

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 18, 1913.

No. 15.

The Sanctuary Lamp.

S. TWYMAN MATTINGLY, '16.

COME where I live, then kneel and pray.
Here do I dwell both night and day,
Giving my life, a tireless flame,
To praise the Master's holy Name.
Poor sinners in my glow repent,
Using the grace from Heaven sent;
Again, with souls refreshed and bright,
They see the altar's swinging light
Amidst a cloud of incensed air—
And know the living God is there.

A Modern Poet-Dramatist.

MORRISON A. CONWAY, '14.



HERE are few generations that have produced a poet of note but still fewer are those that have given us a dramatic-poet. The present age has been singled out and made the possessor of one of those rare beings,—a dramatic-poet,—one that has caused us to go back to our classics and read over again with renewed interest our Homer and our Dante; one with the music of Tennyson and the rhythmical beauty of Shelley; one heralded as the savior of poetry to the modern drama. To be received with enthusiasm by the English speaking people—the same that showed but a casual interest in the ambitious efforts of Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, and Ibsen,—is in itself a grand tribute to the works of Stephen Phillips.

Born in 1868, Stephen Phillips claimed descent from the Wordsworths on his mother's side. As a boy he showed a marked dislike for all compositions in verse. But a change,

he tells us himself, came at the age of fifteen. While he was ill, his mother read "Christabel" to him, and it had an extraordinary influence on him. He gave up his course at Cambridge at the end of the first term, in order to join a troop of Shakespearean actors. For a number of years he remained with this company, and though he did not gain much of a reputation as an actor, nevertheless, he became familiar with the "fingering" behind the scenes,—a knowledge that was invaluable to him in later years. In 1888 he published a pamphlet of verse, "Primavera," which, however, gave no signs of the undeveloped genius that was soon to startle England and the world. For some years following, he gave himself up to the study of blank verse, going to the ancients and analyzing their work with extreme care. The surprise came in 1896 when "Christ in Hades" made its first appearance. It immediately gave promise of a bright future for the author,—a promise renewed a year later when he published a volume of poems, and finally realized in 1899 with the production of that wonderful tragedy, "Paolo and Francesca." Following this came other poetic dramas, "Herod," "Ulysses," "The Sin of David," and "Marpessa." Concerning Phillips' rapid strides to fame, Richard le Gallienne has said: "The almost miraculous metamorphosis of Keats from a doggerel writer in ladies' albums, to the supreme poet of beauty, is hardly more striking than the sudden leap into maturity made by Mr. Phillips in two years."

In seeking to restore to the stage the poetry of the Elizabethan age, Mr. Phillips undertook a huge task. How many poets of the nineteenth century had attempted this work, and with what poor success. Did not Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Tennyson, and Browning each write one or more plays? They have all disappeared from the stage and are

seldom even read today. Yet in the face of this discouraging situation, Phillips comes to the front with such poetic dramas as "Marpessa," "Herod," and "Paolo and Francesca"—plays that have earned the right to live.

I have said that Stephen Phillips is a poet-dramatist. To give some idea of his poetry, I will quote a few passages from the above mentioned plays. In "Marpessa," Idas tells his love to Marpessa in these words:

Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because infinity upon thee broods;
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell.

In the last act of "Herod," where the old king is planning to build a wonderful temple, with a "dome of beaten gold" he muses:

And I will think in gold and dream in silver,
Imagine in marble, and in bronze conceive.

Another exquisite passage from "Ulysses," runs as follows: The wanderer is telling of his home—

This isle
Set in the glassy ocean's azure swoon,
With sward of parsley and of violet,
And poplars shivering in a silvery dream,
And swell of cedar lawn, and sandal wood,
And these low-crying birds that haunt the deep.

The plays from which I have taken these beautiful lines, almost at random, are all excellent poetic dramas,—all noble works of dramatic imagination. There remains one, however, second to none written in recent years, to which we apply absolute superlatives. "Paolo and Francesca" is a story of a great, a beating passion, a love resistless and eternal, in which "two souls together flash, and now they are as one flame." Giovanni, tyrant of Rimini, has taken Francesca, the beautiful daughter of an ally, as a bride in a purely political marriage. Giovanni's younger brother, Paolo, and Francesca fall in love with each other—"unwillingly he comes a wooing; she unwillingly is wooed." Giovanni finally suspects, and returning suddenly as from a war, finds the lovers together, and in his wrath, slays both.

From this indisputable masterpiece, where passages of rare beauty and transparent color abound, the closing of the last act will give one an idea of the delicate perception of the poet. The bodies of Paolo and Francesca, the "innocent-guilty" lovers, are borne in reverently

upon a litter. Giovanni is moved, and bending over the litter he says:

Not easily have we three come to this—we three
Who are now dead. Unwillingly
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.
They look like children fast asleep!

So much for the poetry in Stephen Phillips' dramas. Even though his plays do not survive as dramas, they will be remembered for their poetry.

The power of fate and a strong atmosphere of predestination pervades nearly all of Mr. Phillips' works. Blind Angela, in "Paolo and Francesca," foretells the coming of evil to Giovanni. Again in "Herod," the astrologer anticipates the death of Mariamme in these lines.

Herod shall famous be o'er all the world,
But he shall kill that thing which best he loves.

It is predicted, also, in "Nero" that "Nero shall reign but he shall kill his mother."

Those dramas of Mr. Phillips, which have been staged with such success, leave no doubt as to his mastery of technique. His early training as an actor brought him in close touch with the properties of stage-land. To supplement this, he possessed that bold imagination so essential to one who would draw a strong scene or create a character. He has handled a great variety of subjects with striking versatility, and is uncommonly free from conventionalities.

Like other poets, however, Phillips is not without his faults. It is noticeable in some of his works that great sacrifices have been made for the sake of poetic effect. In fact he has been censured for giving to minor characters, speeches that are too eloquent; but it may be said in extenuation, that no less a person than Shakespeare assigns to servants lines of high poetic beauty.

In his later works, Stephen Phillips did not exceed the standard set in his "Marpessa" and "Paolo and Francesca." It is regrettable to note that his late productions have subtracted somewhat from the reputation gained by his youthful efforts. Not because the element of poetry is lacking, but rather because it is not of the dramatic order. "Nero," for instance, has an abundance of good poetry in it, but the play is wanting in real characters. Agrippina seems to be the only one that possesses any action.

And yet Stephen Phillips will live for his earlier works. Had he laid aside the pen with

the completion of "Paolo and Francesca" his name would still rank with the great dramatic poets of the past.

Finally, when we refer to Stephen Phillips, we will remember him as a poet-dramatist, a master of blank verse, and the author of "Marpessa," "Herod," and "Paolo and Francesca." It has been truly said about him, "There is always the miracle of youth to comfort us; and there is the miracle of Stephen Phillips' youth, when from his pen came lines as classic in their beauty and as glowing in their fire as any Tennyson wrought with patient care or Shelley flung upon the page in his days of flaming dreams."

Sign Language.

YOU gatta cinch, Ay tal you now,
You guys from these Unites,
For spik the Eenglish language how
You undrstand heem rights.
Us fellows, so much time we lost
For read behind the lines!
But what the most ees trouble cost
Ees read those Eenglish signs.

Ay gon' to down-town yestraday,
For tekin' street-car ride,
An' jus' for spend the time away,
Ay read those signs eenside.
Been many signs as hurt me not,
But one may blood ees freeze:
"Do not from off thees street car gat
While een emotion, please."

Ay want gat off that car some way,
An' so Ay ask the man
That reeng the bell, af he will say
Just' how Ay please might can.
That man ees look me een the face
Between her eyes, an' geeve
Me thees advice: "Een thees here place,
Don' must een signs beleve."

Las' month so manny class Ay missed,
So on a sign Ay see,
As say on top, "Delinquent List,"
Ees Joe Gonzalez, Me.
The Prefec' say to me then, "Joe,
Two hundred ninety-nine
Demerits deed you gat; you know
Of what ees that a sign?"

Ay geeve a horse's laugh, an' say,
"For what you theenk Ay care
For signs,—seence yestraday
Thees keed you don' can scare."
Ay been een Brownson now, today,
For all the skive Ay mek;—
You bat Ay mind them sign as say:
"The rearway stairs mus' tek."

"El Caballo de Oro."

JAMES V. ROBINS, '15.

He had struggled forward with the rest of the *remuda* as long as he could; but his strength had at last failed him, and he was left behind in a cloud of white dust. He was motherless, and hungry. His nostrils were irritated by the sting of the alkaline dust, and in vain he rubbed his nose against his foreleg. Time after time he gave way to exhaustion and lay down under the sparse protection of a *mesquite*. But each time the bloodcurdling yelp of a coyote would sound through the still night and drive him to his feet, trembling with terror and fatigue. All night long he continued in this manner, alternately resting and fleeing. Morning found him in a little draw just below the o2 Ranch.

Eunice Blaine, in the act of filling a water pitcher from the *olla* which hung from a limb of a scrub oak, was startled by a warm, velvety touch on her hand. Turning suddenly she confronted a very small and very awkward "dogie" colt. He was a bright sorrel, but at the first instant appeared grey on account of a thick coating of dust on his drawn flanks.

"Oh, you poor little darling," she said, putting her arms around his neck. Never in his short life had the little colt met with such sympathy, but he stood there without resistance, yielding to her impulsive caresses. That first meeting with the warm-hearted eastern girl was indeed a fortunate one for him, for through her demands he was received by the ranch foreman and driven into the corral. No longer an outcast, he had now a home and a certain status, and—best of all—kind friends. Even the hardened punchers became possessed of a regard for a "dogie" which was hitherto utterly lacking in them. Ordinarily he would have appeared to them as an insignificant colt of small consequence, but ardently championed by this blue-eyed beauty, he acquired a new importance. From the boss to the horse-wrangler, every one idolized the pretty Easterner, and some measure of this regard was transferred to the "dogie" colt.

Two years had elapsed, when one morning the stage reined up in front of the o2 ranch.

A blue-eyed girl, apparently no stranger, stepped to the ground. Almost her first inquiry related to the "dogie" colt, now a handsome "three-year old."

The ranch boss, thus questioned, swept his gauntleted hand in a vague arc that took in most of the Black Range.

"Up there somewhere," he said quietly. "Flopped Martinez against the bunk house, bruised him up, and *vamoosed*."

He did not tell her, however, of the sickening scene incident to the sorrel's departure, when Martinez, infuriated, stretched the horse senseless with a convenient two-by-four, and kneeling on the beautiful head, slashed the tender jaws, leaving two long gaping wounds. With saddle and bridle removed, the horse had stood sick and trembling in one corner of the corral until, filled with pain and a mad desire to gain the far-off blue mountains, he broke through the high board fence and sped swiftly up the cañon. Reaching the pasture fence he scaled it in a bound and was gone.

For three years the oz outfit heard of him only by reputation. His fame as a notorious outlaw was echoed throughout Sierra County. With almost human ingenuity he evaded the numerous traps set for him. Fleeter than the fastest cow pony, warier than a mountain lion, he evaded all contrivances designed to make him again a slave of man. Often as the sun set in scarlet splendor behind the mighty ranges toward the west he would appear alone on some high point, bathed in its golden rays. And from a distance he seemed indeed what the Mexicans termed him "El Caballo de Oro," the Golden Horse. Every puncher, from Chloride to the Rio Grande, secretly desired to master and flaunt as his own this magnificent sorrel. Desires led to deeds. Even "El Caballo de Oro" was not infallible, for at last came the day when he fell into the cleverly drawn net of the boys of the "O-Pitchfork" outfit. It took Jim Hiler and six of his punchers three days to ride him down. On the afternoon of the third day, when the horse struggled down to the creek, Jim, mounted on invincible "Old Jack" caught up with him and roped him. Summoning his failing strength "El Caballo de Oro" fought long and furiously, and succumbed only when another rope attached to his feet had stretched him out. They did not attempt to ride him that day or the next.

and when on the third day seven punchers vainly attempted the feat, he was declared to be the equal of the famous "Hell on Wheels." Finding their skill of little avail against his extraordinary strength and cunning wiles, they decided to take him on the morrow to Juarez across the mountain where a big fair was in progress. There they would get their horse broken well, or at least they would have rare fun.

It was a great day in Juarez. Scores of tourists and Westerners treaded their way to "Cow Boy Park." In the grandstand sat thousands of chattering, gesticulating, boisterous Mexicans, cow boys, and tourists. Enthusiasm had somewhat dwindled, however, because the famous outlaws who were to test the riding ability of the best riders in the Southwest had failed to come up to expectations. In the southern end of the grandstand a few disgusted "O-Pitchfork" punchers started the cry of "Bring on the Golden Plug." Some Mexicans took it up, and speedily it was echoing throughout the whole grounds. In response to the insistent clamor there was led onto the field a magnificent sorrel horse with a strip of blanket tied across his eyes. Golden he was indeed, for his resplendent coat reflected the rays of the sun like burnished copper. A man on a cream-colored horse loped up and stopped in front of the grandstand and called for volunteers.

A sudden silence descended upon the throng. Many a cow boy stirred uneasily, but none could get up enough courage to go forth. There was a sudden stir as a short, bow-legged Mexican jumped to the ground. Everyone recognized Martinez, the well-known rider. Those who knew him realized that his braggadocio bearing was prompted by a morning's dissipation; and, though his features carried a grin, they did not conceal the pallor of a man who was half afraid. Again to the distended nostrils of "El Caballo de Oro" came the scent of his old enemy. As soon as the Mexican was in the saddle the blindfold was removed. For a few minutes the horse stood as if petrified. Then with a frenzied bawl he leaped straight into the air and came down on two stiff forelegs.

From the Mexican border to the Colorado boundary, men have not yet ceased to talk of the fight of "El Caballo de Oro" and Martinez, the Mexican. For never before nor since

has such animal fury or such human skill been witnessed. For eight minutes the horse bucked without avail. For the same period of time the Mexican rode as one possessed. Up and down the audience it was whispered that the horse had met his master. Then, as if with deliberate intent, the enraged beast turned and headed for the high board fence. His doomed rider must have had a premonition of what was about to occur, for he tried to alter the course, but in vain. By some strange telepathy this knowledge must have been borne to the hundreds in the stand. The cheering changed into silence. There was not a sound as horse and rider crashed into the fence. A hoarse bawl, a muffled curse, the sound of splintering wood, and the tragedy was over. They dragged Martinez forth, an unrecognizable mass of pulp. With silent awe they gazed at the other heap of quivering flesh. Pierced by innumerable splinters, his neck broken, and his shining flanks splashed with the Mexican's blood, the horse had at last found the freedom he had sought. Never more would he know the feel of the saddle or the touch of the spur.

Reveries.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

[F only such an hour might keep
 Its tranquil evening splendor;
 And nightingales would cease to weep,
 And Day would ne'er surrender!

If aspens in the breeze that bend
 On knolls above the river,
 Defiance to the night might send,
 And not in darkness quiver!

That golden glintings never wane
 The yonder hill-tops blessing!
 That light and shadow in the lane
 Might always be caressing!

That all the birds above that fly,
 Without apparent motion,
 Might ever hover in the sky,
 Like ships becalmed at ocean.

So may my heart forever keep
 The memories that are dying,
 For soon in churchyard mold I'll sleep
 Without her mem'ries lying.

Patience.

JACOB R. GEIGER, '14.

THOUGH today be filled with sadness,
 Wild the winds, o'ercast the sky,
 Morn will break with promised gladness,—
 Heave no more thy restless sigh.

Transitory things are sorrows
 Earthly joys will pass away;
 All todays will be tomorrows,—
 Yesterday was once today.

For the world goes on forever,
 Heeding neither joy nor pain.
 Time is flying, stopping never,—
 Use it!—'twill not come again.

Four Great Actors.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

What actors are so fitly called great as those who successfully devote their talents to portraying Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic writer the world has ever produced, who might well be called the father of the English language? It is the most noble of all artistic callings to interpret such an author to the crowd whose theatrical tastes so readily sink to the mire.

Foremost among the "Representative Men" who championed the classic drama at different periods are Garrick, who, along with Samuel Johnson and other English immortals of his age, impressed Shakespeare's importance upon the world; Booth, that more worthy son of a worthy father who brought to America the palm that Forrest, Kean, and other Englishmen had borne before; Mansfield, who seems to have come nearer being Booth's successor than any one else; and finally Mantell, whom William Winter has described as the foremost man on the American stage today.

David Garrick was of Huguenot lineage. He was born at Hereford in 1716. His father was an officer in the British army, and was located at Gibraltar during most of Garrick's boyhood. At nineteen Garrick entered Samuel Johnson's school at Edial, which, however, was disbanded in six months on account of the lack of pupils and funds. But no doubt much of Garrick's subsequent success may be attributed to those six months under Dr. Johnson. The great

intellect of Johnson was responsible for the achievements of more than one of his contemporaries. Both the master and pupil left their short-lived Alma Mater for London with only four pence between them. Here, however, Garrick was taken in by friends, and a short time after he was bequeathed the sum of one thousand pounds by an uncle. With this capital he and his brother entered into partnership as wine merchants. Fortunately for the theatrical world the company soon failed. About half of Garrick's small fortune was lost. But how could one whose heart was on the stage be expected to prosper in selling wine?

Garrick started out as a dramatic critic and also tried his hand as playwright. His first attempt at professional performance was at Goodmans Fields where he was made substitute for a sick actor. He next appeared on the Provincial boards, playing as Aboan in "Oroonoka." His success assured his career. October 19, 1741, he acted the leading part in Richard III and won unstinted applause. In rapid succession he increased his fame in "Lear," "Pierre," and other lighter rôles. Pope attended his first "run" three times, and said of Garrick: "This young man never had his equal as an actor, and he never will have a rival." He literally set London agog, gaining the praise of litterateurs, statesmen, and great men, and the patronage of nobility.

After a season's performance in Ireland and an engagement at Covent Garden, Garrick, in conjunction with one, Lacy, purchased Drury Lane theatre and under his own management opened it with a strong company. Johnson wrote the prologue for the first night. But the erratic old doctor did not always take delight in his old pupil. Garrick had run Johnson's "Irene" for nine performances, but not without trouble from both the public and the author. Johnson complained when Garrick was forced to strike out certain passages. He said that Garrick wanted the characters to act like lunatics for the sake of a few gestures. Garrick was fickle and sometimes light; at least, so thought Dr. Johnson. Goldsmith has these lines on the great actor:

An actor on the stage, he was simple, natural, affecting.
'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
He cast off his friends like a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.

Garrick was a successful man, a peerless actor, and a good playwright. He lent his talent and influence to the higher sort of entertainment. Of all Shakespeare's plays, his acting was most happy in "Lear." But his talents were not confined to heavy drama alone. Garrick was equally good as a comedian. Goldsmith touches this point also with his pen in "Retaliation."

Our Garrick is a salad for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, and saltness agree.

Versatility was Garrick's supreme characteristic. Not only was he able to assume all varieties of rôles, but with the utmost rapidity he could change his moods and passions while on the stage.

After many years of public success, Garrick married and retired from the stage to enjoy repose, but his life's work was ended; he soon found repose in the grave in 1779.

A medal given to Edwin Booth by the people of New York bears the inscription, "Ferat qui meruit palmam." Certainly Booth deserves the thanks of all America, for "Hamlet," "Caesar," and "Richelieu" were never so at home in this country as when Booth acted them. His boyhood was a preparation for his career. Born on his father's farm in Maryland, 1833, Booth grew up keeping company with his father as that strange genius went from place to place acting "Richard III," for the elder Booth loved Edwin above all, and was influenced by this son more than any other when those strange fits of aberration to which he was subject were upon him. When the father and son were in New York to act at a little festival given in the elder's honor, the father, just before time for his entrance, refused to appear. The audience was expectant; Edwin urged his father to go on, but the father replied: "Go and act the part yourself." That night the audience were thrilled to see a mere stripling of a boy handling like a master the difficult rôle of Richard III.

A year or so later Booth, with his father and brother, made a tour of the far West. The venture proved unsuccessful. The elder Booth left his sons in the West and died on his way home. Booth endured a few years of hardship in the unsettled country during which time he made a trip to Australia. Then he returned East to win the applause of his countrymen in the tragic rôles for which he seemed to have been born. He married in 1861 and made

a tour of England. But this country was not greatly appreciative of him. After a season in the old country, Booth returned to fulfil an engagement at the Winter Garden, with which he was connected during the remainder of his career. When this theatre was burnt, Booth had one constructed on the same spot and named it after himself. He spared no expense to make it beautiful as well as substantial. But Booth was better as an actor than as a manager. He was never successful as far as the ticket office was concerned. He was essentially a dreamer. The reality of his life had something in common with those theories of tragedy he so ably represented; something in common with Hamlet; yes, something in common with Macbeth. The wife he so fondly loved died three years after their marriage, leaving him desolate though not stricken. We all know of the mad act of John Wilkes Booth, Edwin Booth's brother. The dastardly crime committed by his brother in the murder of President Lincoln so wounded the actor's pride of family and filled him with such sorrow and regret that he retired from the stage intending never to return. But he yielded finally to the demand of the people and his own restlessness, and returned after a time. Booth's acting was essentially idealistic, as contrasted with the realism of Garrick. Booth was stately and heroic in his lines, while Garrick gave them the swing of common conversation. Garrick was at his greatest when portraying Lear. None have ever equalled Booth as Hamlet. He made Hamlet a poetic ideal. When Booth acted this rôle, one saw not the "stout and thick of breath" Dane but the ideal. Booth was decidedly aesthetic, and had nothing in common with the gross material age which has been a bane to our stage as well as to everything else ennobling.

After a great career, Edwin Booth died in 1893 at "The Players" club which he had founded, and was buried beside his first wife.

About the time of Booth's death, Richard Mansfield was just gaining prominence as an actor of heavy parts on the stage. A little later he became known as the greatest exponent of Shakespeare.

Mansfield's mother was Madam Ruddersdorf, one of the most famous prima donnas of her time. His father, an Englishman, died when Mansfield was only three years old. His mother had to travel to fulfil her engagements, and

so he was left to the care of servants and tutors. He lived in France, Germany, Italy and England, and in those countries became proficient in the several languages deemed essential to education. About the time he was entering his teens his mother moved to Boston, and at her home the lad met the most distinguished men of the country. When he became a little older he worked as a clerk, but soon grew tired of this and went to England to win fame and fortune. Every man that nature fits for great things has to be disciplined in the school of failure and suffer much before he is permitted to gain the mountain-top of greatness. It was in London that Mansfield underwent his probation. His mother gave him an allowance of one hundred pounds per month. This was not enough for the dashing youngster, and so, in order to increase his income, he began to give private recitals. His mother heard of this and cut off his entire allowance. Then came the period of soleless shoes, attic rooms, and breakfasts on one hot potato.

Mansfield's first step up was made when he secured a part in "Pinafore." Then he came to America and after acting several comic parts was finally starred as a Shakespearean actor. He died in 1907, after a full measure of success, lamented by the literary and dramatic world.

Little need be said about Robert Mantell, for he still treads the boards, and parades his merit before the judgment of all. Then, too, there are besides him several claimants for the honor of first Shakespearean actor, such as Forbes Robertson and Southern. Mantell is excellent in Lear, Macbeth, and King John, though disappointing in Hamlet and Othello. Stormy and bloodcurdling scenes seem to be Mantell's own native element.

Early in his career he was leading man to one or two female stars, but never gained much reputation until he acted the part of Ipanoff in Sardou's melodrama, "Fedora." In the second act Ipanoff enters and relates a murder. Mantell did this with such dramatic force, such power of terrible and repressed passion, and he so swayed his audience by his dramatic emotion that the incident has become historic in the annals of stage-land. By this bit of success, Mantell's reputation was assured, and since then he has been the bright star of his own company which has played to full houses in all parts of the country.

Varsity Verse.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

When summer came the flies began to bite,
 Dust filled my nostrils and put out my sight,
 The earth grew parched, the green grass faded brown,
 The weather-man and tree-toad promised rain,
 But each was Ananias o'er again,—

A seven-times heated oven scorched the town.
 "Plagues of old Egypt!" wrathfully I cried,
 "Take summer, Lord, let winter here abide."

Winter, blest season of cool days and nights!
 That chills to death each vicious bug that bites,
 Come and be mine! I want to hold thee fast
 Here to my heart. Put out the fevered fire
 That fills my skin with hives and blotches dire,—

Rid me of dust with thy all-powerful blast.
 Then will I smile and say, "'Tis now I live!"—
 When I enjoy the peace 'tis yours to give.

And winter came—and with it snow and sleet,
 Sore throat, cracked lips, rheumatics, and cold feet.

The blast that froze the flies now freezes me.
 The dust is gone, but in its place I tread
 On slippery ice that throws me on my head,

While snowball firing youngsters shout with glee.
 "O Lord," I start my prayer, "this beats the deuce!
 Send summer back once more—but—what's the use?"

W. H.

THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.

It isn't like the winter that our grand-dads used to
 know,

All icicles and frosty air and "spellin bees" and snow.
 There's balmy air and sunshine and the season's out
 of whack,

The weatherman's distracted and the birds are
 coming back.

H. W.

WHEN I AM BROKE.

When I am broke and can not go
 To town to view the passing show,
 Then life is neither gay nor bright;
 Then dark the day and drear the night,
 And hard my weary way and slow.

I'm shunned alike by friend and foe,
 And though I search both high and low
 I can not find a pal in sight

When I am broke.

Their cheery songs I hear and know
 Their path with happiness aglow;

But not a single ray of light

Escapes to drive the awful blight

From off my heart—I'm filled with woe

When I am broke. V. D. R.

His Pal.

PHILIP V. BOYLAN, '16.

A cold, biting, January storm was raging in New York. The driving rain and sleet, freezing as it fell, caused pedestrians and vehicles to move cautiously along the ice-coated thoroughfares. The warm yellow lights shining from the windows of fine mansions and the dull glare of street lamps falling on the pavements made striking contrasts with the shadows that lurked in the dark corners and unlighted nooks. Frequently a man on foot, breasting the storm, passed down the street, coat collar turned high, hat pulled down close. A policeman came out of the darkness, stood for a moment under a swinging arc light, and then silently passed again into the darkness beyond. Occasionally a taxicab with flashing lights appeared and, with a swish of water, was gone. An owl car passed with its silent, sleepy-eyed passengers. Its startling clang and the blue flashes of fire on the wires added weirdness to the scene.

Later still, when only the lights of a few club-houses shone into the darkness, a small boy struggled bravely along, carefully protecting a few newspapers under his ragged coat. Behind him tagged a small, bedraggled white pup, his tail down and his ears lying flat. His whole intent appeared to be to keep his master between himself and the storm.

Suddenly the little newsboy stopped to gaze wistfully through the plate-glass window of a luxurious coupé standing at the curb. He marvelled at the plush seats, the flowers in the glass vase, the silver-plated trimmings, and the other beautiful appointments.

"Gee, some class to the dame what owns that machine," he murmured thoughtfully. He cocked his head sideways and addressed his scrawny looking pet:

"Now, dog, if I had some o' her cash, I'd buy you a swell spiked collar and have that bum looking tail cut short."

The little paper merchant was just starting away when he chanced to look up and saw the chauffeur. Business was his first thought. In a shrill, small voice he addressed the man:

"Paper, mister?" The driver looked down on the boy and growled.

"Naw, I don't want any paper!"

"Buy one for the lady, then?"

"Say you," called the chauffeur crossly, "beat it!"

"Oh, all right," he replied airily, and turning to his dog, he said confidentially: "Come on, pup, nothing doin' for us on this here street. They're too swell."

He had barely started when, with a bump, he collided with a well-dressed young man coming across the walk to his car. He slipped and fell, losing hold of his papers which spread over the ground and were soiled with the rain and slush. Getting up quickly he faced the young clubman with a frightened look on his small, pinched face.

"'Scuse me, Mister, I didn't see you."

"That's all right, sonny. What's your price for the papers?"

"I aint got no price, but you can have the papers for two bits."

The man opened his thick coat, unmindful of the storm, displaying a dress suit and white shirt bosom. He reached somewhat awkwardly into his pocket and handed the money to the boy.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy as the gentleman stepped into his car, and with a whir of the motor and a crunching of the gears, was gone.

"That guy's crazy," remarked the little merchant to his dog. "Them papers 'uz worth about ten cents."

As he looked down at his pal as if expecting an answer, another owl car passed, and his eyes opened in amazement as he gazed at a roll of bills on the ground beside the dog. When the light shed by the car had passed, he groped in the dark for the small packet and at last clutched it eagerly.

"Well, old pal, I'll get you a collar now, sure." Meanwhile he walked slowly along thinking of hot coffee, beans, and a soft bed, when suddenly he remembered the police.

"The bulls'll get me sure if I keep this money," he thought aloud. "Well, I'll get the eats and give the guy his money when I see him again."

Next evening the newsboy was at the curb when the clubman stepped out of his car.

"Say, Mister, here's your money."

The clubman looked around and beheld the little street urchin proffering him the roll of bills.

"Oh, thank you, my boy. What is your name?"

"Name?" the boy asked in an astonished tone.

"I aint got no name—they just call me Mugsy; but my dog's name is 'Pup,' and he can lick any dog in town."

Mr. Fred Clayton, wealthy clubman and general good fellow, took the little urchin by the arm and led him up the broad steps and into the club,—an act unprecedented in that fashionable resort. The boy beheld wealth in all its gorgeous attire, marble columns, rich tapestries, and large, inviting leather chairs. His new friend escorted him into the grill and ordered dinner for the youngster,—a dinner the like of which he had never before eaten. But suddenly the youth started and looked down beside him. His precious dog was not there.

"Where's Pup?"

With a dash he was away, but was soon back carrying the little shivering animal in his arms, and unselfishly divided his meal with his pal. When the little fellow had finished he was led to the door by his benefactor.

"Here are ten dollars," he said, as he placed the bill in the boy's hand. "Now tell me what you are going to do with it."

"Well—just goin' to buy a new spiked collar for my dog," he answered with decision.

"Why?" questioned the clubman.

"Because—well, just because he's one fine scrapper, and the best friend I've got."

What Time May Bring.

ANDREW I. SCHREYER, '13.

But yesterday a beaming rose
Held high its fragrant head;
While balmy dew's caressed its brow,
And winds its perfume spread.
To-day it is a withered form;
Its fragrance all is lost;
The summer winds have since grown cold,
The dew's have changed to frost.

So, too, while Fortune smiles on us,
While wealth and fame still gleam;
We have a countless host of friends,
And life is all a dream.
But mark! when Fortune dons a frown,
And Time bids youth depart,
We'll be as friendless as the rose
That lost its charming art.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLVI. JANUARY 18, 1913. No. 15.

Board of Editors.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13	WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13
LOUIS J. KILEY, '13	JOHN F. O'CONNELL, '13
WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13	THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13
FRANK C. STANFORD, '13	JOHN T. BURNS, '13
WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14	JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14
MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14	ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15
FRANK H. BOOS, '15.	

—On last Monday the real presidential election was held when the electors met in the forty-eight state capitols and cast their ballots. We listened for the
The Electoral enraged bellow of the Moose,
Ballot Cast. and expected to hear of him
“rushing his enemies off their feet” and snatching at the juicy morsel handed to his “delighted” rival. But no jungle sounds broke the calm stillness of the afternoon. Only two more chances remain: when Wilson is formally recognized as President by the House and Senate in joint session February 12, and at his inauguration on March 4. These are forlorn hopes, of course, but scarcely more forlorn than that of last November 5.

—Thomas F. Marshall, in his address at the inauguration of his successor to the governorship of Indiana, said: “I go hence at the
mandate of the people
Governor Marshall's of the republic to assume
Farewell. new responsibilities and
to discharge new duties.
Whatever may be the measure of my performance, I pledge so to conduct myself as to live up to the highest ideal of an honorable Hoosier; to be worthy in character of the very best of Indiana's civilization.”

The vice-president elect might have put

all that in much shorter form by saying: “I will continue to do as I have done in the past.” We know the governor Marshall that was, and from that knowledge we can judge the vice-president Marshall that will be. For high moral sense, clear enlightenment of vision, and unapproachable integrity he will bear the palm.

—The women are getting away with it! They have successfully invaded all the branches of industry and skill that for ages have been regarded as under man's sole
The Game and dominion. There are woman
the Candle. doctors, lawyers, preachers, dentists, detectives, school principals, grocers, and butchers. They are to be found in every business except the saloon business. No, we withdraw the exception; there were bar-maids and lady tapsters a hundred years ago. The trade is slightly out of fashion now, but, doubtless, will come back. The mayor of a good-sized town in Wyoming is a woman; a woman is a member of the electoral college of Colorado and will carry the record of the recent vote of that body to President Wilson. Latest of all, we hear that a woman was one of the candidates for the presidency of France in yesterday's election. Even now she may be head of the realm of Charlemagne and Pepin.

This is great success in getting what they went after, no doubt, but we can not help connecting with it the great increase in the distressing stories of children neglected and poorly trained, of the privileges and responsibilities of motherhood shirked, of woman's clubs displacing the family circle, and of homes and lives wrecked in the divorce courts. It is a game that is scarcely worth the candle.

—United States Senator Joseph W. Bailey is now Joseph W. Bailey, private citizen. The long-threatened valedictory to the Senate
has been spoken, and
The Exit of Bailey. is already forgotten. It was not a great speech. It was feeble; it hugged the ground. The inspiration of a great cause was absent, and no motive but vanity and bitterness lent its aid. Those who have heard him, in the days of his power, say that he was the finest speaker in the Senate. What a fall was here! The leader of the United States Senate, after great

preparation and advertising, with the opportunity of a splendid dramatic triumph in his hands, fails, and fails miserably. If Joseph Bailey had been a loyal and wronged statesman, if the charges against him were the fictions of political enemies and not the truthful record of his own misdeeds, if Bailey knew that he was leaving the Senate with his ledger unstained and with the consciousness that he had served the country and not himself, if he could feel that his farewell was a message of truth and not a tissue of lies, his speech would have been the master effort of his life, and would be remembered by the remotest posterity. But behind oratory there must be truth.

—The appalling prevalence of the sin of blasphemy is one of the most incomprehensible phenomena of modern society. Blasphemy and oaths are the **The Blot of Blasphemy.** language of hell, and to hear them on the lips of men who profess Christianity is the most repulsive of paradoxes. The man whose assertions are emphasized with blasphemies, or who habitually drags God's fair name into his idle or scurrilous speech, shows that he despises the God who made him and laid down His life for him upon the cross; he insults his neighbor by befouling the name of Him to whom that neighbor owes all love, obedience, and adoration; he makes himself the most despicable of creatures,—for he deliberately panders to the devil.

Christ forgave thieves, liars, adulterers, and murderers,—and it is more than a mere accident or coincidence that there is nowhere in the Scriptures any record of His pardoning a blasphemer. A man may be tempted to lie, or steal, or commit other sins, and fall in the combat. The blasphemer has no such excuse. Of his own free volition he expatriates himself, and sets about preparing to be naturalized in hell by using the vocabulary of the devil.

In the middle ages knights laid down their lives to save their ladies' names from insult. Is silent sufferance, then, the proper attitude of a man when he hears the name of God degraded in the mire of filthy conversation? Is it not the duty of any self-respecting rational animal, whether or not he be a Catholic and a member of the Holy Name Society, not only to revere the name of God himself, but to resent its insult by others?

The Irish Players.

The widespread and varied comment occasioned by the American tour of the Irish players is a fair criterion of the very general interest excited by their definite and pleasing departure from the conventional and the stereotyped in the drama. Certainly the freshness and vigor of their plays, so evident in the three sketches presented in Washington hall on Friday last will commend them to a theatre-going public satiated with the cloying comedies and sordid "problem plays" that have usurped the American stage. In the wholesome simplicity of these sketches could be detected none of the florid emotionalism or strained striving at humor that has come to be the accepted thing in our own theatres.

Their first offering, "Kathleen-Ni-Houlihan," by William Butler Yeats, was an allegorical typification of Ireland, suggested by the numberless tragedies that have attended her struggle for freedom. Miss Sara Allgood, in the title-rôle, fascinated her audience by a weirdness suggestive of the banshee of Irish legend. The well-known Celtic propensity for quarreling as a pastime, was humprously portrayed in the second sketch, "The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory. Though practically devoid of plot, and with very little action, the interest is sustained throughout by mirth-provoking dialogue. The third and final play, "The Rising of the Moon," also by Lady Gregory, illustrated the soft-hearted fellow-feeling never absent in a true son of Erin.

All three sketches were rather remarkable for a striking simplicity of incident, but the superb character portrayal and pleasing personality of the performers barred any possibility of monotony.

A very pleasant surprise was the presence of Lady Gregory, who was cordially welcomed and introduced to the audience by Father Cavanaugh. Lady Gregory who is a well known authoress and one of the foremost figures in the Irish literary world, spoke briefly of the plays presented, of her efforts to realize the hopes of an Irish theatre, and of the success that has everywhere attended the company in its tour of the United States.

"Everywoman" by Professor Koehler.

"Everywoman" Walter Browne's renowned metaphorical masterpiece, as interpreted by Professor Charlemagne Koehler in Washington hall Wednesday evening, certainly merits the New York critic's verdict of "the greatest allegory since Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.'"

The characters in this remarkable play typify moral and social abstractions, and the whole is modeled after the historic "morality" plays that enjoyed so great a vogue in medieval ages. Nevertheless, the author's years of painstaking effort are manifest in a finished drama that is strictly modern, fresh, and vigorous, unmarred by ephemeral cant or trite moralizing.

The plot of this singularly interesting play revolves about "Everywoman's" quest for King Love the First. Accompanied by Youth, Beauty, and Modesty, hitherto inseparable associates, she sets out upon her mission. Her experiences with Wealth, Conscience, Passion, and such other personified qualities as Greed, Self, and Vanity, leave her disillusioned and deserted. After she has undergone many vicissitudes, Truth, in the guise of an old gray-haired woman, leads her back to her own fireside, where she finds awaiting to welcome her, the long-sought King Love.

Professor's Koehler's great talent and undoubted genius were never more apparent than in his excellent portrayal of the many diversified characters that figure in this unique play. To one less gifted than Professor Koehler, the assumption of so many diversified rôles would present a practical impossibility; but with that rare versatility that has contributed to so many successes, he handled every phase equally well, treating the minor characters with the same facility and attention to detail that featured his impersonations of "Everywoman" and "Nobody." In short, his characterization was so exact in technique, that each abstraction stood out as clearly and forcefully as a flesh and blood character. "Everywoman" is deservedly acclaimed as the finest presentation of the year, and this latest of his many triumphs serves only to strengthen our conviction that Professor Koehler is, indeed, a master in his profession.

In the intermission periods, James Wasson, Arthur Carmody, and William Hicks entertained us with several excellent vocal and in-

strumental selections. Mr. Wasson rendered two splendid solos, and was so roundly applauded that he responded with equally pleasing encores. A violin solo by Mr. Carmody also earned that talented young musician an insistent encore.

All in all, no entertainment of this season was more cordially received or more thoroughly enjoyed than the one presented on last Wednesday evening.

Fourth Year of Apostolate Library.

The purpose for which this library was established, namely, the fostering of a taste for reading of an elevating kind, has been achieved. Many of the students, it is true, have not formed acquaintance with the more serious books of the library, and those that read the Catholic fiction do not always choose the best. This is not to be wondered at, for the best in literature is never appreciated without cultivating a taste for it.

In any case, the library has met a real want in supplying reading that is not harmful, thus preventing the reading of much that is positively bad. Unfortunately, the taste for trashy reading is very common among young men and boys, and any effort to prevent or check such a habit is deserving of the highest commendation.

Several books of exceptional excellence were thoroughly appreciated, as the number of readers testifies. "My New Curate" (Sheehan) had 22 readers; "Vera's Charge (Reid), 34; "Philip's Restitution" (Reid), 38 readers; "Fabiola" (Wiseman), 33 readers; "Mother" (Norris), 26 readers.

As was to be expected, fiction was usually chosen by the students. Such reading is naturally the most attractive and offers a change from the more serious work of the class-room. Works from the pens of Reid, Benson, Sheehan, Ward, Norris, Wiseman, Skinner, and Ayscough can not be excelled, and any student that reads these authors will be immensely benefited.

The number of readers during 1912, obtained by actual count from the library cards, was 551; but, no doubt, another hundred to account for the books lent to friends of the borrower might truthfully be added to this number.

The voluntary contributions to the library during 1912 amounted to \$71.95, which sum, added to that obtained in the three previous

years, made a total of \$361.77. Among the more generous contributors, either in money or books, were Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C., Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., Mrs. A. L. Sweet, Brothers Casimir and Bede, Professors Maurus and Steiner, Messrs. P. Mann, E. Downey, D. Ranahan, T. Ward, J. Manion, W. McMahon, J. Gunster, and T. Mackin.

Society Notes.

SENIOR PREPS.

Last Monday evening the Senior Preps of the University met and elected their officers for the coming six months. Daniel Hilgartner was the popular choice for president. In his speech he thanked his young companions for the office they had intrusted to him and told them of his intention to push the society to success.

The other officers elected for 1913 are: vice-president, Vincent Mooney; secretary, William Case; treasurer, Melville Sullivan; Chaplain, Father McNamara. The regular meetings of the society will be held the first Monday of every month.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The regular meeting of the Holy Cross Literary Society was held on Sunday evening, January 12. A one-act farce, "The Spivvins Company" was enacted by Messrs. Allan Heiser, William Burke, Charles Flynn, Walter Remmes, and William Lyons. The gentlemen interpreted their respective parts excellently and elicited both laughter and applause as testimony of their success. Mr. Alfred Brown and his charmed piccolo captured the full attention of the audience. Mr. Frank Hanrahan's story was unusual in its plot and pleasing in its humor. Mr. Matthew Coyle awakened many happy reminiscences when he concluded the program with the song "Give me a good Cigar."

Personals.

—Our old friend, "Al" Bergman of Peru, Indiana, spent a few days of last week with his brother, Arthur, of Corby hall.

—Albert Meyers, Coach of the Princeton University basketball team, was the guest of Athletic manager Cotter during the week.

—The Hon. Timothy R. Ansberry (LL.

B. '98) is a member of the House committee on Ways and Means which is now engaged on the revision of the tariff.

—Eugene C. Shaunlow, of Chicago, a student in St. Edward's from '96 to '02, visited Notre Dame last Sunday. Mr. Shaunlow is an expert accountant in the employ of a prominent Chicago accounting firm.

—Varnum Parish (Litt. B. '08) is now a member of the law firm of Gower, Cooper, Hobbie, and Parish with offices at 33-36 City National Bank Building, Kankakee, Illinois, and in the Momence State & Savings Bank Bldg., Momence, Illinois.

—John "Divy" Devine of Chicago was a caller at the University on Friday last. "Divy" has become junior member of the law firm of Howell, Howard, and Devine of South Bend. "Divy" reports that the trials of the young lawyer are not unbearable, and sees success ahead of him.

—Paul R. Martin (student '06-'09) was appointed last Saturday to the position of general press director of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway and also of the Ocean-to-Ocean Highway Movement. Mr. Martin's work as a publicity man for Ringling Brothers, the Bobbs-Merill Co., and various other business concerns, has already made him known as one of the foremost men in his profession.

—"It seldom falls to the lot of a public officer," says Governor Harmon of Ohio, "to do so much good for the interests and good name of the State as the present Attorney-General has done." Congratulations to the Hon. Timothy S. Hogan, who lectured recently in Washington hall.

—"Dummy" Smith, welterweight, and "Joe" Costello, lightweight, our local wrestlers, have been entered by Coach Nelson to compete for the A. A. U. Western Championship belt at Chicago on Friday and Saturday. "Dummy" will take on all comers of his class. Here's hoping that he gives them the Zybysco treatment and comes back with the honors.

—Francis H. McKeever, president of the Notre Dame club of Chicago, is a partner of Governor-elect Edward F. Dunne of Illinois, and will direct the affairs of the firm of Dunne, McKeever, & Dunne during the four years incumbency of the senior partner. Mr. McKeever's assistance to Manager Cotter in connection with the Marquette game and his

efforts on behalf of the alumni of Chicago to make pleasant the stay of the football team in the metropolis will long be remembered by the members of the squad.

—We quote the following from a letter received from Mr. F. J. Enaje, father of Francisco Enaje (C. E. '12):

"I have pleasure in informing you, Reverend Father, that my son Francisco, after travelling through Europe, arrived in Manila on Sept. 14th. He came to his home to rest for a few days after which he is to assume the office which has been entrusted to him by the Governor of the Islands and which is that of Auxiliary Engineer of Public Works. The press in Manila have published his biography, and have given him the distinction of being the first engineer of this province."

Local News.

—FOUND—A bunch of keys. Owner may obtain same from Brother Alphonsus.

—So far King Winter has been January Thaw. We wish his highness would drop his alias and come out like an honest gentleman.

—The Infirmary is filled to the roof with patients confined with colds or the grip. Let this bit of information be conclusive proof that it is wiser to spend one dollar for rubbers than five for medicine.

—What's the matter with Sorin? Doesn't *anything* ever happen there? They haven't had a local, a personal, or a want ad in so long that we would imagine the place untenanted if we didn't see it lit up in spots at night.

—If our debating team isn't up to standard this year it won't be because of lack of material. Forty-three speakers are listed. Three preliminaries will take place, allowing every man his chance. The first try-out February 10th.

—With a richness of brogue that tickled the ear, and a simplicity of manner that charmed the audience, the Irish Players won many friends here at Notre Dame by their performance of last week. We came, we saw, and we applauded,—we simply could not help it.

—Hardy Bush, a new-comer in Walsh, was the lucky man that carried off the meal ticket at Mike's, for the highest individual score in bowling. Bush ran up 186 points; D. Newning with 185 was hard at his heels. The next

prize offered by the Walsh Hall alleys will be a genuine briar pipe.

—The Carroll second team in basketball put a good one over on the St. Patrick's team of South Bend Thursday evening. The score was 22 to 15 in favor of our own youngsters. It was a game that was well worth going to see; Maltbe starred for Carroll, Williams for St. Patrick's.

—Wouldn't it be better if things were somewhat stirred up and encouragement handed around to the players by starting a little lively shouting at the basketball games? True, our last local exhibition was not much of a game, but even then we should not have let the thud of the ball drown out our cheering.

—Well, we can't always win. Carroll hall went down in defeat before Niles High School last week to the dirge of 20-18. The score was not so bad, however, thanks to the starring of our little friend "Scotty" Bollin. We are waiting to take a look at that Niles bunch after their next game with the Juniors.

—The University library will be open every evening from now until the close of the debating season from seven-thirty o'clock till nine. All the matter on hand pertaining to the subject will be found on the library tables. All books pamphlets, etc., of this character have been put on the special reference list and may not be taken from the library.

—The committee reports that the tickets for the Military Ball are going very swiftly. If you are counting on attending, better purchase your pasteboard at once as the number is limited. And don't allow a trifle like a military uniform to stand between you and an evening of fun. Anyhow, it will not be half as uncomfortable as a full-dress suit.

—We have been straining our ears to catch the slightest sound that would indicate life and motion in the proposed Indianapolis club, the Hockey club, the new handball alley committee, the Walsh Preps, the swimming team, and the Journalists' daily newspaper. Is it possible that these children of ambition and progress are fated to be still born!

—Father Maguire made the round of the halls this week and gave the boys a brief drill in the hymns sung at mass. The training was altogether necessary, for the *ensemble* effect in the singing of the hymns has of late been

weak and almost effortless. If each student will do his best in the singing, the result will be highly pleasing and very devotional.

—The bowling alleys in Walsh are again booming. A prize of a meal ticket at Mike's for the best score attracted many of the U's best bowlers, and the din and roar of the alleys has been incessant. Just to renew the old spirit, the Walshites have arranged an inter-floor bowling contest, the winning team of the series to be fed one of Mrs. Haney's non-pareil chicken dinners.

—Did you notice that all the writing in the hymn-books had been removed? It took three men as many days to clean up the mutilated volumes. The man who goes to sleep in church is bad enough, but United States laws forbid us to print what we think of "mutts" who scribble in sacred books! Anyone who would do a sacrilegious trick like that would steal the coppers from a blind-man's cup.

—Have you noticed yet that the wind blows strongest where the sidewalks are slipperiest? Don't laugh when you see the other fellow lose his balance and his sense of humor, and harken not to his language. Be choice in your selection of places on which to fall, for water at this time of year, so we are told in *al* Koran, is rather chilly and moist enough to dampen the spirits and trousers of anyone, no matter how optimistic or warm-hearted.

—Once again the students of English D are preparing their annual orations. We see them in the library pouring over musty tomes of economic lore. We hear them haranguing imaginary multitudes in the solitudes of their rooms, and practising heroic gestures with the zeal of physical culturists. Let us be patient—these men are not really bores, but growing statesmen. Later on we will be proud to have known them in their green and salad days.

—We exult! From time immemorial, the clattering, jolting, rattle-boxes of cars which adorned the Hill-Street line have been the butt of the *Safety Valve*, the object of innumerable heartfelt maledictions, and the cause of much bad temper and annoyance. The old four-wheelers in which so many brave students have risked life and limb, are gone—supplanted by real, regulation cars. And there is a rumor that the new schedule will be followed to the letter. The new schedule, we may add, is

this: Instead of leaving here and town on the even hour and every fifteen minutes thereafter, cars will leave seven minutes past the hour and every fifteen minutes after that. However, we're from Missouri and beyond on that "dope."

—The second-floor bowling team of Walsh Hall defeated the fourth-floor in the closest series ever played in the University. Up to the sixth frame of the third game the fourth-floor was in the lead. Then the second-floor team started to tighten up in so determined a manner that they caught up with the fourth-floor, passed them, and beat them conclusively, all in the last four frames. The total score was: second-floor, 1804; fourth-floor, 1777. The highest individual score made in any one game was that of 177 pins bowled over by Mr. Joseph Myers of the fourth-floor team.

Calendar.

Sunday, January 19—Septuagesima Sunday.

Brownson Literary Society 7:30 p. m.

Monday—Philopatrian Society, 5:00 p. m.

Wednesday—Military Ball at Place Hall, 8:00 p. m.

Thursday—Civil Engineering Society, 7:30 p. m.

Second Preliminary in Walsh Hall Bowling Contest.

Friday—T. A. Daly, Poet, 7:30 p. m.

First Regiment Track Meet in Chicago.

Saturday—Edwin Whitney Recital Co. 7:30 p. m.

Athletic Notes.

COMPANY H A DISAPPOINTMENT.

The team and fans were disappointed by the Oregon Aggies and Franklin College, both of which were forced to cancel the games scheduled here for last week. To fill their place, Manager O'Connell took on Company H, First Regiment, Illinois National Guard. The Company H boys are regimental champions, and are considered one of the fastest teams in Chicago, but they were sadly outclassed, and were trounced 52 to 8.

Granfield starred by caging ten baskets and otherwise playing an artistic game. Cahill was also in good trim and managed to tally 9 of the 52 points. At centre "Rube" Mills showed that he is rounding out satisfactorily and will soon make himself a potent factor in the scoring column. At guard Capt. Feeney and Nowers proved themselves easy masters of their opponentts. No further proof of their

superior playing need be given than to say that each allowed his opponent at forward but one basket.

Notre Dame (52)	Company H. (8)
Granfield, Kelly, Lush	R. F. Neeson
Cahill, Bensberg, O' Connor	L. F. Kittell
Mills, Fitzgerald, Meyers	C. Luke, Wilson (C.)
Nowers, Finnegan	R. G. Schilling
Feeney (C.), Smith, Pliska	L. G. Rapp

Summary—Field goals—Granfield (10), Cahill (3), Nowers (3), Mills (5), Feeney (2), Fitzgerald, Neeson, Kittell. Goals from foul—Cahill (3), O'Connor, Neeson (4). Referee—Barnhart (Indiana).

SOUTH BEND HIGH PLAYS EXCELLENT GAME.

The first half of the practice game with South Bend high five looked pretty much like our Varsity heroes were going to let the high schoolers get away with the long end of the score. As it was the score stood 13 to 11 for the Varsity at the end of the first period. Many theories are advanced to explain the phenomenon. Theories ranging all the way from "off day" to "big dinner." The facts are that the first half was played under A. A. U. rules, while Capt. Feeney and his men have been practising under Intercollegiate rules. That the Varsity could play was shown during the latter half of the second period, when eight goals were scored in as many minutes.

For South Bend high we have only praise. Their five is fast and aggressive, their style of play clean and snappy. A better high school team could not be desired. Playing under their own rules, they were at home and played hard basketball every minute. Under the rougher Intercollegiate rules they could not last as long as the Varsity, but they never ceased to fight until Referee Rockne declared the end of the game. It only remains to be said that the final score was 33 to 17.

Notre Dame (33)	S. Bend High School (17)
Granfield, Kelly	R. F. Kirby, Foster
Cahill	L. F. Allen, Witt
Mills, Granfield	C. Moseman
Feeney	R. G. Brug, Wolf
Nowers, Finnegan	L. G. Bacon

Summary—Field goals—Granfield (8), Chaill (3), Feeney (2), Finnegan (2), Mills, Allen (3), Kirby (2), Moseman (2), Bacon. Goals from foul—Cahill, Kirby. Referee—Rockne (Notre Dame).

SEVENTEEN MEN CHOSEN FOR FIRST REGIMENT.

Seventeen entrants in the First Regiment Meet at Chicago, January 24-25, was the outcome of the tryout of Varsity track candidates last Tuesday. The first exhibition of aspirants

to positions on the team was productive of no astonishing exhibitions, although the marks hung up in most of the events promise fairly good results for the competitions to come later in the season.

An exception to the rule took place in the 40 yard dash and 40 yard low and high hurdles. Wasson, Bensberg, Birder, and Newning put up a close race in the finals of the event, after qualifying in two fast heats, covering the distance in :04 4-5. Pritchard put up a classy performance in the 40-yard high hurdles against little competition on the part of Metzger, his time equalling the world's record and gymnasium record for the event. The 40-yard low hurdles gave the New York freshman another opportunity to display his form when Wasson was pushed to the finish in :05 1-5. Captain Plant showed excellent condition in the half mile, taking an easy first in 2:06 2-5. With practice it is certain that a couple of seconds at least will be clipped off the time.

In the quarter mile, lack of training prevented any of the men from performing up to the standard, while the results of the high jump, shot put, and mile run betray a weakness that demands earnest work on the part of the candidates for the various events.

The entries in the Regiment Meet include Plant, Wasson, Rockne, Hogan, Pritchard, C. Birder, Bensberg, Newning, Eichenlaub, Henihan, Hood, Lush, Miller, O'Neill, Mills, Gibson, and V. Birder. The handicaps given out by the Chicago authorities will determine who will make the trip. Summary:

880-yard run—Won by Plant; Bartholomew, second; Lequerica, third. Time, 2:06 2-5.

40-yard dash—First heat—Won by Newning; Bensberg, second. Time, :04 4-5.

Second heat—Won by Wasson; V. Birder, second. Time—:04 4-5.

Final heat—Won by Wasson; Bensberg, second; Birder, third. Time—:04 4-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Pritchard; Metzger, second. Time—:05 2-5.

High jump—Won by Hood; Lush and DeFries tied for second; LeBlanc, third. Height—5ft. 6 in.

Shot put—Won by O'Neill; Wasson, second. Distance—37 feet.

Mile run—Won by R. C. Miller; Gibson, second. Time—5:01 3-5.

40-yard low hurdles—First heat—Won by Pritchard; Wasson, second. Time—:05 1-5.

Second heat—Won by Wasson; Pritchard, second. Time—:05 1-5.

440-yard run—Won by Henihan; C. Birder, second; Plant, third. Time—:55 3-5.