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## Good Night.

GOOD night,—the shadows deepen in the hall  
The moth-grey ashes choke the living coals,  
And o'er your eyelids heavy sleep unfolds—  
Good night, dear friend; good night.

Good night,—the morn shall find us far apart,  
The mid-day sun shall flame upon our ways,  
In toil and heat, oh cherish these fond days—  
Good night, dear friend, good night.

Good night,—for soon red day, the harvester,  
Shall gather us into the sunken West,  
Until our lingering spirits are at rest—  
Good night, dear friend, good night.

B. R. K.

## The Ethical Principle Inspiring Kent.

JOSEPH A. HEISER, '13.



HE impression left upon the mind by the tragedy of King Lear is one of terrific grandeur. The strongest language ever written or spoken is to be found in it. Nothing in any language can compare to the awful imprecations of Lear against his daughters. The predominating characteristic of the entire play is strength. There is found the element of force which destroys the individual, disrupts the family, and finally brings ruin to the state. Notwithstanding all this, there is also a mildness, a sweetness, and a charity which belongs to the complete theme. Interwoven with the vanity of Lear, the malice of Goneril and Regan, the wickedness of Edmund, and the genuine love of Cordelia, is the real unselfish devotion of Kent to conscience and to duty. Knowing

intimately the character of Regan and Goneril, he realized fully how base were their assertions of fidelity to Lear, their father. With a whole-souled frankness he remonstrates with Lear for having cut Cordelia off from her portion, and his reward,—from one whom he had loved and served for years,—is banishment. Injustice, exile, and a price set upon his head, can not destroy his devotion, and disguised as a menial he returns to serve his king. In no other place has Shakespeare given us such an example of unswerving loyalty to duty. A minor as regards classification, the character of Kent is a leader in development. To know him intimately it does not suffice to study the play; one must see it enacted by capable students of Shakespeare.

In treating a character from Shakespeare one scarcely knows how to begin or how far to go. Much has been written upon the immortal creations of a man's mind from the days of Shakespeare even to our own time. For one to imagine that his views on the dramas and characters of Shakespeare are new is foolhardy. The master critics of the world have delved into his works, seeking flaws, and finding many; rendering just criticism, and giving merited appreciation. Men have so thoroughly studied his characters psychologically that learned treatises have appeared accounting for the promptings and the actions of their minds, while his style and diction have given rise to learned essays and voluminous glossaries and lexicons. For us, then, because of our extremely limited knowledge of Shakespeare, recourse must be had to those authorities competent to judge through years of Shakespearian study.

Unsurpassed in his ability to portray character, Shakespeare stands the master dramatist of all ages. In three years the bard of Avon will have been dead three centuries, yet his

works, enduring as time, still supply the data for earnest work. His leading characters, their words and actions, are familiar to us. The minor characters, unfortunately, have not received their full measure of study; by them, however, Shakespeare often explained the basic motives of his plays.

In dramatic characterization some ethical principle must take possession of the individual, and become the mainspring of all his actions. Such has ever been the deepest ground for character delineation. In every drama two or more characters animated with opposing ethical principles must be present, otherwise there would not be a conflict. In their struggle to realize these principles they grapple and struggle till one overcomes the other, or till both perish or are reconciled. In the accurate analysis of a character, therefore, the first thing is to find the character's ethical essence, since this is the fountain-head of its activities. The character, therefore, must be portrayed as the champion of some ethical principle whereby he comes into conflict with the champion of some opposing principle.

But characterization is not merely the personification of a general ethical notion. As such it would be stiff and lifeless. Every true character must possess individuality, traits which are not common to other characters, in which traits, however, the ethical element must be reflected. This brings in the use of psychology and results in a variety of characters. This inter-relation of the ethical and the psychological is fully shown in the delineation of the Earl of Kent.

Critics have ever held that delineation of character is Shakespeare's greatest gift. In the study of his characters we find more and more how extensive was his knowledge of man. He has reached the "common heart of all humanity," and has pondered over the world-character till he knows it from every standpoint. We find also that he has especially observed man in the individual, he has beheld the common principle, animating each, and he perceives in him "the oneness of man and the multiplicity of men."

In the character of Kent we witness Shakespeare at his supremacy in minor character delineation. Kent is not simply an embodiment of virtue, but a man having his passions and vices controlled. Neither is he merely the "outer active superficiality of a living being

without the inner essence of man," rather he is one full of life and action, responding to and guided by his ethical concepts of right and wrong.

If the best grace and happiness of life consist in a forgetting of self and a living for others, Kent is the character from Shakespeare whom we should most wish to resemble. Strikingly similar in virtues and situations to other characters of Shakespeare's plays, he is, notwithstanding, essentially different in character. Like Edgar he is found magnanimous yet in misfortune; he is faithful to his king, as is Edgar to his father, yet is driven from the court and is forced to disguise himself. Still disguised and condemned he follows the dictates of affection and serves the king—his judge. Always quick, fiery and impetuous, Kent is unable to restrain himself. Unselfish to a high degree, Kent disguises himself in order to serve, periling his life for unrequited friendship. As a fitting close of a life so bound up with love for others, Kent dies when his loved ones die.

It is interesting to note how the characteristic traits of this man are preserved even when he is acting most "out of character," so that he seems to be himself and not himself at the same time. For example, in Kent's obstreperous railing at the steward, and his bold bluntness to Regan and Cornwall, "we have a strong relish of the same impulsive and outspoken boldness with which he beards the old king when the latter is storming out his paroxysm against Cordelia, and meets his threats by daring him to do the worst. 'Do, kill thy physician, and the fee bestow upon the foul disease.'" In such retorts, as is well known, he is but following out his character as now disguised. His whole desire seems to be to entangle Lear with his two daughters in a quarrel so that they will disclose what is really in their hearts. His soul is still on fire at the wrong Lear has done to Cordelia, and he would hasten the repentance which he knows must sooner or later come. Still it may be said that "his tumultuous conduct is but an exaggerated outcome of his native disposition," or that he is truly himself all the while, only a good deal more so.

In the contrast of Kent with Oswald we have one of Shakespeare's best. Kent is the "soul of goodness clothed in the assembled nobilities of manhood," while Oswald is the very em-

bodiment of meanness. To call him wicked is a waste of language; he is absolutely beneath that term. Kent, on the other hand, stands for all that is good and noble in man. His unswerving loyalty to conscience, his abiding faith in victory of right, and his dauntless spirit raise him to a high position among the characters of the poet's fancy.

The death of Kent is not tragic, although the tragic in art is defined as that which portrays an unhappy end. Death and unhappiness are essential elements in the tragedy, yet the death of an innocent person is not tragic in the true sense of the word. In order that a death be tragic there must be something within the individual which brings him to destruction. In Kent there is no principle of evil which drives him forward to his death; he is guilty of no misdeed from which his death should spring. Kent is the bearer of a great end—justice to Cordelia and the King—into which he pours his whole being, and which he endeavors by all his powers to accomplish. This ethical principle takes entire possession of him, and his acts follow accordingly. With remarkable tenacity he clings to this principle and is shaken from it only by death.

#### Achilles and His Heel.

CHARLES FINEGAN.

"Good evening, Father."

"Hello, John."

"How are chances to go down to the show tomorrow night?"

"Poor; very poor."

"Aw, come on, Father; I need a little recreation; what do you say?"

"Nothing doing."

"Well then give me a couple of letters and we'll call it square."

"Sorry, but there's no mail except your paper. It's in that basket in the window."

"If it wasn't for the old *Daily Herald*, I'd never know if Roseburg was dead or alive. I haven't heard from home for three weeks."

"Oh well, John, your parents know you're well cared for, so they don't have to write very often."

"Hug! That ain't any money in my pocket."

"No, but it's giving you a strong character."

"Yep, and I suppose a strong character will take me into the show tomorrow night?"

"No it wont," replied the prefect; "neither will a fat purse. The lid's on, so you may as well get down to study and keep off the delinquent list for a change instead of running down town so often."

"Why, Father, I haven't been to town in two weeks."

"You mean you haven't asked permission for two weeks."

"What's the difference?"

"Oh, about fifty demerits."

"But I *haven't* been *caught* down town."

"No, but you weren't at the concert last night. Father Pinkerton couldn't find you in your room at 10:45 and at 11:15 I saw you coming out of Frank Corbett's room in the subway and you weren't in there twenty minutes before that. Looks bad."

"But I wasn't down town," persisted the youth.

"No, I suppose not; especially since so many pink envelopes come from Mishawaka and it costs only five cents to get there."

"But look-a-here, Father, you know a fellow don't come to college just to bone away at books all the time. A little enjoyment once in a while makes a person study better."

"There's one time you're correct, John, that's why we had a concert last night; but with all your craving for enjoyment you weren't there. I suppose you were studying—human nature, perhaps?"

"Yes, and I'd just as soon study Calculus as go to some of those concerts."

"That doesn't speak very well for the concerts since Prof. Sturgess has you on the delinquent list again in Calculus."

"Aw bosh, he don't know what he's doing. You know I never was on the delinquent list last year."

"Yes, John, and I happen to know that you never got pink envelopes from Mishawaka last year, either."

"Gosh sakes, Father, be reasonable. Just because a fellow gets a letter now and then, it's no sign that he isn't studying. Pete Whitney gets three letters a week from the same girl and he always has a general average above ninety."

"Yes, but those letters are all from his cousin at St. Agnes'. It's different where relatives are concerned."

"Wow, but that's the most unkindest cut of all! Who ever heard of a fellow writing

three times a week to his cousin? You'd better give that one to the 'Safety Valve,' Father."

"John, I'm afraid you're sore because the teachers discovered that you weren't a—"

"Now, Father," interrupted the young student, "that's all over now; but I'm getting a bit nervous. Wont you let me go to the show tomorrow? I'm sure it'll settle my nerves."

"Nothing doing, John. I said 'No' twice already."

"But Father, you let me down to see 'The Black Mask,' why can't I go down tomorrow?"

"You played football that day and you had a permission coming; that's why you got down."

"Oh, say, Father, speaking of football, what do you think of the schedule for next year?"

"Oh, it's simply great; great!"

"I guess not; eh, Father? It'll be kind o' tough on us when we give Yale a good trouncing. We can beat them, don't you think?"

"Beat them! Why, John, we're going to beat them all. Nothing to it. We're going to make a clean sweep."

"Say, Father, I hear that if the team plays in Oregon Christmas, you're going along as spiritual adviser. Is that right?"

"I don't know, Johnnie, but I should like to go."

"Believe me, Father, you sure ought to; if there's any one in the school who's earned a right to take the trip you sure are the man. It's no easy job to look after this bunch as you do. A man's sure got all he can do to keep the fellows out here. But say, Father, I'd like awfully to see that show tomorrow. May I?"

"All right, Johnnie, but don't ask again for a month, and be around for morning prayer."

"All right, Father. Good night."

"Good night, John."

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### Americanisms.

D. E. SULLIVAN.

"For centuries, if we can trust contemporary experts, the English language has been steadily going 'to the dogs.'" So sayeth a Yale professor. The contemporaries referred to especially are Hume and Beattie, both Scotchmen. These gentlemen of the eighteenth century lamented that the English language was suffering from the malady of adopting Scotch words or idioms. But our mother tongue

speedily recovered from this state of ill health, with the advent of Sir Walter Scott, whose use of Scottish words and idioms made them perfectly acceptable to Englishmen. From this we may infer that the trouble lies not always in the word or idiom, but rather in the reviewer or pedantic orthographer, who thinks he knows all the words in the English language and believes he can pronounce off-hand whether or not words are pure English.

In the nineteenth century, as in the days of Hume and Beattie, there is a lamenting over the decline of the English language. The disease is not Scotism this time; we have a new "goat;" to wit, "Americanisms," better known as "slang."

Curious, is it not, that when happy and apt expressions are coined on soil other than English they are branded "isms" and declared wholly objectionable?

It is urged against slang that it comes from the lower classes, and is, therefore, vulgar and objectionable. Let us remark, in passing, that the wealth of fresh, energetic expressions in our language is not due to the cultured class, but to the so-called lower class.

As people acquire education, the tendency of speech is toward formality, using only words and phrases that have been sanctioned and established. To the busy, uneducated class, who seek the short cut and use the most convenient "word tool" at hand, is due the wealth of fresh, energetic expressions, known as slang; expressions which are gay, humorous, possibly reckless, but certainly picturesque. Contrast the buoyancy of the American "joy ride," with the crudeness of the English "beastly" and "bully." The so-called slang expressions often approach the realms of poetry and philosophy. Who can doubt the poetry in, "You're not the only pebble on the beach;" the kindly humor in the "sky pilot;" the satire of the "frozen smile;" the cheerful welcome of the "glad hand;" or the unyielding severity of the "marble heart?" The main characteristics of these expressions are their elegance and gayety. They reflect the national temperament, the fine, hopeful outlook on life, "come weal, come woe."

What matter if a word or phrase is coined in England or in America, in high class or low, if it supply the actual need and is well formed? For, if it does not fulfil this requirement, it will not survive the state in which it was born. So why worry?

## Varsity Verse.

## IT'S ALL IN A LIFETIME.

The bugle blows; the bells all ring; you don a uniform;  
 And struggle over to the gym despite the raging storm.  
 We hate to see the rec nights come because we know  
 they'll bring  
 A lecturer who can not speak or a singer who can't  
 sing.

W. E. M.

## MEDITATION.

When in the chambers of the heart we tread,  
 And in each corner peep,  
 We'll find where flighty pleasure wins the day  
 Some virtue's made to weep.

J. M.

## HOW HE GOT AWAY.

A young man in old Santa Fé  
 Skipped to Europe with money, they say.  
 They chased him through Wales,  
 But he jumped on some scales,  
 And that's how the thief got a weigh.

## SAD.

There was a young fellow in Sweden,  
 His face he was always a-feedin'.  
 He mixed cherry pie  
 With milk, on the sly.  
 His epitaph now they are readin'.

E. R. McB.

## BASEBALLY SPEAKING.

There was a young man from Walsh Hall,  
 Who thought he could handle a ball;  
 He caught a high fly  
 Right square in the eye,  
 And back to Walsh Hall did he crawl.

A. S.

## JES' 'CAYSE I'S UH NIGGAH.

I wundah w'y de white fo'ks say,  
 Dis niggah hain't no 'count?  
 I wohks out in de field all day,  
 Dribin' de teams an' stackin' de hay.  
 An' times I wohks aroun' de yahd,  
 Pullin' de weeds—but dat hain't hahd  
 Longside o' wohk dats biggah,  
 So I g'ess dey say I hain't no 'count,  
 Jes' 'cayse I's uh niggah.

T. S. M.

## The Intercollegiate Championship.

RAYMOND MCADAMS.

"Why, old Slim Harkins has forgotten more baseball than all the rest of you ever dreamed of," remarked Jimmie Doyle, captain of the varsity nine, to his team-mates, after an afternoon's practice.

That Harkins could play baseball was a fact which even the most jealous of his associates were obliged to concede. Hailing from some obscure town in the coal district of southern Pennsylvania, Harkins was going through the Princeton college of Mining Engineering solely on his own resources. For this reason he had had no time to devote to his favorite sport until his Junior year. When Harkins first appeared on the ball field and asked Captain Doyle to give him a try-out for the college nine, he caused a small sensation among the spectators. His well-worn, almost skin-tight baseball togs made a very poor comparison with the handsome grey uniforms of the other players and his tall lanky figure helped to make him all the more conspicuous.

But when Slim stood in the pitchers' box and warmed up for delivery his whole appearance was that of the born ball player. Harkins had no difficulty whatever in winning a regular position with the college team as he was one of the few really good pitchers who are equally adroit with the bat.

The warm spring days passed rapidly and with them went the season for college baseball. The Princeton team continued to win game after game, and as the season drew to a close the interest of the entire student body became centred upon the great game with Harvard, which was to take place during commencement week and would definitely settle the intercollegiate championship of the East. Both teams were regarded as exceptionally strong, but a week or so before the game the odds were somewhat in favor of Harvard.

Just three days before the game Harkins received two letters, one from home and the other post-marked "Twenty-third St. Station, New York City." He first opened the one from home. It was from his mother, informing him that his father had been injured in a mine accident and would no longer be able to support the family. This task, as Slim very well knew.

would now devolve entirely upon him, and for the present, at least, he must abandon all hope of finishing his college course.

The second letter was typewritten and unsigned. It was simply a request that he drop in at room 218, Grand Hotel, on the following evening, in order to discuss a certain "business proposition." This letter puzzled Slim a good deal. He could not understand why any one having business with him would need to send an anonymous letter.

The next day the team was put through its final practice for the season. Slim ate his supper at the training table, as usual, and finishing the meal a little ahead of his team-mates, he grabbed his cap and hastened down to the Grand Hotel, where giving his card to a bell boy he was immediately taken up to room 218.

The two occupants of the room evidently had been playing cards until Slim's arrival had interrupted the game. They were both young men, and Slim took an instant dislike to them, but he was completely at a loss to account for his aversion.

They introduced themselves as Collins and Hammersley and seemed very anxious to make Harkins feel at ease. Collins invited Slim to have a drink with them which Slim refused. Hammersley continued to grin affably and proffered his cigar case which Slim also waved aside.

"Oh, excuse me, old man, I forgot you're still in training. But let's get down to business. It's pretty well understood that in the game next Wednesday, you'll do all the twirling for Princeton. Of course you'll do your level best to win the game, but your interest doesn't extend any further than loyalty to your college. Am I right? Now with us it's different. I won't take time to explain things, but the fact is that if Harvard doesn't win that game we will both be practically ruined. We're pretty confident she will win, but we've got to make doubly sure of getting away with Wednesday's game at least. Now here's our proposition, if you will agree to permit Harvard to win, I don't care if it's only by one run, you will be exactly one thousand dollars to the good the minute the game is over and no one will be the wiser."

At another time, Harkins would have thrashed the fellow within an inch of his life. He was about to refuse in language more forceful than eloquent when he suddenly remembered his

mother's letter of the day before. How much even one quarter of that sum would mean to those at home! After all, one single game of ball didn't count so much and would probably soon be forgotten. With that amount of money he would be able to complete his course the following year and would then win enough games to more than make up for the loss of this one game.

Half an hour later he left the room. He had signed no statement, but had agreed to allow the Cambridge team to score one more run than their opponents.

All that night and all the day preceding the game Harkins kept trying to persuade himself that he had not done wrong, that the only thought in his mind was the need of those at home. But try as he might he could not escape the thought that he had parted with something of far greater value than all that could be purchased with the thousand dollars.

Wednesday of commencement week proved to be an ideal baseball day. The Harvard team was escorted by a large crowd of rooters occupying two large stands along the third base line. The Princeton section faced first base.

Up to the fifth inning neither team was able to secure a single tally. Then the Harvard twirler walked a Princeton player who stole second and was brought home by Captain Jimmie Doyle who knocked a clean two-bagger out into the right garden. The sixth and seventh innings were scoreless.

Harvard came to bat in the eighth determined to even things up and through errors made by the Princeton outfield, two of the crimson-stockinged players succeeded in crossing the plate. The score now stood two to one in favor of the visitors.

Slim felt somewhat relieved. Harvard had made the two runs through no fault of his and if Princeton did not score in the ninth the game was lost. At this critical stage the Harvard pitcher lost control and passed three of the opposing team. It was now Slim's turn to bat. In order for Princeton to win, two of the men on bases must be brought home.

As Harkins stepped up to the plate he could hear Doyle's confident voice, "Come on Slim, old man. We know you can do it."

He swung viciously at the first pitched ball and drove it on a dead line straight between the Crimson's center and left fielders. As the

three Princeton men crossed the home plate a mighty yell went up from the right hand cheering section.

That night the rejoicing students were searching high and low for the man who had brought to Princeton the championship in intercollegiate baseball. But Slim Harkins was not to be found. Right after the game he had packed his trunk and climbed aboard a train bound for the little mining town in southern Pennsylvania. He knew well that his college days were over and that his dream of becoming a successful Mining Engineer was at an end, and yet, in his heart there was a feeling of gladness and pride.

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### With the Coming of the Snow.

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

The little tent on the rocky hill etched itself clearly against the expanse of moon-painted sky. From her bed by the window of the big house below she saw the dull, dim glow through the canvas where the lamp burned beside his bed, and her mind's eye presented it as a faint halo around his head. When it was extinguished she turned away her face from the window and the silent nurse lowered the shade shutting out the white moonlight. She slept and the tears dried upon her lashes so that no one knew.

Each day when the sun was hottest he came down the wiggly hill-trail on his way toward town. Each day, sitting in her wheel-chair, she watched him go by on his hesitating journey, waiting up until he returned and following with her eyes his difficult progress up the pathway to his lonely tent. Once there, his head buried in his hands in a hopeless sort of way, he would sit on a box motionless until the shadows grew long and the night damps began to rise. Then turning up his coat collar he would go inside, only to reappear a moment after to wave furtively—or was it just a freak of her imaginings?—to wave furtively toward her window, while she, her heart fluttering in ecstasy, and knowing he would not see, would answer back with a timid, almost transparent hand.

Afterward the nurse, wheeling her away from the window, and turning back the silken coverlets, would lift her into bed, later moving it on silent rollers to where she could watch, heavy-lidded, the little tent on the top of the

hill and the dull, dim glow of the lamp that burned within.

He had come in the early spring. She had looked out one morning and there stood the tent, its slack sides filling and falling in the soft Chinook wind that sent the melted snow in liling rivulets down the rocky slopes.

His walk had been slow, very slow in those first days, and his coughing and rests had been frequent, but the coming of summer with its heaven-sent elixir of sunshine had infused a new vitality through his veins. His step took on a fresh vigor and his narrow, pinched shoulders seemed to broaden perceptibly to the eager eyes of the girl at the window.

And the furtive pantomime went on.

Autumn came apace and with it the eddying winds and swirl of falling leaves, and chill and mists dripping from naked boughs. And now the daily trips down the wiggly trail again grew long and longer, and the ascent to the hill-top was once more punctuated with torturing coughs and frequent haltings. One day, with the clouds clinging so close above him that a gloomy Heaven was not so very far off, the way seemed so tedious that he did not essay it, but only looked down on it from his cot where he lay until evening, arising then for but a brief stay outside—or was it just to signal his "good-night" toward the big house below?

And now, too, her bed was always placed beside the window. The doctor—the doctor who was so smiling within and so dubious and sober as he hurried away—had said that the wheel-chair had best be foregone "for the present at least." So each day the attentive nurse propped her up with pillows, snuggling her warmly, and allowed her to sit up until the dweller on the hill-top had returned from his heavy-footed journey. And at night a pillow under her side helped her to face toward where the distant glow told her the lamp was burning beside his bed. Then after the circle of light had disappeared, a whispered word to the nurse and the pillow would be removed; the shade drawn down, and she would fall asleep with the cold tears drying on her lashes.

One day, however, the dismal, low-clinging clouds depressed her and she was content just to lie there dozing until nightfall, fitfully dreaming away her tiredness and scarce caring to salute the hill-top where the lamp was already gleaming through the dark.

And autumn slowly wore itself away before the bleak winds of winter. The chill of them crept through the cracks in the rough-board floor of the tent up above and the loose sides alternately swelled and collapsed in the blasts. Inside, the tiny, sheet-iron stove burned beside the tent-opening, and as he walked over to it in his many daily trips, his limbs grew cold, though his face was always flushed and hot.

Finally and with infinite pains, he moved it over by his bedside, where he could feed its flames without arising; for lately to rise always tired him so. Gradually the little pile of fuel inside the tent was used up. He didn't care. He was rather glad of it, for his blankets were warm enough anyway, and now he didn't have to keep putting in the sticks. And too, he was never hungry any more—just tired. He only wanted to sleep, to lie on his cot and drowse unthinking through the nights and days.

A big snow fell. The loose tent-sides were weighted down and the breeze was stilled. For many days there was no sign of footprints in the snow of the wiggly trail that led from the hill-top.

When at last people came and bore him down the pathway and past the big house below, he could not see, as he passed by, that the window-shades were drawn very tightly nor hear inside a woman crying.

### A Sudden Change.

HARRY SYLVESTER, '15.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27, 1912.

DEAR BOB:—I confess that I have been somewhat negligent; that too long a time has elapsed since you have received a letter from me. On the other hand, you will have to make the same admission on your part. It has been six months since we have graduated and "wended our weary way" through the "cold world," and for these six months I have been waiting for a letter from you. While at college not a day passed but I saw something of you. Everyday seemed to add strength to the bond of friendship that existed between us. But time and distance are forces which in their might can destroy even friendship. May our friendship be immune from such powers.

I write to you today not only to renew our acquaintance but also to ask your opinion on

a mighty question—a question which has occupied my mind for the last two months. Early last summer while visiting Yellowstone Park I met a girl who is beyond my finite power to describe. Her face, a gentle face, embodying all that is tender and sweet; her eyes of the deepest blue, her flowing chestnut hair; everything about her captivating person, made her seem to me a Greek goddess in modern clothes. But her beauty is not her only attribute, for with that she combines modesty, culture, refinement—all that one could hope.

Now what I want to ask is this: if you had met a girl such as I have described, would you propose to her? Do you think that it is proper for a man like me, only twenty-four years of age, less than a year out of college, to ask a girl to be my wife? Would it be better to wait? No, surely it would not. When one meets a girl that conforms to his ideal, isn't it better for him to marry her than take the risk of losing her by waiting? She seems to take a lively interest in me, and I am sure her serious mind would return an affirmative answer to my plea. Give me your support on this question, old pal, for I need it. Answer immediately.

Sincerely,

GEORGE MOORELAND.

P. S.—I have written for her photograph which I will mail you as soon as I receive it.  
G. M.

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PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 8, 1914.

DEAR GEORGE:—Your very welcome letter arrived some two days ago. Yes, we both have been negligent, and I am willing to take my share of the blame. Ever since I received the letter I have been planning how to answer it. I have tried to give your mighty problem its due consideration, and after a two-days' sitting, I am able to return the unanimous and unqualified verdict: Go ahead and propose to the girl. I see no valid reason why you should wait. You have reached the age of discretion, and you are able, I hope, to make a rational judgment. You love the girl, you say; well, what else is needed? Nothing!

I, too, have been somewhat fascinated by a most beautiful girl. I, too, have revolved in my mind the thought of proposing to a girl. Oh! if you could see her! I met her just three months ago at Newport; and the walks we have had together; her delicate beauty, her fine personality, I can never forget. Nature



might stand and say to the world, "This is a girl—my masterpiece." She has promised me a photograph and I will send this to you to show that what I say is not fiction.

Yours in a Common Cause,  
ROBERT CONKLIN.

TELEGRAM.

February 20, 1912.

MR. ROBERT CONKLIN,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Received photograph. Do not propose. It is foolishness.  
GEORGE MOORELAND.

TELEGRAM.

February 20, 1912.

MR. GEORGE MOORELAND,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Photograph at hand. Wait till you are more mature in years. ROBERT CONKLIN.

### Roommates.

J. V. MCCARTHY.

"Bud" and "Slim" had been roommates during their entire college course and this was their Senior year. "Slim" had been "crushed" on one of the girls at home during the whole period, but had gotten reckless the previous summer and had returned engaged. "Bud" had "pulled" many jokes on "Slim," and had raised his anger to white heat several times, but it was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

It was vacation, and as both the boys were back in Chemistry, they were spending their vacation in the laboratory. One day "Slim" came back from town with a large, square box under his arm. "Bud" was all curiosity to see its contents, but "Slim" put him off and ended by locking the mysterious package in his trunk.

"Oh, I know what it is," said "Bud," "it's nothing but some cheap present for the girl."

"Well, you seem highly interested in it, if you are so sure you know what it is," replied "Slim."

"Why, I wouldn't look at the thing if you stuck it right under my nose," "Bud" flung back as he went out the door.

There was a dangerous light in "Bud's" eye, and his fertile brain was working hard to frame up something to get even. After long

and serious thought he decided his only means of revenge lay in finding out what the concealed package contained. He looked at his watch. It was just three o'clock. "Slim" was in the laboratory—because one of the experiments started the afternoon previous had to stand twenty-four hours before it could be completed. There was his chance. It was but the matter of a few minutes before he was back in the room.

The next thing was to get into the trunk. He didn't like to break the lock and he did not think himself clever enough to pick it. Suddenly he remembered having let "Slim" take his key and that it had worked in the lock. At last, the package was in his hands, but he lost his nerve. It was wrapped, tied and addressed, ready for mailing. It seemed to be going beyond a joke to open it, but a moment's reflection on "Slim's" past pranks decided him.

In a jiffy the cover was off the box. "Bud" caught his breath, his eyes bulged out and a grunt escaped him. There on its shining satin background lay a beautiful silver toilet set. "Bud's" staring eyes broke into a smile. Tenderly he removed each piece of finery and deposited it gently on the table. Seizing every conceivable article within reach he crammed them into the box. It was a motley array—a tack hammer, a paper weight, ash trays, pens, pencils, knives, and the like. Then on top of the pile he placed "Slim's" bulky letter. Slipping the box into its former wrappings he replaced it and locked the trunk, placing the purloined articles in his own trunk for safe-keeping.

"Bud" was perched in his Morris chair, with his feet on the table indulging in pipe dreams, when "Slim" hurried into the room about five-thirty. "I'll have to go some to get this to the express office before it closes. Sorry, old man, I haven't time to show it to you," said "Slim" jerking at the trunk and hurrying to the door.

The next morning "Slim" awoke rather late—he looked across at "Bud's" bed, but it was empty. Dressing leisurely he strolled into the study room. "Bud" was not there. Glancing at the table an involuntary oath escaped "Slim's" lips. There stood a handsome smoking set around which was gracefully grouped a most magnificent ladies' toilet set and in the midst was a large placard greeting him with, "Happy Birthday."

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—The celebration of the presentation of General Thomas Francis Meagher's sword to the University of Notre Dame last Wednesday will be long re-

### Presentation of General Meagher's Sword.

membered by those who had an opportunity of being present at the exercises. Seldom will one meet such a distinguished gathering as was present on that occasion, and more seldom will it fall to the lot of any one to hear such a flow of real oratory as enlivened the evening. From the opening remarks by the Chairman, Roger Sullivan of Chicago, to the last speech, by Bourke Cockran of New York, the audience was spellbound. We go to press too early for a detailed account, but will treat the subject fully in our next issue.

—The administration of the laws of justice as operated in most states of the Union, seems to need a thorough revision or simplification. It is making a farce of justice

### The Poor Man and the Law.

to compel a poor man to start fifteen or twenty suits in order to enforce a simple claim. And what good do such suits do him when decided in his favor? He has spent the amount gained or more for the services of his lawyers and goes home as poor a man as he came or poorer. We are not in favor of radicals because most often such people have a one-sided view of a subject, but we are heartily in sympathy with such radicals as are bent on modernizing the ministration of the laws of justice, such is the bill which Taft, Root, Parker and others favor.

## State Oratorical Contest.

The annual contest of the Indiana State Oratorical Association was held in Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, on Friday, February 27, before the largest crowd that has ever attended the state contest.

Seven schools were represented, all the speakers dealing with political or economic questions. Lawrence Bridge, a senior in Butler College, won first place with an oration entitled "Solving Principles in World Federation." Notre Dame's representative, Emmet G. Lenihan, who spoke on "The Living Wage," was awarded second place, while Miss Alma Madden, representing Earlham and speaking on "The Problems of Democracy," took third. The list of rankings on manuscript and on delivery follows:

School	Judges of Manuscript			Judges of Delivery			Total	Rank
	J. A. Winaus	C. D. Shurter	C. W. Dabney	W. K. Stewart	J. A. Lapp	W. H. Stout		
Butler	3	1	5	2	1	1	13	1
Notre Dame	5	2	1	5	2	2	17	2
Earlham	4	5	2	3	3	4	21	3
Depauw	7	3	6	1	4	3	24	4
Franklin	1	7	4	4	5	6	27	5
Hanover	2	4	7	7	7	5	32	6
Wabash	6	6	3	6	6	7	34	7

The judges on manuscript were J. A. Winaus of Cornell University, C. D. Shurter of the University of Texas and Charles W. Dabney of the University of Cincinnati. The judges on delivery were all from Indianapolis. There was considerable disagreement among the judges Mr. Lenihan stood first on manuscript, but Bridge's advantage on delivery secured first place for him. It is exceedingly gratifying to the friends of Notre Dame to know that Mr. Lenihan excelled in manuscript, for while the representatives of the University have always ranked high on delivery, they have often been marked down on manuscript. The friends of Mr. Lenihan are confident that under the efficient training of Professor Koehler, he will be able to improve his delivery so that next year, he can secure the coveted position in delivery that he this year attained in manuscript.

Butler College is to be congratulated on her victory, for it came after forty-three years of unrewarded effort and hence brought great joy to the partisans of the down-state school. The victory was fittingly celebrated with a holiday and a parade through the streets of Indianapolis.

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### Obituary.

MR. F. I. MCKENNA.

We regret to announce the death of Francis I. McKenna, who passed away at his home, 560 Elizabeth St., Portland, Oregon, last week. Mr. McKenna was the father of Coe A. McKenna, who graduated from Notre Dame in 1908. We offer to the bereaved family sympathy and prayers.

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### Personals.

—John P. Muldoon of Chicago called on friends at the University last Tuesday.

—Captain Ffrench, president of the Irish Fellowship club of Chicago, visited his son Jasper at the University this week.

—Hugh O'Neill of Chicago was a welcome visitor at the University this week. He is the same big genial fellow, creating an atmosphere of mirth and pleasantness.

—Mr. William J. Onahan of Chicago paid us a visit on Wednesday and was present at the presentation of General Meagher's sword. Needless to say the occasion meant much to him who was a friend of General Meagher.

—Frank O'Shaughnessy ('00), made a short call on Wednesday last, and met many of his old friends at the University. Frank's law practice in Chicago makes it necessary that we see less of him than we should like to see.

—Mr. Joseph Sullivan of Chicago, visited the University during the past week and had a pleasant chat with some of the students of his time who are now members of the Faculty. Joe was into everything in his day from debating to high-jumping.

—Mr. John C. Shea, former student, of Dayton, Ohio, has been appointed special counsel for the State Banking Department and special prosecutor in the trial of some bank officials who are responsible for the failure of the bank at Osborn, Green County, Ohio.

### Book Reviews.

"Twilight Talks to Tired Hearts," is the apt title of a volume of religious stories by W. W. Whalen, author of "Ill-starred Bobbie" and other stories. These stories are told in a delightful style and are interesting and instructive throughout. The volume is neatly bound and is published by the Mission Press, Techney, Ill.

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"The Mercy of God" by Rev. H. Fischer, S. V. D., is a pamphlet of some fifty pages that aims to explain perfect contrition and what it means for the Christian man,—the living and dying in the friendship of God. "Perfect Contrition," says the author, "is the necessary and in fact the actual means by which the vast majority of men find peace and heavenly happiness." Published by the Mission Press, Techney, Ill.

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One of the most interesting and most fascinating stories we have ever read is "The Secret of Pocomoke" by Mary T. Waggaman, which was published over a year ago in the *Ave Maria*. Although written for young folks, it is quite as interesting for grown-ups, and no one can fail to be benefited by reading it. Mary T. Waggaman is surpassed by none of our modern fiction writers, and this story, it seems to us, is the best thing she has done. It is being published in book form by the *Ave Maria* Press.

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### Society Notes.

#### THE CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Although the Civil Engineers had poor luck with the weather, the regular meeting was held on Sunday evening. The program was augmented by the discussion held over from the previous week, and diminished by a paper on account of the absence of one of the members.

Mr. Hogan opened the program with a paper on the "Metric System." This subject has been holding the attention of the scientific and engineering world for the past few years and was well rendered. It involved the merits of the system and the possibilities resulting from its use in the way of standardization.

Mr. Roach's paper was entitled "The Outlook for the Young Civil Engineer." It was a resumé of existing conditions and included a dissertation upon the educational advantages of

the present era as compared with those of a half century ago. Mr. Roach also discussed the many engineering problems of the day and pointed out in a lucid fashion the opportunities offered the engineer of the present.

On account of changes in the program, two discussions were held. Both dealt with mechanics, Mr. Garcia presenting some phenomena in gravitation and acceleration, while Mr. Ranstead considered the mathematical solution of certain problems arising from the composition of velocities. Mr. Garcia had but little difficulty in persuading his hearers, but the Rochester twins seemed bent on causing trouble for Mr. Ranstead. They were, however, effectually silenced.

#### BROWNSON-HOLY CROSS DEBATE.

With convincing logic and a baffling array of well-chosen facts correlated and molded into a clean-cut legal argument, the Brownson debating team won an unanimous decision over the Holy Cross team, Sunday night, on the question, "Resolved that the Initiative and Referendum should be adopted in the state of Indiana." Supporting the affirmative side of the question for Brownson were D. Mulholland, A. McDonough, and W. Henry. Holy Cross was represented by M. Coyle, T. Duffy and J. Driscoll who upheld the negative.

Henry, for Brownson, was the most convincing speaker of the evening, doing especially well in the rebuttals. For Holy Cross, Mr. Driscoll was the strongest speaker. The judges of the evening were Rev. Fathers Carrico, Bolger, and Davis.

The other dual debate between Brownson and Holy Cross was postponed on account of the illness of one of the Holy Cross speakers.

#### Local News.

—Professor Sauter attended Paderewski's recital in Chicago last Saturday.

—Tony's business continues to grow. The odor of hot dog sandwiches is ever with us.

—The Junior class in elocution, after a much-needed vacation, now convenes every Tuesday at 2:55 in Science hall.

—Baseball practice is in full swing every afternoon in the big gym and it looks as if good material will be turned out this spring.

—Father Moloney has invited the members of the *Scholastic* Board to a supper at the Oliver

Hotel. The date is not yet agreed upon but it will be in the near future.

—March certainly came in like a lion and will doubtless exit like a lamb, thereby giving Brother Philip a chance to put in his first strokes of spring beauty on the campus in a short time.

—Students who wish to procure medicine at the Infirmary should call there immediately after dinner or supper. The infirmarians are busy tending the sick and can not wait on students at other times.

—The last of the semi-finals for places on the debating team to represent Notre Dame in the Triangular league will be held tonight. Those who make first and second places in each group qualify for the finals.

—Tonight at seven o'clock the St. Thomas Day banquet for the philosophers will be served in the Junior refectory. The Seniors and Juniors who are pursuing either the Arts or Letters course are invited to attend, no one else.

—Father Bolger is anxious that those entering the Peace Contest should do well. He will be glad to read the speeches of students who have written on the subject of peace, and give suggestions as to how the orations might be improved.

—Members of the Hibernians at the University are preparing for an entertainment in honor of St. Patrick to be given on the Seventeenth of March. Among the features will be an oration by Patrick Gallagher and a song by John Mangan.

—Today is the celebration of the feast of St. Thomas, the patron of philosophers. The men of the philosophy courses always look forward to this day as one set apart especially for them, and enjoy the customary philosophers' banquet. No philosophy is ever used at that function to gauge the individual appetites.

—The members of the rifle team which captured the Hill trophy at the recent Northern Indiana meet held at Culver were guests of Capt. and Mrs. R. R. Stogsdall at dinner last Saturday evening at their home on Marquette Avenue. The guests were Capt. Sullivan, C. J. Derrick, E. Bott, F. Brower, and J. Robins.

—Professor Koehler has selected a play for the annual Senior production on Easter Monday. This year the cast will present "What's Next?" a three-act farcical comedy by Bob Watt.

The play is unusual and promises to offer some good opportunities to local talent. Tryouts for the cast are now being held and the full cast will be announced in a few days.

--The Carroll hall basketball team defeated the Niles High School boys last week by a small margin. The game was nip and tuck all the way through, but the Carrollites got away faster and shot baskets more accurately than their opponents.

—In the State Oratorical contest held in Tomlinson hall, Indianapolis, February 27, Emmett G. Lenihan, carried off second honors. Notre Dame's representative lost first place by only a small margin to Mr. Bridge, representing Butler College, who spoke on "World Federation." Mr. Lenihan's subject was "The Living Wage." William Mooney of Notre Dame was the presiding officer of the contest.

—The Carroll gym is in constant demand since the basketball season started. The different hall teams engage it by the hour and now it has become so well known that teams come from town to occupy it during the evening. Not only that but some of these teams—come without a basketball—relying on the generosity of the Carrollites. There is no use in running a good thing into the ground but it seems that some folks have to be taught the lesson.

—"Heze" Clark of the Indianapolis *Sun* has picked an all-State college basketball quintet, and such a duty was no easy task after a season like the one just closed. Both Cahill and Mills land places on the first team, while Nowers holds down one on the second team. The two teams as selected by Clark are as follows:

FIRST TEAM		SECOND TEAM.	
Cahill, Notre Dame	Forward	Logan, Earlham	
Eglin, Wabash	Forward	Oliphant, Purdue	
Mills, Notre Dame	Centre	Ellis, Wabash	
Goodbar, Wabash	Guard	Nowers, Notre Dame	
Berry, Purdue	Guard	Carter, Rose Poly	

—In the shoot last Saturday against Louisiana State University, Clarence Derrick broke the Notre Dame record for the individual score with 193 out of a possible 200 points. This is one of the best records in the country made by a member of Class C. It is excelled only by a record of 194 at the University of Pennsylvania. The scores made by the rest of the Notre Dame team were: F. Brower, 188; Sullivan, 187; Cavanaugh, 183; Miller, 181;

total, 932. Illinois is now leading in the shooting of Class C schools, and there is only one more week of competition.

—There was a lively session of the Pad and Pencil Club in the Journalism room Wednesday evening. True to their profession the "cubs" injected an abundance of enthusiasm into their meeting.

The feature of the program was the debate on the question: "Resolved that a newspaper is justified in suppressing an important news story concerning one of its large advertisers." The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. E. J. McOscar and J. D. McCarty, while Messrs. J. V. Riley and J. J. Sholem defended the negative side of the question.

"My experience on the *New World*" was the subject of an interesting paper by Mr. George Kowalski. Mr. R. S. Sackley read some humorous verse pertaining to journalism from *The Editor and Publisher*, and Mr. J. P. Fogarty closed the meeting with a talk on "The Future of Our Club."

—One of the most exciting basketball contests ever staged in the University Gym took place Wednesday evening, February 25th, when the Pat Gallagher Specials met a team headed by Sergeant Campbell. Neither of the teams was thoroughly acquainted with the game, but this only served to heighten the interest. Pat Gallagher would "cage a basket" at one end of the court and a minute later would be trying desperately to get the ball into the opposite goal. It seemed to make little difference to him what basket he was working for provided he was making points.

Mark McCaffery tried time and again to throw the ball up through the basket, and refused to listen to the referee when told that the ball must go through the basket from the top and not from the bottom. Jerry McCarthy would tuck the ball under his arm and run all over the Gym with it. There were no outside lines and no fouls except once when five men got on one. Things became so lively that the referee started throwing baskets and the teams called the game on him. On the way home, it was discovered that Sergeant Campbell had eight men on his team. The teams will get together tonight to figure out the score.

—Last Monday Chicago papers gave some little space to explaining why the Chicago University track team should have beaten Notre

Dame in the meet on Saturday. They pointed out the fact that six points which went to Notre Dame were made by freshmen who were not eligible to compete in the events, and said that the attitude of the Conference in refusing to admit Notre Dame was quite justifiable in the light of what took place Saturday. The meet in Chicago was governed as every one knows, or ought to know, who presumes to speak on the subject, not by conference rules but by A. A. U. rules, and the one qualification necessary was that those taking part be not professionals. If this was not the case neither the C. A. A. or the I. A. C. teams, which took first and second places in the games, would have been permitted to enter. It was quite lawful to use freshmen and Coach Stagg knew it. Nevertheless, he permitted a report attributed to him to be published in all the papers, without a word of denial. The fact that he wrote to Coach Harper telling him he never gave such a report is of little consolation when the papers had given it to the public with his name signed to it. If he had nothing to do with it he should have told that to the newspapers who published the story; not to us. It certainly seems strange that we are unable to defeat Chicago in anything without having some mean story published the next day in the papers to injure our reputation. We are able to win from West Point, Penn State, and others without using illicit means, but as soon as we meet Chicago there is something wrong if we win; if we lose, our men are quite eligible.

—The Zoelner String Quartet will give a concert in Washington hall Wednesday evening, March 11th at eight o'clock.

—The Index volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia is ready for distribution and the Editor announces that two new and cheap editions of the work will be on sale by March 20th.

—Mr. Brower won the individual shoot last Friday, making 193 points out of a possible two hundred. This equals Mr. Derrick's record of last week. Mr. Brower received a gold medal as first prize.

—Brownson Hall Literary Society will debate the Holy Cross society for the second time this year on Sunday evening, March 8, at eight o'clock. The subject is the Initiative and Referendum.

—The regular weekly meeting of the Philo-

patrian society was held on Monday in the Columbian room of the Main Building. The program was up to the usual high standard in interest and entertainment.

—The Knights of Columbus will hold their next regular meeting Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. A program is being prepared, and all the members are expected to be present. At the last meeting the admission of candidates was voted upon and the initiation will take place in a short time.

—Mr. Fred Steers, writing in the *Daily News* of Chicago, has corrected the statement made in the other papers that Notre Dame had ineligible in last Saturday's meet. After pointing out the fact that the meet was not governed by Conference rules, he mentioned that Stagg himself had used Parker, a Conference ineligible, in the dashes and the relay.

—It is gratifying to see the large number of students attending mass and Communion every morning during the season of Lent. All the hall chapels are fairly filled and the six-thirty mass in the church is well attended. There is no more profitable way of spending Lent than by opening every day by assisting at mass and receiving Communion, and we hope the number will increase.

—Thursday evening the result of the second preliminary debate was as follows: Timothy Galvin, first; George Schuster, second; Martin Walter, third, and Frank Hogan, fourth. Last night Clovis Smith drew first place, and Fred Gushurst second; third and fourth going to Henry of Brownson hall and Walter Clements respectively. The first two men in each of the above mentioned contests have already qualified for the finals. Another preliminary will be held tonight. The thirds and fourths will meet each other Monday evening to decide which two of them will get into the finals. Every speech so far has been full of spirit and the outcome in every case was uncertain till the last.

—The Right Reverend Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Illinois, was a guest of the University during the sword presentation exercises last week. Tuesday evening the bishop spoke a few eloquent words of advice to the students in the Brownson refectory, and for the short time he spoke charmed his hearers with his words. He said that his one message to young men was to urge them to set a goal for

themselves, and never to cease striving to attain that goal. He said that especially college men could not fail if they threw their whole heart into any line of work, no matter how great or how humble. The bishop's talk was abundantly illustrated by example and analogy, and there is no doubt but that his message found lodging in the minds of all his hearers.

—We quote the following from the *Chicago Daily News*:

Midwayites claimed a victory over Notre Dame Saturday night by counting in Charley Cory's points, but on the same procedure the I. A. C. probably trimmed the C. A. A. unmercifully if Charley Wilson could count the points of all the men he hopes to have next year.

\*\*\*

Presumably Notre Dame is as disappointed at Marquette's cancelling the annual game as the Athletics would be if the Browns refused to renew athletic relations with them.

\*\*\*

Poor old Notre Dame scarcely has a leg to stand on in football since Marquette's action. The poor fellows have only a minor schedule composed of Army, Yale and Carlisle.

### Athletic Notes.

#### TRACK NOTES.

At the annual indoor track and field championships of the Central Amateur Athletic Association last Saturday at Evanston, Notre Dame took third place with seventeen points. First honors went to Coach Delaney's band from the Chicago Athletic Association, and the Illinois Athletic Club won second.

The hard luck jinx that seems to be pursuing all the Gold and Blue athletes this year—especially their ankles,—was again in evidence. While warming up for the half mile, ex-Capt. Plant sprained his ankle so badly that he had to withdraw from the event. The time, 2:01 1-5, is two or three seconds higher than Jonnie's limit. Notre Dame would in all probability have taken the mile relay also, had not Birder's bad ankle given out in the final stretch. A sore foot handicapped Capt. Henihan in the quarter, the best he could get being third place, though the time, 0:55 flat, was two seconds slower than his performance against the I. A. C. the week before.

In the semi-finals of the 60-yard dash, Bergie equalled the world's record time of 0:06 25-seconds, but a bad start in the final heat gave him third place. The local duo of

weight artists, Eichenlaub and Bachman, both placed in the shot-put, getting second and third respectively. The consistent performances of these men assures Notre Dame of points in these events in the coming outdoor meets.

Waage secured a most satisfactory revenge for his defeat in the Notre Dame-Illinois A. C. meet, when he ran his erstwhile conquerors off their feet in the mile run. Stout of Chicago led most of the way, but the Gold and Blue Mercury let out a terrific burst of speed in the last lap that carried him to the tape three yards ahead of O'Donnell, I. A. C., who had also sprinted.

The real surprise of the day came in the pole vault, when Rockne broke his own and Notre Dame's record in that event, by a leap of 12 feet 4 inches. This is a wonderful performance, for an indoor meet, and the fans confidently expect to see "Rock" raise the mark two inches in the spring meets. At present, he is the most likely member of the Notre Dame team of specialists that will be sent to compete against the best Eastern talent in the Pennsylvania Relay Games, at Philadelphia, April 25.

Last Saturday's meet was the last on the Varsity's indoor schedule, though a team may be sent to compete against the Illinois mile quartet, in the Missouri Athletic Club games. The St. Louis authorities are endeavoring to make this match race a feature contest, but it is not definitely settled whether Coach Harper will send the team or not.

#### BASEBALL PRACTICE.

Capt. Kelly issued the first call for candidates last Monday, and some thirty men responded. The coach has had them tossing the ball around, and generally limbering up—said process ending with a half mile jaunt around the gym every night to the great discomfort of the aspirants. The schedule has not been completed, but the season will open about the tenth or eleventh of April. With nine monogram men to form a nucleus, there is very good reason to believe that the Gold and Blue will be represented by her usual good team.

#### Walsh Hall Wins Championship

Walsh clinched the interhall basketball championship last Thursday when the south-siders completed their schedule by winning from Brownson, 31 to 12. Walsh met and vanquished each of her four rivals, and only once did the Orange and Black have to exert themselves. Summary:

WALSH [3]		BROWNSON [12]	
Grady	L. F.	Flynn	
McQueeney	R. F.	Davis, Hand	
Meyers	C.	Crilly, Benesh	
Stack	L. G.	Miller	
Baujan	R. G.	Finegan	

Field goals—Meyers, 7; Grady, 5; Stack, 2; McQueeney; Davis, 5. Free throws—Meyers, Flynn, Finegan.

### Both Teams Win.

After fifty minutes of fast basketball last Sunday both St. Joseph and Brownson claimed a victory. The teams had failed to appoint an official scorekeeper, and consequently there was no way of deciding who had won the game. St. Joseph claims an 11 to 12 victory; while Brownson was equally positive that the score should read 13 to 12 in favor of them. The game will not count in the interhall standing. Kane did not throw any goals for Brownson.

BROWNSON		ST. JOSEPH.	
Flynn	R. F.	Kane	
Davis, Waring	L. F.	Cassidy	
Crilly, Miller	C.	O'Donnell	
Finegan	R. G.	Conboy	
Miller, Beresh	L. G.	O'Hara	

Field goals—Flynn, 3; Waring, Benesh; Lane, 3; O'Donnell, 2; Davis (contested). Free throws—Kane, Cassidy, Waring. Referee—Meyers.

### Safety Valve.

Sergeant Campbell explained the significance of the cake served at dinner on Washington's Birthday. The lower layer was black and the upper layer white to represent both Booker and George.

\*\*\*

It is rumored that Williams and Colgate will battle for the shaving soap championship this year.

\*\*\*

### WILD BIRDS AT NOTRE DAME.

Cecil Birder.  
Ward Perrot.

\*\*\*

We are taking up a collection this week for the persecuted students of the different halls.

\*\*\*

We notice that the most frequent question asked the man who sells the hamburger sandwiches is "What did you do John, after you washed your hands?" John can't remember.

\*\*\*

The first victim of baseball was one of our infielders. He had his eye on the ball too long.

\*\*\*

Every time we try to be kind, someone takes a bad meaning out of what we say. Besides we never said Bill Cook was bald-headed.

\*\*\*

Those who are talking about General "Meagre" sword will soon be in the class with the fellow who said "English Metre" wrote the book of Psalms.

Walsh Haller—What do you mean, Lent?

\*\*\*

If the Seven Penitential Psalms is not enough penance for Lent, read the VALVE.

\*\*\*

Student—Nobody loves me, so I'm going down to Mike's.

Student One—Who was little Bo Peep?

Student Two—I think he was in the Chaldean's Crusade.

\*\*\*

We know of no other way to judge the present but by the *fast*.

\*\*\*

We italicize the joke above so that the Sorin hallerers wont muff it.

\*\*\*

Brownson haller—(standing at the front door of the seminary)—Will you please tell me where Mr. Burke's room is?

Seminarian—I think you are in the wrong place; we have no one in this hall by that name.

Brownson haller—Isn't this the place where they send fellows with the mumps?

[CURTAIN].

\*\*\*

### IMPOSSIBLE.

A red-headed boy applied for a job  
At a butcher shop one day.

"What can you do," the boss asked Bob,  
"In order to earn your pay?"

"Most anything," the boy replied,

"What am I worth to you?"

"Three dollars at first," to the boy he sighed,

"Can you dress a chicken or two?"

The boy looked up in stern dismay,

And to the butcher said,

"You can't dress a chicken on any such pay,  
Besides she has to be fed."

JOE STACK.

\*\*\*

We thought the Walsh hallerers were trying to anticipate the function of last Wednesday evening by handing their swords in early, but we understand they got them back again and have been using them even on Sunday.

\*\*\*

### WEIN? NEIN!

Ich kenne den alten Hans Finken  
Der gleicht keinen Wein mit dem Schinken,

Aber geb' ihm das Bier

Ach Himmel! Schau' hier!

Ich fürchte er wird drin ertrinken. M. D.

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### ENLIGHTENING, AND ALL TOO TRUE.

We copy the following from a learned book on Evolution as particularly suitable thoughts for Lent: "Man is a pentadactylic, plantigrade, bunadont," not only that, he was formerly a "pitkeoid, arboreal denizen of some tropical forest, and whether brachiocephalic or dolichocephalic, prognathous or orthotheus, he was a man all the same."