration of pity, and the fate that shall be theirs should be of such a nature that it will be a warning and an example to the lawless mountaineers of the South.

—We had thought that "Know-Nothingism" and the American Protective Association had been consigned to the ash heap long since. Of course we knew that there was "Guardians of Liberty" such a person as Thomas E. Watson, fretting and bemoaning somewhere in a Southern wilderness over the advance of the Catholic Church; but we had been under the impression that the sphere of his influence was confined to that portion of the universe sheltered by tall trees. Every once in awhile we hear of others who are distinguished more for bigotry than for bigness. But it remained for General Miles to really open up the old sore, and in the doing of it exhibit a discernment less keen and a judgment less sober than we commonly attribute to the leaders of armies. The general has had a long and an honorable career. He has about reached the time for retirement from active participation in the affairs of this busy world, and he could have gone accompanied by the feeling that he had done his duty to his country well, and that he had earned the respect and good-will of all his fellow citizens. But now he comes forth as a sort of quasi-A. P. A., for such the "Guardians of Liberty" actually are. General Miles' high position gives the movement a prominence it does not deserve. We might have proclaimed the General a hero, but now we find him pitifully close to the earth.

—Though many of the colleges most closely identified with the life of the western college conference do not or never did impress us as very excellent models of purity,

Necessity of a Conference. yet they pronounce this as the aim of conference legislation. They presume that the western conference is not only acceptable but indispensable—though indeed it may not be of the highest advantage—to all colleges associated with athletics in the West. In the first place it is disputable whether or not the formal legislation of any body is necessary to the well-being of intercollegiate athletics. The athletics of a college are distinctly and wholly dependable upon the discretion of the

authorities of that college. They were introduced for the promotion of intercollegiate relationship. The manner of accomplishing this purpose is purely a matter of individual judgment. A conference association is at most nothing more than a loose organization, and if experience is to be consulted, can serve the purpose of a very few, while attempting to impose empty laws upon many. From what we have seen of it the conference is not at all ideal. The western conference, as it now exists, is a parasite. It operates merely as an advertising vehicle for two, possibly three, of the larger western schools, while it sustains itself by the struggles of some comparatively insignificant institutions which mean no more to western athletics than the western conference does to the larger colleges of the East. Whether or not these present difficulties will disrupt the conference can not be said for a certainty. In the light of so many larger problems it is of little concern to the people of this republic.

Peace Oratorical.

The start for the Peace Oratorical championship was made last Wednesday afternoon in Washington hall, when the local contestants strove for the honor of representing Notre Dame at the State Oratorical Contest. Four men were entered, and memories of the days of Wenninger, Miltner, and Quinlan, were revived through their efforts. Patrick A. Barry, '12, of St. Joseph, with "The Peace Movement and the School" as his vehicle, won first place. The subject of Mr. Barry's oration is an entirely new phase of the Peace question and was handled most interestingly by this new man in oratorical contests. William J. Milroy, '13, also of St. Joseph, was second with a well-delivered oration on "The Impracticability of Peace." J. Allen Heiser '14, of Holy Cross, took third place with "The Economic Results of War," while Frank C. Stanford, '13, of Sorin, for his first try in a Notre Dame contest, finished fourth, handling "Passive Resistance" as his subject. Fathers Maloney, Schumacher and McNamara acted as judges.

The State Contest, which will be under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Peace Association, will be held April nineteenth at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana. In this meeting, Mr. Barry will uphold the honor of Notre Dame.

Colonel Hoynes Welcomed.

On Wednesday evening a reception was tendered to Professor William Hoynes, L.L. D., in honor of his having been created a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by the Pope during his recent visit to Rome. It is doubtful if a more enthusiastic reception or a sincerer welcome was ever accorded a returning member of the faculty at Notre Dame.

The Faculty, Seniors and members of the battalion assembled in the Main Building and marched to Washington hall for the exercises. Father Cavanaugh made the introductory speech, outlining briefly the various careers of Colonel Hoynes, as scholar, soldier, editor and educator. He described in glowing terms the loyalty of the Professor to the Church and to the nation, and of his exceptional services to Alma Mater, all of which combined to make him worthy of the great honor for which he was singled out. The President then read a few of the many letters and telegrams received from all parts of the country containing best wishes and congratulations.

Harry Cullen, President of the Senior Law Class, made the address on behalf of the students of the University. He assured the Colonel, in a dignified manner, of the affectionate regard in which he is held by all his pupils and by all who have ever come under his influence, and of the great and good example his life has been.

An address on behalf of the Faculty was delivered by Professor Martin J. McCue, Dean of the Department of Civil Engineering. He said that the Faculty rejoiced in the honor that had been bestowed upon one who has been associated with them for so many years, and that they felt that the Holy Father in thus honoring Professor Hoynes had conferred an honor on the Faculty and on the University.

As the Colonel advanced to make his response the audience rose and gave a good "U. N. D." After thanking all for their part in the reception and for their good will and congratulations, the Professor gave a brief summary of his trip, of his visit to Rome and of his audience with the Pope, whom he described as the kindest and gentlest of men. He expressed the hope that he might always live in a manner creditable to the new honor he had received and worthy of his many friends.

The program was closed by the singing of "Notre Dame, My Notre Dame," by the audience.

The Philopatrian Play.

On Tuesday, March 19th, the Philopatrians presented their annual St. Patrick's day drama. We are not here called on to "damn with faint praise" or to carefully criticise the production. This is simply a notice that they have given it to us, and given it gracefully. We are pleased with their work. Where the critic finds sincerity and honest effort he usually throws down his sharp weapons and arms himself with a feather.

The production last Tuesday, "King of the Kilts," was written especially for the Philopatrians by John Lane Connor. It is a historical drama of three acts. The plot is laid on the effort of Queen Elizabeth to depose James VI., the boy king of Scotland, and the action covers one year. There is the same heaviness of action which attends nearly all historical plays and the same risk of being thought dull by those whose tastes are chiefly comic.

It would be difficult for college men to act this drama in such a lively and natural fashion as to keep veteran growlers quiet and skilled snorers awake. We have seen college students present "Pizarro" with less success than last Tuesday's performance. To say that they acted the play at all, then, is to praise them; but to repeat what many said, that they acquitted themselves with grace, is therefore to say a good deal for the Philopatrians, yet is not to overstate the truth.

When we consider the dull character of these ancient regal dramas; how they are especially uninteresting for the small boy who is given the lines to memorize and told to report for practice every "rec" hour; and remember the many little sacrifices which a play calls for and the few rewards it offers to those who take part, we feel quite ready to congratulate the Carroll hall boys for their performance. Aside from the general excellence of the play, due certainly to Brother Cyprian, particular credit must be given to some of the actors.

J. J. Ffrench as James VI. played the leading rôle with a fine mixture of princeliness and boyishness. There was no stiffness or strutting, yet one never forgot that he was the centerpiece of the play. There is hardly any doubt that Arthur McNichols as Shakespeare was among the stars of the afternoon. His grace both in utterance and moving was remarked

by everyone present. Millard Burt as Mad Mortimer deserves credit. He had a great quantity of lines to learn, and had the difficulty of playing an old man. In Francis MacDonough we see great possibilities as a player of comedy. His acting was, by all odds, the most natural.

The minor lights shone dimly simply because they were so far away from stardom parts. Yet they deserve mention. They practised and studied and gave up "rec" hours just as did the others; Earls, Lords, Guards, Students, Beggars, Archers, and Dancers, Hunters and all. The most realistic touch in the play came from Jack Wittenberg's crew of beggars; and the most delightful scene was the court-dancing which, by the way, was introduced into the play by the Director. Following is the cast:

James VI., King of Scotland	J. J. Ffrench
William Shakespeare	A. A. McNichols
Mad Mortimer	M. C. Burt
Sir Thomas Lucy	R. H. McCune
Hodge Hobs, Lucy's Servant ...	T. J. McDonough
Sir James Melville	J. C. Murphy
Col. Wm. Stuart	A. D. Hatten
Earl of Angus	L. J. Vogel
Earl of Gowrie	R. G. Hubbell
Earl of Mar	J. S. Cagney
Lord Boyd	A. M. Kasper
Lord Lindsey	O. H. Schwalbe
Earl of March	A. H. Ricker
Earl of Montrose	P. R. Milligan
First Guard	G. H. Casey
Second Guard	C. L. Reynolds
Students of St. Salvatore's College, Maske s—	W. T. Fox, G. J. Steitz, E. J. Rose, T. J. Whitman, D. M. Barrett, T. D. Glynn.
Beggars—	E. Rose, J. Wittenberg, G. Steitz, J. Welch, F. Barclay, W. Fox.
Archers—	E. Jacobs, N. Barry, T. Whitman, D. Barrett, C. Reynolds, T. D. Glynn.
Dancers—	G. Hamilton, K. Hartmen, L. Lang, T. Seery, D. Smith, S. Dee, H. Susen, E. Blackman, M. Gonzalez, J. Dodge, K. Krippene, W. Wathen.
Hunters—	S. Cagney, J. Murphy.

MUSICAL NUMBERS.

"Foxy Quiller,"	Reg de Koven
"Louisiana Lou"	Ben Jerome
"The Prince of To-night"	Joe Howard
"Ramshakle Rag"—Two-step	T. Snyder

Calendar.

Sunday, March 24—Passion Sunday. Mass, Celebrant, Rev. T. Irving
Brownson Literary and Debating Society.
Monday, March 25—St. Joseph's Literary Society Entertainment, 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday, March 27—Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.
Freshman Class Meeting, Sorin Law room, 8:15.
Friday, March 29—Lenten Devotions, 7:30.
Saturday, March 30—Varsity vs. Penn State in track.

Personals.

—Raymond Coffey (Ph. B. '10) of Greenfield, Iowa, visited the "old boys" this week.

—Ed McBride sends his best regards from Allegheny, Pa. Ed expects to revisit the happy scenes this spring.

—Joseph B. Prada (student '06-'09) was a caller at the University this week. Joe has left Mexico, and is now living in Andover, Ohio.

—Mr. Patrick T. Barry of Chicago, donor of the Patrick T. Barry Medal for Elocution, was the guest of the University during the week.

—Mr. John J. Kirnan (student '94) recalled old memories by a visit to the University this week. Mr. Kirnan is engaged in business in New York City.

—Mr. J. H. Armington, who has charge of the Weather Station in Chicago, was at the University this week, directing the installation of instruments in the local station.

—George H. Sweet, a student in the early '90's, renewed pleasant memories by a visit to the University this week. George is in the Government service at San Diego, California, with offices in the Emigrant Department of that city.

Local News.

—Full dress outfits for the Senior Ball can be obtained from Wm. Donahue, Room 325 Sorin hall, and at the news stand.

—Carroll's basketball team defeated the South Bend Y. M. C. A. team last Saturday, with 39 points to spare. The score was 50-10.

—Brother Florence, C. S. C., made his religious profession into the hands of the Very Rev. A. Morrissey, Provincial, on St. Joseph's Day.

—The students of St. Joseph hall will give a musical and literary entertainment Monday evening in honor of St. Joseph. About thirty guests have been invited.

—This evening at 7:30 o'clock in Washington hall a debate will occur between Holy Cross and Brownson halls. The question is: "Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment should be repealed."

—On St. Patrick's day solemn high mass was sung by the Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C., assisted by Rev. Wm. Connor, C. S. C., as

deacon and by Rev. M. Schumacher, C. S. C., as subdeacon. Rev. Father Maguire preached an excellent eulogy of the saint.

—The Senior dance will be held Easter Monday. No invitations have been issued, but an informal invitation is extended to all members of the Faculty. The subscription price is five dollars.

—The feast of St. Joseph was celebrated with the accustomed solemnity on Tuesday. The celebrant of the mass was Rev. Matthew Schumacher C. S. C., assisted by Rev. Thomas Irving and Rev. John Farley, C. S. C., as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., preached the sermon of the day.

—Under the auspices of the Notre Dame Engineering Society an illustrated lecture on "The Manufacture and Use of Electric Lamps" will be given in Science Hall Tuesday evening, March 26th, by W. M. Skiff, assistant manager of the Engineering department of the National Electric Lamp Association. All are invited.

—On the morning of March 19th, being the feast of St. Joseph, solemn high mass was sung in the chapel of St. Edward's hall. The Rev. Francis Marin, O. P., was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Candidus Fernandez, O. P., as deacon and Rev. Manuel Fernandez, O. P., as subdeacon. Rev. Hermenegild Corbato acted as master of ceremonies. The mass was celebrated according to the Dominican rite. The Rev. Leonard Carrico, C. S. C., preached an excellent sermon on the Life and Virtues of St. Joseph. A special musical program was rendered by the minims' choir.

—The 1915 class of the University held its first meeting on Saturday night, March 16, in the Sorin Law room. The real purpose of the meeting was to organize the class and to determine a date for a banquet. Mr. James E. Sanford, Sandusky, Ohio, was elected president, and the choice was a very popular one. Mr. Raymond L. Guppy of Rochester, N. Y., was chosen vice-president, Mr. Francis C. Kiley, also from Rochester, treasurer, and Mr. Joseph M. Byrne, Jr., Newark, N. J., secretary. The 1915 men are determined on being the best Freshman class ever enrolled here, and the officers and members of this class are all working in unison to bring this result about. The second meeting of the class will be next Wednesday at 8:15 p. m. in the Sorin Law room.

Athletic Notes.

EXIT BASKETBALL.

On the evening of March 10 the Varsity basketball team journeyed to South Bend and there defeated the Commercial Athletic club in one of the most exciting contests ever witnessed by local followers of the winter sport. The victory brought to a close the most successful basketball season in the history of Notre Dame.

To students of the University, accustomed in a measure to live in the past, to accept without question the tales of prowess of heroes of bygone years, it is difficult to realize that 1912 has been an epoch-making season in gold and blue basketball history. Repeated victories by the Varsity tend rather to make us belittle our opponents than accord the Notre Dame team the praise so well deserved.

The remarkable record of the Varsity during the season just closed contains a story worthy of the closest study. Twenty-two games comprised the schedule arranged by Manager Cotter. Nineteen of these were played within a period of two months, between January 15 and March 10.

In the list are included college teams which compare only too favorably with those of the Conference, or indeed, of the entire Middle West. Wabash, Earlham, Rose Polytechnic Institute, Ohio State University, Detroit University, St. John's University and a host of others with equally wide reputations gave the team of 1912 an opportunity to pit its strength against squads which rank high in the basketball world. And out of all the games Notre Dame emerged with flying colors, with two lone exceptions. To the two successful teams,—Northwestern College and the Commercial Athletic Club of South Bend,—highest praise must be given. An opportunity to retrieve the defeat by the South Bend organization was given at the close of the regular season. Northwestern college has a clean slate against Notre Dame, but another year will come.

The opening of the practice season last fall found Notre Dame in a sorry plight. With but two monogram members of last year's quintet to form a nucleus for the team, Coach Maris faced a discouraging prospect. The squad made up in numbers what it seemed to lack in quality, however, and under the tutelage of the coach gradually took definite shape.

Granfield and Feeney are the veterans who took up the burden at the beginning of the year. McNichol had proved his worth in 1911 and was conceded a place early in the season, and Kenny and Kelleher, first year men, displayed signs of Varsity caliber which soon brought recognition. It remained for two interhall stars of former years to duplicate their feats on the Varsity, and Cahill and Nowers completed the regular squad.

Upon these men fell the major share of the season's burden. Loyal aid was given by the substitutes—Kelly, Byrne, Finnegan, Smith, Pliska, and the rest, but to the seven who made the victorious trip through three states, must be given the lion's share of praise for the season.

The victories over Wabash, Rose Poly and Earlham gave Notre Dame an equal claim to the Indiana state championship title along with Purdue, the leaders in the Conference. Two of the men, Granfield and Cahill, obtained recognition by Indianapolis authorities in selection for the All-State team, while practically all of the squad received tributes from correspondents wherever the team played, which place them far above their competitors.

Coach Maris has earned the sincere congratulations of the entire Notre Dame student body. To his advanced methods of coaching is due the development shown by the team. With the entire squad eligible for play next year, there seems to be no reason why Notre Dame should not earn the title of Western Champions in basketball in 1913 as it did in football in 1909.

Albert Feeney of Indianapolis has been elected captain of next year's team. The election presented an unusual state of affairs with Granfield, Feeney and McNichol tied for the honor. Under a provision of the constitution of the athletic association the power of settling a tie vote rests with the manager, and the desirability of distributing the honor, and of rewarding the star guard for his two years' service, resulted in the selection of Feeney.

Varsity Baseball Notes.

April 3—Grand Rapids (Central League) vs. Notre Dame. So reads the schedule. Is the weather man equal to the task of dissolving the winter snows?

Assistant Coach Erickson's second team is giving the first string some warm practice

games. A 3 to 3 tie was the final result of the last battle. The youngsters are hitting in better form than their rivals.

Dolan, Rohan, D. Newning and A. Carmody vs Farrell, Arnfield, O'Connell and Granfield. Whatever the result it is plain that quality will not be lacking in the Varsity infield. The race between the veterans and beginners for permanent berths is closer this year than ever before.

Tangible evidence of the approach of spring was given the candidates during the week when Manager Murphy took measurements for the new uniforms with which the players will be decked. The outfits will not be distributed until the final cut in the squad is made. Coach Smith intends to wait until outdoor work is well under way before announcing the personnel of the Varsity team.

PRELIMINARY MEET TO CORBY.

The second semi-final track meet to determine the contestants for the final triangular was run off in the gym March 17. Corby with a combination of good sprinters and field men scraped together 57 1-3 points, more than enough to overcome both Sorin and Brownson with 28 1-3 and 18 1-3 points, respectively. The first and second place teams in this meet will battle with Walsh, the winner of the St. Joseph-Walsh contest, in a three-cornered meet, and the winner will have possession of the Interhall Cup for one year.

Many creditable marks were made in nearly all the events. Bensberg, pushed hard by McDonald, exhibited a whirlwind of speed in the dashes. Thomas in the mile and half-mile was superior to all the field and was never forced to extend himself, although Lequerica was always dangerous. Hans launched his hugh frame at good height in the running high and pole-vault. Le Blanc was in hard luck, but with his teammates, McDonald, Regan and Eichenlaub, gathered in a respectable number of points. Duggan and Elward were also good. Following is the summary:

40-yard dash—Bensberg, C.; McDonald, S.; O'Connell, S. Time, 4 4-5 seconds.

High jump—Hood, C., and Hans, S., tied for first; Elward, B. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Mile run—Thomas, B.; Lequerica, C.; Johnson, S. Time, 4 minutes 52 seconds.

220-yard dash—Bensberg, C.; McDonald, S.; Elward, B. Time, 25 seconds.

Shot put—Eichenlaub, S.; Gushurst, C.; Le Blanc, S. Distance, 38 feet 6 inches.

440-yard dash—Cahill, C.; Shea, C.; Rebillot, C.
Time, 58 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—O'Neill, C.; Donovan, C.;
LeBlanc, S. Time, 5 3-5 seconds.

880-yard run—Thomas, B.; Lequerica, C.; Welch C.
Time, 2 minutes 14 seconds.

Pole vault—Hans, S.; Dorias, C.; LeBlanc,
Gushurst and Uhls tied for third. Height 9 feet 6 in.

40-yard high hurdles—Duggan, B.; Donovan, C.;
LeBlanc, S.; Time, 6 seconds.

Broad jump—Hood, C.; Regan, S.; Wasson, B.
Distance, 20 feet 4 1-2 inches.

Relay race—Won by Corby (Frawley, Hebner,
Bensberg, Donovan).

Officials—Referee and starter, B. Maris; Timers,
J. Murphy, J. Nolan, M. Calahan; Field Judges,
Bryne, Howard, Kelleher, Kane, Birder; Judges
of Finish, Hamilton, Crowley, Cotter, Duncan, Cleary;
Inspectors, K. Jones, Hogan, Henahan, Bergman;
Clerk of Course, Fisher and Fletcher; Scorer, Coakley;
Announcer, McGarry.

Safety Valve.

To the student giving the best answer to the query,
"When does the team go to school?" we will give
over our pie for one week.

Positively the farewell appearance of torso.

LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOOL SELECTIONS.

I.—Spoken by Little Miss Purdue.

I try to study all the time
So I will know my lessons fine
I always say my evening prayers
And kiss my mamma on the stairs.
I never go with naughty boys
Who shout and make a lot of noise
Those boys of Mrs. Notre Dame
They play all time at baseball game.
They never study hard like me
As all my folks can plainly see.
I never play with them no more,
They're rude and soil my pinafore.
Because they do not crease their pants
They can not join our Conference.

II.—Spoken by Little Miss Indiana.

I also am a girl you see
And just as good as good can be.
I study hard the livelong day
And never go outside to play.
The boys of Mrs. Notre Dame
The way they act is such a shame,
They run around all day and fool;
The team—when does they go to school?
I, too, am good and say my prayers
And kiss my mamma on the stairs;
And, O I wear the whitest bibs,
Cause I don't play with N. D. kids.

III.—Spoken by Master Wabash.

I am a sturdy little man
And just as studious as I can.

Those Notre Dame kids are so rough
They fight and never have enough;
They tear apart your linen collar
And bleed your nose and make you holler.
I'm good and sit up in the pew
Like Indiana and Purdue.
Let's all arise and lift our lids
And pray for Mrs. N. D's kids.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

Norckauer

Henry Wordsworth
Longfellow was
born in Portland,
Maine, February
27, 1807.

Us

Henry Wordsworth
Longfellow was born
in Portland, Me., Feb. 27th
1807.

Examining these paragraphs our special experts
on plagiarism have arrived at the heady conclusion
that there is a structural similarity.

Many a St. Patrick's day oration has been stowed
away for another year. Yours too no doubt.

THE MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

VI.—William Milroy.

William Milroy is the greatest labor-saving device
that has happened in some time. It is quite probable
that William Milroy has saved William Milroy more
hard labor than any other student in the entire ditto
body. Milroy is the friend of Hicks who has appeared
in These Columns and on the stage of Washington
hall. In addition Milroy is an orator, debater, humorist
and did the gun work in Forget-Me-Nots. Linehan,
by the way, furnished the bouquets.

There are certain questions science can't fathom,
philosophy can't reach. Who knows the meaning of
the meanest flower, or of the robin's song? why boys
like hot buns? why Art Carmody plays the base
drum and why brother Mike doesn't? when the
team goes to school, or why Milroy laughs at
Hicks' jokes? Gentle reader, you don't know.
Gentle reader, I don't know. The *Daily Stu-*
dent, the *Exponent*, the *Bachelor* don't know. Per-
haps the team goes to school while taking a shower
bath. We wish we knew. These are mysteries.
Therefore beloved contemporaries, and all our other
friends, let us try something easy. I don't know
everything. You don't. Tubby doesn't.

On Wednesday last the hail cut like a knife the
blade of which sank deep in the torso of the earth.

Do you like the snow?

Our Lange throws a longing eye towards the boat
house.

However, the season of the ice-house is still here.

No, sir, you didn't count "gold and blue athletes"
122 times in Varsity athletic literature for the past
two months. Just 121. Once the guy at the machine
hit the wrong note and made it "bold and glue."