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Immaculate.

WHAT gentle clime drew out thy bud,
Oh! flower half divine?
No earthly blossom, sunbeam kissed,
Hath charms so rare as thine!

It was no shower of nature's rain,
Nor beam of nature's sun
But dew of grace and light of love,
That nursed Thee, Spotless One!

B. W.

The Epic the Novel and the Drama.

BY B. WALTER.

IN discussing any topic, be it politics, science, literature or art, a fundamental necessity is the correct understanding of the terms involved. It is essential then, that in considering the epic, the novel and the drama,—their points of resemblance and of contrast,—we fix upon and determine the significance of the expressions employed to designate these subjects. The term fiction, as generally understood, has a very broad comprehension. It includes every type of literary composition, the purpose of which is to set forth in semi-real or imagined incidents, truths of human life. No clear-cut distinction can be made between the different forms or media by which this end is accomplished; for the method is essentially one of narration, and the form that it is made to take is of little consequence, provided the narrative sets forth its characters as they really acted, or as they might have acted in real life. Certainly no distinction should be made on the grounds that the narrative is prose or verse; for this difference is not essential, and either form is suited to storytelling. Evangeline might have come to us in the form of a novel, and been prized as highly as it is now; and the theme of many

a novel might have been that of a poet; had he known the tale. Scott seems to have wrought out "Ivanhoe" and "The Lady of the Lake" in much the same manner, as far as plot and characters are concerned, though he chose prose as the medium for one and verse for the other. Any differentiation between fictional forms must be made upon other and broader grounds than those of mere expression. Accordingly, taking the inherent qualities of fictional material as a basis for distinction, three moods or fictional forms present themselves, viz., the epic, the dramatic and the novelistic. Not only the inherent nature of the material, but also the temperament and mental attitude of the author may influence him to cast his story into one of these three forms. This distinction may be of value in explaining why many novels are impossible to dramatize and also why men, so successful in writing one kind of fiction have been such lamentable failures when they attempted a different medium of expression. Though these distinctions have a foundation in the nature of the material to be worked upon, nevertheless it must be remembered that they are by no means mutually exclusive, and that they may even be found coexisting in a single fictional production. A glance at the nature of each of these media of narration may not be irrelevant here.

The epic is by far the oldest form of the three. It employs verse as its form of expression because it originated at a time when no one had yet thought of writing in prose. That it has, in the main, kept its original form merely shows the tenacity of traditions in things human. The epic is characterized chiefly by the fact that it sums up within its relatively ample compass, the thoughts, the feelings, the aspirations or the traditions of some race or nation or creed. The chronicle of "the glory that was Greece" is complete in the "Iliad;" the story of the founding of Rome is contained in the undying "Æneid." The contribution

of the Middle Ages to human progress—its philosophy, its art, its science, its scholarship—is epitomized in the immortal “Divine Comedy.” Tasso’s “Jerusalem Liberated” portrays Christian Europe militant against the infidel for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. Every epic is the story of some great movement; in other words, it is communal rather than individual in aspect, and hence we should expect to find little of the personal element in any epic. There is consequently, no real hero or heroine possible in the epic, in the sense that we know them in the drama and the novel. It is the exception if we meet such a personal and individually interesting scene as that of the parting of Hector and Andromache in the “Iliad.” Few characters in any epic are individually interesting, and they function in the narrative and are remembered by the reader solely as being exponents of great ideas or expansive movements. Love very seldom plays a part in the true epic, since the personal nature of this, as of any passion, would not aid, but rather hinder, the progress of a tale of such vast proportions. The “Iliad,” the “Æneid” and “Paradise Lost” are without any love-element, and Tasso, if he makes it the basis of his epic, does so at the expense of that vastness and impersonal dignity which might otherwise characterize his work: by using this element he also paves the way for a deeper and more personal type of fiction, the novel. “Don Quixote” stands upon the border line between the epic and the novel. It is a combination of both, in that it epitomizes the Spanish character, ideals and temperament, and yet throws the search-light upon individual personality.

According to the sense in which we have used the word, there are no real epics to-day. None are possible. Steam and electricity and the numberless mechanical inventions have rendered the whole world one vast neighborhood, insomuch that we are less Americans, or Germans or Spaniards than men of one great world-city. The communal conflict has lost its graver aspect, and the struggles of race with race and creed with creed are not so pronounced as in the days when men’s interests and ideals were less similar than at present.

Though the epic, as such, is truly a production of the past, the epic idea may and does persist in the more modern types of fictional narration. “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” and “Romona” are

novels in every sense of the word, but they are more; they are the epics of the great movements which liberated the negro slaves, and procured for the Indians at least a measure of consideration at the hands of Americans.

The term novel, as generally understood to-day, includes not only the novel itself, but also the specialized fictional forms which are akin to it, yet which differ from it and from one another either in quantity or kind, viz., the romance, the novelette and the short-story. Objection might be made to such a classification, on the ground that the short-story is a type of fiction distinct from the novel. In a sense this is true; the novel, as we know it to-day, is a product of little more than two centuries’ growth, while the short-story dates practically from the time of our own Edgar Allen Poe. Yet, in a sense, the short-story is perhaps older even than the epic, if we bear in mind the tales of the ancient East; and he would be a narrow-minded critic who would object to one’s placing the biblical books of “Ruth” and “Esther” and the tale of the “Prodigal Son” in the category of short-stories. Granting, then, that there may be wide differences between novel, romance and short-story, there is still a trace of oneness pervading them which arises from their inherent novelistic qualities, and which marks them off as a class from the epic and dramatic types; but novelistic fiction is never mistaken for epic or dramatic. The dramatic type is probably a better defined and more distinct form than either of the others because the exhibition of its characters is accomplished by real, physical action, while in the epic and novel they are merely pictured in language.

Viewing these two, then, as contrasted with the drama, the question might be put, “Is the novel or the epic the better form of fiction?” This is not difficult to answer. From the broad view-point of society, the epic is the greater form, because it portrays life on a larger scale, and with a vaster sweep of vision; but from the individual and personal point of view, the novel far outweighs the epic, for if it is less broad, it is deeper and more searching, as it probes the individual character and analyzes the subtlest passions and emotions. The novel and the epic, as we have seen, are not unfrequently blended; but it is noteworthy that when they are thus combined, each maintains its distinct flavor, so that the individuality

of neither type is lost in the process. The relation of the novel and the epic to the drama is somewhat different; the inherent qualities of the drama on the one side and of the novel and epic on the other, do not seem to be quite so incompatible, and hence we may with truth speak of the "dramatic passages" occurring in a novel or in an epic. Using the term "drama" to mean an "acted play," we find that it resembles the novel more than it does the epic; like the former it deals with personal and specialized subjects; both analyze character and present the analysis for our inspection, but they proceed differently. Narration, in its limited sense, is properly the object of epic and novel, while action is the object of the drama. Epic and novel relate a story which has happened in the past; the drama represents the action as just happening; the latter is consequently vivid and exciting, while the epic and novel are more quiet in tone. The epic poet and the novelist are, moreover, privileged, in that they may stop by the roadside and view things at leisure, while the dramatist must set before the spectator a series of rapidly occurring events. What Jean Paul Richter says of the epic in his "Introduction to *Æsthetics*," applies equally well to the novel:—"The epic poet may fly from region to region between heaven and hell, but he must at least describe his flight and his way. Slow and prolonged description is allowed in the epic; hence the propriety of a calm and minute description of the shield of Achilles in the *Iliad* of Homer; hence the legitimacy of episode."

It is a less difficult matter to compare novel and drama than to consider either of these in its relation to the epic. Both the novelistic and the dramatic forms of fiction have been and still are in such great demand, that the mechanics of both have been studied at some length. The theory of each is consequently much more fully developed than that of the more out-of-style epic. The novelist, as we have seen, depicts his characters at length, stops to philosophize, comments on politics, society, inventions and science, or slowly knots and as leisurely untangles an intricate detective story,—all as seems best to him, or as the class for which he writes demands. The playwright, however, is not blessed with an equal freedom of action, for he must take into consideration three restrictions which are not

binding upon the novelist. First, he must take account of the temperament of the actors who are to present his play; secondly, he must consider the physical conditions of the theatre; and thirdly, he must bear in mind the psychological nature of the audience for which he is writing.

Under the first head, since the actors themselves are the medium by which character is depicted, the dramatist is obliged to select from life such incidents as are essentially active rather than passive—the heroine may not pause to meditate or day-dream, nor the defeated suitor to philosophize,—for in the drama everyone must be doing something whenever he is "on the boards." To a great extent the characters of a drama must be made to conform to the condition of the actors who are to represent them. In "Hamlet" it is said of the Prince, "He's fat and scant of breath," while the truth of history is that the Prince of Denmark was a slender person; the discrepancy lies in the fact that Richard Burbage, who played the part of Hamlet, was very corpulent. Shakespeare is not the only dramatist who has said to "believe the truth in order to subserve the fact."

Secondly, the dramatist is obliged to make a thorough study of theatre construction, and especially of the type in which his play is likely to be presented. This point is important, for upon it depends in great measure whether the theatrical accommodations will aid in the presentation or detract from it. The novelist may, in general, build to his own liking; he is not confined to four or five settings, nor are lapses of time and frequent shiftings of scene so consequential to him as to the playwright.

The third restriction is placed upon the dramatist by the audience before which his play is presented. The playwright is not, like the novelist, writing for a single reader, his work must face a motley multitude and must please all. The novelist can, to a certain extent, choose the class for which he will write, and his only problem, then, is to please the individuals in this more or less homogeneous class. Kipling wrote some of his fiction for a class of certain intellectual calibre, and his success is proved by the fact that these works are unintelligible to those outside that class. In view of these facts it is readily seen that the drama must be richer in what is technically known as "popular appeal;" the novel, however, may

be more persuasive in its appeal to the individual. The multitude, as a rule, resents new doctrines and original thoughts; it has not time to examine advanced ideas and to speculate upon the unfamiliar; hence, the drama is not the best vehicle for conveying pet theories or for advocating new principles. These ends can be accomplished through the medium of the novel, since the solitary reader is more apt to be indulgent with the author, if he does not actually coincide with his views.

The novelist may reveal himself in his story; he may even approach his reader in a confidential and familiar style, posing as a friend or instructor. The playwright, on the other hand, must keep himself wholly in the background. His art consists in keeping up a keen interest by a series of continual conflicts or struggles between antagonistic wills. The conflict is so radical a part of the drama that the phrase "no struggle, no drama" has become a commonplace in literary criticism. The individual may keenly appreciate the subtle influences by which character is unfolded; but the crowd has no such sympathies, and is appreciative only of those critical moments when contention is rife and will clashes with will in deadly conflict.

Summarily, then, the epic, novel and drama,

as representing the typical fictional forms, are intimately correlative. The drama is like the epic in that it represents a conflict; but it is more akin to the novel, since it studies the personal, rather than the social unit. The drama is more vivid and striking than either novel or epic, but many of the most interesting experiences of human life are rather contemplative than contentious, and, as such, are useless as material for the playwright, but excellent for the novelist. The epic is a fiction grander in scale than either novel or drama, but since its theme is the rise or fall of a race, a nation, or a creed, its production is necessarily limited and restricted both as regards material and time. The epic does not appeal to the many; it is written for those who have the time and inclination to interpret it. The drama, being rich in popular appeal, is well suited to the multitude, be they even the most illiterate. The novel is an outgrowth of later times, and, in a manner, it is a reflection of the ages which produced it and which have seen its maturer growth. It is the popular fictional form of to-day, and the more so because it supplies the expeditiously inclined individual, especially in its short-story form, with a source of refinement and recreation, and even, if judiciously chosen, with food for serious and profitable thought.

Varsity Verse.

THE MOON.

Some silver galleon of old
Goes sailing in the wind-swept sky;
She braves the open sea and bold
Rides where the cloud-waves tumble high.

The blackened boughs of trees are laid
In bars against that sky of night,
But afar my ship of dreams is swayed
Through a fancy sea in careless flight.

Speer Strahan.

HYPOCRISY.

Like an angry current hiding
Neath the peaceful waters gliding,
Swiftly, smoothly toward the sea,
Oft a pleasant face and smiling
Hides an evil heart beguiling,
Keener men than we might be.

Thomas J. Hanifin.

TRIOLET.

When shades of death are near
Great fear shall seize man's soul,
With troubled mien and drear
When shades of death are near,
When e'en the just shall fear
To reach their happy goal;
When shades of death are near
Great fear shall seize man's soul.

B. C.

THE COWBOY'S ANGELUS.

In the forest black, mid the pines and firs,
When the life of the night noiselessly stirs,
And the scent of the wild sweeps thro' the glen,
And the wild beast lurks in his darkened den,—
It seems that God, by some holy decree,
Has brought all Heaven much nearer to me.

When the dark of eve steals o'er chasm and creek,
And enwraps the gorge and the alpine peak,

And the chirp of the squirrel and the call of the jay,
To the fiercer cries of the night give way—
Untutored and without philosophy,
I know that my Maker is nearer to me.

When the wind moans thro' the rocky vales,
And the shadows dance on the mountain trails,
And the coyote shrieks to the rising moon,
And the owls and the night birds wake to tune—
Then comes the time of all time most blest,
For that is the moment I know God best!

Ray M. Humphreys.

FUTURE.

Near the window fast asleep
Dreaming of the Golden Dome;
As the snow was drifting deep
Near the window fast asleep,
Sat a man whom strangers keep;
Grey with age—without a home,
Near the window fast asleep
Dreaming of the Golden Dome.

B. C.

ADVENT AND PASSION.

Not as he came does the young sun depart
Carolled by winged songsters, unoppressed—
But crushed beneath the burden of the day
He sinks alone in the ensanguined west.

E. T. B.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, O birds of sweetest song,
In southern climes you now rejoice,
The world seems dead without your voice;
Your absence, then, do not prolong.

Thou, too, art gone, my dearest friend,
To that abode above the sky;
My soul is sad, full well know I
Thy sojourn there will never end.

B. V.

The Third Belligerent.

BY ARTHUR J. HAYES.

The mere fact that Pierre Fevere was breathless and incoherent with excitement when he dashed across the threshold of Chippewa Charlie's cabin, occasioned little concern among its several occupants. The diminutive Frenchman was chronically amazed and consistently voluble.

"Well, what th'ell is it this time?" queried

"Chippewa" Charlie Matthews, "a forty-pound pick'rel er a rumored French vict'ry?"

"Peekral?" queried Pierre scornfully. "Sacredam no! C'est ze Federail officaire."

His indolent questioner galvanized into abrupt action. Springing from his chair he grasped his informant by the shoulder and swung him sharply about. "Out with it," he commanded tersely. "Who tol' you, and what the devil is a government man doin' up here?"

"Gus Benson. His brothaire Pete arrest this morning. Two come up suddain. Buy de drinks, see de drunk Injun and then arrest for bootleggair. Mon Dieu! c'est suddain. It's sevan year in de jail, I'm tole. I t'ink for certain—"

"Cut the opinion stuff," snapped Matthews. He turned toward his companions. The big red-shirted Scandinavian on his left was rapidly assembling his pack, rifle and other equipment. "Ay tank Aye skoll kip going," he explained sheepishly. His companion briskly engaged in the same operation made no apologies. "You seem to be up against it," he remarked cheerfully, in answer to Matthew's unspoken query. "This United States government raid is bad medicine. It's sure hell on bootleggin'. You can habeas-corpus yourself out of state mix-ups if you've got a good "mouthpiece." But gettin' away from the Federal gang is tougher sleddin' than pullin' politics on a county attorney."

The big Swede nodded stolid concurrence. "Aye seen 'em work in Oklahoma," he vouchsafed simply. "Nobody can't get away," he added. And Pierre, more from a desire to agree than from any personal observation, was impelled to add an emphatic "Nevaire."

The remark irritated the huge backwoodsman. "Shut up an' clear out," he commanded. The diminutive Frenchman slunk toward the door. "Chuck" Callahan, foreman for the Diamond Hill Logging Company, and Axel Carlson, premier top-loader with the same outfit, had already preceded him. Slinging their "turkeys" or improvised packsacks over their shoulders, they sang out a cheery "S'long" and started on their twelve-mile hike up the old tote road to the camp.

Matthews disdaining a reply, stood in the doorway and watched them out of sight. He had no difficulty in divining the reasons for their precipitate departure. If it had not been

or Pierre's information they would have stayed all night. The fact that they had taken themselves off thus prematurely, represented a tangible financial loss in Chippewa Charlie's eyes. Refusing all pay for "chuck" or bunk, he would nevertheless have sold at exorbitant rates many glasses of inferior whiskey. Moreover, under the mellowing influence of the "red eye" they might have consented to "sit in for a hand or two." And an hour's seance with Chippewa Charlie Matthews in any game of chance, was equivalent to a certified check for the victim's cash assets. For Matthews, broken down card sharp and fugitive from justice, had successively acquired the confidence, cash and condemnation of select clienteles all the way from Palm Beach to far-off Sitka. A knife thrust in the tip of the left lung and a particularly raw piece of confidence work in Jersey City, conjointly accounted for his presence in the pines of Northern Minnesota. His lung required the dry air of the pine altitudes, and the rest of his person craved the solitude of the wilds as preferable to stone-walled seclusion and striped tailored effects.

Ensconced in a three-roomed cabin on the southern shore of beautiful Lake of the Woods, he trafficked in firearms, furs, and—"booze." Whiskey of dubious age and antecedents for whites and "breeds;" peppermint water, lemon extract and "bitters" for the Indians. The latter, trading venison, moose hides and mink and otter skins for these poisonous concoctions, regularly went blind or insane. Indeed, the opaque filaments that formed over the eyes of these luckless wretches as a consequence of their addiction to the insidious peppermint extract, had farther-reaching consequences than Matthews and his ilk had bargained for. There were more cases of destitution among the Indians on neighboring reservations. These were dutifully reported to Washington by resident Commissioners of Poor Lo's affairs.

After innumerable bureaus had devoted numberless weeks and months to thinking it over, it was decided to "take summary steps to effectively discourage this iniquitous traffic in poisonous intoxicants." At least so said the newspapers in the lower portion of the fifth column on page nine, or thereabouts. At all events, the Federal officers had arrived. Yes, and they had "got" Benson.

Turning abruptly, Matthews strode rapidly through the two adjoining rooms to a little

shed-like structure in the rear. Strange sounds had been coming from it, gasping, gurgling noises that would have chilled the blood of a passer-by with indefinable horror. On a hastily improvised couch, lay an Indian. He was respiring with the wheezy, jerky gasps that suggest the labored breathing of an aged collie. His great frame, gaunt to the point of emaciation, was covered with an ill-smelling blanket. An old blue shirt, partially open, revealed a broad but sunken chest, and a lusterless flacid skin now beaded with huge drops of perspiration. His eyes, shrunk back into cavernous sockets were opaque and white and stared with awful fixity at the ceiling. His huge hands with their crooked fingers and swollen knuckles clawed weakly at his throat, as if they strove to loosen the vise-like grip of impending death. On-tan-a-wah-we, Indian "of the old school" and victim of Matthews' essence of peppermint, was nearing the end.

Matthews gazed at the dying redskin a moment, then another vision rose before his eyes. Like the successive scenes of a motion picture there formed before him the long low red buildings, the silent and vigilant guards, the long lines of gray-clad men,—all of the details of Leavenworth, just as he had seen it years before. Yes, Federal procedure, like the Mills of the gods, "ground exceeding fine." The color receded under his tanned skin. "Sevan year I'm tole," Pierre had said. "Might as well be seven hundred for me," he reflected aloud. "One lung aint much account in close confinement."

A burning ember snapped against the side of the air-tight stove in the next room and the sound startled him. He glanced nervously about, and then at the wreck upon the bunk. A convulsive tremor racked the wasted frame. The white, sightless eyes moved jerkily from side to side. Suddenly On-tan-a-wah-we's talon-like hands ceased to clutch at his throat. The gaunt body shook all over, the strangling, labored breathing ceased in a gurgling gasp. The awful eyes set in their sockets. The bony arms hung limp and the massive jaws relaxed. On-tan-a-wah-we's soul hunted with the shades of his fathers.

From a vent in the chimney, the flames of the air-tight stove cast flickering, wavering lights and shadows, that magnified and distorted the features of the dead Chippewa,

rigid on the pine "bunk." A vague foreboding seized upon Matthews—not that the gruesome spectacle disconcerted him. In the past six years many an Indian trapper, slave to the demon alcohol, had traded rich packets of furs for the questionable privilege of drinking themselves to an early demise at his shack.

Ethical considerations had never worried him. With the aid of little Pierre—slave to the same avid taste as the Indians, but a trifle more of a connoisseur—he had quietly made away with the remains. But then there had been no government men in the district. He had an easy time with the state authorities.

A step sounded in the next room. He turned to confront Pierre. His little henchman was pallid with terror and excitement. "Dose depute for certain," he shrilled. "Pete Garyeau go by lak hell. Say goin' for tell de Marvins. Hese partner is pull, Brent is pull too! Dose depute go twan' one miles to-day—le diable!"

"We've got to get rid o' this chunk o' meat, then," said Matthews with decision. "We'll say his squaw came over from the Canadian side an' took him home."

The insentient form was rapidly bundled into a tarpaulin. Matthews intended to lock up and betake himself to Kenora, across the line, by easy stages. A sojourn there of a week or two would see the whole affair "blown over." Government men didn't tarry here long, as a rule.

"We'll contrive to lose this on the way over," said Matthews. He nodded toward the tarpaulin covered figure. "Let's take him down and put him in the canoe. Pierre grabbed the gruesome bundle with more alacrity than he usually displayed in similar operations. Discovery might mean more than "sevan year" and his soul quailed within him. They deposited their ghastly freight in the bottom of the canoe and returned to the cabin. There they hastily collected the necessary "chuck" and wearing apparel for their enforced pilgrimage. It was already dark and a red November moon rose above the somber-hued pine fringe of the clearing. Pierre, much encumbered, was making for the door, when he stopped with an exclamation of astonishment. Matthews, about to extinguish the oil lamp, desisted from the operation and strove to pierce the outside gloom. Footsteps crunched across the clearing. The next moment a tall grizzled figure, in the

conventional garb of the district, had crossed the threshold.

The newcomer glanced at the open-mouthed Frenchman, still clasping in his arms his variegated load of pots, pans, bacon and other food-stuffs. He then directed his gaze toward Matthews standing in the full glare of the lamp.

"Leaving kind of sudden, weren't you, boys?" he queried genially.

Matthews nodded assent. "Heard the ducks were plentiful up in Pike Bay," he explained, "lots a wild rice up there. Bound through?" he concluded.

"Not exactly," rejoined the visitor, casually. "In fact, I dropped in to ask you to postpone your little jaunt. There's to be an important conference of Federal officials at Baudette to-morrow, and they want you there."

The big bootlegger's hand was aimlessly tracing a series of widening circles on the table. As if impelled by centrifugal force, it inclined sharply toward his hip.

Something blue and shiny seemed to leap into the hand of the government man. "I wouldn't, if I were you," he suggested cheerfully. "In fact," more brusquely, "I'd lay it on the table. He swung his automatic in an arc that embraced both of the others. But he might have felt little concern for Matthew's companion. That worthy, his face a pasty yellow, was cowering in the corner, still clutching his motley array of supplies.

Sullenly Matthews complied. "Where the devil is your warrant?" he began, blusteringly.

"Overlooked the formality," retorted the other complaisantly. "Since Pussy-foot Jackson wants you in attendance, however, I do not doubt that you will come. We'll make it in two hours—with your canoe."

Every lineament in the bootlegger's face grew tense with horror. On-tan-a-wah-we was in that canoe! He laughed bitterly. The deputy had builded better than he knew. The most clinching of all evidence would go with them! Obviously he would have to "lose" both the deputy and the body somewhere en route. Meekly he accompanied his captor to the beach. Pierre, informed by the newcomer that he "wasn't included in the invitation," had stammered profuse thankfulness before slinking off into the gathering gloom.

"You go in the bow," said the deputy. "And I might add," he remarked, "that I'll not tolerate any monkey business. A man's

back"—deliberately—"is a mighty good target at twenty feet." The oblong object in the center attracted his attention.

"Do we tote this?" he queried.

"It's the first fur packet of the season," rejoined his prisoner. "Since you are so blamed anxious to yank me into Baudette, you might as well help get 'em there."

"Anything to oblige," responded the other. "Those furs might prove interesting to some of the Big Moguls from Washington."

"Yes," reflected Matthews grimly, "*they* might."

Silently they cast off, the light birch craft fairly leaping under the powerful strokes of the woodsman and the equally adept government man. Skirting the fringe of little promontories to their right, they swung around the longest promontory into Rainy River. There, as the current made itself felt, their progress was retarded appreciably. For an hour they paddled silently up mid-stream. The deputy, ironically affable, ventured an occasional commonplace remark on the scenery or the adjacent country. Matthews replied in monosyllables. Whenever he ventured a glance over his shoulder his captor ceased paddling and seemed to await developments. When again the bow man's paddle 'chunked' into the opalescent water, he resumed his rhythmic, measured thrusts.

Perspiration, born of fear and nervousness, coursed down the huge bootlegger's countenance. Half an hour more and he would be safely landed, manacled perhaps, before a score or more idle loungers on the waterfront. Then investigation, conviction, and—but at this point his jaw set grimly.

The pines on the southern bank cast their sombre shadows far out into the stream.

"Current slows up considerable in shore," he suggested.

"Nose her in then," proposed the figure in the stern affably. The little craft shot sharply inward and then squared away again for the last leg of their journey. Ahead a high bluff cast deep purple shadows toward the Canadian shore. Matthews straightened up a bit. They were almost there.

As they swept into the sheltering gloom, he leaped to his feet. He turned and in one bound traversed half the length of the canoe. The deputy, with a startled oath, strove to draw his gun. With a second desperate plunge, the

bootlegger was upon him. The force of the assault capsized the canoe, hurling its occupants into the chill waters of the racing Rainy. It sang in Matthews' ears as they went under. It stung in the nostrils of the deputy, clutching desperately at his assailant's throat. As they rose to the surface some yards further down stream, the former getting his hand under the government agent's chin, broke his desperate embrace. Ere the deputy could re-engage with his adversary, they had again gone under. For a seemingly interminable time, the water roared and boiled about them. Matthews, his hand clutching the other's wrist in viselike grip, sought to deter him from drawing the automatic that swung in a holster at his waist. Striking, struggling, choking, they were borne rapidly down stream. The deputy felt his strength failing him. The water seemed to restrict his breathing even more effectively than Matthews' fingers entwined about his throat. Bright whirling lights danced before his eyes. A strange lassitude weighed down his limbs. Then a strange object, cold, clammy and sodden, rose between them. Something seemed to enshroud the bootlegger, dragging him under. It was the tarpaulin. Striving to extricate himself he released his hold on the deputy's wrist. The latter improved the opportunity to wrench himself free. Gulping down the cool November air, the government man regained his bearings. A dark object caught the cold glow of the mating moon. A sharp report reverberated along the banks. Matthews' head sagged forward. The next moment only a few widening ripples marked the place where he had sunk. Wearily the deputy swam shoreward and clambered almost spent upon the bank. The saturated tarpaulin had brought up against the capsized canoe, and together they swung down stream in the aimless vagaries of the current.

Almost a quarter of a mile further down, two grotesque figures with slowly waving limbs, circled round and round like wrestlers awaiting an opening. Across the shimmering green of the great whirlpool, "Chippewa Charlie" Matthews gazed unseeing into the white and sightless eyes of An-tan-a-wah-we.

The deputy, wringing the water out of his soaked clothing also glanced down stream. "A good riddance," he told himself aloud. "But," he added reflectively, "it's too damned bad we lost those furs."

Advent.

NOT garmented in crimson does He come.
 Treading the bitter winepress all alone;
 No tear-drops glisten on His Mother's cheeks
 No rivulets of blood course down His own.

But like a blossom fragrant with true love
 Whose perfume brings to hate a sweet surcease,
 Robed in the swaddling white of Innocence
 Behold! He comes, the little Child of peace.

R. S.

The Seasons.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER.

SPRING.

To me, the seasons seemed always persons.
 In the soft awakening of spring, I sometimes
 saw, through a faint green, dewy haze, a maiden
 rise from slumber and dance along fragrant
 highways with wreaths of blossoms on her
 brow and strands of ivy in her golden hair.
 From her footprints glorious new beauties
 sprang. At her touch the trees woke into
 life, their leaves unfolded in benediction over
 her. At her wish sunrises of most exquisite
 splendor would take form; she called, and all
 things answered in a glow of life: tender shoots
 of purest green appeared; mildest scents of
 perfumes rare arose; colors of a clearness
 never dreamed of flashed on every side.

Breezes that were faint and spicy,
 Wafted odors pure and pleasing;
 Dews that trembled with rare sweetness,
 Flowers that shivered, buds that melted,
 These the maiden called to being.

This was followed by a sunset that seemed
 a fitting close to all this beauty, a soft, sweet
 silence, a growing dimness, a tender blanket
 drawn over everything.

SUMMER.

Summer is the Princess among seasons,
 the peer of them all. I often imagined her,
 in my mind's eye, reclining languidly in a
 rose-embowered throne, set in an orchard of
 apples. I could see the white petals strewing
 the ground; around the throne there would
 be pink petals among the white; the dark
 trunks of the trees stretching away in the
 distance. Overhead weighted branches would

be straining to their task; a silver throated
 oriole holding forth in sweetest tones. The
 drowsy murmur of bees would come from
 afar off, occasionally the faint lowing of kine
 would come down on the breeze, and as the
 moist, warm wind is passing, a fresh shower
 of petals would come fluttering down. The
 sun would send a few stray beams through
 the branches; one wandering shaft is bathing
 the head of the Princess, and the golden hair
 is glowing in all its ringlets, and flashing
 answering beams about the fragrant bower.

AUTUMN.

Autumn is the queen of seasons. Autumn
 is beautiful; not as the budding maiden,
 Spring, not as the full-bloomed Princess,
 Summer, nor as the gruff old king, Winter;
 but in her own stately, somewhat old-fashioned
 way. She may represent dissolution; but what
 a wonderful dissolution! All nature changes
 at her beck; the trees are turncoat worshippers
 at the new shrine; their leaves mingle in bright
 glories of color; and strange, beautiful sunsets
 end each lovely day. The days shorten into
 long, still twilights; a sweet cool breeze is
 always stirring; everything is silent and
 subdued. Each glorious dawn that comes
 crashing out of the sky, finds its reflection in
 a million flaming trees; each purple twilight
 touches these trees with one last magic wand,
 and they stand out like blood-red minarets
 on some far-distant Oriental mosque.

WINTER.

I saw Winter on a throne too. But King
 Winter's throne was not as that of the Princess,
 Summer; there was something of the majestic
 in it. I seemed to feel an awe fill me as I gazed
 on King Winter; on the great snowy beard
 that rested on his chest, the ruddy face and the
 snow-white hair that held a golden crown,
 the massive throne that was veiled from the
 impious by a breath of beating snow, the great
 heavy sceptre which he held so regally. He
 leaned forward and gazed into the distance
 and he waved his mighty wand, and the cold
 winds drove the snow in gusts. He waved
 his wand again, and the winds left, and lo!
 a snowy plain lay spread beyond. I could see
 the little houses in the drifts, the thin smoke
 curling from them. Dark were the fogs in the
 background, sombre the sentinel pines stood,
 while a last pale shaft from the sunset flickered
 against the fog-bank and then vanished.

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—At this time of the year many people are considering the appropriateness of giving such and such an article to a friend as a Christmas gift. And as the large majority of people are not altogether unselfish, as they do not regard merely the love that goes with the present, but the present itself, they are, perhaps, asking themselves what you are going to give them. "What use did I ever get out of those suspenders covered with roses and violets that Jim gave me last Christmas? What did he ever do with the green and yellow and blue tie I gave him? Surely, he never wore it; and the house-slippers I gave Charlie? Why, they must have been at least two sizes too small for him." These are some of the questions people are asking themselves. And still they will go out this year and will in many instances repeat their actions of last year. They will buy gifts that are absolutely of no value to their friends, they will present them in a glow of enthusiasm, their friends will heap adjective on adjective to tell how profoundly delighted they are with the presents they have received, will take them with all care and store them away in the corner of some dresser or trunk where they will remain for posterity to look upon. A little forethought might do away with all this unnecessary storing away of gifts. It is quite as easy to buy something useful for a friend, something that he can wear, as it is to

buy other things. Books suit many people when they are well chosen, and wearing apparel when neat and tasty will be welcomed by all. Try to find out what your friend would most enjoy, what he really needs, and select your gift with that end in view. Too many of us are like the little girl who bought a mustache-cup and placing a new shaving brush within it gave it to her father as a Christmas gift, and wondered why daddie didn't use it when he shaved!

—It is an amiable weakness of reformers to pursue the chimera of a miraculously made over world in which their own favorite schemes, blossoming forth in full fruition of accomplished *The Peace Ranter*. fact, will reign vindicated and supreme. We can cheerfully countenance this ill-founded optimism, because it partakes of the "hope eternal" which serves to ballast the sanity of the weary old world. But the excess which nauseates is but a slight step beyond this resilient pertinacity which tempers the rebuffs suffered by these self-constituted architects of a new (?) order. The disciple of peace is one of those deluded mortals who subordinate fact to fancy and esteem contemplation of ethereal Utopias above prosaic surveys of sordid actuality. One need be no worshipper of "the god of things as they are" to perceive that in this hour of war and travail, the raver that rants of peace would exhibit an excellent discernment if he sacrificed divers peace platitudes and kindred innocuous nothings to a critical and—if such were conceivable—silent comparison of "the way of things as we want them and the lay of things as they are."

After decades of peace tribunals and congresses, after reams of books, tracts, brochures and magazines, after frenzied and hysterical pleas for universal disarmament and world brotherhood, after peace palaces, memorials, Nobel prizes and much resolving by labor unions, suffragettes and socialists, we are back to the Stone Age fundamentals in the adjusting of the most emphatic little unpleasantness this old world has ever seen. The cataclysmic collapse of the entire theory of international courts and peaceful adjudication of disputes by neutral nations, has left the peace enthusiasts the world over with a keen appreciation of the very narrow line of demarcation between

the sublime and the asinine. Yet they have the unholy temerity to come forth with renewed assurance, more raving, and the solemn conviction that this is, after all, the last war. Why? Has any war in the last six thousand years prevented any succeeding war? When a nation has a real grievance, does it not forsake its lofty pedestal of culture, art and scientific attainment, and climb down five thousand years for the purpose of adjusting said misunderstanding to its own satisfaction? Has it not always been? Has not the present European conflict shattered socialistic internationalism and anti-militarism, while hopelessly confuting the carefully arrayed statistical peace arguments of commercial necessity and industrial interdependence?

Just what the disarmament advocate will hereafter use to garnish his argument, it is difficult to imagine. But it is too much to hope that the peace orator will permanently "cease from troubling." Creation of Nature in a malignant mood, he will continue to set facts at naught that the theory may live on. But it is fruitless labor. There are fundamental (if equally primitive) methods of adjusting differences that will continue in vogue while the world endures. All history is behind us, all experience substantiates us, all indications support us, in this stand. And on the other side? Well, lined up in mighty array, gladsomely decked out in memorials, medals and resolutions, stand the Internationalist, the anti-militarist and the peace advocate. How comforting is their well-founded(?) assurance that there will never be another war!

—Dress a charitable endeavor up as a fad, garnish it with cartoons, newspaper editorials, fancy tango parties, and columns of sob stuff, and you will enlist legions

Spectacular Charity. of notoriety seekers, while eliminating from the roster of workers those whose labors are really worth while. We were a few weeks ago engaged in drumming up maudlin sentiment for a "Christmas Ship" that took a variegated and heterogeneous cargo of charitable donations to the suffering children in the European war zone. To that end variety actresses were organizing taxi tag parties, society matrons were giving all manner of full dress functions, children were gathering together in "Christmas Ship" conclave, and the newspapers were

running reams of sympathy stuff, that analyses 100 per cent pure piffle. It has been said of the American people that they do things hysterically, or not at all. The Christmas Ship craze was a transient and abortive endeavor to do some thing useful. It was likewise a glowing opportunity for actresses to stage a little self directed press agending, for journalistic sob sisters to wax loudly lachrymose, and for newspapers to kill space and boost circulation. Of course there is something that appeals to one's fancy in thinking that one's donation will pull out of New York on a big Atlantic liner with flags flying, bands playing and people cheering. It satisfies one's complacency to know that a ten million dollar ship, manned by a crew of several hundred, is picking its way through mine infested foreign waters to deliver a 49 cent doll or a pound of coffee.

When one gives to the local poor there is no newspaper publicity, no antecedent social gatherings, and no majestic steamship to fly a pennant. And if the Christmas Ship inadvertently connects with the war nose of a stray whitehead torpedo, and sinks with all on board, including your hand painted vase and Willie's second hand sweater coat, it is much more romantic to say that your gifts repose in the bosom of the North Sea than to explain that they went to the ragged little lad that lives across the alley. So the local poor can shiver and starve along as best they may. They have first claim upon our notice of course, because they are Americans, living in the land of the free and the home of the brave. But there is no romance of blood and iron in their predicament, unless it is the blood that congeals in wasted frames and the iron of economic adversity. And besides they hardly conduce to notoriety, and are a trifle antiquated as themes for the automatic emotionalists who writhe and groan and ecstaticise at so much per column. Maybe local giving won't "tenderly entwine the tendrils of warm affection about the youthful hearts of two continents," but it will help to keep the poverty of our great centers of population from becoming a disgrace to our vaunted wealth and degree of civilization.

Times will be "hard" throughout the country this year. There are more unemployed to-day than there have been for a decade. There will be much suffering among the poor. It is a big problem and one with which we have never

adequately coped. Let us, then, employ every effort at home this year in saving unromantic American born Celts and Teutons, instead of pulling another grandstand play in the form of a "Christmas Ship" which will accomplish nothing beyond affording the empty-headed and uncharitable a chance to utilize the front page for Pharisaical self-glorification.

Obituary.

SISTER M. LYDIA.

We regret to announce the death of Sister M. Lydia who passed away last week at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. This devoted Sister served as nurse in both the Civil and Spanish-American wars and was highly esteemed for her unselfishness and self-sacrifice by the multitude of wounded soldiers she cared for. She was one of the first workers on the *Ave Maria* and SCHOLASTIC and will be remembered in the prayers of her many friends. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Edwin J. Lynch (LL. B., '10) has recently been elected State Senator of Chicago, on the Democratic ticket. It is gratifying to know that the people place such confidence in this superb type of man.

—We were pleased to learn that Paul J. Donovan (LL. B., '12) has the position of Assistant State's Attorney in McHenry County, Illinois. Paul was an energetic student and we expect to hear of his rapid rise.

—When Judge Francis J. Vurpillat (LL. B., '91; Litt. B., '92) completed his term of office recently, the Stark County *Democrat* paid him the following well-deserved tribute:

Judge Vurpillat brought the business of the October term to a close Friday afternoon and that evening returned to his home at Winamac and to private life. His record on the bench in this county during the past six years is an open book and, we are pleased to add, a credit to himself and to the people he served so well. His pre-election pledge to administer justice without fear or favor and according to the law and his conscientious judgment has been faithfully kept. There is nothing in all of his judicial acts to mar his record, and he leaves the bench with the full knowledge of a duty well done. *The Democrat* takes an honest pride in Judge Vurpillat's record, and wishes him the fullest measure of God's richest blessings throughout the remainder of his life.

Imperial Male Quartet.

With a repertoire comprising ragtime, jocular hymns and songs that are "all the rage," the Imperial Male Quartet achieved superlative applause from the audience assembled in Washington Hall last Wednesday night. Most of this success is probably to be attributed to the elimination of Lucia's sextette. At any rate, the musical abilities of the singers are not comparable to much that has been heard here in former years. The inefficiency of the tenors, for instance, was lamentable. This was particularly noticeable in that horrible solo, "Carissima." Nevertheless, the concert demonstrates what kind of harmony is best suited to entertain college audiences. Give us more of that sort, we beg, but may Apollo grant a better quality. It must be admitted, however, that the Imperial Quartet is an excellent specimen of its class, and that it displays much psychological finesse in determining what music will meet the tastes of its particular audience.

Book Review.

THE SECRET OF POCOMOKE. Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cents. Ave Maria Press.

This is one of the most charming children's stories we have ever read. The delineation of the characters of Miss "Pat," a typical Southern girl, and of Ginger, her little colored maid, is, we think, the best work Miss Waggaman has done. This story is more fascinating than "Billy Boy," a novel by the same author, which many of our readers know, and it is fully as thrilling for the grown-ups as for children. We can think of nothing that would be more appropriate as a gift book than this artistically bound and well-printed volume.

ROUND ABOUT HOME. By the Reverend P. J. Carroll C. S. C. The Ave Maria Press. Price, \$1.00.

These delightful sketches introduce one to Irish scenes that are as fresh and bright as Irish grass in the mornin'; and to characters that one cannot help but love. One sees spreading before him the "quiet country—the flat land, the white road, the little town, the river and the hill's crest," and one wanders joyfully over this pleasant countryside, "the gray dew upon the clover and the cuckoo calling from the blossomed alder." It is a bright, bracing walk indeed; and the happy faces that meet you, the sad stories they tell you through their tears or the merry gossip, rippling with laughter, that falls from their lips, make you loath to leave them. You meet the children skipping along to school, their books in a strap and their lunch in bag or basket. You pause at "Pound Lane" to greet Mickey the Fenian "with his bad

hump and his good eye and his hasty temper and his terrible tales." And then you come upon Father Tracey taking his morning walk after Mass, and your heart leaps at his bright "Good morning," as he pauses to inquire about all at home and to send a word to mother and the girleen. You see him again at St. James' Well on "Patern Day" and crowd about him with the rest of the parishioners to enjoy the kind word and the merry jest. All these scenes and characters, delightfully drawn, are with you hauntingly when you leave by the book; and you come back to it again and again when you want the wide country and the bracing air and the people whom deep faith has made beautiful in laughter and tears.

The student of English may profitably read these sketches as models of their kind. Father Carroll has caught all the beautiful quaintness of word and phrase that endears the simple talk of the Irish peasant, and has painted in true and enduring colors a life that one fears may too soon pass away. It is a Christmas gift that will bring genuine pleasure to the reader. The book may be had at the Students' Office.

THE IVY HEDGE. By Maurice Francis Egan. Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.35 net.

Those acquainted with the clever novels of this gifted author will agree that he has surpassed all his previous efforts in this latest work "The Ivy Hedge" which has just been published by Benziger Bros. It is a story dealing with the complex problems of the present day, problems that are intimately connected with social life, and the forceful way in which these have been handled, the solid solutions suggested and worked out in the lives of the characters cannot fail to interest and instruct.

Local News.

—Nine rahs for Captain Finegan!

—All the games are over. Figure them out yourself.

—Now that the important battles are over, we may discuss the European situation.

—The Student Vaudeville to-night promises to be one of the biggest hits of the season.

—Dust off your suit cases and get your overcoats out of hock—seventeen days are left us.

—That lyric tenor on Wednesday night was the funniest man! We just laughed and laughed.

—The team will certainly merit the term "Irish" next year. Poor old Bachman will be lonesome.

—The Ex-Carrollites opened up their basketball season last Wednesday evening when they engaged in a spirited contest with the St. Patrick's Parish club. They were on the debit

side of the ledger by one point when the whistle blew, but were well satisfied with their initial showing.

—After hearing Wilmer Finch orate last Tuesday night after "lights" we have decided to enter him as a dark horse in the Breen Contest.

—Report hath it that Purdue wanted a post season game with us, minus Eichenlaub. Why not give the team a rest and send Eichenlaub down there?

—Those intending to enter the contest for the Breen Medal are requested to give their names to Professor Drury not later than Tuesday, December 8.

—Myron Parrot of Corby Hall recently had one of his song-hits published by a Chicago house. It is said that all Chicago is humming and whistling the piece.

—Headlines from the *Indianapolis Star* last Friday:—"EICHENLAUB SMASHES SYRACUSE. BIG IRISH FULLBACK DEMOLISHES ORANGE LINE." What part of Ireland are you from, Eich?

—Ed Marcus went to his home in Lafayette, Indiana, Monday, in order to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. Incidentally he told the natives how he walked to Chicago (a topic which never grows old).

—Last Sunday was the first Sunday of Advent, the season of preparation for Christmas, and it is hoped that a large number of the students will attend daily Mass as faithfully as they did during the month of the Poor Souls which is just past. To enjoy Christmas thoroughly, we must prepare for it.

—One of the hits of to-night's Vaudeville Show will be Figelstahler and Finch as the Piano Movers. While these two gentlemen find it rather difficult to move themselves, they have no trouble whatever in moving pianos. The act opens with Wilmer Finch at the piano playing softly and Figelstahler singing grand opera and eating hot dogs in the corner.

—The *Patrician* of Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio, after a thorough review of several numbers of the *SCHOLASTIC* concludes, "We have received four numbers of the *SCHOLASTIC*. In these, a month's work, we find to our pleasure five essays and five stories besides the editorials and versés. This indicates more

than general excellence. It is, to say the least, worthy of great Notre Dame, and to say that we are anticipating eagerly the ensuing numbers falls short of being an adequate expression."

—Rehearsals are being held daily for "The Rosary" which will be staged by the Notre Dame Players on Faculty Day, December fifteenth. Professor Drury, who will play the part of Father Kelly, will be supported by the following student players: Emmett Lenihan, John O'Donnell, Timothy Galvin, John Riley, Clovis Smith, Wilmur Finch, and Delmar Edmonson.

—The Kentucky Club held its first meeting of the year with eight members of last year's organization present. Five new members were given the first degree of the Blue Grass Initiation. The following officers were elected: Colonel, "Jerry" Clements; lieutenant-colonel, "Johnny" Campbell; revenue collector, "Pat" Harle; still-house watch, "Jack" Young; deputy still-house watch, "Tom" Spaulding.

—Now that the football season is over many of the students have started to play Association. As far as we can learn from watching the game, the main object seems to be the kicking of an opponent's shins. In football all attention is paid to stopping the advance of the ball, in this game the man is successful who never touches the ball provided he kicks his opponent's shins several times in quick succession. We are for the old rough game.

Finegan, 1915 Captain.

The last chapter of the 1914 football season was written in the Gold Room of the Oliver Hotel last Wednesday evening. There the men who had gladly taken their share of knocks and bruises through two and a half months of daily work, gathered to crown a successful season with an evening of music, banqueting and good fellowship.

Covers were laid for thirty-five, and promptly at six-thirty the festivities began with Coach Harper as toastmaster. In his introductory remarks the Coach sounded the chords of comradeship and regard that grows in men who have fought together, shoulder to shoulder, in many hard battles. He was followed by Captain Jones, and then by the other men who have carried the ball for Notre Dame

for the last time—Eichenlaub, Elward, Bergman, Pliska, Berger and Kelleher. Professor Benitz, head of the Faculty Board, and Asst. Coach Rockne, each congratulated the team on its showing.

After Messrs. Carmody, Byrnes and Riley had relieved the tension somewhat by some well-rendered music, the all-important event of the evening took place. The honor of leading the 1915 Notre Dame team went to Charles Finegan, of Boise, Idaho. If you say Charles he isn't recognized, but as "Sam," just plain Sam, he is known and loved by every man at Notre Dame as a brilliant and steady athlete, a splendid, consistent student, a perfect gentleman, and a good fellow in the best sense of the word. Sam will be a capable leader; the men like him and are glad to work with him. And in saying that under his leadership the 1915 season should be most successful from every view-point, we are voicing the sentiments of the whole school.

For their work for the Gold and Blue nineteen N. D's have been awarded to the following men: Capt. Jones, Lathrop, Baujan, Mills, Elward, Bachman, Keefe, Stephan, Holmes and Fitzgerald in the line, and Eichenlaub, Duggan, Pliska, Finegan, Cofall, Berger, Larkin, Bergman and Kelleher in the backfield. Thursday morning the team pictures were taken, and to-night the team will be the guests at a vaudeville show given by the Knights of Columbus, Notre Dame Council, in their honor.

Basketball Schedule, 1914-'15.

Dec. 12	Lewis Institute	at Notre Dame
" 16	Arkansas Agricultural College	" "
Jan. 13	Northwestern College	" "
" 16	Beloit	" "
" 23	Indiana Dental College	" "
" 27	Polish Seminary	" "
" ~30	Lake Forest	" "
Feb. 2	Michigan Aggies	Lansing
" 5	Wabash	Notre Dame
" 10	Olivet	" "
" 13	Michigan Aggies	" "
" 17	West Virginia University	" "
" 19	Wabash	Crawfordsville
" 20	Rose Poly	Terre Haute

Wednesday afternoon, the candidates for both the basketball and track teams reported to Coaches Harper and Rockne, respectively. For the first night a good-sized squad appeared for each sport, though they will doubtless grow larger within the next two weeks. Of

last year's band of tossers, Capt. Kenney, Bergman and Fitzgerald are left for the forward positions, Mills at centre and Finegan and Kelleher at the guards. Pliska, Daly, Meyers and the other inter-hall stars have signified their intention of trying for the team, and with a good bunch of the 1913-14 yearlings, Coach Harper should have plenty of material to build up a good team. The schedule, while not so pretentious as last season, will furnish several good contests. Arkansas, Wabash, Michigan Aggies, West Virginia, Beloit and Lake Forest can be counted on to provide interesting contests for the local rooters. It was found that the Eastern trip was too much of a strain on the men, so that they played below form, and for this reason it has been dropped.

As soon as they have had a little rest, Coach Rockne will have all the football men working out on his track squad to build up speed and endurance. The team this year should be good. With ex-Captain Henahan and Bartholomew in the 440, Wagge and McDonough in the half-mile, Wagge in the mile, Eichenlaub and Bachman in the weights, Bergman and Hardy, both ten-second men, and Von Thron in the hundred and two twenty, there is a solid foundation for a fine track team. While the schedule is not yet ready for official publication, it can be forecasted as about the heaviest any Notre Dame track team has ever undertaken.

College Notes.

—Texas has not forgotten the team that defeated the "Longhorns" on Thanksgiving Day in 1913. A recent issue of the *Daily Texan* says: "Notre Dame is winding up the present season in the same whirlwind fashion that won them such fame on the gridiron last year." Texas has had a very successful season closing with a 39-0 victory over our own old rival, Wabash College. The Southerners are anxious to meet Notre Dame again next year and a game may be arranged.

—Moving pictures are being extensively used in many of the great universities for teaching purposes. Films intended to assist the scientists are finding especial favor with the college professors. Chicago University now uses motion pictures in connection with hygiene, railroading, sociology and journalism.

—A bit of "dope" for the "winter league"—the Chinese University of Hawaii baseball nine won 125 out of 150 games played last year.

—A "dope" fiend has broken loose in the columns of *The Holcad*, a publication of the Michigan "Aggies." The dopest figures that because the "Aggies" beat Alma 58-0, while Notre Dame rolled up only 56 points on the same school, the "Aggies" could beat Notre Dame, 2-0. The gentleman then reasons that because Notre Dame beat South Dakota, 33 to 0, and because South Dakota tied Nebraska, the "Aggies" have 35 points on Nebraska. The mere fact that Nebraska walloped the "Aggies," 24-0 is of secondary importance. Here are more of the statistics: M. A. C., 6; Penn State, 3. Penn State, 13; Harvard, 13. Ergo M. A. C., 3; Harvard, 0. Similarly, M. A. C. can be proven superior to any team in the country, though it is interesting to note that they have fewer points on Notre Dame than on any other school. We suggest that the "Aggie's" official mathematician ponder these figures: Notre Dame, 33; South Dakota, 0. South Dakota, 0; Nebraska, 0. Nebraska, 24; M. A. C., 0. Hence, Notre Dame, 57; M. A. C., 0. Then according to his own figures, M. A. C. is three points better than Harvard, while Harvard is 36 points better than Yale. Therefore Notre Dame is 96 points better than Yale. However, Notre Dame beat Rose Poly, 103 to 0; therefore, Yale could beat Rose Poly, 7 to 0. We now have a direct line of reasoning: Rose Poly, 0; Yale, 7. Yale, 49; Colgate, 7. Colgate, 0; Syracuse, 0. Syracuse, 20; Michigan, 6. Michigan, 3; M. A. C., 0. Hence Rose Poly could defeat the "Aggies" 56 to 0. We beat Rose Poly, 103 to 0; therefore, if dope is worth anything, we can beat the "Aggies" 159 to 0. However, we don't believe in statistics. No matter how long we study the scores, we cannot erase that Yale, 28; Notre Dame, 0.

—The faculty of Northwestern University recently granted the petition of the student body for a longer Christmas vacation. The vacation at Northwestern will extend from December, 18, 1914 to January 5, 1915.

—Notre Dame is not the only school that possesses loyal rooters. Seventy-five students of the University of Missouri worked their way to the Missouri-Kansas game by the

box-car route. We would have great respect for the Missourians if we had not recently heard that when a straw vote on woman suffrage was taken among the students, 298 out of 500 *male* students voted in favor of giving women the ballot.

—Wabash is already preparing for the basketball season. Despite that few of last year's stars remain, the Little Giants expect to have a fast team. A number of former high school stars are trying for positions on the team. Wabash will be seen on the local court after the Christmas vacation.

—Gus Welch, the Carlisle Quarterback who was injured in the Carlisle-Notre Dame game and who is still in Mercy Hospital in Chicago, is visited frequently by Notre Dame students who bring flowers for his room and try to make his days of convalescence as cheerful as possible. Recently he said to one of the priests of the University that he never engaged in a harder and cleaner game than the Thanksgiving Day game.

Safety Valve.

"IT IS TO LAUGH."

"Well, Bachman didn't make Axelson's team because he hadn't enough experience, and Eichenlaub didn't make it because he had too much—which is to say what?"

* * *

Our idea of Student Vaudeville would be to hear John Callahan of Brownson sing "Darling, I am growing old," or to see a wrestling match between Erle Hawxhurst and Wilson Bering, or even to see Bachman do some fancy sewing on the stage.

* * *

No man should pick an All-American or All-Western team who has not spent the football season in Europe.

* * *

NICE GAMES AGAIN

Now that the football season is over, bring on the checkers and dominos.

* * *

POOR BERGIE.

Lucile (to Agnes):—"Did you hear that Alfred Bergman was honored throughout the West? I saw his picture in the paper this morning and I'm going to send him a copy of the *Pilgrims Progress* to express my congratulations.

* * *

HE CERTAINLY IS BRAVE.

"Yes, you bet, I'm brave. I'm not afraid to go right into the Secretary's Office and ask for a bill for a hair-cut."

* * *

We are going to get our own Leo Tschudi into some

kind of athletics. It will be interesting to see how his name will be spelled in the newspapers, and pronounced by the fans.

* * *

HE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Touching the ball down behind the goal posts for six points.

* * *

We've got pictures of student; by hundreds
We have up-to-date pictures and quaint;
But a picture of Yearns with a hair brush
Is a picture that no one can paint.

* * *

We would like to see a post-season game between Northwestern and Lewis Institute to decide the Western Championship.

* * *

In a recent examination the students were asked to give eight lines of verse from memory. The following was handed in by one boy:

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Mary had a little lamb,
Once upon a midnight dreary
Notre Dame, my Notre Dame.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
When I consider how my light is spent,
Earth has not anything to show more fair
The sonnet is a moment's monument.

* * *

When the bass singer of the Imperial Quartet strolled out upon the stage, everyone in the audience thought Erich de Fries had a new job.

* * *

QUESTION

Are we to understand that the tenor of the Imperial Male Quartet took money for the kind of stuff he gave us Wednesday?

* * *

ANSWER.

Quit your knocking. He was a heap sight better than the VALVE.

* * *

AS DR. WATSON WOULD SAY.

The question is: If it was a chicken that was stolen from one of the library staff, how comes it that when the box was returned it contained nothing but the bones of pig's feet?

* * *

WITH THE REVIEWER.

Some Reactions of Acetylene and The Prepositions of Apollonius Rhodius are two of the most fascinating and gripping stories we have ever read. Full of surprises and warm with human interest, they fairly carry the reader along. As gift books at Christmas time we know of nothing more appropriate.

* * *

A subscription to the SCHOLASTIC would be an admirable gift to a friend at Christmas time; the more so because we are going in the hole every year because we can't get people to read our stuff and buy our paper. It is a gift that would not be forgotten in a day, for it would be thrust upon our friend every week by the postman. Price, \$1.50.