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Washington.

GREAT Father! First of our illustrious dead!
Your honored dust at Vernon's shrine today
Has brought a pilgrimage of souls to lay
The tribute-wreaths of memory at your head.
Great Hero! Though the cold stone be your bed,
Your Spirit slumbers not, but still does sway
The minds and hearts for whom you led the way
To glory, in the wake of freedom's tread.
Your children all your noble deeds recall;
Today they tell how courage, love of right,
And all great virtues shone within your soul;
How cruel deeds of tyrants cast a pall
Of sorrow o'er your heart; and they unite,
And in your honor freedom's flag unroll.

B. W.

Pathos and Humor of T. A. Daly.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.



LITERARY critics entertain widely divergent opinions of the relative merits of our American literature of today and of a century ago. Some believe that it has degenerated since the death of Poe, Emerson, Holmes, and Longfellow. These critics attribute this supposed retrogression to the industrial activities of the time which have diverted men's minds from literary pursuits. Others less despondent and, it may be, more observant, have not disregarded the poetry of Tabb, which "in this busy, hard-worked America of the twentieth century came like rivulets of pure and refreshing water from a hidden fountain." They have not been indifferent to the fascinating stories of O. Henry nor to the delightful lyrics of James Whitcomb Riley. This paper, however, proposes to cham-

pion neither present-day nor last-century literature. It will rest content with indicating the belief that present-day America is not wholly unproductive of good literature. This will be done by treating the works of a present-day writer whose poems have for some time been winning the well-merited praise of reputable critics.

When Thomas Hood successfully combined pathos and humor in his verses, he accomplished what hitherto seemed impossible; he so blended the two that he "taught them by an interchange of good offices to live together in cordial union." In somewhat the same manner, T. A. Daly today composes verses in which the sorrowful notes of the pathetic blend in harmony with the merry strains of humor. Yet when we compare the two writers, we perceive that Hood sounds the chords of pathos with a deeper resonance than Daly. But Hood writes the despair of oppressed toilers that labor under a cruel wage, while Daly writes the slighter troubles of the simple, loving Italian who makes a new home on American soil. Hence when we consider the different aspects of life which the two writers regard, we little wonder that the pathos of Hood awakens deeper sympathy than the occasional plaintive strains of Daly. Moreover, we must not forget that Daly is the assiduous poet, ever studying the whims and oddities of human nature. Nearly all his works are character studies. In this respect he has entered a field of poetry hitherto almost unexplored.

We see, then, that Daly does not blend pathos and humor with as fearless a pen as Hood. He believes the partition between the two admits of some commingling, but always uses this license sparingly. Perhaps his nearest approach to Hood's pathos is in his *Da Besta Frand*. Here is presented the piteous plight of the Italian immigrant in America. Robbed of his small earnings even before he had left the ship which bore him from his native shore,

he finds no sympathy for his distress in the land which he hoped to make his home. Despondent and broken in spirit he sits down and weeps.

Some people come an' look, but dey
Jus' smile an' notta care,
So pretta soon dey gon' away
An' leave me seetin' dere.

Then in his own simple way the Italian gives expression to the dejected feelings of his soul and tells how finally a despised "leetla cur" raises him from his despondency:

How long I seet I no can tal;
I pray, I cry, I curse—
I bat you eef I go to hal
I no could feel more worse.
But while I seet ees som'theeng sof'
Dat touch my cheek an' w'en
I tak' my hand for brush eet off
Eet touch my cheek agen.
I look. Ees justa leetla cur
Dat wag hees yellow-tail!
An' blood ees on hees yellow fur,
An' dere ees old teen pail
Tied on bayhind. Poor leetla pup!
But steel he leeck my hand,
As eef he say to me: "Cheer up!
I gona be your frand."

In these lines we have, perhaps, the most notable example of pathos and humor blending found in Daly. The strain of humor commands laughter, yet the primary thought, the friendless condition of the Italian, seeking companionship and consolation in the company of a "leetla cur," is not lost or marred in the least. When the story is finished, we perceive the Italian's naive simplicity in the lines:

So dees is Carlo, Meester man,
I introduce to you,
Da true, da kinda 'Merican;
Da first I evra knew!

In *Da Sweeta Soil*, we hear the Italian giving expression to his disheartened spirit as he works amid the filth of the city street:

More dirty an' more mean I feel
Dan I am look to you:
My soul eenside ees seeck, but steel
W'at am I gonna do?

The opinion which many entertain that the Italian immigrant has not ambition to become anything higher than a street digger is proven false by Daly,—or at least is not in conformity with his idea,—for he represents the Italian as saying:

Ees notheeng sweet een ceety street
For mak me better man.

The Italian's work is transferred to a country road whereupon his joy finds vent in the words:

But yestaday! oh, yestaday,

I leeve, I breathe again.
Da boss ees sand me far away
For work een countra lane.
How can I mak' you ondrastand—
You are so grand, so reech—
To know da joy I feel, my frand,
For deeg dees countra deetch?

And even the Italian street digger is not without some sense of the aesthetic.

I sweeng my peeck, an' oh! da smal,
W'en first I turn da sod!
So sweet! Excuse me eef I tal
Ees like da breath of God.
So pure da soil, like Eetaly,
I stoop an' taka piece
An' den—oh! don'ta laugh at me—
I talk to eet and kees.

The Italian's feeling of his own menial position as expressed in the closing lines of *Leetla Joe* awakens our deep sympathy. A father sees his son growing to manhood with all the promise of becoming a good American citizen, but then he suddenly grows sorrowful:

But, baycause I'm 'fraid dat he
Wan day would be 'shame' of me—
'Shame' for call me "Pop" an' know,
W'en he's fina 'Merican,
I'm so poor old Dagoman.

As the pathos of Daly is best found in his Italian dialect, so also his humor finds expression there, though his verses written in the Celtic dialect are not without this delightful element. The troubles of the Italian laborer are related in *Da Fightin' Irishman*, where the Italian is placed in the unfortunate dilemma of being told by his boss that

Evra wan een deesa tranch,
I no care eef he ees Franch,
Anglaice, Dago, Dootch or w'at,
Evra wan he musta ga:
Leetla pieca green to show
For da San Patricio.
Dees ees Irish feasta day.
"Go an' gat som' green!" he say,
"An' eef you no do eet, too,
I gon' poncha head on you!"

To retain the good will of his boss the Italian complies with his wishes. Soon, however, another Irishman passing the ditch grows indignant at seeing the color he loves adorning the breast of an Italian.

An' he growl at me an' say:
"W'at you wearin' dat for, eh?
Mebbe so you theenk you be
Gooda Irishman like me.
Green is jus' for Irishman,
No for dumb Eyetalian!
Tak' eet off!" he say, an' my!
He ees ponch me een da eye!

In *Da 'Merican Girl* the Italian vender misinterprets the words of Mag. McCue and believes the American girl is in love with him and asks her for "a leetla kees."

You s'pose she geeve me wan or two?"
 She tal me: "Twanty-t'ree for you!"
 An' den she laugh so sweet, an' say:
 "Skeedoo! Skeedoo!" an' run away.
 She like so mooch for keesa me
 She gona geeve me twanty-t'ree!
 I 'spose dat w'at she say—"skeedoo"—
 Ees alla same, "I lova you."
 Ha! w'at you theenk? Now, mebbe so
 You weel not calla me so slow!

The humor of "A Lesson in Politics" is apparent. A policeman tries to explain the nature of graft to the illiterate vender, and while doing so helps himself to the Italian's peanuts, pie, and cake,—a liberty which every policeman in every city seems to think his. The Italian thinks he understands what graft is, but fails to reconcile his meaning of it with the actions of the policeman.

Nutta, caka, pie, banan,
 All for wan policaman!
 Mebbe ees no "grafta"—say!
 W'at ees grafta anyway?

We have treated in the course of the essay selections from Daly in the Italian dialect only. Yet anyone who has read his *Carmina*, *Canzoni*, and *Madrigali* knows that the poet is equally a master of the Southern and the Celtic dialects. These books should be in the library of every student who finds pleasure in character study. Indeed for a thorough and interesting study of the thoughts and emotions of the human heart, no writer of today is equal to Daly. But his treatment of the Italian immigrant is particularly worthy of notice. In *Da Besta Frand* we see the newly arrived immigrant brushed about unnoticed in the hurly-burly of an American crowd; in *Leetla Humpty Jeem* he earns his humble living as a banana seller; in *Da Sweeta Soil* he is the toiling street laborer; while in *The Audience* we find him with his characteristic hand organ. His love affairs are disclosed in *Between Two Loves* and *Padre Angelo*. Finally in *Leetla Giorgio Washeengton* we see him in his Italian home. Thus Daly has made a comprehensive study of this interesting character for our instruction and delectation, and directs our interest to many unsuspected beauties and queer oddities in the character of the despised "Dago" immigrant that make him much better understood and far more acceptable.

Meade's Rescue.

— FRANCIS L. KEHOE, '13.

"No, Mr. Warne, the man has not been reported among the rescued. But I have here a tin box bearing the name you mentioned; if you wish, you may have it."

So saying the captain gave Warne a tin box bearing the name of Mr. Geo. Meade. Warne was the Meade's family lawyer and had been asked to search for the body of the missing man, who was reported to have gone down in the wreck of the *Baltic*.

Meade had been a miner in South Africa. Two months before he had announced his intention of returning home to keep his mother in comfort for the rest of her days.

Mr. Warne went to his office and opened the box, expecting to find the will and other documents of the miner. Imagine his surprise when he found this note:

J. JULIAN:—You are to impersonate Meade until the boat reaches Port Royal. Immediately before entering the harbor you must fall overboard in such a manner that the people will think Geo. Meade, whom you impersonate, is drowned. Return then and receive your reward.

GEO. ALLYN.

Proprietor of the Kingston Mine.

"So Meade was not aboard the *Baltic*," mused Mr. Warne. "Well, there's crooked work here somewhere. This case is not for a lawyer like myself but for Jones, the detective."

A few hours later Warne stated his case to the celebrated detective and, giving him the box, said: "This is all you have to begin with."

For a dozen minutes Jones remained in deep thought; then taking out the paper he examined it carefully and compared it with the letter which announced Meade's intended return. Soon he discovered something that evidently pleased him, for looking up he said,

"Warne, I'll have him in less than two weeks; but I must go to South Africa where he was mining."

After the necessary preparations had been made Jones sailed for the diamond fields accompanied by his trusted assistant, Henry Holt. After landing at Cape Colony they made inquiries and departed for the Kingston Mines.

It was in these mines that Meade had made his fortune; he had sold his claims, so the letter

said, to Geo. Allyn, an English miner. Jones sought Allyn and introduced himself as Meade's lawyer, stating that he wished to settle the affairs of the missing man. Allyn took him to the office and together they went over the papers relating to Meade's affairs, Jones noting carefully every detail, especially the handwriting.

When Jones left the miner's office the affair was not finished as Allyn believed. For Jones on returning to his lodgings thus stated the case to Holt.

"Meade never sold these mines. There's crooked work here and Geo. Allyn is guilty. That letter was not Meade's but Allyn's, as were the directions in the tin box. When I compared the two on receiving them from Warne I noticed a similarity in the writing and at once suspected foul play. Today I looked over the books in Allyn's office and found that his writing is exactly the same as that in the letter and the directions. Meade must be alive but in the power of Allyn, who either forced him to sign the papers of sale or forged them. We must get more material before we can continue."

That evening Holt was attracted by a great commotion among the laborers. Hastening out to learn the cause he was told that "the madman" had escaped.

"But who is the madman?" he inquired.

"Why," replied the men, "don't you know mad George Meade, the former proprietor of this mine, whom Allyn keeps locked up hoping that he will recover?" Rushing into the hotel Holt cried:

"Jones, did you hear about it?" "the madman" is George Meade, the man for whom we are searching."

"George Meade you say? Where is he? Have they caught him?" When told that Meade was still free, Jones cried, "Come, we must find him!"

The two detectives were soon among those hunting the fugitive. But after a time they separated from the crowd and searched among the old machinery that seemed likely to offer a hiding place. They examined everything in vain and were returning home when suddenly they came upon a man clad in rags and bearing the traces of long confinement. Upon seeing Jones and Holt the man was about to flee, but perceiving that they were strangers in the place, he approached them and said:

"For the love of God, don't betray me. I'm

George Meade whom they call mad, but I am as sane as any of them. This is all George Allyn's work. He wanted my mines and tried to force me to sell. I held out until I fell ill. Then declaring that I was mad he locked me up and assumed my position. He deluded the men; and whenever I pleaded for aid they would only laugh at me and tap their heads."

"We certainly will not betray you!" said Jones, "for you are the man whom we came all the way from Cincinnati to find." Then the detective related his knowledge of the affair and together they figured out the plot.

Allyn knew that he would be unable to keep the mines if there should be any possibility of Meade receiving aid from outside. He therefore planned to cause the world to believe that Meade was dead. To do this he employed the scheme already mentioned, but his plans failed when the directions fell into Jones' hands.

The detective now set out about reinstating Meade; but to do this he needed help. So he called in several trusty foremen of the mines and related the plot to them. On receiving their promise of aid he directed them to win over the men and have them at his disposal.

The next morning a crowd of laborers marched to Allyn's office leading the escaped madman who was accompanied by the two strangers. Much rejoiced to have his victim once more in his power, as he thought, Allyn hastened out to meet the men. But great was his surprise and consternation when Jones stepped forth and quickly handcuffed him. This done the detective said:

"Now I want you to change places with this man whom you have treated so cruelly. You need not worry about the mines for Meade can handle them as he did before. The men all know of your treachery and are itching to string you up for it. If you will give Meade all that you have stolen from him, and hand over the forged bill of sale you will be set free. But if you ever attempt to return to these mines I have sufficient testimony to confine you for life."

That evening a man, dressed in respectable clothes but showing evidence of bitter defeat was seen to pick his way over the mountains to find new fields for craft and dishonesty. At the same time Meade, weary but happy, was seated in his old place in the office preparing to accompany the great detective back to America to visit his old mother and assure the people that he was still very much alive.

Varsity Verse.

THAT PERSIAN CAT.

WE used to have a Persian cat,
 Its fur was white as snow;
 And now we use it for a mat,—
 The reason why, I'll show.

The cat went crazy, so they said,
 And sang a scale or two;
 A brick came sailing at its head,
 And then it ceased to mew.

The taxidermist got the job
 And stuffed poor Kitty up;
 But then my little brother Bob
 Gave Kitty to our pup.

Our puppy was a Boston-Bull,
 And Bob was just as bad;
 And when they both began to pull—
 The story's very sad.

At any rate, when they got through
 Poor Kitty was no more;
 For what our puppy couldn't chew
 Was scattered on the floor.

And when my mother found the cat,
 She licked Bob and the cur,
 Then wiped her tears and made a mat,
 From Kitty's snow-white fur.

STANISLAUS F. MILANOWSKI, '14.

THE GIRLS OF TODAY.

We hear the proud praises
 Our grandmother raises
 Of the girls of the years long ago;
 They were lady-like misses
 With a horror for kisses,—
 And all that they did was just sew.

But the girls that I know
 Are not nearly so slow,
 Whether busied with work or with play:
 They are jolly and charming,
 Not half so alarming,—
 So give me "The girls of today."

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

A THOUGHT ON THE DEAD.

We can not think of them as dead
 Who walk with us no more;
 For on the path of life we tread
 They've merely gone before.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '13.

Greek Comedy: Its Origin and Development.

LADISLAUS P. TOMCZAK.

Comedy, like tragedy, took its origin from the Dionysiac orgies. The Dithyramb was concerned with "the jolly god of nature," and the Phallic Procession with lewdness. Each of the two was long known by the name of Comus or wandering dance. The dancers were given up to uncontrolled ecstasies; it was their way of celebrating the return of spring or the termination of a bountiful harvest. Their celebration resembled the performances of circus-clowns. Some of the younger folks beat huge drums, others played fies, and the rest danced, whilst the elders looked on and were delighted. In this chaotic revelry they marched about the country districts. If they chanced to meet a laborer who failed to observe their religious rites, they dragged him to the nearest stream and made him wade across. From the country districts they marched into the town. Here their real fun began. With hats and caps thatched with reeds or adorned with branches and flowers, they danced down the streets till dusk, and in some places continued their dances till midnight.

Then the revelers separated into two parties, one to affirm, the other to retort. In the process repartee flashed out occasionally and provoked the people to laughter. As rustics composed these two groups, the language was vulgar, and humor, in order to be had, was pursued to the very mire. The repartee soon assumed the form of "satire," which was a ballad corresponding to our modern lampoon. It is this form of the ballad that first united with the Comus and gave rise to comedy. But before the union took place, the satire and Comus maintained a marked distinction and a marked development. Satire was characterized for its stately dactylic until Archilochus substituted the iamb, a measure most appropriate to the lampoon. Comus again underwent enormous alteration; for, besides the dance and song, so long its chief characteristic, the revelers would halt at intervals and chat with the passers-by. This fact is obvious in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, where Bacchus and his servant Xanthias enter into a pleasant chat with the spectators.

So far the satire was abstract, and until

it became concrete, that is, until it became acting and united with the Comus, there was no drama. This is obvious, for the mere singing about the odd and whimsical caprices of characters or of deeds of heroes does not constitute a play; it is the realization of these characters and deeds that makes a play what it is. Just when this took place is unknown; anyway, it occurred "when the body of performers in the Comus exchanged their Bacchic characterization for a rôle in the story they acted." From that time on primitive comedy began to develop, and from it all other literary drama is derived.

The transformation that took place after this period has tended to make of comedy a literary production. In this, as in every Greek institution, there was a racial basis. Since Tragedy was framed by the Dorians and Athenians, the former contributing the chorus, the latter the dramatic element, so comedy received the touches of the different Greek peoples before it became a pure, distinct form.

The first change in the primitive comedy was made by Megara. Whatever the alteration might have been, for little or scarcely anything is known about it, we can safely conclude from a scene introduced by Aristophanes in his "Acharians" that the Megarian farce contained prepared plots and, perhaps, speeches. In subject-matter the comedy was aristocratic. It dealt with not only the human side of life in general, but cleaved in this particular instance to aristocratic conventions and aristocratic personages. This is what is implied when it is said that Greek comedy was treated aristocratically. The democratic aspect, again, was assumed gradually. It was only when farces became popular, such as the Megarian farces, in which common humor and the common class of people were employed as characters, that democracy superseded aristocracy. Still both species prevailed until the Peloponnesian War which marked the supremacy of the aristocratic over the democratic states forever. The Renaissance which followed affected not only politics but also art. Comedy underwent a change, and a new species, termed "The Old Attic Comedy," was the outcome. Right along comedy was imitating tragedy, which preceded it in many respects, but it was only after the Renaissance that comedy annexed the chorus. The "Birds" of Aristophanes is an example of the choral comedy.

As in Shakespeare we have the ideal exemplification of modern technique, so we have the ancient technique in Aristophanes. We find, on analyzing any one of his plays, that the prologue precedes the play proper and is followed by the chorus. The chorus is borrowed and not yet brought into strict harmony with the play. The choral odes, however, alternate with episodes. The latter consisted of messengers' speeches, reports, and the like. Exodus was a name applied to the final episode.

The last element that made up the technique of the choral Attic comedy was the parabasis. This is very much the same as the modern custom of a character's stepping out of his part momentarily to display certain natural abilities or to produce amusement for an audience. But the ancients introduced the parabasis to cover intervals between actions. It was an extempore satire, in which even the chorus sometimes figured; it was, according to Moulton, "a digression."

The parabasis was sung in the author's name. Herein, the playwright recounted his former works, and either praised the audience for its pleasant reception of them or remonstrated with it for its lack of discernment.

The parabasis, as mentioned previously, was a separate element in the structure of the technique, and served as a mere digression. But we notice in the "Birds" of Aristophanes its tendency to dissolve into the play proper.

That such technique might not prove monotonous to the mob that made up the audience, a variety of metrical styles was introduced. Several styles are found in Aristophanes, namely blank verse, lyric measures, and anapests. The Greeks used these with precision and discretion. They had an ear for music. Their logical use of these styles displays itself in every play of this period. In the "Peace" of Aristophanes this quality is most conspicuous. A hero is searching for Peace, and when he conceives the absent good possible, calls upon a jolly crowd of husbandmen for assistance. The chorus responds and breaks into an accelerated rhythm:

I'm so happy, glad, delighted, getting rid of arms
at last,
More than if my youth renewing, I the slough of
age had cast.
Tyrgeous. Well, but don't exult at present, for we're
all uncertain still,
But, when once we come to hold her, then be merry
if you will;

Then will be the time for laughing,
 Shouting out in jovial glee,
 Sailing, sleeping, feasting, quaffing,
 All the public sites to see.
 Then the Cottabus be playing,
 Then be hip-hip-hip-hurrahing,
 Pass the day and pass the night
 Like a regular Sybarite.

Irregularity found place in the Greek lyrics, but it was not due to the author's carelessness, but rather to the natural bent of the idea. Listen, then, again to a lyric from "Peace." The husbandmen have laid hold on Peace and this is the way they sing:

Pull again, pull my men,
 Now we're gaining fast.
 Never slacken, put your back in,
 Here she comes at last.
 Pull, pull, pull, pull, every man, all he can;
 Pull, pull, pull, pull, pull,
 Pull, pull, pull, pull, pull,
 Pull, pull, pull, pull, all together.

You can see from these extracts that the poetic spirit was vividly conveyed to the audience by various metres. Just as in our time the anapest serves well for the comic strain, the iamb for a serious strain, and the trochee for a rapid one, so it was also in those ancient days. The Greeks had ears attuned to music. It was first by them that the principle, "suit the word to the act" was exemplified. We are imitators and not innovators of this matter, and whatever faults are imputed to the Greek comedy, whatever defects are discerned, remember that the Greeks were the exegetes of the drama, and the centuries that have passed have marked slight improvement over the Grecian drama.

The Greek comedy has been properly compared to a river that runs partly underground; for the Old Attic comedy ended with Aristophanes and a new form of comedy sprang up. But the "New Attic," which succeeded the "Old" was no more than an introduction to Roman comedy. It is not a new species, it rather marks the transition between two species that began with Aristophanes and continued for a century. The "Middle Attic" is the decline of Greek comedy and is in reality Roman and not Grecian.

Fate.

The things we plan with nicest care are those
 Which seldom fall according to our plan.
 We only hold life's many threads for Fate,
 That she may weave a pattern to her whim.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '13.

To Washington.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

THE memory of great men never dies.

The world acclaims their greatness and reveres
 Their noble lives. The scroll of fleeting years
 Recalls their brilliant deeds, and to the eyes
 Of nations shows wherein their greatness lies:
 The hero dares the things another fears,
 And, conquering or conquered, he endears
 All hearts, and cold oblivion's touch defies.

America has heroes justly great.

Whose lives and deeds are writ upon the scroll
 Of fleeting years,—whose memory shall live
 Forever. These we love and venerate;
 Her greatest, Washington, will e'er control
 The truest love that man to man can give.

Done in Gray.

Muddy and misty this Thursday afternoon
 with two hours to kill. Two hours to kill!
 Just think of it, ye knowledge-grubbers, delving
 for thoughts in the over-worked mines of
 Lemonnier library! Two hours to kill! Ye
 lawyers, hunting for precedent in dusty tomes,
 ye theses-makers, gathering together the cast-
 aways of buried ages, think of it! We have
 two hours to kill! Therefore we vanish into
 the mist and watch for the puddles ahead on
 the road east of the Novitiate.

A little, and a dog happens our way. He is
 so independent looking we judge he is no Uni-
 versity dog on a "skive." You can always
 tell a "skiver" by the way he looks. We have
 seen that large, yellow dog that had his habitat
 at the Seminary some two years ago, taking
 his quiet "skips" to the city of an evening.
 But he never went his way like an independent,
 look-you-in-the-face dog that is abroad with
 permission licitly obtained. No such dog was
 our Tubby—erstwhile "quietly inurned." When
 he went hither and yon, there was no crawl-
 into-a-corner-and-hide look about him. He
 planted his legs stiff on the ground and stared
 at you like any average boy who is going to
 the dentist's and doesn't have to dodge under
 a seat.

Down at the schoolhouse the future presidents
 and first ladies of the land are playing tag on

an adjacent field. From inside the school comes a murmur which on nearer approach we discover is vocal music. It floats out to us dismally enough, like the weather. We must surely have heard it to the end, however, were it one hundred and seventy-five fold less like a metropolitan opera chorus, only two students interrupt the performance rather abruptly. They are going to a nearby inn, we learn, to get "eats"—meaning probably beefsteak, mashed potatoes, and coffee.

"Thank you, no. Some other time."

An automobile, very dirty and exhaling gas, not with a "chug, chug," but with a "chug" and then a half-chug, goes by, bearing two men in front and two chairs behind. If one were plot-hunting, men and chairs might suggest a short story. But then we are not Mr. Arthur Hughes. So we forget the incident.

Along the road trail the Seminarians on their usual Thursday afternoon "hike." A Carroll hall worthy is eating pie outside the Country Store using a fork with five prongs. The pie disappears with great landslides, and finally there is only one small section left. This Chesterfieldian person views the section sideways for a little, opens that mouth of his, and lo, the section also disappears!

In among the shocked corn the workmen are gathering in the "golden yield," as poets say. In the falling darkness the workers move about from shock to shock like visitors from spirit land. The tower clock strikes five bells solemnly and the strokes seem farther apart than usual. From the West comes the long wail of a street-car speeding on its journey to South Bend. The Minims' laughter has died out from the campus and the Novitiate overlooking Lake St. Joseph is, as always, very still.

The mist thickens; a soft wind shakes the wet trees and the water falls in great drops. A low vapory sky hangs close above the earth with never a trace of a star. They are all gone out as they were that black night when Macbeth murdered sleep.

Below on the lake the waves play along the shore in quiet fashion. There is now no leaping, no laughing, just a quiet murmur under the mist.

Home at last! Dark and drizzling is the falling night out here among the naked trees with dank grass all around. The light and warmth are inviting. Yes, it is best to go in.

Up in the Clouds.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14.

"A myriad bright stars and a full moon still high in the west made the early morning bright as an Oriental night." Nobody got off this rhapsody, to be sure, but that's the way Emery Mensing would have said it, for Emery lived among the clouds at least twelve hours of his waking day, and to say "It is a bright moonlight night" would have sorely shocked the aesthetic lad. Emery generally started on the ground, but seldom stayed there. Before he knew it he was up in the clouds. Just at present he was on the ground, metaphorically speaking. Actually he was on the prow of the "Mary J." a trim sail boat, his latest birthday present. Impatient glances toward the dark silhouette of the city told of an expected one. The expected one was Dean Wilson, who had promised to come down early that morning so that they could initiate the new "Mary J." and at the same time try their luck at the mackerel in the outer bay.

"Why in the deuce doesn't he come?" he said half aloud, as he saw vistas of the adverse tide that would be in in a few hours. Dean was a good fellow all right, but why didn't he come. And his present delay wasn't the only thing Emery had against him, either. Only the night before last at his birthday party Dean had monopolized the attention of Ethel Pryor, the fair Eastern visitor at the Bisbee home. My! but Ethel was a captivating young—and forthwith he left the ground.

Well, he couldn't stand up till sunset, so he curled up comfortably on the "Mary J." to await the pleasure of Mr. Dean Wilson.

"The myriad stars and bright moon faded and disappeared as morning shot its gray arrows into the Eastern sky, etc.," is the way Emery would have thought it under ordinary circumstances, but now it was—

"Good Lord, he's a beauty of a man to keep an appointment. Well, I won't spoil my whole day just for Dean Wilson." So without more ado, he unmoored the "Mary J." spread her sail, and was off for the outer bay.

The morning was enough to make any heart glad, but Emery couldn't see it. The fact that Dean had monopolized Ethel the other night was growing bigger every minute. And

Dean's failure to appear—ah, he had it all now. Dean recognized in him the logical rival for Ethel. That's why he failed to put in his appearance. Very well, they would be rivals, then. It would be very sad to break up their lifelong friendship, but—well, Ethel was worth it.

As Emery rounded the lighthouse into the outer bay, he saw the regulation "small black cloud, no bigger than a hand," away to the south. He knew it portended a squall, but he did not care. He felt safe enough in the "Mary J.," and besides the blow would not be up for a few hours anyway.

But the blow came sooner than he thought. The mackerel had been biting freely, and the time had passed quickly. With the first puff of wind, the waves began to heave and grow choppy. Emery looked up to see the dozen or more fishermen in skiffs "pull in" and make for the jetties. The cloud that was a mere speck so recently now covered a good part of the southern sky, and Emery knew that he was in for no ordinary squall. He also knew that the inner bay was the proper place for him. Accordingly he pulled up his anchor, set his sail, and headed for land.

By now the wind had assumed the proportions of a young gale; the choppy bay had risen into long swells, which grew larger with each gust of wind. The fishermen in the skiffs were in imminent danger of being swamped.

Away to the leeward was one boat in particular danger. The other skiffs in the race for the jetty had outdistanced it and left it to its fight with the swells. On closer observation Emery saw that its occupant was a girl. Immediately, hero that he was, he shaped his course to aid her. With the wind full in his sail, it did not take long to arrive at her rescue, and lo and behold!—the girl was none other than Ethel.

"Why, Miss Pryor," shouted Emery.

"Oh, Mr. Mensing, I'm so glad—"

There was no time for explanations. Calm, collected, self-possessed, he assisted her into the "Mary J." her skiff was tied behind, and they were off, tacking for land. With dexterity he veered his course, and managed his boat in a way that could not but draw admiration from an observer. With one so well-disposed toward him as Ethel, his bravery, cleverness and strength must make him appear a demi-god. Soon the waters of the inner bay were reached, and Emery's whole attention was

not required by the "Mary J." Ethel began:

"I know you think me awfully foolish—for getting caught in this squall, but—well, it may not be an excuse, but it's an explanation." Emery was all ear. "My home is on the Chesapeake Bay, and there I learned to love fishing [Bully girl!]. Often when a little girl I went out alone, and my love for it became a sort of fishing fever. For three years now I have been at a boarding school, and the summers have been spent abroad. So you see I haven't had a real old-fashioned fishing trip for three years. And when I came out on that moonlight bay ride last Saturday, the fever grew upon me, so this morning I slipped out of the house, and—"

Emery was jubilant. Fate had sent her to him. All his forebodings about Ethel and Dean were dispelled. Here was Ethel herself, sent by fate.

"I can never sufficiently reward you," she bubbled on, "for saving my life, but I'll do all I can."

Emery looked at two particularly enticing, perfect lips, and knew how she could sufficiently reward him, but of course, being a gentleman, he did not speak his mind. Instead:

"Freddie Hutchins is giving a dance next Tuesday night. Ah—you would more than reward me if you would grant me the pleasure of your—"

So it was settled. He—not Dean—was to escort the queen of the season,—to him, the queen of all seasons,—to the biggest social event of the year.

An eternity intervened before Tuesday night vouchsafed to come around. He had it all figured out. He would dance and dance and dance with Ethel; show his conquest to the others, especially to Dean Wilson. Then, along toward the last, he would lead her out to a secluded retreat, and there in the perfume of the oleanders he would declare—

"Hello, Emery!—Well look at it! If it hasn't gone to sleep!"

Emery awoke with a start. The dawn was just beginning to redden the skies.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said Dean, "but Old Uncle Ned had a duce of a time unpacking these shrimp, and there was nothing to do but wait or go without bait. Come on, Em old boy, wake up. Let's get started for those mackerel."

And Emery came down to the ground.

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—New York has engaged a woman fly exterminator for the next pest season. Here is a field for the suffragettes that will be absolutely undisputed and actually useful.

—"If you are 'wise' and would be healthy," says a Chicago doctor, "you must eat peanuts. Meat is unnecessary, condiments a deceit, tea and coffee bad, and the staff of life no longer to be depended upon." We would suggest that the doctor use the elephant in his lectures as an example of the development, health, and longevity that result from his system. We might adopt this "peanut Charlie" idea ourselves, but the thought of Thanksgiving dinner deters us.

—Three sentences recently given by Chicago judges are striking departures from the familiar "so much and costs." A cook was sentenced to cut his "unsanitary" beard; a "backslider" to go to church; and a thirsty throated tippler to keep within the limits of his own dry section. It begins to look as if the cure of some common, everyday evils lies within the jurisdiction of the courts after all.

—Chesterton says of King Alfred that "he may not have done one of the things which are attributed to him, but it is immeasurably easier to do every one of those things than to be the man of whom such things are reported." There-

fore, although modern iconoclastic historians may prove the cherry tree episode a myth, and by diligent grubbing may unearth evidence that Washington, like all men we know, had his faults and his enemies, his light will yet shine before us undimmed, as our great model of patriotism and devotion to principle; and he, with Lincoln, will continue to stand as the great exemplar of American youth.

The iconoclasts may shatter our image, but they can not shatter the ideal Washington who must have been the inspiration of the image, and they can not make us forget that the ideal must have had real existence.

—Madero, the usurping president, conquered, not by force of arms but by the treachery of his trusted commandant, General Huerta; Gustavo Madero, brother of the President and "power behind the throne" arrested on a charge of treason by General Huerta, just after the two men had dined together; Ernesto Madero, uncle of the President, eloped with all the cash in the treasury; lists of "those who should die" discovered; Huerta rewarded for his treachery by provisional presidency; continued destruction of property and human life—mostly of non-combatants; a counter revolution making strong headway against Huerta. And thus it goes on in the little make-believe republic with its comic opera soldiers and its diet of hot tamales and revolutions.

—What profound political influence was engendered of the long and arduous "hike to Washington," only "General" Rosalie Jones and her fifteen companions are capable of stating offhand. Why the cause of equal suffrage should be materially advanced by the spectacle of the "army" trudging wearily along the muddy roads of sedate New Jersey, is the jealously guarded secret of the hikers themselves. If women would devote more time to proving that they are qualified to vote and less energy to exhibitions of arrant nonsense, the "Votes for Women" slogan would be embraced by thousands of skeptics. If they would eliminate from their campaign such superfluities as protracted pedestrianism, destruction of plate glass, and the blowing up of opponents' houses,

they would have removed several obstacles toward the attainment of their ends. Had the suffragettes exercised a wholesome moderation, the transition from uniform apathy to respectful interest would have been speedily effected. But their chosen line of action bids fair to eclipse the most daring exploits of "Gyp the Blood." The destruction of property, the throwing of acid, and finally that effete process of elimination so popular with nihilists and anarchists,—dynamiting,—have been successfully incorporated into the English militant suffragist repertoire of persuasive tactics. Here in the United States we have not gone beyond the ruthless destruction of shoe leather, but the startling comments of our American suffragettes, apropos of the recent dynamiting of Lloyd George's home, incline us to the belief that the worst is yet to come.

Two Valuable Relics.

A press dispatch from London bears the information that a letter written by George Washington, first President of the United States, recently sold there for \$1,250. The fact that the letter bears upon the election of the Representatives of the First United States Congress doubles its historical value.

Few of us at Notre Dame that read the above news item with interest and, perhaps, a feeling of envy for the lucky possessor of this historical document, have the slightest suspicion that the archives of our own library hold an historical treasure of the same identical stamp. This is no less than an authenticated letter written by General Washington. This letter was written from Mt. Vernon and bears the date of 1797. It is addressed to Dr. William Thornton, one of the three commissioners that laid out the city of Washington. This valuable relic is on exhibition in the library and will be gladly pointed out to all who inquire.

Sermon by Father Carroll.

The sermon last Sunday was delivered by Fr. Carroll who chose for his theme the words of St. Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews: "It is appointed unto all men once to die." Fr. Carroll opened his sermon with the awe-inspiring thought that in sixty or seventy years from now we shall all have passed through the gates of death. He gave added im-

pressiveness to the thought by reflecting on the evidences of universal death visible all about us. The clothes we wear, the food we eat, the very benches that we sit upon in church were all once instinct with life, but now point out death as the common lot of all creatures. That death is universal, the strictest sceptic can not doubt; that it is equally uncertain, he can not deny. We know not when or how we shall die; whether the last rites of Holy Church will send us on the road to eternity, or if this consolation will be denied us. Hence it behooves all to profit by the warning of Christ: "Be ye ready, for ye know not at what hour the Son of Man shall come."

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY.

The annual Society Smoker was held last Sunday night in the Minims' refectory. The Faculty was represented by Brother Alphonsus, Father Walsh, Father Carroll, and Brother Raymond.

Father Carroll was the first to be called upon to speak. The greater part of what he said was a tribute to Brother Alphonsus, the founder of the society. He referred with warmth to the boys of Brownson hall, and declared that he has always held a warm spot in his heart for the occupants of the left wing of the Main Building.

Brother Alphonsus gave a short history of the Society and named many old members who have achieved fame since their days here. He showed that the power of public speaking would stand us in good stead in counteracting the false doctrines that are sometimes accredited to the Church.

Brother Raymond caused much laughter by his story of a dream into which he skilfully worked all the members of the Society. Every member was then called upon by toastmaster Galvin, and many good stories and speeches resulted.

Father Walsh was the last to address the company. He gave much good advice in regard to conducting the organization. He urged all to take up seriously the work of speaking, and to use every available minute for practice.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The Holy Cross Literary Society held its last meeting on Sunday, February 16. In accordance with the constitution, the installation of

officers was taken up as the first business of the evening. Mr. Allen Heiser, the unanimous choice of the society, accepted the responsibilities of the presidency, and promised his labor and time to maintain the high traditions of the society. Mr. Jeremiah Hagerty, after a few terse sentences of appreciation, assumed the silent duties of vice-president. The office of secretary was surrendered to Mr. William Burke, who urged all to give the society the benefits of their talents. The delicate and trying duties of the critic found a ready acceptance at the hands of Mr. Charles Flynn, who insisted not only on the personal activity of each, but requested the harmonious work of all in making the future programs successful.

SENIOR PREP MEETING.

At a meeting of the Senior Preps last Thursday evening, the members present, after much deliberation and painstaking comparison, selected the class pin that is to adorn their noble fronts and proclaim to all the world "This is a man of '13" (Prep, of course). The pins will be ordered at once so as to be in evidence by Easter. Class pipes were also voted on, and an order will be placed for them as soon as all the names (and the cash) are handed in.

CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held last Wednesday evening. Mr. Kane read a paper on "The Procedure to Locate Lost Corners." He gave descriptions of the monuments used, how they are placed, and how identified. His paper showed much originality and was interesting and instructive. "My Impression of Civil Engineering Structures" was the title of a paper by Mr. Quintanillas. He described many of the noted structures passed in the course of his journeys to and from Mexico. Mr. Snider spoke on "The Freshman Civil Engineer." He showed how the freshman studies have an important bearing upon the advanced subjects in the engineering course.

JUNIOR CLASS MEETING.

An important business meeting of the men of '14 was held Friday, February 14, at which next year's *Dome* board was selected and the date of this year's Junior Prom was set. William Galvin was unanimously chosen to edit the '14 year book, and Jacob Geiger was made art editor by a similar vote. Daniel Shouvelin was elected business manager.

The date set for the Junior dance is June 13. Because of the early Lent this year, the Sophomores have been unable to hold their dance up to date. Hence it is planned that the Senior ball, the Sophomore Dance, and the Junior prom be held after Easter at intervals of about six weeks. The Junior affair will be informal because of the warm season. A committee has been appointed to decide upon the place and other details.

Personals.

—Charles H. Mann writes that he is doing good work at the University of Michigan. Charles graduated from the Prep Department last spring.

—The other Dockweiler, "Tom" (A. B. '12) of Los Angeles, California, is pursuing post-graduate work at the University of California, Berkeley.

—The smiling "Nick" Gamboa (McCue Medalist and C. E. '11) of Cienfuegos, Cuba, is at the University for a short visit. "Nick" says it's good to get back on the old campus once more.

—A letter from Paul McGannon (LL. M. '08) of Corning, New York, gives all of us his kindest regards, and promises that the genial Manager of Athletics in '07 will shortly be with us for a few days.

—Congratulations to Lawrence A. Williams, of Pittsburg, on his recent admission to the Pennsylvania State Bar Association. "Larry" was a student here some years ago, and is now a loyal member of the Pittsburg Notre Dame Club.

—"Al" Hilkert (Litt. B. '11) of Canton, Ohio, writes from Butte, Montana, "where 'Jimmie' O'Flynn holds forth!" "Al" is with the Continental Oil Company, and reports the other Notre Dame boys in Butte as growing and hustling.

—"Mike" Calnon, the genial proprietor of "Mike's," South Bend, was an interested "fan" at the baseball practice last Sunday. "Mike" sees nothing but a clean slate ahead of the Varsity this season.

—Mr. George Huford (student '09-'10) spent last Sunday with "Steve" Morgan of Sorin. George is connected with the United Steel Company at Gary, Indiana. He says that the Notre Dame boys at Gary are making things hum in the success line.

—James V. Cunningham (LL. B. '07) of Chicago, Illinois, enjoyed a few hours at the University on Sunday last. "Jim," who was a Varsity debating man in his time, officiated as a judge in the preliminaries on Sunday evening. He remarked that we still show the old time "pep" in debating.

—It's a pleasure to note the reappointment of our old friend, Robert L. Matthews, of the '09 Champions, as Athletic Director at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. "Matty's" contract is for two years, with a substantial increase in salary, and is due to the great success which has attended his work at Kenyon.

—We have just received the reassuring news from Jesse Lantry (A. B. '97) that his brother, Joseph, is recovering rapidly from the effects of a recent operation for appendicitis. "Joe" was a great favorite at Notre Dame, a football hero, and a "grad" in C. E. of '07. For two years after finishing he was assistant instructor in his course. We rejoice in his recovery.

—The old familiar figures of "Divy" Devine, "Freddie" Steers, and Keene Fitzpatrick, wore the I. A. C. monogram at last Saturday's meet, while "Our Bill" Uffendel, one time track star and record holder, officiated as a judge. And all may not be aware that the highly efficient referee and starter, Mr. William A. Draper, has also helped to make track history at Notre Dame.

Calendar.

Sunday, February 23—Third Sunday of Lent.

Varsity Baseball Practice Game, 9:15 a. m.

Practice for singing quartet after mass.

Prep Tryouts in Track, 3:00 p. m.

Walsh Hall Interfloor Bowling Contest, 6:30

Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

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

Tuesday—Philopatrian Play, Washington Hall, 2:30

Meeting of Architectural Society, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday—Varsity Baseball Practice game, 9:10 a. m.

Four Artists Concert Co, Washington Hall, 5:00

Friday—Earlham College vs Varsity at Notre Dame.

Preliminaries for A. A. U. Championship Meet.

First Regiment Armory, Chicago.

State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis.

Saturday—Finals in A. A. U. Championship Meet.

Local News

—The long looked for Philopatrian play, the "Sub Halfback," will be presented in Washington hall next Tuesday afternoon. Our Junior

actors in past years invariably displayed a great deal of talent, and according to reports we will be far from disappointed this time.

—Students ambitious to secure employment for next summer will find it to their interests to consult with Mr. Earl Dickens.

—A snowfall; a warm noon sun. Sun melts snow; snow tempts boys; boys make snowballs; snowballs do damage. It was ever thus. Beware, ye who persistently wear derbys!

—Aha! We have discovered the secret of the amazingly active Brownson "Lit" Society! The club has, on its honored rolls, the names of fifteen Freshmen Lawyers. No wonder it thrives!

—An imperial edict has gone forth from Washington to the effect that post boxes are to be painted red. A charming and cheery color, no doubt, and one which neither wind nor weather can fade; but we sincerely hope this edict will not apply to our little post office. It would spoil the effect, you know.

—There is always a gratification, a satisfaction, in seeing something which you advocate go through. Ever since the first snow fall, we have been pleading, begging, urging for a hockey team. It came, went, and conquered; and now we lean back in our chairs contented. Notre Dame, 6; Culver, 0. That certainly looks good to us!

—It has been decided to substitute "A Night Off" instead of "Men and Women" for the Senior play. Prof. Koehler intends to begin rehearsal very soon, so as to get our men of '13 in good shape before Easter Monday. We predict success for the play because we know Prof. Koehler of old, and also the excellent material he has to work with.

—We wish to extend our heartiest thanks to Culver for the excellent treatment our Hockey Club received at their hands. A visiting team always appreciates any little act of kindness bestowed upon them; and the boys of C. M. A. certainly treated our men royally. We are eager for an opportunity to repay them. Give us a chance!

—Daily, Old Glory has waved from the giant flagpole near Chemistry hall. But the dear old flag's days are now numbered, and it is soon to be laid away to make room for the new one which our Seniors will present to their Alma Mater on February 22. This custom is a beautiful old tradition, full of sentiment.

inspiring patriotism. May *its* days never be numbered!

—Last Sunday evening the third floor defeated the forth floor in the Walsh inter-floor bowling contest. The bowling was of a superior quality as the score, 1930 to 2042 indicates.

—On account of a conflict in the use of the gym, the Prep tryouts in track were postponed until Sunday afternoon. This delay will give the boys four extra days in which to limber up.

—Sadly we relate it, with many sighs and blinding tears. Poor little old Carroll hall lost at basketball to Elkhart 25-19. The game was played in the enemy's country, in a strange gym, with baskets hung at such an angle as to be greatly disadvantageous to anyone not thoroughly familiar with them. Get a return game, Juniors, and show them what you can do in a real gym!

—Although you are not yet to get a glimpse of it, we can't resist the temptation of telling you that the new curtain has been hung in Washington hall and is in perfect working order, thanks to the energy of Bro. Cyprian. The platform for the musicians, on the right hand side of the hall, is in course of construction. Honest, these changes improve the theatre so much that you'd hardly recognize it as the same old haunt of the muses.

—Yes, we are slightly provoked with the men in our local pumping station. For two whole days this last week we were without drinking water! Such things should not happen—at least not the second time. To drink tap water is to risk typhoid, especially in these days of sloppy weather when we are confined to our rooms and get so little exercise. To shut off the drinking water at ten p. m. is bad enough; but to stop the supply altogether is almost criminal negligence.

—George Walsh, manager of our new Hockey Club, has secured two dates with the Cleveland Hockey Club for games at Cleveland on Feb. 28 and March 1. The ice on the lake was swept clean of snow and the athletes made the best of the good weather by daily practice and training. Now if his jokeship, King Winter, could only reclaim his throne for a little while, we would rest assured that that bunch of Cleavelanders would "run up against" a typical fighting N. D. team.

—We see by the bulletins that the number of General Permission men for a 90 per cent

or better average is swelling with each examination. The total number for the last exams was seventy-five; of these Corby rejoices over her twenty-one—the largest number in any one hall, and Studios Sorin—despite her nineteen—fears for her title. George Schneider of Brownson with an average of 98 is high man among the collegiates, and Loy Leuty of Walsh with 97 4-5 is pace maker for the preps.

—Daniel was the original lion-tamer; the Del. List is the original terror; the *Valve* is the original mirth-producer; is not the fellow who has his hair shaved off in February the original "boob?" The Ancient Order of Bald Domes perished last year, and its name is fast sinking to dust, unheeded and forgotten. Why revive it?

—The long avenue of white busts on the third floor of the Main Building, known locally as the Bishops' Gallery, was somewhat depleted last Monday when a sportive Carrollite, gambolling gleefully from the "Carpet Room," collided accidentally with one of these plaster-of-Paris dignitaries. The results were disastrous for the gentleman on the pedestal. At present he is a physical wreck, but perhaps a patient hand and a pot of glue can put him together again. At present the mooted question is: "Who 'busted' the bust."

—Ah, how well we remember last Washington's Birthday! Yes, that was the morning after the big blizzard when we all turned out in overcoats and toques to search for the St Mary's nymph who had wandered from the fold and became lost in the blinding snowstorm. We found her in the bosom of a kindly farmer's household, just sitting down to an enormous breakfast of bacon and eggs and flap-jacks and coffee. And she wasn't frozen a bit—at least, there was nothing about her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes to show that the elements had had the least effect on her. Boys, we drew the joker for once; but believe us, it was worth it!

—And mud! My kingdom for a pair of rubber boots! We have been leaping puddles the size of miniature lakes, jumping gurgling creeks, skipping from mound to mound across that vast morass of slush and mud and dirty water which was formerly our campus until we are beginning to act and croak like frogs. Freeze it up or dry it up, Mr. Weatherman. Just now we realize that there may be disadvantages of living in a place like Venice.

—Poor old Mexico! Life there is just one darned president after another. When the papers began their scare-sheets about United States intervention because Mexican bullets would persist in breaking windows in the American embassy, more than one gallant Yankee heart felt the thrill of battle and longed to answer the call of the helpless. Yes, even here at Notre Dame, the boys began to regard their rifles with more than usual interest, ready to cross the Rio Grande whenever Uncle Sam dropped the hat. We like to hear them discussing this near-war in their "rec" rooms. It shows that the fighting spirit of old N. D. can direct its energies in other fields beside athletics.

Athletic Notes.

THE BEST TRACK MEET IN YEARS.

While thrills of excitement were making cinder paths out of the backbones of the frenzied crowd, the Varsity relay team ran off with the final event in last Saturday's track meet and took the Illinois A. C. into camp, incidentally winning the first dual meet of the gold and blue season. From the point of view of interest, excitement, smooth management, and pure enjoyableness, the meet was the best within our memory. This is the kind of track meets we like to see. Much obliged, Manager O'Connell.

The Varsity took the lead by winning the 40-yard dash and high hurdles, but lost it when the visitors captured first and second in the mile. The balance was tipped again for Notre Dame when Bensberg and Rockne came out winners in the 220-yard dash, and held until the two-mile was won by Ray of the I. A. C., who tied the score, 54 to 54.

Everything depended upon the relay, and the runners went into it with that realization, making it the best and most exciting event of the day. Pritchard led off with Sawyer as his opponent. The former Princeton captain and Intercollegiate winner ran a beautiful quarter mile, but Pritchard's work was almost as good, for our freshman came in but a few yards behind. Rockne took up the burden, and although he had just left the vaulting and broad jumping pits, succeeded in overcoming the I. A. C. lead. "Cid" Birder then broke loose, and at the end of his quarter mile had left his opponent at least thirty yards behind. The last lap was between Captain Johnnie Plant

for the Varsity, and Freddie Steers, the former gold and blue miler, for the visitors. Both ran this distance in about 54 seconds, but Steers was unable to lessen the distance between him and Capt. Plant, and the day went to Notre Dame.

Rockne was the hero of the day, for he not only brought in ten points, but also ran a fine quarter mile in the relay just after taking part in the tiring pole vault and broad jump events. "Jimme" Wasson also brought home ten points by winning firsts in the 40-yard dash and the low hurdles. Culp and Ahearn for the visitors secured each eight points.

The summary:

40-yard dash—Won by Wasson (Notre Dame); Walker (Illinois A. C.) second; Van Camp (I. A. C.) third. Time, 0:04 4-5.

40-high hurdles—Won by Pritchard (Notre Dame); Culp (I. A. C.) second; Metzger (Notre Dame) third. Time, 0:05 2-5 seconds.

Mile run—Won by Waggle (I. A. C.); John (I. A. C.) second; Miller (Notre Dame) third. Time, 4:58

High jump—Hood (Notre Dame), Ahearn (I. A. C.), and Thompson (I. A. C.) tied. Height, 5 ft 10-inches.

220-yard dash—Won by Bensberg (Notre Dame). Rockne (Notre Dame) second; Walker (I. A. C.) third. Time, 0:25.

Pole vault—Rockne (Notre Dame) and Culp (I. A. C.) tied for first; Davey (I. A. C.) third. Height, 11 feet 6 inches (Gymnasium record).

440-yard run—Won by Sawyer (I. A. C.); Henihan, (Notre Dame) second; Birder (Notre Dame) third. Time, :54 3-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Won by Wasson (Notre Dame); Pritchard (Notre Dame) second; Culp (I. A. C.) third. Time 0:05 1-5.

Broad jump—Won by Ahearn (I. A. C.); Rockne (Notre Dame) second; VanCamp (I. A. C.) third. Distance, 21 feet 3 inches.

880-yard run—Won by Plant (Notre Dame); Waggle (I. A. C.) second; Black (I. A. C.) third. Time, 2:03 4-5.

Shot put—Won by Scurby (I. A. C.); Eichenlaub (Notre Dame) second; O'Neill (Notre Dame) third. Distance, 41 feet 9 inches.

Two mile run—Won by Ray (I. A. C.); Gibson (Notre Dame) second; Wells (I. A. C.) third. Time, 10 minutes 19 3-5 seconds.

Relay race—Won by Notre Dame (Pritchard, Rockne, Birder, Plant).

Result—Notre Dame, 59; Illinois A. C., 54.

BROWNSON, 26; St. JOSEPH, 22.

In the closest and hardest fought game of the season, Brownson defeated St. Joseph last Sunday afternoon. St. Joe started off with a rush; Kane making two goals in the first two minutes of play, thus giving his team a substantial lead. Brownson recovered quickly in the next ten minutes and secured the lead, only to lose it again before the end of the period.

Brownson pushed the playing in the second half and succeed in staying ahead to the end. The features of the game were the shooting of Kane, who made six field baskets, the passing of the Brownson team, and the good work of O'Connor, Smith, and Murphy.

OHIO NORTHERN CANCELS.

Ohio Northern, because several members of its five have joined the professional ranks, has called off its basketball game with the Varsity. Michigan Agricultural College has refused a return game with Capt. Feeney's men, and thus we are left without a contest until February 28, when the Varsity will meet Earlham here. The season will close March 7 with Beloit College.

CORBY DEFEATS MISHAWAKA.

Corby defeated Mishawaka high school last Wednesday evening by a score of 40 to 23. Perhaps the Braves will be able to schedule a game with the holder of the Indiana high school championship. If it so happens, there will surely be another scalp on the lodge pole of the Corby wigwam.

THE SHRIMPS LOSE.

As Sorin did not show up last Thursday for the basketball game with Corby, Father Farley had a game between the first and the second teams of his hall. Of course the superior playing of the first team gave them the best of the 48 to 27 score over the Shrimps.

Safety Valve.

With Robert L. Saley between the two Clocks we hope our Bob will keep up with the times as it were.

"And besides," says Becky Hurley, "there's the guy that hands in his name but never shows up for the debate prelims."

Of Mr. Flowers the *Chimes* says: "Nowhere in the limits of a single lecture has this 'Drama of Chastity' received more able treatment."

Of Mr. Flowers our precocious weekly says: "The interpretation of *Hamlet*, as presented last Wednesday evening, was a disappointment."

This should cause a discussion beside which the noble defense of tree cutting will be a mere incident.

We are pleased to humbly and split-infinitively apologize to the esteemed Miss Murray.

Therefore, resume your gum, Marjorie.

"Don't feel downcast," says our Local News man,

"because our basketball team didn't garner all the scalps on the trip."

No, but we do feel a bit bluish that our Dominico is launching out after the trees and reaping them down with his axe.

"The possibility of Madero's being overthrown is very remote, however," says one of ye editorial scribes.

Some shrewd political forecaster that guy.

Twe-eng! Twe-eng! Twang-twing! goeth the harp of Red and the Fairy.

PLEASE FILL OUT.

In order to expedite matters the *Dome* management requests members of Faculty to fill out following blank and return any time up to or before next week, Thursday, high noon.

Name (in full)
 Place of Birth (If in old country, name old country).
 Age.....
 Married? (Lay pros only)
 If not, why not?
 If so, why so?.....
 Peculiar habits.....
 What do you like? Why?
 Subject of thesis for Ph. D. if you have any
 Books you intend to write
 When were you hired?
 Salary? Are you earning it?
 Why not?
 Do you hand in your Delinquent List?
 State in two hundred words whether or not there should be a lock on the absentee box.

The Athletic Store awarded Andy McDonough one (1) second-hand glove for proficiency in checkers, the other glove having been lost.

We hope Mr. Tommy Glynn who has bowled 216 at bowling will bulletin 'bout 90 in the bulletins.

And if Mr. Lacey, acting president of the Press Club, tells any more Pacific coast humor after it has struck 11 bells there'll be a few citizens 'bout here wont feel in a Pacific coast mood.

And with Bill Galvin for *Dome* editor and our Harry Newning president of the class, Grand Old Texas should be satisfied.

On Sunday evening last Brownson Literary and Debating Society had a lovely time eating, smoking, and patting itself on the back.

"It is impossible," oraculates Mr. Norckauer, "to construe a Greek sentence to mean two things."

But at the same time, my dear Mr. Norckauer, you will not deny that there are several of the Entire Student Body can construe a Greek sentence to mean nothing.

Today then Mr. John Burns was orator.

While Mr. Paul Byrne was oderator.