The
Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 25, 1913. No. 16.

Voyaging.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '13.

THE wind has washed away my cares,
The night has broken labor's bars;
My soul and I through heavenly airs
Are voyaging among the stars.

Soft shadows wash the shore, the lake,
The pier, the boats, the gazing eyes;
Alone, in ecstasy, we take
This jewelled journey through the skies.

The Lawyer.*

JOHN PETER MEERSMAN, '13.

THE science of government is the science of law. Wherever in the history of the world a people live in organized society, that people find it necessary to enact rules of conduct for the well-being of its members.

The earlier states recognized law as of a more God-given origin, hence their laws were more sacredly respected. But from all time the administration of justice has carried with it an aspect of solemnity.

When in later years the population of a state increased, the number and complexity of the laws which governed its members also increased; and as the rights of the governed were more fully asserted there arose a class of men who made a special study of the rules of government. These men, skilled in the law of the state, advised the lawmakers in matters of government, and represented litigants in the course of justice,—they were the lawyers.

From the beginning lawyers were the learned men of the state, they were its leaders in peace and its generals in war. The history of civilization is the story of their labors. In our own country and time, from the colonization of the Atlantic seaboard even to the present day it was the lawyer who guided the destiny of the American people. He wrote the Declaration of Independence and fought to maintain the principles of freedom asserted therein.

After the Revolution it was Hamilton, Madison, and Jay who restored order out of chaos, whose persistent efforts and ingenuity gave the American people a document which bound together what would have been a separate, discordant, and warring commonwealth. These ingenious patriots built a monument for all time; an instrument which contained in itself principles unchanging, which progress has not altered nor age defaced. The labor of John Marshall, perhaps more than the work of any other man, made for the successful culmination of the experiment of free government. These men were prompted by motives high and noble; they were ambitious, but not for wealth; they placed public welfare before private gain; they had just created a new state by declaring the American people free from the tyranny of England, and took upon themselves the burden of formulating a polity suitable to the principles underlying the Declaration of Independence. The polity was an experiment,—success and freedom to a subjugated world, or failure and the triumph of tyranny in a land consecrated to liberty. This was the ambition of the early lawyer, this his incentive, this his importance to the American people.

As in the past, so in the present there is no class of men whose life work has a more direct influence on the government of our country. The education of a lawyer peculiarly

* Address delivered in the Breen Oratorical Contest in Washington Hall, Dec. 16, 1912.

fits him for political positions. His patient research and power of conception make him a careful and discriminating legislator. He is learned in the laws, and because of his close relation to the government, he knows their wants. Law aims at justice, and when it fails in its purpose such failure and the remedy is best known to the lawyer. This peculiar fitness of the lawyer has given him place in governmental affairs. The judiciary of necessity requires his services. Nineteen out of twenty-six presidents have been members of the bar. Seventy per cent of the members of Congress are lawyers. What is true of the National Government is true proportionately of the State. It is, therefore, to the legal profession that we must look for the adjustment of our great political and industrial problems. The lawyer must be arbiter between the employer and employee, between money and the masses. It was the fertile but contaminated brain of the corporation lawyer which made the abuse of amalgamation and combination possible, and we must look to the same profession for a readjustment of the twisted and distorted bars through which the large interests have escaped the restrictions placed upon them by law.

The masses cry: "We are oppressed!" The corporation replies: "Not guilty!" In the face of this situation the legal profession is divided. The avaricious lawyer, void of all that is honest and upright, comes to the service of the large interests. His reward is thousands in retainers fees. He is skilled, he is shrewd, he is unscrupulous. His ears are deaf to the cries of the wronged. His heart is calloused, his course perverted from a great and noble profession to that of an advocate of organized thievery and lawlessness.

Opposed to him in this battle for the rights of the individual is the lawyer who holds to the ideals of a noble profession, who realizes the duty of his calling; who feels that, as a member of a renowned profession in whose hands the reins of government have been placed, he must stand for justice and honesty.

As legislator, the lawyer, if honest and trustworthy, is best qualified. If dishonest and mercenary, no man knows better how to frame an ordinance which can not be enforced. He, too often, regards his position as one for his own ends. As a whole, perhaps no people look upon public office as a personal honor so much as the American, and few appreciate so little the duties of a public servant. Until our representatives learn that it is not a few constituents for whom their office was created, or a few whose interests are to be protected, they have not learned the first principle of leadership: to administer office equally and impartially to all, remembering always that the power they have has been given them by all the people, for whose interest they must strive.

The influence of the lawyer for honest or for corrupt legislation is not confined to the legislative hall. By his ability and skill in speaking the honest man is enabled to enkindle the common mass of human minds, to infuse his own opinions into the minds of others, to shape public sentiment for the enactment of new and just laws. On the other hand, the professional lobbyist by cunning tactics and political trickery thwarts all attempts at just legislation, acting as the hireling of one whose private interests might suffer thereby.

The battle between the corporation and the individual, between employer and employee, is a battle between a divided people. Shall the legal profession uphold the standards of its noble tradition, or shall it be dragged down into the mire with the gluttonous creature of its own mind? It is a tremendous fight, where wealth and power are opposing honesty and justice; a degraded profession, ridiculed, sneered and scoffed at, but in whose heart still throbs the memory of a great ancestry, is battling for the redemption of its noble heritage.

In the eyes of the public the lawyer is a hypocrite, a drone, a parasite. He is not only a wizard, but a crook as well. What wonder that popular regard for the law has fallen to contempt. Without the confidence of the public nothing can be accomplished. With it, there is not a social or economic question which, should it receive the support of the American bar, could not be speedily settled. In this age of social unrest a reformation of the legal profession, a call to duty, is a long step towards readjustment. New laws must be enacted to keep pace with progress. Employed and employee must be reconciled. The corporation problem must be solved. Socialism, divorce, the recall, are all matters of legislation and, therefore, problems for the lawyer, for he is the legislator and, in a

true sense, the moulder of public sentiment.

The reformation of the legal profession is the duty of the individual members thereof. The lawyer is learned in rules of justice; let his life reflect the principles he knows so well. Let him show in his own conduct that he practises the rules enacted by him for the conduct of all. Let him promote respect for the law by obeying it himself. In private or in public life he must be an example, for his oath to support the laws of the land follows him everywhere. Money, power, and influence never make a lasting name for a lawyer. It is the man who sacrifices his all for public welfare that is remembered and whose name is great.

The criminal rich are able to go upon the market and purchase legal talent as they buy stocks and bonds, but the man who will sell his honor, who will degrade his profession, who will allow himself to be bartered for as a chattel, is without principle, without character without manhood, a slave to a master, an instrument of his own destruction.

While it is the duty of the profession to support and urge new legislation for the protection of the down-trodden and to curb the operations of the money-mad, nothing is so far removed from the mind of a true lawyer as radical reform. The harangue of the socialist does not appeal to him; the absurdity of their doctrine is clear; their logic does not confuse. Private property is the basis of the constitution which the lawyer has sworn to support. Wealth may accompany a fool, but character is only for the deserving. Power and position may be had for gold, but honor can not be purchased. Great brilliancy and power of intellect may make an able lawyer, but not an honest one. The profession does not lack able men; it lacks that individuality which will champion the cause of the right.

The reformation of the profession is the duty of the individual lawyer. Guided by standards of honesty and justice he must regain public confidence and respect. In the memory of the spirits of the Revolution, in the memory of the champions of the Civil War, in the memory of a great people, he must find strength to overcome criticism and prejudice. With a heritage of noble deeds to inspire him, he must struggle to redeem the honor of a profession whose history boasts the greatest patriots, the greatest soldiers, the greatest scholars of all times and countries.

Pinkney—Private Operative.

FRANCIS H. HAYES, '14.

"Have a card," said the stranger to the clerk of the Jackson Hotel. The clerk, expecting to read the usual pasteboard introduction of the travelling salesman or the advance agent of an opera troupe, was surprised at what met his glance: "Charles Pinkney, Private Operative, 302 Lakeview Building, Phone Red 3905." The clerk was puzzled and willing to admit it.

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" was the trite formula by which he asked for the stranger's history and mystery. But then, mystery was running freely from this particular tap.

"Well, not exactly," was the reply, "but in case you need any assistance in complications relative to my profession, I desire to be your advisor. I am not the ordinary operative and do not use the crude methods of our inefficient secret service. I solve all my cases on a scientific basis, of which I am the founder. I am the only person in possession of this great and wonderful method. Please do not forget that when you need any assistance along the lines of my profession." Before the clerk could reply, the mysterious Pinkney passed into the bar-room.

Walking past the bar, the man with the new deductive method entered a booth and ordered a drink. While enjoying this he noticed two men just entering. An ordinary observer would have had no suspicions aroused, but Pinkney's alert senses signalled to his brain "mysterious manner," "furtive glances." And his brain responded sharply "Watch close!" The men passed into the next booth and talked in an undertone. Presently they were joined by a third who greeted the others by saying, "Well, I succeeded in eluding my shadow for the first time in a week."

Pinkney, scenting a crime, was all of a tingle, realizing that this was his chance to get ahead of the police.

"I have everything all planned and here is the way it must be carried out. She will come by the corner of Forty-second Street and Melrose Avenue at seven-thirty Wednesday evening. You will know her by the large collie dog that she will be leading. Have a taxi waiting and rush—"

Here the speaker was interrupted by one of his accomplices:

"Wait until I see if there is any eavesdropper hanging around."

Pinkney tried to think of a place to hide; he could not get under the table or out of the booth without being seen. Footsteps were approaching. Drawing aside the curtain, the investigator saw Pinkney sitting with his head thrown back sound asleep.

"All right," said he when he returned, "no one around except a drunk in the next stall and he's dead to the world."

"That's good," said party number three.

"When she comes along, rush her into the taxicab and be sure and get the dog. You know the rest. Put the dead one over the bridge at Twelfth Street and then—there's my shadower! You fellows are wise now, beat it when he turns his back."

Pinkney waited, still posing as enamoured of Morpheus. He saw the two men leave the bar-room, followed a few minutes later by the third. He followed after number three, but when he reached the door his quarry had disappeared.

Now was the time to apply his wonderful scientific method for the solution of crime and the detection of the criminals. After applying his process a number of times, he finally concluded that it was a case of killing the woman to prevent her from "peaching" on the bunch. Police department be hanged! They had laughed and sneered at him long enough. He would put this deal over alone and show up the city's inefficient police force. It would surely lead to the discovery of still greater crimes. For had he not learned by the use of his own science that one of the men was being shadowed and that "she" was one of the gang.

Wednesday evening at six-thirty Pinkney was waiting on the corner of Melrose Avenue and Forty-second Street. At seven o'clock he saw a taxi stop on the opposite side of the street. Crossing over to the car, he looked into the cab and recognized one of his acquaintances of the Jackson bar-room. At just seven-twenty by the clock in the church tower on the opposite corner, a young lady came up the street leading a collie dog. Just as she came up even with the auto, Pinkney started across the avenue to stop the designs of the would-be murderers.

Honk! Honk! He dodged out of the way of an automobile, and a second one passed so close to him that he was thrown to the pavement. He jumped to his feet and looked anxiously around. His prey was rapidly passing out of sight, going north on Melrose Ave. Hailing a taxi, he ordered the driver to follow at full speed. They had gone but a few blocks when they were stopped by a crossing policeman. Pinkney threw open the door and demanded:

"What's the matter, now?"

"Pinched for speeding!" answered the cop.

Pinkney tried to argue but it gained him nothing. He must either take the police in on the deal or lose out himself. He decided on the former course. He dragged the officer into the cab and ordered the driver to follow the fleeing criminals. As they drove along he told the policeman the story of the kidnapping.

The driver halted to inform his fare that he had lost sight of the car he had been following. Pinkney directed him to drive at once to the Twelfth Street bridge.

They arrived just in time to see two men drop something into the river and drive away. Clang! Clang! Clang! The warning bell sounded and the bridge started to swing open. By throwing the machine into high speed they succeeded in landing on the bridge just as it started to turn. It was impossible for them to reach the other side, and the scientific operative and his blue-coat friend were left in the centre of the river on an open drawbridge.

They did not know what direction the murderers had gone, so they gave up the chase when they landed on the other side. The river police were notified, but could do nothing on account of darkness. In the morning they dragged the river for hours but failed to find the body.

The morning papers contained the following regarding the tragedy:

"Greatest Outrage of the Year Committed in Broad Daylight.—Private Detective Just Misses Landing Atrocious Murderers.

"A young lady leading a collie dog was forced into a taxicab at Melrose Avenue and Forty-second Street last night about seven-thirty and foully murdered. Her body was thrown into the James River at Twelfth Street. The police have been unable to learn the name of the victim. A private detective named Pinkney was following the murderers when he was arrested for speeding. The delay

favored the criminals in their cowardly work. Their arrest otherwise was certain."

At ten-thirty that morning Mr. Montgomery, a well-known and well-to-do citizen entered the office of the chief of police. He was greeted with the customary:

"Well, what can I do for you?"

"I came to see you about the Twelfth Street murder," answered Montgomery.

"Just wait until I call Mr. Pinkney, who is waiting in my library."

The operative came and immediately recognized Montgomery as party number three to the murder plot he overheard in the Jackson bar-room. He had been beaten by the police after all!"

"This is Mr. Montgomery and he has some information regarding last night's murder," said the chief. Pinkney bowed stiffly and sat down.

Montgomery then told the following story of the crime:

"There has been no murder, unless you call the killing of a dog murder, for it was my daughter's collie dog that was thrown over the bridge at Twelfth street last night. You see, my daughter would not part with the dog, and as he showed the symptoms of some contagious disease—I forget the name of it—the veterinary advised me to kill him. My little girl has been ill for some time, and we knew that if we killed her pet while she was in this condition she might grieve herself to death. The maid always took the dog for a walk about seven-fifteen every evening. I had the maid and dog kidnapped and I guess you know the rest. The maid was transferred to another auto and taken home, and the dog chloroformed and thrown into the river."

"Hold on a minute, shouted Pinkney, far from convinced: "What about the shadower you spoke of last Monday evening in the bar-room of the Jackson Hotel?"

"Oh, that shadow? Well, you see I am the head cashier in the First National Bank; and everyone who handles money in that bank is shadowed. I am one of the few who take the trouble to learn who the shadower is. Sometimes for the fun of it I try to elude him, just to see if I am as clever as he is, and then we have a regular game of hide and seek."

The police officer looked at Pinkney and sniffed sarcastically. And the abashed operative wondered dumbly why it should be always thus.

Varsity Verse.

Teach Me How To Pray.

MODEST little flower, growing by the way,
Teach, oh teach, my erring spirit how to pray.
Trustingly you lift your little face above,
For the sunbeam and the dewdrop's kiss of love.
Through the long and cheerless watches of the night
Patiently you wait the morn's reviving light.
In the dying season when gray heavens frown,
Silently you lay your lovely blossoms down,
Knowing He who gave you sun and rain will bring
Brighter leaves and flowers in the coming Spring,
When I aim mpatient, wroth with time and fate.
I'll recall your lesson,—how to trust and wait.
Modest little flower growing by the way,
Teach, oh teach, my erring spirit how to pray.

W. L. C.

The Common Lot.

Wavelets in the lisping stream
Kiss the dewy banks at dawn;
There they long to rest and dream,
But the current sends them on.

Springtime with its budding sheen,
Summer full of Nature's art;
Birds and flowers and meadows green
Leave when Winter says, "Depart!"

Life is but a helpless wave
Drifting out from earthly shore;
When one moment more we crave,
Death, the tyrant, sighs "No more!"

A. J. S.

From Headquarters.

A letter from the weather-post
By way of reprimand
To those who lately made the boast
That they would have him canned:

"Some weather I have now prepared
For just the likes of these;
You'll realize how well you've fared
When you begin to freeze.

"I've kept you warm and used you right
But never will again
I'll freeze you hard both day and night,
So help me Mike, Amen."

Donald Patrick MacGreagor.

Livy as a Historian.

RUSSELL G. FINN, '12.

It was in the Augustan Age that Titus Livius lived and completed the history of Rome from the founding of the city to the year 9 B. C. Because of the excellence of his work and the character of his undertaking, he succeeded in gaining greater distinction than had hitherto been the lot of any Roman author. He was not only introduced into the court of Augustus and there given the highest esteem and favor, but his fame, it is said, was even coextensive with the dominion of Rome. It is told by the younger Pliny that all the way from Gades in Spain there came a man to Rome for no other purpose than to behold this celebrated writer.

That his history of Rome is a work deserving of much credit is generally acknowledged; that it is by far the greatest of those histories written in the Latin language is not to be doubted. As far as literary excellence alone is concerned, Livy is, perhaps, unsurpassed among the historians of the world. His great defect as a historian is that he was at no pains to consult original authorities, but depended for the greater part of his matter upon family legends and the early accounts of his predecessors. To form a correct judgment of his work, however, it is necessary to bear in mind the aim which he had in mind and which he explained in the preface of his history. "It will be satisfactory to me," he says, "that I, too, have contributed my share to perpetuate the achievements of a people, the lords of the world; and if, among so great a number of historians, my reputation should remain in obscurity, I may console myself with the celebrity and lustre of those who stand in the way of fame."

Livy writes as a Roman, to raise a monument worthy of the greatness of Rome and to keep alive for the admonition and guidance of Romans the recollections alike of the virtues which had elevated Rome to the highest pinnacle of glory and of the vices which threatened her with destruction. In so writing he kept in close agreement with the traditions of Roman literature as well as with the conceptions of the nature and objects of history current in his time. Had he lived in a later day, when history came to be known and respected as an essentially truthful science, Livy's work must certainly have been free from these imperfections which have placed upon it the stigma of unreliability. But as it was, his indiscriminate elaborations were not only in harmony with the popular traditions of his time but were actually demanded for an acceptable treatment of his subject.

Livy did not write, then, as Polybius did, for students of history. With Polybius, the greatness of Rome was a phenomenon to be critically studied and scientifically explained. But Livy began to write at a time when, after passing through a century of warfare and painful disturbance, the mass of Roman citizens were content to purchase peace even at the cost of liberty. The present was inglorious, the future doubtful and discouraging, and many turned gladly to the past for comfort and consolation. Deeply penetrated with a sense of the greatness of his much-loved city, its majesty and high destiny were ever present to his mind. Thus it is that jealousy for the honor of Rome often makes him unfair and partial. "I have resolved," he declares, "only to touch upon foreign affairs so far as they are bound up with those of Rome."

His enthusiasm, however, for Rome and Roman virtues is saved from degenerating into gross partiality by the genuine candor of his mind and his wide sympathies with everything great and good. The prominence given to the moral aspects of the history tends to observe in some degree the true relations and real importance of the events narrated, but it does so in Livy to much less extent than in most other writers. He is too skilful an artist either to resolve his history into a jejune array of examples or to overload it, as Tacitus is sometimes inclined to do, with reflections and axioms. His narrative moves along with stately dignity, teeming with anecdote and glowing with patriotic emotion. His style is enhanced by the genuine sentiment which he introduces, so that what little his narrative loses in accuracy it gains in dignity and warmth of feeling. The smoothness of Livy's narrative is detracted from by a disadvantage not experienced by the historians of today. The annalistic form, which must have been adopted by his predecessors and into which he had to fit his work, was most inconvenient. The continuous story of a campaign or a political

revolution suffered many awkward interruptions on this account.

Livy is by no means a philosophical historian, and there is nowhere in his books any systematic application of philosophy to facts of history. He is as much a stranger to the leading ideas which shape the work of Polybius as he is to the flimsy theorizing which makes heavy and wearisome the pages of Dionysius. It is evident also that his acquaintance with the theory and practice of politics was merely superficial.

But upon more than the knowledge of politics or the bent for philosophy is the success of the historian based. It rests upon the texture of his fabric, upon his accuracy in relating events, and this, in turn, is dependent upon his choice of material The material upon which Livy relied was far from being trustworthy, nor was the manner in which he put it together such as to make it a safe guide. His history rests upon no foundation of original research or even careful verification. Quintus Pictor and Cincius Alementus, the most ancient authorities to which Livy refers, were both alive during the second Punic war. Many of Livy's inconsistencies are due to his having patched together two varying versions, while other mistakes are apparently due to haste or ignorance or even sheer carelessness.

The discrepancies of Livy are excusable upon the same grounds as those of Macaulay, because the beauty of the completed cloth obscures the weakness of some of the threads. His love for sweeping statement and his ungovernable penchant for antithesis lead Macaulay at times to disregard strict justice, while the great patriotism of Livy often blinded him to the truth of a situation. It is credited to Livy that he introduced a new style into Latin literature, and this same thing is true of Macaulay and the English language. Both writers receive an almost equal degree of merit for their powers of picturesque narrative and their wealth of allusion. Though the Roman is undoubtedly superior to the English writer, they may with interest be compared since both are on the one hand commended for their style, and on the other censured for inaccuracy.

Upon examining the manner in which Livy put together his narrative we are met by the difficulty of determining with exactness what authority he is following at any one time. Of the importance of full and accurate references he seems to have no idea, and often for many chapters at a time gives no clue at all. More often he contents himself with such vague phrases as, "They say," "The story goes," "Some think." It is rarely that Livy explicitly tells us whom he has selected as his chief source. His general method of using his authorities was certainly not such as would be deemed satisfactory to a modern historian.

Though his laxity will bear indictment for inaccuracy, he is indeed free from the grosser faults of deliberative injustice and falsification. He resists that great temptation to invent, which harasses the pen of most authors. Nor, indeed, is he unconscious of the necessity of some sort of criticism. Wherever he detects or suspects the invention of fabulous matter he allows no scruples to restrain him from attacking the fabrications and its author. Such gross exaggerations as those in which Valerius Antius indulged he roundly denounces.

It is very often by their artistic merits that historians are judged, and by the relative excellence of their style they are received or rejected. Being judged by this standard Livy is deservedly placed in the foremost rank. The classic purity of his style and the skill with which he depicted the play of emotion are most warmly commendable. His speeches possess an eloquence which is enthralling, and his masterly portraiture of great men goes to make him the most readable of ancient historians. His style is not possessed of that transparent splendor which we find in Cicero, nor does it in any way smack of the epigrammatic pungency of Tacitus, but he employs phraseology remarkable for its copiousness, for picturesqueness, and vivid description. For the dilettante—though sometimes effective—archaism of Sallust, he substitutes an eloquence that is burnished into patriotic lustre.

It is true that the drawbacks in his history, his lack of adherence to truth, and his arbitrary elaboration, overbalance his artistic treatment. The obvious untruth of his coloring, especially in the early parts of the history, continually shock the more trained historical sense of modern times. The palpable unreality of some of his speeches in the naïvete with which he omits everything, however important, which he thinks will wrong his readers, are faults which can not escape the critical sensitiveness of the modern reader.

But in spite of all this, we are forced to

acknowledge that as a master of what we may perhaps call narrative history he has no superior in antiquity. Though he is inferior to Thucydides, to Polybius, and even to Tacitus in philosophic power and breadth of view, he is at least their equal in the skill with which he tells his story. He is a chronicler, and amongst chroniclers, the master. In this respect he is not unworthy to be classed with Heroditus. The most superficial comparison of his account of the earliest days of Rome with that given by Dionysius shows from what depths of tediousness he was preserved by these qualities. Instead of the wearisome prolixity and the misplaced pedantry which make the latter almost unreadable, we find the old tales briefly and simply told. Though he was sometimes inaccurate in his records, sometimes extravagantly grandiloquent in his exposition, he always made amends for these shortcomings, and, all in all, may be rightly esteemed as one of the greatest annalists of all ages, unsurpassed in those branches for which he had a special aptitude and rivalling others even in his less praiseworthy endeavors. He was the master chronicler of the past.

A Northern Light Romance.

CLAUDE J. FARRY, '16.

Miss Marjorie Murray installed a fresh supply of chewing gum in her mouth, brushed an imaginary speck of dust from her pink gingham dress sleeve, and sat down to her typewriter. All these actions, as you have surmised, constituted the preparations for her day's work. There was a knock at the door.

"Oh, good morning," said a florid-faced man, who might have been either a race-track patron or a drummer. As Miss Murray was more familiar with the latter type, she catalogued him mentally as one of the tribe of smiles and samples.

"Um," she murmured. "What's your name, house, line, and so forth, and don't start telling me how crude we are in Wichita beside the folks in New Yawk or Chi. I've been in both places and they're my idea of great big no places to live," and she thumped the keys with violent energy.

"But, sister—"

"Nor does mother need any stove polish."

"Hold up, girlie, you're not the original Sherlock. Let me explain."

"Well, be quick about it. I have four hundred circulars which must be signed and mailed by noon."

"It's going to be pretty hard for me to begin. You see, I've just got back from Alaska. I made my pile up North, but believe me, Miss, this looks like God's country to me. In my case there was no get-rich-quick story about it. I worked four years and worked hard, and I believe I earned every cent I took out of my strike. There were months that I did not speak to a soul,—but I know your kind can't appreciate the misery of that part of it."

"Go ahead," said the typist, as the stranger paused. She had lost her former flippancy, and was listening intently.

"At first I had a pardner. I found him stranded in Nome; the faro and dice games had cleaned him out, and he wanted to get to the gold fields. I needed a companion and I took him along; he proved to be a fine fellow and a good pal, although a lot older than I. We had poor luck and the grub got low; my pardner took the fever and got worse and worse. It was awful—terrible; buried away from the world in a snow-covered hut with cold and hunger inside and death scratching at the door. I went thirty miles on snow shoes for a doctor, and had a finger froze off in doing it. The doctor ordered me to stay at his house while he and two companions went to tend to my poor pardner. On the fifth day they returned. My pardner was dead! The doctor said his dying wish was that his wife and child should be taken care of. I went back to my claim again a sorrowful but maybe a better man.

"The Alaskan spring came, and it was again possible for me to work my diggings. I had only been at work a week when I made my strike. I can not describe the feeling that overcame me,—only the miner knows what it is and can appreciate it. That was a year ago.

"I have now come to Wichita to look for my pardner's family." Here the stranger paused. "His name was Murray."

The typist flushed—then shivered. Money after all these years of hardship! And brought by a stranger, too. The memory of her dead father was rather vague. She had always thought of him as unfair to her mother and

herself in leaving them to make their own way, but now she was thoroughly ashamed of herself.

"Was his name John Murray?" she asked faintly.

"Well, kid, I guess you're his daughter, all right. Half of what I own belongs to you and your mother," and a sympathetic tear rolled down a furrow in his hardened face.

A month passed—a month necessary for the settlement of the newly acquired wealth. Of course the inevitable happened. Our heroine was attracted by the rugged honesty of the man from the North, while the stranger had come to give her a worshipful devotion in a way which only a man long deprived of the society of women can understand. They were sitting together one evening on the porch of the modest Murray home.

"So you are going away tomorrow?" asked the young lady.

"Yes. It's been eight years now since I've seen the home folks.

"I don't suppose you'll ever want to leave home again, you'll be so glad to get back," she said with half a sigh.

He sat up sharply, a sudden smile upon his lips. He saw the clear trail ahead now where before he had been wandering in aimless circles. He reached his arms toward her and said huskily:

"Will you—go with me tomorrow—to my home?" and he waited with that strained tenseness common to miners who so often find and lose the pot of gold.

"Yes," she answered, half afraid and yet overwhelmed with gladness.

"You'll be my wife? Say it's true!" demanded the man from the North, his eyes gleaming like the floes in the Arctic sea when the Northern lights shine full upon them.

"I'd love to be," sighed the typist happily.

The Tree's Story.

JOHN FORDYCE, '14.

A LOVELY Christmas tree I was two weeks ago;
An outcast now, a harbor for the wayward flakes of snow.
Occasionally I shelter a sparrow or a crow—
But, oh! what diff'rent ornaments from just two weeks ago!

Fiction Good and Bad.

The fiction that has been produced in the last two or three decades is as variegated as a mosaic, and, with a few exceptions, as substantial as sea foam. That fiction occupies a legitimate place in literature, no one would be so rash as to deny. Nevertheless we must denounce as useless, if not actually pernicious, the tawdry, cheap, and aimless stories that flaunt the badge of "best sellers." A few splendid novels and innumerable excellent short stories represent the highest effort of twentieth century literature. With them thousands of sensational works, devoid of literary value and not infrequently mirroring the moral deficiencies of their authors, have been dumped wholesale upon the market. Notable among the latter type are the so-called "problem-plays" in book-form, chimerical and highly colored portrayals of the tendency of social restiveness; all feebly striving to express what some mediocre author has conceived of as a great idea. The cheap fiction habit has fastened itself upon millions of readers. The good, sane, wholesome fiction, uplifting without cant or moralizing, is being crowded to the wall. The classics of English and American literature are being smothered in this deluge of cheap fiction representative of still cheaper ideals. Along other lines our progress has been phenomenal, but in our standards of fiction, are we not decadent—inferior to the plane of half a century ago? The public libraries, the book stores that offer access to the nauseating inanities of Medill Patterson, Elinor Glynn, and Robert Chambers also afford an opportunity to read Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson, Hawthorne and scores of others of the same class, men whose works are immortal, whose books will be a criterion of culture when the evanescent "masterpieces" of the present popular authors are buried in the dust of oblivion. Read fiction, but read books of a kind that educate, inform, and amuse. Don't burden your mind with the intellectual slag that is hailed as this or that contemporary author's "deathless work."

Fair Weather Talk.

We'll hang a can on the weather man
Who gave us such a fright.
The birdies sing: "'Tis spring, 'tis spring,"
And summer's just in sight.

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 25, 1913. No. 16.

The Revelation of True Nobility.

—Thoughtfulness for the wants of others is the mark of a generous nature. It is this delightful kindliness of behavior which is the outward manifestation of a beautiful soul. Whenever we meet with a man who by thoughtfulness, even in little things, evidences an active and genuine desire to promote comfort and happiness, we instinctively feel that he possesses nobility of character. Such a man seems to be engaged in the business of producing pleasure for others and in making the world the sunny place it should be. Though his thoughtfulness may, by circumstances, be limited to the smaller affairs of life, he nevertheless shows himself to be one of nature's noblemen. He may not be noted, but he is none the less noble; and it is far more to a man's credit to be designated as noble than merely to be called celebrated

Overcoming the Inertia.

—"There are two main moral necessities for the work of a great man: the first is that he should believe in the truth of his message; the second, that he should believe in the acceptability of his message. It was the whole tragedy of Carlyle's life that he had the first and not the second." If Carlyle's life is rightly called by Chesterton a tragedy because the philosopher failed to believe in the acceptability of his message, what must we call the lives of most Catholic laymen? Every Catholic has a message to the world,—the message of Christ and His Church; every Catholic believes firmly in the truth of that message; every Catholic believes that that message was intended for all men. It is because he believes the message not acceptable that the average Catholic seems to be so indifferent whether his neighbor receives it or not. Let us not so wrong the world. It is restless in error and eager for the truth. Ought not we, then, to whom the true faith has been made known, be eager to share the treasure? The work must not all be left to the missionaries and priests. In the restless, spiritually famished world about him, every Catholic layman will find a missionary field of his own. Loyalty to God and Church will not permit of indifference or idleness.

Cheerfulness.

—Of all the natural assets that make for success, none may take precedence over cheerfulness. It is the external mirroring of a mind that is buoyant, hopeful, and persevering. Without a cheerful demeanor one is hopelessly handicapped in any venture he may undertake. A cheerful mien presages ultimate success. A sullen, cynical bearing is an unerring portent of failure. For the world, as the old proverb truthfully phrases it, "laughs with you;" certainly it does not participate in your grief. No less important than the practical side of cheerfulness is its ethical side. You owe it to others to be cheerful just as you owe it to yourself. Society expects some useful contribution from everyone of its constituents. Cheerfulness is a real asset, because it assists and inspires our fellow-travellers on the rough paths and difficult journey of life. Don't let your own petty disappointments envelop your whole nature in a shroud of pessimism. The other fellow may be contending against greater obstacles than you ever dreamed of, yet he keeps on smiling. No one can persevere without the moral support of his own cheerfulness. And perseverance is essential to success. No one can be a worthy member of society if his moral tone hampers and depresses when it should assist and uplift.

—To the fanciful "novel fiend" the world of today is, at best, commonplace. Through long acquaintance with the idealized heroes of the fiction writer's imagination he has schooled himself to believe in a glorified past. As a result, the present is to him an age of commercial and social routine, lacking in opportunities to satisfy cravings for the unusual or romantic. His view is shallow and is not based on a true appreciation of facts.

Everyday Romance.

The world about us offers, to the ambitious and discerning, many chances to pursue the romantic. Everywhere we turn, the struggle for preferment goes on: business is a battle of competition; engineers and scientists open up new fields and display new wonders, while politicians, tried by the test of fitness and honesty, are made and unmade daily. A glance at a newspaper will convince the more serious-minded that the world does not lack startling excitement. Neglecting, therefore, the more stirring and adventurous side of life, we can truthfully say that the possibilities for feeling the joy of the romantic are as great, if not greater, today than they were in the past. All that is needed to actualize them is the ability to see and grasp the opportunities offered. Oftentimes on finishing a modern novel we hesitate to call it a picture of real life. The accounts set forth in it appear so far removed from the ordinary routine of the everyday world that they seem to be inspired only by the author's fertile imagination. This opinion is very true if we consider the "Love Behind the Throne" type of novel. But read such a representative example of modern fiction as Booth Tarkington's "Gentleman from Indiana" and apply to it the test of realism. The persons and events described will be found true to nature, and not improbable fictions of a fanciful brain.

Romance—the pleasure-giving quality, that comes from the surmounting of difficulties and the achievement of great things—enters into the story because it contains strong characters, and wherever we find strong characters there we discover the unusual. The romance of the everyday world belongs, therefore, to the successful. It can not be obtained by merely wishing, for essentially it is the enjoyable reward of the man who has grasped and made the best of an opportunity.

Robert Hugh Benson.

Among our notable Catholic authors Monsgr. Benson holds a high place. He is a versatile and prolific writer, and possesses a style that is pleasing on account of its simplicity. Both as an essayist and a novelist, Monsgr. Benson has achieved eminence. Among the finest of his novels are "The King's Achievement" and "By What Authority;" the first deals with the time of Henry VIII and the second with Elizabeth's reign. Both of these novels should be read by every student, for in them are presented two critical periods of English history which will be much better appreciated if learned in connection with the novel setting of romance and under the guise of a story than if gotten from the didactic paragraphs of the text-book. There are passages in these novels that will be read and re-read with great pleasure by the discriminating reader. Other of Monsgr. Benson's books are: "Lord of the World," "Dawn of All," "None Other Gods," "The Necromancers," "The Sentimentalists," "The Light Invisible," "A Mirror of Shalott," "The Coward," "The Conventialists," "The Queen's Tragedy," and his latest, "Come Rack! Come Rope!"

The Altar of Sacrifice.

Word has been received at the Foreign Mission Seminary in Maryknoll (Ossining, N. Y.) of a young priest's death in the Congo.

This new "apostle," Father Duggan, was a Mill Hill alumnus, Irish by birth, and ordained in the spring of 1911. In the few months of his ministry he had gathered about him a considerable flock of devoted blacks. He had started out on a visit to distant stations, when a malignant fever seized him. He struggled on until he was quite helpless and was forced to rest in the cabin of a native Christian. While here, he wrote to his brother missioner, who had gone on a five days' journey in the opposite direction, stating his condition but expressing his belief that he would be out of danger soon.

Father Duggan then started back to his station which, after a great effort and a long, weary journey, he reached on a Sunday morning. Once more gathering his faithful flock, he struggled into his vestments to offer the

Holy Sacrifice. He began the Mass with difficulty, and after the Consecration grew gradually weaker. Still he went on until the Communion. Then, after giving himself the Holy Viaticum, the heroic priest fell dead on the altar steps. He was carried to his hut and the Mass was left to be finished by the angels. When his brother priest returned, he found still upon the altar the chalice containing the Precious Blood.

The sad news of the young priest's death was communicated to his parents by the rector of Freshfield (the Mill Hill preparatory school), who writes that the father, with wonderful faith and resignation, responded:

"God's will be done. I am content to lose my son for His cause, and my only regret is that I have no other to take his place."

Submitted by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

The Military Ball.

Last Wednesday evening saw the official inauguration of the social season with the grand Military Ball given by the Notre Dame Regiment. An air of congenial conviviality prevailed, and the sedate stiffness so characteristic of formal functions was not so much as hinted. If only the dances to follow during the winter will begin to compare with the one we are recording, the year's social success will be a certainty. Old Place Hall was decorated as never before. The lighting effect was of patriotic red, white, and blue; the walls and ceiling were a mass of flags and streamers, interspersed with unique designs of bayonets and other military paraphernalia; while the orchestra was surrounded by a cheval-de-frise of stacked rifles, surmounted by the Regimental colors, with an armed Junior keeping guard over them. Around the ballroom several inviting cosy-corners had been arranged; one made up entirely of pennants and pillows was especially artistic. Ninety-five couples were on the floor for the grand march—a goodly company, and yet not so large as to necessitate crowding. The ball commenced at 8:45 o'clock and ended at one. Twenty regular dances and three extras made up the program. During one of the waltzes, a hidden cord was pulled which loosened the great flags on the ceiling and poured down upon the dancers a shower of roses. A delicious buffet-lunch was served in the ante-room which was decorated to represent a hospital tent in accordance with the general martial intent. Great credit is due to Capt. Stogsdall, Sergeant Campbell, Capt. J. A, Sawkins and the different hall committees, through whose united efforts the ball was made the greatest success in the social history of the Regiment.

Septuagesima Sunday.

The sermon preached Sunday, January 19, was delivered by Fr. Lennartz, who chose for his text the words of Saint Matthew: "The Lord, thy God, thou shalt adore, and Him only shalt thou serve." The end of all creation, said Fr. Lennartz, is the glory and service of God. We can not even conceive of God without conceiving our dependence on Him and the service we owe Him. Hence our chief care in life should be to render true and acceptable homage to God. Man is a creature, not of time but of eternity, and hence it behooves him to perform no actions that will not serve to bring him nearer to God.

If our actions were consistent with this belief then all things must first be done for God, with the single intent of pleasing Him. Yet when we analyze the attitudes of some toward the Blessed Sacrament, we know not whether to characterize them as unbelievers or hypocrites. This thought should be given serious consideration by those students whose actions during divine service are anything but respectful. Let those who are guilty of disrespect towards the Blessed Sacrament realize that they are widening the breach between themselves and their God, and that it is for their own spiritual good to rectify their conduct.

Society Notes.

Philopatrian Society.

At the meeting of the Philopatrians last Monday evening, Roland Gaupel gave a very amusing description of the troubles of a ticket agent at a country station. Nicholas Wathen did justice to "Rover in Church." Howard O'Neil caused great laughter by his rendition of a "Sack of Flour." Alman Reading read "Teaching Him a Lesson" very well, and Thomas McManus recited "Bresca" with a great deal of feeling. An interesting program is in preparation for the next meeting.

Personals.

—John and Jose Marquez, of Havana, Cuba, (students, '09–'11) spent a few hours at the University on Tuesday.

—"Bobbie" Lynch (A. B. '03) of Chicago, a former diamond star for Notre Dame, visited Manager Cotter on Tuesday last.

—Jose Braccho (C. E. '12) of Durango, Mex., is pursuing a course of post-graduate work in engineering at Cornell University.

—Joseph T. Lantry (C. E. '07), sometime instructor in mathematics at the University, is engaged in engineering contracting work at Tulsa, Oklahoma.

—Daniel T. Kelly (student '03–'05) of Trinidad, Colorado, sends his best wishes to the boys of his time. Dan is making a success in business in his home town.

—Sylvester O'Brien, a student here fourteen years ago, visited old scenes and renewed old times last Sunday. Mr. O'Brien is travelling for a large manufacturing concern in the Northwest.

—Leo Welsh (student '11–'12) of Indianapolis, is the guest of his brother, Lawrence, of Corby hall, and attended the Military Ball on Wednesday evening. Leo is in business with his father in Indianapolis.

—William J. Murphy (short M. E. '10) and Wales Finnegan (short E. E. '10) are two Notre Dame boys associated with the Electric Light and Power Company of Saskatchewan, Canada. They are located at Regina, Saskatchewan.

—"Phil" Phillips (short M. E., '12) called on friends at the University during the week. Business appointments in the interests of the Kewanee Boiler Company, for which "Phil" is travelling, prevented his remaining with us for the Military Ball.

—Herbert Daschbach of Pittsburg, Pa., was a visitor at Notre Dame last Saturday and Sunday. Herbert and his brother, Ray, both former students of the University, are loyal "old boys," and boosters of their Alma Mater. Much of the comfort so enjoyed and appreciated by the football teams of Notre Dame while in Pittsburg was the result of "Herb's" earnest efforts.

Calendar.

Sunday, January 26—Brownson Literary Society
Monday—Meeting, Architectural Society, 7:30 p. m.
Meeting of the Philopatrians, 5:00 p. m.
Tuesday—Knights of Columbus meeting, 7:45 p. m.
Varsity vs. St. Viators in basketball here.
Wednesday—Civil Engineering Society, 7:30 p. m.
Friday—Quarterly Examinations.
Saturday—Quarterly Examinations.

Examinations.

All Christian Doctrine classes will be examined at 7:30 p. m. Thursday, January 30.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 31.

Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 p. m. and 2:00 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1.

Classes taught at 9:00 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:00 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:45 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m.

Local News.

—A meeting of the SCHOLASTIC board is called for Sunday, January 26th, at 9 o'clock in the St. Cecilian room of the Main Building.

—Being from Missouri, we have given the new street car schedule a week's try-out, and are about ready to indorse it as O. K. But schedule or no schedule, the best and surest way to make a car is to get out and wait for it.

—Term classes end with the next examinations which are scheduled for January 31st and February 1st. Students desirous of taking up new classes should arrange for them with the Prefect of Studies not later than next Thursday.

—Last Thursday evening the second game in the Walsh bowling contest was played. This time it was the first floor against the third. The third floor team was crippled by the absence of two of its star members, but it nevertheless put up a good fight though a losing one. The total for the first floor was 1904 pins and for the second 1715. Tom Glynn, first floor, was high man with a score of 160, made in the second game.

—The lakes—sheets of silver under the pale, full moon,—were crowded with skaters Wednesday evening, gliding, whirling, this way and that, like phantom shadows in the wan light. It is a question yet undecided who had

the better time—the Military Ballers or the skaters.

—Referring to a contribution by a certain "H. W." in our last publication, we refute the statement that "the weather-man's distracted." Hasn't he given us half a week of good, cold winter? Pity poor old New York where the Easter Sunday weather has arrived before Lent!

—On the same low status as the hymn-book harpy and the fellow who constantly experiments with a near Caruso voice is the cheap mannered gazook who cuts dances. Honestly, we sometimes wish that the days of dueling had not passed forever, and that these fellows would receive what they justly deserve. No gentleman would do it, sir!

—Again our friend, Professor Koehler, receives the plaudits of the multitude, this time from the Knife and Fork Club of South Bend. It was Ladies' night, and the Oliver was filled to overflowing. Prof. Koehler recited "The Message" and "Aux Italiens." Since we are all so familiar with the character of his elocution, extended comment would be superfluous.

—Table manners? Sure we haven't any. Whenever men dine alone, lacking the restraining and refining presence of the ladies, their habits seem, almost naturally, to become sloppy. However, perhaps we could remember, if we tried, that a knife is not to be used to perform the functions of a fork or of a toothpick; also that it is not necessary to baptize the cloth with gravy every noon.

—The latest delinquent list is the longest in the history of the school! Here's one record breaker that doesn't call for enthusiasm. And examinations only a week away! We can't lay the blame on the Christmas holidays, nor on the weather; something is certainly decomposed among the Danes. And the names of some of our brightest students are inscribed on this roll of dishonor. A word to the wise is sufficient.

—After helping the soldiers dress last Wednesday eve, we are exceedingly thankful that Military Balls come but once a year. Getting 180 pounds of athletic form into a soldier's suit with corset effect built for some one tipping the scales at 130 may read funny, but it isn't. Such bustle, such nervous haste, such violent language! We shudder and sigh even when we think of it. "Hey Bill! Gotta extra pair of suspenders?"

—A real, old-fashioned snow fight at last! How we have longed to hear the "sizz" of the flying snowballs and to feel—by proxy—the sharp sting of the icy missiles. Last Wednesday a Walsh hall crowd assembled in a suspicious looking group in front of their hall and made life a phase of dynamic energy—one hard thing after another—for the belated ones returning nonchalantly from the noon-day meal.

—Nine rahs! Here's a bit of news from Sorin! Our long friend, "Si" Williams, started a "stump the leader" game in the "rec" room, doing all sorts of acrobatic stunts, such as high kicking, chinning the chandeliers, balancing a playing card on the nose, and the like. Many tried, but few could do the "stunts" like "Si." We wouldn't have believed it, but something is bound to happen every now and then,—even in Sorin.

—Owing to the energy and interest of Prof. Koehler, Washington Hall is to undergo a complete remodelling. A new floor has already been laid for the stage, a modern curtain ordered, and the orchestra pit reconstructed. There is at present a great deal of waste room in the hall which Prof. Koehler is going to utilize with new tiers of seats. Hereafter, the side entrance to the theatre is reserved for the Faculty and visitors. Students must use the front entrance.

—The old cheering habit was certainly revived at our last basketball game. The men with the zinc-lined throats who have cheered many a gold and blue athlete on to victory did all that possibly could be expected of them. The gym, at least, is a place where we can let ourselves loose without breach of conduct or propriety. Then don't be so ladylike and refined as to clap your little hands and smile prettily when a man of your team makes a difficult play or cleverly stops an opponent. Let him know by your vocal efforts that you're with him—backing him up and playing him to win.

—The mails are noticeably not so heavy now as they were earlier in the year, and there does not appear to be half so frantic a rush after letters as there once was. All of which calls for a solution from Uncle Jules. Back in his home town, almost every laddie has his lassie. In September they keep the mails

hot with a letter a day. In November they begin to slow down. In December the love marathon has them almost winded. They see each other during the holidays and, in nine cases out of ten, bang! goes their deathless impressions. Now they don't write at all. We are convinced that whoever said that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" didn't know what he was talking about.

—Obituary: Gone from our midst—gone from the disconsolate roomers of the first floor of Walsh who will miss his gentle service and the melancholy warbles of his bagpipe—gone from the environment of brooms and mops and laundry bags—*MIKE*, quandom janitor of Walsh Hall, now bright star of the Nickelodian Circuit. Once again has Pan been hidden among the reeds, once again have we entertained angels unawares. His harp, *i. e.*, his accordion, is in his hand, and his crown, doubtless, will soon come. And in the meantime, Dee Newning is sadly at a loss for an evening's entertainment.

Athletic Notes.

Second Prize in Walsh Bowling Contest.

Losing the meal ticket prize last week by a lone pin gave "Red" Newning renewed energy and red-hot determination, and on the day following the posting of the new prize offer, he rolled a score of 193. Despite the many attempts made to better the score during the week, it stood untouched till the end, and "Red" received the prize pipe from Hullie's choice stock. The prize for high score this week is the choice of a pound humidor of Prince Albert tobacco or a dollar box of candy. Members of any hall may compete for these Walsh alley prizes, which will be offered every week throughout the season.

The Northwestern Score Settled.

The ancient law of "an eye for an eye" may be abolished in some places, but in athletics it is still with us. Without any further moralizing, it gives us great pleasure to announce that the Varsity evened up their score with Northwestern college by defeating the Naperville boys last Saturday by a 34 to 17 count. Last year the representation from the Illinois village, in a "practice" game, slipped one over on our men, 23 to 19.

This year the game was clean and well-fought throughout. The Varsity's advantage arose from their superior ability in throwing field goals. In this pastime, Granfield, as usual, excelled, the Notre Dame peach securing 16 of the 34 points made for the gold and blue. Mills was next in the scoring line with four field goals. "Rupe's" six feet two is not the only excuse we can offer for his appearance in the line-up. In playing the floor and in shooting baskets, he looks like a coming "sure bet." To dwell on the merits of the other players would be but to repeat that which has been said and thought by all for the past year.

For Northwestern, Seder and Kluckhohn at forwards and Biesler at guard did much to put their own score up to where it was, and to keep the Varsity's down to where it was. The line-up:

Notre Dame (34)		Northwestern (17)
Granfield	L. F.	Seder
Cahill, Kelly	R. F.	Kluckhohn
Mills	C.	Hauneman
Feeney (Capt.)	R. G.	Biesler
Nowers, Finnegan	L. G.	Uberhelman

Field golas—Granfield (7), Mills (4), Cahill (3), Nowers (2), Seder (2), Kluckhohn (3), Hauneman Bree throws—Granfield (2). Seder (5). Rerefee—Branhard (Indiana)

South Bend High a Worthy Rival.

Although a practice game, scheduled by Manager O'Connell at the request of Capt. Feeney, to let the Varsity get familiar with small courts and wooden floors, the second match with the South Bend high school, played in the South Bend Y. M. C. A. last Wednesday afternoon, was the best contest so far this year. The Varsity met its first experience of the season on a small court, and are much wiser for it.

The first half of the game was played under A. A. U. rules, and although the High School five plays regularly under them, the Varsity easily proved their superiority. In the second half, however, with Intercollegiate rules enforced, the South Bend boys proved themselves equal to the Varsity, and scored as many points in this half as our men did.

Finnegan played at guard during the first session, and Kenny replaced Cahill at forward during the second, and these shake-ups in the line destroyed, in a measure, the Varsity's teamwork. According to custom and precedent, "Peaches" secured half of the tallies made. Mills continued his form displayed in the Northwestern game, and Capt. Feeney played a good but polite game against his

little forward. The practice secured will be invaluable to the Varsity because of the wooden floors and small courts that will likely be met on their nine-days' trip next month. The score:

Notre Dame (33)		South Bend High (27)
Granfield	R. F.	Allen
Cahill, Kenney	L. F.	Kirby
Mills	C.	Mosiman (Capt.)
Feeney (Capt.)	R. G.	Bacon
Finnegan, Nowers	L. F.	Brug, Wolf

Field Goals—Granfield (8), Mills (3), Feeney, Kenney; Allen (5), Kirby (3), Mosiman, Bacon. Free throws—Cahill (3), Kenney (3), Granfield; Kirby (7). Referee—Grimes.

WABASH THIS AFTERNOON.

The Wabash-Notre Dame basketball game scheduled here for Feb. 2 has been changed by the request of Manager Eller of Wabash, and will be played in the local gymnasium this afternoon at 3:00 p. m. The standing rivalry of these two teams, together with the assurance given by Coach Harper that his band is as strong as it was last year, will make the game among the most interesting of the year. It is probable that our old basketball hero, "Dud" Maloney, will referee the contest.

Safety Valve.

While over at Holy Cross Mr. Heiser et allii "interpreted their respective parts excellently and elicited both laughter and applause as a testimony of their success." Hurrah!

***

"And then Mr. Brown and his charmed piccolo captured the full attention of the audience." I move you, Mr. President, that Mr. Brown establish a piccolodium.

***

The Street Car Co. have or has effected a dicker by which Hill cars go via Madison and vice versa. We're so tickled, we'll joyfully throw the Hill conductors into the bargain as a gift.

***

Including their sagacious line of dialogue.

***

And the vice versa reminds us. Perhaps it was in the Mahabarata, or in the Koran,—or where was it we saw these words? "To sit down correctly, both legs should be up against the chair. The right foot should be back as far as possible, and the left foot still farther back, or vice versa."

***

Father Bolger comes out with the information that there are nigh onto a half century of candidates trying out for the woman suffrage affair. We shall accept the preliminaries as a part of our Lenten penance.

***

For the benefit of the low-brows the few trees that remain have been tagged. Thus that big fellow the Walshers sit under when summer sun is sinking in the western sky is called *Pinus Americanus*. Remember this and 'twill help your education.

***

One day as I walked with Ed Roach
This matter he ventured to broach:
"If I walked to St. Mary's
Just to look at the fairies,
Do you think it will matter so moach?"

"Tis a queer proposition," says I,
"Still 'twont do any hurt for to try."
But he'd no sister fairy
In the St. Mary airy,
So Mr. Edward, he got the bye-bye.

***

We trust the Military Ball was as cool and refined an affair as last year. We shall read of the outcome in our sententious weekly with a show of interest.

***

UNIVERSITY DIRECTORY.

Sorin Mail Man—Breslin.
Would-be Ditto—DeFries.
Official Express—Bob.
Official Canine—Nellie.
Producer—Bakery.
Consumer—Harper.
Noisemaker—Band.
Leader of the Chorus—Flynn.

***

"We are counting the days till the examinations," writes a man from Brownson to the loved ones at home. And many will be counting the flunks after.

***

SOMEWHAT IS MUCH.

"Goneril," writes our Erich, "has somewhat of an affection for Edmund, so much so that they are in love with each other."

***

A bunch of Carrollites were the honorary guardians of the punch bowl at the recent war dance. Not the first time either that guards killed what they should have protected.

***

A storm of indignation has arisen over the cutting down of "that magnificent old elm" near the grotto. We merely point out the fact that that particular old elm was decidedly popular.

***

The author of *Four Great Actors* gives us this startling bit of information in his last week's lucubration: "Born on his father's farm in Maryland, Booth grew up keeping company with his father."

Most unnatural, but such things have happened before.

***

"Don't allow a trifle like a military uniform to stand between you and an evening of fun," writes the local scribe in the last issue. Believe US, good manners and the law demand that a military uniform or some other such "trifle" must stand between you and the outside world, especially at a dance. Local ed. must have thought we were going swimming.