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## The Parting.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '13.

LET me go, the day is breaking;  
Friends and loved ones, let me go;  
Gone those dismal nights of waking  
In this gloomy vale below.  
Upward now I bend my way—  
Part we here at break of day.

Let me go, I may not tarry,  
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears;  
Angels wait my soul to carry  
Where my risen Lord appears.  
Friends and kindred, weep not so!  
As you love me, let me go.

## Montcalm and Wolfe.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

**W**ITH the triumph of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham began the history of the United States." It is the story of the campaign culminated by this victory which is told by Francis Parkman in the second volume of "Montcalm and Wolfe." As an historian dealing with events, their causes, and their results, Parkman is ever scholarly, unprejudiced, and conscientious, and in this volume of "Montcalm and Wolfe" he shows himself at his best. No other historian has covered the events of these years so fully, and Parkman's every statement has been so fortified with evidence collected from the original sources that Winsor's account of the period in his "Narrative and Critical History of North America," and Fiske's chapters in his "New France and New England"

seem but digests of "Montcalm and Wolfe," and even Bancroft is in substantial agreement. When, however, Parkman the historian assumes the rôle of biographer, and of moralizer, he seems to lay aside his usual attitude of judicial fairness; this is twice illustrated in "Montcalm and Wolfe": first, in the bitter invective against the younger Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, and second, in his frequent manifestations of unfriendliness toward the Catholic Church. Vaudreuil, says Parkman, "was by turns the patron, advocate, and tool of the official villains who cheated the king and plundered the people;" he "had written to the court in high eulogy of Bigot and effusive praise of Codet, coupled with the request that a patent of nobility should be given to that notorious public thief;" "the corruptions which disgraced his government were rife, not only in the civil administration, but also among the officers of the colony troops, over whom he had complete control;" "void as he was of all magnanimity, gnawed with undying jealousy, and mortally in dread of being compromised by the knaveries to which he had lent his countenance, he could not contain himself within the bounds of decency or sense;" "by indefatigable lying, by exaggerating every success and covering every reverse, he deceived the people..." Now Montcalm and Vaudreuil were avowedly hostile to each other; therefore, by painting Vaudreuil as a villain, Parkman is able to make Montcalm, whom he idealizes, shine with the more splendor. There is reason to believe, however, that this dramatic device led him to exaggerate both the faults of Vaudreuil and the virtues of Montcalm.

Henry H. Miles says of Vaudreuil: "He was an amiable, honorable man," and of Montcalm: "He was skilful, experienced, courageous... but... haughty toward those who differed from him, and scarcely careful about showing his

low opinion of the governor's [Vaudreuil's] ability."

The Cambridge Modern History, though Vaudreuil is frequently spoken of, makes no mention of anything dishonorable in his character; nor does Winsor, or Bancroft, or Fiske. It would appear then, that Parkman at least devotes a disproportionate amount of space to inveighing against the governor,—nor is there any evident reason for the hostile attitude, unless, as I have said, he desired to add lustre to his picture of Montcalm,—scarcely a justifiable expedient for a writer of scientific history.

Parkman's incitement to take advantage of every pretext for condemning the Catholic Church is easier understood. As a freethinker, almost an atheist, he hated all religious denominations. From Rome, in April 1844, he wrote to his mother: "We are in the midst of the fooleries of Holy Week. Tonight the Pope took a mop, and washed the high altar, in the presence of some ten thousand people." At Messina, he noted in his diary one Sunday, "Priests...fat and good-looking...draw life and sustenance from these dregs of humanity, just as tall pigweed flourishes on a dunghill." And aboard ship he records congratulating "on so happy a conversion from the error of his ways" an apostate Italian Catholic who now believed in "no religion in particular." We may well wonder that a man of Parkman's wonderful mentality could be so narrow and bigoted; but knowing that he was so, we are not surprised at his inability, even in his most careful work, to conceal that prejudice. "If French Canada would fulfil its aspirations," he says, "it must cease to be one of the most priest-ridden communities of the modern world." Quebec is today the most "priest-ridden" province of Canada, yet it is at once probably the most prosperous province; it will compare favorably with any state in all America, and is certainly far ahead of most of the United States in its standards of morality. Again speaking of political corruption in the Province, he says: "Nor did the Canadian Church, though supreme, check the corruptions that sprang up and flourished under its eye." Such an innuendo is not justifiable on any ground. The doctrines of the Church are and ever have been implacably opposed to corruption in high places, as in low; nor can any church be fairly held responsible for acts of its members in violation of its teaching; and finally, the accused officials

were in no case connected with the Church by more than the sometimes slender bond of lay membership. There is a third out-cropping of anti-Catholic prejudice in Parkman's comparison of the Moravian and Catholic mission settlements. The latter "so-called" missions, he says, "were but nests of baptized savages, who wore the crucifix instead of the medicine-bag;" "their wigwams were hung with scalps, male and female, adult and infant;" they "retained all their native fierceness, and were systematically impelled to use their tomahawks against the enemies of the Church,"—but the Moravians, on the other hand, "apostles of peace," "succeeded to a surprising degree in weaning their converts from their ferocious instincts and warlike habits. Now a good historian will not thus content himself with merely making contrasts, but he will go deeper, and explain the cause of the differences, instead of leaving these to be inferred by the reader. In this instance the causes are not obscure. Bancroft frequently points out that the Catholic missionaries aimed at first bringing salvation to all the Indians through baptism, while the Protestants sought to baptize a few at a time and bend all efforts towards making Christian gentlemen of these before proceeding further—that is to say, "letting the rest go to hell in the meantime." When this is kept in mind Parkman's contrast loses its point.

These several imperfections in detail, however, are in respect to matters about which other historians have not concerned themselves, and are relatively unimportant. In the history proper contained in this volume of "Montcalm and Wolfe," no error has yet been pointed out by historical research, and the chief difference between Parkman's treatment of the subject and the work of other reliable historical writers is that Parkman's style is more vivid and infinitely more interesting. A descriptive passage, chosen at random, will serve for illustration: "Stand on the mounds that were once the King's Bastion. The glistening sea spreads eastward three thousand miles, and its waves meet their first rebuff against this iron coast. Lighthouse Point is white with foam; jets of spray spout from the rocks of Goat Island; mist curls in clouds from the seething surf that lashes the crags of Black Point, and the sea boils like a caldron among the reefs by the harbor's mouth; but on the calm water within, the small fishing vessels rest

tranquil at their moorings. Beyond lies a hamlet of fishermen by the edge of the water, and a few scattered dwellings dot the rough hills, bristled with stunted firs, that gird the quiet basin; while close at hand, within the precinct of the vanquished fortress, stand two small farmhouses. All else is a solitude of ocean, rock, marsh, and forest." This is Parkman's description of Louisbourg, and is typical of his word-painting.

Every paragraph of "Montcalm and Wolfe" is interesting, but it may prove useful to recall a few of the points which stand out most prominently in memory after a careful reading:

(1) Lord Howe (Brigadier) is described as the life of the British army led against Ticonderoga. "The death of one man," says Parkman, "was the ruin of fifteen thousand." Fiske, also, eulogizes Howe: "The death of Lord Howe deprived the army of its brains." It is interesting to know that there is in Westminster Abbey a monument erected to this British general by the commonwealth of Massachusetts, against which his two brothers later fought in the American Revolution. (2) General Abercrombie's weaknesses and faults are so graphically pointed out that the picture seems a caricature; other historians, however,—notably Fiske,—agree. "A gallant army was sacrificed by the blunders of its chief." "The rashness of A. before the fight was matched by his poltroonery after it." Fiske says: "People called him a poltroon, an old woman, Mrs. Nabycrombie, and such other nicknames and epithets as served to relieve their feelings." (3) Winsor, Fiske, and Bancroft mention with Parkman the lack of harmony that prevailed during this war between the British and provincial officers,—but Parkman is alone in making this observation: "The deportment of British officers in the Seven Years' War no doubt had some part in hastening on the Revolution." (4) An innuendo, aimed at the French, in the narration of the capture of Fort Frontenac is of questionable justice: "They [the Oneidas] begged that he [Bradstreet] would do as the French did,—turn his back and shut his eyes." Regarding such countenancing of Indian barbarities by the two nations Fiske says: "Neither side was particularly scrupulous . . . each side has kept up a terrible outcry . . . against the other for doing the very same thing which it did itself. . . Was it not an English governor of New York who in 1689 launched the

Iroquois thunderbolt against Canada,—one of the most frightful Indian incursions known to history?"

(5) Washington, we learn, was accused, though unjustly, of advocating Braddock's road to Fort Duquesne, instead of a direct course, because the latter would be advantageous to Pennsylvania, to the detriment of his own state, Virginia,—and General Forbes says of him "his behavior about the roads was noways like a soldier." Lieutenant Bouquet, however, wrote to the commander: "Colonel Washington is filled with a sincere zeal to aid the expedition, and is ready to march with equal activity by whatever way you choose."

(6) Perhaps the most pathetic paragraph in the whole book is one of the shortest: "Bougainville had brought sad news. He had heard before sailing from France that one of Montcalm's daughters was dead, but could not learn which of them. 'I think,' says the father, 'that it must be poor Mirète, who was like me, and whom I loved very much.' He was never to know if this conjecture was true."

(7) "Measured by the numbers engaged," says Parkman, "the battle of Quebec was but a heavy skirmish; measured by results, it was one of the great battles of the world." Fiske calls it "the final act in the drama which gave the North American continent into the keeping of the English race instead of the French."

"Montcalm and Wolfe," is more than a history, more than an absorbing romance; it is also a biography of two great men,—of two of the most admirable military men in all history. But we know these men from the pages in our school histories—pages taken from Parkman—and probably I can not better conclude than by continuing the quotation from Fiske: "And perhaps there has never been a historic drama in which the leading parts have been played by men of nobler stuff than Montcalm and Wolfe. After the fall of Quebec there could be no doubt that the fate of Canada was decided. The capture of Montreal by Amherst in the following summer was like an appendix to a tale already told."

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#### The Altar.

An arching tracery of frosted stone,  
 Round which the softly-tinted lamps burn low;  
 Down floats the organ's sweetly-sobbing moan,  
 While clouds of perfumed incense lift and flow.

ROBERT L. ROACH, '15.

## The Rarebit Fiend.

MAURICE J. NORCKAUER, '14.

We had just come up from the gorge, and were standing on a ledge of rock overlooking the ascent. We paused before bidding farewell to the place, and gazed down between the perpendicular walls of rock. The sublimity of the scene awakened in me a deep feeling of awe and rendered me speechless.

Suddenly a strange dizziness seized me. My head was in a whirl, and ridiculous levity took hold of me. I laughed a silly, crazy laugh that echoed strangely from below. I was unaccountably filled with a wild desire to cast myself headlong from the ledge. An infinitely stronger notion, however, restrained me: My servant stood gazing at me with a look of mingled pity and contempt; I resented his look; why not throw *him* over? Ah, how exhilarating it would be to see him writhe in mid-air; to watch him beating about helplessly, and then see his brains dashed out on the rocks! How exquisite it would be to watch the shattered body quiver in agony; to behold the glazed eyes, the matted hair, and the twitching nostrils.

Desire was transformed into passion. With jaws set and muscles tense with excitement, I seized my astonished and frightened servant, and lifting him into the air hurled him far out into space. Ah! what a sight! Down on my knees I dropped the better to see. The body fell with terrible swiftness,—turning over and squirming horribly as it fell. The hands were beating wildly—hopelessly seeking to grasp some object to break the force of the fall. Once only the terrified eyes looked up to me. How I gloated! Then the body struck with a sickening thud upon the rocks. Up to my feet I jumped and danced for very joy.

But now a sense of uneasiness began to overwhelm me. I grew weary, and gradually an indefinable dread took possession of me. The sky became suddenly dark. I was filled with vague fear about I knew not what. My body trembled, my knees weakened, and a suffocating weight was on my chest. My eyes smarted, my skin burned, and the perspiration rolled from all parts of my body. I was terror stricken. I looked about for a place to hide but there was none. In frenzied delirium I crouched down and wiggled, snake-like, through the tall

grass, toward the edge of the cliff. There lay the body still quivering. I fixed my gaze on the upturned face, and lo! the eyes rolled around to stare at me. Sickened and convulsed with terror I crawled back, and lay biting the sod, and clawing the earth with both hands.

At last I could bear the torture no longer. I again crawled to the cliff and looked down. The glassy eyes immediately fixed themselves on me and mocked me. What! did those glazed eyes dare sneer at me? The thought goaded me to desperation. I jumped up and shrieked hideously. I ran about, frantic in my madness. That corpse, motionless now, dared taunt me! Ah, my teeth gritted at the thought. Something must be done to free me from that horrible sight or I should go mad. As long as the face remained upturned I could have no rest. Yes, those eyes must cease haunting me. What should I do? I might go down and close them. Why not? But then to descend that precipitous trail would be more than I could accomplish. However, I must do something, and that quickly. Passion was my master now. Was there no other course of action possible? Ah, surely there was! Why had I not thought of it sooner. I backed away from the cliff, made a short run, and leaped out over the ledge into the yawning chasm. Now those eyes would cease to haunt me. I would stamp them into their sockets where they could no longer torment me. The rapid descent made me gasp for breath, but I was happy. The distance was immeasurable. My whole body trembled with the uncontrollable joy of revenge. Now I would—oh horror! Look! the mouth had opened! I must surely fall into it! How black and cavernous! Was there no way I could save myself? My only chance lay in stopping short or going beyond that dreadful mark. I decided on the latter. Gathering all my energies together, desperately I churned the air with my feet in an effort to get a purchase for my mid-air jump. Nothing is impossible to the desperate man. I sprang wide and far even as I fell.

Of course I was perfectly disgusted when I found myself on the floor with the bed-clothes tightly wrapped about me. I tried to insist that I knew it all the time, but recollecting that there was no one but myself to be deluded, I gave it up. Through the leaves of the poplar tree outside my window the soft moonlight came peeping into the bedroom.

## Varsity Verse.

## LONESOME.

WHEN summer breezes rustle through  
 The verdant forest trees,  
 Or when the wintry gales resound  
 While sweeping o'er the leas;  
 When orioles their joys proclaim,  
 And whippoorwills are sad;  
 Of you, my boyhood's friend, I think,—  
 Of pleasant times we've had.

We parted when the morning light  
 Of youth was on our brows;  
 And years have never chilled the love  
 We sealed with childish vows;  
 Today, I hear no brooklets' laugh,  
 No thrushes' merry lay;  
 And earth is such a lonesome place  
 Since you were called away.

ANDREW J. SCHEYER, '14.

## QUITE TRUE.

A young man went skating who couldn't,  
 They told him to stop but he wouldn't;  
 What he said wasn't nice  
 When he fell on the ice,  
 But folks often say what they shouldn't.

E. CAREY.

## THEIR STORY RUNNETH THUS.

A coy maiden named Mary Alice  
 Who dwelt in the "Forbidden Palace"  
 Dropt a note on the sly  
 To a Notre Dame guy;—  
 Now she's doing her writing from Dallas.

F. HOGAN.

## HARD LUCK.

The old clock up in the tower had stopped,  
 Its hands had paused on their way;  
 And so I said to myself that morn,  
 "There'll be no class today!"

Alas! I'm setting up pins today,  
 And the old clock's all to blame;  
 For why did it stop, and how should I know  
 That classes went on the same?

VINCENT McNAMARA, '15.

## THE SUFFRAGETTES.

Wives of great men oft remind us  
 We can make mistakes sublime;  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Warnings for the sons of time.

J. CLOVIS SMITH, '15.

## WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A STRUGGLE was about to start  
 In Patrick Casey's shack;  
 Poor Casey fast was losing heart,  
 His courage, too, was slack.

When Casey's wife got talking fast,  
 Old Casey knew the cause  
 On which she'd argued to the last—  
 The working of the laws.

"You say that all are equal born,  
 Now tell me this, I pray:  
 Why then are women left forlorn  
 On each election day?"

"A voting girl and crowing hen,"  
 Said Casey in disgust,  
 "Should e'er be shuned by honest men,  
 And ever will, I trust."

"Had father Adam given Eve  
 Some practical advice,  
 We never would have had to leave  
 That sunny Paradise."

I wont tell much of what took place,  
 'Twould surely be a sin  
 To gossip of a man's disgrace  
 That's felt a rolling pin.

She drove poor Casey to the floor,  
 And when the day was done  
 She had him humbled to the core,—  
 Says she, "The struggle's won!"

She said to him when she was through,  
 "We'll show you selfish bloats  
 Just what this country ought to do  
 When women get their votes."

And so the woman's raging yet,  
 Bejabers and begob!  
 It looks as if she wants to get  
 The presidential job.

DONALD MACGREGOR.

## NAUGHTY.

A Carrollite fearless and brave  
 Determined one morning to shave;  
 A prefect came in,  
 Caught him scraping his chin,  
 And cried: "Little boy, you behave!"

HARRY HEBNER.

## The Ethics of Plagiarism.

ALLAN J. HEISER, '13.

Plagiarism has been the bane of literature throughout the ages. Charges and counter-charges have filled the annals of literary history. That plagiarism is an evil, no one doubts for a moment. Yet the greatest writers of our language have failed to agree in their definition of plagiarism.

It has been defined as the "taking of anything from an author and using it nakedly." When Matthews propounded this definition he gave us the sum and substance of this literary crime. In our consideration of the subject, the term *nakedly* must be kept in mind.

Matthews' definition implies the using of another's words just as he had used them. Many critics stand aghast at this seeming laxity, yet there is but one kind of real plagiarism,—the plagiarism of words. As for the deliberate plagiarist, no term but that of "thief" fits him. "The plagiarist is a literary pickpocket." He works as does the sneak, under cover of darkness. No terms of vilification can adequately sum up his character. He stands forth soliciting fame and applause, while his works are garnished with the laurels of another. The plagiarist, by his crime, admits his inferiority. He can not write as he would like; he can not think as he desires; so he steals, not the thought but the very words of another, and signs, with great flourishes, his own name as the author. No other class of petty criminals evokes such wholesale condemnation by public judgment. "No offender against the moral law is more sure to be found out, and to be counted a knave for his thievery and a fool for his display." Plagiarism ranks as the greatest of all literary evils. The plagiarist makes of himself a literary outcast, he nips his career before it has bloomed.

What are the kinds and degrees of plagiarism? Some critics love to cry "Stop thief!" This class declares everything to be plagiarism that resembles another's writing. These men, because of the shallowness of their own minds, make a practice of branding all writers but themselves as plagiarists. Shakespeare's greatest work, "Hamlet," is classed by them as a thievery from Aeschylus. They delight in voicing their convictions, and never

feel abashed when a broad-minded, public censorship rejects their petty judgments. Scott and Tennyson—both worthy of being heard on any literary question—scribe the outpourings of these would-be critics to malice. It is the cry of the minor critics, and is due to their own mental deformity. These "amateur literary detectives" are a troublesome burden to our literature, and the sooner they are made to realize the littleness of their field and its utter uselessness, the sooner will criticism be looked upon as an art to be cultivated.

There is but one kind of plagiarism—"amateur detectives" notwithstanding. This is verbal plagiarism. Remove from fiction the so-called plagiarism of ideas, and what have you left? Possibly four stories. Ideas are common to all men. The negro in South Africa and the Eskimo at the pole may entertain exactly the same ideas concerning a subject common to both. Love and hate, the passions and the virtues, are everywhere the same. Everywhere love brings a smile to the lips, a glow to the cheek; everywhere hate brings a piercing gleam to the eye, and a blanch to the lips. Yet, were two authors to describe these alike, our "literary amateur detectives" would shout their old familiar cry of "Stop thief!" Sentiment will always be the same. Because it is the same, and common to all, no one can plagiarize it.

There is no plagiarism of ideas, there is no plagiarism of theme. The two are closely related, yet distinctly separate. While the themes may be the same, the ideas they evoke may be entirely different. There may be some plagiarism in the treatment of the theme, but the man who copies in this way falls easy prey to the germ of plagiarism, and copies words, sentences, or even paragraphs.

"How does the purport," we are asked, "affect the matter?" True plagiarism has but the one name, no matter what its guise. Though a man's speech may be for charity or his writing to help the downtrodden, this does not permit him to depart from the rule. If he uses another's words, he must give him credit for them. He may use another's ideas as often and as much as he pleases without bestowing credit on the original thinker. Anyhow, who was the original thinker? Men have been ever thinking the same thoughts. To say a man's idea is original is only an exhibition of our own ignorance. Great minds

that thought they had conceived original ideas, found, upon examination, that these same ideas had taken form in other minds centuries before. At them, however, the "amateur literary detective" would cry "Stop thief!"

There is little originality. The great English bard, Tennyson, spoke this truth years ago. "It is scarcely possible," he said, "for anyone to say or write anything in this late time of the world to which, in the rest of the literature of the world, a parallel could not be found somewhere." The field of thought is small, and its choicest flowers have been plucked. Someone has said, "originality is difficult, it is never accidental." Facts are the foundation of all our literature, and facts remain the same. The traveller, the historian, the scientist have all added their quota to our storehouse of thoughts. Their experiences, their ideas, their discoveries are common property. We may use them as we will. Originality has been defined as "recasting." This we often do, and delude ourselves into believing that we have conceived an original idea. That "there is nothing new under the sun" is as true today as it was centuries ago. Though progress and development may be our portion; though new inventions and intricate machines come into being, still we are but realizing the dreams of ages past.

"Is there a difference," we are asked, "between plagiarism and imitation? It is often charged that writers do little more than copy one another. Even this is not necessarily plagiarism. As an example taken from present-day fiction, Maurice Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes," a beautiful love story of frontier days, and Winston Churchill's "The Crossing," an historical novel of the same period, both describe Colonel Clarke's march through the swamps of Indiana, his passage down the Wabash, and his successful fight against Hamilton's red-coats and Indians at Vincennes. Yet, strangely enough, though these two books have whole chapters identical in outline, the cry of plagiarism has never been raised against either. Both used the same facts and characters; both treated them in the same way. Resemblance is not necessarily plagiarism. Apropos of these two novels cited is a criticism by a famous English essayist. "There is no plagiarism," he writes, "in assigning to every cause its natural effect and making characters act as others acted before." It is not adopting

the mere outline of a story, nor even its details that constitutes plagiarism. "The proprietor of the pit from whence Chantrey takes his clay might as well pretend to a right in the figure into which it is moulded under his plastic fingers. The case is much the same in the literary art;—it matters not so much from whom the original substance came, as to whom it owes that which constitutes its final merit and excellence." So spoke Sir Walter Scott, the founder of the historical novel. Mr. Lowell says "we do not ask where people got their hints, but what they made out of them." Well has Matthews said, "there is little need to lay stress on the innocence of many if not most of the coincidences with which the history of literature is studded." There is, then, vast difference between deliberate plagiarism and imitation.

The plagiarist is guided by a false beacon. Fame and wealth urge him on; dishonor and literary poverty are his portion. He is a gambler who plays for high stakes, with the chances all against him. It is an easy matter to find the plagiarist's victim, and certain dishonor comes to him who commits this greatest of literary crimes.

The plagiarist hurts himself far more than his readers. His prestige is shattered, his name is clouded, his fame falls quickly behind him. He makes a literary outcast of himself. Even if he ever had or ever will have fortune enough to write an honest work, the finger of suspicion will point at it, and its recesses will be explored for the contraband.

What place does plagiarism hold today in considering an author's work? What are its effects? We have found that the cry "Stop thief" is often the result of professional jealousy. Even then the accusation is dangerous, even if false. Scott has said it is the "favorite theme of laborious dulness to trace out such coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and, of course, to bring the author nearer a level with his critics." There is but the one form of plagiarism—plagiarizing words nakedly. But the crime is not so frequent as one might imagine. The plagiarist is the outcast of literary society. His plagiarism ruins his works, destroys his character, and leads to literary suicide. The plagiarist, then, is a weak-minded fool, who doubts the sanity and activity of all about him. He plays, loses, and leaps from the dizzy heights of literary fame, to the obscurity of the outcast below.

## The Last Passenger.

MORRISON CONWAY, '14.

The "Silver-Fir" stage was just leaving Wild Cat, when an excited traveller rushed out of the station and hailed the driver.

"I say, there, 'ave you room for another?"

"Wall, we're 'bout loaded, but I guess you kin ride up here with me."

"That'll be jolly fun, you know," and the last passenger climbed up beside the driver. The brakes were released and four impatient horses sprang forward.

Silver-Fir was a typical Western mountain resort. Snuggling down in the heart of the Oregon Cascades and forty miles from Wild Cat, the nearest railroad station, it was nevertheless the Mecca for bands of tourists during the hot summer months. The stage left Wild Cat daily at 3:00 p. m. and made the run to "Silver-Fir by 10:00 p. m. including a twenty-minute stop at Randy, the half-way point, for supper.

This warm August afternoon found the stage coach taxed to its capacity—ten passengers and the driver. They made an average American tourist group—with one exception. The tall, thin, and somewhat effeminate looking person who sat with the driver, was certainly out of place. From his dress and speech, he was undoubtedly English.

As the afternoon wore away, the grades became steeper and the hills rose to the majesty of heavily timbered mountains. The stage rumbled along, bouncing from stone to stone, more than once causing the timid inmates to hold their breath, as, with locked wheels slipping, it would drop into a cañon, to rise again and toss drunkenly along the edge of a precipice. But the driver could handle the reins as capably as the Englishman his delicate cigarette, and Randy was reached in time for supper and without mishap.

The broad sun was resting on the rim of the western hills, when the party resumed their journey. All were feeling refreshed after their supper and rest, and conversation became general. The subjects ranged from buying timber lands to wintering in Los Angeles. But with the twilight and deepening shadows came a certain feeling of uneasiness. Finally one of the three women of the party asked tremblingly:

"Driver, have you ever been held up?"

"Yep, three times," came the matter-of-fact answer.

"And did they rob your passengers?" anxiously inquired the Englishman.

"That was their intention, I reckon. But in the fifteen years I've been driving this here 'bus' not a passenger of mine has been touched. Two of the road-agents are under the green and the other—I only wounded him—is serving time in the Salem 'pen'. You see these road men always watch a fellow's right hand and I'm left-handed. So I shuvs my right hand in the air with the reins and at the same time gets my 'old six' from under the cushion here, with my left. The trick caught them all. But I ain't been bothered lately, since they found out I could handle a gun, so you people needn't worry."

"Well, that may be," commented the occupant of the same seat, "but, you know, I always believe in precaution." And to the amusement of his fellow passengers and the entire disgust of the driver, he removed a large diamond ring from his finger and slipped it, together with his purse, down inside a lavender sock.

After this incident, all lapsed into silence. The full moon shot out from behind the mountains ahead and sailed majestically above the tall pines. The roughest part of the journey had been encountered and all but the driver were gently nodding.

They had just swept around a curve into the full light of the moon, when a man sprang from the shadows into the middle of the road. He wore a large black mask and flourished a glittering weapon in each hand.

"Hands up!" he ordered hoarsely.

With a startled oath the driver threw on the foot-brakes, at the same time raising his right hand with the reins. The stage came to so sudden a stop that it pitched the sleepy Englishman forward violently. In his efforts to retain his position he caught the convenient left hand of the driver, which was at that moment feeling for the revolver. The jerk brought both to their feet, and the driver, realizing his chance had slipped, and knowing the danger of his position, immediately elevated both hands. But his dull companion did not take in the situation until another rough command, enforced with a curse, brought his hands heavenward. The road agent then advanced



slowly, covering all with a sweeping motion, the guns flashing wickedly in the moonlight.

"Get down and line up," he ordered briefly. "And keep your hands high, if you respect your brains. I won't trouble you ladies, if you keep quiet."

The men quickly "lined up," all save the Englishman who stood petrified with fear.

"I say, there," he finally managed to squeak, "I can't get down without me 'ands!"

"Jump, you fool!" thundered the mask, "and if you try any of your horse-play on me, I'll let—"

But the Englishman was sprawling in the road before he finished the sentence. As he arose to his feet the highwayman, dropping one gun into his pocket, and keeping the other levelled on the line of men, quickly searched him. Satisfying himself that this person possessed no weapons, he pointed towards the waiting group and commanded.

"Get busy over there, and get everything they've got!"

"But, sir, this is no work for a gentleman!"

"Certainly not!" replied the mask, shoving the gun against the Englishman's ribs. It had instant effect. Grumbling something about honor and family, he gathered the valuables of the men into his hat. Then the master of the situation ordered him to take down the mail bags from under the driver's seat.

"And now that you're up there, do you feel anything hard under the cushion?"

"Y-es!" came the answer after a moment.

"Then take it and throw it into the brush!"

For the fraction of a second the Englishman's hand rested longingly on the cold steel of the revolver. Then he hurled it into the cañon.

"Now get down," was the next command from behind the mask. "The rest of you get back in the coach. Pick up those sacks, you Johnnie, and start back down the trail. You surely can't expect a 'Gentleman of the Road' to carry them!"

"Heavens, man," ejaculated the Englishman, "you don't mean to say you're going to—"

"Exactly," broke in the mask. "Now get those bags on your back and—"

"But I appeal to you, my fellow passengers. You won't let this outrage—"

By this time everyone was aboard and his "fellow passengers" were only too anxious that there should be no further delay. They were

silent, and as the driver released the brake he shot back over his shoulder:

"O take him along. They'd only kill the poor fool in this country."

So the stage rolled away, leaving the Englishman wildly remonstrating and the road agent ordering and cursing.

Three minutes later, two figures on horseback were dashing madly down the road in the direction of Wild Cat. One was saying to the other:

"Say, old man, you're a born actor and your 'Cockney' is improving wonderfully."

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### The Value of Ideals.

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JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

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Ideals are the noble aspirations with which the mind is inspired from long consideration of the best in the world about us. Their mere possession constitutes the dreamer; their fulfilment, or an earnest effort to fulfil them, is the only thing worth while. Unfulfilled, our ideals degenerate into fanciful products of the mind; they give us sensations somewhat akin to those aroused by the love stories in a dime novel; they thrill us for the moment, but they make us less manly in the end. But to strive after the ideal is to seek perfection, to achieve the high ends for which we were born.

The truly successful men are idealists. They are those who have perceived the gleaming of a star and have stretched out their hands to grasp it. In their efforts they have fallen,—fallen flat, sometimes,—but they have always risen and gone in quest again. They have climbed the hills of adversity; they have fought the man who scoffed at them, saying that this and that barrier is a necessary evil and must remain an obstacle. To the scoffs and jeers they have flung back a smile—the smile of triumph—for in every forward step, no matter how small, the idealists realize that they are nearer and nearer to ultimate perfection. And because they realize the possibilities that man has of becoming noble, because they are willing to contribute to the world's advancement, we find idealists always the leaders in the world's battles—always leaders in life's parade. These are the men who have made east and west no longer space but only direction; these are the men whose strife for clean politics has destroyed the lustre of gold and re-discovered the precious coin of manhood.

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## Board of Editors.

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—“A little learning” sometimes leads men to despise manual labor, forgetting that Our Blessed Lord set the judgment of heaven against such an attitude by allying Himself with workmen and becoming of their number. Much of the discontent and unrest out of which proceed the great threatening social and industrial problems of modern states originate in the false and contemptible disrespect for toil and the children of toil. Overalls and dinner-pails are badges of honor, and the man who does not so recognize them sets himself and his paltry views up against the teaching of experience, reason, and religion. There is some truth in Pope's line “A little learning is a dangerous thing.” The antidote for the danger is more learning.

—An immediate and effortless achievement of all our ends is rarely encountered in more authentic chronicles than the tale of Aladdin's Lamp. The monumental accomplishments of history were invariably slow of realization and fraught with many reverses and disappointments. Throughout the ages we see indisputable evidence of the necessity for bulldog tenacity, that moral quality which impels one to persevere unto the end. The only ideal or ambition worthy of the name is difficult and distant. And to travel unswervingly toward that goal is no child's play. Yet the

names of the immortals constitute a roster of those who refused to fail. And after all, they were cast in the same mold as their fellowmen. Their dogged determination was engendered of many failures, their resolution was born of many rebuffs. Just as they cultivated the bulldog tenacity that always insures success, so must we acquire the perseverance that will refuse to give up. Bulldog tenacity! That's the secret. Never swerve or falter! Refuse to be beaten back or shaken off! Success will not be instantaneous; with others it has taken years, and you can scarcely hope to be more fortunate. But it lies there ahead, waiting for the man who is not a “quitter;” for he it is that will taste the sweets of hard-earned victory.

—The magazine story is a form of mental sweetmeat to which we are all more or less addicted. For many, a continued diet of these “gum drops” has destroyed all taste for more solid reading, and has been the efficient cause of mental indigestion; that is only part of the indictment. More damning still is the incontestable fact that a great proportion of these “mental candies” are adulterated and unfit for consumption.

The mental pure food commission works slowly, and is not empowered to force any product off the market; but it sifts and inspects rigorously, and it has sealed some products with its approval. Most approved among all this literary pabulum are the stories of O. Henry, of Aldrich, of Daudet, “The Odd Number” of De Maupassant, and others of the same class. These have been picked from thousands. For every short story that the commission of world criticism approves, there are thousands that are suited for nothing but fuel. Should not ordinary care for the health and growth of our minds prompt us, if we must eat sweetmeats, to choose those which have been approved?

## The Philosophers Celebrate.

Last Thursday the philosophers celebrated the feast—transferred from lean Friday to fat Thursday—of their patron, Saint Thomas. The celebration took the form of their famous annual banquet which is one of the pioneer social institutions of the philosophy course.

Rev. Dr. Schumacher, dean of the course, presided. Rev. Drs. Hagerty and Carrico, and Father Lavin, professors of Philosophy in the University, were present as hosts with Dr. Schumacher. Students of the various courses in philosophy were present to the number of one hundred and fifty. The Rev. Fathers Maran, C. Fernandez, E. Fernandez, and Maher were invited guests.

The banquet was excellent and was greatly enjoyed. The different courses were properly seasoned with philosophy, and the intervals were bridged over with weighty discussions of all the conceivable important questions that recommend themselves to the thinking man. Philosophy was on exhibition and would not be ignored. But as the banquet progressed, the staid disciples of St. Thomas and Aristotle became Epicureans for once; hearing that the usual "rec" day had been overlooked, they showed themselves Stoics under the disappointment and refused to permit future trouble to mar present happiness. So they ate, drank, and were exceeding merry. So much so that later on some were obliged to imitate the Peripatetics if they would be in condition for supper. The banquet lasted from half past one till three o'clock. It was much shorter than in other years, owing to the elimination of the after-dinner speeches and toasts that formerly gave additional grace and enjoyment to the occasion. The banquet was highly appreciated by all that partook of it, the philosophers were the envied ones of the day, and they thoroughly enjoyed the distinction and pleasure that was rightly theirs. May philosophy flourish, say they, and increase the number of its banquets.

Electrical Engineers Inspection Trip.

The Senior and Junior Electrical Engineers were the guests last Saturday of the Indiana-Michigan Electric Company at their plant in South Bend. City Superintendent Kennedy took charge of the party for the afternoon, and under his thorough and willing guidance the engineers were shown all the workings of a modern power plant. The trip was arranged for through the efforts of Professors Green and Caparo, and much thanks is due them, as well as Mr. Kennedy and the other officials of the electric company, for an instructive and profitable afternoon.

State Oratorical Contest.

The annual contest of the Indiana State Oratorical Association was held Friday, February 28, at Indianapolis.

Franklin College was represented by Mr. Clarence Hall whose subject was "A National Menace." Earlham was represented by Mr. Fred T. Hollowell with "Co-operation and International Justice" as his subject. Mr. R. J. Carrithers of Wabash delivered "A Scholar's Opportunity." Mr. Robert D. Armstrong of Butler, "The National Menace." Mr. Albert E. Sellers of Hanover, "A Changing Order." Mr. Jesse Bogue of DePauw, the winner of the contest, delivered "Conservation of Human Life." Mr. William J. Milroy, our orator, received fourth place. His subject was "Economic Redemption."

The following is a list of grades on both manuscript and delivery:

	Judges Manuscript			Judges Delivery				Rank..
	Pearson..	Watkins..	Trinity..	Stone..	Hogate..	Myers..	Totals..	
DePauw.....	2	3	2	2	2	1	12	1
Wabash.....	1	1	1	5	5	4	17	2
Earlham.....	3	5	4	1	3	5	21	3
Notre Dame...	4	7	6	3	1	2	23	4
Hanover.....	6	4	7	4	4	3	28	5
Butler.....	5	2	5	7	7	6	32	6
Franklin.....	7	6	3	6	6	7	35	7

From the above it will be seen that Mr. Milroy lost on manuscript. His delivery was remarkably good. The Indianapolis papers said of him that "He was the most polished speaker of the contest." Mr. Milroy made an earnest and impressive appeal for a living wage. His delivery was a manifestation of ability, experience, and training. His work under Father Maloney last year and under Professor Koehler this year was reflected in dignity, grace, and ease and well deserved the fear of his competitors.

Last year Notre Dame lost on delivery. It is regrettable that after perfecting delivery a new source of loss should have presented itself, but doubly so is the fact that this is Mr. Milroy's last year at Notre Dame, for there is no doubt but that our orator after this year's experience would vindicate himself.

## Society Notes.

## CIVIL ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

At last week's meeting of the Civil Engineering Society, Mr. Burke read a paper entitled "Does a Thorough Scientific Knowledge Add to the Efficiency of the Civil Engineer?" He said that knowledge of the laws of science are necessary in all branches of construction and that an engineer possessing such knowledge will perform his work with greater facility and accuracy. Mr. Wasson gave a very interesting account of the "Proposed Air Line Between Chicago" and New York. He compared the large tonnage that would be carried over such a line to that of the Panama Canal. Mr. Hogan discussed the methods applied in correcting the errors that creep into the bearings and lines of a survey. He showed how these small and unavoidable errors should be distributed in such a way as to balance the survey. Mr. Conway provoked an argument as to why a tallow candle fired from a gun will pierce a target in the same manner that a leaden bullet will under the same conditions.

## BROWNSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

The question debated in the Society on Sunday, the 23rd, was: "Resolved, That labor unions are beneficial to the working man." The affirmative was defended by Messrs. Somers, Clay and Dundon; the negative by Fiegelstahler, Downey and Purcell. Father Walsh, acting both as critic and judge, awarded the decision to the negative contestants, and gave the debaters some helpful hints on public speaking. The chairman of the committee which had been appointed to arrange for a future debate, reported that the question chosen was: "Resolved, That the Initiative and Referendum should be incorporated into our government." The usual five minute speeches were postponed and the meeting adjourned early. The debate will be with holy Cross hall. Brownson will defend the negative.

The subject for debate last Sunday night was: "Resolved, That the direct primary should be adopted in Indiana." Prolatowski and Mulholland argued the affirmative and Muckle and Clements, the negative. Three judges chosen from the Society awarded the decision to the affirmative. The only other event of the evening was a very good recitation by R. Kinsella.

## Personals.

—Stewart Graham of Chicago, an old student of the University, and a live Notre Dame booster, has been appointed Canadian representative in the province of Saskatchewan for the Rumley Company of LaPorte, Indiana.

—Our old-time Varsity baseball star, Robert E. Lynch (A. B. '03) of Chicago, has lately become associated with the Chicago division of the Prudential Life Insurance Company. Incidentally, "Bobbie" looks out for the interests of the Green Bay, Wis., baseball team.

—Congratulations to the Honorable Judge Malachy D. Clark (LL. B. '10) of St. Paul, Minnesota, municipal court and the youngest judge in the United States. Judge Clark was appointed to the bench but recently by Gov. Everhardt, and it is a noticeable fact that his ability well supplied for his lack of years.

—Our condolences to Mr. John Dundon (B. S. '73) of Ishpeming, Michigan, and to his son John, of Brownson, on the death of Mr. Dundon's brother, Lawrence, in Mishawaka, on February 28. The deceased Mr. Dundon had been ill but a short time, and his death came as a great shock to his brother and nephew.

—The genial Joseph B. McGlynn (LL. B. '12) of St. Louis, Missouri, enjoyed a brief visit to the University last week. On Monday, March 3, it was announced that Joe had successfully passed the Missouri State Bar examinations and had been admitted to practice. May the best of things come your way for the future, Joe!

—Mr. Lawrence H. Luken (Ph. G. '03) of Richmond, Indiana, was most thoughtful for the comfort of the Varsity basketball team during their visit to that city for the Earlham game. Lawrence was ably assisted in his good work by Tim Harrington, '08, also a resident of Richmond. Tim is travelling for the J. J. Harrington Leather Company, while Mr. Luken is the proprietor of a prosperous drug store.

—A belated, but none the less happy, wedding announcement is that of Nicholas Ryan to Miss Lorena Quisenberry. The ceremony took place last October, in Gary, Indiana, but has just been made public. The old boys will recall "Nick's" prowess as a baseball pitcher in 1910-11. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan will reside in Eneaden, Illinois.

—From away down in the Canal zone comes the news of the marriage of our old friend and instructor, Guillermo Patterson (Ph. D. '12) to Miss Angela Maria Chaves. The happy event took place in Panama on February 15. The groom is vice-mayor of Panama and instructor in mathematics at the Panama National Institute. Congratulations, "Pat!"

—A breezy letter from Forrest Fletcher, (Short E. E.) and Capt. of the Varsity track team of 1912, indicates that conditions are very bright for "Fletch" at the State Normal School, Cedar City, Iowa. "Fletch" has charge of the Athletic Department at the latter institution, and is meeting with much success in his work. A kind word for all the old boys closes his communication.

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#### Notice.

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The 1913 Dome Board will give a copy of the book free for the best original contribution to the wit and humor columns. The contributions may take the form of humorous verse, dramatic sketch, series of "short flashes," or a single prose article. Manuscript ought to cover at least one typewritten page, as both quality and quantity of material will be considered.

Submit entries to S. E. Twining, Room 229, Main Building, on or before Thursday, March 13.

Another copy of the *Dome* is offered for the best print or prints of snapshot photographs suitable for use in the book. Interest and number will be considered. Pictures not used will be returned. Look through your scrapbooks.

Write your name on the back of each print, and submit entries on or before March 13 to Frank Stanford, Room 213, Sorin.

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#### Calendar.

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Sunday, March 9—Passion Sunday  
 Practice for Singing Quartet, after Mass.  
 Varsity Baseball Practice Game, 9:45 a. m.  
 Carroll Eucharistic League, 7:30 p. m.  
 Monday—Philopatrian Society Meeting, 5:00 p. m.  
 Semi-finals in Debate, 3:30 and 7:30 p. m.  
 Tuesday—Knights of Columbus Meeting, 7:45 p. m.  
 Wednesday—Lecture for Students in Journalism, 3:30 p. m. in Washington Hall.  
 Lenten Devotions, 7:30 p. m.  
 Thursday—Varsity Baseball Practice, 9:30 a. m.  
 Friday—St. Joseph vs Walsh in Track, 3:30 p. m.  
 Stations of the Cross, 7:30 p. m.  
 Saturday—Preps vs South Bend H. S. in Track, 3:30 p. m.  
 Bostonia Sextet, Washington Hall, 7:30 p. m.

#### Local News.

—Lost—A Kent's *Mechanical Engineers' Handbook*. Finder kindly return to 306 Sorin and receive reward.

—We are delighted to learn that a reel of excellent "movies" appeared in the Bend last week, the scenario of which was written by an N. D. student. See how our late editorial brought results? There's nothing in the world like suggestion. Nope, we *must* refuse to publish his name!

—Troubles? O woe to the luckless skivers since the prefects have renewed the ancient practice of watching the car line and the roads with field glasses. We wondered why so many youths were visiting the drug stores in quest of false whiskers and make-up sets. Your kit is not complete without them. Be on the safe side always.

—Our C. M. A. friends are much in evidence these days. First, along comes their crack rifle team and grabs the Hill trophy without seemingly half a try. Next, they journey to Washington to act as escort to the new Vice-President. Although you are our rivals, Culver, we'll be generous for once and congratulate you.

—The following books belonging to the Apostolate Library can not be accounted for: "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," by Norris; "San Celestino," by Ayscough, "Whispering Smith" by Spearman, "Unravelling a Tangle" by Taggart. All that have one or more of these books in their possession will kindly return them to Brother Alphonsus.

—No, we can't claim the honor of starting the now-flourishing Hockey Club, but we've been a No. 1 "booster" ever since the organization was suggested. Our local ice athletes, in playing Culver, Cleveland A. C., and by their future games will advertise the fact that we are in a class with those universities that recognize and promote hockey.

—His "boobship," King Winter, is of far too many moods and entirely too temperamental to be trifled with. Henceforward we will be very guarded in what we say out loud about him. When old K. W. and Miss Spring begin shaking dice, you have to peek out the window each morning to see whether you should wear your fur cap and arctic boots or your last summer's panama and oxfords.

—These columns would be incomplete indeed

if we by any chance failed to register our weekly knock. This time it refers to those members of the N. D. B. who persistently leave their guns reposing gracefully on the floor or in out-of-the-way corners, and steadily ignore the gun racks. Now a gun-rack is made to keep guns in. There is a place in the rack for your gun. Why not use that place?

—We're fairly aching for one look at the new *Dome*. We know it will be a record-breaker, and we are interested. Some one whispered to us that the Wit and Humor editor is none other than our local Geo. M. Cohan—i. e., Geo. Lynch. If this is true, that laugh column will certainly be one big scream, for George's ability as a mirth-producer is known far and wide. Spice it up good and strong, Laugh Editor! One good ha-ha is worth a thousand sobs.

—We are not knockers! In fact the SCHOLASTIC never wielded a hammer in any form. But we certainly can't say anything nice about the young gentleman's education who nearly caused a riot by innocently inquiring "Who put that funny little windmill on the roof of Science Hall?" Unsophisticated Sir, we wish to inform you that *that* is a part of the apparatus by which Fr. Irving gives us our winter. Windmill! Great Simon Augustus Scott!

—You could get even a cautious Scot to bet that those thin kiki leggings and puttees are cold, especially when you are wading through half a foot of snow and unable to run because of the eight-pound Springfield that bangs away on your right shoulder-blade. It takes plenty of pluck and ambition to climb into these service uniforms thrice weekly. Don't scoff, upper classmen! The "kids, in khaki" deserve a lot of praise. Perhaps a little from you would warm them up so that they would forget the unpleasantness of the weather.

—We can not help but philosophize on the fickleness of human nature. Last October 4th, the political feeling of the students was aroused by the formation of an Anti-Bull Moose Club. The "Dems" proved the strongest in all our exciting straw votes. Election sympathies waxed warm and fierce. And now that Woodie W., ours and the people's choice, is at last the sure 'nuf Prexie, we hear not even the slightest murmur of political enthusiasm. Alas, we hardly read the newspapers.

—We snicker as we quote, "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." Was it the man that wrote the copy, the man that set it up (impossible) or the printer's cub that bedeviled it? But what boots it now, though it is quite evident that "some one has blundered." Next time, however, we hope he'll surprise us with *Colorado Madura* or something equally pleasing and plausible.

—The second set of preliminaries in debate held last week resulted as follows: Sunday night: Simon Twining, first; Timothy Galvin, second; Emmett Lenihan and Emmett Walter, tied for third. Monday night: Alfred Brown, first; Clovis Smith, second; James Stack, third; George McDonald and Fred Gushurst tied for fourth. Tuesday night: William Milroy, first; Peter Meersman, second; William Galvin, third; Jeremiah Hagerty, fourth. The thirteen survivors will compete in the semi-finals to be held next Monday afternoon and evening.

—What is so rare as a day in June, a Lenten night permission, or a really civilized and courteous street-car conductor. The car company not only runs the oldest, shaky, quaky, life-endangering cars on the most unreliable of all purely nominal schedules, but it persists, along with these other grievances, to pester us with ungracious, snappy, "fresh," and pugnacious conductors. We have a legal question for our lawyers: Would it be assault and battery to accidentally rap a "fresh" conductor over the number with a loose switch iron? Egypt was once visited by seven plagues, but poor old N. D.—

—The Second of the series of lectures for the students of the course in Journalism will be delivered in Washington Hall on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock. The lecturer is Mr. W. J. Field of the *Chicago Tribune*, and his discourse will deal with "The Business Side of the Newspaper." Though these lectures are primarily for the benefit of the students of journalism, all other collegiate students are invited to attend if they are free at the hour assigned. All who were fortunate enough to hear Mr. Keeley of the *Tribune* will not miss the opportunity to attend the lecture of his capable associate.

Athletic Notes.

THIRD PLACE IN A. A. U. CHAMPIONSHIP.

Fourteen points and third place in the scoring column was the result of the competition offered by the Notre Dame track team in the Central A. A. U. Championships at Chicago last Friday and Saturday. With a wealth of entries in each event, the Chicago Athletic Association easily landed first honors with 51 points, while the Illinois Athletic Club took second honors with 22.

Two new A. A. U. indoor records were established at the meet. Davenport, former University of Chicago star, running under the colors of the Illinois Athletic Club, hung up a record of 1:58 4-5 in the 880-yard run, and the C. A. A. relay team contributed the other record of 3:28 1-5 in the open mile relay.

Nine men comprised the gold and blue representation, and two firsts, a second, and a third provided a result which is more than creditable under the conditions existing at Chicago. Wasson in the 40-yard low hurdles and Eichenlaub in the shot-put became the title-holders by taking first honors in their events. Pritchard contributed a second in the 40-yard high hurdles after taking first in both preliminary heats on the preceding night; and Plant trailed Davenport and Sauer for third place in the half mile.

Erratic starting that enabled Goelitz of Oak Park High School to obtain a material start when the gun was finally discharged prevented Pritchard from registering first in the hurdles, while two apparent fouls by Sauer, construed by the referee as being "unintentional" prevented Plant from taking second place in the half mile. An acknowledged foul on one of the turns in the relay resulted in Notre Dame's disqualification in that event and deprived the team of the second place won by the quartet.

Too much competition prevented any of the Notre Dame entrants from qualifying in the quarter mile, while the same reason accounts for our failure to count in the high jump, pole vault, and two-mile run. Plant, Wasson, Pritchard, Eichenlaub, Rockne, Henihan, Birder, Hood, and Gibson composed the gold and blue team at Chicago. Summary:

40-yard dash—Won by Ward, C. A. A.; Belote C. A. A., second; Loomis, C. A. A., third. Time, :04 4-5.

440-yard run—Won by Lindberg, C. A. A.; Sawyer,

I. A. C., second; Darrow, First Regiment, third. Time, :52 3-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Goelitz, Oak Park H. S.; Pritchard, Notre Dame, second; Burgess, I. A. C., third. Time, :05 4-5.

Shot put—Won by Eichenlaub, Notre Dame; Fletcher, C. A. A., second; Bachman, C. A. A., third. Distance, 41 feet 4 1-2 inches.

40-yard low hurdles—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Burgess, I. A. C., second; Haskins, C. A. A., third. Time, :05 2-5.

880-yard run.—Won by Davenport, I. A. C.; Sauer, C. A. A., second; Plant, Notre Dame, third. Time, 1:58 4-5.

High jump—Won by Loomis, C. A. A.; McLain, C. A. A., second; Dengehard, C. A. A., third. Height, 5 feet 8 inches.

Two mile run—Won by Wikoff, C. A. A.; Ray, I. A. C., second; Drury, C. A. A., third. Time, 9:45 1-5.

Mile open relay—Won by C. A. A. [Belote, Ward, Blair, Lindberg]; I. A. C., second.

Pole vault—Won by Schobinger, U. of Illinois; Coyle, C. A. A., second; Culp, I. A. C., third. Height, 11 feet 10 inches.

EARLHAM GOES DOWN AGAIN.

The score of 31 to 12 does not adequately indicate the closeness of last Saturday's game with Earlham, for the Varsity had hard work in getting away with the long end of the score. The long rest between games did not seem to affect our five, but Earlham's quintet is a worthy foe and opposed every move of Capt. Feeney's men. During the second period of play, the visitors began to wear out, however, and a substantial balance was rolled up by the gold and blue.

Capt. Feeney was out of the game because of illness during the first half, but donned his uniform to take part in the last minutes of play. "Peaches" Granfield and Kenny divided honors at shooting, while Nowers played one of the prettiest games of the season at guard. Toward the end of the game, Kelly went in at forward and Smith at guard. These substitutions did not weaken the team noticeably, as the score kept rolling up. The summary:

Notre Dame (31)		Earlham (12)
Kenny, Kelly	R. F.	Berry
Granfield	L. F.	Wolf
Mills	C.	Rowe
Nowers, Smith	L. G.	Sharpless
Finnegan, Feeney	R. G.	Williams
Field goals—Kenny 5, Granfield 5, Mills 3, Rowe 2, Wolf. Free throws—Kenny, Granfield 4, Sharpless 6. Referee—Barnhart.		

THE HOCKEY TEAM LOSES TO CLEVELAND.

In two fast and classy games played last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings against the

brilliant C. A. C. Juniors, the N. D. Hockey team was twice defeated by the scores of 7-1 and 5-0. These scores do not at all mean that our team can not play hockey. They merely prove, what we knew beforehand, that a newly organized team, no matter how good the individual players may be, can not hope to wrest victory from a crack team whose members have been playing together for a number of years. But though such contests may not now bring victories, they furnish what will ultimately lead to victory—experience and much needed practice. These are "practice" games in a new sense, but such as will soon make us worthy rivals even of Cleveland. Though none of our men, according to the Cleveland paper, showed up brilliantly in comparison with their more practised opponents, the work of Krug was pronounced very good.

#### BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Nineteen games, thirteen of which will be played at home and six on foreign territory, comprise the baseball schedule announced by Manager Cotter. The schedule is splendid,—easily one of the best ever lined up for a Notre Dame team. Not only has our manager succeeded in obtaining an introduction into the exclusive circles of the effete East but he is bringing to our own doors many of the aristocrats of baseball land. Now that we have the games, it is up to the coach and the men to perform their fair share of the work. The glory of Alma Mater is sufficient incentive—they will prove equal to the task before them. Following are the dates:

April 12—Olivet College at Notre Dame.  
 April 19—Earlham College at Notre Dame.  
 April 24—Arkansas University at Notre Dame.  
 April 25—Arkansas University at Notre Dame.  
 April 26—Arkansas University at Notre Dame.  
 May 6—West Virginia University at Notre Dame.  
 May 9—Washington and Jefferson at Notre Dame.  
 May 12—Mississippi A. & M. College at Notre Dame.  
 May 13—Chinese Univ. of Hawaii at Notre Dame.  
 May 19—Colgate University at Hamilton, New York.  
 May 20—Penn State College at State College, Pa.  
 May 21—Navy at Annapolis, Maryland.  
 May 22—Catholic University at Washington, D. C.  
 May 23—Fordham University at New York City.  
 May 24—Army at West Point, New York.  
 May 28—DePauw University at Notre Dame.  
 June 1—Lake Forest University at Notre Dame.  
 June 7—St. Viator's College at Notre Dame.  
 June 18—Alumni vs. Notre Dame.

Dates pending with Michigan "Aggies," Wabash University of Georgia, and University of Pittsburg for games at Notre Dame.

#### Safety Valve.

A Book of Lines.

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A Line of Books.

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A Car off the Line.

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Besides Miss Klarc M. DeVine, soprano, possesses an exceptionally rare and flawless contralto voice.

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Xpect she does a lot of dueting with her soprano-contralto.

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#### THE PHILOSOPHERS PHEED.

(After the manner of Art Hayes.)

Last Thursday all the Philosophers—as they are called in broad phrase—Assembled in the South Dining room in honor of the Angelic Doctor and partook of the Festive Spread. They Consumed the choice Viands of the Cullinary Department and Gratified the Inner man up to their Tonsils. So and So was in attendance and made the Masticators feel quite domiciled. Conversation was Couched in Philosophic phraseology and Wit Abounded. Mr. Havlin read his English thesis on Courage Necessary for the Student and was vociferously applauded. Mr. Erich DeFries read certain humorous Anecdotes which he Hopes will get him a free Dome, and Evoked Ripples of Laughter. Mr. Milroy orated a Phillipic concerning the denuding of the Campus of trees, and his convictions were Concurred in by the assembled throng. Burke, poet and philospoher, rose to Address the multitude, but as he could not be Perceived sat down again. Almost Presently, Mr. J. O. Murphy executed a Delicious Vocal selection with a gorgeous Contralto accompaniment. Mr. Stanford delivered a Poem about Her and Her Wayward Watching Eyes. It was a pronounced success from the Beginning. Following which, a Telegram from President Wilson regretting that rush of Work prevented his Acceptance. Then John Fordyce gave his suffrage speech till the professor of economics Asked: "Now, precisely what do you mean, Mr. Fordyce?" Mr. Fordyce did Not know precisely. Shortly after this the Philosophers had stowed away all the available edibles and Prayer was pronounced. The banquet was voted a Complete success.

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Students of Botany and savants generally will be interested in the following from the current *Midland Naturalist*; "The name *Lenticula palustris* or *Leus palustris* of the pre-Linnean writers seems to me to be inadmissible because of the similarity of the recognized genus *Leus*."

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For Ourselves: we have always inclined toward this opinion.

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Do not forget to fill out Dome Interrogatory.

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Do not forget to write something Clever and get a Free Dome.