

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 21, 1914.

No. 17.

God Sees the Heart.

GOD sees the heart, what matter how the hand
May tremble in the struggle and grow weak,
What matter how the light dims in the eyes
And pallor creeps into the sunken cheek,
Slowly we sink beneath our crushing cares
Nor find a friendly hand to take our part,
Let the world call us weaklings if it will—
God sees the heart.

God knows the way we toil from dawn to dark
Spending the oil of life to the last drop,
Looking upon the mountain peak in hope,
Bleeding at every step, nor forced to stop.
Others outspeed us as we struggle on,
They know not how our wounds and spirits smart,
Let the world call us weak—'tis sweet to know
God sees the heart.

F. Marion Crawford.

GEORGE SCHUSTER, '15.



AMONG its treasures, Notre Dame values a portrait of F. Marion Crawford, which, as his own neat handwriting beneath testifies, was left "in grateful recollection." The picture may well serve as the object of a character study. Here there is none of the shagginess of profile so common to modern authors; none of that reckless air so distinctive of Mark Twain, of Chesterton and of Tolstoi. Neither is there noticeable any of the long-haired sentimentality prominent in the cephalic portions of Swinburne, Zangwell and LeGallienne. In this likeness we have a delicately, strongly carved set of features, expressive of a fine artistic sense and of a delight in the intellectual. The eyes do not flash with brill-

iance; they add to the general idea of exquisite depth of comprehension and keen range of observation. It is the face of the romantic student of life.

Crawford, indeed, must take his place as a supporter of romance. He held that novels are not didactic but entertaining by nature; that they are "pocket-stages," and that if the players be but real men and women a sufficient reason for their being has been given. However, he was too modern to carve out the glowing epics of a Sienkiewicz. His romance is tethered in fields his society understood. The definition in "With the Immortals" is perfect: "Our romantic sense is excited by associating ideas of the higher passions, good and bad, with people whom we can understand and in such a way as to make us feel with them." In the working out, however, he makes certain of a very full realistic treatment. In no other author are the scenic and character descriptions more carefully done. Nevertheless, he eschews the detail of Dickens, and above all, the psychological garbage of Zola. His art is compact, pure-minded and poetic. Unlike Howells and James, the melodramatic influence is not despised by him, he being of course true to the romantic theory in treating the unusual in life.

Perhaps Crawford loved the extraordinary because his own life was so gloriously bizarre. His father was Thomas Crawford, a sculptor whom we remember because of the Liberty statue on our national dome. Julia Ward Howe was an aunt, and there were other distinguished relatives. Francis, as he was then called, grew into a boyhood of unusual beauty and intelligence, and was sent, in turn, to several universities. While not a student of remarkable intensity, he had great aptness and zeal for the languages, and an abiding interest in history and philosophy. His father's fortune waning, he went to India for a livelihood. There he

practised journalism for a time, joined the Catholic Church, and gathered the materials for "Mr. Isaacs." Returning to Europe, he intended to devote himself to history, when the unexpected success of his first novel forever changed his course. Italy soon became his residence. There he married and continued to write. A man of deep and extensive culture, gifted with an earnest thoroughness in his work, he formed an acquaintance with numerous occupations. He was a skilled sailor, a boxer, a cobbler, a journalist, and a silver-smith. For "Marietta" he learned glass-blowing. These data are important because they account, in some measure, for the three prominent qualities of his work: he was versatile, cosmopolitan, and prolific. The author of some forty novels and a volume of short-stories, time was left him to write charming history, good verse, and successful drama. The fact that he wrote so abundantly augurs that it was not always well. However, few authors have maintained such an admirable level. True, there are books which lack his characteristic fire, beauty of style, or picturesque treatment. Nevertheless, the fact that critics have so consistently differed as to which of his stories is greatest, added to the fact that so many have been steadily popular, would lead one to infer that at least a dozen of his volumes are worthy of the library shelf, and that probably five lay claim to greatness.

If a dozen novels were agreed upon as best, it might be surprising to note the variety of setting. Although the author is an American, he has written of practically every Aryan nation in the world. The surprising feature of this is that he has composed with such startling felicity and truth. Naturally this cosmopolitanism has its drawbacks. While it conduces to novelty and originality, it gives the author no claim to knowledge of human nature. In all of Bennet's settings, for instance, the English people find themselves; Crawford's characters sometimes appear to be parts of the scenery rather than men. A quality which aided, perhaps, this universality of staging, was the author's interest in philosophy. Crawford was a convert to Catholicity; yet it seems he admired her chiefly for the truth of her ethics and metaphysics. It has seemed strange that the author of "Mr. Isaacs" should never have written in the strain of "Ben Hur"—published only two years earlier—but he was

more of a philosopher than of an apologist. At all events this knowledge of various systems of thought gave him insight into racial character.

It would be impossible here to examine many of Crawford's novels; a few must suffice for an estimate. Though popularity is not a test of merit, yet in the case of the Italian stories, it might be argued that they treat of the land their author best knew, and were written at the height of his power. Whatever may be the merits of the famous "Saracenesca" trilogy, it must be considered that in it are embodied Crawford's most mature reflections and deepest knowledge of character. The three volumes treat graphically of the declining temporal power; they tell of love in all its sweet and fervent phases, and they contain a broad range of characters. Moreover, in them is introduced the greatest of Crawford's personages, Count Spicca. This celebrated duelist is really a creation: preternaturally skilled, sardonic, great-hearted,—he is as distinct as Sienkiewicz's Zogloba. His death in the stirring close of "Don Orsino" is the novelist's most powerful scene: it is swift, colored, and grandly relevant of character. Like unto these books in the same way as Byron's "Maid of Athens" compares to "Childe Harold," is the romantic love-story of the "Stradella" type. These tales are delicate and beautiful, like the glass of "Marietta" and the ballroom in "The Palace of the King." In all of these, there is the dramatic form: the mode of plot which the modern novel has evolved from its forbears, and which Crawford was one of the first to recognize. Skillfully the crisis is built up and led on to the dénouement. Description, episode—all give the atmosphere of stage-setting. Of this "Zoroaster" is a fine example. Opening with the brilliant description of Belshazzar's feast, it climbs gradually to the crisis of Nehasta's error, and then leads slowly to the magnificent final scene, the death of the reconciled lovers in the temple. "Greisenstein" is another excellent instance. "Mr. Isaacs," the brilliant tale of India, is clearly gradatory. But the worth of this method has been questioned.

There is one story which needs more elaborate mention. "Casa Braccio" has many claims to being considered Crawford's best novel, and he himself so regarded it. It is true that most critics disagree with him, but we have in it the culmination of the dramatic novel.

There is practically no discursion, frequent in many of his books, and scarcely a touch of humor in the entire story. It is tragedy, and the tragedy of romance. The issue is the result of a sin, the parting of a nun confronted by a strong man who loves her. Critics have termed this an insufficient motive, maintaining that it does not ground the earnestness of the issue. To one of Crawford's faith, however, the case is not abnormal, but mirrored in a thousand truthful instances of history. It is strange, but it is true. Maria Addolorata, a beautiful nun, breaks her vows to marry a Protestant Scotsman. He, in order to escape, makes use of the body of his landlord's daughter, who has accidentally poisoned herself in his room. The peasant thinking that his guest has borne her off, plans revenge on Dalrymple. Thus a twofold issue is begun—sin and an involved error must bear their fruits. The unfolding of the plot shifts the action to the dead Maria's daughter, Gloria, and the mistaken peasant is doubly revenged when she poisons herself at his home, and when he sinks his dagger into Dalrymple in St. Peter's. Swift-moving, terrible, endowed with a mystic fatalism that leads the daughter into a sin like her mother's, the book is much similar to Hardy's "*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*." The latter, of course, has the advantage of a setting he has identified himself with. Crawford, though in Italy, is cosmopolitan. In the story of *Tess*, the girl, by nature passionate, is betrayed into sin by a young nobleman, and the consequent odium of society leads the way to the tragic dénouement. The heroine is supposedly entirely innocent. Crawford has skilfully woven into Maria's story the threads of fate, but her sin is at least wilful. We realize all the palliating circumstances, but do not forget the act. In a word, we have in *Tess*, fate; in *Maria*, temptation. Of course, the latter is married in a civil sense, but her daughter, leaving her husband, becomes the mistress of Griggs. *Tess*' child dies and she is married again. The disclosure of her frailty to the husband causes him to leave her. In all this Hardy sees nothing but blind destiny. Again, when her seducer regains control, fate is the guide: in the final catastrophe, the black gallows stands for fate. When Gloria poisons herself and her child and dies in agony at the peasant's house, when Dalrymple sinks in the gloom of St. Peter's, we have in mind

the vision of relentless punishment, and in back of all is sin. Hardy's tale is the life of a woman; Crawford's, the biography of an evil deed. The two are equal in the telling, though Hardy speaks of English character to Englishmen. But one is Christian, the other pagan; the one has an ethical foundation, the other is based upon atheistic positivism. Between stories so powerful, beautiful, and vital, the Christian will know which to choose. Undoubtedly this is Crawford's masterpiece—a succession of weirdly compelling scenes told with the rapidity, force, and restraint of the master-novelist.

As a prelude to an estimate, it will be expedient to consider the value of romance. Here, of course, no defense of the novel is attempted, for the writer agrees with Chesterton in terming it "a creation of the mystical idea of charity." The romance, however, must hold its own versus the attacks of Howells, James, and Balzac. Let us compare the work of these latter with that of Stevenson, Crawford, and Barrie. It will be perceived that the idealists are immensely more popular, and equal in technique. This popularity demonstrates at least one thing: the way to the human heart. Man's knowledge of the details of life changes them; his imagination and his soul glorify them. He appropriates the golden haze of the sunset, and has no need of the spectrum. For this reason a draught of spiritual life is better than a hogshead of sordid matter. Crawford realized this; he knew that under the human breast there throbs a heart warmed by the fires of a divine birthplace, that in the undying years of the soul's flight, it means nothing to search for larvae that breed in the slime. Man longs for pathos and humor, for the soft nights of love, and for the glint of the battle-sword—all these our novelist has given.

To form an estimate of Crawford, one must needs be venturesome. In these days of the fictional deluge, it seems that we have no writers so great as the antediluvians. Indeed, it were impossible to compare the novelist under consideration with Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott. Modern standards and times are different, and genius is viewed from a new angle. We must then seek his place among contemporary authors, and particularly among those of his own country. America has two artists in fiction who tower above the rest—Hawthorne and Poe. The strange powers of

dissection and creation inherent in the latter constitute for him a unique position; yet in the "Screaming Skull," in the latter half of "Sant Ilario" and elsewhere, we are strongly inclined to challenge a comparison. Both were deeply interested in the occult and horrible. No doubt can be entertained, however, that Crawford lacks the morbidness of Poe, and much of the accompanying power. To Hawthorne on the other hand, he can easily be likened. The *res communes* are numerous. In both there is ingrained a Grecian sense of art which seeks for symmetrically builded plot and rotundly chiseled expression; the two are similar in their choice of a few characters who carry the action into deep channels. Hawthorne, of course, is chiefly a short-story writer, while Crawford is pre-eminently a novelist. By the latter, nevertheless, the dramatic form was employed in his first story. In many respects Crawford must be regarded the superior: his art being that of a later time, is better; his knowledge is vaster and more profound; his experience broader, and his nature more poetic. Hawthorne has the advantage, however, in his individual field, in his knowledge of Puritan character and in a chaster and more polished style.

Something has been said of Crawford in relation to James, Howells and others. Many English and Continental novelists are, naturally, superior to our novelist. Stevenson is like him in adopting romantic scenes; he surpasses in style, spirit, and setting. However, Crawford's most fruitful field, human love, was a wellnigh closed garden to the Scotsman. The latter's influence was, of course, immensely more far-reaching. Another romantic Scot, Barrie, outstrips Crawford in human pathos and character-study. A comparison with the best Continental novelists is unfavorable. He lacks the fiery glow and ecstatic poetry of Sienkiewicz, the full, rich warmth of Händel-Mazetti, and the titanic power of Tolstoi. He can not equal Lagerlöf, Suderman, or Daudet.

What then is the position of Marion Crawford in literature? To the writer's mind, he is the greatest story-teller, barring Poe, that America has produced. His failing is that he is cosmopolitan to the dearth of "Yankeeism." Still, in artistic range, in power, in depth of vital meaning, "Casa Braccio," "Mr. Isaacs," and "Saracenesca" are not inferior to the "Scarlet Letter." The sketches of James and

Howells can not contest his right to the title, because their finely carved art contains the worm of the languid decadence of Seneca. The romanticist alone is young; he alone, therefore, is strong, vibrant, and soul-stirring.

As such, then, crown him. Before concluding, however, there is another objection to be met. A critic has described Crawford's view as that of a bigoted ecclesiastic, and of a narrow creed. Some of us, however, have thought otherwise. To many it has seemed that he made unwarranted concessions, and sometimes shirked the duty of the faith. Yet there can be no doubt as to the sincerity of his belief; we rejoice in it, and hold that because of it he was broad-minded and comprehensive. His last words: "I die today with Christ" betoken a firm knowledge of the reality of existence. It is not true that he was ascetic or bigoted, but it is certain that his mind was broad enough to throw off the vagaries of modern thought while admiring its progress, steadfast enough to believe that ancient poetry, chivalry and truth have not passed from the lives of men. Human love was his song, but he was sage enough to know that it is not always happy, because it is not always good.

Varsity Verse.

MUSIC AT DUSK.

Strains of music soft are falling
Down the hillside, o'er the plain,
From the convent cloisters calling
Toilers from the fields of grain
To a prayer at close of day,
Mellowed by the sun's last ray.

F. B.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN."

A pretty maid asked me to sign
A suffragette petition;
I said I would, but thought "the cause"
Was doomed to meet perdition.

"Where do you think, you'd be?" cried she,
"If 'twere not for the women?"
"Canoeing up in Paradise,"
"Instead of down here swimmin'."

J. U. R.

NONSENSE.

I'd like to live across the C's,
In China where they grow good T's,
And there 'mid blossoms of sweet P's,
To dwell in luxury and E's.

But I'd object to have Chink's I's,
With them one looks not much too Y's,
And certainly I'd never U's
One of those pigtails labeled Q's.

B. V.

The Distribution of Wealth.

JAMES A. CURRY, '14.

"I tell you there ain't no use arguing about it. You can see all round you things ain't right. There's Sheers, worth forty or fifty millions. How did he get it? By me and you and men like us who went into his dirty shop and worked our heads off. Now business is slack. There's some sort of a cry about a financial stringency. The market's over-stocked. What's the result? We poor dubs are laid off. We, who put the coin into Sheer's pockets, are out of a job. You don't call that justice, do you? There's Mamie Shurbeck down with consumption. Got it bending over one of those machines in one of those sweat-shops. As long as she worked, she got her pay, four-seventy a week. Every cent of it went to keep those kid brothers of hers. She never lost a day. Her work was always satisfactory. Now she's down and out, and her boss, Cohn, wont help her."

"Yer right, Bill, but there ain't no use growling. That wont get yer nothing."

"Something's got to get me something pretty quick. I'm broke. I've got to have money and mean to get it."

"Then, how are you going to get it?"

This was the trend of a conversation held by two men in the back room of Dan Murphy's café down on the East Side. The first speaker was a tall, rather good-looking fellow about thirty years of age. His companion, though not so tall, was a better proportioned individual. Their clothes bespoke the workingman. Both had been employed at Sheer's foundry. One Thursday night, when they went to collect their week's pay, the foreman told them not to report again at the factory until they were sent for. Such news was distressing to both. Bill was a married man with five children. He had little or no opportunity to prepare for the rainy day. Jack, it was rumored, was engaged to Mamie Shurbeck. What little he had saved he either spent or gave to friend Bill during their three weeks of idleness. Both were desperately in need of money.

"How are you going to get it?" repeated Jack. "I've just been thinking, Bill. You've got a wife and a bunch of kids. I ain't got nobody but Mamie. You know, Bill, I think a heap

of her. She ain't never going to get well. The doctor said so. You heard that fellow the other night down at the corner. He said something about those fat capitalists robbing us. He said something about the 'equal distribution of wealth.' My plan is to rob Cohn."

"My God, Jack, that's risky business!"

"I know it, Bill, but what are you going to do? You've got to live. Mamie's got to get money. Cohn ain't got no right to keep us from living. If I was starving to death, ain't I got a right to swipe a loaf of bread from the baker down at the corner? Must I stand around and die just because Cohn has a bunch of coin that he wont distribute? A little nerve, Bill, that's all."

"I guess you're about right, but it's pretty rotten business, I'm telling you."

Both men went to one of the tables situated in a secluded part of the room. They spoke in an undertone for over an hour. Finally they arose and made their way to the outer door.

"Will meet you here at nine. Bring whatever you think we might need," ordered Jack as they parted at the entrance of the saloon. Four hours later, Jack entered the saloon once more. Standing near the bar was his friend Bill.

"I wouldn't drink too much of that stuff," were Jack's words of greeting.

"Hello, Jack," responded his friend.

"Let's be starting. It's almost nine now."

The two men went out together and walked leisurely across town. Once or twice Jack mentioned something about the equal distribution of wealth. Bill muttered his assent. Both were awed with the seriousness of their proposed crime, but they kept their thoughts each one to himself. As they left the squalor and dinginess of the East Side and made their way into the grandeur and beauty of the residential section, their fear increased.

"What's the penalty for burglary?" Bill queried once as a policeman hovered in sight.

"You ain't losing your nerve, are you?" was the only response, and again both travelled on in silence.

"There's the house," spoke Bill as they came within sight of Cohn's palatial home. "There's not a light in it," he continued as they drew near it.

They both stole noiselessly to the rear of the building and approached the back entrance.

"I'll go in this door and open that side window. You wait there until I whistle," ordered Jack, as he made his way into the house.

Bill obeyed his friend. The window was raised from within, and a voice from the darkness whispered, "Come on."

A noise startled the intruders. A moment's listening convinced them that the sound was not of human origin. Gripping the ledge of the window, Bill began to drag himself within reaching distance of his friend. Jack grabbed him by the hand and helped him through the open window. All was silent within.

"Sh! not a noise," commanded Jack.

They started to cross the room when suddenly a rumbling sound was heard. Both stood dumfounded with fear. Then all was quiet again.

"Wish I was out of this," whispered Bill to his friend.

"Too late now," was the response.

Again they began stealing across the room. Somewhere in the house a door slammed. Both stopped in their tracks. Of a sudden the room was flooded with light. The two men were so startled that they made no attempt to escape. On the opposite side of the room stood a diminutive man fully dressed. He had the characteristics of a Hebrew. In his hand he held a revolver.

"What is the object of this surprise party, my friends?" he asked.

"Guess you know what we want," was the response from Jack.

"Pray, don't go yet. This thing's loaded."

"You got us. You might as well call the police," spoke Bill.

"Can you suggest a reason why the police should not be notified? What was your purpose in coming here? You have done such a poor job of it that I'm convinced that you are amateurs," said the man with the gun, paying no heed whatever to Bill's suggestion.

"We're out of work, and we want money. That's why we came here, Mr. Cohn," offered Jack.

"Don't you think you are seeking your demands in a very unceremonious manner? Why should you select this house?"

Then Jack explained matters. He told his captor how they had been forced to quit work; how they both tried hard to secure employment. He spoke of Mamie's being sick, about Bill

and his family. He even went so far as to express his opinions on social conditions, his theory about the distribution of wealth, based upon what he heard from the soap-box orator. The man with the revolver paid the strictest attention.

When Jack had finished his explanations, his captor said, "That puts a different face on matters. I've just been thinking what would be best to do. I've decided to permit you men to go free. Just wait one minute. I also have decided to help you in your need. Here's enough money to keep you both until you secure employment. Stay out of this business. It's too risky for amateurs. You both have too much at stake to be taking such large risks. Both of you kindly go out the way you came in. Good-bye."

Jack accepted the money. Both men were very thankful to their benefactor, and both obeyed his orders by going out the window. Once on the outside, Bill said to Jack:

"I wish all these millionaires believed in the distribution of wealth."

Within the supposed millionaire placed his revolver in his pocket, gave a sigh of relief and spoke almost loud enough to be heard, "I hope no one else will disturb me until I finish this job."

Maverick Madden's Come-Back.

H. B. MADDEN, '15.

The last of the numerous pony races had been run and the roping contest had been completed with one "tie" only: two seconds under the world's record. The two baseball teams, with a tight battle on a sun-dried diamond just finished, piled into the grand-stand and the official announcer, Jack Flemming, rode onto the diamond.

"Ladies and gents," he began with a flourish of his Stetson, "the last feature of today's program will be the broncho bustin' Mr. Maverick Madden of the I. C. U. outfit, who will endeavor, for your entertainment, to ride the notorious outlaw, Estrella Blanca, the six-year old broncho. He has thrown every rider who has ever attempted to ride him."

Estrella Blanca was brought onto the diamond. He was a commonplace, dark bay horse with a white star on his forehead—hence the name, Estrella Blanca."

Though he was the most notorious outlaw in the country, he had learned that it was useless to try to rid himself of the empty saddle, so he saved his energy and bucking ability until the rider was mounted. For this reason he was easier to saddle than most gentle cow-horses.

A couple of friends helped Maverick toss on the saddle and in the true broncho-breaking style held his head down by the ears, while Madden mounted.

"All set?"

"Let'm go! Yip—ee—e—e."

For minutes the crowd gaped open-mouthed at the marvelous exhibition of riding. Maverick, far from "grabbing leather," as all other riders had done, applied his quirt, spurs and Stetson hat.

Suddenly the struggle ceased; from a thick cloud of dust the riderless horse arose and dashed past third base, through the open gate and loped down the road.

The same friends who had helped him mount, carried the senseless Maverick into the dressing-room beneath the grand-stand. A moment later the same announcer appeared.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Maverick Madden has a broken collar-bone and three fractured ribs. Estrella Blanca has yet to be ridden."

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It was four years later. The guests had already begun to arrive at the ranch house of the I. C. U; for the annual Christmas ball that was famed far and wide.

The dance, however, was not the only attraction this year, for a purse of two hundred and fifty dollars had been offered to any one who would ride Estrella Blanca. Three of the most famous riders of the southwest would compete for the prize, and so the day was indeed one long-looked-forward to by all the inhabitants within fifty miles of the I. C. U. ranch.

Maverick Madden could not under any circumstances be persuaded to ride a horse. In fact, he could not be induced to sit on the front seat of any horse-drawn vehicle. He said he would rather walk.

From the exalted position of champion broncho-buster of New Mexico he had descended to the undignified position of camp-flunky. His duties consisted in taking out a wagon on the spring "horse works." But he was "slipping" beans for "Frijoles." Martinez, the Mexican cook, whose fame as a bean-artist had

secured him his name and a county-wide reputation.

It was the custom, and Western etiquette demanded, that every man within twenty miles of San Juan should bring along a quart of Old Crow or some equally desirable Kentucky rye nectar.

A careful observer who counted the number of arrivals from town who made trips to the cook house with a significant bulge in their hip pockets would conclude that Martinez stood well in the estimation of cow punchers. It was the custom for visitors to greet the cook very heartily, and comment upon the expected "feed" and festivities, and over the bottle pledge everlasting loyalty to his way of preparing "frijoles." Never did anyone care to detract from the sincerity of this pledge by offering to give the "flunky" a drink from the same bottle in the presence of the eminent head of the bean department.

Now these repeated visits had the effect of creating a "tempest in a teapot." The Mexican, after having a few drinks, began to antagonize the outcast "gringo" whose own countrymen would not offer him a drink on the eve of so great a celebration. For his part, the American began to look upon cow-punchers as the worst of ingrates. Only five years ago any one of these men would have been honored to have been his friend. Today they ignored him and forced their friendship and their drinks upon a low-down "greaser" cook.

About four o'clock that afternoon "Uncle" Pete Johnson came in from the A's. When he left the kitchen it was with the report that if the cook and the "flunky" should come to blows, he would not be at all surprised. A drunken "greaser" and a jealous white man can't stay long in the same jug without "mixing."

Maverick was shaking down the ashes in the large range with a long, heavy iron poker. The hooked end of the poker got caught in the grate, and to release it, Maverick gave a hard jerk. The poker came loose, but the same hooked and overturned a large coffee-pot which flooded the fire box completely, drowning out the fire in the midst of preparing the evening meal.

When the Mexican saw the damage that had been done he made a rush at Maverick, brandishing a wicked meat-knife; Madden was taken unawares and had no chance to escape. He ward off the first blow, and then with

all his might struck the Mexican upon the head with the heavy iron poker.

When "Shorty" Adams and Tommie Reading from the Bar-W ranch went to the cook house at 5:30 p. m. they found the cook dead on the floor in front of the range. By six-thirty the ranch was deserted; every man had mounted and was scouring the foothills for the fugitive murderer. They supposed that he had secured a horse and was headed for the Mexican border, fifty miles away. Madden's unconquerable fear of horses, however, had prevented his securing one when it was available, and he was at that moment hiding under the grain-room floor. From this position he heard the instructions given by Pat Nun, the foreman, to the departing posse.

"Now you fellows split up and work every cañon between here and Coyote Springs. Remember he is to be captured alive and brought back here, and tomorrow noon we will string him up on the corral gate."

By the time darkness had fallen, Maverick had made a thorough review of the situation. With his knowledge of the treatment he would receive he resolved to conquer his fears, and attempt escape by horseback. With this end in view he crawled from under the grain-room floor and very quietly sneaked to the corral.

Only one horse was left, when he got into the corral and this one was dragging a thirty-foot rope from a backamore. After a few attempts Maverick succeeded in getting a hold of the rope, and in about fifteen minutes had Estrella Blanca saddled. Then he led him out of the corral and mounted.

Suddenly he was thrown out of his saddle, but luckily regained his position by catching Estrella's heavy mane with both hands. The next jump in the opposite direction put him back in the saddle. By these characteristic jumps and twisting of the body of the old outlaw, Maverick recognized his mount as his old friend Estrella Blanca.

With this recognition and realization that he must ride, Maverick's old fighting spirit returned. When the "buster" went to cooking he carefully placed his spurs in his trunk, and there they were at this critical moment. After a few more jumps he quit "pulling leather" and began quirting Estrella Blanca on one thigh and then the other, and occasionally slapping him over the head with the coiled rope.

Never in his long experience had the outlaw felt such a rider; never had he been so cruelly handled. He had tried his most vicious bucking but to no avail; certainly the only escape from this demon rider was in flight. So with the fear that only a wild beast can have, the horse broke into a frantic run, but still did Maverick Madden apply his rope. The frightened animal had chosen to run toward the high peaks that marked the border line and Maverick's goal of safety.

At nine o'clock the next morning, Juan Bautista Sepuldaba de Bosque Secco de Chihuahua, Mexico, was watering his burrows when a stranger on a gaunt and sweat-covered horse rode up:

"Good morning, sir," greeted Maverick, have you water for my horse?"

"Sure, see how he foams."

"Yes, but we have come far and fast."

The Smile of the Madonna.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

It had happened at last. Bosquet was at his rope's end and he believed himself to be the most miserable man in Paris. As he thought of his abject poverty, his youthful spirits left him. Hope was fading in his heart. He felt that the time was at hand when he must pay the price of his prodigality or—but scarcely would he think to himself of the alternative.

Bosquet had come to the city of splendor from his little provincial town to win wealth and fame as an artist. At first he worked hard to bring out the artistic talent that was in him. But the artist's path to glory is hard and long. It is full of perils, especially in Paris. Disappointed by the first failures of youth he too easily learned to forget care in the pleasures of the Bohemian world about him. Here he found company to cheer his youth and wine to excite his tired brain. But he had now gone too far. His work was neglected, and his pocket-book emptied in revelry. And as friends over the bowl scarcely ever wait to help drain the dregs, the artist was left alone in his misery with nothing to fall back on. All his personal property save a few clothes necessary to cover his back had gone by the way of the pawn shop.

Alone in his attic room he mused on his sad plight as the hour of twilight stole on. The light was fading on the dingy walls. The long

shadows of evening were creeping in. But darker still were the shadows in Bosquet's heart. What should he do? What could he do?

Bosquet remembered an acquaintance he used to meet when he frequented the Louvre. Well he remembered how the gentleman first approached him. It was when Bosquet was gazing at a small but exquisite painting of the Madonna that had always pleased his artist's soul. In the course of conversation the stranger had asked Bosquet if he did not think the picture could be very easily removed from the gallery without any one noticing the deed. Ever after that the man's hobby seemed to be the "Little Madonna" as the painting was called. Time and again he had offered Bosquet the big end of two hundred thousand francs, if he would deliver the picture at a certain address where no questions, he assured him, would be asked as to how he obtained it.

The gentlemen's plan seemed to the artist to be his last means of getting money. The thought stuck to his brain. It sickened him. He must get out into the open. So putting on his scanty wraps he descended the creaking stairs into the street. Almost instinctively his steps led him in the direction of the Louvre. But he dare not ask himself why. He passed along rows of shop windows decked in holiday attire and up the streets thronged with people hurrying home. It was Christmas eve, but the artist felt his heart strangely out of harmony with it all.

Entering the Louvre by the stairway of La Fontaine, Bosquet went directly into the gallery where the Madonna was hanging. The guard was evidently celebrating for he was not on duty. Only a few stragglers were now and then passing by. Awaiting the moment when the room about him was comparatively deserted, Bosquet took the picture from its frame and slipping it under his coat, hurried down a back stairway into the street. As he passed along the crowded way his excitement was intense. Once he thought he heard some one call him and he shuddered. Again when a gendarme crossed his path he started as though about to be arrested.

Bosquet resolved not to take the picture to the gentleman's place till a more quiet hour. Then he would deliver it at its destination, obtain the money, and in a little while the world that had discarded him would be his again. He wanted time to think it all over, so he hastened to his room, tired and out of breath.

He took the picture from under his coat. That picture made an inexpressible appeal to him as it did to thousands of others. He lighted the remnants of a taper and sinking heavily into a chair, held the picture before him to study it deeply. As on the day when he had first seen the "Little Madonna" the same tender smile was on the Virgin's face as it bent over the infant. That smile seemed equally at home in a garret's flickering light as in the gorgeous Louvre.

But reaction was setting in and after the excitement of the previous hour Bosquet was very tired and sleepy. The last thing that he remembered before falling asleep was trying to figure where he had seen that same Madonna-like smile long before he came to Paris, and then—

He seemed to be back in his home in Normandy. He was leaving for Paris. His own mother was telling him not to forget to say his rosary and to remember his church duties. Now she was kissing him good-bye. Through her tears there shone a smile that seemed to breathe benediction. He thought that smile was following him to Paris. Now that same smile was looking down at him from a picture in the Louvre. The picture seemed to be that of his mother. It reproached him for having forgotten so long—

About four o'clock in the morning Bosquet awoke, stiff and cold. But he paid no attention to that. He remembered the dream and was thinking—for the first time in a long while. Taking the picture with him, he descended the creaky stairs and walked down the street a few blocks to a neighboring church. Already a few faithful souls had gathered there to attend the five o'clock mass. Upon asking for the pastor Bosquet was shown into the sacristy. Here the good father was vesting for mass. But he took time to hear the artist's story, and promised to return the picture for him to its proper place as soon as possible.

As Bosquet left the sacristy the old priest turned to him and said:

"You say you are without food and money. Come and take dinner with me. Perhaps I shall find means of helping you or better still of enabling you to help yourself."

Outside the light of day was just beginning to redden the east. In Bosquet's heart the true meaning of Christian began to dawn for the first time.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

VOL. XLVII. FEBRUARY 21, 1914. NO. 17

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—Once again we must turn the mellowed pages of time's portfolio to the tin-types of American genealogy. The nativity of George

Washington must ever make us pause, for how could the country have come into existence without its father? Scores of times we have observed this occasion, till now it has become an established custom. Suffice it to say, that the import of the first American's life has not lessened in vitality with the years, but that, like the channel of earth's mightiest river, it has broadened and deepened. History has done much with the statuesque figure of Washington. He whose memory in the past embodied some of the uncouth ruggedness of gigantic sculpture, has softened into one of those masterpieces which betoken life. The patient, microscopic chisel of time has smoothed out the contours of the harsh cast, till now we have a figure no other national character has surpassed. Perhaps the records of the Revolution will grow dim and yellow; perhaps much of the story of ancestral patriotism will fade beneath the horizon: but Washington we can never lose. His beliefs are necessary to our life. Dignity, honesty, valor and sacrifice: these are so very important. Of them Washington is ever teaching, with them he is holding our hearts.

—Senator Ransdall of Louisiana recently delivered a speech in the United States Senate dealing with the divorce evil, which is slowly

Senator Ransdall On Divorce.

but surely undermining the homes of the American people. As a remedy for this evil the

Senator proposed an amendment to the Constitution which reads as follows:

"Absolute divorce with the right to remarry shall not be permitted in the United States or in any place within their jurisdiction; uniform laws in regard to marriage and to separation . . . without permission to remarry, shall be enacted for the United States and all places subject to them, and Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

After stating his proposed amendment, the senator went on to show the awful ravages divorce has made in our country; how in 1887 there was one divorce for every seventeen marriages, in 1906 one divorce for every twelve, and he concluded that in 1946 we would have one divorce for every five marriages if one can judge the future by the past.

It is surely high time for legislation of some sort to stop the rapid increase of divorce. If we are to remain a permanent and powerful nation, the home, the unit of which the state is composed, must be protected and safeguarded. The home is certainly the best protection against anarchy, and if we allow the individual to rend it asunder at his whim, the time will come when all our laws will amount to very little. If we wish to correct the evils of today we should go to the source of them, and who will doubt that the source of more than half of our present evils is in the divorce laws of the different states.

Notice.

The Intercollegiate Civic League wishes to inform you that a prize of \$100 has been offered by a member of its Executive Committee for the best essay on the following subject: "What training, whether resulting from a college course of study, from extra-curricular activities, or from both, would in your judgment best fit an undergraduate in an American college to undertake upon graduation the duties of citizenship?"

The competition will be open to undergraduates in any American college or university.

The essays must be typewritten in duplicate and in the hands of the Secretary of the Intercollegiate Civic League not later than May 15, 1914.

They may not exceed 5,000 words in length.

The Hon. Seth Low and the Hon. Robert L. Owen, Senator from Oklahoma, have consented to act as judges.

Thomas A. Daly.

Thomas A. Daly, poet and journalist, whose visits and lectures are events at Notre Dame, made his annual appearance in Washington hall last Saturday afternoon. Instead of his dialect and humorous poems, that have proven so entertaining here as everywhere else that his poems are spoken and read, Mr. Daly confined himself chiefly to serious lines and a discussion of poetry, attributing several juvenile poems to the authorship of his daughter. Be that as it may, they were entertaining, and truly Dalyesque in perfection. Mr. Daly's renown as a poet is nation-wide, and an appreciation of the fact will prevent us from essaying any new series of descriptive adjectives. If fault is to be found with his most recent lecture here, it must be based on the score of brevity. Ordinarily this is a virtue, but a Daly audience expects some more from his inexhaustible fund of inimitable verse, anecdote, and observation, than a scant twenty-five minutes of desultory discourse.

The Military Ball.

The third annual military ball was held last Wednesday evening at Place Hall. This first event of Notre Dame's social season excelled even the high standards set by the two previous military balls. The grand march at nine o'clock was led by Captain and Mrs. Stogsdall, followed by the battalion officers in the positions of their seniority. The decorations were elaborate and attractive. A myriad red, white and blue electric lights were festooned from the center of the ceiling to the walls. The flickering of these lights in the "fire-fly" dance was especially effective. The military character of the affair was evidenced in the muskets and bayonets arranged about the wall, while a profusion of American flags, interspersed with banners and pennants, completed the effect. The orchestra from Michigan City was concealed behind a mass of palms, and the program of dances, including the "blue moon" and the "lobsterscope," and other specialties were all well rendered. A buffet supper was served in the dining room which was decorated in keeping with the occasion. A number of out-of-town guests were in attendance. The ball was chaperoned by several faculty members and their wives. Much credit is due to the

general committee and their assistants who made the affair such a splendid success. The chairman of the various committees were Cadet-Colonel Joseph M. Walsh; Lieutenant-Colonel Daniel K. Shouplin; Major Fred Gushurst, Major Clarence Derrick, Captain Martin E. Walter, Lieutenant Leon P. Gendron, Lieut. Leo Muckle and Captain Francis W. O'Reilly.

Personals.

—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth F. Meyer to Mr. R. Newton McDowell will take place in St. Louis, Missouri, February 24th.

—Mr. Joseph M. Byrne, Jr., student 1909-1913, has been elected a director and assistant secretary and treasurer of the Joseph M. Byrne Co. of Newark, New Jersey.

—The *Round Up*, a student publication of the New Mexico Agricultural College, in its issue of February 10, 1914, has some very complimentary things about Prof. C. T. Hagerty, the dean of the department of mathematics. The writer, J. M. Brown of South Dakota, attributes much of his own success and the success of others to the personal influence of Prof. Hagerty upon the students. Prof. Hagerty is a Notre Dame graduate of the class of '91.

Local News.

—IMPORTANT.—As Washington's Birthday this year falls on a Sunday, the usual commemorative exercises in honor of the Father of Our Country will be held on the following Tuesday, February 24th, which will be a recreation day. No permissions will be given for absence from the University on Tuesday.

—Cherry trees and hatchets, now and forever, one and inseparable.

—The Lenten season begins Wednesday and many of the students seem to think that it is necessary to lay in a supply of edibles before that day.

—As usual the Valentine mail at Notre Dame was heavy. But the heaviest missive was a big cocoanut received from Florida by Hugh Burns of St. Joseph's hall.

—The flag will be presented to the University on next Tuesday by Harry Newning, president of the 1914 class. Maurice Conway, the class poet, will read the ode to Washington.

—Professor Koehler hopes to be able to announce the Senior play some time next week. He is still anxious for Seniors who desire to be considered for the cast to give him their names.

—The Senior lawyers hope to organize a debating team, and with the sanction of the faculty, debate with such colleges as Georgetown, Creighton, and others, Father McGinn to be its supervisor.

—Baseball practise will begin in the big Gym next week and many who were not admitted to berths on last year's team are confident they will be received this season with open arms and given a top berth.

—A new rule has been passed in a recent Faculty meeting regarding students who arrive at class after the last bell has been sounded. Hereafter such students are to lose one per cent from their bulletin marks for every offense. The moral is—Be prompt.

—The local Peace Contest will take place March 11. The orations are limited to sixteen minutes and must deal with some phase of the peace question. The winning orator represents the University at the State Contest in Indianapolis, March 20.

—The track team has had daily practice during the week in preparation for the meet to be held this afternoon with I. A. C. The dash men are in good condition, Miller and Wagge have been doing the mile in good time, and Rockne is back at the pole vault.

—The surest road to the infirmary is via the debate route. Galvin, Smith, Burns and Lenihan have all spent a few days recuperating from their strenuous work, and Father Bolger has been making daily calls on these over-energetic members of his corps of debaters.

—The little fellows of St. Edward's hall have been doing things in basketball. They have taken every game this year despite the fact that many of the opposing teams were nearly twice their size. It is encouraging to watch these "future grates" some of whom will be doing the Varsity work in a few years.

—Yesterday two teams that were carrying ice from the lake lost their footing and tumbled into the water that had been cleared of its icy covering. The drivers fell in with them, but kept cool under the circumstances and were drawn out. Both teams were drowned and have not as yet been taken out of the lake.

—Fr. Quinlan is holding a special class in

Math. during the afternoon recreation for students who are delinquent and many of the other professors are to follow his example. It seems that the only time some boys can work is during the recreation period, and surely they should be permitted to have this privilege.

—Last Wednesday evening while the Seniors were preparing for the Military Ball the Carrolites were gathered in the Gym where two of their basketball teams met two teams from South Bend. Both games were hotly contested and the best the Carroll boys could do was to split even. The game that went against them was lost by a margin of two points.

—The semi-finals for places on the Notre Dame team of the Triangular League will be held on the evenings of March 5, 6, and 7, each group consisting of six men. Those who make first and second places in each group qualify for the finals, while those who make third and fourth places will contest again on March 9, when two more men will be chosen to compete in the finals.

—The Pad and Pencil Club, otherwise Freshman journalists, held a meeting last Wednesday night in the Journalists' room. The following program was given: "Work on a Country Newspaper," by Paul Meifeld; "What the Club Can Do," by Eugene O'Donnell; "The City News Service," Daniel Hilgartner; "An Interview with Brother Mathias," W. Taffe. A round-table discussion followed. A program committee was appointed consisting of C. Flynn, J. Sholem, and F. Berner.

—We heard a whoop! and a few spirited rah! rah's! last Wednesday morning in the Main Building and wondered what it could be all about. We were sure there was no contest going on during that period. Several persons rushed up stairs and met the Engineering Class of 1914 coming down stairs covered with smiles. They had finished a text-book and had a right to be jubilant.

—Mr. Thomas A. Daly, who addressed the student body last Saturday, gave a talk to the Journalists Sunday. He spoke of the present-day writers, O. Henry, Irvin Cobb, and Franklin P. Adams. Mr. Adams, of the New York *Tribune*, was named by Mr. Daly as the best paragrapher of the country's editors. Reminiscences of Mr. Daly's own journalistic days were especially interesting.

—Next Wednesday marks the beginning of the Lenten season, and it is hoped that the usual large number of students from the different halls will be present at daily mass and receive Communion during that time. It was edifying last year to see the attendance at the 6:30 mass in the basement, and we are confident that this year will bring even a larger number. Only those who have made the sacrifice know the grace and strength received from such a custom.

—A few days ago some books and pamphlets were taken from the tables in the Library and have not been returned. As a result the greater number of debaters are deprived of the use of these books through the selfishness of one man or a few. It seems strange that a person should be so inconsiderate of the rights of others and so willing to make many suffer through his littleness. If the books are not returned the debating tables in the Library will be cleared, and books dealing with the subject of debate will have to be applied for like all others and a card filled out.

—On its recent Eastern trip the basket-ball team was greeted by a number of old Notre Dame men. "Pete" Dwyer, half-back on the Varsity eleven '07-'09, "Dike" Scanlon, a shining light in baseball '07-'09, and Tom McLaughlin, extended the glad hand at Syracuse. Joe Byrne, ex-'15, of Newark, New Jersey, was at Ithaca for the game with Cornell, and "Lucky" O'Rourke was on hand at Toledo. A greeting not quite so warm awaited the team in Hamilton, New York, in the form of a temperature of twenty-eight below zero. "Rupe" Mills remarked that "Thaw was never there."

—After their final trial debate Sunday evening, and with the past week in which to add the finishing touches to their speeches, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society are well prepared to uphold their reputation in debating when they meet the Holy Cross hall team Sunday night in the Columbian room of the Main Building. The subject of the debate is, "Resolved that Indiana should adopt the Initiative and Referendum." The personnel of the teams to represent Brownson is announced as follows: L. Carroll, H. Wildman, D. L. Duffy, D. Mulholland, A. McDonough, and W. Henry. The debate promises to be well worth hearing and should do much towards reviving the old-time interest in debating.

Athletic Notes.

CLARKSON WON ON FRIDAY THE 13TH.

Friday the thirteenth was an unlucky day for the Varsity basketball team. On the evening of that ill-fated day, Notre Dame lost to the Clarkson Institute of Technology at Potsdam, New York, by a score of 32 to 22.

The Varsity ball tossers were tired and heavy-footed, but, nevertheless, put up a scrappy game that was worthy of victory. The Gold and Blue five outplayed Clarkson but had hard luck in shooting; time after time the ball rolled around the rim but never went in. Every member of the Potsdam team, on the other hand, shot with great accuracy. Barclay, a lanky forward, made every close-range shot count for two points.

Clarkson jumped into the lead at the tip-off, Barclay and Olsen both caging the ball a few minutes after play started. Nowers reduced the lead two points by a pretty basket from the centre of the floor. Barclay and Olsen again scored, but Kelleher and Cahill followed with bull's-eye shots from long distance. Then all the luck favored Clarkson. Bergman, Cahill and Mills bombarded the basket but were unable to score. Just before time was called West and Jacob each counted two points for the Potsdam five. At the end of the half the score was 17 to 9 with Notre Dame on the short end.

During the second half the Gold and Blue fought desperately to overcome their opponents' lead, but this period proved to be a repetition of the first half. The Notre Dame players passed quickly and accurately but were unable to hit the target with any regularity. When time was called the score stood, Clarkson, 32; Notre Dame, 22.

Jimmie Cahill was back at his old position for the first time in two weeks. He covered the floor well and passed with his old-time accuracy. Barclay and Olsen starred for Clarkson.

NOTRE DAME [22]		CLARKSON [32]	
Cahill (Capt.)		R. F. Barclay (Capt.),	Gray
Bergman, Kenney		L. F.	Jacob
Mills, Fitzgerald		C.	Maden
Kelleher		R. G.	Olsen, Reynolds
Nowers		L. G.	West, Bassett
Field goals—Kenney, 2; Nowers, 2; Kelleher, 2; Cahill, Mills, Fitzgerald; Barclay, 6; Jacob, 2; Olsen, 3; Maden, West, Reynolds. Foul goals—Cahill, 4; Barclay, 3; Jacob. Referee—Dudea.			

VARSAITY WINS LAST ON EASTERN TRIP.

Notre Dame, in the last game of its Eastern trip, defeated St. Lawrence University at Canton, New York, last Saturday evening, by a score of 25 to 23. An extra five minute period was played to decide the contest, as the score stood 21 to 21 when time was called at the end of the second half.

The game was a nip-and-tuck affair from the start, neither five being able to score during the first six minutes of play. Finally Clements broke the ice with a clever shot from the side lines. Roundy added two points by throwing two fouls. Kenney made the first basket for the Varsity by a long heave from the centre of the floor, and "Fitz" added two scores by the free-throw route. Clements again slipped away long enough to cage one, but Mills, who had replaced Fitzgerald, followed immediately with an accurate toss from close range. Just as time was called Wheeler edged down the side of the court and scored on a pass from Roundy. Score, St. Lawrence, 11; Notre Dame, 6.

The Gold and Blue came back determined to win. Cahill threw a foul and Kenney had four more points to his credit before St. Lawrence got started. Both teams guarded closely and baskets were accidents more than the result of team-work. Wheeler scored twice on long shots just before time was called, tying the score at 21-21.

Canfield scored the first basket in the extra period of play but Mills tied the score a few seconds after this by a toss from under the net. A second before time was called Kenney dropped in a long one from mid-court and the game was won by two points. This was Kenney's sixth basket.

NOTRE DAME [25]		ST. LAWRENCE [23]	
Cahill (Capt.)	R. F.	Roundy	
Kenney	L. F.	Canfield (Capt.)	
Fitzgerald, Mills	C.	Clements	
Kelleher	R. G.	Morgan	
Finegan	L. G.	Wheeler	
Field goals—Kenney, 6; Mills, 3; Kelleher, Wheeler, 4; Clements, 3; Canfield, 2; Roundy.			
Foul goals—Cahill, 3; Fitzgerald, 2; Roundy, 3.			
Referee—Jacob (Clarkson Tech.)			

COLGATE BOWS BEFORE VARSITY.

The Gold and Blue defeated Colgate at Hamilton, New York, Wednesday evening, 31 to 26. The game was fast and the result was in doubt until the final whistle blew.

Colgate was slow to start and Harper's men had ten points to their credit before their opponents had garnered two baskets. The Ham-

ilton five got working together about five minutes after play began, however, and overcame the Varsity's lead by making three baskets from mid-field. Both teams went at top speed the remainder of the half with honors equally divided. Johnson, the Colgate centre, and "Chubby" Kenney each got three baskets in this half. Kenney's last basket was made by a long shot from the side of the court. When the half time was called the score was 16 to 14 in the Varsity's favor.

In the second half "Dutch" Bergman started out with a basket from close range and was followed by Kelleher with an accurate heave from guard territory. Then Stewart and Bourne coralled four points by successful shots from difficult angles. During the next five minutes "Bergie" ran rings around Huntington, Colgate's captain and football star; the little forward got two baskets while Huntington was urging his men to play faster. Mills and Nowers went in for "Fitz" and "Wild Bill" about two minutes before time was called. With but thirty seconds to play the score was 27 to 26 in Notre Dame's favor. Kenney and Bergman pulled the game out of the fire by scoring a basket apiece just before time was called. Kenney and Bergman shot accurately from the floor, while "Fitz" dropped in seven fouls out of ten attempts.

NOTRE DAME [31]		COLGATE [26]	
Bergman	R. F.	Kennedy, Stewart	
Kenney	L. F.	Sefton, Bourne	
Fitzgerald, Mills	C.	Johnson	
Kelleher, Nowers	R. G.	Huntington	
Finegan	L. F.	Benzoni	
Field goals—Kennedy, Bourne, 2; Johnson, 3; Huntington; Benzoni, Stewart, 2; Kenney, 5; Bergman, 4; Kelleher, 2; Fitzgerald. Goals from fouls—Kennedy, 5; Stewart; Fitzgerald, 7. Referee, Crawshaw (Syracuse).			

SYRACUSE, 50; VARSITY, 14.

After the hard tussle with Cornell and Colgate, scarcely a man on the Gold and Blue team was in fit condition to meet the Saltines. As a result, the passing of the locals was slow and pepleless, while the guarding was too wide open to be effective. "When in possession of the ball, they showed a tendency to rest up for future play," is how one of the Syracuse papers put it, and this tells all too plainly the weakened condition of the squad.

With Castle, the erstwhile star quarterback of the Hill men at centre, leading the attack, the Orange displayed a fast brand of teamwork and a knack of accurate basket tossing.

Nowers and Bergman played the best game for Notre Dame, the latter having two field goals and four fouls out of six tries to his credit.

SYRACUSE [50]	NOTRE DAME [14]
Notman, Farber	R. F. Bergman
Keib, Mahoney	L. F. Kenney
Castle	C. Mills, Fitzgerald
Seymour, Wakefield	R. G. Nowers, Cahill
Crisp, Decker	L. G. Finegan
Field goals—Castle, 9; Keib, 6; Notman, 3; Seymour, 2; Crisp, Farber, Decker, Bergman, 2; Kenney, Nowers, Mills. Foul goals—Castle, 3; Crisp, Bergman, 4; Referee—Murphy.	

WALSH, 32; CORBY, 29.

After five years of uninterrupted victories in interhall basketball, Corby was defeated by Walsh last Thursday after the greatest interhall basketball game ever played at Notre Dame. It was generally thought that the interhall championship depended on the game and both teams were prepared for a hard battle. Corby started the fray with her second team and the game was fast and clean from the first blast of the whistle. Excellent guarding by Collentine and spectacular work by "Little Dutch" Bergman enabled the Corbyites to close the first half with a score of 12 to 12.

The Corby regulars were sent in at the start of the second half and they immediately took the lead. Walsh soon tied the score at 20 all. Then Grady dropped in a basket from mid-floor, and Meyers threw a foul, giving Walsh a lead of three points, which they held for the remainder of the game. As the end of the game approached, the men fought desperately but the guards on both teams worked so well that not a single basket was made during the last five minutes of play. Individual honors should go to "Chief" Meyers, who scored 18 points. Grady also did splendid work for Walsh while Gushurst put up his usual steady game for the Braves. This victory gives Walsh a strong hold on the championship and in all probability Father McNamara can hang the basketball banner beside the football pennant he won last fall.

Walsh (32)	Corby (29)
Grady	R. F. Maher, Kirkland.
Wright, Bush	L. F. Bergman, Daly.
Meyers	C. Keefe, Gushurst.
Stack, Baujan	R. G. Collentine, Pliska.
McQueeney	L. G. Roach, Slaterry, Corcoran.,
Goals—Meyers, 7; Grady, 5; Bergman, 4; Gushurst, 4; McQueeney, 2; Kirkland, 2; Keefe, 1; Corcoran, 1; Pliska, 1. Free throws—Meyers, 4; Maher, 2; Kirkland, 1. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee,—Henehan.	

BROWNSON, 30; SORIN, 26.

Brownson took an unexpected victory from Sorin last Sunday by a score of 30 to 26. The Brownson five showed surprising improvement over the form displayed in the Corby game, while Sorin, minus her star guards Cofall and Hanley, was unable to show any team-work. Havlin and Newning for Sorin and Flynn and Finegan for Brownson were the individual stars. This was the first defeat for Sorin and the first victory for Brownson.

Brownson (30)	Sorin (26)
Davis	R. F. Fenesy
Flynn, Fritch	L. F. Havlin
Finegan	C. Walsh
Miller, Flynn	R. G. O'Donnell
Bjoin, Kline	L. G. Newning.
Goals—Finegan, 5; Havlin, 5; Davis, 4; Flynn, 4; Newning, 2; Walsh, 2; Fenesy, 2; O'Donnell, 3; Fritch, 1. Free throws—Flynn, 2; Havlin.	

FOOTBALL A LA HUMANE.

[We take great pleasure in presenting herewith a modified form of football game as suggested by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—ED.]

The football game as played at the present time is barbarous, cruel, yes, even shocking. Those who participate in it have no regard for one another's feelings. It is simply dreadful to see these savage, heartless men run their heads into the stomachs of the poor unfortunate lad who is carrying the ball, drag him by the legs, neck or feet and trip him in the most brutal manner. This is not enough, these ferocious cowards fall, roll and sit on him until the wretched boy blows out his last bit of breath in a smothering "down." What is the result? Every year several get killed, maimed for life or injured in a more or less degree. To prevent this we make the following suggestions, the adoption of which will not only civilize the game, but also make it even fit to be seen by women and children.

In lining up, let the opposing teams take the same positions and attitude as hitherto with this exception, their backs and not their faces are turned to meet. This will not only result in a most formidable, unbreakable line, but will also do away with those shocking looks.

In order to be gentlemanly even in sport let the quarterback give the signals in the following fashion. "Mr. (here insert the name of the center) kindly pass the ball at the fifth number.

The man carrying the ball runs in the di-

rection of his opponent's goal until he is stopped by a slight tap on the shoulder on the part of one of his opponents. As soon as he feels the tap he shall stop, drop gently to the ground and say "Down." Any one who will touch him after thus saying "Down" shall be ordered to leave the field.

Interference in behalf of the ball-carrier is allowed, but under no circumstances are the players to touch one another while thus interfering. The breaking of this rule will result in a goal for the opponent's team.

It can readily be seen that with these few modifications the game will become a most gentlemanly sport from which we need no longer shrink with horror; one which will do away with all deaths, maims, bruises and bad feelings. A sport worthy of America and Americans, a sport fit for any one to behold. The same game as heretofore shorn of those rough and brutal tackles which cause so much anxiety to the spectators.

It might be advisable to have three or four surgeons and the same number of trained nurses on hand so as to secure the best surgical and medical aid in cases of emergency. A bed or couch might also be provided.

It is to be hoped that these or similar rules may be adopted for the coming and remaining season.

S. P. C. A. per B. A.

Safety Valve.

A MODERN GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Dramatis personæ:

Mr. Washington.

Mrs. Washington.

George Washington.

Time:—Any time at all.

Mr. Washington—

Dear George, did you cut down that tree
I planted in the front,
I found your hatchet near the place,
Its blade was worn and blunt.

Mrs. Washington—

You know quite well George wouldn't cut
A tree without permission,
Do you believe your darling boy
Is going to perdition?

Mr. Washington—

Dear Madam, I saw Willie Jones
And George out there today,
And thought they might have cut the tree
When they were at their play.

George—

My hatchet was upon the ground

And Willie Jones, he thrun it;
It cut the cherry tree in half,
But dad, I never done it.

Mr. Washington—

But Willie Jones denies the fact
I've been there to inquire.

George—

Denies that he cut down the tree?
Dad, Willie is a liar.

Mr. Washington—

I quite believe you darling son,
I knew you wouldn't do it.
It must have been that little wretch
Who took the axe and threw it.

George (aside)—

That's what I calls a-gettin' up
An answer in a pinch.
I hate to laugh, but honestly,
The old man is a cinch.

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN WALSH HALL:

*Father—*George did you cut down that cherry tree?

*George—*What are you crabbing about now? Of course I cut it down. Haven't I a right to cut down trees when I feel like it? Who's going to stop me?

*Father—*Oh, dear son, don't be offended; I just wanted to know if you desired me to sharpen your hatchet so you could cut some more.

*George—*Father, don't be an idiot and a boob. Keep away from my hatchet or you'll spoil it. If you want to do something useful give me ten dollars for a supper at the Oliver.

*Father—*I'll give you the money, but tell me first did you ever miss class this year?

*George—*Father, I can not tell a lie, I missed a class last September.

We understand that Brownson hall harbors a Mann, a Wildman, a Young French Hunter, a Blount Cleaver, a Savage, a Short Medley, a Hand Carr, etc.

ENGLISH B.

*Gerard Casey (reading)—*The whole book of psalms was translated into English metre.

*Professor—*What do you mean by metre, Mr. Casey.

*Casey—*That's the name of the man who wrote the book.

We are very sorry for having made little of one of the halls in last week's issue. It was done simply as a joke. Had we known there was so much truth in the statement we would not have made it.

We've seen the blue moon! In fact we were seeing it for three days after the military ball.

Those who rented dress suits for the military ball are requested to return them at the undertaker's shop.

*First student—*What did you do when the Prefect came to get you up for morning prayer?

*Second student—*I got out and got under—got out and got under.