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## United.

FAR out beyond the dimmest star  
Where eyes may never peer,  
The ones we cherish here on earth  
Are drifting year by year.

And back to us each day there comes,  
Though eyes may never see,  
A golden chain of prayer that joins  
Time to eternity.

J. S.

## The Need of Our Times.

WALTER CLEMENTS, '14.



FOR a statesman—a single one—who understands the living might inherent in a principle," said Coleridge, and he voiced the need of all ages. Generations pass away. Nations rise and fall. Civilizations grow, and then decaying are supplanted by new eras. Yet throughout the changes of time principles remain immutable the same as in the days before the pyramids, for principles are eternal! If there is one thing that every page of history affirms, it is this: It records the glory of peoples that were ruled by principle. It points with a warning finger to those dead nations, that forgot God and His laws and perished from the earth. For human greatness can endure only so long as men obey the laws indelibly written in the human heart.

That we of today are in the midst of new conditions, no one denies. We have entered a new era. But the necessary standards of conduct that were discarded with the old order have not been sufficiently applied to the new. Will Twentieth Century civilization continue to follow the 'easiest way' or will it abide by

the living might inherent in principles that were old when the world was young? Answer this question and you tell me whether or not present-day greatness with its marvellous scientific and industrial achievements can endure. True we are heirs to the intellectual wealth of the ages. We possess Christianity, which preserving the thoughts of the past and fostering knowledge has made modern science possible. But scientific discovery has given rise to a system of industrialism, so huge that it distinctly characterizes this period, so far-reaching in its effects that it threatens to crowd out of our life every other force, even Christianity.

As a result of mechanical invention the production of a bushel of wheat is now ten times easier than it was fifty years ago. Whitney's invention revolutionized the cotton industry. A new impetus was given to business. A multitude of factories now supply the complex requirements of the age. In order to avoid competition and to amass wealth business enterprises have been consolidated until this is called an age of corporate industry. It is an age of commercialism. Thoughts travel around the world on wings of electricity. Steam binds coast to coast and continent to continent. More magnificent than Rome in the reign of Caesar Augustus are our great cities. And yet it were folly to be so blinded by the glitter of the world about us that we lose sight of its weakness. Material progress has been too rapid as compared with moral advancement. Men live as though they had outgrown their old modes of thinking and standards of conduct. So busy are they keeping pace with so-called progress, that they do not take time to consider whither it is leading them. In their eagerness to know whether or not a thing will promote their immediate advantage they too often forget to ask themselves: "Is it right?" The spirit of the age is utilitarian. It is prone to sub-

stitute expediency for morality. In the words of Vice-President Marshall: "There is too much of a tendency for men to counsel with sharp lawyers as to what they can do and still keep out of jail." Widespread disregard for principles is the source of the disorders that threaten to bring ruin upon existing conditions. It is the cause of modern menaces social and economic.

It is the cause of industrial warfare in which capital oppresses labor and labor retaliates with the firebrand and dynamite, while the general public suffer. The curse of our trusts and unions is that their policy is shaped by might rather than right. Industrial organization is good, for "In union there is strength." But all the combinations under the sun can not take from the toiler his right to live nor give him license to demolish property and violate peace. Men were given social instincts that they might aid one another in working out a common destiny. But the fundamental principle of society is subverted, when organizations are formed for the purpose of self-aggrandizement injurious to the rights of other men. Just so long as trivial selfishness is capital's motive in seeking a maximum amount of labor at a minimum wage, huge corporations will continue to disregard the misery of the thousands that sacrifice their lives on the altar of Mammon. Just so long as business activity is controlled by mere material interest, class conflict will remain. There are common principles of justice and humanity, applicable to both classes now as in the time of the Mediaeval Guilds. Let both capital and labor respect these rights and they will be able to work together with efficiency and in peace. For between two rights there can be no conflict.

Do the men who have pushed railroads across the continents give due consideration to the ethical problems involved in their new work? Railroad directors have attempted to make mere bulwarks of excuse out of the civil law. They have been prone to ignore public rights, and to operate their system according to the dictates of the ticker and high finance. But in maintaining such a policy they leave their work incomplete and without an element of permanence.

The modern municipality is materially great because nearly all the brains and energy of the day are devoted to accumulating wealth. It is corrupt because too little thought has been given to the ethical problems involved in the

increasing complexity of society. Witness the unsatisfactory work of legislatures in city and state. The average business man will not take time to bother with making laws, unless they affect his private interest, and then he is ready to snap his fingers at principles of justice and humanity. That is why a great many of our civil laws breed disorder. They are mere generalizations of convenience as interpreted by the interest that happens to be in power.

Industrialism has invaded the home. Factories supply the modern family with prepared food and ready-made clothing, but in turn they take mothers from the cradle. Children as well as women are drawn into the sordid Maelstrom of commercial conflict. We hear talk of a minimum wage law as a remedy, and of woman's suffrage, that she may protect herself in this new order. But while this age continues to disrespect the primary principle of family rights, statutory reforms will be weak and ineffectual. Though there have been recent indications of a political awakening, civil reforms will be of no avail unless accompanied by a moral revival. Laws must be deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, whence their strength is derived. They are fruitless, while the lives of people are blighted by moral wrongs. Hence we should feel gravely alarmed when we see that the institutions, which shape the lives of the people and mould public opinion, are subverted by a gross worldly mindedness. For example: The standard of theatrical success or failure is money. The dramatic world is dominated by greed rather than rules of art and moral propriety. The sensational story, that appealing to vulgar tastes, will secure the widest circulation, is the headliner for our daily paper. Material interest has invaded institutions of learning, and where youths were once taught the paramount principles of life they now devote their time to acquiring skill in some money-making trade, and call that education. Even religion is forgotten amidst wordly pursuits.

Yet morality has in religion its one sanction that goes soul-deep,—down to the inner man. When the sacred fires die on the altars of a people, patriotism ceases to burn in their hearts. When their household gods fall into neglect, the fatherland falls into dissolution. When the ancient Jews worshipped Mammon instead of Jehovah, they were driven from their country, wanderers over the face of the earth. Ignoring

her gods Rome was invaded by vice and luxury. Behold the broken arches of her ruined grandeur. Yet despite these warnings from the past, men grow careless of religion in their mad time-serving. Upon inquiring into the religious belief of the leading business men of a community a statistician recently discovered that the majority did not believe in a personal God, nor in the accountability of man hereafter. Many great scientists have denied that there is anything beyond the material world. Some have tried to teach that man is merely a composition of cells and that virtue and vice are chemical products like sugar and vitriol. Their disbelief has spread among the common people, and the toiler is bereft of his greatest hope in a careworn life. No wonder that there is such widespread discontent among the masses. We are told that it is the rumbling of a gathering storm. Whether it is or not, religious adherence to moral principle is the only thing that can alleviate class hatred and bridge over the unavoidable inequalities of life. It alone can curb the powerful and lend dignity to the toilers' task. The working girl is tempted by sordid surroundings? Then teach her the eternal difference between virtue and vice, and her cause will triumph with the cause of truth. Let the youthful learn principles of virtue based on religion, and they will not need to be made worldly wise for the purpose of self-protection; they will not have to go through a sewer in order to learn sanitation. If people would meet the vital issues of the day, they must first understand that religion is the foundation of morality, and that an age without moral principle is an age without order and permanency.

Disorder and social unrest threaten us today, because moral standards have fallen too far behind the march of events. Then it is time to call a halt, and to establish ourselves in new surroundings. New conditions cry out for the new application of old principles. Every time an invention is made or a new relation formed, ethical standards must be reapplied. We have made wonderful advancement materially but it is time to reckon progress by the eternal principles of truth and right. It is time to cease worshipping the golden calf, lest we bring upon our heads the wrath of outraged law. It is time that we harken to those laws that have come thundering through the ages. We are told that strict adherence to principle

will be possible only in some far off Millennium. But the universal rule of principle will be the Millenium. Conformity with principles of justice is the only thing that can bring peace between men and peace between nations:

What our time needs is a new school of leaders, men like President Wilson, who will stand firm by principles, even when they seem to oppose material interest. The need of our day is not so much for inventors and captains of industry, but rather philosophers, teachers and law-givers. Your future men of science must be men, like Pasteur, who can return from scientific research with the simple faith of a peasant, whose faith broadens with their knowledge. We must have champions of truth to deliver industry from material interests, and to bring the hum of machinery and hustle of traffic into harmony with the rights of humanity. That restless murmur, you hear in the shops, fields, and factories, is more than the rumbling of a gathering storm. It is the voice of the people calling for new leaders, for men to come forth into the highways and byways of the workaday world, who clothing ancient principles in Twentieth Century modes of expression will apply them to modern conditions. Let the cry of the people be answered. Give us men who understand the living might inherent in a principle and the paramount need of the day will be fulfilled.

#### A Carniverous Lothario.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '16.

"I've ate a man's ear for less," observed Tennessee Harding reflectively, from somewhere beneath the musty blankets of the lower bunk.

"Well, you're not going to Fletcherize my anti-helical appendage," I retorted warmly. "Reference to my ears may raise a question about the ornamental value of said protuberances, but certainly their absence doesn't conduce to beauty, and I don't propose to have them masticated over any of the acts, antecedents or achievements of Andrew Jackson or the Democratic party."

"I allus sticks up for the Democrats on gener'l principles," said Tennessee reflectively, "not as I gives a dern, but I was beat onc't by a big fellow in a log-rollin' contest at Tower, the same as ust to use spikes in his heels. He talked plumb obnoxious about the fallercy of

onlimited tariff er silver fer protection only, er something, an' I can't figger out why I should boost the plurality fer a party whose chief representative an' mouthpiece in these yere dreary wilds, pulls a crooked stunt whirlin' the pine."

"But about the ear," I prompted, fearing that the occupant of the lower bunk would digress.

"Well, it was as I stated," resumed Harding thus encouraged, "an' as I've remarked, fer considerably less aggervashun. Me an' Bemidge Benson, him as went out with th' snakes up on th' upper Rat Root, was with the Diamond Hill outfit, him top leadin' and me swingin' the hickory over the four as was on the tank. We was twenty-eight miles from a whiskey glass, an' along in the evenings about twenty-eight inches from a jug. Me an' Bemidge was the envy of the hull damn camp, seein' as how our erudition supplied us with subjects to argue about a long time after the disputative material of the common an' plebian herd was plumb exhausted. When the rest of the gallery gang had exhausted the subjects of whether squirrel whiskey could induce the "jim jam's" as quick as Hennessy Three Star, which could drink th'other under the table, an' whether a Frenchman could rightly be classified under the jeenus homo, they subsided as the story writer, says "abjeckly."

"Me an' Benson scorned such low-down conversations as unworthy a lumberjack an' a gentulman. When the rest had checked down and whistled for a pilot, Benson would sing out, 'Say, Tennessee, you low-down onery cuss, do you place much credence in this yere fourth dimenshun racket?' An' I would retort casual, 'No, you slab-sided Norwegian pole-cat, I'm inclined ter be real skeptical of its scintific validerty.'

"An' thereupon the silence in the bunk house would become plumb deafening. But them eyedyllic times was not fer long, as a pote would say. Bemidge couldn't remain satisfied with nuthin' permanent. Not content with showin' up the rest of the gang, he ackshully began to edge around ter put one over on me. One night when we had plenty of spectaters, it bein' Saturday night, he pipes out, 'Say, Tennessee, do you think them Marconigrams are ther last word in airyerall communicashun?' 'Well,' I says, plumb judichus, 'I ain't strong fer them dage concoctions, but I'll bet my last

buck that you can't go much farther in communicashun than those same what-you-call-'ems. An' that low-down, tallow-haired son of a Scandinavian scavenger has the soupreme effrontery to laugh out loud an' scornful just the same as if I'd bet my pile on an intelleckshul two-spot. I told him right there that I never conversed with ostentatious p'raders of grammer school misinformations, an' me an' him discontinued the debates.

"Ther incident was closed, so ter speak, when 'Buck' Mallery's sister-in-law hove in fer a vacation. You must rekerlect 'Buck,' him as was foreman for the Diamond Hill crowd fer nigh onto twenty-years? Well, 'Buck' havin' a pull 'ith the comp'ny has a little private shack alongside the office and commissary, an's got his wife an' the two kids out fer the winter. I'll allus alleged that Missus Mallery was the best lookin' piece o' calico north of the Rainy, an' I ust to wonder plumb excessive how ol' Buck ever made the rifle. Well, that kid sister uh hern was so dern much prettier than her that it just sorte paralyzed the gang just to look at her. She was plenty intrusted in the crew, an' 'us't to come into the cook camp durin' chuck an' it kinda muddled us all up to have her lookin' on. Nobody couldn't seem to eat comfortuble, an' I rammed a knifeful uh beans down my throat the first time she looked square at me.

"She had the biggest eyes an' the reddest cheeks an' the blackest eyebrows an' the niftiest yellow hair,—whole stacks of it—that I ever lamped. Longside uh her Fourflush Fannie as runs the game in the 'Lumberman's Haven' was a reg'lar two spot. She was clean from Cheecago, an' wore them new-fangled dresses with a sort a trace chain effect at the ankles. She was always laughin' an' operatin' those optics o' hers like a reg'lar soobrette. She smiled at the hull outfit from the Polack swampers clean through to Lutefisk Larson, who was a married homesteader with the 'con.' Well everybody acted like a bunch uh neophyte Romeos, toggin' up on Sundays same as if they was goin' in town on a spree. Nobody had the nerve to talk to her, but we all stood around sorter fidgety, an' felt a mos' unique kind uh agonized delight when she looked at us.

"Finally we saw her talkin' one day with Canada Pete, the orneriest booze fightin' saw artist that ever dodged ther mounted perlice. I was just plumb disgusted at his imposin'

hissself on a perfect lady as didn't know what a lowlived fugitive he really was. After that two or three of the boys was seen talkin' to her, but when we ast what was up, they just looked as important as hell an' maintained a deescreet silence. I figgered she was kiddin' 'em erlong fer the fun of it. Then one morning I run plumb into her, turnin' the corner uh the blacksmith shop. I clawed fer my head-gear, an' tried to think of something polite-sech as a city gal allus expects when yuh make a blunder. I was op'nin' an' shuttin' my mouth like a picker'l out o' water, when she says plumb gentle, 'Oh, I trust that you will pardon my awkwardness, Mr. Harding, but I'm in sech a heap uh trouble I can hardly see wheere I'm goin.' Mr. Harding! I was so all-fired flabbergasted that I liked to choke. How the deuce did that gal ever learn my name? I saw that she was smilin' uncertain like, as if she'd 'uve rather cried. That sorter broke the spell, an' I started to mumble about it bein' all my fault, an' axin' her pardon, an' all that sorter thing. Then I says if any uh them uncultured road-monkeys was annoyin' her, I'd learn 'em somethin' with a cant hook handle. She was plumb impressed by my souperior cummand uh langwidge, I guess, an' says I'm a real gentulman to be so kind. She explains that no ones been botherin' her any (though I punched Canada Pete's head on gener'l principules) but she's worried nigh to death over her poor brother who had a toobercular affection, an' was in a fair way to shuffle off in Cheecago. She explains that it uz only seein' how I was an edikkated gennulman that she tells me the secret uh her grief. She said she hoped I wuldn't mention it to any of the boys, an' I hoped to be chawed by a porcupine ef I'd ever breathe a word. Then she says ef her poor unfortunate brother with the pallor of the tenement on his fevered brow could get into the clear, cold, pine-scented air, ther doctor opined he might stand a chance. She looked that plumb pitiful standin' there with the tears in her big black eyes, that I bet I swallowed eleven times before she could go on to say that he must die alone an' unattended in a great, cheerless city, 'cause she couldn't raise ther wherewith to bring him up. Mr. Mallery would advance her the money, she explains, tryin' not ter cry, but she hates ter impose on him any more.

"If a hundred an' fifty-eight bones will

help you a trifle,' I says eagerly, 'I'll have 'em here in four seconds.' But she wouldn't stand fer nothin' like that, seein' as how it wouldn't be proper to impose on a perfect, though cultured and generous stranger. But I overcame her scruples by explainin' that surely hollow convention (I borrowed that from Benson, but uh course she didn't know nuthin erbout it) wouldn't stand between her an' happiness ner a human life. I had ter gas fer about an hour to get her to accept the proceeds of four months' work, but though I was late on the job, she finally seen it my way an' thanked me in a trembly voice, an' stretched out a little pink white hand an' said I was a true hearted hero, an' a lot o' stuff about the real men uh the Northern solitudes that sounded jes like a novel, an' all uh which I didn't deserve none, no more'n a Chippewa Injun. Later on she drew me aside confidential an' said she hed sent off the cash with the tote team, an' hoped her moribund brother could soon thank his benefactor in person. I was that smeared up over by my noble-hearted philanthropy that I could hardly breng myself to reckernize my bunkie, Jack Fraser, as fine a bark skinner as ever breathed.

"I told Mallery that thet sister-in-law uh his laid it over any thing I ever saw fer riggin', trim, an sassiety manners, but he only grunted in the sorter disgusted fashion thet benedicks assoome as a matter er policy, en said he hoped I had the sense uh a pizened qiute, 'cause there was plenty sapheaded Lotharios in camp 'ithout me gettin' soft in the attic.

"Uh couple er days later I seen her talkin' 'ith Benson, an' he was smilin' sorter while she was lookin' pretty sad. I thought maybe she was thinkin' 'bout her brother, an' that yap was tryin' ter show off his eroodishun. 'Axin' your pardon, Miss,' I says, goin' up a heap belligerent, 'but ef that Norway non-entity is exhibitin' his usual misplaced—er—levity, (I thought I'd throw a jolt into Benson on the side) jest say so, an' down comes his meat house.'

"'Oh, Mr. Benson is behavin' hisself,' she says, smilin' at him, and me feelin' plenty ridickerless goes over to the bunk house.'

"Benson pretty soon drifts in. There was a big gang sittin' around smokin' and I figgers that he was goin' to make ernother try to get off somethin' smart.

"'Certainly a confiding, artless child, eh, Harding?' he leers to me, 'an' sufficiently



ingenuous fer our friend Tennessee ter try the guardeen angel racket.'

"I was so completely peeved that all thet I could see was his sneerin' mug, an' the room goin' round in a red circle. 'Nobody ever calls a friend o' mine a confidence artist an' gets away with it,' I says, 'an' as fer callin' a perfectly decent girl 'injeenerous' er whatever it was, no blue-livered Norwegian son of a skunk can do thet same with impoonity.'

"He dodges the cant hook I slings at him, but the pole axe he throws back in retaleration nicks me in the shoulder. It was in ther good old drive days, an' the crudities uh physical encounter hadn't been spoiled none by effeet refinement. It was a case uh no holds barred, an' the hobnails applied from any angle.

"He kicks me a couple in the stummick closin' in, but I responds by buttin' my head into his teeth as we clinch. He gets considerable purchase on my hair goin' down, and inserts his other thumb abruptly inter the corner uh my eye. I had my left mitt in his whiskers, an' was slammin' the right pretty regular inter his jaw. But the leverage he had on my sufferin' peeper was a caution. An' with a fellow's eyeball bein' pried out, an' waltzin' all over his cheek-bone, some drastic reciprocative measure has got to be did. An' then his left ear looms up alongside of my bicuspid. My eye was about ready to 'up stakes' and let go, so I acted on ther spur uh the moment. I only got the crinkly edge the first bite, but the second chaw did the work. Benson used to say that even dirt was petentshull energy, an' such bein' the case, I certainly consoomed a heap uh would-be activity. At all events he eases up on my eye while was munching his hearer, an' perceivin' that he was near the big castiron camp stove, I grabs the other ear an' some hair, an' like to fracture the stove leg with Benson's head. That ended the encounter. Benson was plumb horse doo combat, an' the gang pries us apart. I was strong fer walkin' on his face fer a few minutes, ter inculcate a gennulmanly respect fer ladies.

"An seein' as how you reflected basely on Andy Jackson's fighnanseering ability, an' on the other hand, figgering that a dictionary vindicated Benson from contumelious intent, and further recollecting that the gal worked the same gag on every cuss in camp, an' eloped with a thousand bucks, and the cookee, I should say thet I've et a man's ear fer less."

### Varsity Verse.

"EXCUSED."

I came near getting angry at  
The way he missed his work,  
I told him that in after life  
His duties he would shirk.  
I thought my words were sinking deep,  
His face was crimson red,  
But suddenly he smiled at me,  
"I live in Walsh," he said.

Another came with bowed down head  
His heart was lone and sad,  
He said his team had lost the flag  
Because they played so bad.  
"Cheer up," I said, "there's many a flag,  
You may get one next fall."  
"But one is lost," the lad replied,  
"And I'm from Corby Hall."

I met another slender chap  
His hair was streaked with gray,  
He took his books out for a walk  
To read them on the way.  
I asked him why he never played  
Nor practised games at all,  
"I've only got one life," he said,  
"And I'm from Sorin hall."

And then I came upon two lads  
Just mixing in a fight,  
One gave the other of his fruit—  
He took too large a bite.  
"Stop it," I cried, "you'll both be hurt,  
"You'll miss your classes all."  
"Twill worry us," they both replied,  
"We come from Carroll Hall."

S. T. D.

BILL.

Mamma asks her little son Willie,  
To do things that Willie thinks silly,  
"You'll do it," says ma,  
"Or I'll call for papa."

Now I wonder if Willie will. Will he?

C. K.

PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

He can skive to town each evening,  
He can punch the bag and box,  
He can wrestle with the best of them,  
And take the hardest knocks;  
He can exercise most any time,  
And play ball all day long,  
But he can't take Military—  
'Cause he really isn't strong.

## Kilkenny Carrigan.

ANDREW L. MCDONOUGH.

Kilkenny Carrigan was, as one might infer from the nickname, a native of the Emerald Isle. Just why Canada received the honor of his company is a question that the Scotland Yard authorities might be able to clear up, did they so wish, but from his appearance, one would have thought that outside of a possibility of a little political trouble, he could hardly be a criminal.

Like all men with a past, Carrigan drifted toward the "wild and wooly," and there his natural tendency for excitement caused him to "stick."

Now all this happened before the word civilization had been defined in Western Canada and the mountains of British Columbia were a rather favored section for such gentle folk as cattle rustlers, horse thieves, and whiskey runners, and naturally it was Carrigan's luck to run into trouble immediately.

He was sitting quietly at a table in a saloon when a big, red-haired, ugly-looking sort of a fellow rode up to the door, dismounted, and came in. He was cordially welcomed by the bar-tender, who called him "Red."

After the customary salutations, Red turned to the proprietor, and nodding his head toward Carrigan, said: "who's the tender, Joe?"

"Don't know," answered Joe. "He just blew in a couple of days ago."

"We'll have to give him a test," said Red, and stepping to the bar, he shouted:

"Once around, boys, it's on me."

Everybody in the room except Carrigan rose and walked to the bar. Now Red had imbibed rather freely at the last saloon he had come to, and Carrigan's refusal to have something nettled him.

Walking over he stood for a moment and sized up his man.

"Well say, stranger," he said sarcastically, "you might save yourself a lot of trouble if you'll kindly join in with us and partake of the hospitality of the Blue Devil."

"Don't know as I care to," answered Carrigan,

"Oh yes, you do," said Red, and suddenly he grabbed Carrigan by the collar, and amid the cheers of the onlookers marched him to the bar.

Carrigan seemed to take it in good part, and

he received his glass of whiskey with a smile, but without the least hesitation he turned and threw it full in Red's face, saying "a shame to waste good whiskey like that."

Red's forehead turned purple and Carrigan dodged to one side in time to see a few splinters grazed from the bar by a bullet. Then he clinched. Red had his gun in his hand and seemed to be firing in about every direction.

Suddenly a young fellow, tall and handsome strode into the room and rushed between the two combatants. He grabbed Red's wrist, twisted the gun out, and ordered him to come outside with him.

Carrigan to his intense surprise saw the big brute, without another word, turn and walk out. Thus it was that Carrigan got his first view of the Northwest Mounted Police, for the young fellow was a member of that magnificent body of troops.

"Well by damn, for pure nerve, that beats anything I've ever seen," he mused. "I wonder if any one could get into that bunch."

Two years later Corporal Carrigan of the Northwest Mounted Police met Kathleen McKuen, formerly known to town gossips as Red Higgins' steady. Now Kathleen was about as pretty a girl as was to be found in the whole province, and although poor, no one could say any worse of her than that she had tried vainly to reform the worst man in the province, Red.

Life suddenly began to lose its monotony for Carrigan. He was getting so much more out of living since he had met Kathleen. Everything seemed brighter, and he looked into the future through a golden telescope. Her face was before him always, and when he took his pipe of an evening, after his visit to the McKuen home, he could see in the smoke rings, a low, ivy-covered porch, set back from the road, and a figure,—well he could not get it off his mind, nor was he anxious to do so.

Naturally it was not very long before rumors of an engagement began to float around the settlement, and these reached Red.

Now Red had not bothered Carrigan since the night in the saloon, but at the same time he had not forgiven him either. He had sworn that if Carrigan and he should get into any more trouble, he would make him pay for the whiskey trick.

A few days after the rumors of Carrigan's

engagement began, Red happened to meet him on the street, and stopped him saying:

"What's this I hear 'bout you and Kate McKuen?"

Carrigan, although he had no use for the man, responded with a smile:

"It's straight, all right, we have decided to fall into line."

"Oh, you have eh?" sneered Red. "Well, I want to tell you that I'm in on this deal, too. And I'm goin' to give you a little advice. Keep away from Kate McKuen."

"And if I don't?" said Carrigan.

Pulling his coat aside, Red pointed to the butt of a pistol in his belt, saying as he did:

"Each notch on that iron stands for a man who crossed my path twice. You've done it once." With that he slouched away.

After thinking it over, Carrigan decided to disregard Red's warning, and that night he started for Kathleen's house as usual.

As he stepped on the porch, he heard loud voices in the parlor. He stopped for a moment to listen and recognized Red's voice, saying:

"What am I going to do? Do you think I'm goin' to let every bloke in town talk about this?" Then they spoke in lower tones and Carrigan could catch nothing. Finally just as he was about to enter the house he heard Red say loudly:

"No, by the Lord, you never will do that, never—" and as Carrigan rushed into the house a pistol shot rang out, and he pushed the curtains aside in time to see Kathleen stagger and fall—lifeless.

Madly he threw himself between the two only to fall himself at her feet as Red fired again.

"There, you fool," said Red, spurning the lifeless body with his foot, "I guess that'll settle your score for good."

Carrigan had paid for his glass of whiskey.

A few hours later, a man in one of the private compartments of the Montreal Limited was silently engaged in carving another notch on the grip of an old six-shooter,—the only memorial to one who had crossed his path the second time,—Kilkenny Carrigan.

By a Carroll Haller.

I'm on the campus all day long,  
This weather's surely nice,  
And yet I hear that some poor simp.  
Is saying prayers for ice.

## Over the Wire.

PATRICK H. DOLAN, '16.

Helen threw herself pouting into the large Morris rocker. When she heard the door close behind her parents, she snatched a *Blue Book* from the table at the same time scattering the evening paper on the floor. She glanced at the book, then threw it,—missing her aim of course—at puss who came purring into the room. The last words of her father had sounded the knell of her evening's pleasure. Not that she regretted keeping house alone,—for the telephone is rather good company when no one is at home to entertain—but; "remember now," were his parting words, "no telephoning tonight. And if the bell rings, let it ring!"

What was she to do? There was a chance that Will might call her up. She always liked to talk to Will; he used such fine English,—over the 'phone. Then there was a little college lad she had met at the Point; that little "ice-cream parlor boy." Why a half hour's talk with even him would help to pass the evening. But now if anyone should call she could not answer the phone,—at least, that is what father said.

Thirty minutes passed drearily, only the ticking of the clock and an occasional audible murmur from Helen broke the silence. Then the bell rang. Helen—she was no different from the girls we all know—picked up the receiver.

"Dad forgets that I know that his wooing began with a flirtation over the wire. Perhaps he is afraid he is going to lose me, and maybe he will," she told herself, and then very sweetly:

"Hello."

"Is this Wier's residence?" came a masculine voice over the wire.

"Yes, this is Wier's" she answered, anticipating a half hour's talk with,—well it didn't matter with whom; anything to pass the time away.

"Well, I'd like to speak to Miss Helen," came over the wire.

"This is Helen," she slowly answered, lingering on the last syllable, and wondering who her caller is. "Who is this speaking, please," she then asked.



"Yourself," came back the answer, "if I am not mistaken."

Helen laughed.

"Hold the wire a minute till I get an easy chair she invitingly told the unknown caller at the other end. Her words must have taken his breath away; he had not even told her his name; she had not even asked for it; and now she was going to take an easy chair. Presumably she wanted to talk, if nothing more than for talk's sake.

"Hello!" she began again after seating herself and holding the desk phone in her hands.

"Comfortable now?" was the considerate question she was greeted with.

"Very, thank you," she answered gaily.

"You are at home all alone, aren't you?" was the cunning bit of nerve from the other end. Helen brought the phone to her lap with a rapid movement. How did he know she was alone? She was frightened for a moment. But perhaps Will or Tom who knew of her parents' absence had put some friend on the wire hoping to have a joke at her expense. She laughed at the feeling of apprehension and quickly dismissed it.

"Yes, I am alone," she answered. "Did Will tell you?" Helen smiled, thinking how she would lead her joker on; and then turn the joke on Will.

"Will who?" the other asked. This was a feigned ignorance, Helen told herself. She had met similar callers before, so she laughed loudly.

"Oh, I know Will—"

And so this conversation continued to the amusement of both the talkers. Fifteen minutes elapsed and Helen knew no more who her caller was than she did when she first picked up the receiver. Their conversation developed gradually or rather retrogressed into an ordinary flirtation over the wire.

Meantime Lefty Louie, a blue-ribbon porch-climber was watching through the dining-room window, for an opportunity to enter the Wier's residence. His eyes glistened in the darkness behind his black mask when he saw Helen comfortably seated in the Morris chair, engrossed in a foolish flirtation. He listened for a few minutes, "got the drift" of the conversation, then dropped silently and adroitly to the ground. Five minutes later he entered a bedroom, proceeded quickly to

rifle the drawers of the dresser. A minute later, Helen at the telephone was startled by the agonizing and ear-piercing "me-ow." Lefty had evidently trod upon puss's tail. In his excitement he upset a vase that adorned the dresser. Helen was too frightened to utter an outcry; however, she had the presence of mind not to hang up the receiver.

"O say," she uttered in low, frightened tones, "there's a burglar—in my bedroom—I just heard him. Please—notify the police immediately."

She listened for a reply and her ears heard the welcome words, "For God's sake, Jack, run for a policeman. There's a robbery at Miss Wier's home and Helen is home alone."

The words brought her courage, Jack was there and he would soon bring succor.

"Hello," came to her, I've just sent for help. Now keep your head and continue talking to me as if nothing happened. Don't give the robber the least intimation of fear on your part. "Leave him alone," the voice continued, "pretend you don't even know he is in the house. He can't escape, as two of the boys have just gone toward your home to watch till Jack brings the police.

The cool manner in which Jack's friend spoke to her assured Helen of her safety; she admired him, gained courage and resumed her conversation.

"O wont you please tell me your name," she pleaded still a little bit afraid, yet commanding all the spirit she could. And so the flirtation was again resumed.

An hour later Lefty Louie and Second Story Pete, safe in their den, divided the stolen gems and silverware of the Wier household. Pete was the first to speak.

"Gee! that girl must be some swell kiddo, she wanted to make a date wid me over de telephone, just before you'se stepped on de cat's tail."

### Moods.

One saw the silver of the sea,  
And heard its music deep,  
And on its heaving bosom, one  
Was sweetly rocked to sleep.

Another saw the angry green,  
And heard the raging roar,  
And looked with longing, tear-stained eyes  
To the far-distant shore. S. R.

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—Everyman is humorous: that is, sometimes. It is a matter of experience that laughter is as necessary an article of diet as is salt.

However, there are many grades  
**On Humor.** just as there are distinct varieties of spice. The other evening we were pleased with a little, of ancient and unsurpassed quality, which was presented in the dialect songs of Mr. Saunders. These were filled with the delightful freshness many seek in Fielding and Dickens. So much of the humor of our day is stale and overdone; facts which are peculiarly true of college wit. The psychologist traces the laughter caused by a joke over the same route as an ordinary ticklish sensation. The grossness or subtlety of the humor exists in proportion to the divergence from a mere tickle. So much of the would-be wit we are gorged with is not only dull, but it is coarse. The absence of intellectual appeal lowers it to a mere ticklish vibration. The perpetrator of coarse stories should always remember, then, that he is not at all humorous, and that people generally know it. Gentlemen are usually not reared in stock-pens, and seldom become accustomed to such coarseness as is exhibited in many of the so-called funny stories. There are still higher considerations, but these will do.

—The movement for cleaner athletics is one of many years' standing, and because Notre Dame has always been identified with  
**Cleaner Athletics.** propaganda for higher standards in Varsity sports, the following article from the pen of Dean LeBaron R. Briggs,

President of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, will prove of interest to local athletic enthusiasts. In discussing "The New Athlete" in the February number of *Cuting*, Dean Briggs points out and emphasizes a fact apparent to every one who follows the trend of varsity athletics—the fact that the nationwide movement for cleaner, more sportsman-like conduct toward opposing contestants is producing a new type of college athletics; a conscientious, higher minded young man, who disdains, as cowardly and disgraceful, the old underhanded method of winning games by any means whatever. The forward tendency in University sports has evolved football and baseball players, who, even in the heat of an exciting battle, have sufficient self-control to refrain from all that is mean and unfair. As President of the Collegiate Athletic Association, Dean Briggs and his confreres make athletic history, and his eulogy of the new type of varsity sports and athletes, is one fraught with absorbing interest for all who have kept pace with the rapid upward trend of the moral tone in University sports and pastimes.

This gain in sportsmanship is no more moral than economic. With improved officials, slugging and other breaches of courtesy have ceased to pay, have accordingly become rarer, and having become rarer, are, when they do occur, more noticeable. The player who is guilty of them is no longer the normal athlete, but a man marked in the sporting world as no gentleman, or, at best, as an irascible gentleman who imperils his own team. All this has a moral effect; for however much men ought to be above sordid considerations of reward and punishment, they are not, and without these sordid considerations we might subject our students to what President Eliot calls "too great a strain on their higher motives." Appeal to chivalry, but strengthen the appeal to chivalry by enforcing decency. See that men who, however unacademic their appearance, representing institutions of culture, shall not openly and without public censure offend against fair play.

One of the games in which such offenses are most conspicuous and most gratuitous is baseball. The ethics of professional baseball is no subject for us except as it affects the ethics of college baseball. The public, though it sometimes censures the brutal professional player as dirty, is so callous to anything short of brutality that good players—and good men—regard it as part of what they are paid for to unnerve an opponent by fair means or by foul. Men and boys have come to think of this unnerving as a great point in the game, with which it has no more intrinsic connection than with any other game. It thrives in baseball, under cover of that legitimate shouting into the diamond whereby a player coaches a baserunner. An ingenious coach finds no trouble in blending

nominal advice to a friend with vocal attacks on an adversary, and his example is followed in some cases by the whole team. Such a coach may address a base-runner with connotations intended for the pitcher, while the umpire, who can not afford to rise above public sentiment, stands idly by. A player—so strong is the illusion that anything to rattle an opponent is legitimate baseball—may hold an opponent up to ridicule before thousands of spectators; a catcher may gibe at the batsman in plain hearing of the umpire, without one word of efficient rebuke.

A year or two ago a Senior in Cambridge was taken out of the second team and tried in the first. As he stood at the bat the visiting catcher kept up a constant fire of "Weak hitter! Weak hitter!" Not long since the marriage announcement of a college pitcher came out just before an important game. In that game batsmen persistently chaffed him about his engagement—doubtless to draw off his attention and to increase his difficulty in finding the plate.

As you see, I am not citing the worst things men do; nor am I questioning the right of any player to an occasional spontaneous remark; nor am I denying that even in baseball things are not so bad as they were. I am pointing out cases in which players who should be gentlemen show that, for the time being, they are not, and receive no public rebuke for contemptible public conduct. Repressing such conduct by law will not transform the spirit that prompts it, but will create—in time—such a habit of decency as shall restore in some degree the students' sense of proportion—a sense of proportion that many a youth who is not radically unfairminded has lost. . . I discuss but one game and make but one suggestion; yet the principle of that suggestion applies to all games and to every contest. There was some terribly bad sportsmanship in the Presidential campaign last year. There is terribly bad sportsmanship in many—if not most—elections, whether of officers of a school or of rulers for a nation. Every little we can do to make clean our national game helps our citizens to make clean the greater game of our national life, for clean sport means honest men.

### The Ingersoll Symphony Orchestra.

Two excellent concert companies appeared here within a week, and an adequate treatment of either, would leave but few unemployed encomiums for bestowal upon the other. The Ingersoll Symphony Orchestra fully justified all favorable press notices and came up to the most sanguine expectations. This forty piece orchestra, although but recently organized, played with the precision and perfect technique of a veteran concert company. Miss Helen Charleton is possessed of a clear and pure-toned soprano voice, hardly adapted, however, to concert singing. Her rendition of "Io son Titania," from "Mignon" was particularly pleasing, and earned a well-merited encore.

Miss Bess Arbor is a very clever violinist for her years, and gives abundant promise of achieving distinction in her profession. That Mr. Ingersoll himself, a former instructor in music at Notre Dame, knows the tastes of a college audience, was evidenced in the fact that he interspersed his classical selections, with several numbers of a lighter nature. From the opening Symphony in B. minor, to Grieg's Peer Gynt Suite, the performance of the Ingersoll Symphony Orchestra was an unqualified success, and augurs well for the future attainments of South Bend's latest musical organization.

### Professor Hay on the Glacial Era.

A very interesting lecture by Professor Hay, of the Carnegie Institute at Washington, in which he illustrated with stereopticon views the faunal life of the glacial epoch, occupied the first hour of the Monday afternoon classes. Professor Hay is one of the foremost vertebrate paleontologists in the country, and his remarks were followed attentively by his auditors. He depicted and described the wonderful monsters of the Pleistocene age, explaining their modes of attack and defense, their size, characteristics and habitat. The mammoth, the great cave bears, and the ancestors of the horse, deer, peccary and other quadrupeds were flashed upon the screen, either restored or as they actually appeared when disinterred. Prof. Hay's instructive discourse, supplemented by the stereopticon slides, were of more than ordinary interest to those students now engaged in the annual struggle with the theory of evolution.

### Mr Charles Saunders, Tenor.

All who heard Mr. Charles Saunders, the great English tenor, in recital in Washington hall, Wednesday, evening will experience no difficulty in discerning the reason for his very marked success on the concert stage, on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Saunders is gifted with an exceptionally pure, rich, *voix pleine* tenor, perfectly adaptable to and equally pleasing in light or difficult selections. Individual mention of some of Mr. Saunder's numbers would only serve to slight others equally praiseworthy, but certainly we can not fail to remark the superb rendition of his interpretation of Handel's "Sound an Alarm" and the equally effective

dialect songs, and the selection from "The Gondoliers." Miss Clara Robson, contralto, pleased in duet and solo, with a rare clear and flawless coloratura voice. The duet, "Home to Our Mountains" from "Il Trouvatore" by Miss Robson and Mr. Saunders, is unquestionably the best single number presented in the course of the entire season.

The instrumental numbers by Mr. Norman Attwell, violincellist, and Miss Jessie Attwell, pianist, maintained the high standard of attainment established by Mr. Saunders and Miss Robson.

### Personals.

—John P. McEvoy, "The Gist and Jest of It" of the Chicago *Record-Herald*, enjoyed last Sunday with the old boys. "Mac" was a student at Notre Dame during '10-'11, and had many acquaintances to renew.

—Raymond J. Sieber (Litt. B. '13) visited at the University Monday afternoon. "Ray" was en route to Cleveland, Ohio, where he is to be Assistant Advertising Manager for the Masters' Building Company.

—"Ed" Norton, of much fame at Notre Dame a few years ago, was a caller on friends here last Monday. "Ed" was returning from a mid-winter vacation to his new home in Detroit where he is engaged in automobile work.

—Thomas A. Furlong (E. E. '13) called on friends at the University last Wednesday. "Tom" is in the electrical department of the Allis Chalmers Manufacturing Company at West Allis, Wisconsin, where he has been located since last June.

—Judge John J. Eggeman of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, made an after-dinner speech last Monday evening in the Brownson refectory. The Judge, in a pleasing manner, recalled incidents of his days at Notre Dame. He was a student here from 1898-1901, and played center on the football teams of those years.

—Vincent R. Ryan (LL. B. '13) of Bay City Michigan, has this gratifying news for us: "According to present indications I am entitled to hang out a 'shingle' conveying notice to the public at large that a new lawyer has been turned loose, and is ready to relieve in a legal method, minds and hearts and purses of all overwhelming burdens." Congratulations, Vin!

### Local News.

—The men in St. Joe hall are sure that they will be able to take a shower bath before Lent—and in their own hall, too.

—The basketball game with the Michigan Aggies, which was to be played at Lansing on February 3, has been changed to February 4.

—Mr. Slason Thompson of the Chicago *Tribune* will speak to the School of Journalism next Tuesday. On the following day Mr. C. N. Fassett of the South Bend *News-Times* will lecture to the same class.

—Close upon the dedication of the "1914 Dome" comes the news that Indiana University has dedicated her "1914 *Arbutus*" to James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet. It is the first time the honor has been conferred on one not connected with the University.

—The new Novitiate has now the admiration of every resident at Notre Dame. Brother Columkille was the architect and contractor of the building and he is also carving the altar for it. The novices moved into their new home on December 16, and on January 6 nine young men received the habit.

—Father Cavanaugh announces that the tango and all other similar dances will be barred from all Notre Dame dances this year. He has considered it fitting to make this announcement before any of the University's social affairs are held, the first of which will be the Military Ball, February 18.

—A number of the Senior law men have organized a class in public-speaking to be supervised entirely by the members. All the speeches are to be impromptu and every member is to talk for three minutes. A different chairman will preside at each meeting, and the criticism will be offered by the members.

—The attention of the student body is called to a recent regulation of the Faculty regarding make-up work in their classes. "A student who is absent from class through sickness or for some other legitimate reason, may at the end of the quarter, recover in the regular way, lost percentage in so far as this is necessary to secure him a passing mark."

—The Notre Dame Rifle Club held a meet last Monday with the University of Pennsylvania. Notre Dame's score was as follows: J. Robins, 186; E. Bott, 185; C. Derrick, 183;

R. Sullivan, 183; M. Vogel, 180. Total, 917. The Quakers' score will be learned later. In the recent shoot with the Oregon Aggies, the score was, Notre Dame, 923; Aggies, 896.

—POSITION OFFERED—A graduate in Electrical Engineering may secure a good place in the Sales Department of the American Carbon & Battery Company, East St. Louis, Illinois. Address Mr. Harold J. Wrape, Secretary.

—Walter Camp says, "Football has reached such a high state of perfection that there is little room for improvement in the rules. Of late years the possibility of injury has been reduced to a minimum which incidentally involves a more open and more scientific style of play. In this fact lies the possibility for a change in the rules, namely, the reintroduction of a field judge. This becomes necessary because the plays made possible under the forward pass and quick kick are beginning to take on such complicated varieties that two officials can no longer be expected to cover every point."

—In memory of Ralph Dimmick, former Notre Dame student and athlete, who died in Portland, Oregon, in 1912 as a result of injuries received in a football game, the students of the University are to have erected over his grave a bronze slab. Dimmick was a student at Notre Dame from 1908 to 1911, and captain of the football team in 1911. The tablet, which is at present in the corridor of the main building, is inscribed as follows: "In memory of Ralph Dimmick, an all-American, athlete, student and man, whose N. D. was on his heart, an athlete in the class room, a scholar on the field, and everywhere a man. Erected by the students of Notre Dame in tribute to a memory they wish to perpetuate and hope to share." *R. I. P.*

—At their last meeting of the present semester, Sunday evening, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society chose the following officers for the ensuing term; Charles P. Somers (Illinois), president; James Lawler (Pennsylvania), vice-president; Stuart Carroll (Missouri), secretary; Leonard Carroll (Missouri), treasurer; William Henry (Illinois), sergeant-at-arms; Paul V. Duffy (Missouri), reporter; and Francis Ott (California), chaplain. Father Walsh, critic, prodded the society with a timely "get-together" talk, which, with the election of new officers, is expected to put new life into the society and eventuate a more efficient organization for carrying on the increasing amount of work of the coming term.

## Athletic Notes.

### VARSITY TRIMS M. A. C.

Sweet Retribution! The memory of last year's defeat at the hands of the "Aggies" was effectively wiped out last Saturday night, when the visitors went down to the count of 28-16. The contest was a neck and neck race all the way, until, with a whirlwind spurt that netted ten points, the Varsity drew ahead in the last minutes of play. It was a grand fight all the way through, and by far and away the most interesting that has been seen in several seasons.

Although the contest was not to start until 8:15, the local enthusiasts began to pour into the big gym at 7:30. New stands had been erected on the east side of the court, but every seat, upstairs and down, was taken when the visitors came on the floor at eight o'clock. They were greeted by deafening cheers, the rooters showing some of the "pep" that marked the football games of last fall. The reception to the Aggies, however, was nothing to that which the Gold and Blue warriors received when they trotted onto the court. Both teams had their eyes on the basket in practice, and the Farmers had plenty of time to become accustomed to the local court before Barnhart called the game.

The home quint lined up with Fitzgerald and Cahill at the forwards, Mills at the pivot position, and the "Coast Defense"—Kelleher and Finegan at guards. It is a noteworthy fact that three of these men hail from Columbia College, Portland Oregon, and one from the opposite side of the continent, Newark, New Jersey.

Within a few seconds after the whistle blew, Kelleher came down the floor with a rush, grabbed a pass from Cahill, and made good the first basket. For the next few minutes, Notre Dame's passing swept the visitors off their feet, and the locals' basket was bombarded from all angles. Luck was against them, however, and no points were forthcoming. Finally, H. Miller, the visiting right forward picked the ball out of the air, dribbled to the middle of the court, and then essayed a long heave that went clean through without touching the rim. At this stage, one of the Farmers became excited, and enthusiastically embraced "Fitz", long enough for the referee to notice it, and



Cahill scored a point. For the next few minutes, Finegan was in the limelight. Grabbing a Blue and White pass, he took a long shot, but the perverse ball rolled off the rim. Then the Aggies with some clever passing, brought the sphere down the court, intent on adding to their total. They were met by Finegan who engaged them single-handed for a couple of minutes until help came. A foul gave the visitors a point. Fitz then missed an easy one from under the goal but immediately atoned by scoring a long-shot from mid-field. The Michigan boys then tightened their defense preventing field goals, but after five minutes play Mills scored a long shot and Cahill hit the basket with a one-hand heave from the side of the court.

With Notre Dame possessed of a fair lead, the visitors fought harder than ever, and soon men were being bowled over right and left. The Gold and Blue guards were going great, and in addition to his defensive work, Finegan found time to sift a long one through for two more points. This put the visitors on an edge, and with a combination of teamwork and pretty shooting they made three baskets in rapid succession, bringing the score to 12-9. Mills then rung a basket up on the pistol-crack, but it was thrown out.

The second half began with Nower's taking Kelleher's place. M. A. C. started to rough it, and two fouls were called, one being converted into a point. The rest seemed to have deranged the locals' eyesight: they missed one easy shot after another. With the score so close, this began to get on the rooters' nerves, and all sorts of pleas went forth to make 'em good." Cahill was making the fight of his life on the floor, breaking up all kinds of passes, but his teammates couldn't ring up points.

The spell was broken when Mills took a pass from Cahill and dropped it in on the run. The visitors retaliated with a field goal for themselves, and then the Varsity tore open the throttle. It's the same old story—Notre Dame in a whirlwind finish. A piece of fine passing and Fitzgerald scored. An instant later Cahill widened the gap with a long shot, and his big running mate came right back with another. When the rooters perceived that the Varsity had at last hit their stride, their former pleadings turned to cheers. Two fouls by the visitors were converted into cash by Fitzgerald. The next play was the prettiest of the evening; on

the tip-off, Nowers leaped forward and got the ball. Both the opposing guards rushed at him, but he was going so fast that they were laid flat, and "Curley's" overhead pass to Cahill resulted in another basket. Then the visitors managed to cage one. A foul was called on Mills, and it being the fourth personal, he was taken from the game. Fitzgerald shifted to centre, Kenney going to forward. The Massachusetts lad broke into the scoring immediately with a difficult shot,—and the game was over.

NOTRE DAME		M. A. C.
Cahill (Capt.)	L. F.	Gauthier (Capt.)
Fitzgerald, Kenny	R. F.	Vetz
Mills, Fitzgerald	C.	Fremedig, Peptard
Finegan	L. G.	Goss, O. Miller
Kelleher, Nowers	R. G.	H. Miller, Reynolds
Field goals—Fitzgerald, 4; Cahill, 2; Mills, 2; Fremedig, 2; H. Miller, 2; Finegan, Kelleher, Kenny, Gauthier, Peptard and Vetz. Foul goals—Fitzgerald, 4; Cahill, 2; Goss, 2. Halves—20 minutes. Referee—Barnhart (Indiana).		

#### Varsity Wallops Little Giants.

The Varsity's first trip into hostile territory was a decided success, resulting in a decisive victory over her old-time enemy, Wabash, by a score of 23 to 16. This conquest goes a long way towards establishing Notre Dame's claims to the State basketball championship, and the Red and White are said to have a stronger team than last year, and we have the word of none other than Pete Vaughan, that they could beat Purdue, at Crawfordsville, by ten points.

For three quarters of the game, it looked as if the Varsity was doomed to defeat, as, with but seven minutes left to play, the score stood 15 to 16, in favor of the home team. But with one of the rallies that has made the reputation of the Gold and Blue as a never-say-die aggregation; one of the same kind that won over South Dakota and West Point on the grid-iron, and over the Michigan Aggies last week in basketball, Cahill's men gathered seven points in as many minutes, meanwhile holding their opponents scoreless.

The same line-up was used that trimmed the Aggies last Saturday with Nowers and Kenney taking the places of Kelleher and Fitzgerald in the second half. In the opening session, Cahill was the particularly bright star, ringing in three long shots and scoring once from the foul line. In the second half, Kenney duplicated the captain's performance, making the

points just when they were most needed.

NOTRE DAME (23)		WABASH (16)	
Cahill (Capt).	R. F.	Eglin	
Fitzgerald, Kenny	L. F.	Dale	
Mills	C.	Ellis	
Finegan	L. G.	Goodbar	
Kelleher, Nowers	R. G.	Leffel	

Field goals—Mills, 3; Cahill, 3; Kenny, 3; Fitzgerald, 1; Eglin, 2; Dale, 2; Ellis, Goodbar, Leffel. Foul goals—Fitzgerald, 2; Cahill, 1; Dale, 2. Referee—"Dud" Moloney (Notre Dame '11).

#### INTERHALL BASKETBALL.

The interhall basketball season opens tomorrow with a game between St. Joseph and Walsh. The outcome of the contest can not be predicted, for both halls will present teams that are practically unknown. Walsh already has one victory to her credit, having defeated the Holy Name team in South Bend by a score of 40 to 15. The Walsh team will be heavy and fast. With several of last year's men in line and Grady playing a sensational game at centre, Walsh will have a dangerous team. St. Joseph is being touted by many as the dark horse in the race. Capt. Beckman is a reliable forward and much is expected of Ward, a heavy man with a good high-school record. Ward is being boosted as Varsity material by those who have seen him in action. Stack will not play this year, but "Nig" Kane will be in the St. Joseph line-up. The southwest sidlers should prove a strong contender.

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Displaying wonderful teamwork and excellent passing, Corby defeated the South Bend Commercial Athletic Club on Tuesday night by a score of 54 to 22. Gushurst led the attack of the Braves with seven baskets, while Kirkland with six and Daly with five were close behind. Pliska and Corcoran put up a strong defense and the Commercials were never dangerous. At this time it seems that Corby is due to repeat last year's victory in basketball. The Corbyites not only have the advantage of an early start but they are playing the most sensational brand of basketball ever seen in interhall. This of course does not mean that Corby will have no opposition, for there may be even greater sensations in the other halls when the season gets fairly under way. Much is expected from Hanley, Walsh, and Cofall of Sorin. With two more good men in line, Sorin should be as strong as many college teams. Brownson is starting under unfavorable conditions, Captain Bott being laid up sick.

#### INTERHALL TRACK MEET.

Corby captured the indoor track honors on Thursday afternoon after a desperate struggle with Brownson. The meet was unquestionably one of the best events in interhall history. But one slam was scored, that being made by Brownson in the high jump. The winner in each event was clocked in Varsity time, and all doubts as to the strength of the Varsity track team were dispelled. In three events, the forty-yard dash, the high hurdles and the low hurdles, the records hung up by Wasson and Pritchard in the Notre Dame-Chicago Athletic Association meet last year were equalled, while in two others, the shot put and the twenty yard dash, the records made in that meet were eclipsed. The showing of the freshmen stars, Hardy, Bechman, Van Thron, Yeager, Martin, Kirkland and Haydon, was especially pleasing. Last year's men put up a strong fight against our new track stars and the plucky work of Bartholomew, Fritch, Bergman and Lynch was worthy of mention.

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

40 yd. high hurdles—Larkin, Corby, first; Kirkland, Corby, second; Duggan, Sorin, and Fritch, Brownson, tied for third. Time 0:05 3-5.

Mile Run—Wagge, Corby, first; Bartholomew, St. Joe, second; Costello, Corby, third; McOscar, St. Joe, fourth. Time, 5:08.

High jump—Yeager, Brownson, and Hand Brownson, tied for first; Miller, Brownson, and O'Shea, Brownson, tied for third. Height, 5 ft. 6 in.

220-yard dash—Hardy, Brownson, first; Bergman, Corby, second; O'Shea, Brownson, third; McDonough, Corby, fourth. Time :25.

40 yd. low hurdles—Kirkland, Corby, first; Fritch, Brownson, second; Larkin, Corby, and Duggin, Sorin, tied for third. Time 0:5 1-2.

880-yd. run—Wagge, Corby first; Bartholomew, St. Joe, second; A. McDonough, Corby, third; Kinsella, Corby, fourth. Time, 2:11.

Pole vault—Yeager, Brownson, first; Lynch, Brownson, second; Mattingly, Corby, third; Brady, Brownson, fourth. Height, 10 feet, 6 inches.

440-yard dash—Van Thron, Corby, first; Hayden, Brownson, second; Welsh, Corby, third; F. McDonough, Corby, fourth. Time, 0:56 5-6.

Shot put—Bechman, Corby, first; Martin, Brownson, second; Fitzgerald, Corby, third; Lathrop, Brownson, fourth. Distance, 41 feet 10 1-2 inches.

Broad jump—Martin, Brownson, first; Bechman, Corby, second; Haydon, Brownson, third; Hand, Brownson, fourth. Distance, 20 feet, 6 inches.

Relay race—Corby (Bergman, Wagge, VanThorn, Larkin), first; Brownson (Haydon, O'Shea, Hardy, Fritch) second.

## Safety Valve.

*Time*—Christmas holidays.

*Place*—Home of Marjorie R.

*Marjorie's Mother*—So you are back from school, John, after a long, hard stretch of work? I understand Notre Dame is one of the strictest and best schools in the country.

*John*—Yes, Mrs. R., I was just saying to Marjorie that N. D. has about everything that's worth having. No student can stay there and loaf.

*Marjorie's Mother*—It seems strange to me that a progressive school like that never started a course in military drill. I believe that military training is positively the best thing for a boy. I am told that Swathmore has a regular army officer to put the students through the various movements.

*John*—Why, Mrs. R., we've had a regular course in military drill at Notre Dame for the last five years. We have a captain and a sergeant from the United States Army. We go through all the setting-up exercises, do the different drills, and have the strict army discipline. It's a bit difficult at first, but it's the only training for a student. It makes him able to use his head in a pinch, and keeps him cool under the most trying circumstances. No, Mrs. R., I wouldn't miss a course in it for anything.

[Three weeks after at N. D. The bugle blows for drill.]

*John*—Well the idiot who invented drill should be executed without trial. To think we have humane societies and societies for the prevention of cruelty and still drill is tolerated.

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And as is always the case, the ban was put on the tango just out of pure meanness—and to prevent the tight military uniforms from being ripped.

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There's no use scolding those boys who had their hair all clipped off. Look at their heads and you'll understand the reason.

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Or as the Walsh haller said, "Students are born and not made, and there's not one born every minute in Chicago."

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## LET SOCIALISM COME.

*Student*—That Greek out there has nothing to do but sell hot dogs and pop corn and he gets money for it. We have to study our blamed heads off and all we get is abuse from our prefects.

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## NOWHERE TO JUMP.

Lent's coming and the lid is on.

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We will now illustrate the difference between the Mastadon and the Elephant by a map of the United States.

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The other day as we passed by Walsh Hall we heard a student singing the words, "You Made Me Love You." We listened and are now convinced he was singing about the Prefect of Discipline.

## THE OPTIMIST.

It snows too often and it thaws too often. One or the other ought to stop.

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## A ROYAL FLUSH.

Negligent Nig, the nervy nephew of an uncle of his, sauntered slyly southward on a certain dark and dismal night with the desperate demon-glare in his eye.

"Ha-ha!" he screamed, "I have foiled the watchman and now to break the bank at Hullies." The glittering glare of our hero's other eye told the story of the ripping, roaring, rampage that was going on within him, while the sleeping and snoring students told the story of a hall that was going on without him. Just as he reached the furnished fire-house the frenzied fiend fumbled for his finance,

"Ye gods and whoop snakes," he curled, "I have not any but a pocket piece and a penny."

Imagine, dear reader, the terrible tumult of turbulent tongue-taunts that the dark-faced, dare-devil flung fiercely into his proud countenance.

"I must have lucre," were the simple sounds that slid from the slick youth.

Limberly leaping to the rotten roof of the wholesome hose house, he anxiously awaited a wealthy victim. His spiteful eye spied Leander, the lengthy loan lender, curbing around the corner.

"The deed, the dastardly deed," the desperate ding hissed to himself. Quickly and quietly he drew his breath, with a horrible hurl he heaved a heavy sigh. It simply struck the lonesome loan lender on the—way down, and laid him limply low. In another measley moment the sleek serpent was upon him, then the cunning cuss cleverly stole away.

With the pilfered proceeds of his crusty crime the venomous vampire proceeded proudly to Hullies. With gloating glee he glared grinningly at the pepleless penny machine.

"A bale of bitter beetles," he shouted sonorously, "can not prevent me from twisting the tiger's tail." His slouchy smock and sinful, serpentine smile tickled tiny Tommy into tuneful tears. Snorting students had scared him before. Nautical Nig daringly demanded five sous in return for a jingling jit. The plunging pompadoured prevaricator then proceeded—perhaps to pulverize the penny machine.

We tearfully tease and askingly ask to be allowed to peacefully put the hollow-hook to this sad and stirring story. For your crushing curiosity, dear old diligent reader, let us sparingly state that the wretched young reptile returned homeward. He would have grasped the burly bank, but he negligently neglected to wake from a slumbering sleep.

We discovered the dripping digit leaning languidly against a lonely lamppost while his musty mit held the robber royal flush which baffled him at the sorrowful scene of his baff.

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It was pretty hard on a new Brownson hall student who wanted to give his lady friends at home an idea of his swell room at N. D. Instead of saying he resided in Walsh hall he said Rockefeller Hall. Quite a natural mistake, of course, but what must his friends have thought who knew about Notre Dame?