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## The Harvest Field.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

A FIELD of wheat, and the rising sun,  
Dewdrops sparkling, every one,  
From ripe, full heads of golden grain  
Swishing as if in a hurricane  
At the gentle kiss of the morning breeze;  
Loud caw-caws from the hickory trees  
In yonder wood, and a Bob White's call,  
Answered soon from the grasses tall  
By his timid mate with her brood,—but hark!  
Hear the song of the meadow lark  
As it comes from the wheat field sweet and clear  
And know that the harvest time is here!

## "O. Henry"—Short-Story Writer.

EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12.



HE dull hospital lamp hardly showed in the darkness of Sunday morning. A sick man turned upon his side, beckoned to the nurse and told her to light the room, adding, "I don't want to go home in the dark." Then he smiled and was gone. American literature suffered a great loss; the short-story was deprived of a De Maupassant, a Stevenson and a Dickens; the world saw no more a most extraordinary workman, a consummate artist, a most elusive writer who was just coming into his own, and whose pen meant mirth to many. "I don't want to go home in the dark." These last words of Sidney Porter, better known as O. Henry, were characteristic of the man. For years he had seen life in all its phases,

subjecting the sad to the humorous, and now his soul was calling for its own.

O. Henry was a most peculiar writer. His themes came from every subject and almost every place. His personality—and that is the secret of his success—was strongly marked in all his books. And so, unlike most writers, to get an idea of his stories, we must know the man, his life and his habits. Then after a short biography, we will discuss his plots, their formation, his style, his rank among other writers and a criticism of his slang and his humor, for which he will be remembered.

North Carolina gave birth to this gifted author in 1867. His younger days were those of a weak boy and, in preference to college, he passed his time upon the Texan plains that he might become rugged. Later he wrote for a paper and his success prompted him to edit a magazine of his own. A former journalist induced him to sell out and he went to Central America to engage in business there. After some years spent among the natives, he lost his interests and came to New Orleans, where his first real stories were written. Then he went to Dallas as a druggist and finally settled in New York, his Bagdad. It has been claimed for him that he was everything from a cowboy to a reporter. This we do not care about, but we do know that his adventures were a source of information for him. Although he failed in a pecuniary way, he was far better recompensed, for he had developed that realism responsible for the naturalness of his stories which came about as a result of his nomadic life. His tales grew out of his experiences and he goes to the bottom, seeing the pathos and humor blended. This in brief is the life of one of America's best story-writers. Let us go further and behold the man himself, his moods and tendencies.

He was of a quiet, unassuming, retiring, optimistic nature; so much so, that only the last few years found him giving away to affection. This, however, did not impair his vision of the world. He knew more than the surface; he saw beneath all the good and bad and called them nothing. Nobody knew the hearts of men better, the sorrows of life and its joys in little things or the ultimate good of all people. Nobody chuckled more at the humor of everything; nobody poked more fun at men, knowing that they could bear it. Although retiring, he nevertheless possessed that gift of gifts, accommodation of self to any time, place, people or conversation. He knew people by intuition and could suit himself to their fancy. The tramp often felt the touch of money without knowing the donor; the editors often wondered where he invested the money. Henry did not tell, but they conjectured. This is the author. Can you wonder that his stories were eagerly read, that his characters are real? Can you wonder that he knows human nature, the pathos and humor of life? Can you wonder that he is considered the best of story-writers, that his plots cover every conceivable field of thought or fancy?

More than two hundred stories have come from his pen, some bad, some indifferent, some humorously slangy and some excellent. These have been published from year to year in book form under different names. In 1905, "Cabbage and Kings," an impression of Central America as he saw it when a business man, appeared and is perhaps the best collection. "The Four Million," "The Trimmed Lamp," "The Voice of the City," "Whirligigs" and "Strictly Business" were written during the next two years and deal with New York city. In "The Heart of the West" he colors the rugged cowboy life in Texas. Into this fund of stories he has put plots which show the extraordinary resources of information even in one city. A new type of anecdote was fashioned by him in his later days, which, if he had lived to complete, might further enhance his reputation. He wanted something with a plot more dramatic than heretofore; he had found it, but death released his mind.

In most of his works, O. Henry shows a lack of the finer elements of plot construction. This came as a result of his slipshod haste. The inconsequential mind selecting O. Henry as a "nom de plume" never lost that fault.

For him we claim that he found more mystery and romance in New York than any other writer. Let us look into his most interesting manner of getting plots.

When other writers imagined characters, he came in contact with them. Down in the slums at night, when nature is at its worst, on the street among the boys, at the ball-parks or in the department stores, he was a veritable Haroun AlRaschid. He loved the city and called it his sack. From the ruffian with heart secrets to the policeman with amusing experiences, with all these he had speech. At the table a chance remark, a gesture, a menu card; these were all pregnant with meaning for him. He observed everything and saw the man and woman beneath the fineries. Let us accompany him on one of his nightly strolls.

Running up against a tramp in the crime district, he invited him to a cup of coffee in order to draw out a possible suggestion. He made it a point never to lead a conversation; he was silent and thinking. Hand in hand they visited two or three cafés, but the derelict never so much as gave a hint, although O. Henry watched him closely. Finally the writer tired and declared he must go home; suddenly he laughed aloud and the tramp became suspicious and walked off. In that instant a suggestion came, not from the tramp but something outside. He had spent a whole night but was rewarded. At another time, in company with a friend he met a girl crying and telling a hard-luck story. Now the friend donated a sum of money, and noticing O. Henry's distant manner inquired why he had not "coughed." "Surely here is a story."

"Yes," exclaimed the writer, "but not for me. My stories come where you the least find them."

Sometime later two sailors, one the worse for drink, accosted him on a nightly stroll.

"I see your friend is rather inebriated," he said.

"You don't say so," replied the sober companion and a hearty laugh followed. One day while talking to a policeman, two shots were heard.

"Isn't that murder?" asked the writer.

"Indeed not!" exclaimed the officer. "This district is so tough that I don't make a move unless I hear three or more shots?"

These are a few of the sources which furnish

interest in his work. They come from the people, from their actions and utterances. It may be only a small incident, but his ingenuity gives the whole a funny stroke. Most of his plots are in New York and for that reason many tire of them, but, as the author says, he has given the truth and the characters will fit as well in South America.

O. Henry is severely criticised for his slang resulting in humor. In this respect he surpasses Ade. If a few of his stories were slangy we would not censure him, but they are all shot with it. Miss Greene resembles him very much—displaying a higher and lower range of it. Both view life in the same way; both have a vast store of information; both possess slipshod haste which adds pathos and frivolity. When you least expect it, a joke is told, and the whole thing is spoiled. Both are impious, careless and mischievous and hence their stories are short-lived. "Calloway's Code" in "Whirligigs" is a good example of slang, but "Cabbages and Kings" furnishes the best.

Two New Yorkers are in Central America engaged in dangerous government work. The President has absconded with an American singer and of course reports are guarded closely by the censor. One of the Americans, wishing to send the news to the other, is forced to resort to slang which the native does not understand and hence succeeds. The message reads: "His Nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack-rabbit line with all the coin in the kitty and the bunch of muslin he is spoony about. The boodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape, but we need the spondulicks. You collar it. The main guy and dry goods are headed for the brine. You know what to do." Any phrase or pet name found its way into his stories. These were popular at the time, but like everything else became stale, and hence tales embodying them fall flat. They are applicable to one period only. Perhaps "The Rose of Dixie" if written ten years before or after its time, would be classed as cheap literature. Phoenix and Nashby both humorists are forgotten as well as all those who use this style in stories.

Do not think of O. Henry as merely a slang artist, however. He has created characters such as Jimmy Valentine, Jefferson Peters and others who are typical and survive. Although one has to follow the newspapers to know his

plots, he gives them a variety of backgrounds and local color which make people delight in telling them to one another.

He is humorous and is a veritable juggler of words. F. Hackett of Chicago thus writes: "Henry never forgets the inherent, unconscious humor in the paradoxes and contrasts of mixed civilization, the crudities of which serve only to exasperate the misplaced and morbid. He is no moral paradoxist like Shaw, no idealist like Zola or disgruntled aesthete like Gissing. It is the comedy of contrasts he searches out, and keeps the balance therein by irony and satire." These words give as good an estimation of the man as could be desired. He is never funnier than when he puts a foreigner in New York or vice versa. By overstatement of fact he created merriment, but this is decidedly American. For this reason he is not much read outside. His humor, just the opposite of Twain's, is for this country only.

He has been called the Yankee De Maupassant of America, and this honor is justifiable to a certain degree. Anecdote, which makes his city stories strong, is evident, and in this respect he excels the French writer. The swiftness necessary for good tales he secured by giving a portrait of New York life with his own polish. He told impossible stories about possible people; he put tramps in tragic and comic situations, and kept all intact by adhering to psychological realities. Others told impossible stories of impossible people. De Maupassant surpassed Henry in the perfection coming from unconsciousness of form. To take the example of a wreck. If both were describing, the Frenchman would be a survivor, the American the auditor of an eyewitness. The American tried to tell the story and his art was evident, but beneath all was something human.

O. Henry has won a place in American literature by his short-stories. The ingenious man, sympathetic, humorous, and retiring can be traced in his lines. His advice to all short tale writers is useful. Says he, "Please yourself and keep your eye open. All the different people have something new for you. Ask them for it."

It is my most ardent desire to reinstate and to propagate, far and wide, the golden wisdom of Aquinas, for the security and glory of the Catholic faith, the welfare of society, and the advancement of all the sciences.—*Leo XIII.*

## Catholic Fiction.

JAMES J. STACK, '13.

VII.—GREAT POSSESSIONS.—*Ward*.

"Great Possessions," written by Mrs. Wilfred Ward, is certainly an interesting story. The opening chapter explains just enough of the plot to arouse the interest as to what will follow.

Lady Rose Bright, who is described in the first chapter, may be spoken of as an excellent type of a well-cultivated, Christian woman. Her attitude toward her late husband, Sir David Bright, who, according to all present indications, has left his vast fortune to a lady whom Rose knows nothing about, is certainly worthy of admiration. Lady Rose believes, although she has no proof, that her husband has not willed the greater part of his fortune to Madame Donterre. Through the entire story this confidence in her husband's fidelity remains firm, even when the indications are by no means in her favor.

The allowance left to Lady Rose Bright is by no means great, and she could not, even if it were her wish, make investigations concerning the validity of this atrocious will.

Her cousin, Edmund Grosse, however, who is quite wealthy, determines, on Rose's assertion that the present will was not the true one, to find it. Edmund thinks a great deal of his fair young cousin, and works very hard, because all his labor is for her sake. So small a clue has he to work on, however, that years and years roll on before he meets with any success.

The character of Edmund Grosse, as portrayed by the author, is that of a very rich young man whose only object in life is to spend his vast fortune in order to enjoy himself, and find an unknown will which Lady Rose Bright claims is the valid one. Madame Donterre, to whom the vast possessions of David Bright have been bequeathed, lived in Florence, and Edmund's first action is to visit Florence.

During Edmund's trip to Florence, to learn as much as he can about the will which Madame Donterre holds, the author introduces another character whom she calls Molly Dexter. Molly is the daughter of Madame Donterre, and when the reader first learns of her she is living at the home of Mrs. Carteret. Madame Donterre has refused to let her infant daughter live with her.

Madame Donterre's daughter is well instructed while living at the Carteret home by a private tutor. Molly is a bright pupil and learns quickly. Nothing of particular importance happens during the life of Miss Dexter until she has reached the legal age. At this point in her life Madame Donterre grants Molly a large allowance on condition that she does not live with her.

After accepting the allowance on the condition just mentioned Madame Donterre's daughter leaves the Carteret home, and makes her residence with Mrs. Delaport Green, a wealthy society lady of London. This character as painted by the author is that of a society "belle," and all her actions are typical of such a person.

From Mrs. Delaport Green, Miss Dexter soon learns the many fancies of the society world. Molly has, however, little love for her present chaperon, and her distrust afterwards proves to have been no misjudgment of character.

While Miss Dexter is playing her part in the society world, the author again returns to Edmund Grosse. Edmund's mission has not been successful. He returns to London with scarcely any more knowledge concerning the atrocious will than before leaving for Florence. Not disheartened, however, he continues to work on the mystery of Sir David Bright's queer document.

As Edmund is a society man in London it is but natural that he should meet Molly Dexter. Mr. Grosse makes the acquaintance of Miss Dexter at a large social gathering in London through Mrs. Delaport Green who is a friend of Edmund's. Grosse is attracted by the appearance of Molly. He is anxious to meet her because some one has told him that she was Madame Donterre's daughter. Miss Dexter is naturally attractive, but she has this additional interest for Grosse.

Molly finds Edmund a very charming person, and they afterwards meet frequently. Miss Dexter is delighted with Edmund's company on account of her affection for him. And Edmund finds pleasure in the companionship of Molly, for the most part in order that he may learn something about the mysterious will, and in addition because he has a slight affection for her. They meet many times; however, before Edmund obtains any news concerning the holder of the mysterious will.

Let it be remembered, however, that Lady Rose Bright has been opposed from the outset to Edmund's work of seeking the valid will. She does not wish that Molly, who had gained the entire fortune at the death of her mother should be disgraced. At the death of Madame Donterre, Molly is sent the will and the entire fortune.

Miss Dexter reads the will, and is troubled when she finds that according to this will the fortune she has been spending so lavishly belongs to Lady Rose Bright.

Miss Dexter, after reading the myterious will, has reproach of conscience and tells her friend, Father Molyneux, about her unjust possessions. Molly, however, refuses to listen to any advice from the priest to whom she has told the story of her illegal possessions. When Edmund learns that Madame Donterre's daughter is rather friendly with Father Molyneux, he determines to ask the young priest's aid in securing from Molly the true will. Grosse does not know for certain whether the will was contained in the box which was sent to Molly at her mother's death, he merely surmises so. And it is on this supposition that he asks the curate's aid.

A few hours before his death Sir David Bright had asked one of his soldiers to address and mail two letters for him. One he commanded to be sent to Lady Rose Bright, but unfortunately this one was sent to Madame Donterre. The other he commanded to be sent to Madame Donterre, but by putting Lady Rose Bright's address on it, the general's soldier caused much trouble.

Father Molyneux determines, on receiving Edmund's letter, to visit Miss Dexter. When he calls at Molly's home a rather cold reception is given him. In response to Molly's harsh words, Father Mark speaks with kindness. And this very kindness of the priest has the effect of winning over Madame Donterre's daughter. Miss Dexter gives Father Molyneux the will which her mother had so long held unjustly, and bids him give it to the rightful owner, Lady Rose Bright. The curate had often prayed for Molly and at last repentance comes.

The purpose of every story is either to please or teach a lesson. "Great Possessions" does both. The virtue of Lady Rose Bright is rewarded, and Molly Dexter, who for so long a time has deprived the rightful owner of her possessions, repents.

## A Story Maker of the Far West.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '12.

In his work entitled "Varied Types" Mr. G. K. Chesterton has devoted some space to a criticism of Bret Harte. The first sentence of the article is as follows: "There are more than nine hundred and ninety-nine excellent reasons which we could all have for admiring the work of Bret Harte." First among these many reasons for admiration he puts the fact that Harte was a genuine humorist, that his humor was peculiarly his own and that it was sympathetic and analytical. He possessed the power not only of laughing at things, but also of laughing with them.

Bret Harte had a varied career. He rose from poverty and obscurity to wealth and prominence in a remarkably short time, and before his death enjoyed a world-wide reputation. He was an author, an adventurer, a man of business, a teacher and a diplomat. He was born in Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839. His father a teacher, and scholar of some culture, died leaving the family in very poor circumstances. After the son had received an ordinary school education, he went to California with his mother in 1854. He decided to teach for his living, and accordingly walked from San Francisco to Sonora, where he opened a school. The venture proved a failure and he turned his attentions to mining. Obtaining little or no success in this line he found employment in a printer's office.

His work was that of a compositor, and here it was that he began his literary career by composing his first articles in type while working at the case. Harte's first chance came when he conducted the paper for a short time during the absence of the editor. As his articles were not in sympathy with the miners of the district his editorial endeavors were considered unsuccessful, and he departed for San Francisco, where in 1857 he became a compositor in the office of the "Golden Era."

Harte's natural literary talent, supplemented by the vivid impressions of the past few years of frontier life, was soon put to profitable use. A number of clever sketches written anonymously attracted the attention of the editor of the "Golden Era," who soon discovered the author and invited Harte to join the corps

of writers. Shortly afterward he became connected with the management of the "Californian," a weekly which is of interest only as having contained his "Condensed Novels."

In 1864 Harte was given a government appointment as secretary of the branch mint, which position he held for a period of six years, writing at the same time for several San Francisco journals a number of poems which attracted general admiration and which were widely copied.

The year 1868 marks the beginning of Bret Harte's literary fame. At this time he organized and published the "Overland Monthly," the second number of which contained "The Luck of Roaring Camp," a story which attracted much attention and securely established the reputation of its author. It marked the first attempt of an American author to write about one particular section of the country, and it was the first story of any importance which had for its setting the western mining camp.

The next number of the "Overland Monthly" contained a realistic story, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" considered by many his best production. This was followed in quick succession by "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner" and "The Idyl of Red Gulch." In September, 1870, appeared his "Plain Language from Truthful James," popularly known as "The Heathen Chinee," a satire against the hue and cry that the Chinese were shiftless and weak-minded.

His work had attracted so much attention by this time that in 1870 he was given the chair of Recent Literature in the University of California. In the following year he resigned his professorship and also his editorial position and went East to settle in New York. He then became one of the regular contributors to the "Atlantic Monthly" and lectured on the "Argonauts of '49" in various cities.

Next Harte went into the diplomatic service, securing an appointment in 1878 as United States Consul to Crefeld in Germany, from which place he was transferred in 1880 to Glasgow, Scotland. He retained this office until 1885, when he went to live in England, dying at Camberley in Surrey.

A collection of his works appeared in 1891-1902 and comprise in all five volumes. Besides his stories, sketches and papers there are a number of poems. Some of his verses are the

"Heathen Chinee," which is perhaps the best, "Poems" published in Boston in 1871 and "East and West Poems" which also appeared in 1871.

Bret Harte abstained purposely from teaching any positive moral. It was not so much his idea to create characters as to describe them as he himself found them in the mining camps and villages of California. But his description extends beyond mere characterization, and in his sketches and stories, each has its own peculiar setting or background, so that in the course of his work not only the various people but also every phase of Californian scenery and every manner of life, the customs and ideals of the mining population—all are vividly portrayed.

Bret Harte gave very little attention to the development of plot, so little in fact that the majority of his works that are often classed as short-stories are more properly sketches. The people, not the incidents, are of primary importance. Take for example, "Miss," which is nearly always classed as a story. It has a minimum of plot and a maximum of character analysis. There is little suspense except such as is necessary to maintain the interest in the process of change which is going on in the character of the little girl. Every incident is unimportant in itself, but essential in showing the various feelings of the child. A cause or motive is shown for every action even of the subordinate characters.

The same is true in the stories "The Right Eye of the Commander" and "Notes by Flood and Field." In the first the friendly feelings existing between the old Spanish Commandant and the people of the post where he is stationed, the love the children bear for him and the peace and contentment of the whole settlement form the topic of the first part of the story. Then is told the gradual change of feeling towards the old soldier until it becomes one of hate, scorn and distrust, and finally the reaction and the reconciliation between the two parties. Throughout there is no incident of any account. All is the description of sentiment and feeling and of the changes in the same together with an analysis of causes.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" is the first story which won widespread attention and admiration for Harte. It is a little difficult to say just which plays the more important part in this story, character development or



setting and background, but it is probably the latter. Attention is certainly not given to the description of any one character, although some play a more important part than others. The setting is vivid and the piece is full of local color. Some have thought it to be immoral or at least suggestive, but this is scarcely true. It is a portrayal of a rough, lax life and if it teaches no good moral, at least it refrains from upholding or sympathizing with anything immoral.

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is the story next in order of time and by many is considered the best of Bret Harte's productions. It is decidedly realistic. If some of the characters are somewhat shaky, such as the gambler, John Oakhurst, the "Duchess," "Mother Shipton" and "Uncle Billy" at least the good in the nature of the first three finally triumphs over the bad. These characters seem to furnish ample foundation for the statement of Mr. Chesterton that "Bret Harte tells the truth about the wildest, the grossest, the most rapacious of all the districts of the earth—the truth that, while it is very rare indeed to find a thoroughly good man, it is rarer still, rare to the point of monstrosity, to find a man who does not either desire to be one, or imagines that he is one already."

When these four dissolute characters are snowed in with two simple, innocent travellers the good in their natures for the first time is in evidence. The two travellers, a young man and his sweetheart, offer to share their scant store of provisions with them until they are able to proceed. Though "Mother Shipton" takes her share each day, she puts it aside in a bundle, and starves herself to death rather than be the cause of any privation to the two charitable strangers. The "Duchess" is converted by the example of the innocent young girl.

The same might be said of all Harte's stories. Wherever an immoral element enters it is finally overcome by a reformation of some kind, or a punishment is inflicted on the wrongdoer, as in the case of "The Idyl of Red Gulch." Bret Harte never makes vice prosper.

His style is free and easy and well adapted to the kind of stories he wrote. Much of his popularity, however, is due to an almost inexhaustible fund of humor which pervades all his work. "Yuba Bill," is perhaps, the best example of Bret Harte's humor.

### Varsity Verse.

#### A FATAL KISS.

Through her casement in the heavens  
Peeped the bright-eyed laughing Dawn,  
Saw the morning-star resplendent  
Strolling o'er her heavenly lawn.

Blushing leaned she from her casement,  
Kissed him twice, and laughed for glee;  
But he paled, and wasted quickly,—  
For it was his death decree.

M. J. N.

#### OUR TROUBLES.

In summer time we all complain,  
And think the weather man insane;  
When sweltering heat he sends to us  
We raise a howl and make a fuss.

Then winter rolls around once more  
At once we start another roar,  
For now it's cold instead of hot:  
Now aren't we a "pesky" lot?

C.

#### OUR WINTER WISH.

To pluck the blushing rose in Southern clime,  
Or feel the zephyr soft upon one's cheek,  
Is not what we would wish in Winter time,  
Or not exactly what we'd care to seek.

But rather give us cold and snow-clad hills,  
The trees stript of their leaves by King Frost's power  
The whistling wind that gives our body chills  
And ice on which to spend a leisure hour.

And give us too a cheery, crackling fire  
To gather round throughout the winter night,  
And watch the flame's mad effort to go higher,  
While sparks resemble birds in fiery flight.

B. A.

### Class Symposium: My Favorite Novel.

"Quo Vadis," of all novels, appeals to me as the most instructive, and at the same time the most interesting, both in respect to plot and historical references. It is essentially an historical novel, and because its background is laid around the scenes of ancient Rome and its portrayal of life at this interesting period in history is so truthful, the novel is attractive to me. As a novel, where history and plot are so skilfully interwoven and an intense interest is maintained throughout the narrative, "Quo Vadis" is unsurpassed.

The contrast between the Christian and the pagan characters, the sublime examples of Christian fortitude laboring under the cruel oppressions of the pagan, and lastly the lively style in the story, coupled with the fact that the author never so digresses from the theme that the interest begins to lag, all these, equally notable to the reader, have led me to choose "Quo Vadis" by Henry Sienkiewicz as my favorite novel.

WILLIAM J. BURKE.

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It is impossible for me to say flatly that any one novel, above all others, satisfies my craving for fiction. I think that my taste runs to the style of Dickens, but I do not care particularly for his development of plot. He is frequently quite dilatory in bringing the issue of his tale to anything definite, and maintains one's suspense to the breaking point,—that is, the point at which one ceases to care what the outcome is. There is a novel, however, written after the manner of Dickens, in which the characters are portrayed in the same spirited but natural way, and in which the various situations resulting from the development of the plot are described more with reference to effect than to art. It is difficult to make the distinction clear, but it none the less exists.

Certainly a plot situation which can impress the reader is artistic, but sometimes we have a situation, which though artfully developed and colored, is incapable of arousing the emotion intended. This we find frequently in Dickens. In the novel to which I have reference, "Ten Thousand a Year," plot and characterization are nicely balanced. Everything is satisfactory in its outcome, and the impression in the reader's mind is always pleasant. The style is just whimsical enough, the utterances are just blasé enough to make the story charming. Its only fault is length. It covers hundreds of pages,—I think, nine hundred. While I by no means hold this up as a type of perfect novel, I think it satisfies my taste as well as any other.

CYRIL J. CURRAN.

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Literary critics do not, as a rule, rank my novel with the works of the great masters; but I should be insincere if I allowed their estimates to influence my answer. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John

Fox, is my favorite novel. I may say, as Conan Doyle said of "The Cloister and the Hearth," "if I had three votes I should plump them all" for "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." There are two supremely important elements in a novel: the story and the characters. The story in this favorite novel of mine is a story of love; and it is the only love-story I know of in fiction which never degenerates into sentimentality, but is always high and holy. The characters are ideal, yet real men and women, whom only a pessimist would despair of being able to find in the world about him. The scene of the story is laid in Kentucky in the days of the Civil War, and the war itself furnishes a background of interesting adventure.

The reasons for my choice, then, are two: first, the love story is a story of real sentiment, human, but not sentimental, and "as far removed from lust as heaven from hell." Second, the characters are such men and women as I would wish my friends to be,—as I would wish to be myself; and association with them,—for when I read the book they live and speak to me—brings to renewed life all my desires for what is pure and true and noble in life, that I may prove myself worthy such friendships.

SIMON E. TWINING.

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Not every one, I think, can name to his own complete satisfaction one favorite novel. Such an exact designation as favorite is often confusing; it is obscure and elusive. To distinguish between what is in reality a favorite and what is regarded by one as most worthy of praise is very difficult, for in many instances we do not prefer what is most commendable. Now, I might acknowledge that novel as my favorite from which in the reading I derived the greatest pleasure. This would probably be some child novel, the story of which still lingers with me and gives me pleasure in the recollection. I would hesitate to name this as my favorite novel since I know that in the presence of novels which I have read more recently it would scarcely be worthy of consideration. I have read novels by Dickens—I enjoyed "Dombey and Son" very much,—and by Thackeray, and many other writers of the upper strata, yet while admiring them much I did not take the keen delight in reading them which I found in novels of less brilliant reputations.



Considering the pleasure of reading, the artistic value of the production and the admirable mastery of the forces of narration and description, I would name "Ivanhoe" as my favorite novel. It has been many years since I have read the novel, yet the memories of the pleasures derived from its pages still remain fresh. The descriptions of the author, I remember, were most exquisite, delighting, even while they retarded the absorbing narrative.

The characters, though they do not now stand out as distinct beings in my mind, fitted well into the story and formed wonderful instruments for the great stream of incidents which crowd the plot. There was a peculiar consistency in these characters which played well into the action of the story. The story is my favorite, not only because it was the first large story to hold me in absolute subjection for one whole week, but because in every detail it stands out as the work of a master who weeps when his characters are persecuted.

RUSSELL G. FINN.

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When I say that a certain novel is my favorite one, I do not mean that I like everything in it. Reading a book seems to be like living in a large city. The citizen of a metropolis must put up with the neighbors as best he can. He does not usually choose them. He must view sordid scenes and happenings from which he would gladly turn his eyes. To contrast these, he finds what pleasure he can from beautiful parks and amiable people. In my favorite novel there are many things that are disagreeable. I do not like all the characters. The author of the novel often grows prolix and wearisome. The action often drags. Despite these faults, I prefer "David Copperfield" to other tales of fiction.

What appeals most to me is its verisimilitude. Life is not one sweet song, nor is it a continuous struggle unrelieved by any note of joy. Dickens knew this, hence he wrote of life as he knew it. David worked hard at his profession, but his work was lightened by the loving care of an aunt and the devotion of his young wife, Dora. David had a rich school-mate, Steerforth. Riches brought no lasting joy to him and they kept from him the trials which would have developed him. Ham and Little Emily, Peggotty and Mr. Micawber were simple, untutored people, yet their philosophy enables them to

bear bravely their trials. The crafty Uriah Heep intrudes too often, one thinks. His character and that of his mother bring out in striking contrast the true goodness of David, his aunt and Agnes Wickfield. Mr. Micawber and Mr. Wickfield are weak characters, yet each is good in his own way. Success follows the labors of David, and to the comfort that a competence brings is added the joy of achievement. The good predominates as in life and some of the wicked are punished.

JOHN C. KELLEY.

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Of all the novels which I have read, I believe I would select Robert L. Stevenson's "Treasure Island" as my favorite. The work is a story of pirates and of a hunt for buried gold, and is absorbingly interesting. Its author is one of the great exponents of that school which regards incident as supreme in story writing. He leaves the minute analysis of characters to his readers, and makes the story the chief thing. As a result the work never becomes wearisome with long descriptions of characters, but it always keeps moving on in a world of action and incident; and for this reason, if for no other reason, I prefer it to all the other novels I have read.

Again, Stevenson is always brave, he is always cheery, he always makes us feel better for having read him. His work is also interesting because it is romantic—romantic like the work of Scott, but unlike much of Scott's work it is not made up of long and, at times, tiresome descriptions. When a person is tired and sits down to read a novel, he does not want to be bothered with endless descriptions and wearisome character development—he wants incident; and, indeed, he has plenty of it when he reads "Treasure Island." Finally, in reading this work, one does not feel that one is wasting time, as when reading the average modern novel. Rather, he feels that he is becoming more acquainted with a writer whose works have taken a prominent place among the English classics.

HENRY J. DOCKWEILER.

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HISTORY may be defined as an illustrious war against time, taking from the hands of the years their prisoners. Those already slain she recalls to life, passes them in review, and ranges them anew in battalions.—*Manzoni*.

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WILLIAM GALVIN, '14	JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14
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—Next week, Holy Week, the Catholic world will follow Christ to Calvary in spirit, there to adore Him dying on the Cross. Catholics will meditate frequently during this week on the Passion, Holy Week. will make the Way of the Cross, will attend daily Mass, will receive Holy Communion, and will have frequent opportunities to assist at the services commemorative of the sufferings and death of Christ. Students should not fail to enter the spirit of Holy Week by assisting at the services with a true religious appreciation of what takes place. A Holy-Week book with the view to following the services will prove helpful. By entering into the spirit of the Church, as shown in the liturgy for these days, we will be prepared to receive the message of Easter, and to share in its joy.

—Mr. John P. O'Hara of Indianapolis is not a professional lecturer. But he has vastly more right to be than many who traverse the wide acres of this country in that capacity. Mr. O'Hara has a message, which is not true of many bureau lecturers. His message is a useful one which the people of the United States should hear and memorize.

We are so accustomed to jingoism about United States enterprise and world-conquering

business methods from every sort of person who talks "canned" patriotism, that Mr. O'Hara's plain facts were refreshing even if not flattering. Our lack of interest in securing closer commercial relationship with our sisters of the South, while Germany and England have courted and won their hearts and their favors, must lower by one-half our high estimate of ourselves. The fact that steamers owned and run by Americans are rarely seen in the harbors of South America, that one must go from New York to England or Germany to secure satisfactory accommodations to South America, and that our flag is seldom seen on foreign ports,—all this tends to give us a wholesome respect for the despised, back-of-the-times business men of the old world, and a much-needed lesson in humility for ourselves who fancy we are the captains of commerce everywhere.

—That war should be declared without mature consideration, or at least without recourse to every means which might be effective in preventing it, is a terrible commentary upon the moral fitness of the aggressive nation. War necessarily thrusts the countries immediately concerned, and indeed the whole world of nations, into a turmoil utterly at variance with humane and civilized society. It is unthinkable that any nation should plunge recklessly into it, and yet such has been the case, over and over again. It is not right for us to say that the Spanish-American war was not justified by the circumstances that led up to it. In the first place very few of us know what these were. A certain amount of ill feeling existed between us and Spain before the blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor, but it is undoubtedly true that the war would never have been declared if it had not been for that awful crime, that unpardonable insult to the American people, as it then seemed to be. Certainly the aggravation was very great, yet that war might have been avoided had there been the proper disposition in the minds of the people. The Queen-Regent of Spain wrote to President McKinley, begging him to prevent the threatening disaster, and offering to grant every demand which our government had made; but the President was unable to resist an overwhelming sentiment created by glib talkers and a flippant press.

Now, however, we have had more than enough time to reflect, if we were so disposed, and with reflection comes regret that we were so hasty. Responsibility for the destruction of the Maine has by no means been fastened indisputably upon Spain; even if it were, there is no doubt but that the act never had the approval of any considerable portion of the Spanish people. We have raised the tragic ship and have done our best to pry into its secret, but officially the world is no wiser.

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Not satisfied with laurels already won, the ex-president and candidate for a third term is rushing blindly into the whirlpool of public opinion. In the first preferential primary he has felt the sting of defeat—the sombered gentlemen of the "cow country" have rejected him, and honored the "progressive" who was apparently in the background.

The result of this first primary is significant; for the attitude of North Dakota may be that of the entire West; and this first expression of popular opinion is perhaps only the forerunner of a country-wide defeat. But egotism is not shattered in a moment, and the rough-riding ex-president must be shown that he is not the idol of the nation. Like his contemporary Diaz, he has bombastically exclaimed: "I will return and fight, if my country demands it." To his sorrow he is now learning the will of his country. North Dakota, a state which one would expect to favor Roosevelt, has in a popular primary chosen LaFollette delegates. New York and Indiana have followed hard after and gone for Mr. Taft. Colonel Roosevelt seems decidedly anxious the people should rule. It is quite possible the people will.

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The Bostonia Sextette Club, under the direction of Mr. C. L. Staats, rendered a most entertaining program in Washington hall last Saturday afternoon. The opening piece, an overture, "Le Pre aux Clercs" by the whole club, a clarinet solo by Mr. Staats, a violin solo by Mr. Adams and a 'cello solo by Mr. Osterberg were probably the best liked. The club was assisted by Martha Clodius, a dramatic soprano, who sang several solos. A proof of the entertaining qualities of the concert was afforded by the disappointment expressed that, owing to lack of time, the program was not completed. The Bostonia Sextette Club will be given a hearty welcome here another time.

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The very small merchant marine of the United States and the lack of steamship service to South America partly accounts for our losing so much of a very profitable commerce. There are, Mr. O'Hara said, still vast opportunities for investment in the development of these countries and the industries peculiar to them.

#### Mr. Goldstein against Socialism.

Last Saturday afternoon Mr. David Goldstein delivered a very clear and forcible refutation of socialistic principles. Mr. Goldstein was himself connected with the socialist movement in the United States for a number of years. He served his connection with the party in 1902, and a year later entered the Church. In answer to persons who maintain that socialism viewed only in an economic light, apart from religious or moral considerations, he declared that there is not a socialist economic principle, properly so called, which is not absolutely false. Their theories of evolution, their doctrine that all value is the result of human labor alone, their teaching that under socialism the necessity for religion and the commandments of 'God will disappear, are all open to attack, and have been frequently and completely overthrown. Nevertheless, socialism is a power, and a great power, and is constantly endeavoring to spread. The counteracting force, Mr. Goldstein thinks, must come from the graduates of Catholic colleges and universities.

#### Holy Cross Wins Debate.

Last Saturday evening the debate occurred in Washington hall at 7:30 between Holy Cross and Brownson halls. The question as announced before read: "Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States should be repealed." Brownson upheld the affirmative and Holy Cross the negative. Although the affirmative presented their arguments in logical form, these proved ineffective. The negative handled their side well, showing especial strength in delivery. The Brownson men were Messrs. J. Laird, E. Walter and J. C. Smith; the Holy Cross speakers were J. Haggerty, J. Adriansen and A. Brown. Mr. Walter probably had the best form of any of the debaters, while Mr. Haggerty was the most forcible in rebuttal. The decision,

which was unanimous in favor of Holy Cross, was somewhat of a surprise to Brownson sympathizers. The judges were Rev. C. L. O'Donnell, Professors Hines and McCue. While the subject chosen for discussion is rather worn out, still on the whole the debate was one of the most interesting of interhall debates that has been held in recent years.

#### St. Joseph's Hall Entertainment.

The St. Joseph hall recreation parlor was opened to members of the hall and invited guests last Monday evening. The doors swung to at 7:30 and swung back at 11:00. The occasion was honored by the President, the Vice-President and other prominent officials of the University. An orchestra composed of Messrs. William Hicks, Arthur Carmody and Charles Robinson punctuated the pauses with rare musical selections. Mr. P. A. Barry delivered the address of the evening which was carefully prepared and well delivered. Messrs. James Wasson, Paul Murphy and Michael Curry, gifted vocalists residing in other halls, kindly gave their assistance to St. Joseph performers and added materially to the high character of the program. Add the name of that obliging young man, Mr. Arthur Carmody, to the trio already mentioned and we have extended the word of thanks to our friendly helpers. The program contained such numbers as Ira Hurley's Contemporary History, containing retrospection and prophecy—the prophecy not always complimentary but highly entertaining. Joseph Heurkamp's recitation ended in a joke surprise—as often happens when Joseph "elo-cutionates." Daly and McKimm, Meunich and Hazinski, Howard and Carey appeared in clever sketches and take-offs which quickened the humorous sense of those who brought it along. Mr. William Galvin appeared as a "colo'd" lady "phoning" the docta about her sick "pawpa." For such a proper person, Mr. Galvin did his act remarkably well. We had almost forgot to state that Mr. Howard appeared as a "colo'd" lady also, and read a poem of several stanzas which were frequently interrupted. Mr. Howard's famous "torso" was tossed around the stage without much consideration.

At the conclusion of the program the President referred to each of the performers in a manner so complimentary as to keep them



awake all night with the recollection. Also he spoke of the excellent spirit of the hall and passed on to the more general theme that man, no matter how circumstanced, is the maker of his own future. What he wants anxiously, that he will have.

Brother Florian was the popular person of the evening. Whenever his name was mentioned—and it was—the students and “invited” guests responded with prolonged applause. To the committee we are indebted for what Mr. Twining calls the “two-course series of refreshments.” It looked like a ten-course series, however, and tasted better than many a twenty-two course series. Informal chat and rich wit followed, after which the “invited” guests journeyed across the quiet country to their respective homes.

#### Society Notes.

##### CIVIL ENGINEERING.

On Wednesday night was held one of the most interesting meetings of the Civil Engineering Society that have been held this year. Mr. Wasson showed wide knowledge of his subject in his paper on the “Problem of Congestion in Cities.” The subject is a many-sided one, so Mr. Wasson chose to limit himself to the discussion of the transportation of passengers from place to place in cities, this being the phase of congestion which most concerns the civil engineer. At the present time the means of transportation in cities are subway railroads, surface-lines and elevated railroads. Of these the subway railroads are the best and most satisfactory because of the great speed made by their trains and the immunity from interference of the weather with their schedules. Next to the subway come the elevated lines and then the surface lines. Mr. Wasson described at length the subway system of New York city and the elevated and surface lines of the city of Chicago.

“The Importance of Sanitation” was emphasized by Mr. Sanchez. Sanitary conditions are maintained in our cities primarily through the establishment and maintenance of adequate water supply and sewage systems; but these do not avail unless the house owners of our cities have their houses constructed in a sanitary manner. With improperly constructed houses it is practically impossible to maintain sanitary conditions.

That laboratory work is of great value in education, was established without a doubt by Mr. Burger in a paper on “The Educational Value of Laboratory Work.” Observation is the best educator, and a man’s powers of observation are well exercised in doing laboratory work. When he sees before his own eyes the phenomena of physics, chemistry, etc., which he learns about in the classroom, the student is not likely to forget them easily.

In the general discussion regarding the difference between steam and humidity, Mr. Saravia effectively showed that there is a difference and that it is due chiefly to differences in temperature.

#### Personals.

—Mr. Frank Madden, of Hillsdale, Michigan, spent a few days with the old boys this week.

—George Stilling (student ’09) was a visitor at the University during the week. The old place looked good to George, who is at present travelling in the interest of Stilling and Co., Chicago.

—“Monty” Yund is back at the University after an absence of several months. “Monty” was seriously ill at his home in Helena, Montana. The boys are glad to see him back again in good health.

—Mr. John L. Corley (LL. B. ’02) was toastmaster at the great St. Patrick’s Day banquet in St. Louis, March 17th. According to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Mr. Corley enjoyed a great triumph.

—Mr. John Read Voigt (B. S. B. ’05) has been elected Exalted Ruler of the B. P. O. E. It is a high honor, particularly for one so young as Mr. Voigt, to whom the SCHOLASTIC offers sincere congratulations.

—Colonel William Hoynes, K. S. G., Dean of the Law School, contributes a remarkable article to the *Yale Law Journal* on “The Law and Its Study.” A copy of the Journal may be found in the Lemmonier Library.

—The present assistant chief engineer of the Big Four Railway is Mr. C. A. Paquette (B. S. ’90, Litt. B. ’91, C. E. ’91, M. S. ’95). Mr. Paquette has entire charge of the Maintenance of the more than 2000 miles of railroad which comprise the Big Four system. Besides this, Mr. Paquette enjoys the reputation of being one of the leading engineers in the

United States; but best of all he is a loyal N. D. man.

—W. C. Kegler (B. S. '98, C. E. '99) formerly engineer of Maintenance of Way for the Big Four, at Wabash, Indiana, is now acting in a similar capacity at Mt. Carmel, Illinois. By this transfer, "Bill" is given a position of greater responsibility and importance; but those who remember the old-time "prof" and gridiron star know that he will be equal to the new position.

### Local News.

—The hall reporters are on a strike; at least, they are not working.

—The Carroll hall boys started outside baseball Tuesday. They are the first.

—This coming week, weather permitting, we will have our first real baseball games.

—There will be no track meet this afternoon with Penn State as stated in last week's calendar.

—Wednesday photographs of the students of the different halls were taken for the *Dome*.

—The Senior class is all absorbed in the coming functions—the play and the annual ball.

—Found.—Some keys, fountain-pens, knives, and other articles. Owners may apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—Since the new weather station is erected we have Father Irving to blame if our baseball schedule is broken into.

—George Lynch, our local comic star, is back from the hospital safely recovered from an operation for appendicitis.

—Lost.—A raincoat with the name of J. Clovis Smith on the inside of the collar. Finder will please return to Brother Alphonsus.

—The Knights of Columbus held a meeting Tuesday evening at which important matters were discussed about the coming initiation.

—All during the week members of the staff have been besieging the photographers in order to present their fair faces in the annual staff picture.

—Students who did not return promptly after Christmas are having their own troubles obtaining—or not obtaining?—permission to go home for Easter.

—On Monday, the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, Rev. Charles O'Donnell sang high mass at 8 a. m. The services took the

place of the regular Christian Doctrine classes.

—The director of the Apostolate Library is having many of the books rebound and will be thankful for contributions from any of the readers.

—Tomorrow, Palm Sunday, begins Holy Week. It would be well for every Catholic student to get a Holy-Week book at the Students' Office in order to follow out the Church services of Holy Week.

—According to recent Faculty legislation students, receiving permission to go home for Easter and failing to return in time for their first class Tuesday morning will be suspended for two weeks. Parents have been notified to this effect.

—On Tuesday afternoon the new set of stations, specially made for St. Edward's hall chapel, were erected by the chaplain, Father Carroll. Brother Columbkil encased the figures in white and gold frames at his work shop, and never has this gifted craftsman turned out a more finished piece of workmanship. When one remembers the altars, confessionals, altar rails, baptismal fonts and other objects of church decoration which this artistic worker has given to Notre Dame, this will seem high praise. Yet those who have seen the stations will feel disposed to bear out the statement. The students of St. Edward's hall owe a debt of gratitude to Bro. Columbkil for the rare pieces of art he has added to their beautiful chapel.

### Calendar.

Sunday, March 31—Palm Sunday. Mass: the Rev. President, celebrant; Rev. C. O'Donnell, deacon; Rev. T. Burke, subdeacon. Passion Rev. T. Irving (Evangelista), Rev. A. M. Kirsch (Christus), Rev. J. Maguire (Petrus), College Choir (Turba).

Brownson Literary and Debating Society. St. Joseph's Literary Society.

Wednesday, April 3—Varsity vs. Grand Rapids in baseball, Cartier Field.

Tenebrae, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday, April 4—Holy Thursday. Mass 8:00 a. m.

Very Rev. Father Provincial, celebrant; Rev. J. French, deacon; Rev. T. Irving, subdeacon

Mandatum, 3:00 p. m.

Tenebrae, 7:30 p. m.

Friday, April 5—Good Friday. Mass 8:00 a. m.

Officers same as on Palm Sunday.

Saturday, April 6—Holy Saturday. Mass 8:00 a. m.

A. A. U. Championship Track Meet at Chicago.

Varsity vs. Grand Rapids in baseball, Cartier Field

## Athletic Notes.

## GENERAL NEWS.

The Grand Rapids team of the Central League took up quarters at the University last Thursday. About twenty players are included in the band which will do its spring training here under Manager Edward Smith, coach of the Varsity. The squad will remain until April 23, the eve of the opening of the Central season.

Arnfield and Wells were last week's additions to the hospital list. Wells developed a severe attack of quinsy and has retired to the shelter of his home at Kalamazoo for medical treatment. An ill-timed slide to second base was the cause of Arnfield's injury, a collision with the man on the sack resulting in a painful bruise on the right leg.

The late arrival of spring will probably necessitate a cancellation of the games scheduled with Grand Rapids April 3 and 6, and possibly the Olivet contest scheduled for April 9. Cartier field is still in rather soggy condition, and there is little prospect of taking up work of the Varsity diamond before another week or ten days have elapsed.

The board of athletic control has awarded monograms for basketball to Captain Granfield, Feeney, McNichol, Cahill, Nowers, Kenny and Kelleher. A banquet at the Oliver hotel will bring the 1912 season to a formal close next Sunday evening. Manager Cotter will preside as toastmaster at the feast and it is rumored will call upon every member of the squad for a few words.

A tryout of track candidates for the A. A. U. championship meet to be held at Chicago, Saturday, April 6, was held yesterday. Coach Maris is undecided as to the number of men who will be entered in the Chicago classic, but the gold and blue representation will probably number about fifteen. Captain Fletcher, Wasson, Philbrook, Williams, Fisher, Hogan, Plant, Mehlem, Bergman, Cavanaugh, O'Neill and Rockne are practically certain of taking part in the meet.

Following is the lineup of the squad in the Thursday and Sunday morning practice games. Coach Smith has made no final selection of the first and second teams as yet, and this arrangement is subject to change without notice.

First Team		Second Team
Williams (Captain),	L. F.	Pliska.
Elward,	C. F.	M. Carmody.
Duggan, Lee,	R. F.	H. Newning, Lathrop.
Kenny, Gray,	C.	Guppy, Williams.
Farrell,	1 B.	Dolan, Campbell.
Arnfield,	2 B.	Rohan, McNichol.
O'Connell,	S. S.	D. Newning.
Granfield,	3 B.	A. Carmody.
Regan, Sheehan, Wells,	P.	Berger, Bergman, Kelly
Roach, McGough,		McGrath. Mehlem

## CORBY TAKES THE CUP.

In the triangular meet held March 24, Corby gained a decisive victory, leaving Sorin and Walsh to contest closely for second place. With McDonald and DeFries of Sorin and Walsh's speedy bunch going well, things looked dubious for the "Braves," but the excellent performances of Lequerica in the long runs and Donovan in the hurdles settled conclusively the holder of the interhall cup for the coming year. The twenty-three points earned by these two athletes coupled with an odd first and second now and then enabled Corby to roll up a score of 47, while Sorin nosed out Walsh by a bare two points, the figures reading 29 1-2 to 27 1-2.

Two records were made as a result of the stiff competition. DeFries hung up a mark of 5 feet 6 1-8 inches in the high jump, beating the old mark by 1-8 inch. Birder, Joyce, McLaughlin and Newning, composing Walsh's relay team ran a beautiful race and deserved the new record of 1 minute 6 seconds which they set.

Corby's sprinters were a disappointment, losing out to Birder and Newning in the dashes and to McLaughlin in the quarter mile, but this loss was more than offset by the two athletes above mentioned. Sorin also lost in the dashes. The Scholars' points were made in the field events by Regan, LeBlanc, Eichenlaub and DeFries. Walsh made the best showing considering the untried men entered, lowering time and again the colors of the veterans. Birder, Joyce, Newning, McLaughlin, and McNichol are a credit to any team. Summary:

40-yard dash—Birder, W; Newning, W; O'Connell, S. Time, 4 4-5 seconds.

High jump—DeFries, S; Donovan, C; Byrne, W. Height, 5 feet 6 1-8 inches.

Mile run—Lequerica, C; Boyle, C; Johnson, S. Time, 5 minutes 7 seconds.

220-yard dash—Bensberg C; Newning, W; Birder, W. Time, 25 2-5 seconds.

Shot put—Eichenlaub, S; Gushurst, C; LeBlanc, S. Distance, 36 feet 6 inches.

440-yard dash—McLaughlin, W; Cahill, C; Rebillot, C. Time, 57 2-5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—Donovan, C; LeBlanc, S; Joyce, W. Time, 5 2-5 seconds.

880-yard run—Lequerica, C; McNichol, W; Taylor, C. Time, 2 minutes 13 seconds.

Pole vault—DeFries, S and Dorias, C tied for first; LeBlanc, S and Powell, W tied for third. Height, 10 feet.

40-yard high hurdles—Donovan, C; LeBlanc, S; O'Neill, C. Time, 6 seconds.

Broad jump—Regan, S; O'Neill, C; LeBlanc, S. Distance, 19 feet 10 inches.

Relay race 1-3 mile—Won by Walsh (McLaughlin Birder, Joyce, Newning.) Time, 1:06.

### Safety Valve.

The design for the Staff Picture is a balloon. Watch it go up.

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Father Irving from his weather tower forecasts that throughout all the month of *Dome* everything will be unspeakably dry.

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Don't forget that full dress suits can be obtained at the news stand even as news can be obtained from the window of the haberdashery dept.

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"Is a diamond not worth the mining?" asks Twining, the cool and refining.

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The students of St. Joseph hall gave a musical, literary and hilarious entertainment last Monday evening. About 29 invited guests were present.

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### WHICH'S WHICH IN AMERICA.

Bob is our horse. That is, he is the official University horse owned by the corporate body and run by himself. Bob has held the position of official horse before Jap Lawton came, and beyond that the memory of man does not go. Therefore, for the purpose of calculation Bob was always. And it is surely no mean tribute we pay our horse, when we say he has ever carried himself well and with dignity if not with the speed of a Johnny Mehlem or a Cy Williams. He makes his daily trip to town, envied by many of the Can't-I-Go Club; he dozes betimes on the journey but he gets there finally. He returns about noon, tired but happy, and sighs resignedly while waiting to be freed from the burdens of the U. S. express. Do you ever find Bob during this interval of waiting mixing it with the St. Joe fellows rushing to the turn for seconds? No, sir. Sometimes indeed he winks at Milroy as much as to say—"I have it soft"; sometimes he has grinned at Pete Yerns' rough stuff on Socialism; sometimes he has looked peeved at Heurkamp's jokes and at Leo Condon's balloon oratory—for which we don't blame him so much. But all told, our Bob has kept the even tenor of his ways. He doesn't work hard, but he doesn't have to. He's a trifle uppish at times and hits the cement walk between the church and Carroll hall intended for the humans. Withal, Bob is a good, easy-going, safe, sensible horse that will never set the world on fire,—nor put it out either. Maggie Burns has written of him with fine discrimination: "If all of us would follow in Bob's footsteps there wouldn't be so many

drawing suspensions, or counting the days in Brownson." All which is as true as it is Maggiesque.

### THE CHILD READER SERIES.

#### Third Lesson.

What is that I see on the walk? That is a man. What kind of a man? A young man. Is he a beautiful young man? You may well say so. Is his hair red? No, it is dark and curly. What is the name of the beautiful young man with the dark and curly hair? The name of the beautiful young man with dark and curly hair is Arthur Roderick Carmody. Do you know him? Do I know him? Why it is preposterous to ask such a thing! To live at this seat of learning and not know Art Carmody, the handsomest man after his brother Mike that has ever darkened the portals of N. D! You must think I am one of Joe Heurkamp's elocution selections.

### THE MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

#### VII.—Alfred Arthur Bergman.

Mr. Bergman usually resides in Corby hall and has added his chest to swelling the chest record of "Father Farley's bunch of Braves" to quote from Del Howard's weekly output. In addition, Mr. Bergman has lovely gold teeth which you have noticed—everybody has. And that smile—where have we seen that smile before? We have never seen it before. Neither have you. It belongs to the very essence of Mr. Bergman, as they say in philosophy class—without at all comprehending. Our hero is variously called "Al," "Bergie" and "Dutch." You take your pick, gentle reader. The same Apollo Belvidere will answer to them all. "My face is my fortune," confided our little friend to us one day this week. "It cools the rising ire of profs and prefects; it conquers the fair Ones by the tens of thousands; it secures me the night permission from my beloved Rector, and saves me many a call down when on the carpet." Mr. Bergman has been doing work as a junior in economics, but recently decided "to read law," as our Mr. William Edward Cotter and our Mr. John P. Murphy technically term it.

Mr. Bergman is a member of the Corby Skiver's Association, the Can't-I-Go Club, and was recently made an honorary member of the Delinquent List by the professor of Sophomore English. At the time we were securing these facts from Mr. Bergman he was about to be interviewed by the President. Just as he left us for the interview he shook this hand of ours exclaiming—"Happy man!" "Good luck," says We, and never saw him after.

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Do not be rough on my Easter Poem," says Jesse Herr, "it is on a sacred subject." It is a profanation of a sacred subject, more correctly.

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Then there is the person of Mr. Hafy who informed the metaphysics class that a viviparous mammal is a three-legged animal.

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The Minims have their Picnic in early May, the Carrollites in mid-May; the St. Joe fellows have it now. But don't you forget—Bro. Florian will have his in June.

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'Eh, there you Walsh guys must quit kickin' Carl White's dawg aroun'!