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## Charles G. Herbermann

(Laetare Medalist, 1913)

THE thirtieth Laetare Medal—premier American Catholic appreciation of beneficent endeavor—is this year awarded by the Faculty of the University to a most prominent Catholic scholar, litterateur, and layman, Charles G. Herbermann of New York City, Editor-in-Chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia. As the recipient of this adaptation of the Papal Golden Rose, Mr. Herbermann is a worthy colleague of the long line of Laetare Medalists, commencing with John Gilmary Shea, in 1883.

A German by birth, Mr. Herbermann has resided in America since 1851. He was graduated from St. Francis Xavier's College in New York City, in 1858, and has since had many scholastic degrees conferred upon him by various institutions of learning throughout the United States. As instructor in his Alma Mater, and, since 1869, Professor of Latin Language and Literature in the College of the City of New York, many

have become acquainted with his sterling qualities.

He is the author of an interesting consideration of ancient activity—Business Life in

Ancient Rome. His genius as the editor of many literary productions is well known to students of the classics.

He has been signally honored by the Church on two occasions; the first in 1910 when he was designated Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, and again this year by the Medal "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" from the Holy Father.

His work in connection with the Catholic Encyclopedia will stand as unperishing evidence of his ardent Catholic spirit, and is an accomplishment most important in the world's history. Though the possessor of so many honors,

Mr. Herbermann is a humble and sincere man, fully deserving of the designation accompanying the medal—"lay-Catholic distinguished in a meritorious field of beneficent endeavor."



## To Washington.\*

PAUL R. BYRNE, '13.

TODAY across a smiling land  
 What paeons sound the praise of one  
 Who led a foot-sore, weary band  
 Through years till Freedom's cause was won,—  
 Our country's father—Washington!

A hundred years have come and gone  
 Since thou didst teach us to be free;  
 But thy high purpose still lives on,  
 And thy strong sons on land and sea,  
 Still keep the lessons taught by thee.

To thee 'twas given of noble mould,  
 To lead brave men in freedom's fight,  
 And make them wielders of the sword  
 That dire oppression in its might  
 Should never triumph over right.

And when the stress of war was o'er,  
 A kingly crown thou mightst have worn—  
 'Twas thine uncrowned to stand before  
 The watching world; 'twas thine to scorn  
 A kingship o'er this race new-born.

A duty still 'twas thine to guide  
 This promised land by brave men freed;  
 To hold strange peoples scattered wide  
 In love through every direst need,  
 And reap the fruits of peace indeed.

For thy vast work we honor thee,  
 Who stood beside the infant state,  
 And made oppression bend the knee.  
 Thou taughtst the oppressed there is no fate  
 Can hold in chains the truly great.

In gloom the memory of thee cheers,  
 A tocsin is thy honored name;  
 Thou art the first among thy peers,  
 Whom millions as their father claim,  
 Shrined in their hearts—thy hall of fame.

Thou king uncrowned, whatever chance,  
 We hold thee first in every fate;  
 For reach of vision, tolerance,  
 For wisdom fashioning a state,  
 For all that makes man truly great.

\* Ode read at the Washington Birthday exercises.

## Two Dates.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

"Stewart 3151?" came the question over the wire, and Anna recognized a familiar voice at the other end.

"Yes," she answered, her face brightening with a smile, "this is Stewart 3151. Are you coming over tonight, Joe?"

"Why, of course, Anna. Aren't we going to Helen's party? And you know we must hurry. Last time we disappointed her,—through no fault of our own it is true, but let us be on time tonight of all nights, for it is Helen's birthday."

"All right, Joe, hurry over. You ought to be here in ten minutes. Never mind running up these three flights of stairs. I'll be waiting for you at the door and we can start right off for Helen's. Good bye, Joe."

"Good bye, dear. At the door then; don't forget," and Anna heard him hang up.

Five minutes later she stood in the doorway awaiting Joe's appearance. It was a rather chilly night in October and the streets were quite deserted. At the corner Policeman Murray paced to and fro under a flickering electric light, watching for an opportunity to slip unseen into the side entrance of Mike's buffet. Anna drew into the doorway, somewhat frightened, as a dark figure emerged from an alley opposite and approached her.

"Don't hide, kid! I piped youse right away. Here, take me wing and let's be goin'," said the stranger with a display of the bowery boy's dialect and swagger.

"Sir!" exclaimed Anna, forgetting her fear for the moment and growing bold at the affront, "I'm a lady!" And straightway she started across the street toward the policeman.

"Scuse me, kid, on de level—" ventured the stranger, following her and endeavoring to explain his conduct.

"Officer!" exclaimed Anna as they approached the policeman, "this man has insulted me. Arrest him!"

"All right, Miss," answered the brawny Irishman, and he laid his hand heavily on the man's shoulder. "Come along with me. Shure the likes of ye should be behind the bars. There's too many of ye mashers at large."

"Aw de ting's all a mistake, boss," broke



in the accused. "Y'see, it wuz this way: I wuz a-goin' to meet another jane here when this un—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Anna growing more indignant still at being called a "jane."

"Here, tell yere troubles to the court," interrupted Murray anxious to make an arrest on any charge at all, as the police books did not credit him with one for the past six months. And fearing lest the present controversy might be sufficiently explained to the satisfaction of both concerned he turned to Anna:

"Will ye come to the station, Miss, in the next block and place yere charge before the desk sergeant?"

"If you'll just wait a moment, sir. I'll leave a message with my mother,—just across the street,"—she answered and was gone. Before Murray could say, "Certainly, Miss," with ponderous gallantry, Anna briefly explained to her mother what had happened and told her to have Joe meet her, when he came, in the lobby of the Ashland Hotel, across from the police headquarters. Five minutes later she entered the station, preferred her charge, and had the masher arrested. Policeman Murray left the station, carrying his head and chest high, congratulating himself on the arrest.

"The crusade against mashers opens with an arrest by Policeman Murray.' Now wouldn't that look foine in the mornin's paper?" he soliloquized and then returned to his beat to "have one" on the bartender for the arrest. Anna again awaited Joe's coming, this time in the lobby of the Ashland. He was slow putting in appearance, but Anna waited patiently.

"Most likely mother will keep him talking," she mused.

Meanwhile another scene was being enacted on the doorsteps of Anna's home. Scarcely had Murray resumed duty in front of Mike's when a young woman turned the corner, glanced hurriedly up and down the street, and then stood in the same doorway that Anna had just left. The woman lacked the refinement in dress of a lady of society. A set of white furs, none the better for their wear, were much too carelessly hung about her shoulders. Little taste was evident in her dress. She kept an anxious eye on all the passers-by as if waiting for some one with whom she had an appointment.

Joe, now a few minutes late, turned the corner and quickened his steps as he caught sight of

the figure in the doorway. Drawing nearer he accosted her:

"Well, dearie, I'm so sorry I've kept you waiting. Come sweet—" But his endearing words were quickly interrupted.

"Aw, cut that sugar candy, Willie, or I'll muss your hair. Who d'ye think you're talking to?—some doll?" came the unexpected words from the supposed Anna.

"O—I—Ah, beg your pardon, madam, I—"

"Don't madam me, Willie, I aint old enough. Don't think you're goin' to get away with that line o' talk, either. This skirt don't talk with Percival just because he wears a pretty bow tie. I'll see that mamma will find her little boy in the cooler in the mornin'."

And she hailed Policeman Murray, notwithstanding Joe's entreaties to listen to his explanation.

"Officer," she said, assuming a frightened manner, "this man floited with me and called me 'dearie.' I'm a defenseless woikin—"

"That's all right, Miss," interrupted Murray with prospects of two arrests in one night. "I understand. What have ye to say fer yourself," he said turning to the unfortunate Joe.

"Why, it was all a mistake, sir. I—"

"Mistake, was it?" again broke in the guardian of Mike's. "Sure, thot's what they all do be tellin' me. Because ye saw the lady had a loin of slang, ye thot she'd cater to yere flirtin'. Come along wid me and, ye, lady, moight come and prefer yere charge."

"Coitenly, but I've a date here wid a pal o' mine. I'll leave word for him to wait fer me." And to the astonishment of both policeman and prisoner, she left word for her pal at Mike's "Family Entrance" and returned. Then the three walked to the station. Joe saw it was useless to argue his case with Murray, so he was content to wait and explain his case where he knew he would be given a hearing. Accordingly he submitted to arrest, and then five minutes later the three lined up before the sergeant's desk. Murray was justifying the arrest when Anna rushed breathlessly into the room.

"Joe, what's the meaning of this? I was sitting across the street in the hotel lobby and saw you enter here with a policeman. Are you under arrest and what for? Can't you—"

"Aizy, mam, aizy," cautioned the sergeant raising his hand for silence.

"Sh, sh, dear. It's all a mistake! Just be

quiet a moment and I'll explain," interposed Joe trying to console her.

The case was laid before the sergeant who decided that Joe would have to explain to the court in the morning; that meant no party but a night in jail instead.

"O, Joe," moaned Anna, "can't we possibly—" But here she was interrupted by the entrance of the jailer who addressed the sergeant:

"Scuse me, sergeant, but that fellow pinched for flirting wants to send this letter out. He just wrote it."

The sergeant took the letter and glanced at the address:

"Bess Hopkins, 324 Hogan's Court," he mused. "Wonder who Bess Hopkins is?"

"I'm Bess Hopkins, boss," exclaimed Joe's accuser. "Have ye got me Jimmy behind the screens for floitin'? Why Jimmie wouldn't look at a jane. I knows him too well, boss. Here I'd been waitin' fer him across from Mike's and he aint showed up. Aint chu goin' to let him out?"

"Sergeant," interposed Anna, "I believe I understand the situation, now. This man, called Jimmy, evidently addressed me by mistake thinking I was this young lady. In like manner, my friend," she added indicating Joe, "accosted her, believing Miss Hopkins to be me. Now I think if you will bring the prisoner up you will find it all to be a case of two dates on the same doorstep."

Accordingly, Jimmie was brought up from his cell and the situation explained to the satisfaction of all except Murray who returned to his post of duty somewhat incensed over what his fellow workers on the force termed "one on him."

The two couples left the station laughing and bearing no ill will toward each other. On their way to Helen's, Anna remarked to Joe:

"Hereafter no more doorway dates for mine Joe. You'll have to climb the three flights of stairs."

And Joe said he would.

#### Maybe.

A never was I'd rather be  
Than be an ever is;  
For she who never was, you see,  
May some day be a his.

Betsy.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

SAM, a young negro looking for trouble.

UNCLE STEVE, a relic of ante-bellum days.

SCENE—a horse lot.

STEVE.—Say, nigger, what you 'ilin' up there with that wagin' grease?

SAM.—Aw, nothin', 'cept cleanin' Betsy.

STEVE.—Betsy, now who's that?

SAM.—This here ain my bestest fren'.

STEVE, (coming nearer)—Well, I'll be dog-goned, if he ain't got a twenty-two peppah box.

SAM.—Yeah, and while I'm talkin' about it, the peppah outen this here box am hot, too, and it will make you sneeze your las' sneeze.

STEVE.—Now Sam, I'm tellin' you, that half-made pistol wouldn't hurt a chicken 'less'n he tried to swallow it. It's agwine git you into trouble, and then it wont see you through. I knows you's fixin' to go to that watah millon party at little Joe Ellry's, but you'd bettah leave that gun heah.

SAM.—Uncle Steve, you's one of them ole-time countryfied niggers that don't know the war's over. I's a man of the present and knows how to 'tect myself with modern 'ventions. If you'd a ambulated aroun' with a railroad gang like me down to Louisville, Cincinnati, and Frankfort, you wouldn't be so old foggy.

STEVE.—Maybe you does, but some of these days you'll be goin' to Frankfort agin, and in han'-cuffs at that, and say, when you hit that Penetential it will be your last go roun'. But heah's the money Mr. Billy said give you for the week's work. Now go long wif you, you no-count nigger.

SCENE, the same—The next morning.

STEVE.—What's the matter with the haw side of your face, Sam?

SAM.—Aw, me and Alex Grundy had a lil round last night.

STEVE.—What'd you let him hit you for? Whah was Betsy?

SAM.—Uncle Steve, I picked a fight with that nigger, 'pendin' on that gun, but when he grabed a fence rail, I done forgot clean all about Betsy. Now if you don' tell them other niggers 'bout what I said I was goin' to do, the next time you 'vise me anything, I'll say like the white folks do: "I got you, Steve."

## The Leatare Medal.

FAIR Notre Dame, bright Jewel of the West!

The solemn honor comes again to you  
To patronize the worthy, just, and true,  
And to reward the noblest and the best.  
Then, Alma Mater, once again invest  
Some loyal worker with an honor due;  
And on this Gladsome day midst the Lenten rue,  
Affix thy Medal to some worthy breast.

It is but meet we should rejoice today;  
The Patroness of Science and of Arts  
Has welcomed to her Halls a noble soul.  
And to you, Favored One, we gladly pay  
The loving tributes which admiring hearts  
But justly feel for those on Honor's Roll.

B. W.

## Old Morality Plays.

FRANCIS P. MULCAHY, '14.

The origin, history, and development of the Morality Plays are of special interest to students of literature, in that the "Moralties" were the predecessors of the Elizabethan drama and the foundation of our modern dramatic literature. They were one of the characteristic features of medieval England and were, perhaps, the one form of education that appealed directly to all the people.

The appearance of the morality play was not sudden. It was developed through many centuries and passed through various changes, both in purpose and in form. The Church was its place of origin. The conversion of the barbarians by the Church was rapid and complete, but to uplift them and train them in religion was an almost impossible task. The people were totally ignorant and could not understand the truths taught by the Church. Moreover, they sighed for the licentiousness of pagan life which was denied them by Christianity. This latter fact has a direct bearing on the drama, because all the plays of that time were so degraded and low that the Church was obliged to oppose them vigorously.

It soon became evident that the people must be taught, not by relating the truths of religion but by acting them. The Mass, which is, in a sense, dramatic, appealed to the people far more than the sermons of the monks, which were unintelligible to the masses. Hence

some churches began, in a primitive way, to act the mysteries of the birth of Christ, His death, and His resurrection. The first of these rude plays appeared in the ninth century.

In the beginning, these plays were acted in the churches and considered part of the ceremonies of a feast. The dramatic element in them served to attract the people and to teach them in a simple way the important truths of religion. The religious element was, of course, regarded as supreme. As an example of these first plays we have the celebration of Easter, the mystery of the Resurrection, acted by the monks. Three monks, impersonating the three Marys, approached the altar,—regarded for the time being as the sepulchre,—and asked for the buried Lord. Another monk, guarding the altar and impersonating the angel, told them that the Lord had risen. Thus the people gained a knowledge of their religion such as the Church could not teach them by means of sermons.

As this idea developed, the action was made an important part of the service and the people aided in these dramatic expressions of the Christian liturgy. The only musical accompaniment of these early plays was the regular chant of the Church. Soon the whole church was used in acting these plays and the congregation became as important as the clergy.

As time went on, the people gave their attention to developing the dramatic element, and the scene of the play was changed to the market-place outside the church, but the monks still retained control. While this form of play was developing, the common language of the masses was also creeping in. As the Church had adopted the playing of religious events to instruct the people, so now she must introduce the common language and make the people cognizant not only of the dramatic actions but of the words and thoughts of the players themselves. Hence the vernacular was in many cases substituted for the Latin, and this fact paved the way for the passage "from the dramatic in the religious to the religious in the dramatic."

Slowly, but none the less surely, the Church lost her control over these plays, and though they continued to be religious in spirit and purpose they were almost entirely conducted by the people. All this is the transition from the first rude attempt at the Morality Play in the individual churches up to its passage into

secular hands; here we see it at its greatest development. We may say that the period of transition ran from the ninth through the twelfth century.

The widespread success and development of the Morality Play is due to the guilds. The best of these plays were written in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and the guilds were their chief support. During these centuries the spirit of religion was running high and the guilds, being semi-religious in character, eagerly took up this work. Each trade had a guild, and as each was accustomed to give a play on a great feast-day, the famous "cycles" originated. A theme, such as the life of Christ, would be selected for presentation, and each guild would take a certain part of it. In this way an orderly series of plays were produced, all bearing relation to each other and following along much like the chapters of a book. The Morality Play is noted for these cycles.

On such a feast as Corpus-Christi the great mass of people could not be gathered into one place, so that the cycle was necessary if all would see the play. It was the custom to establish certain "stations" where the different plays of the cycle would be presented, and to these stations the people flocked. The procession of plays began at the city gate and then visited the "stations" till all the people had seen the cycle from beginning to end. The different guilds bore the expenses and labor of these undertakings.

There were four great cycles of Morality Plays, the York, Chester, Townley, and Coventry; and to get some idea of them we are told that the York cycle was composed of forty-eight plays, while that of Chester had twenty-five.

The scenes and plots for these plays were taken mostly from the Bible or from the lives of Our Lord and the Saints. The punishment of vice and sin was a favorite theme. These plays often took the form of a conflict between virtue and vice in which virtue finally won. In the "Creation and Fall of Lucifer," we find Lucifer, the highest of the angels, cast into hell for one proud thought. Again, as in "Noah's Flood," the theme may be purely historical, but most of the plays were allegorical in character and were designed to keep the people in the path of truth and virtue.

There was some true comedy in these plays, though at times it seemed to offend against the religious element. However, it was not

right that the productions should be invariably serious, and so, to relieve the tension, a little comedy was sometimes introduced. In "Noah's Flood" we find the wife of Noah unwilling to leave her neighbor gossips and obliged to be taken into the ark by force. It was also customary to apportion the plays according to the kinds of guilds that were to produce them. "Noah's Flood" was given to the shipwrights; the play in which the Magi are brought in was assigned to the goldsmiths.

The most noted of the Morality Plays are "The Castell of Perseverance" and "Everyman." The latter is among the last written of these plays while "The Castell of Perseverance" is one of the first. "Everyman" has an interesting theme and is very dramatic. It is still played at various times, and in recent years a modern play, "Everywoman," modelled after it, attained great popularity. We may say that "Everyman" was the climax of Morality playwriting. It is easily the best of them all, and it was after its production that these medieval plays began to develop into the Elizabethan drama of the sixteenth century.

These plays were usually written in stanzas and the lines made to rhyme. There was also a regular metre which in many of the plays was iambic. The characters generally spoke long passages, but in some plays we find a lively conversation, as in the "Star of Bethlehem," when the three shepherds pass their opinions on the events of the first Christmas.

The world owes much to the Morality Play. Not only was it the germ of our present drama and the firm foundation which supported and gave strength to the Elizabethan plays, but it reminds us that the period of history called the "Dark Ages" was not so dark as we have been led to think. The people, it is true, were not generally educated, but the Morality Play did much towards teaching them religion and high ideals. A period of time from which many forms of our present enlightened age have sprung could not have been "dark."

The people and institutions of the middle ages were greatly influenced by these plays. Their production at first counteracted and later overthrew the evil influence of the immoral plays of the time. Morality Plays taught the people far more than they ever learned from books. The chastening influence of those feudal days and the debt we owe these early plays should not be minimized or forgotten.



## Varsity Verse.

## SKATING SONG.

On a fair winter night  
 With the moon shining bright,  
 How sweet is the music of skates on the ice!  
 With a laugh and a song  
 Happy crowds flit along,  
 They meet you, salute, and are gone in a trice.

With the clink of the steel  
 Comes their gay laughter's peal,  
 The winter night rings with the songs that they sing,  
 And their merriment grows  
 As the night onward flows,—  
 They heed not the hours nor the morn which they bring.

Ere the skaters have gone,  
 Then the first streaks of dawn  
 Will be breaking the news of a bright smiling day;  
 And the gay skating song  
 Of a tired, happy throng  
 Will weaken and falter, and then die away.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF TUBBY.

Though Tubby had a cheery bark  
 We never heard it after dark;  
 He'd let a "skiver" pass right by—  
 But just the same, old Tub was sly.

He'd ne'er report to Father Burke—  
 Old Tubby didn't like such work;  
 He'd catch the "skiver" and the "stew,"  
 And then report to Brother Hugh.

M. E. WALTERS.

## LONGFELLOW AT CRAIGIE HOUSE.

When night had settled o'er the dwelling  
 Nestled on the silent hill,  
 And sportive hearth-flames were dispelling  
 Gloom, and all the world was still;  
 The poet, by the fireside musing,  
 Saw the world a field of strife;  
 And called by duty—not refusing—  
 Sang his sacred "Psalm of Life."

FRANK B. REMMES, '15.

## EXPERIENCE TEACHES.

A simple young plumber named Peter  
 Was sent to inspect a gas meter;  
 With a match did he seek  
 To discover the leak—  
 Hereafter he'll be more discreeter.

CHARLES FINNEGAN.

## The End of "An Unfinished Story."

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

I was sitting at his desk when I found it,—  
 the old roller-top desk at which my uncle had  
 spent so many of his last days and where he  
 was sitting when death came upon him. Before  
 me was a miscellaneous stack of notes and  
 bonds and stock certificates, representing the  
 whole of my uncle's fortune. Sandwiched  
 in between Consolidated Steel and a copy of  
 the Last Will and Testament, I found a little,  
 folded manuscript, yellowed by age and worn  
 ragged at the folds. Across the back and  
 faded almost to the point of illegibility was  
 written, in my uncle's cramped chirography,  
 "An Unfinished Story." It was only with  
 great difficulty that I was able to wrest the  
 story from the saffron-hued pages. It ran  
 as follows:

"Once upon a time, as they say in the fairy  
 tales, there lived a little girl in a tiny village  
 in the far-away West. Her home was near  
 the mighty Columbia, where it buries itself  
 in the sea,—so near in fact, that sometimes in  
 the winter when the storms raged, and the  
 fierce winds blew over the land, and the river  
 was flecked with white-caps like the sails of  
 many fishing smacks, the sound of the storm-  
 tossed waves was brought to her on the sweeping  
 gale as they boomed against the invincible  
 rocks of North Head or broke with implacable  
 fury over the offending jetty at the river's  
 mouth. On other days, from the upper windows  
 of her home, she could see far across to where,  
 sheltered from the winds behind the rocky  
 promontory, a wreath of fog hung like a pall  
 over the drenched spruce woods. And some-  
 times at night, when the wind had died away  
 and the mists had settled on the waters, she  
 could hear the night-watches tolled off by  
 the melancholy voice of the fog-horn as it  
 cried its hoarse warning from the distant  
 Sands of Desdemona.

"In the summer, however, the sun shone  
 warmly. Wild flowers bloomed by the paths,  
 evergreens put forth their fresh green shoots,  
 countless birds filled the woods, and innumerable  
 chipmunks chattered saucily as they scurried  
 from tree to tree, their jowls stuffed to capacity  
 with fresh provender.

"Amid such surroundings she grew up, draw-

ing to herself gentleness from the sight of nature's winter tumults and tenderness from the knowledge of the creature suffering they caused, sweetness from the flowers about her, melody from her intimacy with the birds, and gayety from the summer skies, until the sunniness within her rivalled the brightness and glory without.

"Her brown hair was streaked with lighter yellow tints. Spun old-gold would be almost as pretty. Her eyes were the color of hazel—eyes immeasurably deep beneath the curving beauty of lashes which curtained them. Her lips were not like a Cupid's bow with its tiring perfection, for hers were never exactly the same, but ever changing with the change of thought and feeling.

"As she walked the forest paths, the wild-flowers would nod their heads to her in approval, the birds trill their newest notes, the squirrels come out to frisk before her. Even the rheumatic old chipmunk on the rotted log down by the banks of the twisting Skipenon, would cease his grumbling chatter and grudgingly admit that not all human beings were bad.

"Once, while the summer of her sixteenth year was yet very new, a boy away on his vacation from school wandered to this wonderland in the far away. He met her and, of his life, that morning and evening were the first day. They became friends—more than friends. When they walked together down the country lanes, he could think of nothing but the wonderful creature by his side. The shaded pools of the wood—how like her eyes they were and what a mirror they made for her face. At sunset, they walked by the sea watching the sun go down at the end of his ruffled trail of fire, sinking from sight in a glow of molten copper, and sending up blood-red taunts of defiance to the sky. When he was with her, the white, unending stretch of seashore was forgotten and he saw through the rippling shallow of the receding waves only the glint of gold in the sands at his feet—saw this and noticed it because of the shimmering likeness to her sun-touched hair. When alone, the gold had vanished from his sight and the shore was again the white, unending stretch of sandy monotony. From her sprang all things. Without her, it was as it was in the beginning: Nothing was beautiful that was beautiful.

"His vacation passed like a day, and when

the summer had gone, he too had gone, and by the time the leaves had changed their color and the grass had become sear and crisp and thirsty for the autumn rains, he was at school again poring over books that taught him to protect men in their pursuit of happiness. For him there was only the joy of memory and her letters for which he watched the mails with the care and zeal of a usurer computing his interest. Often in the silent nights, he lived over the days of their brief companionship. Those were memories that grew with time and would not be forgotten,—fresh, vivid, ecstatic memories,—and as he recalled them the flood of emotion would overcome him. Always it did as he lay there on his bed, staring upward into the darkness that inclosed him, striving, praying, praying for an apocalypse that he might glimpse into the future.

"The river will still roll on its way to the sea, the restless waves beat high against the jagged rocks of North Head and break wildly over the offending jetty at the river's mouth, the fog-horn will still cry hoarsely from the dangerous Sands of Desdemona, and the winds still sweep unchecked over the white-capped waters of the Columbia. So has it been in the past and so will it continue for days and months and many years. In summer time the sun will shine as warmly, the flowers bloom, the birds sing, and the chipmunks frolic, all as when the world was young. Ever the same; as in the past, so in the future; never uncertainty, never a doubt. But the lives of men follow ways as uncertain as the path of the will-o'-the-wisp. Thus with the brown-haired, brown-eyed girl who lives in the tiny village in the far-away West, nearby where the mighty river buries itself in the sea; and thus for the boy who saw her and loved her and still, perhaps, dreams, dreams."

So ended the manuscript.

A love sketch from the pen of my uncle! I could scarcely believe it, dear prosaic soul that he was. Yet the writing—I compared it with some of his ledger entries of thirty years before and found it identical. The story itself, if I was any judge, was almost literary, slightly poetical, assuredly very different from the "Your kind favor of the—inst. rec'd and beg to state" kind of literature that usually came from his pen. I had always thought that if there was any poetry in my uncle it



had never found its way to the surface, but, like one of those desert rivers, it had gushed forth, flowed for a space, and sunk away without ever making its existence known to the outside world.

Evidently I had misjudged him, for here he was, a flinty old money-maker whose life, supposedly, had never been mellowed by the sweet influence of love, leaving behind him unmistakable evidence that once at least, he had indulged in poetic rhapsodies, and more,—rhapsodies over a girl,—a brown-haired, brown-eyed miss of sixteen. Uncle had never married. I had never known him voluntarily to speak of a woman either to praise or to criticize her. He was always courteous, ever friendly, never intimate.

I recalled my uncle's telling me of a summer spent in the West just previous to his entering college. It was only a casual remark but I remembered it, perhaps for some queerness in his intonation or more probably because he had never before alluded even slightly to his early life. It was there that he had obtained his "local color." The later attendance at school exactly coincided with my uncle's subsequent course of action.

"What a beautiful maid she must have been both in soul and body," I mused, reviewing the story in my mind. I wondered if it was because of some such ideal character of his fancy's creation that he had remained a bachelor. I marvelled, too, at the value he had placed upon the paper as to keep it all these years and among his most valuable documents. Some touch of sentiment perhaps. Suddenly the thought flashed upon me. This was the one link which had bound him to the past. I believed I had come upon the romance of my uncle's life.

"An unfinished story"! I would seek its end. How to proceed I did not know, but the most natural action was to search the old roller-top desk for a name and address. I rummaged through everything but without success, and was on the verge of leaving the story as I had found it, forever uncompleted, when I chanced to pull clear from its slide one of those secret drawers with which old desks abound. Reaching my hand into the aperture, I fished out an old envelope. It was grimy, stained with ink, and half filled with sifted dust, but the name and the address were there, "Miss Claire Montgomery, Fort

Stevens, Oregon." It had been written by my uncle but never mailed, having probably slipped from sight through a widened seam in the desk top. Here was my only clew.

Hoping that Miss Claire Montgomery of Fort Stevens, Oregon, might still reside in that neighborhood or at least have acquaintances there, I mailed quite a lengthy letter to her. I was doubtful of her ever receiving it, for people in the West, unlike the Easterners, are continually shifting their homes, and old-time settlers such as this girl's parents must have been, would long ago have felt crowded in a neighborhood where summer-resort cities have become thicker than quarter-sections. In my letter, I told her of the later life of my uncle, apologized for the idle curiosity which prompted my writing, inclosed a copy of "An Unfinished Story," and finally asked her if she could supply its ending.

The reply was a long time in coming—so long that I almost despaired of ever getting it—but at last it reached me. The envelope was postmarked from some obscure French-Canadian town—I could not make out the name exactly—and the stamp bore the head of King George.

I delayed opening it for a moment to admire the beautiful handwriting, and I found myself trying to picture the pearly-bright finger tips that had fashioned the delicate traceries. As I finally tore open the flap, a photograph dropped out, a scarred tin-type of a girl dressed after the style of thirty years before. Beautiful she was even in this disfigured semblance of her, and as I gazed raptly at the uncolored print, the high mound of hair seemed to turn brown before me, brown and streaked with lighter tints, the eyes were also brown, like hazel and deep, immeasurably deep as shaded woodland pools. The envelope contained no word, only the picture, just that—and a tiny scrap of black nuns' veiling.

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### The Fool Killer.

V. McNAMARA.

A fellow whose name was McNab,  
Was fooling around in the "lab."

He fooled once too often—

We've ordered his coffin,  
And we'll follow him, slow, in a cab.

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—A Chicago newspaper of recent date contains a symposium by thirteen prominent scientists of America, answering the question:

"Do you believe in evolution?" All the answers were affirmative, and the writer of the article accompanying the essays thereupon proceeds to warn us gratuitously that "Scientists tell Christians that man came from ape" and "Christians must reconcile the teachings of the Bible to the theory of Darwin;" and this in blind disregard of the fact that Darwinism stands only in such relation to evolution as Methodism or Presbyterianism stands to Christianity, and that just as an overwhelming majority of the people of Europe and the Americas are Christians without being Methodists or Presbyterians, so one may be, and the larger number of our greatest scientists *are*, evolutionists without accepting the pragmatic hypotheses of Darwin.

The fact is that no one of the scientists quoted did unequivocally express adherence to Darwinism; on the contrary, one stated openly that "the ideas of Darwin are less generally accepted than formerly;" another hastened to remind us that "the fact of evolution does not depend upon the fate of Darwinism;" and a third warns us against inferring that "evolution goes when it is known that Darwinism is being attacked by biologists."

Between Darwinism and the evolution admitted by true science there is an unbridgeable chasm. Evolution and the Bible are not contradictory. Saint Augustine, St. Thomas, and the greatest scientist theologians of the Church admitted evolution centuries ago. The complement of Darwinism, on the other hand, is Atheism. The purposeless evolution he formulated in theory is incompatible even with the *existence* of a Supreme Intelligence, and the proposed "reconciliation" of the Scriptures with Darwin is incredibly absurd.

The newspaper is the school and pulpit of many millions of people. It is therefore indeed deplorable when a great newspaper is found prostituting news to the cause of undermining faith, and for those inclined to doubt the value of collegiate training in philosophy for journalists it should furnish stimulus to thought.

—The theory of twentieth century invention is that if an idea does not contradict itself it can be made practical. New proofs arise daily. Within the past week two products of mechanical genius were announced. One is an aeroplane which defies the air-current changes; the other is the application of the dot and dash signals to the cable service, thus making cabling as flexible as land telegraph service. New methods of better and quicker work spring forth daily. Astonishment has ceased to be a faculty of the modern mind. It is well to feel progressive and to rise above barbarism, but there is a hidden danger in all progress. Is this revolutionizing of all methods of production making us individually a sturdier, or a more dependent and feeble people? All the unrest of society, the changed condition and purpose of women seem to be due, in great measure, to false ideals of luxury growing out of the comforts and delights afforded through the many triumphs of inventive skill. Work has come to be despised, and regarded as fit only for the lowest classes. Wealth grows more wealthy; poverty wanes feebler. Politics has come to be a strife of classes. The common people are oppressed, and no one heeds. Let us not refuse the gifts of science, but let us begin to make discoveries that will result in purer homes, better citizenship, and more honest public service. Keep the service of mechanics; but do not throw away the service of genuine manhood.

### Washington's Birthday.

Immediately after the parade and inspection of the regiment in the gymnasium, the annual Washington's Birthday exercises were held in Washington hall. In accordance with a beautiful custom inaugurated several decades ago by Father Regan, the graduating class selected this most appropriate occasion to present a beautiful American flag to their Alma Mater. Notre Dame's splendid traditions, like her achievements, are numerous indeed, but certainly none of them have been prompted by a finer sentiment or perpetuated by truer patriotism than this annual expression of loyalty to school and country. The presentation of the new banner, and the addresses of donor and recipient were consistent with the patriotic spirit that has always pervaded the University.

The gift of the class of 1913 was draped over the front of the stage, its unstained folds and vivid hues in striking contrast to the soiled and darkened mementos of other years and classes that have gone before. The presentation speech, made on behalf of the class by John Thomas Burns, was as follows:

REV. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY, AND FRIENDS:—The classes that have gone before us met each year, in this, the most appropriate place, on this, the most fitting day, to perpetuate that custom old and beautiful,—the presentation of the flag to our University. Those classes came here willingly and jubilantly, and no sadness shown upon their exercises. But this year's Senior Class comes not with the same youthful spirit that marked its predecessor, for now for the first time in all these years these exercises have taken on a new significance. Today we are met here for a double purpose—to perpetuate a custom and likewise a memory,—the memory of the dead priest who made these exercises possible.

Father Regan was a simple man, content to live a simple life. Position was foreign to his nature; wisdom he claimed not to have; and virtue, as practised by him, was concealed beneath the black robes of priestly modesty. In seclusion he lingered all his days, a peaceful and unassuming man. Loved by those of the world, he shared their love in return, yet cared not for their worldly possessions. Religion was his vocation, the priesthood his dowry, and with both he was content.

His contentment was bodied forth in his simple, unselfish life. All his acts reflected goodness, his word inspired us to hope, and his death revealed his qualities of manliness—qualities that make men noble, that make men holy, that make men saints. And when death's strained voice was heard to call him, Regan feared not to answer; when death beckoned

unto him, he was ready to obey the summons; when death stretched forth his hand, Regan grasped it fearlessly and was led from this world into the world beyond. He died, as was fitting, in sight of his beloved flag at the hour when the world prepares for quiet sleep. Modestly he lived, modestly he died.

But though the grave is silent, though it hides from us the face of him we loved, it can not hide from us the qualities of the man that was our priest and patron. And as in life this saintly man dedicated these exercises to the memory of his country, so now the Senior Class dedicates this day, in part, to the memory of their departed friend, that those who succeed us may, in their youth and life, pause for an instant on this day, to linger with the spirit of our loved dead.

It is proper that this day should be dedicated to this double purpose, for this double purpose reveals the true, the Catholic ideal—God and Country. And not only is this the Catholic ideal; it is the Catholic ideal put into actual practice.

Notre Dame has ever been faithful to that ideal. When days dark and stormy overshadowed the institution that now gives us shelter, and the Civil War came on, from this University watch tower, Sorin gazed upon the scene and sorrowed. He knew that men were fighting for the right and fighting for the flag they loved. But the flag for which they fought was likewise his flag—the flag of his adopted country. The school that had been the end of all his dreams, the school which he had crossed the seas to found, was in its infancy and needed his protection. Dark days were those for that heroic figure! But at last, as he looked upon the flag,—the flag that he, too, had come to love,—he knew that thought was no longer necessary; he was ready for action. The school could wait. Those whom he loved and with whom he lived had a greater duty to fulfil,—the duty to their country; and he bade them go forth to remove the stain upon their flag. The word was spoken, and students, priests and brothers left for the scenes of battle to mingle their blood with the blood of the Catholics and non-Catholics of our land. These men had no thought of self, they went forth to play a humble part in a great drama, unknown when they went, expecting to return unknown and forgotten. But fate destined some for heroic duties, and two, at least, immortalized themselves upon the field of battle—Cooney in the swamps of Richmond, and Corby on the field of Gettysburg.

Reverend President, with the thought of these heroic figures still fresh in our memory, the Senior Class presents to the University this flag that represents, not the sordidness and selfishness that have so often sought protection beneath its folds, but an unstained flag that represents the true, the ideal American citizenship.

Rev. Father Walsh, accepting for the University, paid a splendid tribute to the Father of his Country. George Washington's truest attributes of greatness, his courage, resourcefulness, and broad mindedness, were extolled by Father Walsh, who described our first President as standing above and apart from an age.

of intolerance and bigotry. Many in the audience who had previously honored Washington only as a liberator and emancipator found in our vice-President's address abundant reason for revering him also as a champion of tolerance and a foe to discrimination against races and creeds.

The ode read by Paul Ryan Byrne was highly commendable for its simplicity of style and its noble thought. The selections from Washington's immortal Farewell Address were excellently read by Peter John Meersman.

The addresses were interspersed with selections by the University band and patriotic songs by the audience.

#### PROGRAM.

Selection ..... University Band  
 "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," .. The Audience  
 Presentation of Flag .. John Thomas Burns, Letters '13  
 Acceptance of Flag .. Rev. Dr. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C.  
 Selection ..... University Band  
 Ode .... Paul Ryan Byrne, History and Economics, '13  
 Selections ..... "Washington's Farewell Address."  
 Peter John Meersman, Law, '13  
 "America" ..... The Audience

#### The Philopatrian Play.

"Bob Martin, Substitute Halfback" was a pleasing departure from the sixteenth century dramas that formerly made up the Philopatrian repertoire. This clever comedy, written expressly for the Carroll hall students by Rev. Father M. A. Quinlan, was ideally adapted to the capabilities of the cast.

Instead of the elaborate costuming and medieval atmosphere of previous Philopatrian presentations, we found a present-day setting in the Carroll training quarters, with the members of the cast garbed and demeaning themselves as typical Carroll hallers.

The plot revolves about a football game between Carroll hall and Wilson Academy. Hugh Fleming, Carroll star halfback, refuses to enter the contest, and is subjected to the taunts and vituperation of George Keys, Carroll's captain. Keys himself is injured early in the game, and Wilson Academy scores a touchdown in the first half. Prior to the opening of the contest, Wilson's captain attempts—successfully, as he believes,—to intimidate a member of the Carroll eleven into throwing the game. Fleming, whose unaccountable apathy is bringing disaster upon the home team, is importuned to don the moleskins, but refuses and sends Bob Martin, a supposed rube, in

as his substitute. Martin's clever playing wins the victory, and in the denouement Wilson's captain is revealed as the author of the fictitious telegram that deterred Fleming from playing.

The comedy was very capably handled, thanks to the untiring efforts of Brother Cyprian, and the attention of the audience was closely held throughout. William Loftus, as Hugh Fleming, portrayed his part with reserve and effectiveness. The work of Francis Lockard as the irascible captain of Carroll's eleven, was letter-perfect throughout. Sylvester Vyzral, as the substitute half-back, enacted his rôle with an aptness indicative of talent.

Naturalness was the keynote of the whole performance, and every member of the cast played his part most creditably.

William Fox, as Wilson's unscrupulous captain, was as real a villain as we ever want on our tracks. Francis McDonough, also, was one whose work deserves comment for its naturalness and force.

All of the young actors were serenely unconscious of an audience, all were very much at home on the stage, and none more so than Garland Hamilton, "the breezy kid," and Alex Kasper, the cheer leader. To both Norman Walter and Lawrence McIlwee is to be accredited the success of the part of Krug, "a victim of hard cider." Walter worked at the part till the day before the play and then was deterred from playing it by illness. At the eleventh hour McIlwee got his lines and made a reputation as an understudy. Everett Blackman and Alfred Berchen likewise divided honors for the part of "the millionaire kid." James Smith, as Ray Brown, the Carroll quarterback, whose disgraceful past together with a present temptation developed several strong situations, ably and forcibly brought out all the possibilities of his character. Leroy Lang, who led the songs very bravely, and Welch, Carter, Rice, Boyle, Myers, and Moynihan all handled their respective parts very creditably.

Special credit is due Brother Cyprian for his work in training the actors and staging the play, to Professor Ackerman for several new pieces of scenery, to Professor Koehler for the make-up work, and to Professor Petersen for the excellent program of music. Above all, Father Quinlan deserves the congratulations of the University on his excellent little play written out of interest in our Junior actors.

## THE PROGRAM.

Hugh Fleming, a victim of circumstances

William D. Loftus

George Keys, Carroll's Captain, Francis R. Lockard

Robert Martin, a supposed rube, Sylvester Vyzral

Ray Brown, Carroll's Quarterback, James P. Smith

Lester Ford, Wilson's Captain, William F. Fox

Fred Lyman, Wilson's Left-end, Francis J. McDonough

Harry Lynch, Carroll's Coach, John A. Welch

Harold Hopkins, Song Leader, Leroy F. Lang

Rex Dunn, a breezy youngster, Garland Hamilton

Dan Morgan, a Millionaire Kid, Left-tackle

for Carroll, Alfred Berchem

Leo Brooks, Left end for Carroll, Robert E. Carter

Steve Blake, Cheer Leader, Alex M. Kasper

Joe Howard, Centre for Carroll, Daniel R. Rice

Jimmie Ashton, Peanut Vender, Francis T. Boyle

Luke Hayes, Left-guard for Carroll, Steven F. Myer

Grover Krug, a victim of hard cider, Lawrence McIlwee

Charlie Logan, Burnt Cork artist, Andrew J. Moynihan

## Northern Indiana Rifle Meet.

The scene in the big gym last Saturday was something of a cross between a turkey shoot and Custer's last stand. Big Stetson hats, belted revolvers, and exaggerated corduroy trousers and rurale khakis were much in evidence. Smoke hung in the air and the smell of burnt powder pervaded all corners. A continual sputtering from the .22 rifles was kept up continuously, punctuated at intervals by startling cracks of the .38 revolvers. Fifty feet from the firing line stood the "dead wall,"—eight inches of sand incased in a great pine box—upon which the targets were pinned. There were three grades of targets—the X, Y, and Z,—the bull's-eye diminishing with each succeeding one. The contestants shot from three positions—standing, kneeling or sitting, and prone. In all, fourteen rifle teams and half a dozen revolver teams entered the contest. The shoot went merrily and noisily on from 9:45 a. m. till 11:30 p. m. when the final results were given out as follows:

The rifle team championship of Northern Indiana and four out of five places in the individual matches were captured by the Culver cadets. The victory in the team contest brings to Culver the Hill trophy—a splendid silver loving cup donated to the Association by Alfred W. Hill of Elkhart, Indiana. The score of the Culver team was 557 points out of a possible 600. Notre Dame, with two teams, took second and third places with the scores of 527 and 526. Company C, I. N. G. of Monticello, Company E, I. N. G. of Elkhart, first and second teams, and Company F, I. N. G.

of South Bend, followed in the order named.

In the individual rifle contests, Culver, represented by Cadets Kaston, Young, and Engals took the first three positions with scores of 143, 139, and 138 out of a possible 150 points. Captain Derrick of Notre Dame tied with Cadet Paul of Culver for fourth place with a score of 134 points. Mr. Engals of Culver though the youngest member of his team, and probably of the meet, did some surprising shooting. His score on the Z-target, the hardest,—was perfect.

In the revolver contest, Sergeant Schneider, Sergeant Baldwin, and Private Leatherman, the Albion revolver team, won first place with 125 points out of a possible 150. Company C, I. N. G. took second place, and the Notre Dame team, composed of Cadets McConnel, Boyle, and Colby, won third place with a score of 131.

This is the third shoot of the Northern Indiana Rifle Association. The next one, it is rumored, will be held at Albion.

## The Four Artists Concert Company.

"The best that has appeared here in years"—certainly a sweeping verdict, but one supported by the general consensus of opinion, and fully merited by the members of the Four Artists Company that appeared in recital at Washington hall Thursday evening. Every member of this distinguished concert party, is, as the name implies, a talented and accomplished performer, and their appearance here will long be remembered by all true music lovers.

The operatic selections by Frederick W. Kirkbusch, rendered in a baritone voice of unusual strength and purity, were of equal merit with the exquisite violin numbers by Jacob Reuter. The former, it is not irrelevant to add, has twice been appointed United States consul at Stettin, Germany, and has studied at the Stettin and Royal Berlin Conservatories. Mr. Reuter, who is a violinist of international repute, achieved an enviable reputation at the early age of eleven years, and was the favorite pupil of the illustrious Moebius and the renowned Werinburg.

Miss Klare M. DeVine, soprano, whose opening aria from *Madame Butterfly* was accorded an ovation, recurring after each appearance, possesses an exceptionally rare and flawless contralto voice.

Miss Clara Marie Fen interpreted difficult selections with a temperament and technique that distinguishes her as a pianist of marked ability and an accompanist of superior worth.

Considered severally and collectively, the Four Artists easily eclipse any concert party appearing here thus far this season, though this concession of supremacy is not to be construed as a derogation of the many excellent companies that have gone before.

### Personals.

—Francis E. Quish, graduate in the Commercial course, '11, is now connected with the Ford Motor Co. of Detroit, Michigan.

—Postals from Father Cavanaugh, dated at Cologne, give all of us his kindest regards, and indicate that he and Father Burns are enjoying their trip very much.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Leeper of South Bend announce the engagement of their daughter, Katherine, to John F. Devine, Jr., of Chicago. Congratulations to our old friend and alumnus, "Divy!"

—Jolly Frank Hafey, of Boston, Massachusetts, now at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, New York, sends all the old boys his best regards. Frank says he certainly will miss those Faculty-student baseball games this spring.

—Chester M. McGrath (LL. B. '12), writing from St. Paul, Minnesota, tells of much success in his practice of the law in that city. "Mugsy" is a hustling member of the Twin-City Notre Dame Club, and reports the rest of the boys in fine shape.

—John P. Dant,—the handsome Varsity drummer of 1910-11—of Louisville, Kentucky, spent a few hours with the "old bunch" on Monday last. John, who finished Short Electrical in '11, is now travelling agent for his father's business interests.

—Mr. John Sutcliffe of Chicago, who addressed the University Architectural Society last Monday evening, was the guest of the Faculty during his visit to Notre Dame. Mr. Sutcliffe is known as one of the foremost church architects in the United States.

—Our old friend, Robert L. Milroy (LL. B. '12) of Batavia, Illinois, took a few hours from a growing legal practice on last Wednesday

to renew old acquaintances at the University. "Bob" is looking fine, and says his success is the cause of it. More of it, Bob!

—William J. Milroy and Peter Meersman left Friday afternoon for Indianapolis, where "Bill" will uphold the gold and blue in the State Oratorical Contest on Saturday. "Pete" is Notre Dame delegate to the State Oratorical Association which meets in Indianapolis previous to the contest.

—Emil Frossard, A. B. '06, sends his best to all the old boys and continued success to Notre Dame. Another thing Mr. Frossard does—in which he has some few imitators among the loyal alumni—is to request that the latest catalogue, supplements, etc., be sent to him so that he may see to it that his home city is well represented at Notre Dame next year. Emil writes from Marietta, Oklahoma, where he is in business with the Westheimer General Merchandise Co.

—News dispatches from San Diego, California, give prominent mention to Customs Inspector George H. Sweet, for his efficient work in the recent seizure of a large quantity of opium which was being smuggled from Mexico into the United States. Mr. Sweet was a student at the University from '90 to '95. He has been in the government service now for several years. We congratulate him upon his part in what is considered to be the most important customs seizure on the Pacific coast.

—We have received a cartoon, taken from the *Albany News-Times*, in which appears a highly appreciative reproduction of Peter P. McElligott (LL. B. '02). Mr. McElligott is doing good work in the New York Legislature. This is his fourth term and he is now Chairman of the General Laws committee. The cartoon presents "Pete" to us as an exceedingly wise looking young man with the whole of the law in his grasp. A thumb-nail sketch above depicts this successful legislator as a student working his way through Notre Dame,—with the dining-room tray and the snow shovel in prominent view. We dare say that Mr. McElligott feels as proud over the latter representation as over the former.

The cartoon comes to us from Mr. Anthony Brogan (Litt. B. '01). Mr. Brogan has a well deserved reputation for loyalty to his old classmates and to his University.



## Society Notes.

## CIVIL ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

At last Wednesday's meeting of the Civil Engineering Society Mr Lahey read a paper on "The Public's Appreciation of the Labors of the Civil Engineer." He said that the attitude of the public towards the engineering profession shows that engineering occupies a place in the public mind below its proper station.

Mr. Sturn spoke on "The Problem Confronting the City Engineer." He pointed out that on account of the concentration of the population and the remarkable growth of the cities during the last thirty or forty years, many new and difficult problems,—as public water supplies, the disposal of sewage, and the maintenance of roads and pavements—must be solved. "The Practical Use of Physics to the Civil Engineer"—the subject of Mr. Roach's paper—showed that a knowledge of the laws of physics is indispensable in all branches of Civil Engineering, and the engineer without them would be wholly incapable.

## ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

At the regular February meeting of the Society, held last Monday evening, Chairman Fred Williams introduced Mr. Sutcliffe of Chicago, as the speaker of the evening. Mr. Sutcliffe is a prominent church architect who graciously accepted the invitation of the Society to come to Notre Dame and give the architectural students the practical benefits of his long experience as a builder in America and England.

## Calendar.

Sunday, March 2—Laetare Sunday. Mass of Exposition Practice for Singing Quartet after Mass.  
Varsity Baseball practice game, 9:15 a. m.  
Debating Preliminaries, 7:30 in Sorin hall  
Monday—Senior "Prep" Meeting, 7:30 p. m.  
Carroll Eucharistic Legaeue, 7:30 p. m.  
Debating Preliminaries, 7:30 p. m. in Sorin  
Tuesday—Hockey Match—Notre Dame vs. Cleveland.  
Athletic Club at Cleveland.  
Debating Preliminaries, at 7:30 p. m. in Sorin  
Wednesday—Hockey Match—Notre Dame vs. Cleveland  
Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.  
Thursday—Varsity Baseball Practice Game, 9:30 a. m.  
First Friday Confessions.  
Friday—First Friday  
Beloit College vs. Varsity in Basketball here.  
Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.  
Saturday—Chicago Athletic Association vs. Varsity  
in track here.

## Local News.

—It wouldn't be a bad idea to commercialize our latest suffragette march from New York to Washington. Now supposing they had all worn Harry's Holeproof Hosiery, wouldn't our Amazons have made an excellent advertisement?

—News reaches us that the splendid University monogram which adorns the new curtain in Washington hall is the handiwork of our friend Prof. Ackerman. Congratulations, Professor, it's the the final touch to a thing of beauty.

—Things happen quickly when Prof. Koehler takes off, his coat. The Senior play, "A Night Off" has not only arrived, but the rôles have been assigned, two readings given, and the first rehearsal held on Thursday last. The cast, to be published later, contains about twelve characters, four of whom are female.

—We would like to get just one more peek at the versatile youth who reported seeing a robin last week! Not that we in any way doubt his veracity. Oh no! People have seen stranger things, such as purple-eyed tigers and pink boa-constrictors; but these people are all confined in state sanitariums and three-days-cures.

—When the irresistible temptation to throw snowballs overcomes you, be sure you use common sense in yielding to it. An otherwise harmless snowball becomes a dangerous thing if thrown so as to strike a person in the face. An icy missile can easily blind an eye or break a nose. Throw all you want, but be careful how and where.

—"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, etc.," sings our Editor of Athletics. Some track meet, eh? Likewise, some thrills! What a truly great thing is excitement when it changes a perfectly good backbone into a cinder path! Wonderful! This is certainly a scientific age.

—Our hockey team, with Culver's scalp dangling at its belt, invades the territory of the Cleveland Athletic Club next Tuesday and Wednesday. And we'll sure have to play some hockey, for the Cleveland team ended their schedule last year with the title of Amateur Champions of the U. S. Watch the *Cleveland*

*Plain Dealer* and see how we "bing" the champs on the kopje!

—Through the courtesy of the *Chicago News* Professor Worden, head of the Artistic Drawing department, lately received a number of pen and ink sketches for use in the class room. The sketches, which embrace both cartoons and illustrations, are excellent exhibitions of skill in thought and expression and will doubtless inspire our local artists with many a good piece of work.

—The names of Basil Joseph Soisson (LL. B.) and William Joseph Milroy (LL. B.) were accidentally omitted from the list of Seniors in the Washington's Birthday program. We heartily regret this oversight, especially on account of the position and high standing of these two gentlemen. Mr. Soisson is president of the senior law class and Mr. Milroy is our valued debater and orator.

—At last, the Juniors have just what they wanted. The Elkhart basketball squad, who by good fortune and great odds, defeated the Carrollites two weeks ago, are to give the boys a return game on March 7. In a decent gymnasium, Carroll has every chance in the world of wiping these audacious Elkhartians all over the floor. Go in for vengeance, Carrollites, and don't be easily satisfied!

—We wish to tender our heartiest congratulations to Capt. Stogsdall and his staff officers on the splendid spectacle the Battalion presented last Saturday. We realize it required unlimited patience and untiring perseverance to obtain the results we witnessed a week ago today. There was certainly some snap about the execution of the manual of arms, and plenty of vim in the marching.

—When Father McNamara pulled out his "hypo" needle, about this time last year, and proceeded to inject 100 h. p. charges of ginger into the younger set at the U., the upper classmen smiled knowingly. And results! If you had the good fortune to witness the tryouts of the "Prep" track team last Sunday, you will be ready to congratulate both the new organization and its founder. Success to the "Preps" with the pep!

—Considerable excitement was caused last Sunday afternoon when a car (so called,—a mere matter of designation) on the Hill St. line gave way under the strain and burnt out its motor. We weep long and lugubriously

at the destruction of one of our pet cars, rendered dear to the hearts of all of us by constant use since the days of Pres. Lincoln. We don't mind the company's utter disregard for schedule, nor will we rage if they run us off the track every now and then, but when they begin burning us out—!

—Yes, old Washington hall certainly did look improved. We like the new arrangement for our orchestra, and the curtain was a surprise and a delight to all. Modern, beautiful, rich in texture it deluded us into thinking that we were facing the stage of some metropolitan theatre. Of course, the rest of the theatre looks a little shabby in comparison, but it will be a matter of only a very few months before it will be redecorated. And behind the entire improvement are none other than our ambitious friends, Bro. Cyprian and Prof. Koehler.

#### Athletic Notes.

##### THE A. A. U. CHAMPIONSHIP MEET.

The central A. A. U. Championship at Chicago this evening includes practically the same organizations that were represented in the First Regiment meet last month, together with teams from a number of colleges and universities which were not in a position to take part in the soldiers' meeting.

Nine men have been picked to carry the gold and blue in the meet. The number is smaller than has been sent to the championship meet for several years, but it makes up in class what it lacks in quantity. Interest in the relay race, which promises to resolve itself into a dual fight between the C. A. A. and Notre Dame teams, has been excited to a great extent in Chicago and a thrilling sprint is certain.

The Chicago Athletic Association team, numbering fourteen Olympic men among its members, will be Notre Dame's opponents in a dual meet here next Saturday.

The names of those men who will take part in the Championship meet tonight and their events follow: Plant, 440- and 880-yard runs; Wasson, 40-yard dash and 40-yard low hurdles; Pritchard, 40-yard low and 40-yard high hurdles; Henihan and Birder, 440-yard run; Rockne, pole vault and 440-yard run; Eichenlaub, shot put; Gibson, two mile run; Hood, high jump.