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The God of Stars.

SPEER STRAHAN.

THROUGH portals of the night-tide go
The silver-sandalled feet of Eve,
While great stars gather row on row—
A beauty, mind could scarce conceive.

If stars the night with glory veil,
What must that blessed City be,
Where all our nightly grandeurs pale
Before God's splendored Majesty?

Religious Plays of the Middle Ages.

BY EUGENE MCBRIDE.

AFTER the decline and fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of the Christian Church the old Greek and Roman dramas fell into disrepute and finally oblivion. For at least a century the Church opposed strongly any tendency upon the part of its people to indulge in any form of the play. In spite of its opposition to the most cultured of Roman amusements and the frowns cast upon the crude comedies of the peasantry, the Catholic Church was responsible for a new birth of the drama and really laid the foundations for the present-day theatre.

So strongly did the early fathers come to appreciate the teaching force of the playlet about the third century, that they incorporated into the very ritual of the Church a form of play in which the lives and deeds of prophets and saints were given in interesting form to its followers. At first the sturdiest opponent of the art, it finally became its sponsor, and doing away with all the vulgarity and obscenity that characterized the Greek and Roman dramas, made it an agency for good and, with its help, taught the ignorant and impressionable

peasant the conduct of life according to saint and prophet.

"The tendency of the early Christian Church toward the drama, declared itself at an early day," says Chambers in his history of the Mediaeval play. "The Mass itself was an essentially dramatic commemoration of the most critical moments in the life of Christ." The same author points to the elaborate ceremonies of Holy Week as being another example of the natural craving for the dramatic. It is an undoubted fact that the early fathers realized that a daily presentation of the sufferings of Christ was the best way of keeping those agonies fresh in the minds of their brethren, and afforded them the best of lessons in love and self-denial. Since the first play was written it has been characteristic of humanity to ape human actions as depicted on the stage. A moral stage, therefore, cultivates a correspondingly moral people and an immoral one a correspondingly immoral people.

The ancient ceremony of "tollite portas," performed prior to the dedication of a new church, the singing of the Passion in Holy Week, and the performing of the Tenebrae, are all examples of the mediaeval liturgical play. At the singing of the Tenebrae, one candle after another is extinguished, symbolizing the grief of the apostles and others whom the lights represent. All of these ceremonies show the beginnings of dramatic development. Symbolism and mimetic action are in them. The whole ceremony of Holy Week is one of the most beautiful plays ever written. Out of these ceremonies grew the liturgical play.

A good example of one of these plays is the one called "Prophetæ," produced about the middle of the sixth century. It was a Latin chant resembling in form the Passion and the Tenebrae. Its purpose was to prove to all that Christ was really the Son of God. In it

the priest, as chief chanter, calls upon the Jews to give witness out of the mouths of their own prophets to the divinity of Christ. All of the old Jewish prophets step forward in turn, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, Moses and David, and speak their predictions of the coming of the Messiah. Then, in chorus they sing "Ecce convertimur ad gentes," and the message of the play is brought home to the people.

Nearly every biblical episode was at one time or other made into a religious playlet for the benefit of the fold. Starting with the story of Adam's fall, the playwrights of the second and third centuries wrote of every famous character down to the coming of Christ. The "resurrection" and "passion" plays that came later, depicted the most important episodes of the Saviour's life and of the lives of His apostles. Companies of actors were formed for the rendition of these plays under the guidance and with the sponsorship of the clergy. These companies of strolling players, highly religious in character, appeared about the thirteenth century.

One of the most famous mediaeval plays of this kind was "Robert Le Diable," the story of the conversion of the supposedly worst man who ever lived. After living a life full of the most revolting crimes imaginable, the hero is converted and does penance for all his sins. Unlike most of the religious plays of that time, "Robert Le Diable" was in a vulgar tongue. In most countries, when the plays began to be spoken in the national language, they lost their religious flavor. This was not the case in France. Many French plays such as "Robert," were spoken in French and proved equally as effective as their contemporaries in the Latin tongue.

As the Passion plays were probably the most artistic of the mediaeval type of drama, they should be examined more minutely than the others. The marvelous influence of these plays may be understood to-day, when we consider that large numbers of pilgrims from the nethermost parts of the earth gather every ten years at the little Alpine village of Oberammergau, to see the simple villagers of that place depict the life and death of their Saviour. If the influence of this decimal production is so great in our own doubting, cynical age, what effect must it have had on the simple, highly religious people of the twelfth century? The realism of these plays has never been

outdone by the most artistic of modern playwrights.

The lines of the Passion plays were written in eight and ten foot metre, in rhyme certainly not of the most artistic construction, but effective. All the horrors attending and preceding the death on the cross were shown in their most revolting and horrible form. The nicety of the present-day dramatist in failing to portray horror upon the stage was not observed by the mediaeval dramatist.

The stage on which these dramas were enacted was a high wooden structure, erected in the open air. It was divided from top to bottom into three sections, meant to represent Heaven, Earth and Hell respectively. Much genius was displayed in the invention of machinery of all kinds, meant to heighten the realism of the production.

The actors in these dramas were at first priests, on account of the highly religious nature of the plays. No women were allowed to participate. Finally the people themselves began to produce the plays with only the sanction of the church and the clergy no longer took part in them.

The moral force of these productions it is impossible to estimate. For several hundred years the ecclesiastical and semi-ecclesiastical play ranked as one of the greatest existing forces of good. The lives of holy men depicted in highly realistic form before the people's eyes caused them to seek to emulate the actions of the characters. When, however, the Church relinquished possession of the performances and the peasantry sought to produce plays without their assistance, their religious nature dropped away and they became mere spectacular productions for the excitement of mirth or wonder in every market place. Finally, plays of all kinds became highly immoral and were opposed to the uttermost by the Church. The profession that primarily had gone hand in hand with the spreading of the Gospel, became the acme of all evil and was condemned by the very institution to which it owed its birth.

Happiness.

"Who up the ascending way doth mount,
With patient industry,
Bathes in the waters of joy's purest fount,
And hears their song of glee."

The Cook of the Laughing Lass.

BY ARTHUR J. HAYES.

Even now, after a lapse of many years, mere mention of the sea, or casual reference to legends of long buried gold, suffices to summon from the mists of memory those scenes and characters which flitted through my own prosaic career like phantoms of disordered dreams. Through the haze of the pipe that whiles away the evening hours, I seem to see the crooked and sullen visage of "Malacca Jim" Severns, distorted with rage and hate, as it was when we confronted each other on the blood-stained and slippery deck of the Laughing Lass. I can visualize the florid features of old Bob Tierney, wreathed in the broad and rather vacant smile that only sternest adversity could erase. I even summon up the weazened little Chinaman known to a polyglot crew as "Chunking" Charlie from the city of his birth, and the shrivelled paw of "Texas" Rennels, as it must have clawed frantically about in the coral crusted debris in the hold of the Cuban Maid. But all tales must have a beginning, and the opening scene of this one, had its setting in the murky rear rooms of the old Palladio saloon.

I thought I was a great psychologist in those days. Probably that is why I felt impelled to drink so much inferior booze in the somnolent Palladio bar. I wanted to talk with seafaring men, hoboos, stevedores, crooks,—the whole precious lot that sang, roared or slunk silently about in that waterfront den of iniquity. The noisy fellows I soon learned to avoid. They were the most friendly and certainly the most harmless of the whole motley assemblage, but by the same token they were the least interesting. The sullen and taciturn chaps were difficult to approach, but when once the ice was broken their queer, hard, cynical views of life were fascinating. Many of them had real stories to relate, queer wild tales of Port Said, and Thursday Island and Nagasaki, and other places where two or more civilizations grate together in festering friction. And there I was sitting one night, cooped off in one of the rear cubby holes with a loquacious Norwegian mate, long since snoring in drunken abandon, when I first heard the voice of Malacca Jim. Probably it was the snoring

that threw him off his guard, or it might have been the rot-gut whiskey that did it. At all events his remarks were perfectly audible through the thin partition.

"Of course the divers said it wasn't there," he exclaimed with an irritable oath. "I know that as well as you do. I'm likewise hep to the fact that Lloyds gave it up as a bad job. That's why the Empire crowd bought salvage rights for a song. That hasn't got anything to do with what I'm tryin' to tell you, however."

"Well," grumbled his companion, in accents best described as querulous, "if these million dollar outfits can't negotiate the job, how th'ell can we do it with a fishin' sloop an' a couple of Key West coons?"

"Where did the fools look for it?" rejoined the other in a voice shaking with excitement.

"I'll tell you where. In the safe in the Captain's cabin, sunk in a steel wall, with locks and bolts and combinations and all that sort of rot. They sawed and drilled and dynamited and raised Cain generally. And where'd it get 'em? What did it get 'em? Nothin' but the horse laugh from every captain, mate and deckhand that clears a Carribean port? They said that old Cap Arnold stole it hisself, an' the poor devil bein' dead couldn't make no defense. But that ain't neither here nor there. That fifteen hundred thousand in gold wasn't in the safe, just as the divers said. But it was aboard, which some o' them denied. It was stolen too, but not by the poor devil who shot himself on the bridge. I know who stole it, and I know where he put it. Steve Kennedy, mate of the Cuban Maid, the same as died in Brooklyn last week, was the man. I was there when he got his last clearance papers. An' for the booze I'd bought him, and chiefly because he couldn't use it himself he told me the real story of the wreck of the Cuban Maid."

A staccato exclamation of astonishment from him of the querulous voice interrupted him. There was a momentary silence broken only by the shuffling feet out in front, and the cheery voice of the hale old drink dispenser, raised in welcome of some newcomers. Then the unseen narrator resumed.

"'Severns,' says he, long toward the last, when the saw bones had told him he was about due to up-anchors, 'Severns,' he repeated, 'how would you like to fall foul of a cool million?' He stops to grab his throat again, an' I ladled out another drink. He brightens up

and continues. 'Its better'n that, old boy', he says. 'To be real exactin,' it's a million an' a half. Nice, solid, clinky gold,' he says, 'that same that went down with the Cuban Maid.' His lamps are gettin' stary again, and I figgers that he's out of his head. 'That's all right, Steve,' says I, 'have a sling of this peach brandy that the doctor recommended.' 'I'll sample it,' he says, kind a grinnin', 'but you needn't think I need a pilot. I know just where I'm navigatin', he says, 'and my dead reckonin' was always pretty acc'rate. I'm askin' you would you like to cop off fifteen hundred thousand' bones for just a few weeks' cruise?'

"Of course, I would, Steve,' I says, kind a soothin' 'just the same as any other poor devil would."

"Well, then,' he says, 'just batten your hatches while I go through with my piece,' and then he adds, casual like, 'I'll take another swig to begin' on.' I hands him the Three Star, and he starts out."

"Some Venezuelan syndicate is rushin' a million an' a half in American gold to Paris for purposes best known to itself,' he remarks. 'Politics was unsettled, anyhow, at that time, and that may have helped the idea along a little. At any rate, they ships it on the Cuban Maid, Captain Arnold, snub-nosed British tramp, La Guaira for Havre, asphalt casks in the main, along with the usual odds an' ends o' cargo that a lime juicer picks up in tropic ports. Arnold was a watery eyed, timid cuss, the kind that gets their papers by a merricle an' sails on their luck ever afterwards. A careless navigator he was, and a sloppy hand at stowin' cargo. That was why the old girl had a list to port for'ard when we climbed the reef, and that was the reason that there was eighty-five sacks o' coffee in the forepeak. Anyhow we gets the gold aboard, fifty sheet-steel casks, in the wicker jackets and red wax seals that South American feenanciers like to peddle gold around in. The old man stows it up in the built-in safe in his cabin an' locks the supplementary door, pluggin' the keyhole with green sealin' wax, a present from his wife in Leith. He seems to figger that he's takin' all necessary precautions, and proceeds to tank up."

"We fooled around three days afterwards before the old man gets his clearance papers. And I hatches an idea. There were two others in on it. Manuel Mendez, who conducts a

thirst shop ashore, is one, and Chuck Skjarson, sailin' as second officer, was the other. The scheme was this: I slip a little sleep dope to the old man, puncture his sealin' wax with the key I borrows from him, open the safe (I'd taken the trouble to annex the combination—the old man was plumb confiding when full enough), transfer the gold casks, a few at a time, to the forepeak, and chuck 'em under the old man's coffee sacks. Manuel books out on a fruit boat, beats us to Porto Rico, frames up with some cronies, and has a sloop drop alongside some moonless night when the old Cuban Maid is doing her seven knots eastward. The old man, by pre-arrangement, is drunk, the man at the wheel isn't on, there is no watch to speak of, the man that's supposed to be on the bridge is helpin' dump gold over her star-board quarter, and everything is lovely. It may sound complicated and risky; but the fever had got to us, and we were ready to take any chances. The proceeds was to be split three ways after the stink had blown over. It went off easy too. That is the first part. We hadn't dropped Curacao, when I had the safe open. Skjarson and I carried the loot to our respective cabins, and I had the keyhole plugged up again with some of the green wax, when the old man came to, groanin' and damnin' the hardships of seafarin' life. It was a stealthier job gettin' it into the forepeak, but with everybody but the engineer and coal passers drunk, it was accomplished. The old man was in a comatose state most of the time. We used our private liquor supply to keep the crew befuddled, which was easy. There was no pretense at discipline, even for a tramp. Skjarson and me had weightier things on our mind.

"He checked down here,' said the harsh voiced man, 'and I reached over to hand him the booze. He sits up in bed and grabs my hand with his hot, dry ones."

"But the devil that had been helpin' us,' he almost screeches, 'went back on us, damn him. We overdid the thing. Skjarson and I got to hitting it ourselves. We was millionaires prematurely. While we was watchin' for the alternate green and white light, that was the sloop's signal agreed upon, we got off our course. Thirty miles south of Virgin Island, we piles up on the Devil's Horseshoe, a submerged coral reef. The old girl rammed her nose high and dry, and then settled over like a hog in a wallow. The old man comes tearin'

out (it was about three bells and black as pitch with rain fallin' steadily), and after gettin' it through his skull what's wrong, seems to lose his mind. He steps over and gives her the jingler for full speed astern. Of course that finishes it. We rips off what few plates we have for'ard, and the old hulk shakes herself off the reef, backs into the horseshoe, and settles like a rock in twenty fathoms. Before she'd gone under (sinking by the head) we hears the old man's Luger bark up on the bridge, and we knew that he'd done for himself. After I'd straddled a spar for an hour, I see a green and white light alternate away over to the west. It was Manuel arrivin' late. 'That's how he came to stand by and pick up survivors. There was only five of us. And Skjarson was not among them. I had the secret all to myself, excepting of course, the Spaniard. And a "mestiza" knifed him in Port of Spain about a year later, thus easin' my mind considerably. And that,' he winds up, 'is about all there is to it. It's five years now, and the old hulk had been totally abandoned for three. And it's there,' he would repeat time after time, 'gold, red, heavy, clinky, gold, in wicker-covered casks, under coffee sacks and coral.' And all the next afternoon, when he was dyin' he kept mumbling continually, 'it's there, all right,—lots of it,—wealth and independence,—heavy and clinky,—under coffee sacks and coral,—just coffee sacks—and—coral.'"

The speaker stopped. His voice had risen unguardedly, with his intense excitement, and the heavy silence that succeeded his last utterance was marred only by the strange, rat-like squeakings of his auditor. "By Gawd, we'll get it," the latter finally ejaculated in a piercing whisper. "I'll foot the bill, all of it—and we split half and half."

"All right," rejoined the other, gruffly, "I knew I could make you see sense." They rose and passed out. Through the ancient green baize curtain, I caught a transient glimpse of them. The one, tall, gaunt and saturnine, I was to "know" thereafter as "Malacca" Jim Severns, and the other, a short, pallid, ferret faced individual, was known to an unsavory circle of associates as "Velvet Dave" Jordan.

Gold itself is the greatest of alchemists. It transforms cool blood into a raging, fiery fluid that serees the veins and the brain. I had listened but half an hour, yet the gold craze was upon me. It had transformed a

nearsighted, timid bookworm into a creature of insatiate desire for gold,—"heavy, clinky, gold," as the dying Kennedy had phrased it—it had wrought, by subtle magic, a transformation that sent me spent and breathless into the cosy bachelor home of old Bob Tierney. He smiled placidly while I told the story, but to my great surprise, expressed not the slightest skepticism.

"Aye, lad," he remarked thoughtfully, the minute striations about his keen gray eyes deepening, "I knew Kennedy before he lost his papers over the Cuban Maid affair. A strange hand he was. Bold, uncommon cool and reckless. I never heard of him in other difficulty, but by the name he had from Liverpool to Golden Gate, it would be a fitting trick o' his."

He paused and seemed to smoke interminably before resuming. "Are ye of a mind to go after it?" he queried suddenly, his eyes twinkling quizzically. "I am," I retorted, "that is—if—if it looks square and shipshape, as you would say. It isn't a fairy story?"

"No," rejoined Tierney, "that it is not. I well mind the Cuban Maid incident, 'twas well toward the 'close o' my sailin' days. It was a queer 'un, an' uncommon queer 'un, but I shouldn't doubt that your drunken friend o' the Palladio bar had the facts. 'Twould take some such a settlin' to account for the mystery. The gold was aboard, yet it had disappeared before the Empire people tried to salve her. It was gone then, and the old hulk has been gatherin' barnacles undisturbed since they gave up. Arnold was accused by some of lighterin' it secretly while he hung around in port after stowin' it. But the theory came to nothing, and there it rested."

"Why didn't Kennedy go after it?" I queried.

"He was a cool one, but cautious," said Tierney. "He well knew he could never be seen in that locality again without questions being asked. And I suppose he feared to proxy the job for chance o' the double cross."

The sun was shining through the early mists when I left Tierney's cosy quarters. We pored over maps and charts all during the night. It was settled at last, that the venture was to go through, chance what might. We were to embark upon a fruit or mail boat (because they were the speediest) and proceed with all possible dispatch to Havana. There we could charter a small schooner or power boat for the

last leg of the journey. We needed standard diving paraphernalia, and Tierney thought we should requisition a diver that could be depended upon. I deferred to his opinion in all things, knowing that as an old sea captain he could be depended upon to make a wise choice of both. He introduced me to the diver he had said he "had in mind." He came up on the eve of our departure and I met him at the Captain's house. Rennels, his name was, and by virtue of several years' labor about Galveston, popularly "Texas." A tall, spare man he seemed, but his lean lines gave promise of strength and agility. And such, indeed, he had. His countenance was deeply tanned, but his eyes, close set and inordinately light-blue in color, gave a rather sinister cast to his features. He shook hands without speaking, extending his left hand, and concentrating on me a gaze of almost malevolent intensity. I glanced at his right hand and was rather startled to observe that three fingers had been lopped off short. The mutilated hand occasioned me some uneasiness. I had dropped into the Palladio the night before, obeying an insistent impulse to spy about. Severns and his pale-faced satellite and retainer were there, this time at the bar. They were conversing in whispers with a tall dark man who was nodding his head at intervals as if in comprehension of a plan or argument. Finally they ordered, and the hand the tall individual used in drawing his stein toward him, seemed abnormal to me. The high lights of the mahogany made it uncertain, but I thought the member in question appeared maimed.

(To be continued.)

Peace.

Oh God look down in mercy; hear our prayer,
And grant us peace. The whole world wide, war-
worn

In fierce fraternal strife: the nations torn
And shattered lie. No joy or hope is there;
And men for gain of lowest profits dare
To breast the wrath of heaven; and before
The shrine of Mars, the dreaded god of war,
They offer blood. O God, hear Thou our prayer.

We dare not trust in man whose only thought
Seems but to glory in defying Him
Whose goodness, in defiance bids "live on."
Our efforts of themselves have come to naught
Of benefit, and unsuccessful, we
Now look to Thee. All other hope is gone.

A. L. McDonough.

Literary Style—and a Book.

Colonel Roosevelt is credited with this restatement of an age-old truth: "Since a book is made to be read, its first essential requisite is that it should be readable." All books of course *are* readable—more or less; but the epithet has acquired in our day an intensive meaning somewhat fuller than its mere etymological signification. To say that a book is "readable" implies in contemporary criticism not only that it is "capable of being read," but that its perusal is exceptionally easy, interesting, or delightful. In other words, to commend the readableness of a volume is to pay a tribute to the excellence of its author's literary style.

To attempt any new definition of style would be futile. The rhetorics, quotation-books, dictionaries of thoughts, etc., are full of varied expressions defining what at best must ever remain an elusive, largely undefinable entity. "Proper words in proper places," says Swift, "make the true definition of a style." "If thought is the gold," remarks Dr. Brown, "style is the stamp which makes it current, and says under what king it was issued." Perhaps Lord Chesterfield's definition is as good as most others. "Style," he says, "is the dress of thoughts; let them be ever so just, if your style is homely, coarse, and vulgar, they will appear to as much disadvantage, and be as ill received, as your person, though ever so well proportioned, would be if dressed in rags, dirt, and tatters." Thought is the substance of a book, style is the form; thought is the matter, style is the manner; thought is the literary tailor's material, style is the peculiar cut he gives it; thought is the literary chef's food in the raw, style is the cooking to which he subjects it; thought, in fine, is what one has to say, and style is how one says it.

It is clear from the foregoing that style, far from being a negligible quantity, is a very important factor in the production of any composition that has genuine merit. Just as a good tailor can make a better-looking suit of clothes out of homespun than can an inferior sartor out of broadcloth; just as a good cook can prepare a more savory meal from scraps and remnants than can a poor one from a prime roast of beef, so can a stylist present

commonplace thoughts with an attractiveness and effectiveness which a profounder and more original author, deficient in style, can never attain. The successful teacher must not only know his subject but have the secret of imparting his knowledge; and the effective writer must not only have something worth while saying but must know how to say it in a worth while way.

This does not mean that the manner of one's expression should be out of the common or conspicuous; on the contrary, the more perfect the style, the less attention it draws to itself. The art that conceals art is nowhere more necessary than in literary composition. All must appear easy, unlabored, natural. Yet, as Colton judiciously remarks: "Nothing is so difficult as the apparent ease of a clear and flowing style. Those graces which, from their presumed facility, encourage all to attempt to imitate them, are usually the most inimitable." It was a rare compliment that the man in the street paid to Goldsmith when, after reading "The Vicar of Wakefield," he declared: "Well, I don't see anything remarkable about the style of the book. 'Tis quite simple; in fact, 'tis just the way I'd write myself, if I were given to that sort of thing."

We have been led into this train of thought by a recent experience, that of reading some two-score critiques, brief notices, and extended reviews of a local book that has lately gone into a second edition (1). While all the notices, lengthy or brief, are complimentary—many of them notably so,—we have been impressed with the comparative rarity of any direct reference to the author's style, and have been not a little amused by the recurrence in several reviews of some expressions which are slightly reminiscent of Goldsmith's critic quoted above. "Heart to heart talks," for instance, "familiar talks," "simple and homely talks," "stimulating talks," "nice, sane, fatherly talks,"—these phrases suggest that their users have paid more attention to the sub-title of the volume, "Familiar Essays on Clerical Topics," than to any analysis of the style in which the essays are written. Father John Talbot Smith, we notice, has not been misled by the epithet on the title-page. "The familiar tone of the essays," he writes, "springs entirely from their friendly wit and genial humor. Both tone and wit

are sustained by pointed, graceful, unexaggerated expression."

If relatively few of the reviewers, as has been said, discuss Father O'Neill's style as such, all of them pay indirect tribute thereto. His book is "eminently readable," "bright and readable," "it makes delightful reading," "so fascinating that the reader enjoys every page," "it would be hard to overpraise the pith and point of the essays' expression," etc., etc. When Papyrus, of the London *Catholic Times* says: "The book is one which I could imagine a priest taking up and not laying down till he had finished it," he is paying its style the same compliment as Archbishop Ireland who writes: "Once I had perused a chapter or two I was compelled to mete out to it all my spare moments, until the last line had been reached—so strong the spell it wove around me, so absorbing the interest it awoke." The statement of *America* that the book is one "of which you say at once that no one can afford to be without it.... a nice combination of humor and common sense and the wisdom of experience," is constructively equivalent to the *Irish Monthly's*: "We think it will prove popular not only on the other side of the Atlantic but on this also.... A priest who puts it on his shelves—and reads it—will be doing himself a good turn." And Bishop Muldoon's dictum, "The subjects are practical and their presentation is delightful" is essentially the same as the comment of the London *Universe*, "In raciness, shrewdness, and readableness, the essays remind one of another American work, Horace Lorimer's 'Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son.'"

So, too, in the discriminating and highly commendatory review of the *Rosary Magazine*, the style of the book is inferentially lauded in this excerpt: "If the prospective reader approaches the reading of this book in a spirit of pious resignation, based upon the expectation of wading through 224 pages of dry-as-dust sermonizing, couched in the solemn style of the retreat conference and keyed up to a high pitch of asceticism, he is going to be treated to a most pleasurable disappointment.... It contains not a single dull line, no one that is not practical in its lesson, and helpful." Of notices in which direct reference is made to the style, we have room to mention only two. The scholarly reviewer of the *Standard and Times* says: "The essays are models of literary grace

and simple elegance"; and the *Austral Light*, the leading monthly of Australasia, declares: "The style is terse, crisp, and of crystalline clearness, and is enlivened with epigram. Its polish and the ease with which the author seems to express himself are evidence of that constant care and attention to self-development which is the secret of style as well as of sanctity."

On the whole, the reception accorded to "Priestly Practice" at home and abroad, and the rather notable rapidity (for a professional book) with which it has gone into a second edition, would seem to verify the saying of Pascal: "When we meet with a natural style we are surprised and delighted, for we expected to find an author, and have found a man."

C. S. C.

The Whistle that Ruined Me.

BY ARTHUR B. HUNTER.

I was dazed. At the class meeting I had promised the impossible. Spurred on by the taunts of the older fellows, I had agreed to be on hand at our banquet. Two weeks were given me in which to make my first "date." A homely "kid" of fifteen, wearing his first pair of long trousers, I was as clumsy and awkward as an elephant on stilts. To be sure I had for some time secretly worshipped lovely, blue-eyed Aline, and had admired a score of others in the Sophomore class, but I knew better than any one else that no girl in the school would go one step with a calf like me.

To Bergen I went with my troubles. He was the press-feeder for the *Franklin Evening Star*, copies of which paper I distributed daily. Bergen injected in my system some of his gingery, cheerful disposition, told me I would never learn unless I tried, and explained to me that it was just as embarrassing for the girl to answer my request as it was for me to make it. He further advised me to approach Aline immediately and ask for the pleasure of her company on the evening in question. His advice was all right, but I failed to act on it for over a week.

I wanted to ask Aline and I didn't want to ask her. My knees gave way and my teeth chattered at the very thought of approaching any girl with my request. I knew that I would make a mess of the job and still,—I didn't

want any other fellow in the class to sit beside Aline at the banquet table.

The great event was to take place on a specified Friday night. When Monday morning of that week came, I had not yet taken the first step and I was beginning to seek for some excuse to "back out." I had almost decided to ask the fellows to scratch my name off the list, when the unbelievable happened,—I started to think. I wondered how I would ever be able to "go out in society" if I never made a start, and I came to the conclusion that every act had to be performed once for the first time. My courage began to grow from the size of a pin head to larger proportions.

Monday afternoon I arrived at school about fifteen minutes earlier than was my habit. My first class was second year Latin. With no definite plan in mind, I grabbed my "Ceasar" and started for the class room. The long halls were almost empty at this early hour and I was surprised to see *her* standing at the head of the stairs. She smiled on me, or rather at me, as I came up. That smile settled it. I bit my lip—or tongue, I don't remember which,—bounded up the remaining steps and stood stone still at the distance of ten feet. There was not a sound as I listened. Providence had been kind enough to keep away spectators.

I never knew what I blurted out. All I can remember is her answer. She smiled, as all girls are supposed to smile under similar circumstances, and said, "Why certainly, Robert, I will be glad to go, *if* I can."

I was as happy, relieved and exultant as a Carrollite when he is told he may reside in Brownson. It mattered not that I fell down on Caesar's bridge, or that I spilt a pint of iodine over the only botany microscope in school, that afternoon. All the rest of the world might walk if it pleased, but my wings were sprouting. I hurried from school to tell Bergen the glad news, but he knew what I wanted to tell him before I opened my mouth, for my face told the tale so plainly that "he who ran might read."

But Bobbie's bright bubble bursted.

The next morning Aline handed me a neat little note. Her eyes avoided my gaze and there was nothing for me to do but read the missive. It was worded as follows:

"DEAR ROBERT:—

"I am very sorry, but a previous engage-

ment prevents me from accepting your kind invitation for Friday evening.

Sincerely, ALINE."

The incident was closed and I was back on terra firma again. I went to the president of the class and asked him to refund the money on my tickets. He shook his head and told me I was too late. I would either stand to lose three dollars on the tickets or find someone willing to go with me to the Sophomore banquet. I chose the latter alternative, because the ice was now broken and I could see just how thin it really was. On my paper route were a number of girls almost as handsome as Aline herself.

Miriam lived in the finest house in Franklin. She was a quiet, unassuming girl, who often opened the door when I called at her home to collect for the *Star*. Although we had never been formally introduced, I nevertheless determined to try to make a date with her. In my desperation I went to a former school teacher, who was a good friend of Miriam's mother, and asked for help. She smiled at my request and quoted Miles Standish, "If you wish a thing well done you must do it yourself and not leave it to others." I assured her that I was willing to trust her with the errand and she finally agreed to do her best for me. Wednesday evening she reported that Miriam's mother had no objection to me personally (oh no, she didn't), but that she regarded Miriam as too young to go out evenings.

By this time I was becoming resigned to my fate. I was the superfluous male. Almost did I determine to take my own sister. Thursday afternoon, however, I made another attempt.

Lula was standing on the porch when I arrived at her house on my paper route and she spoke to me as if I might really be human. I mentioned the Sophomore banquet and also the fact that as yet I had no company for the following evening. Right there she blocked my play by the announcement that she too had a previous engagement, along with her two sisters.

Friday morning my sister took a sick headache. Now I was up against it. I looked down at my nose like a mule and I felt as blue as indigo. The other fellows were talking of nothing but girls, eats, and good times. Finally "Brat" Hall, the class treasurer, noticed my gloomy silence and asked the cause thereof.

When I had explained, he patted me on the

back and promised to "fix me up O. K." He told me of Josephine who, he felt sure, would be glad to go, even with me. I grabbed at this last straw before going down forever. I asked Josephine during the noon hour. She was a well-built athlete and of course she had a basket-ball game scheduled for Friday night. I was growing so bold that I actually asked her to break that engagement and accept my invitation. She gave me no definite answer. To be sure she "would like to go, but that basket-ball game stood in the way." If she should be able to plead off, she would let me know before school was out. I heard nothing from her during school hours, however.

When I went to the *Star* office at four o'clock for my papers, my depression was as deep as a bottomless pit. Two of the other carriers and the "devil" were "guying" me about my luck, when Bergen gave a whistle, the shrillness of which could never be duplicated by a locomotive. It made the noise of the press seem as silence and our eyes followed his hand. He held a small envelope which I hurriedly opened. It was a note from Aline accepting my invitation. As I rushed madly out of the room I almost bumped into Josephine, who smiled and said "I'll be waiting for you to-night, I've begged off and will not have to play the game." I was so stupefied that I said "Thanks," and rushed on home. As I entered the house my mother met me with a smile. "It's all right, Bobbie," she said, "Lula just called up and said she'd go with you to-night." I went up stairs without a word and went to bed.

At Notre Dame.

When I first came to Notre Dame,
On desk and chair I carved my name.
I put it on the walls and floor,
And high upon the class-room door.
I carved it on the hoboes' home,
And even on the storied dome.
One day I got a sudden fright,
When I beheld that well-known sight,
My name, now on the "dinky" sheet.
For then I knew I'd have to meet
My father's wrath, and also shame,
Who'd soon erase my well-worn name,
Not from the dome, or door, or wall,
But from the roll of Carroll Hall.

Thomas C. Duffy.

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—The President seems to have aroused much adverse criticism by his recent speech in Indianapolis. Senator Borah, a leading prospective Republican candidate

Is the President for the presidency, was the Always Right? first to take up the challenge flung out by the chief executive,

and in the most vitriolic language flayed Wilson unmercifully and denounced his stand on many important questions. Charging that the President had utilized corrupt politics to retain his enforced control over the Democratic majority, Borah, from the senate floor likened him to some of the most notorious bosses in our history. It is true, that Mr. Wilson threatened punishment upon insurgent Democrats and in such language as to arouse the interest of the whole country. We must remember that the President is the natural leader of his party, and as such his word should rightly carry great influence; but intelligent Americans are beginning to look askance at some of the uses to which he has recently put his power. We wonder also how the President will answer the charges of the administration's extravagance, made by the Republican senator, of the tremendous losses of the Southern planters through weak and ineffective action concerning our trade with European countries so emphatically decried by Gov. Colquitt of Texas, and of the fierce denunciation from all sides of his Mexican policy. The people of the United States are awakening to the fact that our

government has accepted insults that no other nation in the world would countenance, and that our citizens have been defrauded and deprived of their rights without redress. Senator Borah charges that over two hundred and fifty Americans have been killed and that the Mexicans are constantly murdering others and ravaging their property, knowing that they will escape punishment. Conditions such as these will in time shock even those dense adherents of the administration who now answer all perplexing questions with shallow platitudes. President Wilson has accomplished many admirable things since he attained his high position, but we question whether he is right in many other things he has done.

—Rochester University, Detroit College of Law, Wabash College, and St. Viator's College, are the schools our debating teams will meet this year. This schedule offers a *Debating*. splendid inducement to earnest students interested in debating, an inducement that has been sadly lacking in recent years. At the meeting held this week, nearly forty men stated their intention of trying for the teams and many have already begun their work. However, it is not yet too late. The first preliminary will not be held for nearly four weeks, so there remains plenty of time for any who may desire to enter the struggle. Let no one be led to believe that debating is all pleasure and no work. Indeed the preparation becomes arduous to the extreme, and many times one must be poring over tiresome books when he would much rather be enjoying a little recreation. But for the man who perseveres, who works steadily and effectively, the reward is ample and certain. Ask any old debater and he will say, "It is worth it." This year it is probable that three teams will be needed, and as but four veterans are left from last year, there is a splendid opportunity for new material. It is true that all cannot be equally successful, but those who fail to make the teams this year will gain much valuable experience that is sure to aid them in future attempts. Unless one practises public speaking during his college days, and goes through the ordeal of facing an audience and keeping his composure, it is most certain he will have all this before him. It can be done with the least embarrassment during these days.

Hugh O'Donnell on South America.

Last Saturday evening, Mr. Hugh O'Donnell presented to those assembled the interesting record of his trip through South America's ports. The wealth of her cities, the archaeological munificence of her Inca ruins, the weird savagery of her natives, the abnormally extensive feet of her Patagonians, the idiosyncracies of her climate, her animals and her vegetation, the beauty of her women and the villainy of her men, were presented through word and picture. We had the lecturer's customary oratory in profusion, and the operator's usual manipulations in confusion. If Mr. O'Donnell would curtail the one and improve the other his addresses might be still more entertaining. Nevertheless, he presented a wealth of beauty and knowledge, and deserves the heartiest appreciation for his efforts. South America has become much better known to all of us.

The Breen Medal Orations.

Some unusually good oratory was presented by this year's contestants for the Breen Medal. The clash occurred rather quietly just before Christmas. When everything was again calm, the decision of the judges was seen to award the medal and the right to represent Notre Dame in the State Contest to Mr. J. Clovis Smith, the subject of whose oration was "War and World Peace." Mr. Lenihan, who spoke on "The Redemption of the Underpaid," tied with Mr. Smith, but the marks on delivery were favored. A rousing oration on the "Prince of Patriots" brought Mr. Timothy Galvin third place. Mr. La Joie, whose oration was entitled "The War and Socialism," brought up the rear.

	MANUSCRIPT			DELIVERY			
	Fr. Walsh	Fr. Hagerly	Fr. Irving	Prof. Hubbard	Fr. Donahue	Fr. Lennartz	
Smith	2	2	2	3	1	1	
Lenihan	1	2	1	1	2	2	
Galvin	3	1	3	2	3	3	
La Joie	4	4	4	4	4	4	

Lecture and Entertainment Course.

January

Sat. 8—Hugh O'Donnell—Travelogue 8:00 p. m.
 Wed. 13—Dr. Edgar J. Banks—Lecture
 Sat. 15—Dunbar Male Quartet and Bell Ringers, 8 p. m.

February

Wed. 3—Hugh O'Donnell—Travelogue 8:00 p. m.
 Thur. 11—Cecil Chesterton—Lecture
 Sat. 20—Bostonia Sextette—Concert 8:00 p. m.
 Wed. 24—Hugh O'Donnell—Travelogue 8:00 p. m.
 Sat. 27—Ernest Gamble Concert Party 8:00 p. m.
 —Wilfrid Ward—Series of Lectures.

March

—Hugh O'Donnell—Travelogue 8:00 p. m.
 Thur. 11—Ralph Bingham—Entertainer 4:30 p. m.
 Sat. 27—Strickland Gillilan—Humorist 8:00 p. m.

April

Sat. 3—Alton Packard—Cartoonist 8:00 p. m.
 Fri. 9—Frederick Warde—Recital 8:00 p. m.
 Sat. 10—Frederick Warde—Lecture 8:00 p. m.

Personals.

—Art Ryan (LL. B., '14) has successfully passed the Ohio bar examination.

—Mr. Frank Hanan (LL. B., '07; LL. M., '08) is just emerging triumphantly from a very heavy siege of pneumonia. We hope his convalescence may be rapid and complete.

—Mr. Raymond Miller, graduate of last years' law class, successfully passed the Ohio State bar examination in December, and is at present practising his profession in Cleveland, Ohio.

—Mr. Frederick Gilbough (LL. B., '13) is now a partner in the firm of Hurt, Gilbough and Hurt, Dallas, Texas. Fred occupies a dangerous position in this firm, but we hope he will come out safe.

—The marriage of Paul J. Moushey (E.E., '14) of Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Bernice Armstrong of South Bend, occurred Tuesday morning, January 13. Paul and his bride will reside in Cleveland. Congratulations!

—Among the fifteen who failed to pass the bar examination in Montana were not found the names of Timothy E. Downey and John M. Ward. Both these gentleman who completed their courses at the University last June passed the bar examination and are now ready to do great things in Butte, Montana.

—William J. Granfield (LL. B., '13) has entered politics in Springfield, Mass. He is

Councilman of the Second Ward and a member of the Standing Committee of the Pauper Department. "Peaches," as he was known and as we remember him on the diamond and on the basketball court, was an excellent student and gentleman.

—Mr. T. Paul McGannon, (I.L. B., '07; LL. M., '08) has been appointed deputy in the office of the Attorney General of New York State. The appointment took effect January 1st. This is a striking acknowledgment of Paul's success in his profession and of the high esteem in which he is held throughout the State. No more loyal alumnus ever carried away a sheepskin from Notre Dame. A legion of friends congratulate Paul on his appointment.

Obituary.

BROTHER GABRIEL, C. S. C.

We regret to announce the death of Brother Gabriel, C. S. C., a student at the University from 1900 to 1904. For several years he taught at St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati and then at the Central Catholic High School, Fort Wayne, Indiana. He very early desired to go to the foreign mission. His wish was gratified a year ago last September when he left Notre Dame for Dacca, East Bengal, India. He taught there in St. Gregory's School until his death at the early age of thirty-two on October 29, 1914. *May he rest in peace!*

MRS. CATHERINE MCBRIDE.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. McBride, mother of Eugene McBride of the Junior Class, who passed away at her home in Cleveland Ohio, after a short illness. The deceased was a model Christian mother, whose strong faith and fine character made her known and loved. To the bereaved family the faculty and students offer their sincerest sympathy.

Local News.

—Luke Kelly is giving lessons in boxing and wrestling in the big Gym.

—"Red" McConnell, of Walsh Hall, is back at school after an absence of three months.

—Brother Albeus is a new prefect in Brownson Hall. He formerly taught at Watertown, Wis.

—Calisthenic classes, under Sergeant Campbell, were resumed last Monday night. There are a number of new men in the classes.

—A new basketball court in the big Gym is doing good service, especially since so many men are trying out for the hall teams.

—A Mass was said in the Sorin Hall Chapel Wednesday morning for the mother of Eugene McBride. All the students in Sorin were in attendance.

—On the feast of the Epiphany, Brother Walter, C. S. C., of the Senior Class had the happiness of making his final vows. We extend to him our congratulations.

—Why are so many Juniors and Seniors arrayed in their best suits and a linen collar? Oh, they're having their pictures for the Dome taken at McDonald's. Get busy, if you haven't had on your glad rags!

—One Senior has figured out that December thirteenth ('12-13-14) was the last time a date can be written in perfect consecutive figures until August ninth, twenty hundred and ten (8-9-10). Very few of us will live to see that date.

—Beginning with this issue of the SCHOLASTIC the "Who's Who" column will be found to possess intense interest. Each week a little sketch will be presented touching upon the life of a Notre Dame student, notable, near-notable, or would-be notable.

—All Seniors, Juniors and second year Short Course Men are requested by the Editor of the DOME to have their pictures taken before Jan. 20. Anyone of the above named may drop into McDonald's Studio any day before the 20th and sit for a picture.

—A full-page illustrated article on Notre Dame University will appear in the Indianapolis *Star* on Sunday, January 17. A proof sheet of this page can be seen at the University news stand. Buy several copies to send your friends, and buy early before they are all gone.

—The ardent desire of students to get back to work and to be done with roaming around doing nothing was never better manifested than on Monday, Jan. 4, when a host of students returned. Although school did not open until Wednesday they could stand the idle life no longer.

—Thirty-five men answered the first call for candidates for the Notre Dame debating teams. The meeting was held in the Sorin Hall Law Room Monday evening, and Father Bolger outlined the work of the debaters. The first preliminaries will be held the week

of February 8. There will be a debate with the team of the University of Rochester, to be held at Rochester, New York.

—Picture agents are the rage just now. In one evening Sorin Hall was invaded by a football picture pedler, next came the calendar man, then the vendor of the Freshman picture. The price of each picture was one "buck." The sergeants-at-arms of the college classes have decided to have a striking group photograph taken. (The price will be 99 cents with a 2% discount if paid within 30 days.)

—In the Pink Room at the Oliver Hotel on Tuesday night, January 12th, before Mayor Keller and one hundred and sixty guests, "Eddie Mann," Notre Dame's favorite, gave an exhibition of his graceful dancing. Mr. Mann was assisted by his cousin "Horace Mann" who for the past six months has been principal dancer in "The Whirl of the World" and who will make his first appearance at the Garrick next Sunday in "The Passing Show of 1914." They won the hearts of all by their original barefooted statue dance, "The Flower Girl." Eddie, is engaged for several concerts next month with one of South Bend's well-known entertainers, "Barry Scanlon."

Who's Who at Notre Dame.

NO. I.—JOSEPH F. GARGAN, LL. B., '15.

The "Who's Who" column in the SCHOLASTIC was supposed to have disappeared forever with the passing of Glenn Herricks and last year's oleomargarine; and if Gargan had not returned to Notre Dame this year it would probably have never been resurrected. When a man shows as much loyalty to his Alma Mater as Joe has shown, he is worthy of all the honor that is conferred upon him by the reviving of an ancient custom and by making his name the first to appear in the 1915 "Who's Who at Notre Dame."

Gargan is a man of wide and varied experience, for he has been at many of the finest schools in the country. He finally came to Notre Dame and now thinks that there is no school that can equal our own. Joe's testimonial should carry some weight, for he probably knows more about Notre Dame than any other student. He knows this school from every angle. He has been a student, a delinquent, an athlete, an actor, a politician, a

debater, a skiver, a booster, a coach, a cheer-leader,—in fact everything except a professor; and his handsome face may yet grace the Faculty Room, for if the University ever establishes a chair of Good Fellowship Gargan will undoubtedly be its first occupant.

The Varsity cheer-leader lives in Sorin, Brownson and South Bend. Some people say that an effort was made last year to induce Gargan to leave Notre Dame and to take up his abode elsewhere; and there seems to be some truth in the report, for Joe was "on the carpet" innumerable times and he was "canned" almost as often. But Joe had the real Notre Dame spirit; he liked the place, and so he refused to leave. The first man we saw on the campus when we returned last September was Gargan, and the smiling greeting of the official Democratic boss gave us more pleasure than all the beautiful scenery that the BULLETIN describes.

To attempt to relate the entire story of Gargan's life would require volumes; we can give only a few incidents. He has fed the hungry at the Notre Dame training table and he has dined with Hank Gowdy at Rectors' in New York; and Eichenlaub will testify that Gargan was just as graceful in the latter case as he was efficient in the former. It has often been proved that Gargan was in Sorin Hall and in South Bend at the same time, and the proof was so conclusive that even Joe was convinced. His reputation is not confined to the campus. He quieted a "bully" who had bluffed almost the whole city of South Bend in a few seconds; he stopped a fight between the lieutenant-governor of Indiana and the sheriff of St. Joseph County; and he bluffed a dozen of Yale's "millionaire sports" with eleven dollars. Perhaps his most characteristic exploit was his trip to Yale. Any man who will ride a thousand miles on the "rods" of a limited in order to cheer his football favorites as Gargan did, is made of the right stuff. He has many friends and none whom he respects more than Colonel Hoynes. Joe has made his own way and he has won out. Needless to say we will give him a generous hand when he walks upon the stage to secure his LL. B. next June. His loyalty to Notre Dame will not end with his graduation, and a few years hence we should not be surprised to hear that Charlie Somers had been appointed city attorney by Mayor Gargan of Boston.

Athletic Notes.

LAKE FOREST SCORES A WIN.

The local 1915 athletic season opened last Saturday afternoon under unfavorable auspices. Lake Forest gained a well-earned victory over the Varsity basketball team, the score being 34 to 24. The visiting players proved a strong aggregation; their floor work was fast, their team play brilliant and their shooting accurate. The locals started slowly but finished strong; Lake Forest, however, by a brilliant attack piled up a lead of ten points at the start, and by consistent playing maintained this lead to the end of the game.

For Lake Forest, Eklare and Stokes were the leading point getters, while L. Krueger played the floor in faultless fashion. The work of the visiting guards was very effective. For Notre Dame, Captain Kenny rang up five baskets and played a hard game. Daly, starting a Varsity game for the first time, guarded well and scored once on a spectacular shot from the middle of the floor. Cassidy, who went into the game during the last half, showed wonderful speed and should prove a valuable man if he can develop accuracy in shooting.

It would be easy to criticise the work of the team in last Saturday's game, for a team always looks bad when the breaks of the game are going against them. However, it is probable that the team has been sufficiently criticised on the campus. The students should remember that the men are doing their best and that the team is developing rapidly. The faults of the players at last Saturday's game were far less conspicuous than the lack of spirit on the part of the rooters. A lusty cheer when the team is behind will always help, and until the students give the team this much support they have little right to criticise it. The hooting and groaning that is so often heard during a game, would indicate that the students are "laying down." Why not get cheer leaders out and start some real rooting? The score:

NOTRE DAME, 24
Kenny Capt.
Grady

LAKE FOREST, 34
Eklare
L. Krueger

Forwards

Mills

Stokes

Center

Daly

Gray

Kelleher

R. Krueger

Guards

Substitutions:—Cassidy for Grady; Kirkland for Kelleher; McFarren for Eklare; Durr for L. Krueger; Dunsmere for R. Krueger.

Goals—Kenny, 5; Grady, 1; Mills, 2; Daly, 1; Eklare, 5; L. Krueger, 2; Stokes, 5; Dunsmere, 2.

Free Throws—Mills, 6; L. Krueger, 6.

Referee—Miller, South Bend.

VARSITY WINS HARD GAME.

By means of an old-fashioned Notre Dame rally in the second half, the Varsity defeated the fast Northwestern College five, 24 to 21 on Wednesday afternoon. The game was the most interesting seen on the local floor this season. The locals showed marked improvement over the form displayed against Lake Forest, the team work being especially pleasing to the fans. The Northwestern players were fast and husky and they led the locals 14 to 9 at the end of the first half. Notre Dame cleanly outplayed the Naperville team in the second period, showing the best basketball of the year.

Kluckhohn and Kastner gave the local guards lots of trouble in the first half, but Finegan and Daly soon solved the German attack, and in the second half held the visiting team without a single basket until Notre Dame had the game safely stowed away. Although the whole team did good work it was only the excellent guarding of Daly and Finegan that made our victory possible. Daly has quickly developed into a brilliant guard and bids fair to be one of Notre Dame's greatest stars. His guarding and shooting are alike excellent, and his strength and speed give him all the natural requisites for a basketball man. Finegan, although slightly "off color" in his shooting, displayed all his old spirit, and his clean, brainly work indicates that he is sure to be seen regularly in his old position.

Captain Kenny again led in the scoring, caging four field goals. "Joe" is playing the best game of his career. Three men worked opposite the speedy captain, Grady, Fitzgerald and Cassidy. Of the three, "Fitz" did the best shooting, while Cassidy showed the most speed. Grady plays a steady game. Cassidy pleased the crowd with his quick and accurate passing. If his shooting improves it will be hard to keep the little South Bender off the team. Mills showed more of his old form than at any time this year. His jumping, shooting and head-work all combine to make him a man of great value to the team. Coach Harper has resorted to the use of the short pass, and the

new style of play should bring many victories this year. The score:

NOTRE DAME, 24	NORTHWESTERN, 21
Kenney (Capt.—	Gamersfelter
Grady	Kluckhohn
	Forwards
Mills	Kastner
	Center
Daly	Oberhelman
Finegan	Nichels
	Guards

Substitutions—Fitzgerald for Grady; Cassidy for Fitzgerald; Kirkland for Finegan; Grimes for Gamersfelter.

Goals—Kenney, 4; Mills, 3; Daly, 2; Fitzgerald, 1; Gamersfelter, 1; Kluckhohn, 3; Kastner, 4.

Free Throws—Mills, 1; Kluckhohn, 2; Fitzgerald, 3; Kastner, 3.

A large squad of track men are working out daily under the tutelage of Coach Rockne. The new Coach is well liked by his men and they are giving him their best efforts. Stars are available for a number of events and there is considerable undeveloped material. Rockne is trying to develop men to take the places he filled so ably last year. It will be hard to find a man who can equal "Rock's" work in the pole vault and broad jumps. The indoor schedule will take Notre Dame into fast company, and everyone is hoping that our team will be strong. The schedule is as follows:

Jan. 28—Varsity tryout (Interhall meet)

" 30—Red and Blue meet. (The Red and Blue teams will be captained by Eichenlaub and Bachman respectively.)

Feb. 6—Illinois Athletic Club at Notre Dame

" 27—University of Michigan at Ann Arbor

Mar. 6—University of Wisconsin at Notre Dame

Apr. 3—A. A. U. Championships at Chicago

An extra game has been added to the Varsity basketball schedule. The South Bend Y. M. C. A. will be met on the Y. M. C. A. floor next Wednesday night. The game is arousing considerable interest in South Bend.

INTERHALL RELAY RACES.

The first of a series of interhall races were run between the halves of the basketball game on Wednesday. Two races will be run at each Varsity game, and the team having the most victories to its credit at the end of the season will be awarded a suitable trophy. The first race between Sorin and Walsh was won by Sorin, while Brownson defeated Corby in the second event. Corby was unfortunate in the latter event, as one of her runners slipped and

fell; but for this misfortune, the race might have been much closer. Duggan and Miller ran the fastest laps for Sorin, while Gargan, Elles and Fritch made the best time for Brownson. Summary:

First Race—Sorin (Duggan, Elward, Miller, Slackford, Captain, Shaughnessy and Healy), first; Walsh (Dee, Seng, Brown, Insley, O'Neill and McDonough Captain), second. Time, 1:44 2-5.

Second Race—Brownson (Gargan, Spaulding, Berry, Malone, Elles and Fritch Captain), first; Corby (Sackley, Whelan, T. King, H. King, Ryan and Bergman, Captain), second. Time, 1:41 2-5.

The interhall season was officially opened Thursday with Brownson and Corby playing the initial roles. The game was fast and snappy from start to finish, both teams appearing almost evenly matched. Although Corby had a lead of three points at the half, Brownson eventually won the game by one point, the final score being, Brownson, 21; Corby, 20. Murphy, Glinn and Ellis played well for the winners, while Keefe showed up to good advantage for Corby. Both teams were guilty of numerous fouls and misplays.

In the second game of the afternoon Sorin met its ancient rival, Walsh, and history speedily repeated itself, with the result that Sorin ran up 18 points to Walsh's 11. The game was all action, and every point made was hotly contested for. "Slim" Walsh, Sorin's high-handed center, was easily the star of the game, throwing four baskets, besides picking innumerable passes from the atmosphere near the roof. Ryan and Mays of Walsh also distinguished themselves. Slackford and Henehan tried hard to be in every play for Sorin, and that their efforts were very successful is proved by the score.

The third game was a more closely played contest between the Day Scholars' aggregation and the St. Joseph five, the latter winning a 17 to 12 victory. The first half of the game was replete with errors, but in the last half both teams woke up and commenced to fight. Edgren for the "Day Dodgers" proved himself the stellar attraction, and played a brilliant game throughout. Cook and O'Donnell did fine work for St. Joseph.

Safety Valve.

A SURE SIGN.

If you want to find a low brow around the school watch for the fellow who shuffles his feet during a lecture in Washington Hall.

A THREAT.

If you fellows don't keep your New Year resolutions, we'll give you some more Student Vaudeville.

A SONG.

It's a long way to old St. Mary's
It's a long way to roam;
It's a long way to go for fairies
When we know we'll be chased home.
But we're strong for old St. Mary's
Because our hearts are there.
It's a long, long way to old St. Mary's
To the home of the fair.

Music by Willie Case Words by S. Allerton Dee

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO NOTRE DAME.
When I first came to Notre Dame
All over was I asked my name,
I wouldn't tell it to them, so
I answered that I didn't know;
And then they threw me in the pool,
That's how I entered this great school.
Next day I came in late for class,
And Sunday morning skived from Mass;
When I first came to Notre Dame
All over was I asked my name.
I blamed the day that I was born,
But I don't care now.

Tickee Horn.

And many a so-called student is willing to let the "Gold Dust Twins" do his work.

"Frederico Baro of Carroll Hall has a new wheel and has joined the bicycle club."

Why not the wheelbarrow club?

THE SONNET.

The sonnet is an instrument of pain
Inflicted on an unsuspecting man,
Who writhes in horror at the word of scan,
And by a verse is driven near insane.
Oh, I am one whose tastes would rather deign
To write a thousand lines of other rhyme,
Than waste a minute of my precious time
On this, a harmful, worthless mental strain.

I never cared a lot for poetry
Of any kind, and for a sonnet less
Than any other form of verse I know;
But since my credit means a lot to me,
I'm forced to hand a line of "bunk," and dress
My thought in sonnet form; but be it so.

F. Q.

SACRIFICE YOURSELF.

At present all the rooms in Walsh Hall are filled, and unless some one pulls a night skive new students cannot be accommodated.

DO THEY NEED WATCHING?

Everyone wondered why an extra prefect was procured for Brownson Hall this term, but the difficulty was solved when five Carrollites entered Brown-

son the next day. It is rumored that Krine came near sinking the hall.

The other day a letter reached our post office addressed—EDITOR OF THE DAME,

Notre Dome, Ind.

AN ODE.

'Tis of thee I sing, bun,
Pretty little thing.
Thou hast never known one
Other so to sing.
I who know thee love thee,
Holding ever high
Ev'ry morsel of thee;
Do you wonder why?
Then I'll tell you, dearest,
Since you wish it so:
To my heart you're nearest
(Stomach, don't you know).

DEAR MOTHER:—

I am back at Notre Dame again and am studying hard. The lid has been on for some days and may not be raised for weeks. They say the contents of the school would spoil if the lid were left off. Not only is the lid on, but last Tuesday the steam was off, to keep us from spoiling, presumably. I've written eight letters to Alice Ryan since last Friday and received only five from her. What can possibly be the trouble? I sent pennants to Grace and Maud and Laura but have received no fudge from them as yet. If some one doesn't write soon to keep me busy answering, I shall have to start my classes. I have offered up the fourteen points I lost by coming back late and think I have profited greatly in a spiritual way by this act. I shall also offer up the points I shall lose in the January examination, and as they will be considerable I expect to become very good by this means. The old boys are all back and some new ones have arrived, but they are all of the same inferior type. They wear flannel army shirts and some of them go so far as to eat oat meal mush at table. They think more of books than of personalities and will leave the most interesting conversation to study their classes. Please send me two more bottles of perfume as the student in the room next to mine has a most foul-smelling pipe and smokes it continually. Tell all the girls to write whenever they can as I am lonesome here among my books. I will continue to study hard every day so do not worry about me.

Your loving son,

MALCOM.

Mr. Austin McNichols new novel "From Brownson to Walsh, or, How I Made My Way," will be published this week. There is also rumor that Tom Glynn was writing a similar novel when his pen broke.

Now that the debating has started we have dug up our old ear laps. We are expecting strange sounds from every quarter, such as "Thank God we live in a country where men can strike."