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A Memory Gem.

VINCENT D. RYAN, '14.

IN the wintry night when the snow falls white
And glitters and sparkles and gleams,
And the sky o'erhead with moonlight spread
Graces earth with its tender beams;
When all is still save the whip-poor-will
And the wind and the crunching snow,
Then my heart will fondly, quickly fill
With thoughts of the long ago.
With thoughts of you, kind friend and true,
How in youth we were wont to play—
In the meadows lush with violets blue,
Till the night replaced the day.
And thinking thus, my heart expands
And fills with infinite joy:
I'm wafted back unto childhood lands,
Again I'm a care-free boy.

The Value of Greek in a Classical Training.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.



ASK a student of the classical course why he studies Greek, a dead language, in preference to German or French, and almost invariably he will be unable to make a satisfactory reply. Should you ask him the same question about Latin, he might be able to give you several reasons; but for Greek, none.

Greek is as necessary to the classical course as mathematics is to the engineering course, or Blackstone to the course of jurisprudence. A student of engineering knows very definitely what his purpose is in pursuing the study of mathematics; the law student can give a satisfactory reason for studying Blackstone;

but the poor student of the classics is mute and knows not what reason to give for studying Greek. He feels sure that there must be some advantage to be derived from Greek in a classical training, else it would not occupy such an important place as it does in the course. It is not rash to assert that not one undergraduate student in fifty can give a ready and satisfactory justification for the hours he spends in "plugging away" at the Greek masters. Now, there are reasons, and defensible ones, why Greek has always been considered so important, and it is highly proper that the Greek student should know what they are. He should have a motive for studying the language, otherwise it will be of no special benefit to him.

To know Greek is a liberal education in itself. The Greeks developed and perfected so many of the fine arts that it is difficult to pick out those for whose perfection they are not responsible. In music, painting, sculpture, rhetoric, oratory, history, philosophy, poetry, and the dramatic art, Greece stands pre-eminent. Of her music and painting we have no knowledge except through history; but the sculpture work of the ancient Greeks is still unsurpassed. Their schools of rhetoric were world-famous. The memory of Demosthenes, their orator, will never die. In the field of literature they are supreme. Thucydides, Heroditus, and Xenophon are historians whose works were and are models for all future historians. Our entire system of scholastic philosophy is built upon the philosophy of Aristotle. Plato and Socrates, too, have had a profound influence on modern philosophy. In poetry, the very fragments which have come down to us are regarded as masterpieces. And in the drama, the names of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, together with that of Aristophanes, will ever stand for the height of perfection in dramatic art.

As a liberal education, then, a study of the works which the Greeks have left us has much to commend itself. It gives us a greater breadth of knowledge than we would otherwise have. It is the key to the treasure rooms of ancient Greek lore and wisdom. It uncovers to us the ways of thinking and acting which the Greeks and their contemporaries followed.

We admire the brightness of the Greek intellect. We wonder at the magnitude and perfection of Greek attainments. They have set such high standards in the fine arts that after all our years of trial and endeavor we have not surpassed them, and only in rare instances have we equalled them. There in that little country—so small that from almost any point one can behold the sea—was contained such manifold types of perfection that we of today stand in wonderment.

The Greek language mirrors the brilliant intellectuality of its people. The more one studies the language the more he realizes how nearly perfect it is. Language is the medium of expressing thought, and it is because of the perfect adaptation of language to thought that the study of Greek has ever been held in such high esteem. Clearness, which is the first requisite of any language, is never wanting in Greek. The genius of the language is such that the most delicate shades of meaning can be expressed with perfect clearness, and this in a manner impossible to any modern tongue. Inflection, order of arrangement, and use of particles, can do in Greek what can not be done in English, German, or French. Even Latin is inferior to Greek in this respect. An eminent English critic has said that it is not enough that a sentence should be capable of expressing what we mean to say; it should be so constructed that it will be incapable of expressing anything else. This exactness of expression is very difficult in English, but Greek lends itself very readily to it. Where the inflection of words does not make known the proper construction, either the disposition of the words in the sentence will make clear the meaning, or the interposition of certain particles in the sentence will bring about the required lucidity. It is impossible to construe a Greek sentence to mean two things. Thus it happens that a very subtle and intricately developed thought that can be expressed in Greek in one or two brief sentences may require from five to ten sentences in English. And where force

depends upon brevity, one can easily perceive how much is lost in an English translation of a Greek work. Or if one wishes to retain in the translation the forcibleness of the original Greek, he must sacrifice some of its characteristically delicate shades of meaning. This latter course is the one generally followed in translations. Therefore, to understand the Greek writings perfectly we must study them in the language in which they were written. Two advantages are thus derived: we gain the full benefit of the subject matter, and the mental exercise involved tends to make our mind more active and intelligent.

The Greeks were taught to analyze and to reason clearly and logically. Vague, indefinite terms were avoided, and in their stead precise and clear-cut expressions were used. All these qualities are reflected in their writings. The Greeks did not deal in generalities and meaningless phrases; every word was made to express something definite, concrete. Not only did they reason clearly and logically, but they expressed their thoughts clearly and logically. Their aim was to be precise and forcible. By cutting away from side issues and shunning all vagaries they reached their end quickly and surely. Even in the wild strains of their imaginative poetry there is careful method discernible.

In studying the language of the ancient Greeks, one must necessarily fall into their manner of thinking; and to acquire an orderly habit of thinking is well worth any man's time and effort. Such an acquisition will be of value all through life. No matter what kind of work a man undertakes, he must think; and the man that can think most clearly and energetically is the man that must eventually prove most successful.

For strictly commercial purposes, German and French, to be sure, are more practical than Greek. And to those seeking a purely commercial training, modern languages are of more immediate use. This is an intensely practical age; unless men can see the immediate results of things they cast them aside as impracticable. The study of Greek has a very important bearing on the mental training of a man, but its importance is not sufficiently realized to give it due prominence. Fads and attractive appearances draw the crowd, leaving the sensible few to enjoy the real and lasting pleasures of solid learning.

Tommy Atkins.

"Av you seen Tommy Atkins, sir?" said Files-on-Parade.

"E's all around the bloomin' ground," the Color-Sergeant said.

"E's waitin' in the dinin' room, an' sweepin' Brownson 'all,

'E's in the big gymnasium a-playin' basketball.

For they're drillin' Tommy Atkins, you can 'ear the bugles play,

It's march an' countermarch for 'im the livelong, blessed day,

They've put 'im in a uniform that gives 'is shape away,

An' they're drillin' Tommy Atkins in the mornin'.

"What are the bugles playing for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Tommy's time to fall in line," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What are the captains writin' down?" said Files-on-Parade.

"The ones that *skived*; the ones that *skived*," the Color-Sergeant said.

"O they're drillin' Tommy Atkins, and they make 'im 'right 'bout face,'

'Count off by fours,' and 'side step twice,' and 'mind you keep your place';

O they put 'im through maneuvers at an awful killin' pace

When they're drillin' Tommy Atkins in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"They're short o' wind, they're short o' wind," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes the front rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.

"'E finds 'is gun too much for 'im," the Color-Sergeant said.

"O they're drillin' Tommy Atkins in a suit of khaki-brown,

'E'd much prefer a Mackinaw an' visitin' in town,

'E sees no fun in soldierin'—'e's tired from foot to crown,

When they're drillin' Tommy Atkins in the mornin'.

"What makes them all 'old up their 'eads?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's what they're taught, it's what they're taught," the Color-Sergeant said.

"What makes their chests stick out so far?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It comes from drill and double drill," the Color-Sergeant said.

"O they're drillin' Tommy Atkins an' they've made a man of 'im.

"'E'll look you squarely in the eye and do 'is turn with vim,

'E's got respect for discipline an' knows it ain't a whim—

Since they're drillin' Tommy Atkins in the mornin'."

W. H.

Red and the Fairy.

FRANK H. BOOS, '15.

Upright on an empty tobacco can stood a sputtering candle which threw its sickly yellow rays over a desk piled high with papers and battered text-books, over a pale, slim young man in a faded bathrobe, and over a yellow, dog-eared volume of law which lay open before him. What cared Red Mullen for the "lights-out-at-ten" rule? Was not tomorrow the last dreaded day of the last dreaded week, the final test in the final examinations?

"Gosh, I gotta get it, that's all there's to it!" he muttered fiercely, biting hard on the stem of his particularly black and redolent corn-cob as he re-read a ponderous definition for the twentieth time.

A little clock, ticking bravely somewhere in the depths of the litter on the desk, registered two-twenty a. m., but still Red Mullen, squirming restlessly in his chair, his brows wrinkled, his jaw thrust resolutely forward, obstinately refused to allow his tired eyelids to close even for an instant.

"Huh," he mused through his teeth, "I got by those exams today all right, but this dope is the limit. I simply gotta get it! Oh, well, it's the last exam, thank goodness, an' it comes early in the mornin'. I'll be all through by ten, an' then—"

He started reading again but little by little his jaw relaxed and his head sagged. The lines seemed determined to run together and become a meaningless blur. He roused himself and went back over a few sentences, but they were wholly unintelligible. His eyes began to smart and itch; he rubbed them; then they began to water, and he held his handkerchief to them. Each eyelid felt as if an almost irresistible power was pulling it down, down to sleep. He tried to read again, but failed signally in the attempt; his eyes simply would not keep open, try as he would. He sighed and rested his head in his hands, too tired, too exhausted, to read further, his brain fagged and dazed. He nodded slowly, just as the chimes in the church tower pealed the hour of three, slowly, softly, the echoes dying away harmoniously.

Then a strange thing happened. He found himself out on the campus, looking up at the dark, silent hall. The front door stood wide

open for returning when he would feel like it, so he decided to take a walk and refresh his tired brain before resuming the study of that dry old law book. It was a night in June, the month of perfect nights. The air was scented with the perfume of flowers, of blossoming trees, of swelling buds; that subtle, nameless perfume which vitalizes the tired senses with its delights, which stirs the heart to deeds of love and gentleness; the perfume of awakening life; as sweet as the fairy scents distilled in the flowery Orient. Red Mullen breathed deeply and chuckled softly to himself. On either side of the winding road which lay before him, long avenues of spear-like poplars grew, their tall tops hidden in a very thick white mist which gave them the appearance of projecting infinitely into space.

High overhead, a great luminous moon, round and full, displayed herself upon a blue and milky sky. There was no breeze; the leaves of the trees hung motionless, shining with a brightness like that of the snow. He sauntered down the road, his feet making no sound on the hard, beaten earth. The rough boards of a fence which lay beyond the poplars seemed transformed into huge bars of mother-of-pearl, radiant, iridescent. On one hand lay an orchard, white with blossoms; on the other a meadow, resplendent in the moonlight.

Suddenly the sound of music reached Red's ears, music the like of which he had never heard before; a strange, weird, fantastic melody which seemed to him to be played entirely on four or five notes. He stopped, startled, and listened. It was not a human voice; no, nor yet a harp nor a flute. Even as he listened, it suddenly dawned upon his enchanted senses that this strange, uncanny music was calling him, calling him irresistibly, pleading, begging, commanding him to come. As one in a dream he started to run, the melody, now fast and fiery, now slow and plaintive, ringing in his ears, urging him, blinding him, burning into his very soul.

Twing! Twing-twang! Twing-tweeng!

Twing! Twing-tweeng! Twing-twang!

sang the music, louder and louder as he sped along. Then, as mariners of old were lured by sirens' songs, so he was stopped and drawn, eyes dilated, mouth agape, to the side of the road.

Sitting on a huge boulder, partially hidden by dense growths of haw and hazel bushes, was

a strangely beautiful maiden. Pale moonbeams filtered through the leaves, lighting upon her face, which was fresh and fair, flecking her white robe with greyish shadows.

Twing-tweeng! Twing! Twing-twang!

murmured the amorous notes of the hidden instrument.

As Red stood, struck dumb with amazement in the semi-light, delicious thrills of pleasurable excitement coursed up and down his spine; and his breath came hard as he gazed at the apparition. She was small—very much smaller than any young lady he had ever seen before. She had great black eyes and sensuous, crimson lips; her steel-blue hair framed an oval face which, in the feeble moonlight, appeared pale, and almost unearthly. On her white forehead glittered a circlet of gold; about her smooth neck hung strings of sparkling gems; her bare arms were heavy with bracelets; and on her tiny bare feet were twinkling, shining sandals. Her dress was rich, Oriental; it was a filmy, dazzling drapery, threaded with gold and precious stones, sparkling, scintillating, as airy and unsubstantial as the sun-kissed mist which floats above a woodland stream.

Twing! Tweeng! Twing-twing-twang! sounded the music, thrilling his whole being, causing the blood to leap in his veins. Then the maiden spoke,—her voice sounding very far away, like the fairy tinkling of a grotto waterfall.

"A youth cometh, O ye of Araby! He visiteth me, ye ancient ones of the East!"

Too bewildered to move, Red could but stand like a statue and listen to the voice.

"Harken ye, for I speak!" she commanded. "The youth's hair is like the rays of Allah's sun. His face is pale even as Luna is pale! Reville not at his deformities, ye ancients, for he hath graced me with a visit; but be ye kind, even as Allah is kind."

Red rubbed his eyes and almost choked. She was not speaking to him, yet no one else was in sight; she played no instrument, yet even as she was speaking ran the strange, haunting Oriental strain:

Twang! Twing! Twe-ee-ng-twang!

Her voice, blending with the music, made him shudder, so soft and clear and modulated, like the piping of a magic lute.

"The youth," she continued, "is tired and seeketh rest; the youth is weary from toil and seeketh refreshment. He cometh hence because the music biddeth him come; a poor, poor youth

with many, many troubles. Sit ye down, youth, that ye may find rest: recline that ye may be refreshed. Because I have spoken, obey! Harken and watch, ye Peoples of Ancient Araby!

A single slanting moonbeam lighted up her eyes; eyes large and round and fathomless, fringed with delicately-curved lashes, eyes wild yet calm; fierce yet peaceful; eyes in which dwelt all the magic lore of the ancient East; and when they met his, a shock tingled through his entire being, sinking him limply to the ground. Try as he would, he could not draw his eyes from hers! His hands fumbled in the dewy grass; and yet—it was not grass at all but silk; a smooth silken rug. The maiden drew her gauzy robe close about her ivory limbs, looking down at the prostrate man before her, looking through him, into his very heart and soul, hypnotizing and intoxicating him by the mystic charm of her eyes.

Twe-eng! Twang! Twing-twing-g!

"The youth who cometh is resting, O Ye of the East," the maiden breathed through lips that scarcely seemed to move. "He is weary from the toil of this night, but e'en as he resteth his mind is worried. Harken, Allah's blessed Ones! The youth's brow is troubled when it should be serene; his mind is a wild sea of worry when it should be a quiet pool of peace. He prayeth aid, Ye People of the Clouds. Grant him assistance!"

Red gulped, staring helplessly the while into those deep, dark eyes. In her hand there suddenly appeared a small box which shone like gold in the moonlight. This she opened, and, with a graceful gesture, gave the young man a long, thin, rose-tinted tube. It was an Arabian cigarette.

"See! O Children of the East," she was saying, "I give the youth the greatest gift of Allah's bounty!"

Twing-twe-eng! Twang-twa-ang!

Their fingers touched, yet did not touch, for Red felt nothing; and as he took the cigarette and placed the gold tip to his lips, a tiny spurt of dazzling, blinding flame, rainbow colored, darted from one end of the little tube.

"Smoke, Youth," the maiden said, her jewels scintillating in the light of the pale moon. "Breathe in the sacred breath of Allah, that ye may be eased of mind; smoke thou the holy fumes of Allah's gift that ye may know all."

Red Mullen inhaled deeply. The cigarette

was heavy, moistened with rich oils of roses and cinnamon, reeking with the sweetish taste of perfumed opium, and as he smoked, all but the piercing eyes of the maiden became enveloped in a strange, pinkish vapor.

The maiden, smiling, arose and began to sing, the unseen musician keeping time to the Runic rhythm of her chant.

Flower of the Orient Wind,

The balmy wind,

Smile on me! Be not unkind,

Tho' love's unkind!

Ope thou thy tent and gaze at me.

Ah, then will I all joyful be!

All that I hear, I feel, I see

Is thee—only thee!

Turn back thy gauzy veil,

Thy liquid veil;

Bask in the moonbeams pale,

Silvery pale:

In the dark Arabian night,

Balmy night,

Rise my hopes to dizzy height,

Dazzling height!

Cast thou not them down with scorn

Leave me not all sad, forlorn!

Better far I ne'er were born

Than of love be shorn.

She ceased singing and sat down, her eyes never leaving his.

Twe-eng! Twe-eng! Twang-twing! murmured the music.

"Because, O youth; thou hast partaken of the breath of heaven, thou shalt tomorrow know all things. Everything, be it great or small, shalt thou understand, even those things about which no man hath ever yet dared dream about."

Slowly, Red puffed the Arabian cigarette, seeing nothing but the maiden's eyes, hearing nothing but her voice, conscious of nothing but the beautiful, mysterious being before him.

"All things thou shalt know, O youth," she was whispering, "for into thine ears shall the Ancient Ones of Araby always speak council. Ye shall be all-wise, all-learned, and thy wisdom shalt be of great repute among mortals."

Twe-eng! Twang! Twang-twe-eng!

In the distance a hound bayed to the moon. The sound brought Red's mind back to earth. Struggling to his feet with an effort, his eyes still held by hers, he moistened his lips and opened his mouth.

"Will I," he managed to blurt out, "will I—know the—the law examination tomorrow?" The maiden shrank back against the boulder.

the music became suddenly loud and strong, then louder, then harsher, until it became a maddening tumult of noise.

Zing! Zing! Zang-zang! Zing!

"O why didst thou speak, ye mortal?" cried the maiden in agonizing tones. "Why didst thou open thy mouth? Thy voice hath shattered the sacred charm of Allah's moonlight!"

Desperately, he raised his voice to a shout, horrified at the destruction he had wrought, but desperately seeking some assurance that part of the charm still held.

"Will I know the law for tomorrow?" he demanded, leaping forward.

Zang! Zang! Zang! Zang! Zang! Zang! roared the music, ever increasing in volume.

"All things," screamed the maiden, "shalt thou know; all—things—shalt—thou—understand, from—the smallest—to the—greatest!"

"Thank goodness for *that!*" he cried.

Boom! Bang! Boom! Boom! Like thunder the music deafened him, bewildered him. He turned to seize the maiden in his arms; she was gone! He looked upward into the starry night! What was that?

Boom! Boom! Bang! Boom!

He stretched his arms wildly towards heaven in—

Red Mullen opened his eyes, rubbed them, then started to get up. Someone was kicking his door with such energy as to threaten the panels with dire destruction.

"Hey, Red!" bawled a voice from out in the hall.

"Well, Whatcha want?"

"Why in Hades didn't you get up for that exam? Get up, yeh boob! It's after eleven!"

Gray Mists.

FAR out, as far as the faintest star,

The mists seem motionless

No south-wind stirs, no shadow blurs

That sea of lifelessness.

The mantle lies 'tween earth and skies,

In silence-most profound.

No morning's sheen, no life is seen;

The night-cool bathes the ground.

Beyond the river, with barest quiver,

The wooing winds caress

The fog-bound earth; with sparkling mirth

She wakes from night's duress.

EDWARD A. ROACH, '13.

The Growth and Development of the Elizabethan Stage.

S. F. MILANOWSKI, '14.

From time immemorial we find that there existed some sort of drama in England. At first these representations of life were presented in a crude manner, but as time went on, better subjects and a better understanding of the functions of the drama gave the country a more polished and more elevated style of composition.

The primitive English drama was not a carefully written play with a complicated plot and strongly marked characters. It was nothing more than the antics of a group of young men, who, having nothing to do to pass their time away, decided to reduplicate the acts and speeches of well-known personages. The dialogue was impromptu; each member relying on his ingenuity and wit, made up his lines as he proceeded. A crowd would quickly gather about these jovial and dramatic youths, to enjoy and applaud whatever was well rendered. This was the first stage of dramatic art in England.

As time passed, groups of these amateur actors could be found in every city and village of England. They were becoming popular. In order to carry out their plays more effectively these actors organized. Now the actors wrote out their plays, revised them, appointed the several rôles in the play to different ones, and these memorized their lines. Performances were given oftener and better than before.

After the "Miracle" plays, the "Moralities" made their appearance, under the supervision of the clergy. These plays were performed on pageant wagons, very much like our modern floats at carnivals. Each company had its wagon and traveled from town to town over the entire country. There were two stories to the wagons. The lower part, which was used as the "tiring" room, was covered with a curtain; the upper part of the wagon held the platform where the players appeared, after they had ascended from the "tiring" room through a trap door. Those companies, however, that did not roam over the country but remained in one village all the time, erected platforms or scaffolds which were stationary. On these bare scaffolds a curtain was stretched

at the back, so as to give a front and two side entrances. The musicians, if there were any, played at the back of this stage. The performance took place in front of them, without the aid of scenery of any sort and without any protection from the weather. The audience stood around three sides of this platform, eating nuts and candy and passing remarks on the merit of the players. These companies now charged a fee for witnessing one of their performances. In this matter they were at a sore disadvantage, since the audience could, and often did, disperse without paying their penny. Various means were devised by which the actors would be able to collect their price of admission, but each proved unsuccessful. At last a way out of this difficulty was found: this was to utilize the inn-yard as a theatre.

It is not known when inn-yards were first used by actors as show places. The yards of the old inns in England were well suited for the actors' purposes, since the exits and the entrances could easily be controlled and thus the payment of admission be assured. These yards were in the shape of an oblong, and had two or three galleries running around the four sides. These gallery seats were the original boxes. The courtyard was the "pit"; the audience here was made up of the common towns-folk, and stood or sat on chairs hired for the occasion. At one end of the courtyard the actor hung his curtain at the back of an improvised platform and just at the edge of the lower gallery. He used a room across the passage behind the curtain for a dressing or "tiring" room. Later on, he advanced another step when he used the part of the first gallery just above his curtain for a balcony, a town wall, and the like.

In 1576, after actors had acquired a fairly good reputation, they left the inn-yards for the bull-rings. The rings, likewise were provided with a pit and two or three galleries. There was an advantage in having the performances in the rings since they were built in circular shape. This brought all parts of the audience nearer the stage. To these rings, the actors added a sort of a hood projecting from the wall in front of the stage. The space within the hood permitted machinery by means of which gods and goddesses could be lowered among the mortals for the "Deus ex machina" solution of difficulties.

Up to 1576 there were no regular theatres

in London. The theatres, when they were finally established, were of two different classes—one the private, the other the public theatre. The private ones were designed on the model of the Town Halls in which, before the period of special buildings, dramatic representations had been given; while the public ones were constructed on the lines of the inn-yards and bull-rings. The private theatres, then, were fully roofed, and, being the more fashionable, had seats in every part of the house, even in the pit. Being roofed, they could be used not only in the daytime, but at night as well by the aid of artificial light. In the public theatres only the stage was roofed, the auditorium being open to the sky; performances could be given only by daylight.

In the public theatres, the audience in the pit was made up of common citizens of London, the laboring classes, apprentices, grooms, boys, and of the more dissolute and boisterous element: each one paid his two or three pennies for admission. If it rained, they were wet; if the sun shone, they were warm; they criticised the actors and ridiculed the dandies and fops that sat on the stage; they ate and drank and occasionally fought one another, after the fashion of the time. They were sometimes riotous. When the air of the yard became disagreeable, juniper berries were burned to purify it. The nobles and men of fashion paid sixpence or a shilling for a three-legged stool on the stage. There were no women seated on the stage, and only a few, and those usually not of the best, in the boxes. The performance began at three o'clock and lasted from two to two and a half hours. It was announced by the hoisting of flags and the shrill blowing of trumpets. Play bills of a rude kind were distributed; if a tragedy was to be presented, the bills were printed in red ink. In place of the modern ushers were boys who sold tobacco, nuts, and sweetmeats. The stage was strewn with rushes and partially concealed by a curtain. Altogether the nearest modern approach to the stage conditions of the Elizabethan theatre is to be found in those of Chinese theatres which may sometimes be discovered in the Chinese quarters of American cities.

When the trumpets had been blown for the third time, the curtain on the stage was drawn aside and an actor, clad in a mantle of black velvet, came forward to recite the prologue.

This speech was often interrupted, and sometimes ended, by the violence of the "groundlings" or the late arrival on the stage of some rakish gentleman. The people in the yard were, as a rule, more respectful to the plays and players than those on the stage. After the prologue was recited the actor withdrew, and a moment later the curtain parted and the play was on. The actors wore rich costumes. The stage was devoid of gorgeous properties, and the scenery was of the simplest and rudest description. The stage was narrow, projected into the audience, was partly filled by spectators, and open to view on all sides save at the back. There were crude representations of rocks, trees and animals. The scene of the play was designated by a card that hung aloft and bore the simple announcement: "This is Venice," or "A city in Spain," etc.

The simplicity of material conditions combined with the prevalent literary taste of the time to make the actual novelties it offered to its public principally verbal. With none of the modern distractions of scenery or of pretentious costume, with scarcely any mechanical help for the production of illusion which must always be dear to the theatre-loving heart, the Elizabethan audience found its attention centered to a degree now hardly imaginable, on the actual words of the play.

This absence of visible scenery imposed on the dramatist the task of not only creating the plot and action, but likewise the background of his play. Much of the most exquisite poetry in our language was written to set before the imagination of an audience that which the early dramatist could not set before the eye.

It was by these means, therefore, that the theatre became the channel through which the rising life of the people found expression, and accurately reflected the popular taste, feeling, and culture. The Elizabethan stage was impregnated with the spirit of the age; it was passionate, reckless, adventurous, and indifferent to tradition. At best it became not only the greatest expression of English genius, but it reflected accurately the English spiritual and social life as it was at the time.

The Clown.

Poor fool, no revenue hast thou
But the wag o' thy head;
That in the wrinkles of thy brow
Must eat thy bread. G. F. L.

Valentine Tide.

ALVIN HATTEN.

O WOULD some fairy give to me
The gift of writing poetry!
I'd write a poem on Valentine tide
That would make the poets run and hide.

I would send it to the magazines
And get the price of a can of beans;
And in my room I'd have a spread
Some evening ere I went to bed.

The Ocean Called the "Peaceful."

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

Just inside the Columbia River Bar and sheltered behind the jutting promontory of North Head, huddles the village of Illwaco, a tiny cluster of houses grayed and weather-beaten by the salt air and the winter storms. On the outskirts of the village and standing somewhat aloof is a cottage, a little less grayed, a little less weather-beaten than the others, and lacking that miscellaneous collection of seine-corks and tarred trap-gear which marks the abode of the fisherman. To strangers the house is pointed out as the home of Chris Larsen, captain of the Del Howard, and his youthful wife whom the captain had brought to the coast from a distant prairie home.

The cottage door opens and a woman appears. Hurrying to the river's edge to obtain a full view of the ocean, and shading her eyes from the glare of the setting sun, she anxiously scans the horizon for a trace of the expected ship. The Del Howard is already two days overdue. The woman strains her eyes in the hope of sighting the masts and smoke-stacks silhouetted against the gray sky. Disappointed, she slowly makes her way back to the cottage with the inland-born's vague fear of the sea in her heart, and throwing herself on her knees she prays for "those that go down to the sea in ships."

A brisk sou'wester came up with the evening and by midnight had increased until the wind-gauge at the North Head lighthouse registered fifty-six miles an hour with occasional bursts that reached the sixty mark. The sky was masked behind clouds of impenetrable black-

ness which hung low and knew no break. Beyond the spread of light from the revolving tower-top the darkness rose up like a wall. Now and then a flash of forked lightning hurtled across the heavens, leaving terrific peals of thunder and icy, sheeted rain to follow in its wake.

The dawn of the morning, sullen and forbidding, offered no cessation of the tumult. The hesitating light revealed a wild fury of frothing waters. Tumbling breakers surged over the jetty with high-flung spray which the frantic wind seized in its grasp and bore far into the air to let fall as pebbled ice. The Columbia Bar seethed like a devil's caldron.

Scarcely a mile from shore, a distressed ship floundered clumsily. The wireless station on the Head was issuing signals which snapped like pistol shots: "Beware of Peacock Spit!" A flash of fire sputtered from the vessel's spark-gap, and the North Head operator read the message, "Steering apparatus gone, engines dead."

From behind the rocky promontory, the life-boat darted forth, piercing the heaving banks of water with her pointed nose. Two men in oil-skins steadied the wheel while three more clung to the rails. A little knot of people huddled together on the beach, unmindful of the scuds of stinging pellets which slanted down. Beyond drifted the great ship, powerless to fly from approaching doom, drifting, drifting, and bearing fast upon the churning water that marked the shoals of Peacock Spit. Her hull was setting slowly and the waves freely swept her decks. Far up in the rigging, the desperate crew clung numbly to the ice-incrusted masts, their hopes and eyes centred upon the little cockle shell which was fighting to reach them.

The life-boat struggled with bull-dog tenacity against the sweep of the waters. To the watchers on the masts, it rose and fell, rose and fell, seemingly for hours, yet made small headway. When finally it was all but within a rope's cast a huge mast toppled from the floundering ship and crushed one end of it beneath the waves. The watchers on the shore cried out in despair, but the doomed men on the ship uttered no sound. The life-boat came up with a crumpled bow and whirling about with the speed of a rocket, she drove shoreward before the hurricane.

No other boat put out from shore, for there was none to send. Slowly the sailors realized that their single hope had failed them. Nought remained now but a quick death in the angry waves or the prolonged agony of freezing to the mast. The figures one by one loosed themselves from the mast and dropped leadenly into the waves, while the little group of people on the shore stood by, wringing their hands and crying in their utter helplessness. The ship reeled drunkenly in the trough of the sea. Swiftly she neared the fatal shallows. A sudden plunge and she entered the swirl, a lurch, and bow foremost she vanished from sight beneath the boiling waters of Peacock Spit. As she sank the watchers discerned a single figure clinging with desperate purpose to an icy spar. For a moment they saw it, then a mighty wave completed the work of destruction and the bit of spar was snapped off and lost in the rush of an oncoming billow.

The winds have now abated and the clouds slowly float away. The sky in the west turns to a burning copper as the sun appears for a momentary glance at the ruin wrought in his absence. On the mile-out shoals of Peacock Spit, a single, stripped mast raises itself above the sullen waters to mark the grave of a giant ship. The sun sinks slowly from sight behind a ragged edge of sea and the evening gun from Fort Canby announces its descent into the world of shades, while from up-river and across the bay in distant Oregon the guns of Fort Columbia and Fort Stevens echo back the salute.

From a cottage on the outskirts of Illwaco comes the world-old wail, as, bending over a body which still clasps a broken bit of spar in icy embrace, a woman moans her dead.

A Valentine.

F. G. M.

IF I could have a valentine
To send you, Lady mine,
'Twould be a print of early spring
And birds upon the wing.

There should be two that build a nest,
Two birds with flaming breast;
And though their song you could not hear
You'd understand, my dear.

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—Lent is a time of adjustment. It is in this penitential season that the world-hampered soul is afforded more than ordinary means of disciplining itself into **The Spirit of Lent.** a better and more unworldly attitude. The recurring season of abstinence brings to the mind the necessity of a careful and rigorous watch over the rebellious passions; and besides this it gives to us an idea of the seriousness that must characterize the search for salvation.

A well-observed Lent is an education for the will; for by self-restraint, that faculty is taught to adopt proper courses of action and to seek only for that which is worth while. The season provides a method of training, the example for which was set by an all-wise Saviour. It recalls to our minds the beauty of humility, and, by its joyful ending in the feast of Easter, symbolically represents the happiness which at the general resurrection will await on all that have been faithful through many tribulations.

—Even that grim and case hardened veteran, Porfirio Diaz, must permit himself on occasional smile over the Mexican situation as mirrored in the innumerable **The Mexican Situation.** press dispatches that filter through to the outside world. Sufficient time has elapsed since he was deposed from the presidency of the turbulent Mexican republic to witness some

sign of vivification in the many plans devised by Madero for the rejuvenation and re-organization of our war-worn neighbor. But his patriotism has long since degenerated into sordid greed; the spirit of emancipation that should transcend avarice has died of inanition, and conditions in Mexico today are even worse than in the days of the Diaz regime. The Oroasco incident lacks even the redeeming grace of originality. Just as Madero gathered about him the military malcontents of Diaz's army to consummate the ruin of the chief executive, so has Pascale Oroasco risen out of the ranks to challenge the security of the erstwhile revolutionist with the same tactics, lacking only equal initiative and direction.

The possibility of Madero's being overthrown is very remote, however, and if indeed Mexico benefits in inverse ratio with every change in administration, her citizens may be pardoned for the lack of enthusiasm displayed in the recent pseudo-uprising of the masses.

—Recent news items from the East would seem to indicate that the Woman's Right's Movement has taken on a new phase. Not content with claiming political equality with man, **Modern Women and Ancient Vices.** the women of some communities are even desirous of acquiring his vices. An eastern woman's club is erecting a club house, a noteworthy feature of which is "a commodious and elaborate smoking room for the exclusive use of the fairer sex. "Shades of Peter Stuyvesant!" Four centuries after that doughty old Dutchman's pipe became *passé*, Gotham's fair fame is again permeated with the doubtful aroma of the noxious weed. Why do women wish to smoke? Merely for the reason that it is a habitual practice of the sterner sex. And these converts to a disgusting habit are the same disinterested emancipators who clamor for the ballot because of their "innate delicacy" and "purifying influence." There are other tales, too, of woman's clubs—the ultra class, of course—where an occasional oath is considered a clever trick of speech; where gambling is not unknown; and where it takes more than two or three rounds of intoxicants to put the members "under the table." If the broadening of woman's sphere must inevitably lead to the adoption of masculine vices, then may her realm remain ever restricted.

Book Reviews.

FAUSTULA—*Ayscough*.

Although not an historical novel, this latest work by an author whose pen is wielded industriously in the cause of Catholic literature, pictures for its readers the lives of noble Christians and pagans in Rome in the early part of the fourth century. The relations of two families—one Christian and the other pagan—are very interestingly narrated. The heroine, a daughter of pagan parents, is made a Vestal Virgin without her consent. Her life and experiences in the atrium are fully described. Her burial alive in punishment of her supposed faithlessness to her vow, and her rescue by her Christian lover and his friends make very fascinating reading. Incidentally, the student of Roman history will find in the narrative a full and graphic description of the life and office of the vestal virgins. John Ayscough is an author that cultured Catholics do not fail to appreciate; his works abound in striking passages, many of which will be re-read or copied by the reader. The book is published by Benziger Bros., Price, \$1.35.

SAINTS AND PLACES—*Ayscough*.

This work, published simultaneously with "Faustula" is a series of very readable sketches, mostly of famous churches in Rome. Their foundation and restoration and the associations of centuries are described in the author's always attractive style. For one who can not visit for himself these noted places of pilgrimage, no better guide can be found than the author of "Faustula."—Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.50.

THE ROAD BEYOND THE TOWN—*Earls*.

This is one of the finest collections of poems recently published. Even as a student at Georgetown University, the author gave evidence of remarkable talent for writing verse, one of his productions having been pronounced one of the two best pieces of verse written by any undergraduate in the United States. A large number of the poems in the volume present the ever-fresh subject of nature in her varied aspects. In the production of a subjective character, the writer expresses a feeling of calmness and rest that arises from a far-reaching trust in God. The publishers, Benziger Brothers, have made the volume attractive in form and moderate in price—\$1.25.

Oral Hygiene by Doctor Stoeckley.

Oral Hygiene was the subject of an illustrated lecture by Dr. John A. Stoeckley in Washington hall last Saturday evening.

The effects of improper breathing and of inadequate care of the teeth were strongly insisted upon and were illustrated by slides and motion pictures. The evils resulting from these defects are nowadays receiving much attention from medical science. Part of Dr. Stoeckley's lecture treated of the steps taken by the larger cities to safeguard the health of school children by means of compulsory dental inspection and by public instruction in the proper care of the teeth.

"Hamlet" Interpreted by Montaville Flowers.

The interpretation of "Hamlet," as presented on last Wednesday evening, was, according to general verdict, a great disappointment. Part of the adverse criticism is due, perhaps, to the fact that we were led in advance to expect great things in the line of dramatic action. Another part is due, no doubt, to our vivid remembrance of John Lane O'Connor, Gerald Griffith, and Robert Mantell—not to mention Edwin Southern—all Shakespearian readers and actors whom we have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing. But aside from these extrinsic causes of dissatisfaction, there was much in Mr. Flowers' reading itself that did injustice to Shakespeare, as well as some things that deserve full commendation. For the first, the action of the reader was not true to the play. In some places where active expression was called for, it was almost lifeless. In other parts—particularly those where high emotion predominated—it bordered on the hysterical. The characters were not sharply distinguished and, as a result, there was some confusion in following the dialogue. On the other hand, Mr. Flowers was excellent in the greater part of Hamlet's soliloquies, and was happiest of all in portraying the lighter characters of Polonius and the grave digger. His explanations before beginning the presentation, of the construction of the play, its divisions, its motive, and its problems were admirable for their lucidity and exactness. They gave proof that Mr. Flowers is a great student, if not a great actor, of Shakespeare.

True Pictures of Ireland.

The many students who became acquainted with Father Carroll's sketches, "Home Life in Ireland," which appeared in the early numbers of last year's *Ave Maria*, are again delighted to see them continued in the current issues of the magazine under the title "Irish Scenes and Memories." The sketches give a true picture of Irish life—something that is rare, indeed—and are full of the poetic beauty of thought and expression that flow so freely from the Gaelic mind. Father Carroll has hit upon a new and inexhaustible mine of gems, instructive for their matter and delightful for their plot and fresh, sparkling Irish manner of treatment. We are proud that Father Carroll is one of us at Notre Dame. May he never lay down his pen.

Sunday's Sermon.

The sermon delivered Sunday, February 9th by Father Maguire dealt with the ingratitude of man toward his Creator. The following incident was related in illustration of the theme: A section hand, returning from his days work on the railroad, discovered the body of a man lying half frozen along the tracks. Moved by compassion, he bore the man home and there restored him to consciousness and vigor. In return for this act of charity, the reprobate attempted to rob his benefactor's home, and in so doing inflicted serious bodily injury upon the man who had saved his life. The wrath of the neighbors was aroused, a posse went in pursuit, and the man was captured and dealt with summarily. Despite the unlawfulness of meting out punishment without jury, we feel that the man received his due.

Father Maguire then drew the analogy between this case and that of another young man who, years before, left his father's home to administer to the wants of a degraded people. In return for his untiring labor in their behalf they ungratefully put him to death. This man was Christ, the Son of God. In our ingratitude we crucify our Saviour repeatedly by the commission of sin. It is fitting that in these days of prayer and reparation we should join our supplication with the cry of David: *Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy.*

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY.

The society smoker appointed for last Sunday has been postponed and will be held Sunday, February 16.

The time was taken up last Sunday night by an extemporaneous debate on the question: "Resolved that inter-collegiate athletics are productive of more evil than good." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. P. Savage, and R. Kinsella, the negative by Messrs. E. McBride, and J. Denny. The decision was made in favor of the negative. In the absence of Father Walsh, Mr. Lenihan acted as critic.

A committee on programs for the month of March was appointed. The members of the committee are: W. Carroll, J. Dunden, R. Downey, J. Denny, and F. Prolatowski.

Personals.

—Cyril Curran (A. B. '12) writing from New York City, says he was on hand to wish Father Cavanaugh and Father Burns *bon voyage*.

—"Jim" Nolan (LL. B. '12) of Marietta, Ohio, tells us that he expects soon to greet the old boys once again. Can't come too soon for us, "Judge."

—Fremont Arnfield (LL. B. '12) of Elgin, Illinois, writes that he wishes he was to guard the midway station for the Varsity again this season. "Arny" is practising law in Elgin.

—Charles Fahey (student '10-'11) of Rome, Georgia, was recently appointed secretary to the Extension Committee of the Catholic Young Men's National Union. Charlie's headquarters are in Washington, D. C.

—The President of the University did not forget our genial Father Maher, Postmaster and President of the Young Men's Club on the Feast of St. Timothy, for from mid-seas Father Cavanaugh sent him a message full of hope and cheer.

—Major Groll of the Third Regiment, Indiana National Guards, was the guest of Captain Stogsdall during the week. The Major expressed much satisfaction at the progress of the cadets and commended them highly for their precise military form.

—Announcement is made of the admission

to partnership of Robert L. Saley (A. B. '08) by Clock and Clock, attorneys, Hampton, Iowa. The letter-heads now read, Clock, Saley, and Clock. Our congratulations and best wishes for continued success, Bob!

—F. L. Madden, a student in the Civil Engineering department, '10-'12, writes us that he has changed his location from Allerton, Iowa, to Ambrose, North Dakota. Mr. Madden is in charge of construction work on the Soo RR. line which is new in "the land of the Dakotas."

—The happy tidings have just reached us of the marriage of Mr. Guy G. Bailey, old-time Corbyite, and Miss Clare E. Leader, on Thursday, January thirtieth, at Portland Oregon. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey are at home at the Mayo Apartments, Portland. Congratulations and much joy, Guy.

—"Al" Feeney was host to his Varsity basketball men at his home in Indianapolis, on Sunday last. In Toledo, after the St. John's game, "Copper" Lynch, of gridiron renown, showed the boys the hospitable Notre Dame alumni spirit. Needless to say, the boys appreciate the efforts made to relieve the hardships of the present invasion of hostile camps.

—Congratulations to Mr. John P. O'Hara (Ph. B. '02) on the event of his tenth anniversary as Editor of the *Catholic Sentinel*, of Portland, Oregon. As editor of one of the leading Catholic organs in the United States, Mr. O'Hara has done much to further the interests of the Church. Withal, John is a loyal Notre Dame booster, and a sincere admirer of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Mr. Byron V. Kanaley, (A. B. '04) will be the Republican candidate at the primaries of February 25th for the office of City Treasurer of the city of Chicago. This is one of the most responsible positions in the city of Chicago, carrying with it big financial responsibilities. Mr. Kanaley is the youngest man that has ever been a candidate for that high office in the city of Chicago. Mr. Kanaley will be remembered at Notre Dame as the leader of Notre Dame's debating teams from 1900 to 1904, also as a member of the board of editors of the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC, and as a member of the Varsity baseball team. At present Mr. Kanaley is a member of the board of trustees of the Alumni Association. Here's success to another N. D. man.

Calendar.

Sunday, February 16—Second in Lent.
Practice for Singing Quartette after Mass.
St. Joseph vs. Brownson in Basketball, 3:00 p. m.
Walsh Bowling Contest, 6:30 p. m.
Brownson Smoker, 7:30 p. m.
St. Joseph Literary Society 7:30, p. m.
Monday—Philopatrian Society, 5:00 p. m.
Senior Preps' Meeting, 7:00 p. m.
Thursday—Sorin vs Corby in basketball, 1:30
Saturday—Washington's Birthday—No classes.
Northern Indiana Rifle Shoot at Notre Dame.
Exercises in Washington Hall, 10:00 a. m.
Inspection of Battalion by the Faculty, 9:30.

Local News.

—A dollar meal ticket at Mike's will come in handy to Tommy Glynn of Walsh, whose bowling score of 218 entitles him to the prize.

—Walsh hall is greatly indebted to the A. & I. Leather Shop of South Bend for the beautiful green leather table cover recently donated to the Walsh Bowling contest.

—Next Thursday afternoon Prep try-outs in track will be held in the gym for the purpose of picking a team to compete against South Bend and Goshen in the triangular meet to be held on March 8th.

—Coach "Jack" Marks, now in charge of an automobile agency in Minneapolis wrote to Manager Cotter last week expressing his best wishes for today's meet with I. A. C. Thank's Coach, you already have ours.

—Prof. Koehler reports that the booklets for the Senior play, "Men and Women," have not arrived. We worry with our Seniors, because time will be needed for rehearsals and the date of performance is fast approaching.

—After all these debaters have finished stripping the library of woman suffrage material, a new set of orators will commence ransacking the shelves for data about peace.

—In reference to that charming poem, "My Harper, the Wind," we beg to remark that this harper is sure some musician. Isn't it strange that, no matter how hard it blows, the wind never seems winded these days?

—Those interested in oratory and debating will be pleased to learn that the date for the Varsity Triangular debate has been set for May 16th. The question is: "Resolved, That Indiana should grant equal suffrage to women."

—With all due respect and deference to the dear old *Valve*, might we suggest that the honored name of Miss Marjorie Murray be dropped from its columns? She is a lady, you know, and gentlemen do not ridicule ladies—at least not to excess.

—Butt's Manual? O yes, sir! We military chaps are a little anxious to learn who this person Butt was, and just what he had against mankind in general. If his manual of exercises didn't so closely resemble real manual labor, it would be far more acceptable.

—In our last issue, a local shadow of Tenyson sings: "In other climes I long to be." We feel certain that he isn't the only one, for the weather of late has been enough to make even the Mexicans long for home. Where are they now who squealed when it was mild?

—Last Thursday morning the Prep track team met and nominated three men for the position of captain. The three names chosen will be submitted to the athletic board and one of the three will be given the position. The names submitted are Bergman, Turner, and Meehan.

—One of our debating teams, with the affirmative side of the question under its safe guardianship, will meet Indiana here at Notre Dame. Our other team will journey to Crawfordsville to acquaint Wabash with the conclusive reasons why the negative side of the question is really the only side to it.

—The Philopatrians are the busiest crowd on the premises these days. The little fellows have been sacrificing their recreations for the past five weeks rehearsing for their play. This play was written by Father Quinlan and centres around a football game between the Carroll and the Wilson Academy teams.

—It is both dark and cold these mornings, and the breakfast bell has the most irritating habit of jingling just when the "flax" seems the most inviting. But, despite this unpleasantness, the refectories are always full. When it comes to heroic early rising, Hon. Abe Lincoln had nothing at all on us!

—We are pleased to learn of the organization of the Brownson checkers league,—honest, we are! The league boasts of such stellar members as "Andy" McDonough, Emmett Lenihan, "Red" Purcell, Father Carroll, "Jap" French, and "Wild Bill" Donovan. "Andy" holds the record so far in this division of parlor athletics.

—Although in a previous issue we gave the credit to Mr. Jas. Wasson, it is none other than Father Burke that is preparing the new athletic record. A complete catalogued list of all N. D.'s athletes, their events, records, etc., is at present badly needed in the U., but the new record, filed in the library, will soon be at the service of all.

—A faintly-murmured rumor wafted to our ears lately that the Journalists are to have new typewriters. Yes, they surely need them, for their course would be far from complete without them. It has always been the policy of the University to do things right; and this improvement in equipment is no more than what was expected.

—Last Tuesday evening a second team from Carroll hall defeated the Leo Boy Juniors of Mishawaka by a score of 8 to 6. The game was a hot one and had to be carried on five minutes over time on account of a tie. Haller of Carroll played an excellent game throughout. Four of the eight points scored were made by him.

—We know you feel sorry for the poor dramatic critic whose duty it is to say something nice and soothing about concerts and recitals; but don't forget to shed a silent tear or two for the news-gatherers. These are dead times, and the SCHOLASTIC columns are just as long as ever. Believe us, this journalistic job isn't *all* angel cake and feathers!

—We are willing to wager that there isn't a line of data, a chapter of economic lore, or a pamphlet on Woman Suffrage which hasn't been read, copied, and re-read by our diligent debaters. The speeches have been igniting the air all week. If only Aunt Parkhurst could keep out of jail long enough to hear them! How pleasant that would be!

—Answering the query of many students, we assert that Mr. Monteville Flowers did *not* give a burlesque of *Hamlet*,—at least, it was not supposed to be one. Mr. Flowers may have had an "off" night, or the grip, or something else, so we mustn't be too harsh. We'll give him a batting average of about .092, and, out of reverence to the much-abused bard of Avon, say no more about it.

—Committees from Brownson, St. Joseph and Holy Cross halls met on Monday evening and again on Wednesday afternoon to arrange the details of the coming triangular debate.

between the three halls. Although plenty of interest was shown, the orators failed to come to any definite agreement. They are still unsettled as to the time, the question, the place, and the competitors. Rumor has it that Walsh may enter, as the organization of a debating team in that hall is now being agitated. We expect to hear a great deal more from this bunch.

—No *Valve* this week. It is Lent, you know, and all pleasant forms of amusement must be put by. It is as hard on us as it is on you. We will have to endure the editing of additional society notes, and you will have to be content with the dry forage in *Judge* and *Life*.

—Don't feel downcast because our basketball team didn't garner *all* the scalps on their trip. No team alive can play eight straight games, make jumps of three and four hundred miles every day, and win every time. The strain of travel, combined with the hard usage and battering of the rough games, is enough to put the best of them out of commission. Cheer 'em up, boys. They're a game crew!

—There is a whole lot more to athletics than the single item of winning. We encourage and admire good sportsmanship, even when the losing team doesn't and can't win. Fight and pluck count for a great deal. Give the losers in the basket-ball contest, and in all other contests, their big measure of credit, then, even if they don't "get away with" the pennants. They fight against odds, and they certainly deserve your support.

—Drip, drip, drip! Well, if there isn't another water pipe frozen and burst. These are days of real sport for our plumbers. They run hither and thither, laden with tools and pipes and burners, pulling up flooring, probing in wet plaster for hidden leaks, sawing, cutting, hammering. Yes, they are certainly earning their weekly per this weather. Oh, well, we won't issue any complaints against King Winter. Keep it up, old fellow!

—The second monthly smoker of the new University Press Club took place last Thursday night in the Journalism room of the Main building. Mr. Lacy, acting president of the club, was chosen toast-master, and engaged the members in hearty laughter by his fresh Pacific coast stories. Father Burke spent enough time with the club to tell some interesting stories of Notre Dame history.

—To tell the truth, that basketball entertainment between the Leonets of Mishawaka and Carroll on last Thursday evening wasn't a game at all. It was simply a race between Viso and Maltby, of junior basketball fame, to see which could tally the most baskets. Viso got twelve and Maltby eleven. There was an opposing team on the floor part of the time, although the score of 56 to 7 would almost lead one to believe that they had missed connections and failed to arrive.

—At last it struck us! A disastrous race riot has invaded our peaceful precincts. Without the slightest warning, without the least premonition, the Hungarian dish-washers refused to work with the Polish dish-washers. The outcome promised unwashed dishes and other ills that the flesh finds hard to bear. But just in the nick of time our local school of philanthropy—Rockefeller hall—came to our rescue, and now we have men dish-washers and they don't do half bad. Thanks for the change. We'll keep it.

—Debate fans, here are the results of the preliminaries: Monday evening, P. Meersman, first; M. Walters, second; W. Cusack, third. Tuesday evening, E. Twining, first; A. Brown, second; G. Schuster, third; F. Gushurst, fourth. Wednesday afternoon, W. Milroy, first; T. Galvin, second; J. Fordyce, third.

More "prelims" are to follow, the results of which will appear later. The next step in the weeding-out are the semi-finals, and by the time we get around to the finals, Fr. Bolger assures us, we shall be more than a match for either Indiana or Wabash.

—We knew it was coming, of course, but we scarcely expected it so soon. Good resolutions, even of the poorest concerns, ought to last longer than a couple of weeks. But the Ethiopian can not change his skin or the leopard his spots; neither can the Hill St. line ever be anything but a horrible example of inefficiency and behind-the-time methods. The respectable cars and the improved schedule lasted a scant three weeks. Now we are back to the rock-a-way jaunting cars and the old irresponsible schedule. The wise traveller is he that walks. However, vengeance is being prepared: the Hill line will shortly lose what patronage it now retains, for a branch line of the "Rough and Ready" narrow gauge that now plies between the N. D. station and the express office will soon be

extended to South Bend. The service will not be perfect, perhaps, but [it will be far in advance of anything that the Hill offers.

—The question so often raised as to why there are no fraternities in Catholic schools has been conclusively answered. We don't need them; we have the K. of Cs. Their life, ginger, and convivial spirit of fraternal good will was ably demonstrated at their smoker last Tuesday night. All the best talent of the U. helped to make the evening merry. "Harmony" Hicks, "Jimmie" Wasson, "Arthah" Carmody, "Ragtime" Lynch, and "Cid" Birder, accompanied by the University orchestra, presented a splendid musical program. Hon. Timothy Howard, Father Walsh, Prof. Koehler, Dr. Berteling, Dr. Stoeckley, and many others were called upon for speeches. The cigar box was kept going the rounds continually, and refreshments—real "eats"—were served later in the evening. Mr. "Bill" Cotter presided brilliantly as toastmaster. Keep it up, Knights. We admire your brand of social prosperity!

Athletic Notes.

STATE CHAMPIONS IN BASKETBALL.

Six games out of eight and the State Championship is the accomplishment of the Varsity basketball team in the trip just ended. Victories over Rose Poly, Wabash and Earlham by decisive scores, coupled with the defeat of the Little Giants in the home game played Jan. 25, compelled recognition of the prowess of the team in Indiana basketball circles. The performance in West Virginia and Ohio, where Marshall College, Ohio Wesleyan, and St. John's universities were taken into camp, drew mention that promises to keep the memory of the 1913 gold and blue five alive for a long while.

True Notre Dame spirit displayed in all of the contests was responsible for the results. Fighting under the handicaps of injuries and illness contracted before the jaunt began, Feeney, Granfield, and Cahill gave exhibitions that easily proved their superior ability in practically every game. Granfield in the Rose Poly and Earlham games, Cahill at Marshall and St. John's, Feeney in the Wabash and Ohio Wesleyan contests, and Mills and Nowers in every one of the struggles, but more particularly those with the Little Giants and Ohio Wesleyan, starred far above their opponents.

The freshman centre, Mills, was one of the hardest workers and best players in every game. His record showing was made at Ohio Wesleyan, however, where three baskets from almost the centre of the floor added points and confidence when they were most needed. Kenny worked during the entire Marshall game, when it was found advisable to give Granfield a rest, and easily upheld traditions with regard to the duties of Notre Dame forwards. The tenacity of Feeney and Nowers gave Finnegan few opportunities to play, but the substitution of the guard, whenever it was effected, always developed weaknesses not suspected in the opposing squads.

The combination of a surprisingly strong opponent and an unusually small floor was responsible for the Denison defeat, while the girders strung across the Michigan "Aggies" court which prevented the players from making any long shots is one reason for the result of the M. A. C. battle. The "Aggies" too, have a strong team, and under the best of floor conditions a close battle would be certain. The scores:

February 5, Notre Dame, 54; Rose Poly, 10;
Feb. 6, Notre Dame, 33; Wabash, 23;
Feb. 7, Notre Dame, 28; Earlham, 18;
Feb. 8, Notre Dame, 27; Marshall, 9;
Feb. 10, Notre Dame 13; Denison; 47;
Feb. 11, Notre Dame, 26; Ohio Wesleyan, 24;
Feb. 12, Notre Dame, 33; St. John's, 24.
Feb. 13, Notre Dame, 7; M. A. C., 40.

INTERHALL GAMES—BROWNSON, 23; SORIN, 16.

Captain Smith and his Brownsonites defeated Sorin last Sunday and became the runners-up in the Interhall race. The shooting and all-around work of O'Connor for Brownson and the defensive work of Dolan were the most commendable features of the game. Score, 23 to 16.

CORBY, 44; WALSH, 26.

Corby maintained its lead in the Basketball league by defeating Walsh Thursday afternoon by a score of 44 to 26. The first half of the game was closely contested, the score at the end of that period being 17 to 15 in favor of Corby. Corby put in a whole new team for the second half, and they set a pace that put Walsh entirely on the defensive. McQueeney and Wright of Walsh and Bergman, Pliska, and Bensberg of Corby played good games. McQueeney made three brilliant shots from the middle of the field and caged the ball neatly each time.