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Kidnappers.

ON tip-toes come the sunbeams bright
Swift stealing down the day,
They kiss the little snowflakes white,
And carry them away. R. T.

The Military Policy of the United States.

CAPTAIN R. R. STOGSDALL.



WHEN General Emery Upton's notes on the above subject were first published in the early eighties, many officers observed that the title was something of a misnomer, for the reason that the United States had never had any military policy. On the assumption that a government policy of any sort included intelligent direction looking to the public benefit, this observation is well founded.

So long as there is a possibility of war a military policy is essential. Many well-meaning people today contend that there no longer exists a necessity for war, and it is indeed true that advances have been made in the matter of bringing about international understanding and accord. It is hardly likely, however, that nations, any more than the individual units that compose them, will ever reach the degree of perfection required for such a state of existence. The actual accomplishment in the matter of universal peace is well set forth in the following extract from the *Chicago Tribune*: "Since the first Hague conference, thirteen years ago, held at a time when Great Britain was engaged in South Africa and fearful of German attack, and the United States was operating vigorously to suppress the insurrection in the Philippines, these conflicts have taken place:

Blockade of Venezuela by Great Britain, Germany and Italy, which forced the United States to mobilize its fleet under command of Admiral Dewey, in the Carribean Sea;

War between Russia and Japan;

Diplomatic strife between Great Britain and Germany which did not lead to war because of the determined opposition of President Roosevelt;

Interneccine strife in Persia, which almost precipitated trouble between Great Britain and Russia;

Revolution in China, which gravely affected the peace of the entire world;

War between Italy and Turkey, whereby the latter was despoiled of Tripoli;

War between Turkey and the Balkan States, the spread of which to all Europe was prevented only with the greatest difficulty;

Revolution in Mexico and the prevention of European intervention which would have led to war, because of the preparedness of the United States."

It seems reasonable to assume that if a nation wishes to retain its independence and if it wishes to retain the spirit of its citizens, some degree of military protection is necessary. One nation, China, has conscientiously pursued the policy of peace and as a result has been the prey of all the nations for many years. Without the military power to suppress internal uprisings, she has been humiliated by having her capital city occupied by the allied powers. Her people, as intelligent as the Japanese, have become docile and subservient to a degree.

As a nation we have been engaged in wars and in the outcome we were successful in all. Success is the end desired and it gives a sense of security that tends to close our eyes to the enormous cost of blood and treasure—out of all proportion to the necessities of the case.

It has always been the policy of this country

to maintain a very small standing army, and until recently the matter of providing in times of peace a suitable accumulation of war stores to meet the emergencies of war had scarcely been given a thought. It has been our policy to depend upon citizen soldiery, called together and placed in military organizations after war has begun or is imminent and for extremely short periods of enlistment, so that before training can make them effective their terms of enlistment have expired. Political leaders have assumed that some knowledge of the science and art of war was hardly an essential qualification of a general, and have not hesitated to appropriate to themselves high posts of command in our volunteer armies. No political adventurer has had the temerity to risk the command of ships of war so that the real work of the navy has been in the hands of officers trained for their duties.

Our military policy began with the war of the Revolution—the nation's beginning. Mistakes in policy at that time were to be expected.

When Washington assumed command at Cambridge in July, 1775, the force investing Boston numbered 17,000, the terms of service of all expiring before the end of the year. The Continental Congress recognized the necessity of a force which should owe allegiance to the United States exclusively, and at once authorized the raising of ten companies of riflemen in Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland. Believing in early peace, the term of service was fixed at one year. This was the beginning of the Continental Army which was the main instrument in finally achieving our independence. Otherwise our dependence was placed on militia and volunteers of short periods of enlistment, whose terms of service expired before they became effective soldiers. The system of bounties had its beginning here.

The following extracts from the letters of Washington should prove illuminating: "The jealousy of a standing army, and the evils to be apprehended from one, are remote, and, in my judgment, situated and circumstanced as we are, are not at all to be dreaded; but the consequences of wanting one, according to my ideas formed from the present view of things, is certain and inevitable ruin. For if I were called upon to declare upon oath whether the militia had been most serviceable or hurtful, upon the whole I should subscribe to the latter.

"It is needless to add that short enlistments

and a mistaken dependence upon militia have been the origin of all our misfortunes and the great accumulation of our debt.... Can anything (the exigency of the case indeed may justify it) be more destructive to the recruiting service than giving \$10.00 bounty for six weeks' service to the militia who come in, you can not tell how, go, you can not tell when, and act, you can not tell where, consume your provisions, exhaust your stores, and leave you at last at a critical moment?

"The enormous bounties given by the states, towns, and by individuals to men, for very short services, are the source of the present discontents and of a thousand evils among our soldiers. They induce the soldier who has undergone a long service, and who engaged for the war in the first instance, on a very moderate bounty, to reason upon his situation and to draw a comparison between what he receives and the great emoluments others get, and from this comparison and these considerations, I am convinced, most of our desertions proceed, especially when the men do not go to the enemy.....

"Had we formed a permanent army in the beginning, which by the continuance of the same men in service, had been capable of discipline, we should never have had to retreat with a handful of men across the Delaware in 1776, trembling for the fate of America, which nothing but the infatuation of the enemy could have saved; we should not have remained all the succeeding winters at their mercy, with sometimes scarcely a sufficient body of men to mount the ordinary guards.

"In an army so unstable as ours, order and economy have been impracticable. No person who has been a close observer of our affairs can doubt that our currency has depreciated without comparison more rapidly from the short enlistments than it would have done otherwise.

"There is every reason to believe that the war has been protracted on this account. Our opposition being less, the successes of the enemy have been greater. The fluctuation of the army kept alive their hopes, and at every period of the dissolution of a considerable part of it they have flattered themselves with some decisive advantages. Had we kept a permanent army on foot, the enemy could have had nothing to hope for, and would, in all probability, have listened to terms long since."

During the War of the Revolution almost

400,000 men were called to the colors. The greatest number for any one year was almost 90,000. At no time during the war did the British have a force of more than 40,000.

Our strength was frittered away by the policy of short terms of enlistment. Continuously men leaving the service,—others coming into it—our forces largely composed of new men without training or discipline that is the direct product of training and experience.

Notwithstanding that valuable lessons should have been learned from this long war as well as from the sage observations of Washington, the peace establishment organized by Congress under our new constitution consisted of but 1216 non-commissioned officers and men. However, all free, able-bodied citizens between the ages of 18 and 45 were ordered to be enrolled in the militia of the various states under certain definite regulations. Each man was required to provide his own firearms and certain other ordnance stores. No provision was made for training of any sort, the theory being, apparently at that time as it has been most of the time since, that you have but to put a uniform on a man's back and a gun in his hand, and presto! he is a soldier. Such, then, was to be the military strength of the nation, and this the favorite theme of orators who preached patriotism and proclaimed proudly that we could "lick anybody."

Apprehending war with France, in 1798, the government authorized the raising of a force of 10,000 men for a service period of three years, and appointed Washington Commander-in-Chief. There was no war, and it is no doubt true that this wise measure of preparation was a contributing reason.

Six months before the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812, Congress authorized the raising of the strength of our regular army from about 6,000 to 35,000 men. These regiments existed on paper, but not in reality. So it came about that we entered upon a second war with the mother country depending upon militia and short-term service volunteers.

The situation was somewhat complicated by the refusal of certain New England states to furnish their quota. The war lasted more than two years and except for the brilliant exploits of the navy would have been a national disaster. So far as the land forces were concerned we were humiliated almost continually. Major Grogan's defense of Ft. Meigs, Harrison's

victory at the Thames and the drawn battle of Lundy's Lane in 1814 were creditable. During the year 1814 a force of about 3,000 British troops landed from their ships in the Chesapeake and directed their march toward the national capital—Washington. An American force of 5401, "suddenly assembled without organization, military knowledge or discipline," was drawn up in order of battle on August 24, at Bladensburg, where, in the presence of the President of the United States and his cabinet, it was attacked by the British force already mentioned and routed with a loss of eight killed and eleven wounded!

At eight o'clock in the evening of the day of the battle of Bladensburg, the enemy marched unmolested into Washington and proceeded to fire the public buildings. The following evening the British withdrew and without opposition returned to their shipping four days later.

And our school histories are so written that our youth gather the impression that this war was for us a succession of glorious victories. Why not tell the truth? The weakness lies in the system. The system lies in our statesmen and in our misguided public opinion.

The victory at New Orleans was gained after the conclusion of terms of peace. General Upton says: "In the first war—the Revolution—notwithstanding the steady decline of our military strength, two British armies of more than 6000 men each, were made captive; in the other—1812—less than 5000 men, for the period of two years brought war and devastation into our territory, and successfully withstood the misapplied power of 7,000,000 of people."

The war with Mexico was begun by General Taylor who was in command of a force of regulars about 3000 strong, four-fifths of the officers of which were graduates of the Military Academy or had seen service in the Florida war. This little army had been assembled at Corpus Christi six months before the opening of hostilities and assiduously trained. The war was fought by regulars and volunteers at long distance from the seat of government at Washington, and was an unbroken series of brilliant victories.

A writer with General Taylor states: "Never was the value of disciplined men more triumphantly demonstrated than on these glorious occasions; and since we have learned that General Taylor compels the volunteers with

him to receive six hours' drilling per day and relieves them of all other duties to make soldiers of them, we venture to predict that they, too, when they meet the enemy, will add to the reputation of our arms. 'Rough and Ready' will first make soldiers of them, then win victories with them."

As to the benefits of training, General Winfield Scott left his views with the United States Senate as follows: "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas, in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

At the beginning of our Civil War our military strength was composed of 198 companies of the lines—a total of 17,000 widely scattered over our national domain of more than 3,000,000 square miles.

On February 20th, 1861, the Confederate congress authorized their president to call as many volunteers as might be required for a period not exceeding one year. On March 6th, President Davis issued a call for 100,000 men to take the field.

On the fifteenth of April President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for 75,000 militia for a period of three months, and popular opinion was wellnigh unanimous that the conflict, if indeed there should be one, would not last longer than three months. On the other hand, the Southern people conceded that the war might last one year.

At the time President Lincoln issued his call the Confederacy actually had 35,000 equipped men in the field. The epoch-making war was on, and in the beginning the opposing forces were about equally unskilled and undisciplined. The four years' course in the practical school of warfare produced veterans who have had no superiors, and it produced generals of the same type.

The following is an extract from "Bull Run, Its Strategy and Tactics," by Professor R. M. Johnston of Harvard University:

"Bull Run was a lamentable illustration of the awful calamities unavoidably attending nations that lack or neglect an army. Fortunately it was for us that our brother, not an enemy, smote us. Had President Lincoln at the out-

set known so much of military affairs and so little of public opinion as to demand not 75,000 three months' volunteers but 300,000 regulars, he would instantly have lost his hold on the country; and it is disheartening to reflect that no other politician could have acted very differently in his place. Some will answer that this is the price that this country has paid and will continue to pay willingly to escape from the burden of such military establishments as those under which European countries groan. It is really the price of ignorance—ignorance of our national needs, of what constitutes an efficient army, of what stability an army insures; ignorance of our record of inefficiency, disaster and disgrace; ignorance of the state of the world, of where it is moving, of how our interests are involved; ignorance of how we might suffer attack and how we might repel it. What we need above all is to get away from glittering generalities, from empty and ignorant sentimentalism, to become businesslike, to add up profit and loss, to estimate what the lack of an army cost us in 1861, to take enough pains to investigate the facts that surround us at the present time."

At the beginning of the war with Spain in 1898, our mobile army consisted of 25 regiments of infantry, of eight companies each, ten regiments of cavalry of ten troops each, and twelve batteries of field artillery, and was stationed in various and remote parts of the country. Before the declaration of war orders were given for the mobilization of practically the entire army and a number of regiments of the organized militia were mustered into the national service. The principal action of this short war was the campaign against Santiago de Cuba. The expedition, composed mainly of regular troops, landed near its objective on June 21st, and the city as well as all Spanish troops in the province formally surrendered on July 17th.

Mixed forces of regulars and volunteers took possession of the island of Porto Rico and the city of Manila.

For service in quelling the insurrection in the Philippines more than twenty regiments of volunteers were raised. These troops were officered in part from the regular army and were drilled and to some extent disciplined before being sent to the Philippines. They, in conjunction with the regular troops, performed fine service.

Since the war with Spain we have become what is known as a world power. We occupy the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, the Canal Zone and Porto Rico, and have troops in Alaska. Our mobile army consists of thirty regiments of infantry, ten of cavalry, six of field artillery, three battalions of engineers and a few companies of signal corps.

While our military establishment today is by no means what it should be, great progress has been made. A general staff has been organized, first class service schools for commissioned officers of the various arms exist, the general government extends generous aid to the organized militia of the various states—which in many states is remarkably efficient from the standpoints of drill and discipline. And, very recently, there has been wisely enacted a law which provides for raising and officering volunteers in time of national stress.

Is there to be no more war? A British official said he would believe so when New York City dismissed its police force and Mr. Andrew Carnegie habitually left his safe door open. This is expressive if somewhat jocular.

There is one newspaper in the United States—the *Chicago Tribune*—which has analyzed the facts of our military history and which has an intelligent comprehension of our military needs. Furthermore, it has the courage to seek the light and turn it on in order that the general public may have correct information on a subject little understood. This is not choosing the line of least resistance, but rather shows a patriotic intention to cleave through ignorance to a sound military policy for the nation.

Somewhere between the ground occupied by extreme militarists—of whom there are few in our service—and that occupied by extreme pacifists—of whom there are too many in our country—there lies a middle ground upon which might be built a safe and sane military policy.

Such, for instance, as would call for a permanent establishment of six full divisions (54 regiments) of infantry, plus the proper complement of auxiliary arms and aviation corps. Such an establishment would probably insure us against war and would serve as a national university for the propagation of a sound discipline.

CALMNESS in the thoughts indicates the strength of the intellect.—*Maurice de Guérin*.

Varsity Verse.

I SHOULD SAY NOT.

Just because he cut his 'nitals in the new piano legs,
Just because he drove the old hen off her setting of
duck eggs,
Just because he poured some coal-oil in his uncle's
meerschau pipe,
Just because his daddy caught him whiffin' at a
stolen "snipe,"
Just because he used his sling-shot on the cuckoo in
the clock,
Just because he cut a wire and poor Bridget got a shock,
Just because he slipped a garter snake into Aunt
Martha's bed,
Just because he bounced a pebble off the coal-man's
smudgy head,
Just because he played some hookey when the circus
came to town,
Just because he gave a wallop to that sissy, Freddie
Brown,
Just because he slung some burdock into Bettie's
curly hair,
Just because he stretched some rope across the dark
place on the stair,
Just because he stood his brother in a barrel on his
head,
Just because he dug a sub-way in the front-yard
pansy bed,
Just because he went away and left the upstairs
water run,
Just because he put a thumb-tack where he'd see
a bit of fun,
Just because he broke a fresh egg in the minister's
silk hat,
Just because he hid beneath the couch where sister's
fellow sat,
Are these sufficient reasons why his father in great glee
Should take him in the woodshed and commence
activity?

H. V. L.

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

There was a young fellow named Barry,
Too long in South Bend did he tarry,
Nobody sought him,
But Father F. caught him,
And he sure did give him—Old Harry.

C. B. J.

HOME AIR!

My Homer, 'tis of thee,
Author of Odyssey,
Of thee I cry.
I hate thy shocks and thrills.
Thy verbs with all their frills,
My head with Greek roots fills
Brainstorm is nigh!

F. F.

Under Tropic Skies.

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

Twilight in the tropics and all about the sea. Blackness in the underbrush, dim outlines of giant palms silhouetted against the velvet sky, fronds gently rustling. The Milky Way, great, wondrous, strange stars, the glory of the Southern Cross. Schooner in the offing, the soft wash of waves on a pebbled beach, phosphorescent water. Fireflies glinting through the dark, droning symphony of night insects, and, behind the house, a sob broken-hearted through the starlight—probably a pigeon, though it might have been a woman. The tiny Isle of Everlasting Quarantine, and sadness.

"She was going, Charlotte was going, beautiful Charlotte." Benton sat on the porch and brooded over it. The tiny schooner would take her away. And after she was gone, the emptiness of it! For soon there would be a grave to dig and then loneliness, utter loneliness, six months or a year or maybe two years of it, until the government boat came by to take him from the island-sepulchre.

But in two years—his heart was lead within him—in two years, where would Charlotte be! Her old world would have taken her back again and she would be lost to him, that old world of which he knew so little and she so much,—New York and the theatres, Paris with its gay demimonde, the Riviera, Venice by night and the opera on the water, Monaco where the Casino maelstrom whirled, wine, and Charlotte with a cordon of men around her, men different from himself, men for whom life has but few surprises remaining, who within a short space fulfil a long time and then vanish he knew not where. And women, too—oh, Charlotte would be gone! And he wanted her, with all his soul and heart he wanted her! To have her with him, always by his side, thinking only of her and she of him—she must think always of him—to travel the world and drink deep but not too deep of its delights, to forget the tiny, former cycle of his own life in the greater circle of hers,—so winged him his vagrant fancies.

A halting footstep, sounding from the rear of the tiny house recalled him to the present. His conscience quickened within him. He could not leave Barbara, he repeated to himself,

his lips framing stout denial to insistent thought, "Not Barbara who had given up all to be with him on the hated isle, Barbara whom the romantic had lauded and the practical called a fool." How bright with her presence she had made those first dark days when, brooding over his affliction, deep despair had enveloped him! How sympathetic she had been, how cheerful in his despondency, how brave! And even when the dry white spot,—forerunner, so the doctors had said, of inevitable death—had appeared in the palm of her hand proclaiming her as one with himself, she had only laughed gaily. "It only serves to bind us the closer," she had said. But now, her face disfigured, her body racked to hideousness by dread disease, yet with a heart still brave and lips uncomplaining, he was the one to falter.

Then into their little kingdom of two, and as one with them, had come Charlotte, to rob him of his senses and destroy his loyalty. She had made him hers. For a time his better nature had rebelled, but out there 'east of Suez where the Ten Commandments lose their efficacy' in the lazy languor of the air, he had followed along the lines of least resistance.

And one day, on the hilltop, he had found a sea of poppy-like flowers, flowers whose juice, producing nausea in Barbara slowly and by unnoted stages, had wrought the miracle in Charlotte and himself. It had filled their minds with strange, beautiful, fanciful dreams, dreams like the Orientals are swayed by, mind pictures of mingling color, and wondrous figures like unto the Arab's visions of Paradise,—and in the juice was the potent antitoxin.

Too late to save Barbara had come their knowledge, so under the powerful magic of the flower, he and Charlotte had grown well together, while in Barbara each day had made more evident the creeping, dry white, until at last her face and hair had become colorless as lime, her skin scaly, and her body hideous, deformed. So, with the leprous advances—he couldn't help it—pity alone remained of what had once been love, and more and more Charlotte's influence had increased, until at last, in the passing time, gradually and misty as the images of a dream too beautiful ever to be forgotten, too faint to be vividly remembered they had lived out the uncalendared hours on the Isle of Everlasting Quarantine and under the soft, seductive spell of it, she had said to

him "come" and he came, "go" and he went.

But now she was leaving, beautiful Charlotte was leaving. The tiny schooner would take her away and how empty would the little world become! For after the grave was dug there would be nothing for him but loneliness, utter loneliness. She would again enter into that strange world from which she had come, make of her life-stream a rushing torrent, and he would hear of her no more. If he could only be always with her, he made himself believe she would always care for him. "And why should he not be always with her?" he asked himself. Already by his affliction he had lost too much of the happiness due him. Barbara would soon die anyway. And she had willingly come with him into his exile, he reasoned. He had not asked her. He had even sought to dissuade her. Her coming was a sort of happiness to her. Why must he, for that, give up these best years of his life to a mistaken sense of gratitude? Why must he stay out a miserable time here when joy was stretching forth eager arms to him? Gradually his mind, piling up thoughts of misfortunes suffered and pleasures missed, worked itself into a great crescendo of mad anger that flooded his whole being until, rising out of his chair with the very force of it, he shouted curses into the near stillness of the night, hurling fierce imprecations at the island, at himself, Barbara, and raising his fist in futile madness against the schooner that was to take Charlotte away, he subsided onto the porch where, burying his face in his arms, his whole body shook in a paroxysm of rage and despair.

Gradually, however, the storm of his passion wore away and he became calm. Thoughts of Barbara again coursed through his mind, memories of her gentleness, renunciation, patience, cheerfulness ever, her deliberate martyrdom for him, and, in the reversal of feeling, he shed tears of shame because he had even thought of leaving her to live out her last days alone.

Slowly a great peace came over him and rising from where he lay, he walked resolutely away down the avenue of trees that led to Charlotte's home. "Just good-bye, it will be," he firmly said. And as he walked, the giant palm trees rustled their fronds, the fireflies glinted through the gathered gloom, the night insects and ripples on the pebbled shore made their soft symphony, and from the dark behind the house came a faint, broken-hearted sob as

of a pigeon though it might have been a woman.

The house showed a light from every window. The door was thrown wide. He stepped onto the veranda and looked in. On the table lay a copy of De Maupassant face downward, marking a place to which she would never again refer. On the reed-plaited couch a bonnet was lying where she had carelessly thrown it and from beneath the couch, the tip of a slipper was protruding. The window curtains were loosely draped over the back of a chair and on the opposite side of the room, the blooms of the potted plant were swaying gently with the motion of the humid air. Everything was redolent of her. Nothing had been changed or removed. It was as if she had no thought of leaving.

Benton sat down in the wide wicker chair facing the sea. The occasional clink of a chain, the rasp of a hawser, or the mate's clear-cut commands coming distinctly across the stretch of intervening water, fell on unhearing ears. His eyes were seeing only the blank of his future life and his ears hearing nothing but the murmurings of his own heart urging him to take his happiness while he could. There is something about a tropic night that makes the happy happier but deepens the sadness of the melancholy.

From the doorway a faint perfume blew out and she was sitting by him. His pulses quickened at her low-voiced greeting, the dulcet throatiness of it stirring him as never before. His mind was storing up the tones in its treasury of golden recollections. The barred lamplight streaming from the window made tiny shadows in the lustrous dark of her hair, and her dress, a billowy softness of pale yellow, newcome on the schooner—combined with the lamplight to tint her throat the shade of old ivory. And she looked straight toward the sea, unspeaking.

Queer how he was wasting the precious moments in silence. His heart was throbbing like a turbine. "She was not a girl," he was thinking, "but a being, warm and human, in all the beautiful fullness of mature womanhood." He loved her and she was going. The urging of his heart was growing more insistent and he could scarcely still it. His lips repeated silently, "I can not go, I can not go," though his mind was not cognizant of it. Yet neither spoke.

"The boat sails at midnight," she said at last. Her voice was low, but Benton was very

near. He could feel her hand tremble where it rested on his own. His face was just beside hers and a wisp of hair rested against his cheek. He did not know how it came about, in the bewilderment of his emotions. His lips had ceased to iterate the phrases to which he had schooled them. He only knew that he was holding her hand and pouring into her willing ears incoherent words of his love and desire for her. And as he sat there on the porch with the barred lamplight streaming over them, from the dark behind the house a sob sounded, broken-hearted, as of a pigeon though it might have been a woman.

And the dory that, with the turn of the tide, pulled away from the Isle of Everlasting Quarantine bore in it two others besides the crew.

The anchor was weighed, the sails were slowly filling, the swish of water against the bow began its low musical monotone; the tiny schooner was moving away. Benton stood alone by the rail, his face turned toward the Isle of Everlasting Quarantine. And as he looked dimly through the starlight—was it a trick of his mind?—dimly through the starlight he saw the figure of a woman kneeling on the shore, arms outstretched toward heaven and the sea. The figure seemed to crumple as he gazed and fall in a heap on the sand. And as the ship veered out straight toward the deep, down the furrowed, phosphorescent wake a sob sounded faintly, broken-heartedly, as of a pigeon, though it might have been a woman.

Benton turned and went inside the cabin, for inside was Charlotte, beautiful Charlotte, whom he would have always by his side and who, he made himself believe, would always love him.

The Hillsbury Case.

JOHN R. DUNDON, '14.

The telephone rang sharply. Police Chief McLaughlin, whose head had been nodding dangerously, awoke with a start and grabbed the receiver.

"Hello, hello!" he yelled.

"Night watchman at Hillsbury's? What's the trouble?"

"Wont one man be enough?"

"All right," he said, hanging up. "Say, Tommy, tell Officers Olson and Myers to report here." The assistant departed, returning promptly with two herculean recruits. Olson, yellow-haired, blue-eyed and ruddy of skin, possessed the splendid physique of his Viking ancestors. Myers was no less worthy a representative of that equally hardy race, the Saxons, who alone were able to withstand the strength of Caesar. The two men were comparatively inexperienced, so the chief chose them only for easy cases.

"Boys," directed their leader, "the night watchman at Hillsbury's Chemical Works on Grand Avenue wants two men to help him throw out a bum that's been inside the yards for half an hour. The watchman tried to catch him but it is too dark to follow him. Here's a chance for you to make good."

"All right, I tink we get heem pirty quick," stoutly affirmed Officer Olson.

"Better get a move on," ordered the chief. The two men speedily buckled on their sticks and left. As the door closed behind the stalwart pair the chief turned to his assistant.

"They're both as big as horses, Sweeney," he said approvingly, "but I think a hundred and fifty pound Irishman could lick the pair o' them."

The two giants arrived shortly at the chemical plant. The sky was so thickly clouded that not a star could be seen. Hillsbury's is a small plant. It is inclosed in a twenty-foot wall to protect neighboring property in case of fire. There is but one entrance. The structures within consist of a warehouse, four distilleries and two storage tanks. At the time one of the tanks was not completed, and the fact that non-union men were employed to build it necessitated increased vigilance on the part of the watchman, for the steel workers' union had grown quite violent in their methods. Having heard a man in the yard, the night watchman had called up the police station, with what results is already known.

Olson and Myers stood near the entrance to the plant, deliberating on their method of approach.

"I vonder where is dat vatchman," said Myers.

"Aye don' know," replied Olson, thoughtfully producing his master key. After deliberation he added, "It's yust the same if we don' find heem yet." Olson turned the lock

and silently shoved open the huge gate. The two men entered stealthily.

"I tell you, you go on de right und I go mit de left," whispered Myers, "den ve vill catch him between us."

"All right," agreed his companion closing the gate. As they separated Olson began to regret that he had consented to Myers' plan. Darkness is a powerful stimulant to the imagination. The big man felt his hair rise on end. His mind drew exaggerated pictures of the prowess of the object of his search. Like a soldier in his first battle, he was nearly insane with fear. Olson, however, was more afraid of the derision of his chief than he was of the trespasser in Hillsbury's plant. So cautiously advancing along the south wall, he watched for the intruder's light between the tanks and distilleries. He did not want to flash his own light, for that would betray his position. So he continued to feel his way along the wall. Like a shot from a cannon, he heard a footfall just a few steps from him.

To whistle for Myers would forewarn the trespasser, so Olson crouched low in his tracks, prepared to spring on the malefactor. That unwary individual took two more steps. With leonine agility, Olson was upon him only to receive a blow on the pate which would have killed anyone else. His Viking blood was up. With a savage yell he directed a blow at the other's chin and missed. His inertia carried himself and his opponent to the ground. Gloriously indifferent to the "code" they bit, scratched, pinched and tore each other. Olson was no longer working for a salary, he was working to save his life. Myers would soon come to the rescue, but in the meantime the ferocious captive might have his captor's eyes torn out. Accordingly, Olson sought his antagonist's throat, but his hand unfortunately found the mouth. Before he could withdraw it a powerful jaw severed his little finger. With a scream of pain the big policeman quickly retaliated, removing three-quarters of his charge's ear.

If Myers was within five blocks of the chemical works, he would have heard the yell of the man as he parted with his ear. Myers did hear it, but he was quite as busy as Olson. The huge German with "billy" upraised had skirted the yards close to the north wall. While rounding the northeast corner he was attacked without warning. He managed to land one blow with his club, but his assailant

downed him the next second and was now trying to annihilate him.

The watchman, sitting in the warehouse was startled by the yells from the yard. He rushed out with a lantern. The arrival of the light at the scene of the conflict concluded the struggle. Two dumfounded officers of the law picked themselves out of the mud and stared into each others' bleeding faces. Entirely ignoring the man with the lantern the antagonists gazed at each other as though doubting the testimony of their eyes. Finally recovering his breath one of them spoke:

"Olson, you bit my ear off," he sadly informed the other.

"Vell, den, Myers, you bit my finger off," was the reply.

And they went to it again.

"Fickleness, Thy Name is Woman."

M. E. WALTER.

"O George, how could you? Here it is eleven o'clock and you promised to be home at seven so that you could go to that reception at Mrs. Vanderwerth's. Never mind starting that old story about office work keeping you. I have heard that enough in the few months that we have been married. Why did I ever leave mother? She told me how it would be, but I believed your talk of love and now I see that she was right. Here I have been working with all my might to get a place in society so that you would be helped in your business, and this is the gratitude I get. Make me break the most important engagement I have had for months. You know that an invitation to Mrs. Vanderwerth's means recognition in society, and now we will be enemies for life. I wont stand it for a minute. I am going home to mother. You have broken my heart. You who promised me so much before we married. O George, how could you be so cruel! What? Nominated for Governor? Then I will be the governor's wife, O you dear. I just knew you had something wonderful to tell me. Wont Mrs. Vanderwerth be perfectly frantic when she hears it. Why I will be the leader of society now. I was just joking all the time; didn't you know it? Why, George, you surely could not imagine that I was serious in what I said. I am going to phone to mother right away and tell her the wonderful news."

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—Capt. R. R. Stogsdall's very interesting treatment of the "Military Policy of the United States," in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC, will be read with unusual

Our Military Policy. interest, because of the nature of the subject and the thorough conversance of the author with the theme discussed. Our military policy, or rather our former lack of same, has furnished much material for journalistic and congressional dispute and controversy, and in view of the present developments along these lines, Capt. Stogsdall's article is at once instructive, illuminating and timely. This particular phase of government activity, more accentuated, among European powers, than in America, will recommend itself to every seeker after general knowledge, as one with which every well informed person should be acquainted.

Our experiences in former conflicts are within the domain of national history, and the expenditures and departments necessitated by our organization for practical offensive and defensive operations, bring it also within the sphere of practical civics. Capt. Stogsdall's long and distinguished service is ample assurance that his article is carefully treated and authoritative.

—The death of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia is a heavy loss both to America's science and literature. Universally recognized as one of the foremost **S. Weir Mitchell.** nerve-specialists of his time, Doctor Mitchell achieved also a lofty position as an author.

In fact, it were difficult to find a more striking similarity than that existing between him and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Both were eminent in medicine and art, and it is probably only the comparative complexity of present-day life which disparages the former. In their literary work, however, there is great room for contrast.

Dr. Holmes was primarily a humorist, and the "Autocrat" and several poems will sustain his reputation as such. His attempts at the novel, however, were unsuccessful, and only a few of his serious poems are sincerely emotional. Dr. Mitchell, on the other hand, was pre-eminently a novelist, of such sterling quality that many regard his "Hugh Wynne" as the very finest of American historical novels. As a poet, too, he was serious and there are those who, in poems of this kind, rank him above Holmes. Although there is no reason to believe that his fame can ever exceed that of the great New Englander, it is quite certain that we shall have to reckon with Dr. Mitchell in American literature.

—The rooting in the Gym this season, at the basketball games, has been full of spirit and gusto, and we would have nothing but congratulations for the

Rooting in the Gym. rooters were it not for some "small town stuff" that was exhibited at one of the games. It should be remembered that the referee is human like the rest of us, that he is liable to make mistakes, and that his calling of fouls on our Varsity may sometimes be unwarranted, but when all this is taken into consideration a fair-minded person will admit that the referee is in a better position to see fouls than anyone in the stands, and that his decision will in most cases come nearer the truth than that of the spectators. We agree to the selection of the referees that judge our contests, and whether we like them or not when they are in action should make little difference in our rooting. It's always the small-school boy, or the bad loser, who knows better than the referee. The true sportsman is broad enough to allow for little mistakes and swallows the pill like a man; but the high-school boy with the funnel head hoots the referee. It can not be expected that we come out of every contest victorious, but it can be and is expected that we be real sportsmen in victory or defeat.

The Baihle Trio.

From the viewpoint of artistic merit, the Baihle Trio compare very favorably with any other concert company that has visited us this season. To the students of classical music, and the dilettante, their interpretations of Wagner, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, would have constituted a most pleasing entertainment. The attitude of their audience, however, failed to evidence any great appreciation of the ultra-classical, or even a quiet toleration of it. The ensemble numbers and the excellent cello selections by Franz Wagner, were alike detracted from by the incessant murmuring and shuffling of such of their auditors as preferred sotto-voice discourse to the charms of Non Troppo Allegro. The trio is composed of George Baihle, pianist; Gaston Baihle, violinist, and Franz Wagner, cellist. The Steinway Grand carried by the company, was a decided improvement over the local upright, a circumstance clearly apparent, despite the continual murmur of subdued conversation.

Kitchell and Glacier National Park.

The scenic wonders of Glacier National Park were depicted in motion pictures and beautifully colored slides by Mr. Kitchell last Monday afternoon in Washington hall. The views were superb, clear and well selected, the motion pictures of waterfalls and pack trains "Newmanesque" in perfection. Mr. Kitchell's remarks, however, were not so satisfactory. He is evidently a firm believer in the convictive efficiency of constant re-iteration. He rather overdid the drinking episode, particularly in light of what the film subsequently revealed; but his illustrations were very good, and sufficed to convey a clear idea of the nature and charms of Uncle Sam's latest-exploited wonder ground. A better sustained train of discourse would have conduced to more thorough satisfaction, but the short time allotted to him, probably impaired in some degree an otherwise pleasing lecture.

Personals.

—Rupert D. Donovan (LL. B. '08) of Chicago, was a visitor at Notre Dame during the past week. Mr. Donovan is a prominent attorney of Chicago with a large clientele.

—Mortimer O'Kane, student from '83 to '88, is at present connected with the New York Hippodrome and is doing well.

—It is a pleasure to note the marriage of C. Frank Reily, of Ashley, Pa., and Miss Catherine Barrett, which took place in Pittsburg, Pa., on January 15. Mr. Reily was a Brownsonite of '11-'12, and his old friends join with us in hearty congratulations.

—Mr. John C. Tully (C. E. '11) and Miss Anina Melcher were united in holy matrimony in Precious Blood Church, Chicago, January 19th. The bride is the charming and accomplished daughter of Dr. Samuel H. Melcher, a prominent Army physician during the Civil War. Mr. Tully is one of the best known of the modern men at Notre Dame and has always stood high in the admiration of Faculty and students. They will be at home after April 15th at 2327 Jackson Boulevard.

EXAMINATIONS

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30.

Classes taught at 8:15 and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 and 2:05 p. m. will be examined at 1:15 and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 7:00 p. m.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31.

Classes taught at 9:05 a. m. will be examined at 8:15 a. m.

Classes taught at 2:55 p. m. will be examined at 1:15 p. m.

Christian Doctrine classes will be examined Sunday, Feb. 1, 7:00 p. m.

Obituary.

MR. E. RYAN.

We note the recent sad death of Mr. Edward C. Ryan, of Chicago, father of E. C. Ryan, Jr. '17, of Corby Hall, to whom we extend our sincerest sympathy. The students of Corby attended mass of requiem for Mr. Ryan on January 12. R. I. P.

MR. CONBOY.

We regret to announce the death of the father of Mr. John Conboy who passed away at his home in Michigan City during the week. Mr. Conboy was a prominent citizen, universally respected for his public and domestic virtues. R. I. P.

MR. GEORGE A. WADE.

The death is announced of George A. Wade,

former student, who passed away in Chicago, January 17. Mr. Wade was twenty-eight years of age and at the time of his death was employed in the office of the County Treasurer. *R. I. P.*

MRS. JOHN KILEY.

Close to the death of her beloved son, Louis, comes the announcement of the passing of his mother, Mrs. John Kiley of Rochester, New York. The strain incident to the illness and death of her noble boy proved too much for Mrs. Kiley's failing strength. May she rest in peace!

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom and power to remove from this life the well beloved mother and brother of our esteemed classmate, Frank Kiley, and

WHEREAS, In testimony of our sincerest sympathy for the bereaved family, be it

RESOLVED, That we, his classmates, tender our deepest sympathy in this, his hour of sorrow, and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to his family and also that it be printed in the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC.

ROBERT L. ROACH, *President*

MARK L. DUNCAN, *Vice-Pres.*

CHARLES B. SHEEHAN, *Secretary*

JOSEPH M. PLISKA, *Treasurer.*

NICHOLAS A. GAMBOA.

It is our sad duty to announce the death of Mr. Nicholas A. Gamboa (C. E. '11) who died December 31st as a result of an automobile accident at his home in Cienfuegos, Cuba. Mr. Gamboa was just at the beginning of a career of unusual promise, and his early death is deplored by all who knew him. We tender to the afflicted family assurance of condolence and prayer. *R. I. P.*

Local News.

—Sorin hall has exceptionally well-trained material for a volunteer fire department.

—A Brownson hall bulletin reads: "Elements of Mechanical Drawing. In fine condition. For sale v. cheap."

—Seniors desirous of making places in the cast for the Senior play of Easter Monday are advised to see Prof. Koehler at once.

—For several days this week competition was rife between the unnamed body of water in front of the Post Office and St. Mary's Lake.

—Notre Dame will be represented in the First Regiment meet to be held in Chicago

February 6-7. The entrants will be announced later.

—Since the Varsity basketball schedule was published a game has been arranged with Wabash College to be played at Crawfordsville, January 27. Wabash will play here January 31.

—Corby hall's second basketball team played the Mishawaka high school's second team January 16. The game was played at Mishawaka and the Corbyites brought back a 20 to 12 victory.

—Capt-elect Julian of the 1914 Michigan Aggies football team, and star fullback on that aggregation, is slated for action in the Michigan Aggies-Notre Dame basketball game here this afternoon.

—NOTICE—There will be an important meeting of the Notre Dame Players Monday evening, January 26, at half past seven in Washington hall. The cast of "As You Like It" is included in the Players.

—The final interhall track meet will be held next Thursday afternoon and all those receiving a first or second place in the preliminary trials will take part Thursday; the last preliminary will take place this afternoon.

—The Knights of Columbus held a meeting in the council chamber, Walsh hall, last Tuesday night. Preparations were made for the giving of degrees in the early spring. A social meeting will be held next Tuesday night.

—According to Coach Harper there is no prospect for a Freshman basketball team since the gymnasium is in use practically all the time. It is to be regretted that such material as Cofall, Hanley, and others will not have a chance at the baskets for the honor of the Freshmen.

—Seniors and Juniors! Take advantage of the great opportunity to have your picture taken free of charge. It is the chance of a lifetime, and McDonald, the South Bend photographer, is ready to break his camera on any subject. All for the sake of the 1914 *Dome!* Do your *Dome* posing early.

—This winter has so far proved one of the mildest ever known, the average temperature being 30 degrees. Among the indications of continued mildness is the presence of the Red-headed Woodpecker, never seen here before during winter. The outlook for an ice-harvest on St. Joseph's Lake is somewhat disheartening.

—Last Sunday morning the Senior class held a meeting at which the dedication of the 1914 *Dome* was decided. The elective honor was conferred upon Colonel William Hoynes, LL. D., K. S. G., dean of the Law School of Notre Dame since 1883, and a man fully deserving the honor thus granted by the men of 1914.

—The heirs of the late Patrick O'Brien have contributed to Notre Dame and St. Mary's a fund of fifteen thousand dollars to be devoted to the granting of scholarships to students at these two colleges. The first two of the O'Brien scholarships have been awarded to Frank Mulcahy, Ph. B. '14, and Emiel Riedman, M. E. '14, both of Rochester New York.

—Father Cavanaugh will deliver the sermon at the annual Pan-American mass, which will be celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Washington, D. C., next Thanksgiving Day. Monsignor Russell is pastor of the church, and this important service is attended by President Wilson, prelates from the South-American countries, and many other prominent men.

—The debaters' tables in the library have already taken on the real business aspect. Two defeats out of twenty-three debates since 1899 is Notre Dame's remarkable record, and it all proves that the "plugging" spirit as manifested throughout those years is the productive agent of good material. Let us hope that this plugging spirit will live to a ripe old age!

—Students returning from their vacations report that the fame of our football team has spread from farthest Oregon and most remote Arizona to the deepest forests of Maine. "We don't see how you did it, but you certainly had the goods," is the universal testimony. We are anxiously awaiting the announcement of next year's schedule and are confident it will start the country talking about us again.

—The Sophomores got busy last Friday evening and held their first meeting since the election of officers. They are in the grip of the dance craze just now, and by appointing the class officers as a general committee, hope to set a date for the annual Sophomore Cotillion at a time when all collegiate men will have the most ready cash. A selfish motive when one considers the Junior and Senior dances, but much wisdom for second-year men.

—During the past week in a number of the halls of the University the Church Unity

Octave was observed. This octave of prayer originated seven years ago in an Episcopalian religious community at Graymoor, Garrison, New York. In November, 1909, this community was received corporately into the Catholic Church, and since then corporate receptions have occurred in different places, notably the Anglican Benedictines of Caldey Island.

—The Notre Dame Rifle Club held a meet last Monday with the Oregon Aggies. Notre Dame's score was as follows: E. Bott, 189; J. Robins, 186; F. Brower, 187; R. Sullivan 182; D. Pepin, 179; Total, 923. The report of the Aggies' shooting has not been received from Washington. In the recent meet between Notre Dame and Penn State the former scored 892, while the latter defaulted. With Illinois University the score was Illinois, 914; Notre Dame 899.

—Professor Koehler is of the opinion that there is much latent vaudeville material about the University. In fact, some of it came to light in the stunts which were recently given in Walsh hall at the entertainment for the football squad. The Varsity's dramatic element has had opportunity to display itself in public, but those who are specialists in a particular line have not been so fortunate. Every student or group of students having a stunt worth while (or even nearly so) should let Prof. Koehler know at once, and help Notre Dame give its first real Vaudeville program. Dust up those "clogs," get the rust off that Jews' harp, or add a few songs and jokes to your "line!"

—The members of the Holy Cross Literary Society were entertained with a very pleasing program last Sunday evening. An oration, "Ozanam, the Social Worker," by Mr. Frank Butler opened the program, followed by a cornet solo by Mr. Donald McGregor. Twenty lines of verse was read by Mr. Charles Flynn. An oration "Orestes Brownson, the Catholic apologist" by Mr. Michael Becker, an essay "Will John Boyle O'Reilly have a place in American literature" by Mr. Joseph Miner, a talk "Pointers that will aid us to appreciate music," by Mr. Maurice Norckauer followed. An essay "Has the Reading of Poetry Decreased and Why?" by Mr. Frank Luzny closed the program. The program was one which all members enjoyed and was both instructive and entertaining.

—The Brownson Literary Society convened Sunday evening for the discussion of present-day problems, such as the Tariff, Fortification of the Panama Canal, the Indian Question, Monetary Reform, and the like. A lively controversy developed over the Negro Question, which served to set at variance the members and dispel any reticence or backwardness in taking the floor, heretofore prevalent in the meetings of the Society. At the suggestion of Father Walsh, the society will subscribe for some magazines dealing with a review of public questions and current topics, such as the "Review of Reviews" which will aid the Society in keeping abreast of the times as regards the great public movements.

The debaters are working hard in preparation for their argument with Holy Cross, the last practice debate preliminary thereto being set for next Sunday night.

—At the monthly dinner of the South Bend Knife and Fork Club at the Oliver Hotel last Tuesday night, the honor guests were Coach J. C. Harper and the monogram football men of 1913. Mr. Harper, in a short speech, expressed his appreciation of the courtesy and hospitality tendered by the club, and thanked its members on behalf of the faculty, the team, and the student body of the University. Following his speech each member of the team was introduced. The club, whose members are among the most prominent business and professional men of South Bend, had as speakers for the evening Prof. John R. Allen of the University of Michigan; Mr. Albert J. Smith, humorist of Chicago; and Dr. Carolyn Geisel, who spoke on "Eugenics." "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained Angels unawares" was the quotation at the head of the banquet program. It is not for the athletes to say how applicable were the words, but they are certain that angels could not have been better treated.

—The Civil Engineering Society held their regular meeting on Wednesday evening, January 21. Though many of the underclass men were conspicuous by their absence, still the meeting was well attended and an attractive program rendered. Mr. Kane, in a paper entitled, "The Principle of Least Resistance," discussed this important principle mathematically and showed its relation to the solution of mechanical problems. Mr. Scott read a paper dealing with some of the engineering problems with

which he had come into contact while in the field. He drew conclusions from the data presented and showed some interesting comparisons between estimates on irrigation work. Mr. Hogan discussed the question which related to the velocity of sound, assisted by Mr. Yerns. The latter presented some startling discoveries on the properties and nature of ether, but failed to convince the society. A program was assigned for the next meeting and after a brief discussion of the papers by the Director, the motion to adjourn was carried.

Athletic Notes.

Varsity Downs Lake Forest.

In a game that was nip and tuck most of the time, the Gold and Blue showed the way to their opponents last Saturday, by a score of 33 to 15.

The contest was the roughest seen here this year, and this detracted somewhat from a really good exhibition of the game. The visitors were superior in weight and height to the locals, and displayed the same clever passwork that has made them the leaders of the Little Five. The shooting of the Illinois lads was not up to the same high standard, however, and they missed easy chances to raise their total.

The Varsity, although slow in getting started, made most of their tries count. The floor work of the home quint was not up to the same high grade that characterized the game against the Polish Seminary, but there were flashes at times, notably when the visitors led, that showed what could be done. Because of their opponents' sturdy defense, Harper's protégés were forced to take long shots in the first half, which kept the score down, but the invaders weakened in the second session permitting tosses within accurate range.

Mills started the scoring on a pretty shot from the side, and Nowers followed up with another. In a spurt, Lake Forest scored three baskets, but their lead was overcome immediately on two accurate shots by Mills and Nowers, the first from midfield. Again the visiting right forward tied things up with a long heave. On the next play, Cahill sneaked away from his guard to put Notre Dame ahead, and then added another point from the foul line. The half ended with a rush, Kenny contributing a difficult one-hand shot, and Capt. Cahill arching one in from the centre. Score, 18-8.

At the second half, the teams lined up as before, with the exception of Nowers who was replaced by Kelleher. Mills again started the ball rolling with a lengthy heave, and Kelleher signalized his entrance into the game with another. Cahill then counted two fouls, while the visitors were getting a field goal. Kenny got into the limelight a few moments later with a neat follow-up shot, immediately followed by another from the side. After the elongated centre of the visitors had tipped one into the basket, the Varsity added five counters in rapid succession, one on a foul, and baskets by Cahill and Mills. A foul on Notre Dame was converted into a point by Kruger, and then the locals went merrily on, Kelleher scoring again, making three for the fighting gentleman from the west coast in one half. Cahill came across with another foul, and then the visitors' left forward ended scoring for the day by a beautiful shot while on a dead run.

As usual, the work of no one man can be praised above the rest. Cahill, playing the floor, broke up a great deal of the enemy's passwork, and was besides the mainspring in the local team play. He also rang up five fouls. Mills played the game every minute, and led in the number of field goals with four to his credit. At guard, Kelleher played a whirlwind game, both on the offense and defense. The former Columbia star has been progressing wonderfully the past few weeks, and bids fair to make a permanent place. Kenny, Finegan, Nowers and Bergman all worked well in their positions:

Summary:

Notre Dame (33)		Lake Forest (15)
Capt. Cahill	R. F.	E. Kruger
Kenny, Bergman	L. F.	Ehlen
Mills	C.	Stokes
Nowers, Kelleher	R. G.	Gray
Finegan	L. G.	F. Kruger

Field goals—Mills (4), Kelleher (3), Kenny (3), Cahill (2), Nowers (2), E. Kruger (2), Stokes (2), F. Kruger (2), Goals from fouls—Cahill (5), E. Kruger (1). Time of halves, 20 minutes. Referee, Dean Barnhart, Indiana.

WINONA CANCELS.

Owing to the illness of two of their players, Winona cancelled the game scheduled for last Tuesday, leaving Coach Harper without a mid-week game. Corby volunteered to give the Varsity a tussle, however, and so the two teams clashed Wednesday afternoon, the verdict being 39 to 18. Considering the lack of practice the Corbyites played a very good game, Gus-

hurst starring with five baskets. Mills playing forward after the tip-off, scored ten baskets. This personage from the Jersey flats is attaining as dead a proficiency in the art of slinging 'em in as the famous mosquitoes from the same region. Kelleher played with the regulars, as did Fitzgerald, both Finegan and Kenny being given a well-deserved lay-off. The coach is taking no chances on having his men go stale for today's game with the M. A. C. We wish we could predict right now what the score will be, but we have a sneaking premonition that the Gold and Blue is going to let itself out to the limit to even up for the last defeat sustained on the Aggies' court last year. Here's hoping.

INTERHALL ATHLETICS.

Brownson drew first blood in interhall track when she succeeded in qualifying seven men in the first preliminary meet, which was held last Thursday. Corby ran a close second placing six men and taking some of the glory away from Brownson's victory by capturing seven firsts in eleven events. St. Joseph qualified one man, while Sorin and Walsh did not get in the running. Walsh did not have a man out. We hope that Father McNamara's men will not rest content with football honors and that we will see the Orange and Black represented in the next preliminary. Fast time by freshmen in the dashes and hurdles and the excellent running of Wagge, who appeared to have something in reserve all the time, only partially made up for the general disappointment at the failure of last year's stars to appear. Larkin, Dundon, Wright, Kinsella, Bergman, Mills and a dozen others who were expected to star, failed to appear. If these men turn out and qualify in the remaining preliminaries, we predict that the final meet will be one of the greatest interhall events ever pulled off at Notre Dame. The men who qualified last Thursday were:

40-yard dash—Van Thron, Corby, first; Hardy, Brownson, second; Time, 0:04 3-5.

Mile run—Wagge, Corby, first; Costello, Corby, second. Time, 5:08.

Low hurdles—Kirkland, Corby, first; Fritch, Brownson, second. Time, 0:05 1-5.

440-yard run—Hayden, Brownson, first; Van Thron, Corby, second. Time, 0:57 4-5.

High hurdles—Kirkland, only. Time, 0:05 3-5.

220-yard dash—Hardy, Brownson, first; O'Shea, Brownson, second. Time, :26.

High jump—Miller, Brownson, first; Yeager, Brownson, second; Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

880-yard run—Wagge, Corby, first; Bartholomew, St. Joseph, second. Time, 2:08.

Pole vault—Yeager and Brady Brownson, tied for first at 9 feet.

Broad jump—Bachman, Corby, first; Hayden, Brownson, second. Distance, 19 feet 7 inches.

Shot put—Bachman only. Distance, 39 feet 1-2 in.

The Interhall managers meet on Monday evening and drafted the 1914 basketball schedule. Five teams will be in the race and each team will meet every other team once, making a total of ten games.

The basketball schedule is as follows:

February 1—St. Joseph vs. Walsh,
February 5—Corby vs Brownson
February 8—Sorin vs. St. Joseph
February 12—Corby vs. Walsh
February 15—Brownson vs. Sorin
February 19—St. Joseph vs. Corby
February 22—Walsh vs. Sorin
February 26—Walsh vs. Brownson
March 1—St. Joseph vs. Brownson
March 5—Sorin vs. Corby.

Safety Valve.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Time table—Written by various railroad companies. Subject timely, well worth reading before vacation, but too ideal and not enough of truth used.

Text books—Professors urge classes to read them every day. Not of much value except before exams. Good books but too much time is required in reading them.

Bank book—We must confess we have never seen one, but it pertains to money, we believe. A rare book and not found in the library.

Orpheum Program—Author unknown. Jokes well worth reading while the show is going on, for although they were written before Adam was a baby they keep the mind off the stage. Its purpose is to give the audience French names for Jew and Swedish actors.

Pocket book—We have one of these, but can find nothing of value in it.

Rule book—For full particulars see Coach Harper. He has had more chances to read it than we have.

Note book—Written in class by a few and read before exams by many—not to say *in* exams. We have read many of them and personally pronounce them good, but we would hate to write one.

Book of Stamps—Written by the government, bought by the wealthy and used by everyone. Sometimes known as "Everybody's Magazine," especially when everybody can find one.

Recent investigation shows that there are more

well *red men* in Arizona than in any other state.

Or as Mr. Sholen would say "The safety razor in the *Scholastic* should be abolished."

Heard on the campus—"Where is Fr. Charlemagne Koehler's room?"

HANDED TO US FOR ORIGINAL STUFF.

Izzy begins to sniff upon entering Abe's store. Abe asks: "Ah, you smell it too, Izzy?"

"Yes, Abe." Sniffs again, "What is it?"

"O it's beesness, beesness is rotten."

Not bad, eh?

Party—That Kirkland is a wonder. He can talk to the fellows in the stand as he runs.

Repartee—That's nothing. Marty Meehan can take off most of his clothes while running, and what's more, he does it.

The lecture course for the winter is a complete disappointment since Prof. Banks does not appear.

Pete Yerns—If the Ingersoll Symphony Orchestra plays forty pieces, we'll be in Washington hall all night.

Does your son go to college?

Oh, yes, he's a sycamore this year.

It was Mr. Meyer who said days of grace were Sundays and Holydays of obligation.

THOUGHTS FOR THE HOMESICK.

155 days till June 17th.

21 days with high mass and vespers.

145 stew nights

Delinquent list.

Exams next week.

Lent.

Corduroys and Delana, now and forever, one and inseparable.

Cows may come and cows may go;

But bull goes on forever.

DAFFODILS.

If Harry Thaw has been in Matteawan, where has Durbin?

If the football team were marooned on a desert island, would they make Al King, and would Bill Cook?

If the man on the back of the wagon weighs ice, what does Conway?

We would spring a real live joke only we might short circuit the Valve.

Teacher—What is a metaphor?

Beckman—I don't know what it's for.

Fr. Quinlan announces there are only a few more whistling permits left for Sorin Hallers. Come early and avoid the hush.