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## Ode to Washington.

MORRISON A. CONWAY, '14.

RESPLENDENT as a sun in deepest night,

All gorgeous in thy robe of victory,

Thou standest self-sustaining in thy might,

Our Queen, our noble goddess,—Liberty.

Yet in the blaze of glory and of fame,  
Forget not him who heard thy pleading call,  
Forsaking smiling fortune, home and all,  
To bleed, to battle for thy fairer name.

Forget not him who took thy maiden hand,  
And led thee boldly forth, all undismayed,  
A chosen champion he and unafraid  
To sever base Oppression's hated band.

Behold him, Liberty, thy cherished son,  
Represser of cruel Despotism's flame,  
Whom most we love to reverence, and name  
Sweet Freedom's fairest flower,—Washington.

Undaunted in those darksome days of trial,  
And ever calm and steadfast,—like a light  
Piercing the depths of Tyranny's black night,  
Inspiring warrior wert thou the while.

Thy fearless spirit prompted thee to give  
Thy youthful heart to Freedom's holy cause,  
Nor suffered thee to falter or to pause  
In naked awe at death, that we might live.

Never a thought of greatness or of power,  
Not well-earned victory's dawn-flaming gleam,  
Nor softest glory's glimmering evening dream,  
Deranged the even tranquil of thy bower.

Thou didst not heed the quest to soar afar  
On false Ambition's silver moon-lit wings,—  
Pretentious lark, that as it sails and sings,  
Scales night's dark mountain peaks, to win a star.

Adown the throbbing, voiceless years has flown  
The starry music of a name,—a word,—  
At first a swooning breath,—a song half heard,  
Now fills the earth in mighty volume grown.

O Washington, let not thy spirit part  
Columbia's mighty land of Liberty,  
Thy name emblazoned on thy country's heart,  
Shall keep alive thy hallowed memory.

## A Study of Shylock.

WILLIAM J. BURKE.



LOWNESS and madness, say some of the commentators of Shakespeare, referring to Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice*, "have gone so far as to make on the stage a martyr and a hero out of this outcast of humanity." These critics implicitly affirm that Shylock was neither a martyr nor a hero, and their boldness in calling it "lowness and madness" on the part of those portraying him as such is an implied declaration that they would descend to the other extreme and class him as a brutish villain lacking in almost every trait the characteristic of a human being.

Indeed, criticisms of this import are by no means few. But to one who has made a careful and an unbiased study of Shylock it is evident that his words and deeds taken in general warrant no assertions so sweeping. At times his plights are so pitiful that they command the sympathy we extend to the sufferer; again his conduct becomes so odious that it merits the scoff and rebuff due a villain. Yet withal Shylock is not so devoid of human feeling that he deserves the name of a brute, and equally true, he suffers no such unmerited punishments that he should be called a martyr. It will therefore be the purpose of this essay to present the character of the despised Shylock in a clear, unbiased light, noting the unmistakable traits of villainy that arise from the activity of his evil mind, but not exaggerating or minimizing them; unfolding the equally evident human traits of his nobler self and treating them with an unprejudiced judgment.

Shylock makes his first appearance in the play in scene three of act one. He is discovered in conversation with Bassanio who is trying to borrow three thousand ducats from him on Antonio's credit. Antonio enters and we immediately learn the trend of the Jew's thoughts imparted to us in an "aside."

How like a fawning publican he looks!  
I hate him for he is a Christian,  
But more for that in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis and brings  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

Shylock's reasons for hating Antonio were, therefore, twofold; first, because he was a Christian, and secondly, because he lent out money gratis. Shylock, now it must be remembered, was a usurer and the practise of usury,—which was carried on almost exclusively by Jews,—was abhorred in Shakespeare's time by all Christians. The high rate of interest demanded by the Jewish usurers was oppressive to the unfortunate poor whose low economic means necessitated patronizing usury. Hence when the loan became due their inability to refund meant the loss of their homes to the money-grabbing usurer. To counteract this evil influence of usury, guilds were established for the relief of the needy. These guilds loaned out money gratis, and it is probable that Antonio belonged to some such fraternity; hence his practice of loaning money gratis was condemned by Shylock because it injured his trade. It is true then that Shylock was engaged in a practice oppressive to its patronizers. But we must not be too quick to condemn him. Let us first consider the social position of the Jew in that day,—if, indeed, it may be said he enjoyed such a position.

First of all he did not partake of the life and liberty that present-day society offers him. He was an object of hatred, a despised social outcast; "he could have no life among the Christians about him but money, no hold upon them but interest, no feeling toward them but hate, no indemnity out of them but revenge." His religion was scoffed at and ridiculed and he himself was driven to the practice of usury solely because society excluded him from the pursuit of any honorable occupation. It was not a matter of choice with him, it was a necessity, the only avenue of life left open to him. He must choose it or be left to starve. The Jew chose life and practiced usury. The Christian looked down upon the trade it gave to him. And then the same society that forced him to usury formed guilds, hoping to deprive him of the only means of living offered him. Is it any wonder, then, we ask in all fairness, that Shylock hated Antonio? His attitude toward him, howsoever reprobable it may have been according to Christian principles, at least was nothing more than reciprocal.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,  
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,

And all for use of that which is mine own.  
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:  
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say:  
"Shylock, we would have moneys"; you say so,  
You that did void your rheum upon my beard  
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold: money is your suit.

And Antonio does not deny that such was  
his conduct toward the Jew. Nay, he replies:

I am like to call thee so again  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.

This is the reply of a Christian! This is the treatment Shylock receives from the Christian with whom he comes in contact. Is it any wonder, again we ask, that he says, "I hate him for he is a Christian?" What ennobling trait of virtue does Shylock find in these professedly Christian men; what trait that would induce him to respect their religion? Surely none that the Divine Founder of Christianity preached.

And yet we find commentators today that say Antonio was a gentleman, kind and affectionate to his friends; commentators who refer to Antonio's disposition toward Shylock as being indicative of how strong mediaeval prejudice was toward the Jews since Antonio, "a gentleman," was not free from its influence. This, according to the minds of some, may serve to illustrate how great the prejudice was toward the Jew, but to others, who are not slaves of prejudice and who are unwilling to justify Antonio's conduct on the grounds of prejudice, it is an open confession that Antonio was not a gentleman. Shylock was a human being as well as he, his soul was created by the same God, his feelings were subject to the same emotions. He was not a brute animal that lacked every trait of rationality. He had a reason for hating Antonio because of the maltreatment suffered at the latter's hands. Antonio, on the contrary, could not justify himself for spurning and spitting upon Shylock, except on the flimsy pretext that he was a Jew and practiced usury. He forgot that Shylock had no other alternative offered him whereby to attain a living. Commentators who call Antonio a gentleman after his vulgarity and meanness in spitting upon Shylock surely do not possess an exalted idea of what constitutes a gentleman.

You that did spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
You that did void your rheum upon my beard  
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold—

you are a gentleman, because I am only a Jew and prejudice will not permit you to do otherwise."

No, on the contrary, we assert that Antonio was not a gentleman, especially when we consider his character portrayed in his relations with the despised Shylock. A gentleman in our opinion would not spit upon even a lowly cur in a gutter; he might spurn the dog, but he would cease to be a gentleman when he descended so low in his vulgarity as to spit upon it. We are not harsh to Antonio. We admire him for his true devotion of friendship toward Bassanio which he shows so often, but when he is in the company of Shylock he is repulsive to our ideas of a gentleman. But to return to the subject of our theme.

Like all Jews, Shylock was greatly attached to his wealth. As the play progresses, however, he permits this greed for gold to overshadow his love for his own flesh and blood. When he hears of Jessica's flight and extravagance, his human nature grieves for the loss of his daughter, but the grief is only momentary, and soon the privation of his money affects him more than this loss, and thus he portrays the meanest trait in his character. His extreme selfish nature finds expression in the words, "the curse never fell upon our nation till now." Because he never felt the curse before he interprets his losses as the curse foretold in the Scriptures against his nation. "Money, indeed, had effaced everything human from the heart of this man; he knows nothing of religion and of the moral law, and when he quotes the Bible it is in justification of his usury." But his hatred for Antonio grows greater than his avarice. He is told that Antonio's argosies are lost. He is offered thrice the money loaned; but no, he wants revenge.

If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts and every part a ducat  
I would not draw them. I would have  
My bond.

And he remains firm to his determination. Antonio stands before him a prisoner: "He himself has reared the avenger; it is his own deed coming back to him with the ominous shout 'Revenge.' He was once merciful to many who were in the clutches of the Jew, but if he was merciful he was inconsistent; he was not merciful to Shylock and in wronging him, he sinned against his principle." By insulting and spitting upon Shylock he educated him to

vengeance. Antonio realizes this and during the court proceedings does not try to justify his own actions or persuade the Jew to forfeit the bond.

Again in the court scene the principles of Christianity are not applied by these supposedly Christian men whom Shylock knows. Portia pleads for mercy for Antonio and a moment later denies it to the Jew. Yea, they even go so far as to compel Shylock to reject his religion and become a Christian. What wonder then that he hated these Christians and justly so! They would deprive him even of his religious convictions.

We have tried in the course of this essay to present the character of Shylock with unprejudiced treatment. We believe that he was unjustly wronged by his fellow-men, yet we do not regard him as a martyr, nor do we try to justify his method of revenge. It is too drastic and contrary to all Christian principles. It is the old doctrine "An eye for an eye,"—but he was, all must admit, sorely tried, abused and insulted, and though we do not approve of his revenge, "we hold that it was surely comprehensible."

In 1916.

LOUIS KEIFER, '15.

The noted lecturer was attending a society function and all the young ladies were viewing him with eyes filled with hero-worship.

"Isn't he young for an explorer?" said one.

"Yes," said another, "I hear he is only 21."

"Well, he's lectured on all the countries of the earth, and has proven he has been to all of them. He must have started travelling young," said the first.

"And think of all the battles he was in, and the adventures! Which lecture do you like most, Ireland or Africa?"

"Oh!" added the first, "I like them all—But look, here comes Bill. Maybe he can explain how such a young man has seen the entire world. He knows him very well."

Bill came up to the girls and they asked him how he met the explorer, and finally one said suavely: "I don't think he's been to all these places; he's too young."

"That's easily explained," laughed Bill, "he played football at Notre Dame and they've been travelling since Nov. 1, 1913, looking for hard games."

### Varsity Verse.

GONE!

Gone

Oh, the love-coo of the pigeons on the eaves  
Becomes a sob instead,  
And the old-time, joy-time gossip of the leaves  
Breathes cruel stories of my dead.

Gone

Oh, these eyes that once dawn's color-wealth  
could see  
Gaze now on the endless gray,  
For the sun that shed its joy-light over me  
Is swiftly spirited away.

Gone

Oh, the long halls that will never know again  
The lightness of her tread,  
And the hollow hours of dull, unceasing pain,  
Since within me, she is dead—  
Oh, 'twere better if the world had known her long  
ago as dead.

H. V. LACEY, '16.

### CHILDHOOD.

A blithesome heart and dreams of endless joy  
Enchanting fancies chased by visions fair;  
And friends whose love no false hand could destroy,  
I had in youth, ere time brought on its care  
No grief could then my peaceful heart annoy  
For bliss and harmony were rulers there  
Indeed I little knew that man's brief life  
Was one of labor, conflict, and of strife.

J. M.

### A PICTURE.

The morning sun rose clear and bright  
Across the shining fields of snow;  
The hoar-frost glittered in the light;  
There was no breath of wind to blow  
Its crystals from the twigs on high,  
And so they clung and sparkled there  
Against the blue and cloudless sky  
In the crisp, silent morning air.

R. V.

### NATURE'S RECLUSE.

By day a gaudy queen,  
A sabled nun at night,  
Now in her grandeur seen  
Now veiled from vulgar sight,

That beauty's not ill used  
That's cloistered from men's eyes.  
The quiet of recluse  
Doth greater grace devise.

H. G.

## His Mistake.

HARRY M. NEWNING.

"Say, Frank! what did you do with my raincoat?"

"I don't know. Do you suppose I look after *all* your clothes?"

"No, but you wore it last when you were going to town the day before yesterday.

"Oh no, I didn't. That was Shorty's coat I had on. You must think you've got the only good raincoat in the ranch."

"Nothing of the kind, but some good-for-nothing roustabout has stolen my coat, and if I get hold of him, he'll get a warming that will be worth remembering. Who do you suppose would do such a trick?"

"Well, no. There's so many coming in and out of this room that you can't tell when anything's gone. But, Jack, are you sure you've looked everywhere for it?"

"Just as sure as you're born. There isn't an inch of this room— There goes that crazy bell. Guess I'll have to get out in the rain. It's beginning to pour."

"Hard luck. I'll scout around and see if I can't land the guilty party."

John, not being gifted with a sweet temper, went to class with a grouch. When he returned dripping with water and madder than a hurt hornet, he found Frank in great excitement. He had seen the janitor come into the room and "nose around," and on finding him there slipped out again. This seemed to be enough evidence for both. He was just the one who had lots of chances to take something like that, and there was no way of proving anything against him unless the goods were found on him. He went in and out of the rooms so much that he could take almost anything he wished. So they waited for him to return, but were called out in the rain again to attend the two-fifty class.

After class, the two went to the ball game. But John could not keep his mind off the raincoat. He returned to his hall after the fifth inning and as he opened the door of his room he saw the janitor closing down the lid to his desk.

"Say, what are you doing in that desk? Trying to steal everything I've got? I caught you in the act that time. You had better

come down to the office with me."

The janitor was so surprised he could say nothing. John was boiling with anger.

"Well, why don't you say something? I know now where everything has disappeared to."

"Why, you are mistaken, Mister. I haven't taken anything out of your room."

"Off that stuff. What were you doing in my desk just now?"

"Why—why—I never took a thing out of there."

"Come on now, what were you monkeying with when I came in?"

"Why, some papers were sticking out of your desk, and I was just putting them in."

"Say, that's about as thin as boarding-house steak. Do you suppose I'm going to swallow that, when I've caught you with the goods?"

"I was tellin' the truth as sure as I live. I was cleaning the room and was just straightening the desk when you came in. I was—"

"Aw, chop it, and come along. We've put up with you thieving roustabouts long enough. You're the one who got away with my new raincoat last week, and you know it,—and I know it, so don't try to deny it."

"Honestly, Mister, I never took a thing out of this or any room, and I don't know nothing about your raincoat."

"Come along to the office, and we'll see all about that."

"But don't tell them in the office I stole your coat. They'll believe you and I'll lose my job. I didn't take your coat nor anything, and I was doing just what I tell you—"

"Oho! So you think you'll beg off, eh? Well, you wont. Lose your job? Of course you will. And that's what we want. I've been missing things right along for six months and I haven't said a word, but when you go so strong as to take a brand new raincoat, I draw the line."

"But I haven't got your raincoat."

"Tell that to your baby. I'm willing to bet you the coat against your dusting brush that I can find the coat in your room, wherever that is, or else a hock ticket calling for it."

"All right. I'll bet you can't. I never—"

"Oh say!" said "Tramp" Douglass as he came bursting into the room, "here's your coat I borrowed last Monday. Just found it up in my room. Sorry I kept it so long. Don't need it now; it's quit raining. Much obliged. Good-bye."

### The Skeleton.

EDWARD GUSHURST, '15.

Shortly after old man Summers had been killed in the Hidden Fortune mine, rumors were abroad that the mine was haunted. On account of these reports, the Hidden Fortune became the subject of conversation throughout the various mining camps of the state.

Summers had had a lease for three years on the property, the term of which was to expire about a month after the time of his death. Since the renewal of the lease was optional, it was expected that several mining companies would send men to investigate the condition of the mine.

The Hidden Fortune Mining Company was located on the side hill in White Tale Gulch. A small building was erected over the entrance of the tunnel running into the hill. For about two years this mine had paid its owners well, but during the last year there had been a great falling off in dividends. The ledge of rocks containing the paying ore had suddenly run into a palfrey bed, containing no gold whatever. A branch tunnel, turning to the right which had followed a similar vein of gold ore also gave out.

It was a few days after the death of Summers that Greene, one of the shift bosses, while walking along the branch, or Old Abe tunnel, with a pick on his shoulder, accidentally slipped and fell. The pick struck the side of the tunnel loosening a rock, which fell alongside Greene's lantern. The latter, as if stunned by the shock, gazed around for a short time. Then his eyes fell upon the rock beside him. He looked at it a moment, then pinched himself to see if he were awake. On the side of the rock which had been turned inward was a large vein of gold. The shining particles could easily be seen, even by the light of the lantern. Taking the rock, Greene placed it back in its original position in the wall, made sure it would not fall out, then moved along slowly to the other tunnel where the men were working.

The next day before the men went off shift, Greene approached the foreman of the mine.

"Say, Benny, have you been in the Old Abe lately?"

"No! Why do you ask?"

"Because I just came from there, and unless

there is something wrong with my eyesight, I saw a ghost at the very spot where Summers was killed?"

"Come on, Greene!" said the foreman, "let us pay your imaginary ghost a visit. I have often heard people speak of ghosts, but for myself, I don't believe in them."

"Well, I will admit," said Greene, "that I didn't sleep a wink all night, and might be seeing things, but let me tell you I didn't like the looks of something in the Old Abe tunnel."

As the two men entered the other passage, and turned the corner, directly before them was a dancing, creepy, vicious-looking skeleton. The arms, legs, and head all seemed to move. The whole form seemed to be aflame at times, and then it would appear to be the mere outline of a skeleton.

The foreman looked a moment, unable to speak, and then turned to Greene. "Come, let us get out of here. Summers was all right when alive, but I don't admire his company in that condition."

When the two bosses returned to the other section of the mine, Benny warned the men to stay out of the Old Abe if they disliked the sight of ghosts.

Every man on leaving work that night desired to see the ghost for himself; each entered the tunnel, and each returned faster than he had entered. On the next day several of the men refused to report for work, and many more who did report, imagining they heard strange voices, left before the day was over.

The next night a skeleton could be seen at the entrance of the main tunnel. It was the same dancing skeleton with the fiery limbs.

Greene seemed to be the only man not frightened by the appearance of the skeleton. He appeared at the mine first in the morning and was the last to leave at night. Soon, however, all the men had resigned their positions, except Greene himself. The latter volunteered to accompany prospective buyers or leasers through the mine.

A few days before the time the lease was to be withdrawn, both the Happy Hollow and the Orohondo Mining Company sent their engineers to investigate the Hidden Fortune. Both men accompanied by Greene went into the mine.

"How long has this mine been in operation?" asked one.



"It is just three years ago that Mr. Summers leased the property."

"You have been working with the company during that time?"

"Yes, I have been the shift boss. I was to become assistant foreman. Just before old man Summers died he promised me that job."

"Where is the paying rock? There is no ore in this tunnel, this stuff is nothing but palfrey. I thought you had some good ore here."

"We used to have some pretty rich ore, but most of it has been worked out on this side. We had a rather rich vein in the other tunnel, but that also has played out."

"Let us see the other tunnel," said the other engineer. "It can't be any worse than this. I wouldn't give two cents for all the rock in here."

"I suppose you have heard about the other tunnel being haunted," said Greene, "so you won't be afraid to enter it. It is claimed by the people that Summers' ghost appears in the Old Abe tunnel. It was in that part of the mine he was killed."

"I have killed two ghosts in my time," said one of the engineers, "and I don't imagine this one will frighten me much. I suppose some 'dub' has found a vein of gold and thinks this an easy method of lowering the price of the mine." Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he said to Greene, "Lead the way."

Turning the corner of the passage, the ugly looking skeleton was still there dancing in its usual manner. It seemed to go through many movements. All appeared to be frightened except the engineer with the gun. He advanced toward the dancing figure, the outline of which seemed to grow dimmer as if in retreat.

"Don't you move, or I will put a bullet through you," shouted the engineer. "Come here and tell us what you mean by this foolishness. I have a notion to kill you to make an example. Stop, I say, and come here or I will shoot. I will send you to a place where you won't need to play ghost."

As no answer came and as the skeleton made no approach, the loud crack of a gun was heard. At that moment the outline of the dancing, creeping and hideous looking skeleton appeared to take fire and approach the engineer.

"Run for your lives," cried the engineers, "he is coming after us."

That same night the horror of the scene was much greater, besides the skeleton which

appeared as before there was the glowing face and upstretched arms of another form. The second form was at the feet of the skeleton, it seemed to be tugging at the legs of the skeleton and asking mercy. Then a deep moan could be heard coming forth from the entrance of the mine. Finally as if in despair the lower figure seemed to give up hope—the head and arms dropped and the moaning was discontinued.

The next morning people noticed that there had been a cave at the entrance of the mine. On approaching nearer they perceived a human face rising above the fallen rocks. The face proved to be that of the former shift boss, Greene. Alongside the body was found a paint can and brush. The can contained a phosphoric solution. Greene had entered the mine to retouch the painting of the skeleton which had so deceived everybody, when the cave occurred which buried his body. The pail of the phosphoric solution had overturned into his face and upon his arms, thus making the horrible sight of the night previous. It was his moans that were heard, and which were unanswered. Greed had been overcome. Greene could not buy the mine.

### Infatuated.

ARTHUR B. HUNTER.

N. D., FEB. 2, 1913.

HELLO TOM:—Since I left you last night at Mike's, I've been trying to think of the proper object for your infinite love that is now going to waste. I realize that you have just arrived from the wild and woolly and would probably want to meet a girl after your own kind. By rare good luck, I've found the girl.

Since you are staying in the Bend this year, you will find it easy to call on her, for she lives at 942 South 19th Street. I met her at an affair last year and she certainly is a beautiful girl. If you think that there's any chance of your liking her, let me know in History class tomorrow.

Till then be good,

CURRENCY BILL MILLER.

P. S.—Her name is Alice. C. B. M.

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The following note was found in history class room, February 3, 1913: "Sure she'll suit. Ready for an introduction any time."

SOUTH BEND, Feb. 3, 1913.

MISS ALICE JONES,  
924 S. 19th Street,  
South Bend, Indiana.

MY DEAR MISS JONES:—We have never met, but I'm sure that I'm in love with you. You know I have always loved the name of Jones; it's so common. And as for Alice, oh, the delicious sweetness of that sound! A Westerner, a real for sure cowboy from the plains, one who has often roped a longhorn at sixty yards, knows a good thing when he sees it or hears of it. I am unable to tell you how much I love you. I love you almost as much as I love Theodore Roosevelt. I could look into your blue eyes by the hour if I had the time. I know that your fair complexion is not powder or whitewash. Your long, raven hair is the most beautiful in St. Joe County. Oh, if I could only see you just once! I might then tell you better of my mountain of love that is ready to stop the stream of your indifference. I can say all this and more without ever having seen you because I have a good friend who knows of your excellent qualities and captivating charms. That friend is writing this for me as I dictate.

Write to me dearest and tell me when I can call on you. Make it as soon as may be. I am struggling for breath, trying to think of adjectives which will convey my meaning. Don't let me suffer longer, but send me a special delivery message in the enclosed envelope.

Your lover forever,

THOMAS TINKER.

*per C. B. M.*

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SOUTH BEND, Feb. 4, 1913.

TOM TINKER,

Of this city,

SIR:—I don't know you, and what's more, I don't want to know such a scoundrel as you.

My name ain't Miss Alice, it's Mrs. John. My eyes ain't blue; they're brown. My hair ain't long; it's short and kerly. My skin ain't white; it's black.

More'n that, my good-for-nuffin' husband will soon tend to you proper if you don't watch out.

MRS. JOHN JONES.

Note found in history class February 6, 1913.

Just wait till I get you alone tonight, Bill Miller. I wont do a thing to you." T, T,

At the Barber Shop.

HAROLD BURKE.

Bill had been waiting patiently for about two hours, but now his hopes rose again as he saw a fat man, who had ordered everything on the bill of fare, step from the chair. Only three unfortunates left now! He sat near the window and tried to pass the time in every imaginable way from playing solitaire to counting the Fords as they passed.

At last his time came and he heard the welcome, "Next!" He approached the chair with the unmistakable dignity of a student of Notre Dame. Suddenly he made a spring and landed safely in the plush. After spreading a worn-out tablecloth over him, the barber asked him what he'd have. Bill asked him what he'd recommend for his case and the barber told him he needed a haircut, shave, massage, shampoo, and a shine. Bill said he'd take the haircut, but would wait a while before he got a shine.

Then he started to take revenge on the student for not ordering everything he mentioned. He reached up to a pigeon-hole and brought forth a rusty clipper. With this he began hacking away at Bill's head. After he had done considerable damage to the back of his head, Bill got up a little courage and with a bold front asked:

"Are you going to clip it all off in front?"

The barber answered with a snap:

"Haven't got time tonight, so I'll just cut off a little with the scissors."

"You might shave it off, if it will save you time," was the boy's retort.

"By the way, have you been trimming your hair yourself?" said the barber.

This was a cruel stab, and Bill was forced to acknowledge that the University barber had cut his hair. After the process of severance was completed, the barber seeing that he had done a bad job, thought he could fix it up with hair tonic. This ordeal was worse than the first. The tonic was of a greenish color. The barber poured about a pint of this on Bill's head, and after getting a good foothold, proceeded to rub it in. Bill wondered whether he was trying to pull out the hairs that he hadn't cut. There was something peculiar about that tonic that made him think he had.



smelled it before. He looked at the bottle and found it labelled "Hair Tonic de la Cabbage." Bill wanted to know if there was a meat order that came with it. He applied several other tonics one upon the other. Finally the student lost hope and resolved to take a good bath when he got back to school.

At last the barber could think of no other way in which he could torture Bill, so he let him go. Aside from a lame back and a bad headache Bill was feeling pretty good. The black sergeant-at-arms helped him into his coat and even picked up his pocket-book which had dropped to the floor. This humane treatment touched a tender spot in Bill's heart, so he slipped him a Canadian half dollar with a hole in it and beat a hasty retreat.

#### Overheard on a Valley St. Car.

"I don't try to keep account of all my skives; you see, I just come and go whenever I want to, because I'm too wise for them skiver-catchers."

So held forth the student (so called by courtesy) with the green hat and the purple socks, as we were riding an unusually rough sea on a Valley Street car.

"But don't you ever ask permission to go down town?" meekly inquired the uninitiated visitor.

"Some of the new guys do, but the old fellows can get away with anything out there at Notre Dame College," replied the effervescent one.

Spotting the conductor on his round through the car for the fares, the talkative student became interested in the latest copy of the "Blue Coat Gazette," with the result that the uninitiated visitor contributed one dime, a tenth of a dollar to the prosperity of the North Bend street car company.

"Well, well," said the u. v. with a sickly expression around his change pocket, "I didn't know it was like that at all."

"Yes, that's it," replied the other, feeling that he could now take in the Morpheus without having to walk back to Squelch Hall afterwards, and therefore he warmed up to his friend in need.

The car of the days of 1885 had by this time made its weary way to the station, and unloaded its cargo.

"Here, you," snapped Fr. McFarley, "beat it back to the school and be quick about it."

"Yes, father; yes, father," whimpered the student from Squelch Hall. "I'll go right back father; yes, father, I'll go right back."

"There will be one vacant chair at the Morpheus," thought the u. v. as he lost himself in the crowd.

ROBERT CARR.

#### An Adventure of a Truthful Student.

L. K.

"Huh!" said the humble youth from the West, "you think this snow's big? You oughta see the snows we have out in my country. Some winters it snows for years at a time and it gets so deep it keeps the cold out; and we all wear summer clothes."

One of the admiring group looked at the great man from the West and said in a meek and humble tone, "You win! Boys, give him the first prize—the plush album."

All were likewise impressed by the Westerner's attitude of humility and truthfulness, and with looks of great respect and awe they silently and carefully threw him out of the third floor window.

At the infirmary the next day as the doctor was breaking his left arm (It was the only thing not broken about him), he came out of the trance the spellbound youths had cast on him and quietly asked, "Why didn't the engineer blow the whistle?"

A letter from his home arrived that day and the nurse, thinking it contained money and would accelerate his recovery, gave it to him. He read the first few lines and fainted (or as Shakespeare would say, swooned) with an awful curse. He said: "Great goodness, they'll all die."

The laughing nurse read (after stashing the money which was in the letter) "The snow here is terrible; it's nearly over our rubbers, so if you don't see us again, remember our last thoughts were of the overcoat you hocked." The nurse grew ghastly pale and read no further but summoned the boys who had shattered the Western youth.

They came in, and after reading the letter aloud, the spokesman said, "Well, fellows, so it's all true; but we never knew such terrible conditions existed and we'll never again doubt one from a country we have not seen. I'll even go so far as to apologize for doubting that they have street cars in Portland."

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—When Napoleon said to one of his subordinates that he had better be a minute early than a minute late, he gave advice more applicable to these days of business activity than to his day of military activity. Everyone who has entered or who intends to enter the business world must realize that no business man—whether it be the Secretary of State or the floor-walker in a five and ten cent store—is going to put any dependence in any one who does not know the value of time and the necessity of being prompt.

Though a student be the best in class he is missing part of his training if he does not form the habit of attending class promptly when the bell rings. He should thank his teacher for insisting on promptness and not complain when he loses a point by being late.

—The campus is in some measure the reviewing square for all the college forces. Trim landscape gardening adds picturesque charm to the group of buildings, and visiting strangers are apt to be favorably impressed by well-clustered pines and maples. However, flora are but a side issue with the University; the chief consideration is boys. These too the visitor will judge according as they pass before his view. A slovenly array of collarless military shirts indicates a considerable remoteness from Fifth Avenue, white pipes—and here is the principal part of our story. At state universities, class organizations have often successfully undertaken to root out this

species of *caminus* from the campus. Here the President has issued a mandate aiming at a similar improvement. The new era is unfortunately not always manifest, and the disgust of many strangers with boys who can not keep their vices off parade is a symptom of room for improvement.

—The public opinion of today has the habit of passing over the real evils of life and wasting much time in weak sentiment. Such, for example is the sentimental attitude taken by many writers with regard to capital punishment. They tell us that "only God has the right to take life," and "we should reform the criminal with kindness." Then from such premises they proceed to draw the wrong conclusions.

Since all authority in the state comes from God, and since the state represents God, is it not reasonable to think that the state obtains power from God to exact retributive justice upon the destroyer of human life? But waiving the question of retributive punishment, we find that it is often necessary for the state to exact capital punishment on account of it being remedial and deterrent. Death is the "king of terrors" and the supreme deterrent, and while the thought of life imprisonment often makes little impression on the passionate mind, yet the thought of death is another thing, especially to him who would be so free with the lives of others, because he is generally most chary of his own. No one can doubt that capital punishment has in the past been necessary to the wellbeing of society, and, being thus necessary, it can not be wrong in itself. But with regard to the reform of criminals, which stands the better chance of eternal salvation, the condemned man who knows his impending fate and prepares himself to meet it and is at peace with God, or the criminal who is thrown among the worst class of men, and after perhaps long years of a hardened life is either cut short in death or is turned homeless and friendless into a changed world? They who find themselves called upon to oppose capital punishment must remember that in order to protect life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, these must sometimes be taken away from violators. Let us have a little more common-sensed justice and a little less sentimental gush.

### Washington's Birthday.

The exercises commemorating the birthday of George Washington took place last Tuesday and no classes were held during the day. In the morning after mass, the battalion was reviewed by President Cavanaugh and the members of the Faculty, the cadets being in full-dress uniform. A feature of the exercises was the company in calisthenics, under the direction of Sergeant Campbell. The musical program was furnished by the Military band. Immediately following the review the students proceeded to Washington hall where the Seniors, in cap and gown, took charge of the exercises. Harry McCarthy Newning, president of the Senior class, made a very sincere address and presented to the University, on behalf of his class, the American flag. We quote Mr. Newning in full:

REVEREND PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY AND FRIENDS:—Today the class of Nineteen Fourteen has the honor and the pleasure of presenting to Alma Mater the flag of our country. In so doing we wish to make profession of the loyalty we have for our University and for the land we love. It is now many years since a senior class, realizing that ideals expressed are better than vague sentiments, established this beautiful custom. In presenting a flag to the University they meant to give concrete expression to the love they felt for Notre Dame and for America. This example has become a tradition with the classes of the University, and we of Fourteen, who cherish this loyalty as much as did that first class, or as much as any class that has gone forth from these halls, would feel that our last year at school was incomplete did we not have an opportunity such as this to give expression to our sentiment.

To say that we are loyal to Alma Mater and that we are loyal to our native land is but saying the same thing. To be true to one is to be true to the other. Notre Dame has ever taught the lesson of patriotism, even sacrificing Brothers and Priests at a time when she needed them most, when country called.

At this time, when our country is enjoying peace and prosperity; when no internal dissensions threaten us, and no foreign powers menace, there may seem to be little occasion for patriotism or for talk about patriotism. But the patriot of peace is as much a patriot as the patriot of war. He who takes a child from the sweat-shop and places it in God's sunshine is as much a hero as he who faces the cannon's breath; he is as much a patriot who helps to stay the march of Socialism as he who checks a foreign invader; he who insures the laborer a living wage does a greater service than he who gives his life in foreign conquest. Yesterday war was the law of life; then the soldier was the patriot of patriots; today, peace is the law of life. To curb the grasping corporations, to purify corrupt legislatures, to check the mad rush

of the ignorant towards Socialism, to save the home from threatening divorce—these are the problems that we have to solve, just as our fathers had to throw off the yoke of the tyrants, to subdue the Indians, and to increase our domain. The patriot of peace is the man of the hour. Not that we would belittle the work of Washington, in whose honor we celebrate this day; not that we would belittle the patriots of the Revolution and of the Civil War. We appreciate their noble services and sacrifices, and we are grateful to them for making possible this great nation of ours. But patriotism did not end with the last battle. In truth it was only begun. The continuation of that work demands as much patriotism, as much spirit of self-sacrifice as did its beginning. The man of today who is willing to brave a national evil and who has the courage to put it down, is the true American patriot. He fights for the life of the nation as truly as those fought for their country who laid down their lives at Bunker Hill or Gettysburg.

Such is our task, and we are proffering this flag as a pledge to Alma Mater that we shall do battle for God and for country as she has taught us. We hope, too, that this flag which shall float over Notre Dame the coming year, may then take an honored place among the weather-worn banners that decorate this hall, and that in future years our friends among the Faculty who have labored so long in our behalf may look at the banner of Fourteen and kindly recall the gratitude we now express.

Father Cavanaugh responded and fittingly described the significance of the ceremony. Rev. Father Cavanaugh's words were:

MR. NEWNING AND THE MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS:—From your hands on behalf of the University I accept this flag. It shall be flung to the breezes for the first time on the morning of your Baccalaureate Sunday, and for the following school year it will float from the University flag-staff to remind us who remain of the class of 1914 and of the spirit with which they left the University to take up their work in the world.

The flag is a symbol, and the value of any symbol depends on the sacredness of the thing symbolized. The cross, too, is a symbol, and in old Pagan days it was a symbol of ignominy, for it represented the most ignoble form of death—crucifixion. But one day on a little hill in old Judea there loomed against the sky a cross on which hung naked and bleeding, the noblest, truest Man that ever lived, the God-Man Himself,—hung there because He loved His brothers and would do them good—and today, twenty centuries later, as during all the days between, the cross has been acclaimed and worshipped as the holiest of symbols by the whole Christian world. So, too, the flag derives its sacredness from the sublimity of the things it stands for—the wisdom of Washington and Jefferson and Adams and Hamilton and Franklin; the eloquence of Patrick Henry and Webster and Calhoun; the statecraft of Jackson and Lincoln, and the empurpled patriotism of multitudes who on the great battle-fields of history looked, smiling and unafraid, into the eyes of death, and died that liberty might live. And

as the devout Christian, remembering the self-sacrifice of Calvary, looks with awesome reverence on the Cross of Christ, so, in its sphere, is the flag of America sacred for it symbolizes our redemption from bondage and our baptism as a great nation among the peoples of the earth. To the service of that flag every American citizen pledges his life and the plenary allegiance of the powers of mind and soul and body; to keep that flag afloat among the clouds he is ready to pour forth the last red drop of his blood; to defend its honor millions of swords would leap from their scabbards, and multitudes drawn from our American manhood would rush eagerly into the arms of death, would face disease and privation often worse than death.

No one has ever questioned the patriotism of the American in time of our country's danger; but is there no fear that prosperity and comfort and an amiable indifference may blind us to the duty of patriotism in times of peace? Your spokesman has referred to some of these dangers. He has pointed out some of the services you may render as educated Americans. To you men of trained mind and developed conscience must America look for leadership in city council and legislature and congress. And as the soldier who hesitates or recoils before the armed enemy is condemned to an immortality of ignominy, so in the minds of all right-thinking men, inglorious and despicable is the citizen who capitulates to the grafter and the spoilsman, the radical and the Socialist.

America has a right to expect two qualities in your service; it ought to be moral and it ought to be intelligent. Your trained mind ought to enable you to render a special service of patriotism in respect to those questions which your ballot helps to solve. Your trained conscience owes a service of patriotism by preserving wholesome and invigorating the moral atmosphere of America. Fidelity to your civic duties will insure the one; loyalty to your religious duties will guarantee the other. And you must never be too busy to be patriotic; you must never allow your selfish interests—money-getting, place-seeking, honor-achieving, anything whatever—to absorb your energy at the expense of patriotism any more than you must allow your selfish interests to absorb your energies at the expense of religion.

That you will always have place in your heart and in your life for the love of country and the love of God is the meaning of this beautiful exercise today. Alma Mater accepts your flag. In due time she will fling it aloft to be kissed and caressed by the breezes of free America. It will stand as a sign in the heavens that in whatsoever far-off field destiny has summoned you to labor and under whatsoever foreign stars your lifework may be ordained, you will carry always in your minds the commingled lessons and in your hearts the interwoven loyalties symbolized by the Cross of Christ and the Flag of America.

The ode to Washington was read by Morrison Conway, class poet, and is presented elsewhere in this number of the SCHOLASTIC. Mr. J. A. Curry, president of the Senior Law Class, delivered Washington's "Farewell Address."

### The Eucharistic Entertainment.

Father Hagerty gave a treat to the Eucharistic League of Carroll hall last Saturday evening in the form of a little banquet. The Carroll hall refectory was ablaze with gold and blue, the tables were fragrant with flowers, and many guests, including the President of the University, took part in the festivities.

After the supper all repaired to the main parlor where a delightful program, prepared by the members of the League, was rendered. To make special mention of any numbers in a program in which all the selections were so well done and so interesting might seem out of place, still we can not refrain from saying that Mr. Haller's paper on the methods of assisting at mass, Mr. Joe Carey's little speech on the advantages of Communion and Mr. James Smith's recitation, were exceptional. The other numbers were: a recitation by Mr. Arthur Roche, an essay by Everett Blackman, a song by Barrett Anderson, an essay on "Daily Communion in Indianapolis, by John Shea and John Blackwell, a violin duet by Maurice Roach and Paul Schwartz, a song by Messrs. Francis Brannen and Saul Williams, a recitation Eighty-third Psalm, by Lawrence McIlwee, an "Incident of the French Camp" by Kenneth Fox and several songs sung by all.

At the close of the program Father Cavanaugh gave the boys one of his charming talks. In beautiful, poetic phrase, he spoke of the wonderful mystery of the Blessed Sacrament. Among many beautiful thoughts this one was peculiarly appealing. When on his tour of Europe he visited the church of the Holy Cross at Florence, and went from one to another of the tombs of the great men resting there, he was particularly struck by the graves of Gallileo and Michael Angelo. That old church held their ashes as its enduring treasures. But then came the correcting reflection that the simplest log chapel in the smallest and least known village contained not dead but alive a greater than Gallileo and Michael Angelo. The Man of all men, Christ Himself. Father Cavanaugh then introduced Bishop Harkins, who was present for a part of the program, and who expressed himself as highly pleased that during his short stay, he had seen not only material Notre Dame, but the living, breathing organization itself; first in the splendid track

meet of the afternoon and secondly in the spiritual manifestation of the evening. He dwelt especially on the method of assisting at mass suggested by Mr. Haller's essay, viz., serving mass. In the sanctuary a man learns the manners of the heavenly kingdom, and every Catholic boy before leaving a Catholic school should learn the manners of the sanctuary.

### Obituary.

MR. JAMES E. CAGNEY.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. James E. Cagney, who passed away at his home, 6325 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois, recently. We offer to the bereaved family assurance of sympathy and prayers. *R. I. P.*

### Personals.

—Miss Alice Prendergast was united in holy matrimony with Mr. Ernest E. L. Hammer (old student) in Brooklyn, New York, Feb. 18.

—The marriage of Miss Leona Murphy to Mr. George Rempe, a Corby haller of a few years ago, took place in St. Ita's Church, Chicago, February 18th.

—Mr. Joseph D. Sinnott (E. E. '08) is with the California Oregon Power Company. He was recently elected Grand Knight of Medford Council of the Knights of Columbus.

—Fred Steers and William Uffendell of Chicago and John Devine of South Bend were present at last Saturday's track meet with the I. A. C. All are old N. D. track men.

—The marriage of Mr. A. Albert Browne (B. S. '86; M. S. '89), of Brownsville, Texas, to Miss Mary Scanlin was celebrated in the Church of the Annunciation, Enterprise, Ontario, February, 17th.

—J. P. McEvoy of the Chicago *Record-Herald* is Editor of "The Binnacle," a publication that worries over the interests of yachtsmen and other wet sports. It reels with Joe's special brand of humor.

—The marriage of Miss Alexa Fischer to Dr. Joseph F. Duane (Litt. B. '99) took place in Peoria, Illinois, on the 24th inst. Dr. Duane, who stands high among the medical fraternity of Illinois, is to spend at least a year in Germany doing post-graduate work and specializing in eye, ear, nose and throat work. Felicitations, bon voyage, and Gesundheit!

### Society Notes.

#### CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering Society held its regular meeting on February 16th. A very interesting program was presented which made amends for the length of time that had elapsed since the last gathering of the engineers.

Mr. Burke opened the program with "The Relation of Geology to Civil Engineering." He presented considerable new matter upon this subject gleaned from the engineering journals and showed conclusively the necessity for a clear knowledge of the principles of geology in engineering work.

Mr. Boylan handled a difficult subject in a very pleasing and tactful manner. His subject was, "How to become a Civil Engineer." Among other things he showed the inferiority of the principle of least work when compared to that of most work.

Mr. Cavanaugh always does something good when work is assigned to him and he kept up his average nicely by a dissertation upon "Grades on Railroads." He introduced a new subject to the society, that of the virtual grade, and showed its application to the economic location of railroads.

The discussion was presented by Mr. Roach who defended his views admirably. It related to the phenomenon of dissociation in solution and especially the molecular disturbances attendant upon the glaciation of a saline solution. He demonstrated that the crystallization attendant upon glaciation did not combine the two elements of the solution and carried his point.

Despite the low temperature and the wind, the Civil Engineers found time Sunday evening to hold their seventh meeting.

Mr. Derrick opened the program with a collection of verse relative to the life of the civil engineer. It was a strange morsel to tempt the palate of a technical society, but so cultured have the Civil Engineers become that several of them were heard to applaud.

Messrs. Bracho and Conway discussed two phases of the Civil Engineer's education, the former presenting "The Mathematical Training of the Civil Engineer," while the latter's subject was "The Literary Training of the Civil Engineer." Mr. Bracho pointed out the necessity for the civil engineer having a clear and thorough

knowledge of the principles of pure and applied mathematics. He showed that the success of the engineer in the world depended upon this knowledge and pointed out instances to substantiate his views. Mr. Conway, on the other hand, showed that the engineer of today is a man of public worth and that he is often called upon to address financial men upon the methods of attacking business undertakings involving engineering structures. He also intimated that the engineer was of at least a little consequence socially and that he should cultivate the art of conversation to avoid being a wall-flower at social gatherings.

On account of the late arrival of some of the members the question was held over until the next meeting.

#### Local News.

—The lid's on tight!

—And the horses are still in the lake.

—Fewer boxes of fudge from "somebody" at home will grace the Notre Dame mails during the next six weeks.

—Jack Ward has become a follower and worker in the "Go to Church" movement. He has volunteered to see that all Sorinites attend mass during Lent.

—Professor Koehler, Ronald O'Neill and Wm. Mooney, accompanied Emmett Lenihan to Indianapolis yesterday, where Mr. Lenihan spoke last night in the State Oratorical Contest.

—The debate between the teams of the Brownson and Holy Cross societies will take place Sunday evening at 7:45 sharp. Each society is furnishing two teams and there will be one debate at Holy Cross hall and the other in the Columbian room of the Main Building.

—Echoes which come daily from Washington hall seem to indicate that this world of ours is soon to be reformed. However, all the noise is being made by energetic students trying out for the Peace Contest which is to be held March 11. The state contest at Indianapolis will be held one week later.

—Next Wednesday will be an important day in the events of Notre Dame. The sword of General Thomas Francis Meagher, Civil war hero, will be presented to the University by the state of Montana through Senator Walsh of that state. Hon. Bourke Cockran will deliver a eulogy on the life of General Meagher and the services of the famous Irish brigade.

—The following names were unintentionally omitted from the Washington's Birthday program: February, 24: Maurice Joseph Norckauer, A. B.; James Mortimer Riddle, Litt. B.; Emil John Riedman, M. E.; Francis Bartley Campbell, LL. B.; Thomas Vincent Craven, LL. B.; Daniel Joseph Skelly, LL. B.; Harry Bernard Tierney, Ph. C.

—The Lenten instructions will deal with the agony, passion and death of Our Lord:

March 4—The Agony in the Garden—Reverend Joseph J. Maguire, C. S. C.

March 11—The Scourging at the Pillar—Reverend Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C.

March 18—The Crowning with Thorns—Reverend Leonard Carrico, C. S. C.

March 25—The Carrying of the Cross—Reverend Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C.

April 2—The Crucifixion—Rev. Wm. Bolger, C. S. C.

—The Notre Dame Rifle team won first place last Monday in the annual tournament held by the Northern Indiana Rifle Association at Culver. Notre Dame won by scoring 699 points out of a possible 750, and it was the highest score made in competition for the Hill trophy which was awarded the local team. The team was composed of Captain Sullivan, C. J. Derrick, E. Bott, and J. Robins. Derrick, high man on the Notre Dame team, shot 146 out of a possible 150. R. F. Cavanaugh won third place in the individual competition with a score of 141 points.

#### Athletic Notes.

##### LAST GAME A VICTORY.

The 1913-1914 basketball season was brought to a close last Friday when the Gold and Blue topped West Virginia Wesleyan by the narrowest of margins, 35 to 34. Not for one moment was the outcome certain, and it was only after the hardest kind of a fight that the locals pulled the victory out of the fire. The contest was replete with clever passes, accurate blocking, lightning floor work, and phenomenal basket shooting.

Many thought the Varsity played the best game of the year. Capt. Cahill was in the fray on his home court for the first time since the Wabash contest in which he was injured.

The effect of his presence was easily seen in the way the team worked together, their increased speed, and the greater accuracy of the pass work. The enforced lay off had no bad effect on Jimmie's shooting eye, as he garnered



four pretty baskets. The surprise of the game, however, was the performance of "Speed" Kelly. This was his first game of the year, but he put up a splendid exhibition, working into the passing well, and making some difficult shots. Mills played his usual good game, leading the scoring for the locals with six baskets. It was Rupe, who made the final toss, that brought the victory. The guarding of Nowers and Finegan was the best they have shown this season.

The first half was nip and tuck, the score being tied twice. A few seconds after the whistle, Cahill rimmed the basket with a pretty heave but the ball rolled out. Mills counted, however, when he took a quick pass from Jimmie, and shot from mid-floor, which he followed up a few moments later with a toss from the side. Meanwhile, the visitors' star, Neale, at left guard, had scored a field goal and two free throws, making things even. Cahill and Rupe then displayed a fancy bit of pass work that enabled the latter to tally. The New Jerseyite was making his in bunches, so he dropped in another a moment later, and Kelly helped along the good cause by converting a sharp pass from Nowers.

With a determined effort, the visitors gathered three goals in rapid succession, tying the score, only to have the locals come right back with three more, making the total 16 to 10 at the end of the half.

Both teams started the second half with the same alignment. Cahill, Mills, and Finegan scored in quick succession, after a burst of whirlwind passing such as never was displayed on the local court during the whole season. The visitors managed to squeeze in three counters and missed several more easy chances to add to their total. Two more successful heaves, and the locals had an eleven point lead. Neale cut it down with a nice toss, but a point from the foul line, and a one-hand throw by "Southpaw" Kelly put the count at 29 to 17.

Then began a wonderful spurt that threatened for a time to return the Mountaineers the victors. Fighting with all the strength they had; they slowly but surely closed up the gap, until they were but one point behind the Varsity. With the frenzied rooters urging them on, the locals did their best, but the visitors displayed a wonderful brand of ball. At length Cahill scored from the side, but two more phenomenal shots, one the longest ever seen

on the court, and the other the luckiest ever happening on the same battlefield, put Notre Dame behind, 32 to 31. Again Cahill put the Gold and Blue ahead, but Neale would not be denied, and on another nice shot, he turned the tables. With forty seconds left, Mills dropped one in on a run, and the game was over.

NOTRE DAME [35]		WEST VIRGINIA [34]
Cahill	R. F.	Garrett
Kelly	L. F.	Jacobs
Mills	C.	Hebner
Nowers	R. G.	Neale
Finegan	L. G.	Singleton

Substitutions—Fitzgerald for Kelly; Ressler for Jacobs. Field goals—Mills, 6; Kelly, 5; Cahill, 4; Nowers, Finegan, Neale, 7; Garrett, 5; Hebner, 2; Jacobs. Foul goals—Neale, 4; Finegan. Referee—Barnhart (Indiana). Time of halves—20 minutes.

#### CORBY DEFEATS ST. JOSEPH'S.

Corby came back strong after the Walsh game and defeated St. Joseph's last Thursday in a fast, hard-fought game. Corby's victory was largely due to the splendid work of Daly, who displayed Varsity calibre throughout the game. Gushurst and Corcoran also did good work for Corby, while Capt. Bergman, Cassidy, and Conboy were the St. Joseph luminaries.

WALSH, 21; SORIN, 8.

Displaying the same speed and accuracy that won the Corby game, Walsh defeated Sorin Sunday, 21 to 8. The Sorinites put up a clever fight in the first half, Newning and Coffall guarding so well that Walsh scored but five baskets, while Havlin and O'Donnell rang up three for Sorin. Walsh came back strong in the second half, however, and Sorin did not have a chance to win. Grady and Meyers put up their usual star game. The team work of Walsh was very spectacular. Sorin might have given the outsiders a closer game, but Fenesy and Walsh were unable to play, thus depriving Sorin of her two best basket-shooters.

#### TRACK MEET SPECTACULAR.

One Central A. A. U. record broken, two gym records smashed and a world's record equalled; sums up the extraordinary performances of last Saturday, when the Illinois Athletic Club just nosed out the Varsity, 58 to 55. Fast time and good distances were made in every event and not until the visitors took first place in the broad jump was the result certain.

Notre Dame got away with a good start, when the Varsity quartet of dash men eliminated the Tricolor athletes in the trials. The best time was made by Van Thorn, the Corbyite, when he covered the distance in 4-3-5. The

high hurdles followed, both Notre Dame entries qualifying. In the finals, Kirkland got away to a poor start, but managed to slide into second place.

The most exciting event of the day was the mile run. Waage, because of his remarkable performance at the First Regiment Meet, when he was taken in 4:28 1-5, was looked upon as a sure winner. His stomach was in bad condition, however, and though he led the way for nine laps, he could not stand the gaff the rest of the distance. O'Donnell's time, 4:31 3-5, was remarkable for an indoor track.

The visitors boosted their total eight points more, when they took first and second places in the high jump, but the Varsity came right back with a grand slam in the 220-yard dash. Bergman, Newning and Hardy lined up in the order named, and there was but one step difference between each at the finish. The time, 24 seconds flat, is the best for this distance in recent years.

The shot put was very close, but the Varsity and Freshman fullbacks managed to land first and third places. Bachman's performance, however, was a little disappointing after his fine showing two weeks ago when he beat Saturday's work by four feet.

The forty-yard low hurdles furnished the surprise of the day, when Larkin the old inter-hall star, tied with Burgess, the best timber-topper in the West. A special heat was run off, in which Bunny held the lead up to the second hurdle, on which he tripped. Burgess' time for the event was five seconds flat, equalling the world's record. Plant took the half mile in good time, after getting away to a poor start. McDonough was right at his heels until the last twenty yards, when he gave out, O'Donnell and Cameron placing.

The closest event of the meet was the quarter-mile, which Capt. Marty Henahan captured in fifty-three seconds flat. This is the best Marty has done, indoors, and it is expected that he will drop the mark two seconds or more when he gets out on the turf.

In the two-mile, Joie Ray, the Tricolor star, clipped two-fifths of a second off the Central A. A. U. record, covering the distance in 9:40 3-5. This lowered Wykoff's gym record of last year by almost fifteen seconds.

Kenourck, with an actual vault of 12 feet, 1 3-4 inches, won the pole event from Rockne, who got as far as twelve feet. This performance

of the visitor broke the gym record. In an exhibition vault with the bar at twelve feet six inches, Kenourck got over the bar but knocked it down with his hand on the fly away. The broad jump went to Ahern, though Rockne, newly returned from the pole-vault event, pushed him to better than twenty-two feet to do it.

The relay race, as usual, aroused the highest interest. The time, 3:38, was good, considering that all the men had already taken part in several gruelling events. Van Thorn led off with a quarter in :55 1-5; Plant covered the next in 54 4-5; Waage stepped the distance in :55 flat, while Henahan finished with his second quarter of the day in 53 flat.

To lose was somewhat disappointing of course, but had Birder's ankle been in shape, had Waage been in good condition, had Larkin not stumbled; had Bachman got going in time—oh, there are a lot of consoling circumstances. Furthermore, to lose such a meet is by no means a disgrace. Summary:

One mile run—O'Donnell, I. A. C., first; Noonan, I. A. C., 2d; Waage, Notre Dame, 3d. Time—4:31 3-5.

Forty-yard high hurdles—Burgess, I. A. C., first; Kirkland, Notre Dame, second; Kuh, I. A. C., third; Time—0:05 3-5.

Shot put—Eichenlaub, Notre Dame, first; Madigan, I. A. C., second; Bachman, Notre Dame, third. Distance—40 feet 5 1-2 inches.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash—Bergman, Notre Dame, first; Newning, Notre Dame, second; Hardy, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:24.

Running high jump—Corbley, I. A. C., first; Ahern, I. A. C., second; Miller and Yeager, both of Notre Dame, tied for third. Height—5 feet 9 inches.

Four hundred and forty yard dash—Henihan, Notre Dame, first; Shriver, I. A. C., second; Welch, Notre Dame, third. Time,—:53.

Forty-yard low hurdles—Burgess, I. A. C., first; Larkin, Notre Dame, second; Kuh, I. A. C., third. Time—0:05.

Half mile run—Plant, Notre Dame, first; O'Donnell, I. A. C., second; Cameron, I. A. C., third. Time, 2:02 3-5.

Two mile run—Ray, I. A. C., first; Cameron, I. A. C., second; Oleson, I. A. C., third. Time, 9:40 3-5.

Pole vault—Kenourck, I. A. C., first; Rockne, Notre Dame, second; Bragg, I. A. C., third. Height—12 feet 3 inches.

Forty yard dash—Four Notre Dame men qualified for finals, Newning, Van Thorn, Bergman, and Hardy. Best time—0:04 3-5.

Running broad jump—Ahern, I. A. C., first; Rockne, Notre Dame, second; Martin, Notre Dame, third. Distance—22 feet 1-2 inch.

One-mile relay—Won by Notre Dame team, (Van Thorn, Plant, Henihan, Waage) Time—3:38.