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Greeting Erin.

A MID-MARCH day,
The winds at play;
Not a trace of the snow is seen.
The heart of the Spring
Is waiting to sing
The wearin' o' the green.

A mid-March sky,
The clouds sail by,
With stretches of blue between.
The robin down South
Has a song in his mouth,
The wearin' o' the green.

Every seed is ahush
In tree and bush
For the sight of yourself, my queen,
When Winter's out-hurled
They'll sing to the world,—
The wearin' o' the green.

Ireland's Struggle for Freedom.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14.



BACK in the days of Henry VII it began, this struggle of the "sweetest isle of the ocean," to free herself and her people from English rule. For not once, from the time of its first association with England, has Ireland willingly and fully submitted to government of itself by others. Through the long years of oppression and injustice she has steadfastly clung to her rights and refused to be cajoled out of them. A princely race of old, those men of the isle and their descendants have felt it sorely to have

the reins of control in other hands. Born kings themselves, it is but natural that they should chafe under imposed foreign power. And, following the dictates of their inborn regality, they have several times attempted to break the chains of their bondage.

In 1782, by force of arms, England was compelled to grant almost complete independence to this "first gem of the earth." This flight out of the valley of subjection was brief indeed. Scarcely sixteen years intervened until the minions of England once again held full sway over the destinies of the people of Ireland. Then came the eloquent Daniel O'Connell in 1841, to stir the hearts of his countrymen and lead them on to freedom. In vain, so far as immediate results are concerned, were his classic periods and ceaseless efforts. The English power, with its right of might, stifled the bursting flame. Fearful lest its full power might not be apparent, the Parliament of England wreaked further vengeance on the suffering people of the island. Oppressive land laws racked the fair land for many years till the great climax came in the famine of '45. The picture, so often painted, of those awful days is one never to be forgotten. Yet slight was the effect it had upon the governing faction. Minor reforms in the land acts were the solace offered to shattered families and ruined homes.

Undaunted by these awful trials, the struggle for liberty continued. But it seems to have been the peculiar Nemesis of Ireland that the sword, which served so well as the liberator of other lands, should have failed utterly to aid her cause. The Rebellion of '48 and the Fenian uprising of some years later were both suppressed in their early stages. Both were armed movements, and both met the same disappointing end. Finally, failing to gain their object by such means, the Irish people plunged

their question into the political arena. Since 1886, when William E. Gladstone, then prime minister, proclaimed the right of Ireland to Home Rule by introducing into Parliament a bill to grant separate legislation, the struggle has been one of parties. Charles Parnell, leading his Home Rule party in 1876, prepared the way for Gladstone's bills. And with his development of obstructive tactics in the lower house, Parnell set in motion the wheels which have never ceased, and never will cease revolving—though slowly at times—until the long-sought boon of freedom comes to the top. Parnell accomplished his object. And Gladstone, retiring in 1892 all weary with the battle, had not championed the cause of fair Ireland in vain.

Though settlement of the question of separate government for Ireland must evidently be brought about through legislative action, it is indeed regretful that it has become a party issue. Gladstone foresaw this issue and grieved for it; for, as he said, should the votes of the people be decided with reference to this principle, it would be a great national calamity. While it may not be literally the latter, still there is no doubt that the present status of the question has not been for the best interests of the Empire. Parties have been distracted over it, government of the Empire revolutionized through it, and the English Parliament disturbed in its processes by the presence of it, and all this has not been for the furtherance of its ends. Advances made by the Conservatives at various times have been blocked by the consideration of party differences. Though some men of each side may agree precisely on the question, it is impossible under existing conditions to obtain a final and complete settlement by the consent of all concerned. And until this subject is disentangled from party politics, freed from prejudice, and considered solely upon its own merits and demerits, the haggling and harping over it must continue. Until then it must be a source of dissatisfaction to England, her possessions, and the world at large. For, without confidence in her government, without any incentive to the betterment of her conditions, Ireland must needs be backward in commerce, and decrease steadily in population. With the forty-two boards, which at present control Ireland, wellnigh without correlation, is it a cause for wonder that conditions should be as they are? Bureau-

cratic government can not root itself in the hearts of the people and establish the confidence necessary for prosperity and happiness. And the question of the ability of Irishmen to govern themselves is not to be invoked in defense of depriving them of Home Rule. The ease with which the Irish County Councils have, for the past twelve years, aided in fulfilling the functions of government is proof that they retain the gift of ruling along with the kingly blood.

The British people in general are not adverse to Home Rule for Ireland. This for various reasons. They are tired of having this everlasting question threshed over and over again before their eyes. They seem to realize past wrongs done to Ireland, and are somewhat inclined to atone for them. Thinking men of the country are aware of the immense resources which lie all undeveloped within the confines of the island, and they desire a speedy settlement of the only obstruction to prosperity. And the hearts of all true Irishmen everywhere long for the happy day when Ireland "shall take her place among the nations of the earth," and Robert Emmett's tomb shall be inscribed. With the present, and what is to be hoped a really benefiting, Home Rule bill in its final stages for passage by the Parliament, it should not be long ere the emerald isle of song and action will be what it has a right to be,—a free country.

Self-Sacrifice.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

"Aw, Pete!" called Colonel Todd as he drove in the gate at his home.

"Yes sah, Boss," was the response; and Pete was on hand at a bound to unhitch the Colonel's horse. When the Colonel had gone into the house, Pete remarked to old Uncle Ben who had come up in the meantime:

"The Boss shore do look all het up. Some-thin' wrong with him this ebenin'!"

The Colonel was in his study reading the latest *Courier*, when a light, tripping step was heard coming down the stairs. A moment later a bright-faced girl of nineteen or twenty ran into her father and kissed him on the forehead.

"What's the news in town today?" she inquired. "Did you see—anybody?"

"Aw, nothing; thing's dry as ever," he told her. "But, Lucy, I did have a talk with young Jim Kirby." The girl's face whitened at little, but she bit her lips and waited in silence. "He's been coming here a good deal of late," her father continued, "but I didn't think you all were serious until he called me aside today and asked my consent to your marriage." The old man's voice betrayed intense feeling. "I told him that I should never give my consent to your marrying any man while I lived. Then he got impertinent and finally downright insulting, and he said something about a father standing between a girl and her happiness. Lucy, young Kirby is a clean, upright young man with a good head, but I won't take such insolence from any man. I told him never to darken my door again. Furthermore, he'll make me his everlasting enemy if I ever catch him paying his attentions to you any more."

"Father, you didn't tell him never to come to our house again, did you?" the girl asked in tears.

"Yes, I did. He's an insolent young dog for saying that I stood in the way of your happiness," replied the Colonel. Lucy completely broke down.

"Father, I know you have been better to me than I could ever deserve, and I would be mean and unnatural not to be happy here with you, but I—I love Jim, and I don't want you to dislike him," she said between sobs.

"Little girl," said the old man in a husky voice as he drew her close to him, "since your mother died, you are all that is left me in the world. You wouldn't leave an old man without any one to care for him or comfort his old age, would you?"

"Never," she said between sobs, "if it would make you unhappy. I told Jim so. He said he could make it all right with you."

"He played thunder," retorted the Colonel hotly. "He made it all wrong for himself. I am selfish, but I don't like to have a youngster like that telling me so, and I don't like for you to give your heart to any one that would insult me."

"Of course not, Father, but I don't believe Jim meant it that way."

"I tell you he did," replied the Colonel. "Write him a note tomorrow telling him that on account of the circumstances it is better you do not see him any more."

Lucy, with a mighty lump in her throat,

kissed her father and quickly went to her room before he could see the anguish that his words had caused. Hard and long that night was the struggle between her heart and what appeared to be her duty. But self-sacrifice conquered, and before retiring she wrote to Jim telling him that it was best they should be mere acquaintances henceforward.

Kirby readily realized the circumstances when he received Lucy's letter, and in a long reply by return mail explained that he had not meant to injure her father's feelings, that the Colonel had put the wrong meaning into his words. Lucy knew the letter told the truth, and, to straighten matters out, showed it to her father. But the Colonel only became more furious.

"He'd make my word a falsehood, would he? What! Hasn't he enough honor to quit when he's bidden? Does he come begging around after that brazen impudence the other day?" Thus the old man raged and so gained another point, increasing the barrier between the lovers.

Colonel Todd ordinarily was a fair-minded man, but the thought of his daughter leaving him was the great fear of his old age. He had often said that Lucy was too good for any man. So prejudiced was he in the matter that he appeared to himself to be acting honestly when he represented Kirby's frank nature and ready tongue as insulting. No letter came from Lucy, so Kirby, bearing the deep wound in his heart, turned his whole attention to his work in order to forget—until the opportunity should present itself for a reconciliation.

Sorely did the tobacco growers of Kentucky need the help of a strong hand. A monopoly had lowered the price of their product till it brought less than a living wage for tenants, and not even a fair rent for land and barns to the landowner. The growers "pooled" their crops for the purpose of fighting a trust with a trust. They agreed to force the octopus into paying them an equitable price. Jim Kirby had espoused the cause of the people versus the trust, and found himself the leader of the movement in his county.

It was a stormy day in the town of Lawrenceburg. Planters for miles around had gathered in the courthouse to hear the speeches on the pooling question, and before the day was over most of them had pooled. Some, however, had not. Hard feeling had sprung up between

the poolers and the "dumpers," as the non-poolers were called. The dumpers claimed that they had a right to do whatsoever they pleased with their own property. But they were sacrificing the common good for their immediate gain. They were taking the prices that the poolers had made and were at the same time destroying the chances of success against the trust. They were traitors—so said the men who had agreed to stand together.

That day Kirby had made a logical and impassioned appeal to the people. He had pointed out how the trust had gained control of the tobacco industry of the state, how the "man with the hoe" was oppressed to hopeless toil and poverty by the stinted prices the trust allowed him. He showed that redress by process of law was hard to obtain and that, consequently, it was the duty of free citizens of a free state to hang together for their commercial independence. He concluded by saying that it was impossible for neighbors arrayed against neighbors to cope with a common enemy; he had heard talk of using violence against those who would not join their organization, talk of incendiarism and "night riders." Nothing could foster such a spirit but a lawless element that had not much interest either way, or misguided enthusiasts. It would not only hurt the cause of the people, it would be disgraceful for the state.

Foremost among the dumpers was Colonel Todd. His position might be accounted for from the fact that Kirby was among the leaders of the poolers. He owned the warehouse that the trust had in past years rented from him for the purpose of handling the tobacco they had bought. Besides, the Colonel had a theory that a court of justice was the proper authority for quelling the trust. In short, the Colonel was the leader of the dumper faction of Anderson County. He owned a large amount of tobacco, had a great number of tenants, and there were hundreds of small growers who followed suit to everything he did.

Meanwhile the breach between the two factions widened. Three hogsheads consigned to the depot for shipment had been mysteriously burned by night. The Colonel had received two anonymous letters threatening his dwelling and tobacco with the torch. But Kirby had resolved to keep his cause free from lawlessness though he should die in the attempt. Throughout the county he had put trusty

men on the lookout who were to phone him when there was trouble stirring abroad.

One night, along in October, Mose Higgins, whose home was about a mile from the Todd mansion, heard the clatter of horses' feet coming down the pike. Peering out into the moonlight he saw silent figures with handkerchiefs tied about their faces riding past. Instantly he sprang to the phone, called Kirby, and informed him.

It was four miles from Kirby's office to the Todd place, but Ben, his chauffeur, had the auto in starting condition night and day during these times, and in a minute he and Kirby were speeding to beat the night riders to the Colonel's.

The Colonel had been informed that night riders were out. He had sent Pete, his body servant, to warn the tenants and the negroes who were about the house to arm themselves. As for the Colonel, he loaded his shot gun and crept down the avenue behind a bunch of trees toward the pike. "The first one that sets foot on my land must explain or take his dose of buckshot," he said grimly. Then he heard an auto stop in front of the gate. He thought he recognized Jim Kirby in the moonlight. "It's well that Lucy is visiting her aunt in Lexington," he was musing, when the gallop of horses interrupted his thoughts.

"Who's there?" he heard a voice call out.

"It's Jim Kirby," was the response. "But I don't want to know who you are, though I do know what you are up to."

"Want to have a little fun tonight, Jim?" one of them asked. "We are going to have a little bonfire."

"Fellows," began Jim, "you are either men that are misguided or outlaws and thugs that want to lay your deeds on other shoulders. If you have interest in this growers' organization you will listen to me, for you know that my actions have always shown that I have your interests at heart. And I tell you that if you so much as burn a chicken coop, the trust and their allies will make it appear all over the country that the entire organization has taken the law into its own hand. Everywhere the papers will be full of Kentucky's disgrace. It will give our enemies a chance to strike a death blow at our cause in the name of law and order; it will spoil our chance of success. If you are thugs, we will have you hunted down to the last one."

"Come off with that rot," one of them growled. "We know what you are up to. You are stuck on old man Todd's gal, and you know this night ridin' business will put you in bad forever."

"Men," replied Kirby, "you know that my own interest has never stood between me and my duty, if you know anything."

"Wal," broke in a voice, "we'll see how game ye aire. We started out to have our fun and if we got to give it up we want yer to help us pay the fiddler. Now swar' that ye wont marry that gal for five years, and we'll take what ye says for the Gospel."

"I'll do no such thing," retorted Jim.

"Then, young feller, ye and that nigger better clar' out, if ye ain't gwine ter dance to our music," said the leader.

Jim thought hard a moment, then said:

"Yes, I will swear it, too." As they wheeled their horses around, one of the gang yelled out: "Ye'r a man o' your word, Jim Kirby, and we got powder and lead for them that ain't."

While black Ben was starting the auto, the Colonel called softly to Jim to wait for him.

"Young Kirby," the old man said, reaching out his hand, "you're a thoroughbred. Anything you advocate isn't far from wrong. After this you can count on me. The Tobacco Trust can't rent my warehouse this year. And I guess you are right about that other thing too. I am standing between my daughter and her happiness. Every day her face tells me that. But the old man isn't going to stand in the way any longer. Those scoundrels can't keep my daughter and you from marrying, if you all want to. I'll see to that."

"Thank you, Colonel, but I can't ask them to trust me, if I break my word."

"They wouldn't keep theirs then," was the reply. "But you'll come to see us?"

"Gladly, that is if Lucy is willing." And with a good-natured "good night" Kirby sped up the road knowing he had saved the day for the people of one county, even if it had cost personal sacrifice on his part.

Palm Sunday.

Oh fickle man! How soon that crown of bay
And laurel that you place upon His fair
And kingly brow, to one of thorns gives way.
The glad Hosannahs scarce have died away,
When "Crucifige eum!" rends the air. B. W.

Varsity Verse.

MOONSHINE.

WAS it I, or the spell of the new moon's light
As we strolled on the beach on that balmy night;
Was it she, or the sounds of the rippling bay,
Or the sigh of the leaves of the beach-nut tree;
Or was it the breeze led my heart astray
And set my fancy free?

Is it life, or love, or a passing lay,
That woos and carries my heart away?
That makes me yearn for another night,
Strolling with her on the pebbled shore,
Engulfed in a myst'ry of soft moonlight
As we were on that night before.

RAYMOND J. SIEBER, '13.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

SAID STANISLAUS:—

"O Paddy dear, this seems so queer,
Refute it if you can;
A negro lawyer in the South
Says he's an Irishman."

SAYS PAT:—

"While I was in the Bend last night,—
It's true upon my soul,—
I saw a drunken hobo there
That hugged a colored pole."

ALFRED J. BROWN, '14.

TWO HOLES ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

A thrifty young Jew from Peru,
Had a hole in the sole of his shoe,
So he called on his brother
To punch in another
So the water would run right on through.

F. HOGAN.

THE POET'S LAMENT.

When I was young I used to write
In rhythm, rime, and verse;
But now, O Zeus, it is a fright!—
I feel the poet's curse.

Oh, how I loved poetic lore!
I fairly worshipped it;
But now it stings me to the core—
I am compelled to quit.

For now, O Zeus, I know the truth,—
I'm going to the bad;
I'm paying dear for sins of youth—
I've gone completely mad.

DONALD P. MACGREGOR.

Sir Walter Scott.

WILLIAM R. TIPTON, '13.

"Reading maketh the full man," says Bacon, "and writing the exact man." Never are our impressions of a man or a book so abundant or so full as immediately after conversing with the one or reading the other. The written presentation of these "abundant" impressions gives them the last test for exactness, brings them out clearly, and fixes them solidly in the understanding. So be it, then, my purpose to express such thoughts of Sir Walter Scott and his works as arose within me after reading two of his novels, "Guy Mannering" and "Ivanhoe." And here I thought it might be well to cite comparisons between Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens who lived in a time so closely following that of his literary rival. One must read anew of Dickens' works to refresh his memory in order that he may see more clearly those many differences—large or small—that appear in the works of these two great writers. In refreshing my mind with ideas, phrasings, and characteristics truly belonging to Dickens, I selected a novel which has been declared one of his best literary achievements. At the very least, his "Tale of Two Cities" has been the most widely read of his works.

"Ivanhoe" is a word that will forever be linked with the name of its author. Through it he has achieved a widespread reputation in all parts of the English-speaking world, and with it he must ever be remembered. "Guy Mannering" is of less importance as a work of literary art. However, it is good literature and was written by a literary genius. In it we find expression of Scottish character, of Scottish customs and traditions, and of Scottish history such as is necessarily lacking in "Ivanhoe." And as Scott is really in his glory when telling us of Scottish tradition or of anything that has to do with his native heather, it seems that here he is freer and more capable of expressing that which is within him. And so in "Guy Mannering," where Scottish soil is trod upon, we find Scott very capable of expression.

Just why "Ivanhoe" is so much better than any of his other novels, can not easily be explained,—unless it is because we find in it

fewer things to criticise,—that is, fewer things that deserve criticism. It has been said of Scott that he is not usually inclined to "trace the logical consequences of human actions." Surely he has had admirable success in doing just this thing in "Ivanhoe." What could be more logical than the presentation of events so closely linked together as they are in this novel. Throughout this book nearly every passage is consequential, and in a logical manner, to something that has passed before.

There are some who claim that "Scott in his expression of the noblest of sentiments,—that of love,—is generally weak." In "Ivanhoe" we find this criticism disproved in several places throughout the book. Rebecca's love for Ivanhoe is very forcibly and passionately expressed. Rowena's love for Ivanhoe is not so forcibly expressed as is that of Rebecca. This is due, in part, to the author's desire to draw a distinction sharp enough to show that love does not necessarily have to be as visible or as passionate as it was in Rebecca's case for it to be just as worthy and just as true. It may be said also that Scott relies to a great extent upon actions to gain a desired effect. It is very probable that he held to the principle that "Actions speak louder than words."

The character of Ivanhoe is made evident more by actions he performs than by any attempt at a detailed description of him. And so through this same action his love for Rowena is expressed forcibly and with exceptional skill.

In "Guy Mannering," the love of Julia Mannering for Henry Bertram is very sweet and pure. It was love as such Scott, no doubt, idealized. Passionate love does not have to exist within us in order that we may know what love is. No, far sweeter is love of purity, simplicity, and modesty. It may be that critics are not capable of distinguishing between this or that love. At least, they are not capable of seeing that which is the noblest quality in the sentiment of love—modesty. The sweetness of Julia's letters to her old school chum, Matilda Marchmont, shows her modesty and her beautiful sentiments of love to be superior to those of the Jewess, Rebecca, in "Ivanhoe."

Other critics have said that Scott's powers of description are generally weak. This statement must have come from a blind man or from one whose imaginative powers are absolutely void. The description of the dungeon

vault in the castle of Front-de-Boeuf, wherein Isaac of York was imprisoned, and the description of the grounds of this same castle and of the forest nearby can not but help to form as perfect picture in the reader's mind as an artist could portray on canvas with his brushes and colors. Surely most of us can fancy that we see many of his characters, just as he fancied that he saw them. At times it seems as though he saw them actually instead of by fancy, and when this is the case it is quite probable that he took a character from life and reproduced it in his book.

Scott idealized people of refinement, people of good birth, and people who were held in high esteem by their countrymen. He never pictured poverty as a vice nor wealth as a virtue, as has been said or intimated by some who regard him opposite in this respect to Dickens. It is not true either that Dickens has pictured poverty as a virtue and wealth as a vice. He has merely chosen to idealize the goodness of heart, the charitableness, and the general character of a class of people less fortunate than others. It was natural that Dickens should do as he did, and also very natural that Scott should do just as he did. Scott, realizing and believing that there were those among his own class that were worthy of idealization, wrote of them accordingly. Dickens did likewise, but not with as much sympathy for those whom he prefers to class as wealthy as Scott possessed for all mankind, either poor or rich.

Scott, truly a romanticist, nevertheless used realism with a great deal of skill. When using realism it was either to aid in reaching a desired effect by contrast with something romantic or it was realism of such goodness or merit to be almost romantic in that it was ideal realism. Dickens was a pure realist. It was his purpose to make his story most probable and, as far as possible, a reality to his readers. The end Dickens kept in view was always the bettering of the conditions of the poor in England. He lived to see some improvement in the condition of these people, and surely he aided the improvement greatly by his sincere work.

Scott chose the country, the forests, and the meadows for the setting and background of his novels. He chose to give us more of beauty than of hideousness, more of health than of sickness, and more of good than of evil.

Dickens, on the other hand, placed his stories more in the cities and as a rule in the most hideous part of the city. Disease is shown in its most horrible cases and evil is always in plain view or lurking in the shadows. This is all done with a purpose,—and a good purpose, too,—but it is a question whether or not in this case the means were justifiable in striving for the end.

The Lead Half Dollar.

JACOB R. GEIGER, '14.

One night as Jack and I and a few companions were sitting in the club room idly talking on various subjects, our conversation drifted in the end to good luck charms and amulets. Each of us had heard wonderful stories about amulets, but we were inclined to be incredulous. Finally Jack said:

"I once had an experience with a Hindoo ring that was supposed to be a hoodoo."

"Tell us about it," we all demanded at once.

"Well, there really isn't much to the story, although it's rather queer. I have another amulet, though—here it is," and he threw a half-dollar upon the table.

Tom picked it up and examined it. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, it's bad."

"Yes," replied Jack, "but I owe my life to it just the same."

"How? Tell us, Jack, please!" the fellows chorused eagerly.

"Well, I'm not certain myself which is the hoodoo and which is the amulet, but I'll tell the story and you may decide for yourselves."

"In the winter of 1903 I was sick for a few weeks and was just able to be out about a week before Christmas. One afternoon I walked down town. I had no particular object in view, but I went out just for the sake of the fresh air and the familiar look of crowded streets. The day was not what would be called beautiful, but it seemed fine to me. The streets were sloppy with half-melted snow and the gutters were half full of dirty black water. I walked up a side street to avoid the crowd, and glanced in at the store windows in passing. At an old curio shop I stopped a moment and looked in the window, for I was always fond of old and curious articles.

In a corner of the window was a tray filled with odds and ends of jewelry. In this tray I saw a very peculiar ring which at once struck my fancy. It was rather heavy and was set with a curious dull green stone. The ring was formed of three bands of gold. They were welded solid at the back but separated as they reached the stone and curiously interlaced and twined around the setting.

I entered the store and asked to see the box. An old Hindoo brought it out and placed it on the counter. I searched through the box, apparently at random, and priced several small articles. Finally I picked up the ring and asked:

"How much do you want for this?"

"Four dollars and a half," he said.

I inspected it closely. The workmanship was very fine and the design was even more intricate than had at first appeared. The stone was a queer-looking green one with a peculiar mottled surface. There was something fascinating in the curves of the ring, something that appealed to me. I decided to take it. Then I noticed some queer characters inscribed on the inside of the gold band.

"What is this inscription?" I asked the old man. He was silent for a moment, then he asked slowly:

"Do you believe in spirits—in good or evil spirits—that may possess an object and bring good or bad luck to the possessor?"

"No," I answered, "I am not superstitious."

"Well, then, I will tell you," said the Hindoo. "That writing means, 'Brahma's threefold curse on him that wears'. It is a thing of evil. The very curves of it suggest evil. We have many such charms. If you are superstitious, select another, for that has an evil charm on it!"

"Why, how do you know it has?" I asked him. He looked at me closely and answered.

"To every former owner a serious misfortune has happened within twenty-four hours after he put it on."

"Ah, so you've sold it before?" I asked.

"Yes—twice," said the old man.

"And what happened?" I demanded, my interest growing strongly.

"I may spoil a sale," he answered slowly, "but I will tell you. The first man that bought it had me read the inscription, but then

I wasn't sure it was an evil charm, for we have many such baubles and they don't always bring hurt. The man only laughed and said, 'I guess I'll take a chance.' Then, as if for a joke, he said that if the ring were a hoodoo he would return it. Two weeks later he brought it back, but the finger on which he had worn it was gone. He was working at a saw mill and the ring caught on a board and pulled his finger into the saw. He asked me if I would take it back. I gave him back his money. Then I reduced the price, for the ring is very valuable; the gold alone is worth more than I ask for the ring."

"Why don't you pry out the stone and sell the gold?" I asked. The old fellow shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"I have seen too many curious things. There is too much evil in the world already to go seeking for more. Besides, the second man tried that. See that scratch on the setting? Well, he held the ring in one hand and tried to loosen the stone with an awl; the awl slipped and pierced his finger. Blood poison developed and he almost died. He, too, returned the ring. And you are the third."

"Well, what of it?" I said, somewhat nettled at his stories.

"Three is the mystical number" he muttered softly, as if to himself.

Now as I stopped to think these stories over I came to the conclusion that the old Hindoo was trying to arouse my curiosity in order to insure a sale. Those old fellows are all psychologists and know just how to increase a man's interest to the highest point. I looked again at the ring. It certainly appeared to be worth more than he asked.

"Well, I'll take a chance, too," I told him, and I handed over a five dollar bill which was all the money I had with me. He gave me a half dollar in exchange, and without looking at it I dropped it into my pocket and left the store.

I had walked some distance up the street when suddenly "Chick" Hamlin, an old friend of mine, caught up with me. He grasped my hand affectionately and said,

"Why, how are you, Jack? I'm glad to see you out once more. Where are you going?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular," I answered, "I'm just out for a walk."

"Oh, say," he exclaimed suddenly. "Do

you want to go to a matinee?"

I thought Chick was going out of his way to furnish me with amusement, so I started to excuse myself. He interrupted me.

"No, no! Jack, no excuses. You must go. I have a ticket and was just called out of town so I simply can't go. Here take it. I must hurry to get my train. Good-bye and good luck! I hope to see you much better when we meet again."

He hurried on and I was left on the street with a matinee ticket in my hand. I noted the name of the theatre and then I glanced at my watch. I had just time to catch a car if I wished to get to the theatre on time. I caught the next one and when the conductor came for my fare I handed him my half dollar. He glanced at it and returned it, saying,

"No good—it's lead!"

I looked at it myself and sure enough it was lead. I reached for my pocket-book when I happened to think that the lead half dollar was the only cent I had with me. I flushed and stammered,

"Why—why—that's all the money I have with me. I—I—thought it was good."

"I'm sorry," said the conductor, "but you'll have to get off at the next corner."

Some people in the car stared at me, and a few whispered remarks and giggles caught my ear. I wondered how I would get to the theatre on time. It was about three miles away and the curtain would rise in about ten minutes. Then I thought of the Hindoo's words:

"To every wearer of that ring a misfortune has happened within twenty-four hours after he put it on." While I was thus deep in reflection, the car stopped and I got out.

The streets were rather crowded and slippery, and I was a bit excited. I had not yet readjusted myself to the noise and bustle, and half way across the street a sudden feeling of helplessness seized me. A heavy truck was approaching and I stood as one paralyzed. Then suddenly I turned and made a dash for the sidewalk I had just left. My foot slipped and I fell and rolled over in the slushy street. The truck just missed me. I arose wet and dirty. I was now thoroughly unnerved. My nervous system was not built for such shocks, especially after a severe sickness. All thought of going to the matinee was now given up. It was im-

possible. In the first place I was too nervous and excited, and in the second place I was so muddy that I would not be allowed in. Then I thought of the ring. Was it possible that it could have had anything to do with it? I looked at it again, but it appeared harmless enough.

"Well, old hoodoo, you missed that time," I said. Then I returned to my rooms for a much-needed rest."

Here Jack paused to light his pipe.

"But where does the lead half dollar come in?" asked Tom.

"It has already come in," replied Jack.

"Well, I don't see that you suffered such a dreadful misfortune from the ring. The lead half dollar seems to me to have been the thing that brought the tough luck."

"Well, how did I get it?" answered Jack. "Wasn't it through the purchase of the ring? Besides, you forget. I didn't go to the matinee."

"Well, may be it wasn't so bad as all that," replied Tom sarcastically.

"Aw, shut up, Tom," growled one of the fellows, "and let Jack finish his story. What did the matinee have to do with it, Jack?"

"Nothing much in itself. Only that it was Eddie Foy in 'Blue Beard Junior' at the Iroquois theatre on December 28, 1903."

"Good heavens, man! The Iroquois fire!" cried Tom. Why—why—the lead half dollar was an amulet after all."

"Was it?" asked Jack. But Tom was too busy trying to figure it out to answer him.

Saint Joseph.

Secluded in thy Galilean home,
And all unmindful of the outward sway
Of rushing life, that sweeps along the way
Through Nazareth from great Imperial Rome;
Thou didst not from thy hillside wish to roam,
But rather there in peace to spend thy day.
And, well content to labor and to pray,
Thy life was spotless as the ocean's foam.

O mighty Patron, thou hast shown us well
That in a life as peaceful as the night,
Unknown to man, one may be truly great;
And more than this, that in a lonely cell,
The soul can sooner take its happy flight
To regions high above this earthly state.

B. A.

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—A short time ago there appeared in the pages of the SCHOLASTIC an editorial on the Mexican situation that reflected unfavorably upon the Mexican students of the University. The editorial—whether well-grounded in the main or not—was unfortunate in that it gave just cause for resentment to a large class of students who naturally are proud of their country and jealous of its fame. The offense was wholly inadvertent, the possibility of a local application having been overlooked. We deeply regret the hurt feelings and animosity that resulted.

—Matthéw Arnold defines greatness as “a spiritual condition worthy of exciting love, interest, and admiration” and he shows that the outward proof of possessing greatness is the fact that we do excite love, interest, and admiration.

Not all of the supposedly great can measure up to the requirements of this definition. Many fall short, because they can not command either our love or our admiration. All celebrities may excite interest, but to awaken our love and admiration their characters must be possessed of deep and solid virtue. Of these virtues none is more necessary than humility, for it gives the perfect finish that makes character truly pleasing. Humility, therefore, is the virtue of the truly great. It is the opposite of offensive, repellent pride, the possession of

which makes a man, otherwise worthy, despicable to God and man. The test of a man's character is his ability to bear greatness without feeling it.

Lincoln achieved wonders and attained a position of power and prominence; yet through it all he retained his simplicity and unaffectedness. Saint Joseph was honored as no other man will ever be; yet his life is a model of humility. Both, in their respective fields, were deserving and were honored: the one by the world, the other by God. That they were not affected by greatness is a proof of their worth.

—Summing up the case against a legal minimum wage for women in industry, Elbert Hubbard says in a current magazine: “Viewed as a cold question of mathematics and justice, the question is impracticable. The tendency to immorality will be increased, rather than lessened, since many young women will be thrown out of work”—their services not being worth the legal minimum wage.

That the establishment of a legal minimum wage will throw many women out of work may be true, but it is no less true that many more women are earning a living wage and not receiving it. The duty of the state is primarily to these. Then, when the machine of industry has separated the efficient from the inefficient, it will be possible to seek out the cause of the inefficiency of the latter and apply a remedy. The right of men and women to live as human beings takes precedence over all other rights, and in the guarantee of this right the establishment of a legal minimum standard is an indispensable first step. Increase efficiency? Yes, but first let employers point out the inefficient.

—Many of us are but manikins with misdirected ambitions. One-angled views satisfy us. We can not think objectively. We are forever subjective, and we imagine the world was made only for our pleasure. We follow the life-cycle of the three great classes—those of position, power, and wealth—and think that they alone possess true happiness. Immediately we try to imitate them. We seek position to satisfy a selfish desire; we want power that we may dominate over inferiors; and we struggle for wealth that we may gain luxurious

ease. When our purposes are attained, we disregard the world and forget it has a claim upon us. Our misdirected ambitions are fulfilled, but the struggle has blinded us to duty.

The end of true, legitimate ambition is to increase the total happiness in the world. For that purpose we were created and put here. Position, power, and wealth were given us as means to that end, but never as an end in themselves. To be ambitious in this sense, to strive for the material goods in order that we may fulfil our destiny, is to perform our manly duty and to deserve praise. Man's nature demands that he be ambitious in this stricter sense. It means the throwing aside of false ideals and the uprooting of selfish desires; it means becoming a brother of humanity and a striver after the true ideal.

—We must be in earnest in what we undertake if we would succeed. This is a general principle,—true in school life as in every other line of endeavor. The **Something Wanting.** cultivation of ability through diligent application and consistent effort is the duty of the student. He is engaged in the big business of getting an education, and in pursuing his occupation he must above all things be in earnest. The lack of this quality soon manifests itself. The boy who is careless enough to "cut" classes, to prepare duties in a slipshod manner, or so underhanded as to copy in examinations shows few signs of possessing it. His attitude typifies the very opposite of earnestness. To this young man Franklin's saying, that "want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge" is doubly applicable. He is cultivating an attitude of carelessness, and at the same time is losing the chance to obtain the knowledge which lies within easy grasp. He is neglectful and is moving not towards success, but in the direction taken by the thousands who have failed; he will acquire and grow in all their qualities of deficiency for want of a little care, for the failure to cultivate earnestness—the distinguishing mark of all successful men.

Change in Class Schedule.

Next Monday, Saint Patrick's Day, no classes will be held. Friday's classes will be taught on Thursday.

A Suggestion.

Now that Holy Week is here with its long services and with its interesting though—to many—unintelligible ceremonies, would it not be an excellent idea to procure a Holy-Week book from the office. Then you can follow the ceremonies throughout without temptations to drowsiness or worse; and you will have an intelligent and devotional comprehension of these most beautiful and significant ceremonies of the Church.

Mr. Field on Journalism.

Mr. W. J. Field, business manager of the *Chicago Tribune*, lectured to the School of Journalism Wednesday afternoon on "The Business End of a Newspaper." Mr. Field divided the business administration of a metropolitan daily into four distinct departments, each employing a large corps of skilled men. The accounting and manufacturing departments are concerned with the financial and mechanical processes essential to the maintenance of a newspaper. The circulation and advertising departments, which may be considered as complementary, are primarily concerned with the revenue that must be returned to make a daily paper a profitable institution. Mr. Field stressed the importance of advertising, declaring that it yielded at least seventy per cent of the average paper's income. This practical and instructive address was keenly appreciated by the young journalists and by the many other students who showed by their presence a realization of the educational value of such a lecture.

Debating Semi-Finals.

The semi-finals in Varsity debating were held last Monday afternoon and evening. Thirteen contestants who had survived the previous tests were entered. Six spoke in the afternoon and seven in the evening. Rev. Fathers Quinlan, Carroll, and O'Donnell judged the speakers, and eight were chosen after all thirteen had spoken. These eight will compete in the finals which will be held in Washington hall about two weeks hence for the money prize of seventy-five dollars offered by the University.

The judges were almost unanimous in placing

the eight men selected, although some diversity of opinion was held concerning the ranking of the first eight speakers. The men who finished in the order named are: Peter Meersman, first; Simon Twining, second; Timothy Galvin, third; Emmett Lenihan, fourth; William Galvin, fifth; William Milroy, sixth; James Stack, seventh; and Clovis Smith, eighth. The other debaters were Martin Walter, Alfred Brown, Fred Gushurst, Jeremiah McCarthy, and DeWald McDonald.

The speeches were uniformly good, and Father Bolger is satisfied that the teams of 1913 will be good ones. A great deal of spirit has been shown by the candidates, and we are glad to see them getting good results.

Another St. Thomas Celebration.

On Saturday evening, March 8, a banquet and an entertainment were given in Holy Cross hall to celebrate the feast-day of the rector, Rev. Thomas Irving, C. S. C. The refectory was tastefully decorated and the feast most enjoyable. After the banquet Mr. Charles Flynn responded to the toast, "Our Superiors." Speeches were made by Rev. Matthew Walsh, Rev. Arthur O'Neill, Rev. Charles O'Donnell, Rev. Thomas Burke,—all Holy Cross Fathers—and by Rev. Father Marin, O. P. Father Irving expressed the great pleasure aroused in him by the sentiments of the speakers. He urged the necessity, especially for the young men preparing for the priesthood, of the spirit of self-sacrifice, of sanctity, and learning.

The entertainment was given under the leadership of the Senior Holy Cross Literary Society. Mr. Heiser, president of the society, made the opening address. Mr. William Harvey read a humorous paper, "The Future of Our Division." A recitation by Mr. Miner followed. Mr. Howard Ryan, accompanied by Mr. Strahan, played an excellent cornet solo. The question, "Resolved, That Home Rule be Granted to Ireland," was debated by Mr. Roach and Mr. Healy. The speeches were very good and were well delivered. Mr. Healy had the better of the argument and was given the decision. Mr. William McNamara's paper was entitled "The Unexpected." Mr. Milanowski recited "The Game of Life." A short story by Mr. Tomczak was well received. Mr. Brown revealed to the society the wit and wisdom con-

tained in the columns of "The Bugle, A Village Newspaper." The vocal solo by Mr. Frank Remmes so delighted the audience that an encore was insisted upon. Several members of the Faculty were present for the entertainment and enjoyed it throughout.

Book Reviews.

MIRIAM LUCAS—A NOVEL. By Canon Sheehan.

The element of style always wins for Canon Sheehan. He is not a plot-maker, nor does he give the impression of having made a careful study of novel technique. But what does that matter? He has the gift of painting the sky, sea, and mountains of his native island; hence his large following.

In *Miriam Lucas* we have an attempt to blend the aristocratic, Protestant element with the Irish, Catholic, and peasant element. Somehow, Canon Sheehan in the general presentation shows the aristocrat and Trinity man at his best. But, unconsciously, perhaps, there is a suggestion of trickiness, sordidness, impotence in many of Canon Sheehan's men of the soil. It is not the lack of education that makes it, nor the poverty. It is the faint suggestion one gets of a point of view that patronizes, pities, smiles over, and bears with the Irish of the laboring class. Whenever the good, reforming landlord, the Trinity man with a helping purpose, the lady of rank who sets aside the pride of caste, is placed over against the man or woman who is of the soil, you somehow have it thrust under your nostrils that these English are superior beings anyhow, and the Irish—well, the Irish are just what they ought to be: hewers of wood, and drawers of water. Candidly, this was our feeling after we had read the—for all our feeling—delightful *Miriam Lucas*. Benzigers, \$1.35.

UP IN ARDMUIRLAND—Barrett.

In a simple but delightful style the author describes scenes of his native highlands in Scotland. There is, of course, the quaint Scotch dialect,—perhaps a little too much of it; but the incidents related and the home life depicted are out of the author's own life and experience and have a ring of truth to them that convince us they are genuine and typical. Laying down the volume, the reader feels he has been benefited as well as entertained. Benziger Bros. Price \$1.25, postage 12 cts.

SUGAR CAMP AND AFTER.—Spalding.

This is a story such as boys always like, full of adventure, but withal instructive. The author writes in a taking style and has a pleasant vein of humor. Sometimes a jar is given the reader by the abrupt ending of a chapter. The author's works, while worthy of all encouragement, are hardly equal in merit to those of Fathers Finn and Copus.—Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cts.

THEIR CHOICE.

Is a woman of thirty-five too old to love the things of youth? This is a question asked and ably answered in Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner's latest book, "Their Choice."

The story, written in the form of a diary, opens in America, but the action soon shifts to The Hague where all the events narrated take place. The chief characters of the book are two Austrians, Adolph and Klemens Daun, father and son, and the authoress of the diary, an "old maid." She is not the soured, disappointed-in-love spinster of which we read so much about in fiction, but one who has had many offers of marriage and has not married because the right man has not yet shown up. She is intensely interested in life and all that is going on about her.

Around these three characters Mrs. Skinner has woven a clever and interesting story. The diary opens with the recitation of the "old maid's" vision, in which little dream children with "big blue anxious eyes" appear and beg to be brought into this world. When she stretches forth her arms they float away from her. She tells them to go back to God and ask Him to send a "kind-hearted, right-living, God-fearing, manly papa" who will help her make a home for them. The babies smile and steal away.

The story then shifts to The Hague where we meet the hero, Klemens Daun, and we are carried through an interesting series of events to a pleasing climax.

Perhaps one of the most striking things in the book is the double offer of marriage made by the father, Adolph Daun, for both himself and his son,—the authoress of the diary to take the one she loves best.

Mrs. Skinner has the faculty of drawing her characters with penetration and keenness. The heroine has much of the charm and sweetness of the girl in the author's earlier book, "Espiritu Santo." Benziger Bros., \$1.00.

Personals.

—A card from the jovial "Bill" Hayden (M. E. '12) says he expects to visit Notre Dame during the Easter holidays. "Bill" is in the engineering department of the Western Electric Company of Chicago.

—Through oversight we omitted to mention in last week's issue our hearty thanks to Mr. Joseph Nolan and Mr. Leo Welch of Indianapolis for their loyalty and hospitality in entertaining Notre Dame's representatives at the oratorical contest of two weeks ago.

—A letter from Cornelius J. Donovan, an old time Holy Cross Haller, who is now studying in St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass., gives all the old boys his kindest regards. "Con" says he still follows the fortunes of the Notre Dame boys through the SCHOLASTIC.

—We congratulate Mr. J. Elmer Peak of South Bend on his recent appointment, by the County Commissioners, to the office of County Poor Attorney. Mr. Peak is a member of the class of '12, and it is a pleasure to note his already successful activity in his chosen profession.

—Dr. W. E. Florer, of the University of Michigan, was the guest of the Faculty during the greater part of last week. Dr. Florer is engaged in research work on biblical literature and found need of consulting some of the original manuscripts in the possession of the University Library.

—Mr. Selden Trumbull, of Chicago, spent a few pleasant hours with friends at the University on Tuesday last. Selden, whom the boys of his time will recall as an instructor in physics, is special agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, with his headquarters in Chicago.

—Our delightful companion of the past five or six springs, Father John Talbot Smith, is enjoying a visit at the University. Father Smith is on his way home from the Pacific Coast, from whence he bears to us the best wishes of that loyal alumnus, Archbishop Riordan, and his assistant, Bishop Hanna. Father Smith comes with the robins and is fully as welcome.

—Andrew E. Foley (LL. B. '10) of the firm of Seward & Foley, Attorneys at Law, Belle Fourche, South Dakota, writes as follows:

"I am a candidate for the appointment of Receiver of the United States Land Office at Belle Fourche. I have the endorsement of a great number of influential democrats of the state besides two-thirds of the State Central Committee." "Andy" was one of the most popular students of his time, and hosts of friends at Notre Dame wish him every success.

—An interesting letter has recently come to us from William B. Kelley—our late professor who had charge of the Wood Work and Iron Work Departments in the Engineering Course. Mr. Kelley is now living in San Diego, California, where he has a responsible position at the head of the rubber department of an automobile tire company. Mr. Kelley has received much favorable comment from his employers upon his excellent training and mechanical ability. With characteristic modesty and loyalty he passes the credit on to Notre Dame. This is not quite a just apportionment. We will take half gladly and proudly, but the rest remains where Mr. Kelley's employers put it.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

Last Wednesday evening the usual meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held. Mr. Bartel read a paper on "The Value of Theoretical Information in Engineering Work." He stated that on account of the vast diversities in engineering work it is important that an engineer should possess a thorough theoretical knowledge of engineering, and that he should be able to apply it readily. "Balancing and Platting a Survey" was the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. Bracho. He described the methods used in balancing a topographical survey and showed why the traverse should close in order that a comprehensive map may result. Mr. Berger spoke on "The Theoretical and Practical Use of the Plane Table." He gave a description of the instruments employed and told how to use them. He said the government and the railroad companies are taking advantage of the plane table on account of the quickness and cheapness in surveying and mapping extensive areas. Mr. Stern discoursed very satisfactorily on evaporation and condensation in air, in hot and cold media, and in a vacuum.

Calendar.

Sunday, Mar. 16—Palm Sunday.

Practice for Singing Quartet, after Mass.
Varsity Baseball Practice Game, 9:15 a. m.
Walsh Hall Bowling Contest, 6:30 p. m.
St. Joseph Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.
Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

Monday—St. Patrick's Day (No Classes).

Orchestra Practice, 7:30 p. m.
Senior Prep Meeting, 7:30 p. m.

Wednesday—Tenebrae, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday—Holy Thursday.

Lecture on Journalism by Prof. Scott.
Tenebrae, 7:30 p. m.

Friday—Good Friday.

Stations of the Cross, 3:00 p. m.
Tenebrae, 7:30 p. m.

Saturday—Holy Saturday (No Classes).

Local News.

—Of course we believe in signs. But the mere fact that the robins and the bluebirds are here, that the SCHOLASTIC displays a full page advertisement for spring clothes, is not conclusive evidence of the dainty Miss S's arrival.

—These are days of real sport for the photographers. Every day, now, the men of the various halls are requested to line up on the front steps and "watch the birdie" while the man behind the camera squeezes the little bulb. What a family album we'll have when the *Dome* comes out.

—Not even the sick bed could hold Joe Byrne when the C. A. C. was trying to run away with the meet and the N. D. rooters were without a cheer leader. Joe got there all right, and, though there wasn't much voice to him nor a great deal of strength for the gestures, he led the rooting and it was far from tame.

—Nightly, above the splash and hiss of the shower baths, we hear our Preps, fresh from the Gym, discussing their track team. And from all reports it will be a great team, equal if not better than any interhall aggregation yet on the field. Take a run over to the big Gym some night and look them over.

—Another illusion shattered. The unsophisticated of us have always pictured a large newspaper office as a place of ease, of literary luxury, inhabited by long-haired

pen-artists with rather Bohemian tendencies. Alas, after last Wednesday's lecture, we see that newspaper work is only a business after all, and not a vocation.

—Yes, the hockey team came back without the scalps that they went after and they left their own bright locks on the lodge pole of the Clevelanders. But what of it? Couldn't we wallop Cleveland on our own little lakes? Why, certainly! The lakes will not be in fit condition to play on this season, but wait till we get that Ohio bunch here next year!

—"The Indianapolis Club," a correspondent laments, "is nowadays Corby's only social salvation. Time was when that hall was the home of 'pep' and the axis of activity, but that was in a remote epoch." Well, may be there's little social activity nowadays in Corby, but the writer evidently overlooks the fact that this is Lent. And as for "activity,"—Corby is still hanging up banners.

—When the robins are chirping their vespers in the campus maples; when the mild spring breezes waft the fragrance of a thousand swelling buds and opening flowers to your nostrils; why then, study will come hard and spending "rec" hours inside will be on a par with a prison sentence. Then beware of that dreaded Del. List. Why not do a little work now when the weather is sloppy and anticipate the coming days of lassitude.

—Before some radical botanist brings in the first violet as a harbinger of Spring, we will make a solemn and determined resolution. Having in mind the weakness of our predecessors, and having read from their columns a weekly dissertation on that nefarious malady termed in the vernacular "spring fever," we do hereby resolve to mention it but once during the entire spring of this, the year 1913—unless, of course, we are short of copy. So be it!

—It will be just a matter of a week or so, now, before the Niles road will become usable. And then we will see the traditional Sunday crowds tripping blithely Haneywards in quest of home-made pie and fresh egg sandwiches and tall, frothy glasses of rich yellow milk. The "College Inn" always does a rushing business on the Sabbath. We can hardly wait.

—March 17th! Lives there a single man in whose veins there courses the shamrock-steeped blood of Erin who will not decorate his coat with a bright green ribbon or adorn his

head with the fashionable green "tile" and shout "Erin Go Bragh" with the rest of us? And who of all the sons of Ireland will not come out—weather permitting—and cheer the Irish in their annual St. Patrick's Day game of baseball with the Dutch or the proxies that take their place?

—O there is woe in the homes of the free and easy, and in the dwellings of the evil doer there is no peace. Sounds like a lamentation of Jeremiah, does it not? It's a reproduction, any way, of the wail that goes up in the various halls when the terrible Demerit Ledger is brought forward and put on the witness stand. Many shudder, all look worried, and a few pack their trunks. The current word, ready on every lip these days is, "How many 'ds' have you?" Hard luck, skivers!

Athletic Notes.

The 1913 home indoor track season was brought to a close last Saturday when the Chicago Athletic Association registered the first dual victory obtained over Notre Dame in years by a score of 64 to 40 points. In spite of the one-sided result, the showing of the Gold and Blue squad was remarkably good. With an unlimited field from which to draw track stars, Director Delaney of the Chicago Athletic Association has drawn together one of the strongest teams of athletes in the country, and the capture of nearly one-half of the total points from the crack band is an accomplishment of which Captain Plant and his men may well be proud.

First places in the 40-yard dash, 40-yard high hurdles, 220-yard dash, 440-yard run, and pole vault, together with a liberal sprinkling of second and third positions were the accomplishments of the Notre Dame athletes. Wasson registered first in the dash, with Newning in third place, and Pritchard and Metzger repeated the same order in the high hurdles. The low hurdles gave Wasson another opportunity to break into the scoring column with second place. Henihan and Birder contributed materially with a first and third in the quarter mile, one of the prettiest races of the afternoon, and Bensberg repeated his performance of the I. A. C. meet by taking the 220-yard dash from Sauer in fast time. Wasson added another point by taking third in the same event.

A miscount of the laps in the half mile gave

Patterson of the C. A. A. a fluke victory over Plant at the end of five laps. The captain covered the first quarter in the event in :56 2-5, and with his customary last lap sprint would undoubtedly have bested the Cherry Circle distance runner. Patterson repeated his victory in the mile in which he was trailed by Nye and Wikoff, giving the Chicago team nine points in the event. A clean sweep of the points was also made in the high jump when four of the C. A. A. jumpers tied for the honors.

One of the most praiseworthy exhibitions of the afternoon was made by Ray Miller, the Notre Dame runner in the mile run, when the youngster pitted himself against the trio of experienced C. A. A. milers solely to uphold the good name of his team. With no prospect of winning and with little preliminary practice, Miller gave an exhibition of gameness that speaks well for his loyalty to the Gold and Blue.

The relay provided the usual thriller as a windup for the afternoon's events, although the Chicago Athletic Association continued its registration of victories in the sprint. Pritchard, Birder, Henihan, and Plant composed the Notre Dame team, which finished but a few yards behind the victors.

The indoor season will be brought to a formal close at St. Louis this evening when the relay team will compete with the Chicago Athletic Association quartet in a special race at the Missouri Athletic Club carnival. Other features of the meeting will be a two-mile relay race between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell teams, an invitation 50-yard dash, in which Wasson will compete with Lippencott of Pennsylvania, Reller and Cornett of Cornell, Belote and Ward of the Chicago Athletic Association, and McCawley and Smith of the Missouri Athletic Club. Plant will also compete in a special 440-yard run against Meredith of Pennsylvania, Lindberg of the C. A. A., possibly Davenport, the former University of Chicago star, and a Cornell runner. Summary:

40-yard dash—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame, Belote, C. A. A., second; Newning, Notre Dame; third. Time, 0:04 3-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Pritchard, Notre Dame; Shaw, C. A. A., second; Metzger, Notre Dame, third. Time, :05 3-5.

880-yard run—Won by Patterson, C. A. A.; Plant, Notre Dame, second; Irons, C. A. A., third. Time, 1:41 (five laps.).

Two mile-run—Won by Wikoff, C. A. A.; Gibson,

Notre Dame, second. Time, 9:50.

Pole vault—Won by Rockne, Notre Dame. (C. A. A. forfeited.)

440-yard run—Won by Henihan, Notre Dame; Sauer, C. A. A., second; Birder, Notre Dame, third. Time, :53 2-5.

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

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

220-yard dash—Won by Bensberg, Notre Dame; Sauer, C. A. A., second; Wasson, Notre Dame, third. Time, :25 3-5.

Mile run—Won by Patterson, C. A. A.; Nye, C. A. A., second; Wikoff, C. A. A., third. Time, 4:42.

High jump—McLain, C. A. A., Loomis, C. A. A., Sears, C. A. A., and Degenhardt, C. A. A., tied for first. Height, 5 feet 8 inches.

Relay race—Won by Chicago Athletic Association. (Belote, Ward, Blair, Lindberg); Notre Dame, second, (Pritchard, Birder, Henihan, Plant) Time, 3:34.

SORIN, 19; ST. JOSEPH'S (RENSSELAER), 48.

The Sorin hall basketball team travelled to Rensselaer last Thursday where they engaged the St. Joseph college team in positively the last game of the season. The game was a good one even though the Sorinites got the worst of it. The final score of 48 to 19 does not begin to tell the story. There was, of course, the inevitable wooden floor of diminutive size. While the warriors of Sorin were getting used to these conditions and caging 3 points for practice, their opponents got away with 28 tallies in this part of the game. By the end of the second half our men—who had taken 16 points to their opponents' 20—had pretty near enough practice and were ready to play—but the game was over.

WALSH, 67; ST. JOSEPH, 37.

The meet between St. Joseph and Walsh last Thursday afternoon was a decided victory for Walsh. It was held as a preliminary to the championship meet on St. Patrick's day, all men winning places, qualifying for the big meet. Walsh qualified fifteen men—Brown, Gendron, Joyce, Harvat, Bacigalupo, Monroe, Wright, Mills, Canty, Robison, Wendland, MacDonald, Baujan, Hubble, and Matthew. St. Joseph placed six men—Stack, Redden, Bartholomew, Malkowski, Traynor, and Kelley.

Some good marks were made, particularly 39 ft. 6 in. in the shot put by Traynor, and 5 ft. 1 in. in the high jump by Mills. Bacigalupo ran well in the distance, taking the mile in 5 min. 4-5 seconds, and the half mile in 2:16.