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Homeward.

NIGHT will come down, forever and forever,
Her purple robe will trail across the day,
Old hearts will fade, and happy bright-eyed children
Cease from their joyous play.

Night will come down, with care and toiling over
We shall lie down in silence side by side,
All our grim fears and petty griefs shall swiftly
Sink with life's falling tide.

Night will come down, but love will live forever,
Guiding us onward like a flaming star
Over the sands and shoals to that fair haven
Where the immortals are.

Democracy and the Living Wage.

RONALD S. O'NEILL, '14.



IN the command "Love Thy Neighbor as Thyself" lies the hope of the nation. It is the bulwark of Democracy. This is no mere altruistic formulae. To live a nation must let live. Governments exist solely to preserve the rights of the governed. So long as they do preserve them, they flourish; when ambition vetoes the will of the people they fade into the oblivion from which they sprang.

Examples multiply. The pages of history are replete with proof. The mighty Macedonian Madman, dying drunk in Babylon, with no more worlds to conquer, watched the realm beyond his mighty domain return piecemeal to the people from whom it was taken. In the graces of the gods the omnipotent city by the Tiber reached out its arms to the four winds of heaven and waxed strong. But, trampling on the rights of men, the

"blue-eyed nations of the north" lay waste its temples and its palaces. Mighty Bonaparte, the "apostle of Democracy," quaked all Europe with the thunderings of his cannon and dyed her seas with the blood of six million men. Yet the creature of his genius tottered and fell when a suffering people invoked the God of Justice. George III ruled happy and contented colonists until he attempted to subtract from the Godgiven rights of men; rights that inhered in men before governments began.

What means this rise of governments to undreamed of greatness, to be paralyzed, like another Sampson in the very apex of their glory? What do we learn from this strange repetition of history? Does it not argue that there is a great moral force which is the only conservator of nations; that there is something higher than the petty hopes and aspirations of men; mightier than the power of wealth and the greed of the few,—a law of eternal equities,—an omniscient God of Justice,—the Divinity that shapes all ends?

We cry out Democracy! The power of the people is our favorite boast! Yet, year after year, we are growing less and less a free people. Blinded by false gods of Progressivism we fail to realize that the reins of government in free America are handled to fewer hands every year, and we fail to remember that this concentration of power in the hands of a few has wrecked more dynasties and tottered more kingdoms than any other cause in history. We are following in the beaten path and we fail to consider that soon or late it must lead to the same oblivion. Like one afflicted with the great white plague we imagine that somehow or other we are immune, that this inexorable law of compensation applies to other manners of men in some far-off age or land. But it is false! The same deadly poison that struck down the nations of old is sapping the moral

strength of our government, and unless arrested will carry us to the same certain dissolution.

Small wonder then that cheated and defrauded humanity, its number swelling every year, should brand our government a failure; small wonder that its demagogues rise in frenzied anarchy to strike at the roots of organized society; small wonder that its tattered ranks flock one by one to the scarlet banner of socialism. But socialism is not the remedy. It is only a social toxin, which, like certain strong poisons on a diseased body, would only dry up the cancerous society temporarily to expose it to more terrible effects of a certain reaction. Justice, simple justice to all, is the only remedy.

It is only by a peculiar flow of circumstances that the great army of suffering humanity is the laborers of this land. It is by the same trick of fate that the economic implicate of justice to them is a living wage. It is so because labor is the lot of all the children of men and because the law of self-preservation is the very first law of nature.

Men must live by command of God, and in the name of justice they demand the means to live. They are not seeking philanthropy, they are demanding justice. Let us hear this demand while it is yet peaceable because we feel certain that if we do not answer it in peace we will be compelled to do so in war. It is too late in this day and age to affirm that man is not his brother's keeper. He is, and if generations yet unborn are to absolve Democracy from the oft-repeated charge of failure, we must hear his demands. We need not believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God, yet we know that it is sovereign, and that raised in prayer to the God of Justice it is omnipotent.

There can be no question of man's right to a living wage. Ignoring the command of God, man, by his own intrinsic worth, has a right to live. Reason compels us to admit that a man is entitled to the fruits of his labor. He is the highest of created beings and the earth is his heritage. From its bounty he must subsist. And when by an accident of nature the only means to his share of this heritage is his daily wage, he has an indisputable right to a living wage.

And yet there are throughout the length and breadth of this land ten million men, living in direst poverty, to whom this right is denied.

It is denied by employers who defend their refusal to pay a living wage by a most peculiar logic. They argue that the contract of labor is a free contract. That it is the result of unlimited bargaining and that the payment of any wage is just if that is the wage freely agreed upon. True!—if that contract is free. But is it? The employer is strong. He can accept or reject the laborer with little concern. Other laborers are waiting to accept the chance he offers if any dare spurn. The laborer is alone, his vitality, his capacity to work is his only capital. True, he may accept or decline. But he must accept or starve. Is that contract free? Is it not rather the illegal contract of slavery, a slavery "enforced not by the lash but by the pangs of hunger?" How true the words of the great Pope Leo: "There is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of fraud and injustice."

Man is entitled to more than will render him a bare subsistence. The beasts of the field are given this. He is the highest of beings and is entitled to an amount that will enable him to develop those faculties that inhere in every man and for the exercise of which the Master will exact an account. If life is something more than the living of it, something more than a bitter and relentless struggle against the end, he is entitled to food, clothing and shelter, with sufficient leisure to enable him to pursue the business of a man and in which to rest that vitality which is his only capital.

Every man is by nature a father. "Increase and multiply" was the command given to all. Hence every man, being the natural head and provider of the family, is, by every right of nature, entitled to a wage that will keep his family in decency and comfort. This right inheres in every man, even though he is not at the head of a family. If it did not a premium would be placed on celibacy and man would be denied the exercise of one of nature's primal and strongest instincts. Companionship is one of man's strongest wants and marriage is his right, if not his duty. Justice decrees that compensation for his labor shall support a

family in reasonable and frugal comfort.

When we contemplate the countless families in this land deprived of this right, eking out an existence in gloomy sweat-shops or before glaring furnaces; living, whole families, in a single room, their lives untouched by sunshine; while we realize that no flower blooms in the dark, can we dispute the assertion that the galling injustice being meted out to the laboring men of this land is the basic reason for the decay of our moral sense, the ultimate decay, of our government? True, there are other causes, but the unjust system of free contract, subjugating the workers of America, is the parent wrong of all. Child labor and women's suffrage are its illegitimate children. Pay the father the wages of a father and he will take his child from the sweatshop. Pay the working woman the worth of her hire and the ballot will lose its fascination. When we contemplate the magnitude of the evil we will not wonder at the anxious words of the Holy Father when he warns us that "some remedy must be found and found quickly for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment upon the vast majority of the working classes."

Suffering humanity prays for the remedy. Ten million poorly clad, starving men will kneel this night and pray their God to give them justice. Toiling from sunrise to sunset they are unable to earn their daily bread. "The day is not born when they begin their tasks; the night has fallen long before they cease." Working until brains reel and eyes grow dim this bought-and-sold humanity stands a mute but eloquent protest against the iniquity of free contracts. Women share the lot. Though able and willing to slave the livelong day, the only living wages they are offered are the wages of sin. What a plea for civilized men to scorn! From the very depths of their misery we hear their pitiful wail, ascending to the avenging furies of Heaven:

Oh God, that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap.

Ten million men, women and children, each with a human heart, yearning, striving, searching, all their weary days, after the fountains of life and dying unsatisfied; one in every ten to find a last resting-place in the Potter's field!

How can we delay to render the laborer the worth of his hire when we remember that all this commerce in human hearts and human

souls need not have been? What matter the seemingly insurmountable difficulties when justice is the goal? This nation was born free and purged from the taint of slavery in the blood of free men. The respecting of the rights of man has raised this nation to a pinnacle of greatness. Liberty has been our watchword and the lives of our fathers were sacrificed on its altars. The mighty Declaration of Independence answered the prayer of persecuted and downtrodden colonists; the Emancipation Proclamation loosed the manacled arms of the negro; suffrage enactments in a dozen states have stilled the clamor of suffering women. So we still have hope that this, the holiest of causes, will be answered with the living wage. "Mayhap not until the last labor strike shall end in victory; mayhap not until the last burning factory martyr shall render up his life as a sacrifice necessary for the destruction of the system that thrives on factory fires;" mayhap not until the roar and din of musketry again resounds throughout the land,—yet if we are to preserve that government of our fathers it must prevail.

Let us act! The wretchedness of labor is the master evil gnawing at the heart-strings of society. If not righted it will work our sure and speedy destruction. What though the conditions seem beyond repair; what though a thousand voices murmur "let well enough alone?" the night is ever darkest before dawn. Revolution, not evolution, must write the living wage. We dare not temporize; we dare not compromise. Let America write into her laws the spirit of justice; let her respect the dignity of man, and the dawn of a new day shall dispel the mists of social disorder and a wondering world shall stand in awe in the presence of a new nation, "a people acting under authority from God, and proceeding in the functions of government according to the dictates of conscience a people acting in a Godlike capacity, and dispensing justice and charity to all."

Persistent.

What matter how the storm behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could check our car-line's steady go.
Content to let the snow pile high
On wobbly tracks and wobblier tie,
She still plugs on by means unknown;
Hill Street can never lose its own! R. F. McA.

When the Fates Butt-In.

B. W.

Uncle Sam and the Railroads are always prompt in paying their employees. Any government agent or railroad man will tell you that. It was therefore a cause of much speculation and alarm at the Cleveland offices—the division headquarters of the New York Central Lines—when Harry Mansfield, suit-case in hand, failed to alight from the Buffalo Express at the Euclid Station on the monthly pay-day, December 15, 1911.

Every man in the Cleveland yards knew Harry, and had greeted him month after month as he swung down from the parlor-car of the express:—welcomed him with double ardor, for Harry carried the Lake Shore men's wages,—for each a little package of bills and coins neatly folded within a sealed and directed envelope.

The men had worked over-time a good many hours since the last pay-day, for the traffic had been heavy and the storms destructive. Nearly every man, from the division Superintendent down to the last arrival on the section crew, had to his credit at least a third more than the usual sum. It was only a week till Christmas, too, hence the disappointment was general when the express puffed out of the smoky old train-shed without having brought the welcome monthly visitor.

Brief and hurried calls began to be paid to the little window of the telegraph office, and nearly every visitor was there to find out what had happened to Mansfield. Had he "paid-off" at Erie and at Ashtabula? The operator was just as anxious as any to know the solution of the mystery, but as yet he had been unable to get a reply from either of these offices.

At last Erie answered. Mansfield had been there and paid off the men as usual. He had taken Number Fifty-four at 9:03 a. m. expecting to have the Ashtabula work completed in time to get the Buffalo Express for Cleveland. Hasn't he arrived, asked the surprised Erie operator. It remained to get Ashtabula.

A few minutes later the schedule showed that all through trains were now clear of that city's yards, so the operator tried again.

"Has Mansfield been at Ashtabula?" wired the excited operator. The click-clicks replied:

"Mansfield arrived on Fifty-four, with suit-

case; disappeared as soon as he left train; whereabouts unknown."

The news spread with the speed of sound. Had Mansfield turned thief and escaped with the Company's money? The temptation might prove strong, for, deducting the Erie pay-toll, he still had some \$95,000 in coin and paper, and every bit of it was in such small denomination that it could be passed without arousing suspicion. Few of the Company's employees favored this view; Harry was an old and trusted servant of the Company, and had carried equally large amounts of the Company's money scores of times.

The general opinion was that he had been robbed. But how? That suit-case never left Harry's hands—in fact to guard against any possible risk of danger from without or neglect of forgetfulness on his own part, Harry always employed a pair of hand-cuffs, clasp one around his wrist and the other around the handle of the suit-case. To get the money one would have to take the man too, and it was generally agreed that the six-shooter in his hip-pocket was a reliable agent for the prevention of any such occurrence. Still the prevalent opinion did honor to the memory of Harry's inviolable honesty.

The Company's officers met for consultation. No action could be taken until a reasonable time had been given to Mansfield to put in his appearance and explain matters. All communications touching on Mansfield's case were to be delivered to the division Superintendent at once.

About four hours after Harry had alighted from Number Fifty-four at the Ashtabula station, and had so mysteriously disappeared, "Cl," "Cl" on the little sounder in the Cleveland office brought the operator to his desk at a single bound. It was Ashtabula, and this was the message:

"Will arrive at Cleveland on Number Eight this evening. Yours, o. k. Mansfield."

This message lifted a load from the shoulders of everyone of the officers; they breathed decidedly easier. But where had Harry been? The Superintendent immediately asked Ashtabula for a detailed account, and if Mansfield had been robbed or injured. Harry himself wrote the reply, and it was the longest message that Ashtabula had ever sent, or Cleveland ever received. Both sending and receiving operators thought it was a chapter

from "Jesse James." The message solved the difficulty for the operator and the officers, but the army of employees did not know till they bought their morning paper what the reason was why they had not received their pay envelopes on the usual date.

Number Fifty-four had been equipped for heavy traffic that morning and the car on which Harry was riding, being next to the rear, was stopped some distance from the station. As he stepped from the train, two well-dressed men approached him, and told him to get into an auto which was standing by. He thought it must be a mistake on their part and politely told them so. The younger of the two then withdrew his hand from his overcoat pocket and pressed a small revolver close up under Harry's arm and told him "get into the machine quick, and don't let a d--d word out of you."

It was evident that these two were acquainted with Harry's custom of carrying the suit-case well secured to his wrist, for they made no attempt to take it away from him there. It must be their intention, thought Harry, to take him out into the country, cut the hand-cuffs, and either kill him or leave him there bound, and so escape with the money. A thought flashed through his mind; the hand-cuff was not fastened! Indeed it was clasped about his right wrist, but the suit-case was so heavy today that he had left the other cuff unclasped, merely hooking it loosely over the handle of the suit-case. Evidently the two had not noticed this. Could he still save himself by handling the one with the revolver a swift "upper-cut" and then calling for help? No, he turned it over in his mind, this wouldn't do; in the confusion they would probably get away with the money, even if he himself might possibly escape. He would take a chance and go with them.

All this had been done too quickly for Harry to think of his own "Smith and Wesson" with its every chamber full. He was half pushed into the rear seat of the machine; the older man pressed a small but effective gag into his mouth, while the other was still holding the revolver to his side, all the while smiling and bowing as if assisting a familiar friend. The older man acted as chauffeur, and the younger climbed into the front seat with him, leaving the almost helpless victim alone in the rear. They were soon on the way out of town, taking a southerly direction.

The three miles between the city-limits and the little village of Greenwald were covered at ordinary speed, for anything faster would have aroused suspicion. No plan of escape had as yet presented itself to Harry. He sat stooping over the suit-case, which sat on the floor of the car, as if he were still tied to it. He knew it would not do to let them know that it was free from him.

All at once, as they were nearly out of the village, Mansfield noticed that the left door of the car had jolted open, and was swinging agape. In an instant he had unhooked the hand-cuff from the handle, and had given the suit-case such a tremendous kick that it went rolling out of the open door and landed on the grassy roadside in front of a vacant field. Harry noiselessly pulled the door shut; neither of the two in front had noticed the suddenly presented opportunity, or the hasty exit of their prize.

Two more miles were rapidly covered, and the party came to an apparently abandoned lane that ran off the main road. The machine was turned into it; a half mile brought them past a curve and out of sight of the highway. Here the machine was brought to a stop. Harry sat meekly on the rear cushions; he was conscious of a smile located somewhere down in his inner self, but it couldn't find expression because of the tightly compressed gag which rendered facial expression as impossible as speech. He was almost glad he was gagged, even though it was so painful, for otherwise he could not have helped laughing when these two supposedly professional sharks found that they had been outwitted. They had landed their prize so neatly that they imagined it only remained to cut it loose from the "bait" and it would be theirs. They now cursed vociferously at the innocent-looking "bait" and threatened to "plug him with lead" for "putting one over" on them.

Harry was now relieved of the unpleasant gag. The older man demanded whether he chose to tell them what had become of the suit-case, or to begin his "long sleep."

"Well, what are you going to do?" demanded the other, "you don't get a week to decide."

The Company's agent had not been dozing on the outbound trip; he had carefully watched every movement of the men in the front seat. He knew they had laid their plans well, or he would not now be in their power. He knew they would try to avoid every sign which

might distinguish them from ordinary men out on a business trip, and so he was not surprised when, having come a couple of miles out of town, the chauffeur handed his revolver to the younger man and told him to take care of it; the latter did so, unloading it and secreting it in the tool-box beneath the front seat. Harry noticed that the young man kept his own.

Both of the agent's new acquaintances stood on the ground, awaiting Harry's answer.

"What am I going to do?" said Harry, producing his Smith and Wesson, "why, I'm going to be driven back to town; hold up your hands, both of you, or I'll lay you flat."

"D--n it," growled the chauffeur to the other, "I thought you got that away from him; you're a d---d milk-sop on this job."

"You put the 'cud' in his mouth, you old fool; why didn't you strip him then," was the only excuse the "milk-sop" could offer:

While they held up their hands and swore, Harry took the revolver from the young man and secured the chauffeur's from under the seat. He then had them get in the front seat, and he covered them both with his Smith and Wesson and the chauffeur's Colt. The journey back to Greenwald was made exactly according to orders from the rear seat.

As they reached the little village, the party could see an excited group gathered at the road-side, apparently watching some kind of spectacle. As the auto drew up, the attention of the crowd was turned from that source of excitement to the more astonishing one of two well-dressed men in an auto, covered by two revolvers in the hands of another well-dressed man in the rear. As the crowd parted, Harry saw that it was his own suitcase that had been the object of interest. A wash-tub full of water had been brought to the spot, and three of the wary citizens were just on the point of carefully lifting the suit-case and submerging it, thinking, as they explained, that it was "one of them danged infernal machines" they had read about in the papers.

It took Harry only a moment to explain matters; the self-appointed vigilance-committee lifted the heavy package, little guessing its contents, and placed it on the seat beside Harry.

"We'll go up town now and have dinner with Chief Sanders," explained Mansfield to the two in front.

Smile.

Be with me just a little while,—
Just hold me in your arms and smile
Dear, Heaven seems not so far away
To-day.

Dream home, where all my longings rest.
The heart of June throbs in my breast,
Star vistas in your eyes I see
For me.

Dark palls hang o'er the sunshine day,
My soul is sad when you're away.
Too soon, too soon, then must you go,
And so—

Just hold me in your arms this while
And smile,

Oh sweetheart! Smile. H. V. I.

Sailor Bill.

TIMOTHY P. GALVIN, '16.

Some men are born liars, while others are driven to lying by the force of circumstances. "Sailor Bill" does not belong wholly to either class. With him, lying is an artistic profession and a profession of which he is unquestionably a master. "Bill" looks to be some fifty years old, but if he has been at all the places that he says he has been, and if he has remained at each of them as long as he says he has, he cannot be less than two hundred and eighty, and is probably much older.

"Bill" is seen at his best on a winter's evening when the usual crowd of hangers-on that gathers at the "corner store" has been augmented by the younger boys of the village who have sought refuge from the cold wind close to the big stove that heats the store-room. "Bill" pulls a bag of "Mail Pouch" from the depths of a hidden pocket in his old overcoat, shoves about two-thirds of the contents into one of his cheeks, and begins to chew vigorously. He slowly rubs his horny hand over his grizzled whiskers and silently waits for an opportunity to introduce a yarn.

On such an occasion a hint about the cold weather usually arouses Bill. For he has made no less than seven trips into the Arctic regions, and old age alone prevented him from discovering the North Pole when Peary was a boy. As it is, Bill furnished Peary with the charts and maps which enabled him to make the discovery. To be sure Peary has never given Bill credit for the part he played in the dis-

covery, but there can be no doubt about Bill's having furnished the charts. He admits it.

His polar expeditions are but one chapter in Bill's series of travelogues. He spent no less than forty-four years on the seas; hence the name of "Sailor Bill." He was once stranded on a desert island, and some of Bill's experiences make the most harrowing parts of "Robinson Crusoe" sound like a small boy's account of his first attempt at smoking corn-silk.

Bill dabbled in law and literature before he became a sailor, but he had little liking for either branch of learning. However, he possessed a great liking for the science of medicine, and his knowledge of this science has often stood him in good stead. Once he fell from the rigging of a ship to the deck, which was ninety feet below. He spent many months in the hospital, but there was little improvement in his condition. Bill insisted that his doctor operate upon him, but the doctor assured him that no operation would hasten his recovery. Bill finally became disgusted and said to the doctor: "You cut me open and I'll do the repair work myself." The operation was a great success.

Bill comes down to the corner store every evening and he is never without a story. About half-past eight, Bill mumbles something about it being "time for an old 'tar' to be getting to bed," buttons up his coat and prepares to start home. Some boy will say, "Pretty strong wind tonight, Bill."

"Strong wind, huh!" the "sailor" replies. "You oughtta been with me the time of the big cyclone in Arizona—then you could talk about strong winds. You know I was plowing that day when I happened to notice a black spot in the sky. 'Tweren't no bigger than a walnut, but I knew what was coming and started for the house right off; but there was no beating that wind and it caught me before I was half-way to the house. I knew I had only one chance and I threw myself flat on the ground. Well that wind was so strong that it carried me right along the ground, wiggling me up and down so I looked like a rattlesnake gliding through the weeds. Didn't last more than five minutes, but it carried me so far past the house that it took me an hour and a half to walk back. Huh! What you snickerin' about? You fellers that's never been out of this town haint got sense enough to believe a smart man when you hear him." And the old sailor stalks out slamming the door behind him.

A Dissertation on Roast Pig.

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

Have you ever returned from a long walk along a country road, when the air was just nippy enough to keep your steps brisk, and settled into an easy chair to await the supper-call with whatever show of patience you were able to muster, when your stomach, that organ of dissatisfaction, which before seemed always so small and made the Thanksgiving bird seem always so big, was grinding away inside you like the upper and nether millstones only twice as insistent, when you felt like a very shell of a man because of the nature-abhorred vacuum that kept pushing itself ever outward, both fore and aft, topsy and turvy, until the only thing that prevented its absolute nothingness from uniting with the outside world was a coat of parchment, transparent thin? We ask you, have you ever when feeling like this, sat down in a chair and picked up a copy of Lamb (it may be the very name that allures you) and rummaged through its pages until, quite casual-like, your wandering attention loosely fastened itself on the "Dissertation on Roast Pig?" If you haven't done this, try it sometime. It's interesting.

Well, just supposing you've picked up the book and done as stated. There's nothing much to the first couple of paragraphs,—a bit of fictitious history that is not nearly so strange as Fr. Walsh's true records, and an account of a fire. A modern news-gatherer wouldn't trouble himself to report the fire, you say, as you stifle a yawn. Your mind is on the cooking going on behind the door. Now if it had been the boy who had got frizzled a little, why the news possibly would have been good enough for the *Chicago American*—that news, plus a little of the usual, lurid repertorial imagination.—

Withal you continue the perusal, reflecting with some pride that your own high school efforts were oodles more interesting, yes, oodles, and you began to consider yourself one of the fifty-seven varieties of asses for meddling with a book as dry as hay. You progress until at last, ha! an odah assailed his nostrils, and up go your ears continuing the simile above, when Bo-bo stumbles on a pig. Lucky find, you think, to pick up a fat little suckling pig, all nicely browned and hot as blazes. The boy must

'a been wearing asbestos shoes to go rummaging 'round in burning embers.

A little further along you come to the word "crackling," and your ears remain erect thereafter. Then bye-and-bye the eating is perpetrated and your attention is riveted, and by the time you get to these paragraphs, tra-la—good-night!

"There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—oh call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosial result, or common substance.

"Behold him, while he is 'doing'—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars." We cease to quote.

Oh, the savory odors that arise from piggy as he lies so meekly on the dish in sphinx-like state, his smooth hide red as a ripe tomato and fairly oozing richness. About him are rare garnishings of brown potatoes in a sea of gravy, while in his tiny mouth, stretched wide beneath a dainty snout, is stuffed the rosier of rosy apples. And if you don't feel that you could eat like an Iggerrote, if the walls of the Mammoth Cave within you have not doubled their clamorings, if your tongue isn't quavering for a taste, if the saliva ducts are not pouring into your mouth a stream like Niagara, young man, see a doctor.

And this is Lamb's Dissertation on Roast Pig, about nine pages of—for you have re-read the whole essay ere you have put down the book,—daintiest, airiest, most graceful literary bonbon that ever man put pen to.

To analyze it, that is our object. The task is distasteful. The "Dissertation" is a living thing and we detest vivisection. Still to point

out the introduction, body, and conclusion won't do us any harm. The introduction comprises the entire narrative history of the discovery of pig-roasting as a fine art. The body is the part that follows the introduction, as nearly as we can figure it out, and runs gaily up to a conclusion which—not that we are always entirely free from fallacy—appears to us to be made up of nothing more than a good, big period. But hold! in the last word of the last paragraph, Lamb "metaphorizes" the pig into a flower—by what effort of imagination we do not know. To his "Dissertation on Roast Pig" he has stuck this twisted metaphorical tail.

The story of Ho-ti, the swineheard, and Bo-bo his son, is drolly told and effervesces humor. The ancient tale is recounted as if it were a modern occurrence. Up-to-date diction is put into the mouths of the "heathen Chinees," and all the embellishments of the modern court from the foreman of the jury even unto the luxury of the court-reporter, is dropped back into the days when old Pekin was a mere "inconsiderable assize town." The burning of a house every time a pig roasting was indulged in is ridiculous, and the length of time that a pig, bro't to court, remained scorching hot is nigh absurd. Still all of the little queernesses are intentional and mirth-provoking. Lamb's "stuff" is a magnificent blend of freakishness. The term "extradomiciliate" means "sending out of the house" and is coined and explained for the occasion. God is referred to as the Giver of all good flavors; an allusion to Lear is swung in and an excerpt added—a couplet that is rather solemn though ridiculous in its use:

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade
Death came with timely care—

This serves to give force to the statement that 'twas well with piggy to be snatched off in the days of his adolescence. Paradoxes ramble in, superlatives abound, tender phrases and soft similes worthy of a better cause are thrown in, and all serve to make up a magnificent, humorous whole. The essay so reads that it seems not to have been written at all but just bubbled forth from an inexhaustible spring of irrepressible good humor.

But Lamb—we all know the pitiful, pitiful story of Charles and Mary Lamb, and as we read his pen sketches we wonder that all this gentle humor could flow from a fountain-head so drenched with sadness as the heart of Charles Lamb.

My Money's Worth.

J. HARRY SYLVESTER.

Nature has been over-generous in supplying me with a thick growth of hair and what is more serious still she has bestowed upon me that variety of hair which continually insists upon growing rapidly. Yesterday, having surveyed from several angles my lack of good looks in a mirror, I decided to go to a barber and have him harvest my abundant crop.

I entered the barber shop and was greeted by the trite "How d'you do" from the barber in the first chair. I took off my coat and collar, sat in a semi-comfortable chair and picked up last week's paper. I saw that President Wilson had issued that Mexican ultimatum which he has issued every day for the past month.

"Do you want a shine, sir?" came the question from the red lips of a black boy. Now I had polished my shoes immediately before going to town and consequently I began to wonder what was the matter with that "shine." Evidently it had not satisfied him.

"No, not today," I answered as though I seriously intended to be back the very next morning to have my shoes blackened. I read a few lines more and again came the black face.

"Do you want a bath?" It was true that I hadn't had a bath for a week or more, but how could he tell that? Besides I looked as clean as he did.

"No, not today."

Well I got about as far as seeing the third picture of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Sayre just after the noose had been thrown about them when I heard the "next" I had been waiting for. I walked over and sat in the chair.

"Shave or haircut?" asked the barber.

"Haircut." He proceeded to take a portion of the back of the chair away, then buried me under fourteen yards of calico. Somehow I wasn't made quite tall enough to suit him so he started to raise me by means of a foot lever at the bottom of the chair.

"Do you want just a cut on the sides?"

"No, I want a haircut all over," I explained.

"Shave in back?"

"No, a haircut in back," I answered.

"Do you want the clippers?"

"I don't care what you use just so long as

I get a haircut." I must have scared him.

You have very many "black heads" he informed me after he had completely torn my scalp to pieces and pulled every hair from my head. That was news, too. He stated that they had a special process by which they could remove each and every one of them without any pain whatsoever to the "subject" operated upon. He offered to clear my face from those awful things. I accepted his willing help. Then began a series of rubbing and burning, and scalding and turning and tickling my skin. He finally completed all there was to do for my toilet but only when he had filled my neck with all the hair he had removed from my head.

"Is there anything else?" he asked. I confessed that I could think of no more on the spur of the moment. He let me go without further molestations. In my hand he placed a square white slip of paper on which was written 4-115.

I had no more than gotten away from him when I was again met by a reflecting face with my coat, hat and collar. I put them on, then being administered several ineffectual blows with a broom I passed by his extended palm and headed for the cash register.

"A dollar and fifteen cents," indifferently.

"What?" indignantly.

"A dollar fifteen," coolly.

"A dollar, fifteen?" inquisitively.

"Yes," forcefully.

I paid and left the barber-shop sans hair, sans skin, sans money; fully resolved that some day I would found a barber college which would graduate ideal students. The only entrance requirement would be that the applicants be dumb.

History Repeats.

Those were the days, when Joe and I would meet

Behind the barn when all the chores were done

And joyfully map out the evening's fun

As furtively we'd roll a "cigareet"

Of "scrapins"—how our eyes would dance to greet

My father on a still-hunt for his son

At "jiggers" we would light out on a run

Else we'd get caught and paddled on the "seat."

This old-time stunt was called up strong today,

For chancing 'round the barn, I spied my two

Young kids—both keeping watch the other way

And stealing smokes, just like I used to do

And when I told my own old dad of it,

He cackled 'till I thought he'd up and split. H. V. L.

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—Each year as the twelfth of February rolls around, we find the American people young and old gazing with pride and reverence upon the likeness of **Lincoln, the Man of the People.** Abraham Lincoln. No one perhaps has ever held a warmer place in the hearts and affections of a people than this man who was born in the backwoods of Kentucky, who worked his way up by constant labor of body and mind, and who was taken away so suddenly, leaving a void in our political world and a void in the hearts of his countrymen. Other great men had lived before his time; many have since departed, but no one, not even Washington himself, struck the deep human chord in the affection of Americans that Lincoln did. Americans look up to Washington, they venerate, they revere him, but he seems to them a being beyond their ken. There is something so human, so sympathetic about Lincoln that the highest sought him out, and the lowliest did not fear to call him brother. He was a true American, an ideal statesman, but he was above all a Christian man.

—Have you ever stood in a little rustic chapel with simple, white-washed walls, a tiny wooden altar, and a statue of the Blessed Virgin? Have you ever knelt at **Always the Same.** one of the rough benches and gazed along the rows of rough hands and faces? If so, the simple piety of the place can not have escaped you.

The poetry of the house of God is in those people's hearts and the flood of God's infinite tears. To stand in such a place is a regeneration for the worldling. Nowhere can he learn so well the final equality of human life; nowhere will the inner core of his being so readily divest itself of the pulp which surrounds it in his heart. Men go to distant lands to behold the churches of old that are chiseled in stone and marble and decorated with silver and gold; but it is not the magnificent cathedral with tapering spires and living pictures that constitutes the grandeur and splendor of the true Church, that makes the worldly stand in silent awe and reverence, it is the presence of God in the tabernacle and in the hearts of the faithful. And this is everywhere.

O'Donnell Travelogue.

The historic ruins of Damascus, the wonderful mosques of Constantinople and the world-renowned edifices of Athens, constituted but part of the charm of Hugh O'Donnell's travel talk in Washington Hall Wednesday evening. The fact that Mr. O'Donnell is himself an alumnus of Notre Dame, having graduated in the class of '94, insured his cordial welcome, but the merits of his lecture were so obvious that he needed no other credentials. To an audience long since surfeited with charms of the great cities of Western Europe, a lecture on the little known and infrequently treated city of Damascus is at least a welcome change. Mr. O'Donnell is a pleasing talker, and the fact that he was suffering from Laryngitis did not deter him from narrating many interesting facts and anecdotes suggested by his subject. The mingled squalor and grandeur of Constantinople were next depicted, and motion pictures of more than ordinary interest portrayed the activities of Turkish troops, both within the city and under fire at the front. Athens fittingly terminated an excellent travelogue, and his treatment of that greatest of ancient—and yet most modern of—cities, although necessarily brief, compassed all points of conventional interest. Mr. O'Donnell's illustrated views were superb, his motion pictures only too infrequent, and his conversational style well adapted to travelogue discourse. Mr. O'Donnell's career as a lecturer bids fair to be marked with the same distinctive success as attended him in his journalistic pursuits.

The Chicago-Notre Dame Dinner.

Eighty enthusiastic Notre Dame men assembled at the rooms of the Mid-Day Club in the First National Bank Building, Chicago, last Saturday evening for the Annual Dinner. The repast itself was of the usual high quality, but of course that was a minor consideration. Quip and querk, and noise and laughter, and roast and jolly, and anecdote and reminiscence were the real items on the bill of fare. And mirthful explosions here and there around the long tables showed where a hit was made.

The President of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago, Mr. John Kanaley, won laurels as toast-master, and clever addresses were made by Father Cavanaugh, Judge Craig of the Supreme Bench of Illinois, Colonel French President of the Irish-Fellowship Club, J. J. Conway of Ottawa, Brother Marcellinus, Hugh O'Neill and P. J. McEvoy of the *Chicago Record-Herald*. The hit of the evening was undoubtedly Brother Marcellinus, whose whimsical humor proved to be a real condiment for the serious thought in his address.

As usual, everybody went away very happy, very enthusiastic and very much surprised that the crowd was not larger. The old guard was present in force as always, and the same old men did all the hard work. The dinner was a great success from every point of view.

Slason Thompson.

"Forty Years in Journalism," was the subject of an interesting and instructive address delivered Tuesday by Slason Thompson before the school of journalism. Mr. Thompson who is an editorial writer on the *Chicago Tribune* has had a wide experience in the newspaper world. In a graphic manner he pictured his difficulties, trials, and triumphs, from his first position with the *Golden Era* in San Francisco during the days of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, up through his career with the metropolitan dailies to his present position. The reminiscent talk contained much sound advice and healthy encouragement for the journalists. A love for hard work and an uncompromising devotion to the truth he characterized as the ear-marks of a successful journalist. To a close study of the Bible and the reading of poetry he attributed his success as an editorial

writer. Throughout his address Mr. Thompson emphasized the need of a strong healthy body in journalistic work and warned the students of the dangers of drink. The coming of Mr. Thompson is in line with the policy of the school of journalism to have the best newspaper men lecture to the students; and may the remaining lecturers be as delightful as Mr. Thompson's.

Troubles in Camp.

"Troubles in Camp," a three-act comedy from the pen of Father Quinlan, was presented in Washington hall Tuesday afternoon. Preceding the play, Judge Howard related some very interesting incidents in connection with the early days at Notre Dame, and delighted his auditors with personal memoirs of Father Sorin, Founder of the University. "Troubles in Camp" might be considered a sequel to "Bob Martin, Substitute Halfback," inasmuch as the characters were the same as those of last year's production. The scene is laid in a camp, and the plot revolves about the theft of a sum of money, the disappearance of which is erroneously attributed to the dishonesty of several members of the camping party. The play is replete with complication and incident, but even the excellent work of the performers proved unavailing at times, when interest persisted in lagging.

Bay Brown, loser of the eight dollars and leading spirit in the party, was well impersonated by John A. Welch. He was properly disgruntled, realistically rash in his accusations and generally true to life. Lester Ford, appropriator of the money and dyed-in-the-wool villain, was as artistically villainous as one could well desire. William F. Fox, who played the rôle of the thief, was also cast as the villain in the preceding play. His natural insouciance well accords with the part, and he was as cynical, blasé and *traître* as the exigencies of an exacting part demanded. Grover Krug, the shining mark, scintillated in the person of Francis J. McDonough. Certainly a more guileless youth could not be conceived of, and McDonough's interpretation of the rôle did the ingenuous lad full justice. George Keys, whose domineering nature helped to precipitate many a thrilling situation, was skilfully "done" by Francis R. Lockhard. Lockhard possesses in ample degree all the requisites for the character of a natural born dictator, and

his acting was probably a shade cleverer than that of the others. W. M. Short, as Rastus, had a little difficulty at times with the negro dialect, but was sufficiently convincing to make his scenes interesting in the extreme. Vincent Scully as Robert Martin, Clerk of Court, F. V. Benes as Hugh Fleming, attorney for the prosecution, and Robert C. Carter as Harry Lynch, Counsel for Defense, all played exacting rôles with talent and discrimination, acquitting themselves—and incidentally the defendant—with credit.

To Brother Cyprian goes the credit for the careful coaching and instructing that contributed in such a large measure to the success of "Troubles in Camp."

Society Notes.

THE BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

Careful preparation, an ample sufficiency of stable arguments along with an assertive delivery characterized the second tentative debate on the "Initiative and Referendum" question, before the Brownson Literary and Debating Society at their regular session, Sunday evening. The decision of the judges resulted in a vote of two to one in favor of the negative side, upheld by L. Carroll, H. Wildman and D. L. Duffy, who successfully defended the affirmative side of the same question in the first practice debate held some time ago. D. S. Mulholland, A. McDonough and H. Tyner supported the affirmative Sunday night. After one more preliminary the debaters will be ready for their dispute with Holy Cross hall. A program committee, consisting of D. L. Duffy, S. Carroll, and J. Lawler, was appointed for the year. Debates with Valparaiso and the Winona Aggies are still pending.

ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY.

At the Architectural Club meeting held on last Tuesday evening, the following interesting program of prepared talks was given. Mr. William Redden spoke on "Imagination in Architecture," emphasizing the need of creative power in the architect who wishes to reach the highest perfection in his art. Raymond Eichenlaub gave a practical talk on "Fireproofing." "Thought and Expression in Architecture" was Mr. H. Munger's topic. Mr. S. Rudolph told of the necessity of "Individuality in Architecture," and Mr. R. Kelly chose the modern topic of "Public Comfort Stations."

The closing number was given by Mr. J. Campbell who spoke of the "Business Side of Architecture." Refreshments were served at the close of the program, and after an enjoyable social session, the meeting adjourned.

Personals.

—Our old friend Jesse Herr (Ph. B. '13) spent the week-end with friends in Sorin.

—The "old boys" will be glad to learn of the engagement of Bernard Bannon (Commercial '08) and Miss Barbara Lageman, which was recently announced in Grafton, Penn.

—The Faculty recently enjoyed a visit from Selden Trumbull of Chicago. Mr. Trumbull is an old Notre Dame student, and one of the most loyal members of the Chicago-Notre Dame Club.

—John M. Bannon (E. E. '12) of Crafton, Pennsylvania, recently entered the service of the Duquesne Light Company at Duquesne, Pennsylvania. John is in the Laboratory Department of the company at present.

—Mr. Louis E. Best was an interested rooter at the Ohio State game last Saturday. Older students will recall Louis as a Corbyite of '02. He is now local manager in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for the Kawneer Manufacturing Company of Niles, Michigan.

—Fabian Johnson (E. E. '12) is now located with the Dodge Manufacturing Company at Mishawaka, after concluding his work in connection with the Keokuk hydro-electric development. In this latter position, Mr. Johnson was engaged in the installation of the transmission machinery.

—Friends of "Ernie" Baader (B. S. A. E. '13) inform us that he is in the employ of the most prominent firm of architects in Huntington, West Virginia. He took the Civil Service Examinations for appointment as architectural draftsman in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C., and was ranked second among a hundred applicants.

—The installation of Lawrence M. Stoakes, (E. E. '10) as Professor of Telephony in the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburg is the best news to his many friends at Notre Dame. "Mike" is one of the best men of his class, and his extended work with the Bell Telephone Company of Pittsburg fits him admirably for his new position.

—A letter, reading like a tale of pioneer days, is that from John P. McSweeney (C. E. '11) describing the construction of a new branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad through the Cree Indian Reservation in Saskatchewan, Canada. "Mac" was in charge of the engineering corps on the job, and is now on the maintenance work at Biggar, Saskatchewan.

Local News.

—Speaking of the weather—the lament for winter has brought about the genuine article.

—Kowalski still heads the list in the Walsh hall scramble for the title of "Champion Eater."

—Father Hagerty will entertain the Eucharistic League of Carroll hall at a supper next Saturday evening. A special program of entertainment has been arranged.

—"Have you seen the Blue Moon? Heard of the Lobsterscope? Danced with the Fire Flies?" These questions all go towards advertising the Military Ball to be given next Wednesday night.

—Corby hall displayed some unusual college spirit Tuesday night in its reception tendered a Corbyite winner in the preliminary debates. No loving cup was presented, however, but the quality of the work done deserved one.

—The Pam Club had a big spread at Haney's pie-house last Wednesday night. Second-year journalists seem to have especially big appetites, and succeeded in making away with all the "eats." A good time socially followed the repast.

—The Consumers Cooler Company of Michigan City, Indiana, are seeking graduates of Notre Dame to place at the head of several departments. Seniors who are interested may apply to the company, addressing Mr. Byron H. Burns.

—Last Monday the Notre Dame Rifle Team shot against the University of Arizona. The score of the locals was as follows: Cavanaugh, 189; Derrick, 189; Sullivan, 187; Bott, 180; Miller, 175. Total 920.

—An announcement of interest to Notre Dame fans is that three games have been scheduled with the University of Michigan nine. April 13 is the date for the game on the home diamond, while on June 5 and 6, Notre Dame will play at Ann Arbor. This will be the

first time for the two universities to meet on the diamond since 1909.

—Members of the Senior and the Junior classes and the graduates in the Short Courses are requested to have their portraits taken for the "Dome" if they have not done so already. Mr. McDonald, 211 South Main Street is doing the "Dome" portrait work and will be glad to receive Seniors, Juniors and Short Course men any time during the coming week. Those who have had their pictures taken are requested to return the proofs immediately.

—The last debate in the first group of preliminaries will be held tonight. The debate subject this year, "Resolved, That Indiana should adopt the Initiative and Referendum," has brought out a following of about forty men. Father Bolger, who is in charge of the local collegiate debaters, is very optimistic about the work being done this year. A team of great merit will undoubtedly be turned out to oppose the teams of Indiana University and of Wabash College in the Triangular Debate League.

—Mr. C. N. Fassett of the South Bend *News-Times* delivered a very profitable lecture to the Journalists last Wednesday afternoon. His subject was "Local Color," a feature which must be developed in every good newspaper. He said that local color is to be gained by paying strict attention to environment, the newspaper being the mirror reflecting all local life.

—Notre Dame is not an army hospital, but occasionally she must take care of cripples who protest against wards in the infirmary. "Jimmie" Cahill is doomed to give up basketball until late in the season. The Notre Dame-Wabash game of a short time ago gave him a broken nose. S. D. Newning, worthy vice-president of the Senior class, carries the same sort of injury; he got it twice in the same place within a week. It might be added that he sleeps in the upper berth of a double-decker. Paul Savage, journalist, figured that the natatorium was about fifty yards deep. A much-plastered head reminds him that water is deceiving.

—The University is soon to receive from Summit, New Jersey, the letters of Bishop Bruté. They are the gift of Miss Isabella Brownson, and large prices have been offered for them by other institutions. Miss Brownson is a relative of Judge Gaston, who was one

of the most prominent laymen of South Carolina. The letters show especially the character of Bishop Bruté, the man who donated the plot of six hundred acres upon which Notre Dame stands. Much of the correspondence of the Bishops at Vincennes, Indiana, were removed to St. Meinard's College and stored in a garret. A fire, which occurred in 1887, destroyed the entire Vincennes archives of letters stored in the garret. All of Bishop Bruté's letters stored there were thus destroyed, and the collection which Miss Brownson possessed is for that reason doubly valuable.

Athletic Notes.

BUCKEYES WIN. OUT.

After last Saturday's game, we had two great regrets: the first that the Varsity had lost such a heart-breaking contest, and the second, that we had already exhausted all the superlative adjectives in the language, in previous descriptions, and could find none to express adequately our sentiments on that game. It would require all the fervid flow of language of O. Henry at his best to depict such a thrilling contest, and the ensemble of mad rooters, cheering and pleading in the same breath,—not to omit the sad, dismal finale.

While allowing ourselves the consolation that the result would have been greatly different had Capt. Cahill been in the game we would not lessen one whit the credit due to the victors. For any team that beats Notre Dame has accomplished a feat that it may be well proud of, and Saturday night was no exception. The boys from Columbus presented a fast, well-balanced aggregation, with one phenomenally clever forward, and a pair of fine guards. Their team-work was of a snappy nature their system being to work the ball down close to the basket by means of short passes. One noticeable thing was that even the guards were greatly in evidence in the passing. This concerted action was very difficult for the Varsity to fathom, but they managed to break it up as the game progressed.

The home quint did everything that was expected of them, and even more. The great spurt in the last few moments when they tied the score fell barely short of carrying them on to victory as it has done so many times before. The work was a little ragged in spots but at other times the passing, and floor work was

equal to that of the visitors. Hard luck in shooting also had a great deal to do with the result, as Kenny and Mills had the ball in the basket several times only to have it roll out. Graf and Godfrey put up such a sturdy defense for the State men that most of the local's scores were made on long shots.

The game started off with good promise of the humming fight that it was to be. For several minutes, the ball was in the middle of the floor both teams guarding very closely. Finally Foust sifted the first one through with a nifty shot from the side. Fitzgerald reduced the lead by half when he scored from the foul line a moment later. The players were going at top speed during the next five minutes, in which time Notre Dame missed many close shots. Then Foust added another point from the foul line, only to score again from the side a moment later. Then the locals started a short rally, and with a basket by Mills, and two more fouls contributed by Fitzgerald, the score, stood 5-4 in their favor.

The Buckeyes came back strong, however, and scored six points in succession, giving them a lead that they kept for the remainder of the game. Two of the shots were made by Cherry, the visitor's centre, who was also one of the best ends in the country last fall. The score at the end of the half was 11 to 6.

Cherry started the next session with a tally from the floor, when he was left uncovered for a moment. But Mills evened up when he took a fast throw from Nowers, and made it good. Not to be outdone, Cherry dropped in another, putting the count at 15 to 7. The big New Jerseyite came right back, however, with another shot, and Fitzgerald brought the visitor's lead down to four points by a pretty shot. This seemed to put new life into the State team, Foust caging one from the field, and Graf slipping down from his guard position a moment later, to add two more points.

With only five minutes to go, the home five began its final spurt. Nowers started it off with a running shot on a pass from Kenny. Mills followed with another, and then both teams scored a point on a double foul. Again Mills counted, and then a wonderfully fast bit of team-work ended with a basket for Kenny, that tied the score. This was the final moment, and both teams played the best they knew how. Finally, with thirty seconds of play, Ginn broke free for a moment, and

scored his only basket of the night with a long, overhead, side heave.

Mills, with five tallies to his credit, led the scoring of the locals. The big center, though still handicapped with bad ankles, played a magnificent game, and was the center of all the team work. In this he was ably assisted by Kenny and Fitzgerald. Nowers played a magnificent game at guard, seeming to guard two men throughout the second period of play. Finnegan also put up a game fight as is evidenced by the fact that the visiting forwards counted but four fouls between them.

Varsity Wins First on Trip.

Notre Dame, in the first game of its Eastern trip, defeated St. John's College at Westminster gym, Toledo, Monday night by a score of 28 to 22. At all times the game was exciting.

St. John's started the first half with a rush that threatened to swamp the Varsity. Hackett the little Toledo forward, shot two baskets and as many fouls before Notre Dame scored. Before the game was five minutes old, however, Kenny caged the ball twice and Kelleher dropped one in from the center of the floor. The St. John's players had the ball in their possession the remainder of the half; Kerins, Connolly, and Hackett each adding two points to the score as the result of some clever passing. When time was called the score was St. John's 16; Notre Dame, 8.

The Gold and Blue came back gamely in the second half and kept the St. John's five guessing. Short accurate passes enabled the wearers of the Gold and Blue to keep the ball within striking distance during the entire period.

Hackett starred for St. John's, having twelve points to his credit when the game closed. For the Varsity, Kenny led with six baskets, while Bergman, who replaced Fitzgerald in the second half, was second with seven points. The line-up:

NOTRE DAME [28]		ST. JOHN'S [22]	
Kenny	L. F.	Hackett	
Fitzgerald, Bergman	R. F.	Kerins	
Mills	C.	Palm	
Kelleher	R. G.	Connolly	
Nowers	L. G.	Czelnslo	

Field goals—Kenny, 6; Bergman, 3; Nowers, 2; Mills, Kelleher; Hackett, 4; Kerins, 2; Palm, Connolly, Czelnslo. Foul goals—Hackett, 4; Bergman, Fitzgerald. Referee—Wright (Ohio).

Toledo, Ohio.

Cornell Too Fast.

Cornell was too fast for Notre Dame in the basketball game played on the Armory floor

Tuesday evening, the Ithicans rolling up forty-one points while the Varsity could score only fourteen. Only twice during the contest did the Gold and Blue display team-work that equalled the swift, accurate passing of the Cornell men. The Notre Dame players were tired and "pepless" on account of the big jump they made from Ohio.

Captain Halstead and Jandorf were the Cornell stars, each getting four baskets; Kenney caged three for the Varsity. Summary:

CORNELL [41]		NOTRE DAME [14]	
Lunden, Crass	R. F.	Bergman	
Brown Dederick, Shelton	L. F.	Kenny	
G. Halsted (Capt.), Sutterby C.		Mills, Fitz.	
H. Halsted, Haeberle	R. G.	Kelleher, Nowers	
Jandorf, Ashmead	L. G.	Finegan, Cahill	

Field goals—Lunden, 3; Cross, 3; G. Halsted, 4; Jandorf, 4; Brown, Shelton, Haelberle, 2; Ashmead, Kenny, 3; Mills, Bergman. Goals from foul—G. Halstead, 3; Bergman, 4. Referee—Marshall (Univ. of Maine.)

Ithica, New York.

First Regiment Meet.

In the handicap meet at Chicago last Saturday, Notre Dame captured three first places, each of the victories being of the highest grade. Wagge distinguished himself in the mile by covering the distance from scratch in 4:28 1-5, the fastest time ever clocked in the Armory. When it is remembered that Kiviat, one of the greatest Eastern milers, won the silver cup at the A. I. I. meet, the same night in one-fifth of a second faster, beating the best men in the country at the distance, Wagge's performance can be appreciated.

In the shot-put, Backman, with a handicap of four feet made a clean heave of 44 feet, 7 inches, far enough to win without the handicap. This is a splendid mark, and if Bach continues to improve as he has done in the past, he may be the equal of the famous Philbrook. Notre Dame is indeed fortunate in having such men.

Bergman, the rabbit Corbyite, won the Preparatory 40-yard dash in 4:4-5 seconds, phenomenally fast time. He promises to be as good as his brother, and this pair in Notre Dame has a couple of sprinters of the highest water. In the forty-yard collegiate event, Hardy, Bergman, Van Thron, and Newning all placed in the preliminaries, but went out in the semi-finals. The other men were unable to overcome the handicaps of their opponents. Daily works out are taking place in the gym, and the locals are making every effort to prepare for the first home meet on the 21st of Feb.

BRAVES DOWN BROWNSON.

The Braves started their pennant-ward march last Thursday by overwhelming the Brownsonites by a 38 to 5 score. The latter were outweighed over twenty pounds to the man, and so were no match for the conquerors of the C. A. C. and St. Mary's of Ft. Wayne. The especial feature of the game was the pass-work of the victors, although they were minus the services of their star center Gushurst. The victims were able to score but one field-goal.

BOOKIES OVERCOME SAINTS.

In a fast and exciting game last Sunday, the Sorinites took the palm, with a score of 36 to 25. The St. Joseph hallers showed a great improvement over their game with Walsh, and held down their opponents in fine style, until the last five minutes of play, when Sorin put on some extra steam and dragged the game from the fire.

Safety Valve.

A FATHER'S LETTER TO HIS SON.

V.

GO TO VESPERS SUNDAY!

THE MOTTO OF BRO. HUGH'S MEN.

Set down your buckets where you are—and rest till the boss comes back.

Old Student—What do you think of St. Joe Hall as a whole?

New Student—Oh, as a *hole* it's all right.

"Mr. Towel" in last week's issue should have been spelled Towle. We apologize for the *ragged* spelling.

Have your nose broken while it's popular.

Speaking of the Bergmans, "Little Dutch" is bigger than "Big Dutch."

CLIMAX.

Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell; Mary had her little lamb,—and Lamb his "Roast Pig."

No wonder professors are so well educated, when one considers all the new things they learn when reading the examination papers.

In Mr. Perry's lecture, when he talked about advertisements for the arrow collar, all the Walsh Hallers looked over at Corby and laughed.

"I'm a lucky dog! I guess I have nine lives; I can feel the cat nature in my very skin." He swallowed

Bruno and Trix alive and never touched me. Gee! but his mustard is hot; it's hotter than the boiling water they put me in over in the kitchen."

The dog paused a minute to emit a disconsolate howl.

"I've led a dog's life of it all right ever since I came into existence in the butcher shop. That second escape! Will I ever forget how that Carrollite jabbed a fork into me; how he slapped me between two thick slices of bread and put me into a stuffy pocket. Then that dizzy ride through the air and the bang against another Carrollite's head. If that kind-hearted Greek hadn't come along and picked me up and taken me to his yellow house and warmed me I'd be a dead dog today."

We'd like to meet the fellow in Corby who got sore because they didn't give him any demerits. He accused the prefect of giving them to his favorite.

OVERHEARD ON FEB. 2ND.

First student—What's Church for this morning?

Second student—Ground hog day, you boob.

THEN I'LL STOP.

(To be sung softly and sweetly.)

When the Hill street car stops running,
When the ground is piled with snow,
When a South Bend girl's not stunning
When I've not got any dough.
When I'm crowded with demerits
And I'm feeling mighty blue
When I've lost a leg and have a peg,
Then I'll stop skiving too.

WANTED—To buy a bird cage. The bigger the better.

CY FARRELL.

What Corby needs is not a man on their team with a Walsh Hall sweater but a few of the Walsh hall players.

VALENTINES.

Eichenlaub to Bachman:

I'll be your little Valentine,
If you, sweet elf, will still be mine.

To the Prefect:

Dear Prefect:—When I skive to town
Please do not scold and whine,
Just kiss my silken cheek and say
"My pet, my Valentine!"

Yes!

To Dear Teacher:

I may have skived class many times
But that's no evil sign,
I love my teacher dearly still
And he's my Valentine.

To Her:

Until the seas incarnadine
Shall change into blackberry wine,
Until Lignite to diamond turns,
Remember, Little Petey Yerns,
Will be your Valentine.*

*Discovered on the floor of St. Joe hall.