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In Sorrow.

NOT in the lily beauty of your face
Did I His image see,
Not in the silver music of your laugh
That cheered the heart of me.

But as you prayed in silence in the dusk
Weeping for wasted years,
I saw His bloody brow and pallid cheeks
Reflected in your tears.

C. McC.

Gen. Lew Wallace.

BY GEORGE SCHUSTER.

WHILE fiction is not an all-important influence in daily life; we practical Americans value not unhighly those great fancies of our artists which have charmed their way to our firesides and have distributed untold pleasure through the marts of the world. Of all our numerous stories, none, it seems, has entered more intimately into the lives and hearts of men than Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur, A Tale of Christ." It is a massive, serious volume which interests critical circles; it is a story for those who feast on stories; it is, above all, a warm, human narrative full of meaning for the masses. The laborer whose hands are awkward when they finger a book, the Puritan who eyes the products of fiction askance; the frivolous for whom reading is a burden—have all loved Ben Hur. It has been multiplied by hundreds of thousands to feed the demand of Americans; it has gone abroad into almost every civilized land. A dramatic version has achieved an almost unparalleled success, casting glory upon the author and even upon the stage. Surely the composer of such a book must be eminently worth knowing. This is particularly true when

we remember that he was not essentially a literary man. Even the pages of his immortal work prove the advantage that was taken of railroad journeys, hours of absence from duty, and leisure of every sort that is likely to be granted a man of affairs; for Lew Wallace was one of the most energetic of men. A product of the frontier West, the sturdy, restless ambition of its glorious youth was his in every respect. He led his commonwealth's armies, he pleaded her cause, he formulated her laws, and chose rulers. There was in him that ebullient quality of Americanism which cherishes most sacredly the ideals of its country's institutions, and labors night and day to make them eternal realities.

The little Indiana town that gave him birth on April 10, 1827, was a far different community from those we know to-day. Men lived on the products of their clearings and clothed themselves in their goodwives' homespun. The Wabash rolled untrammelled between its dense maples and aristocratic birch. While it was not the sole thoroughfare, country roads were rough and miry, and the primitive railroad was a Procrustean torture. Educational facilities were meagre and libraries were unborn. Religion even had become an extremely faint tradition. It is easy, then, to imagine what a problem little Lew, barelegged and fearsome of soap, must have presented to his widowed father. David Wallace was a graduate of West Point, a man of deep culture and of some political aspiration. At one time he sat in the gubernatorial chair of his adopted state. He did what he could for his children, but sometimes the effort was fraught with anguish.

Nevertheless, this child acquired what advantages were available in so far as they complied with his instinct for truancy and his genuine interest in nature. He was temperamentally inclined towards draughting and books early interested him. Yet why one should sit in a

sweltering or freezing schoolroom—and in those days pedagogy was embellished with few comforts—surpassed his comprehension. In this admiration for adventure he lived of course in extensive juvenile partnership. One morning, in company with a particular crony, he presented his dirty little countenance at the door of the youthful Academy at Crawfordsville. The good men treated him kindly, but their demands upon his industry were too fearful to be endured beyond a few weeks.

Life moved on thus until the eventful day when the father ended a heart-to-heart colloquy by giving his son permission to shift for himself. Boys were brave in those days and Lew travelled to Indianapolis where he found occupation with a member of the legal profession. The duties, consisting chiefly of copying and recording, were not so onerous but that acquaintance could be made of numerous books. Fiction, history and poetry kept the youth busy till the raw hours of the morning and led to the discovery in himself of the ability to write. After that, his pen was ever diligent and he demanded knowledge, still more knowledge. There was, however, much animal spirit remaining in his character. Later on, stately society took the place of the wild boyish pranks he had never ceased to make use of, and it was during these years that he met the wife of his youth.

There was still another instinct astir in young Wallace's breast. A stray copy of Gen. Winfield Scott's "Drill Regulations" and the sight of a gaudily clad company of militia, fired his dreams with cravings for martial glory. In company with kindred spirits, he organized a youthful band of "Zouaves," as soldiers were then picturesquely termed, which drew upon itself the venom of older organizations but made their ability seem questionable.

As if to satisfy the military ambition of young Wallace, the Mexican war broke out, Oct. 8, 1846. There was intense excitement among the youth of the country, particularly those of the Middle West whose keen eyes were accustomed to fox-hunting. A company of Hoosiers was organized in which our hero received a commission as lieutenant. The men formed part of a regiment of volunteers which drifted slowly down the broad, turbulent Mississippi, fluttered by gay old New Orleans and sailed along the Texan shore till

it reached Montmoras. Here for some inexplicable reason it was left on garrison duty. The dreary monotony of the life combined with the miasmatic mists to make the station a charnel-house. Men sickened and died and their brothers wished for death. Finally the longed-for summons from General Zachary Taylor arrived, and the troops marched forward to the firing lines. Battle was imminent with Santa Anna, and almost before "Old Rough and Ready" could live up to his reputation, the storm broke. It was the battle of Buena Vista—a sullen, bloody fight which Taylor saved with his famous command, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg." The Indiana regiment did not behave extremely well, though the fault was not their own. On this account Wallace was never able to revere his old commander. So much the more, however, did he venerate Winfield Scott whom he ever considered the greatest American soldier.

The return from the war meted out the usual emoluments of praise and position. Entering politics and journalism, he attached himself with his innate tenacity to the Democratic party. Slavery as a national issue was looming up most prominently, and the Free Soilers were slowly, strongly, emerging from the chrysalis of a dozen dead aggregations. The great future war-governor of Indiana, Oliver P. Morton, became their leader there. In neighboring Illinois, that uncouth master, whose destiny it was to free the slaves, had just begun to find his way. Then the Kansas-Nebraska difficulties precipitated the issue and Stephen A. Douglas' squatter-sovereignty startled the North. It was Abraham Lincoln who stood up from the bended toil of white labor to show Douglas his error, and to demonstrate that if the sin of slavery could not be blotted out, it must not be suffered to increase. Lew Wallace was present at one of these historic debates, and the impressions he received never left him.

Gradually yet inevitably the gloom thickened and the mutterings grew more vehement. John Brown's wild-eyed abolitionism had consummated itself at the foot of the scaffold in kissing a negro child. Then, with the words of Lincoln's "First Inaugural" and "Seward's Irrepressible Conflict" ringing in their ears, Beauregard's men silenced the guns of Sumpter, and the South seceded. There were many in Indiana who believed in Jefferson Davis;

there were others for whom the Party of Jackson was of more value than the Union, and every one of these was plotting to throw the Hoosier state for slavery. But the resoluteness of Gov. Morton and the enthusiasm with which Indiana responded to Lincoln's call for volunteers forever frustrated such treachery.

The chief organizer of militia was Adj. Lew Wallace. He had overheard the anti-Union plans of the Democratic leaders and then had immediately proffered his services to Morton. One regiment he marched into Maryland, where they won some of the first, albeit slight, successes of the war. The men's terms of enlistment expired soon after the disaster of Bull Run, and they returned home. Col. Wallace, however, was soon commissioned a Brigadier and attached to Gen. Fremont in Missouri and later on to Gen. Wm. Smith. When Gen. U. S. Grant arrived to take charge of matters, successful action was immediately taken against Forts Henry and Donelson. For conspicuously valuable services during these bloody sieges Gen. Wallace was created Major-General, being then at thirty-five years of age, the youngest man of similar rank in the service. Soon after this came the disastrous battle of Shiloh, in which he was an unwilling abettor to defeat.

With the advent of the pompous and worthless Halleck as commander-in-chief of the Western forces, Gen. Wallace, in company with many fellow-officers, was relieved from duty. Nevertheless, he was called upon to protect Ohio and especially Cincinnati from pillage by Gen. Heth, and to defend his own state during Morgan's famous raid. In both of these ventures he was signally successful. The last year of the war saw him commander of the Eighth Corps, Army of the Potomac, being stationed in Maryland. His services here consisted chiefly of a gallant and critical impeding of Early's famous raid on Washington.

The war over, Gen. Wallace was one of those chosen to uphold the Monroe Doctrine against the encroachments of Maximilian of Mexico. Soon after he was called to the sad duty of sitting as one of the court which tried the conspirators to the assassination of the President. Afterwards he entered actively into politics, but was appointed U. S. Minister to Venice and eventually Ambassador to Turkey. He was also during several years military governor of New Mexico, and was one of the

investigators in the Hayes-Tilden election difficulty.

During all this period of strenuous life and labor the General had not forgotten the literary projects of which his soul had dreamed. The "Fair God" was the first-born among his books. The story of the Montezumas, as related by Prescott and as told by the various eye-witnesses of Cortez' conquest, inspired this noble revivification of Aztec glory. Its varied, haunting scenery was the impress his imagination had received during the Mexican campaign. The book was successful, and deservedly so. It was the first American historical novel to show any great pains of authorship or literary scrupulousness.

In 1875, however, the highest point of the author's career was reached. It occurred to him to amplify the thoughts that he had at various times conceived concerning the three Wise Men, and to present the manuscript to some magazine for Christmas publication. This was done, but the paper was never submitted. The next year the idea suggested itself of embodying this episode in a narrative ending with the Crucifixion. Realizing the magnitude of the task and remembering the failure of so many to characterize the Saviour as a man, he decided to make plain the chaotic degeneracy of ancient civilization, to delineate the Hebraic misconception of the Messianic mission, and to demonstrate finally the admirable message and achievement of the Christ. The glamour of Roman arms which had resounded even on Judean plains, could be pitted against the immoral luxury of the Orient and the Jewish centrifugal concept of self. It was a solemn, glorious dream, this plan of elaborating the sublimest narrative. Naturally much labor was involved. It became necessary, for example, that the author travel to Boston and Washington expressly to search for articles bearing on the mechanical arrangement of oars in the ancient trireme. The story, moreover, could be written only by fractions. Much was composed on trains, at public gatherings and during intervals of duty. The eighth and last book was scribbled in the interior of the historic palace at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

The world was anxious to receive "Ben Hur," and it has never ceased to glory in its possession. For many a man the story of his Redeemer has been rendered more vivid, more important and more sacred because of the

author's genius and effort. It stands alone among myriads of tomes as the only tale that has successfully narrated the greatest tragedy of history. Strange that this should be said of a practical American who had no real belief in Christ till he came to write his book. The taste for historical novels is waning. Nevertheless, the firm hold that his tale has attained on humanity's heart admits of no other augury than that of immortality. It is one of the few American books that will be ever welcome.

Later in life the General attempted another lengthy and important novel, the "Prince of India." It is a tale of the fall of Constantinople. This theme, unfortunately, is too remote from modern sympathies to make the author's splendid but ponderous treatment of it popular. Besides this, he published an exquisite treatment on the "Boyhood of Christ" as well as several other papers which appeared at intervals in *Harper's Magazine*. The venerable soldier, statesman and author died peacefully at his home in Crawfordsville, Indiana, Feb. 15, 1905.

His is a name that Indiana can confidently place beside the great personages of the Middle West. He was by no means the supreme American, for as a general he is comparable to none of the greatest leaders, as a politician he was mediocre, and as an author he left no definite philosophy, no subjective thought, such as stamps the loftiest genius. Nevertheless, no man has gone out of the womb of those great silent commonwealths which have but recently been hewn from the virgin timbers, who so definitely, surely, lived their versatility, their freedom, their buoyant adventure among all the fields of endeavor. He was reared in a day when there were no specialists, when the soldier trod the furrow and delved into Horace. His was not the ripe rich training of the University doctor, or the cultured diplomacy of the modern chancellor. But the energy which surmounted the obstacles of the wilderness, which filled the horrible lacunae of frontier culture, which fought its way honorably, openly, splendidly into a varied fame, is truly American. His love for religion, his devotion to his flag, and his veneration for duty are things his countrymen are very proud of. And then most and best of all, humanity will be eternally thankful for that almost inspired illumination of its dearest past, the life-story of Jesus of Nazareth.

Varsity Verse.

HER GRAVE.

We laid her in the fallow sand
Where never a flower grows,
Where the night creeps by and all is dry
Neath the withering wind that blows,
And we left her there beneath the sky
That arched her lonely grave,
For when she died, what earth denied
The bounteous heaven gave.

The moon poured down its golden rays
Upon her desert tomb,
And satellites through long, long nights
Burned up the shadowy gloom,
And the great red sun that pierced the east
And woke the sleeping night
Threw over all its brightest pall
Of crimson liquid light.

And there she sleeps in another land
Where never a tear is shed,
Where the year yawns by like a weary sigh
And never a prayer is said.
And the hearts she loved are far away,
Their voice she cannot hear,
Till God shall bring again the spring
Of the everlasting year.

L. C. R.

TO MY WATCH.

Official organ of the time,
Of late made guard upon the heart,
Thy duty is, in measured rhyme,
To warn the dying when to part.

D. McG.

A REMINISCENCE.

Oft in the summer nights,
Ere dinkey lists had bound me
I'd go to town where lights
Like stars would shine around me.

The skives, the fears,
Of Freshman years
The prefect's laws then broken;
When I'm alone,
I still atone,
For many lies then spoken.

Thus in the summer nights
Ere dinkey lists had bound me,
I'd go to town where lights
Like stars would shine around me.

W. B. W.

The Cook of the Laughing Lass.

BY ARTHUR J. HAYES.

We boarded the Valteric the next noon, our only baggage, besides our personal effects, being "Texas" Rennels' diving equipment. We made good time to Havana, and there it was we chartered the schooner Laughing Lass. A black, squatty vessel, with a snub nose and blunter lines than are usual in this type of sailing craft, she did not predispose one favorably at first glance. But the terms of her half owner, a bloated Dutch liquor dealer, were reasonable, and Tierney settled the matter by declaring her staunch and seaworthy. Her canvas and equipment were good, and she seemed admirably adapted to our purpose. Tierney cast covetous eyes upon a trimmer white auxiliary schooner alongside, the Crystyle by name, but Schneider, broker for both, informed us that she had been chartered for four days hence. Tierney made short work of raising a crew. Two grinning negro roustabouts, both of whom had seen service on Bahama spongers, were the first to come aboard. They climbed over the side all glistening ebony and ivory, touched tattered hat bands to me, and were speedily at work stowing in provisions. Shortly thereafter a little Chinaman of uncertain age and inscrutable visage clambered up with the intelligence that he was "allee same Captlan Tleeney clook." Soon thereafter he was busying himself about the galley, his activities proclaimed by a terrible clattering of pots and pans. Tierney arrived with his last acquisition, a stocky Cornishman, shortly before eight bells.

The next morning at dawn, we cast loose from the noisy little tug that had towed us well offshore, and swung the stubby prow of the Laughing Lass southeast by east. We wallowed along leisurely in a slow groundswell, the negro hands singing quaint Jamaica ballads, and the Chinaman pattering and rattling about below. Tierney and I had a long conference in the little cabin. We decided that in the event of everything turning out well, we would reward the crew with a substantial bonus. Rennels, from whom the nature of the project could not be kept concealed, we agreed to reimburse liberally with one-sixth of the total amount secured. He grunted his

acquiescence and continued to sit apart and smoke. He had a strange faculty for disconcerting one with a long unwavering stare. I seemed to sense his glances intuitively, and sure enough, whirling suddenly, I would find his little pale blue eyes boring it seemed into my very soul. He did not appear abashed at my resentment. He would hardly trouble to shift his vision, and I must needs walk across the deck to escape the focus of those unflinching gimlets. The cook, called "Chunking" by Tierney, who said he knew him of old, and various weird adaptations of "Charlie" by the negroes and the Cornishman, proved a capable hand at a ship's cuisine. The other hands proved correspondingly apt at rope and tiller, and things went on quietly enough. We encountered fairly strong but rather variable breezes, and save for an unpleasant evening in a squall off Haiti had an uneventful run.

Tierney opposed any stop at Porto Rico as apt to occasion inquiry, and on the seventh day, after careful working over of a three or four mile radius, our kedge anchor hooked a coral ledge in Devil's Horseshoe reef. So much we ascertained by an afternoon spent in sounding and charting the locality. It described an imperfect arc, broken at the western end by an opening that fulfilled the general contour of a horseshoe. Joe, one of the blacks, rowed Rennels, Tierney and myself about the submerged lagoon for almost two hours. Tierney employed his submarine telescope, a powerful glass which revealed the pink coral ledges, multi-colored marine growths and darting fishes in astonishing minuteness of detail.

And then a simultaneous exclamation from Tierney and Rennels appraised the grinning negro and myself of their discovery. I was a long time in making out the shadowy outline, but Tierney's telescope expedited matters. There lay the old Cuban Maid, tilted far over to port, her sides and superstructure one mass of barnacle encrusted rust. Marine growths trailed and shimmered from spar and stack, coral sprouts peeped tentatively forth from the long black rent in her plates. Her stumpy foremast had veered crazily eastward, as if to beckon the port it would never reach. Her hatch covers were gone both fore and aft, and small fish, brilliant as the spectrum, darted back and forth over their black yawning void. I was almost crazed with excitement, but Tierney,

true old salt, seemed saddened by the spectacle afforded by the wreck.

"A hard berth for you, old girl," he said aloud, "and a gloomy vault for the poor devils that went down with you. And Kennedy," he added as an afterthought, "died between clean sheets! Him that was the cause of it all, dying full of good whiskey, and leaving you salt-pickled shark duff!"

Rennels was of a mind with myself for immediate action. It was a matter of three hundred yards or so to the other side of the lagoon, and we shifted the berth of the Laughing Lass to a spot almost over the bones of the ill-fated Cuban Maid. Long into the night, Rennels adjusted the complicated gear with which he was to fare forth into the coral depths. The crew were employed in rigging up the sectional steel ladder that coupled in fathom links. At twelve all hands did justice to a midnight supper,—all hands I say by courtesy,—but Tierney and I were too excited to retain our appetites.

The night was oppressively hot, and we tumbled out gratefully at dawn. Chunking was astir before us, and after coffee, eggs and toast, Rennels proceeded to don the grotesque and ponderous armour of the deep sea diver.

I hung over the side breathless as he clambered awkwardly over the taff-rail and started to descend. His downward progress was marked by the myriads of iridescent bubbles born at his pressure vents. The pump, manned by Tierney and Joe, hummed monotonously, and the silence was otherwise broken by the resounding smacks of the paddles of Kanac, the other black, and the little Cornishman, who circled the schooner with much noisy splashing in the two small boats to guard against sharks. Several slate gray triangles that we knew to be the dorsal fins of a member of the species, were visible in the offing, seeming to have materialized as usual out of space. Charlie stood silently beside the wheel and stared stoically at the distant fish. He was impressed, nevertheless. His little weazened face had a slightly awed expression, and he talked in an almost inaudible monotone. "Shlark," he said to me. "Hellee bad. Bimeby bit'em. Alla same go dead."

"I don't think so, Charlie," I rejoined cheerfully, but, landlubber that I was, I could not refrain from shuddering. The paddle-smacking manoeuvre sufficed, however. They never ven-

tured near while that operation was in progress.

But in the meantime the pump was speeding up, and Rennels was making bubbling progress into the gloom of the forward hatch. For what seemed a century, the life line, the air tube, and the steel ladder swayed gently back and forth. Then the latter became taut, and the diver, like a prehistoric monster, emerged from the black void and began the ascent. Eager hands fairly hauled him over the rail. Even the imperturbable Tierney's fingers shook as he unscrewed the helmet. With his first full breath Rennels ejaculated "By jingo, fellows, it's down there. The coffee sacks are just hollow crusts of coral and barnacles now, but the casks are there. Mixed up, of course. There wasn't any in sight, but I had been poking around with my pick only a few minutes when I gashed one. And the double eagles spilled all over the place. Gold!" he almost maundered, "genuine, bully, red gold!"

Instantly the little group were transformed into maniacs. We cheered and shrieked and waltzed each other about deliriously. The excitement was communicated to Kanac and the Cornishman, who yelled at the top of their voices while pulling with might and main toward the schooner. But after a little, all hands calmed down, and Rennels, Tierney and I, constituted ourselves a committee on ways and means.

"There's no use taking chances," said Rennels, briskly. "Those steel casks are just a shell of rust by now. They're held together by the wicker and coral that has covered them. We'll rig a running gear, and you fellows haul 'em up in a sack on signal."

A block and tackle was accordingly rigged, secured to capstan and bowsprit, and lowered away after Rennels had again descended. Breathless with suspense we watched and waited. He was out of sight. The ladder ceased to vibrate. He was at the bottom. The tackle began to sag and quiver. Then the signal cord was jerked twice. There was a pause and two more jerks. "Heave away, men," said Tierney. And heave we did. All hands dragged the bulging sack inboard. Two heavy barnacle-covered objects about fourteen inches square were revealed. We intended to carry them into the cabin for inspection, but such was not to be. The little Cornishman, either by accident or design, dropped one heavily to the deck.

There was a crash and the crusted wicker

parted. Gold coins poured forth in a dazzling stream, spinning, rolling and jingling to all quarters of the deck. The effect produced was magical. The eyes of the astonished Jamaica negroes almost started from their skulls. The Cornishmen choked, gasped, and then relieved himself in a flood of choicest billingsgate.

Eager hands clawed each other in clutching at the gold. A perfect Babel of oaths, cries and ejaculations broke forth. The unexpected turn of events flustered Tierney but momentarily, however. "All right boys," he snapped, "over with it now." In a daze we swung the ballasted sack over and lowered away. Carefully we carried the intact, and the broken, cask into the cabin. "Chunking" Charlie, his eyes distended with awe, collected the scattered coin in a dustpan and pattered with it into the cabin. The next consignment of casks came up more slowly and were handled with greater care. But Tierney was worried. "Carry a gun, hereafter," he managed to whisper as we leaned over the rail. "The beans are spilled now for fair. Rennels knows of the necessity," he added, "but I was hoping to stall the Chink and the others with some cock and bull story. You can't expect men to work at any price per day, however, after they have seen sights like this." And I could not doubt that Tierney was right.

Eight casks came up by ones and twos, before the exhausted diver himself followed suit. And that night in the little after cabin, by the light of two flickering kerosene lamps, Rennels and I counted and apportioned the spoil, while Tierney stood in the door, with a hand in either side pocket that was closed firmly about cold steel. My senses were numbed by the profusion of coins. We actually tired of its clink and lustre, its weight and glitter. Heavy canvas sacks received it in units of twenty thousand. Twelve such there were when the tally was completed. And we made great ado about locking them in the old safe that had seen in its time triple the wealth, in pearls, within its Harveyized maw.

"And thirty thousand went like that," remarked Rennels regretfully, snapping his fingers to illustrate the transiency of his possession. "Maybe—" I ventured tentatively, but before I could venture the hope that the sum might be recovered, he cut me short.

"No use," he explained, "it's lost in cracks and crevices ten feet in every direction. Flat

objects spill far in water." I was forced to admit that we should have to leave it there. By the light of subsequent events, I can see that it was a small amount to have worried over. Much we were destined to leave there besides that.

For the security of our persons, Tierney, Rennels and I, kept regular watches. But I do not think anyone slept, even when off duty. I know I never closed my eyes. Everyone was heavy eyed next morning, but the excitement incident to the resumption of work speedily overcame all lassitude. We made slower progress now. Rennels was down, off and on, for almost three hours and only two casks were raised.

He complained about twisted beams, rusty plating and marine growths combining to impede his progress. Gulping a hasty luncheon (for Chunking alone of the group seemed unmoved by the dazzling wealth) we employed the noon hour in counting and sacking the coin, all three of us working like fiends. Three o'clock and one more cask came up. The diver followed. He was ill, he said, from too protracted work. He wanted to rest, and impatient as we were to be done, we did not urge him to continue. The last cask remained on deck, while we assisted him to remove the cumbersome suit. I was about to propose its removal when a cry from Chunking engaged our attention. All hands crowded aft, and beheld a white auxiliary schooner drawing rapidly towards us under bare poles. The staccato bark of a gas engine was plainly audible, and the newcomer, then but a mile away, drew rapidly alongside. Everybody appeared stupefied by the unexpected development. Everybody—save possibly Rennels. His face depicted no emotion, and the pale, protuberant eyes appeared to almost glint exultantly. I thought of the shrivelled hand on the mahogany of the Palladio's bar, and was obsessed with a vague uneasiness and distrust. The newcomer kept on his course and bade fair to run us down. When within a cable's length he veered sharply to port and came up abreast of us as his engine wheezed, coughed and stopped. His actions betokened some familiarity with the Devil's Horseshoe. His bow anchor timed with nice precision went over just in time to catch a portion of the same overhanging coral ledge that had served to secure the Laughing Lass.

(To be continued.)

The Soul's Complaint.

Oh, let me go, thou mortal coil,
 Unchain me from thy sway,
 Return thou to thy kindred soil
 And let me speed away.
 Yea, speed away in happy flight
 To realms of bliss above
 That I may reach that dizzy height
 Of everlasting love.

D. McG.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.

BY MATTHEW A. COYLE.

Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" owes much of the success of its metrical effect to the skilful modeling after Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." While the Ballad is considered one of Wilde's best poetical works, it nevertheless suffers occasionally from the author's impressionistic philosophy, an excellent reflection of the man's own capricious career.

Born in Dublin, 1856, of illustrious parentage, he began his life, which someone has declared a life "as complete a work of art, with heights and depths, triumphs and tragedies, as was ever composed," filled with ideas of a great future. He went to England and soon to Oxford. While there he began what was called the "Æsthetic Movement." His poem "Ravenna" won for him the Newdigate prize. He was not too well liked by his fellow-students on account of his sneering at all manly sports. He became peculiarly individual. In his "De Profundis," a confession of his life, he tells us that the year before he took his degree at Oxford he expressed his desire to "taste of all the trees of life." Several years after his leaving college he was convicted of grievous crimes and doomed for two years of hard labor "in debtors' yard." It was near the completion of his first year in jail that news of his mother's death and the adopting of his children by the state did much to bring him back to his normal self. Lamentably weak and entirely devoid of self-respect, he produced his "Ballad of Reading Gaol." It was while at prison that he obtained the material for his theme.

The story of the Ballad is simple, yet graphi-

cally and picturesquely told. It concerns a man who had killed the woman he loved, and as a consequence "had to swing." It tells of the terror that entered each man's heart as he watched the doomed man, who had such a "wistful eye," and of the warders who, with vigilant eyes,

Crept by each padlocked door,
 and
 Watched him lest himself should rob
 Their scaffold of its prey.

It relates of the horror-stricken prisoners who could not sleep, but who
 that endless vigil kept.

While the tale is somewhat startling and emotional, yet the wealth of figures employed make it highly pleasing.

The technique as a whole is of a masterly kind. A keen imagination and the clever use of figures of speech have added a touch of beauty to the poem. In his dismal confinement, Wilde, with the mind of an artist, looked out

Upon that little tent of blue
 Which prisoners call the sky
 And at every drifting cloud that went
 With sails of silver by.

Twice through the Ballad this is repeated with the varying of the last two lines which read,

And at every wandering cloud that trailed
 Its ravelled fleeces by.

And again—

And at every careless cloud that passed
 In happy freedom by

To Wilde must be attributed a passionate and almost voluptuous love of nature. He speaks of the doomed man, who,

With open mouth....drank the sun
 As though it had been wine!

A graphic portrayal of horror, a thought that was morbidly dwelt upon can easily be seen in the lines describing the freshly dug grave of the ill-fated man,

With yawning mouth the yellow hole
 Gaped for a living thing;
 The very mud cried out for blood
 To the thirsty asphalt ring,

and,

For none can tell to what red Hell
 His sightless soul may stray.

One could become really frightened, especially at the ghost-like faces described here:

....Through the bars that hide the stars
 White faces seem to peer.

But sharp transitions both of thought and

emotion occur. For example the stanza, down through the prison bars,

At last I saw the shadowed bars
Like a lattice wrought in lead
Move right across the whitewashed wall
That faced my three-plank bed,
And I knew that somewhere in the world
God's dreadful dawn was red.

In this stanza implication of a most open kind can be had of the struggle for supremacy of wholesome or dismal thoughts.

But blear-eyed with remorse he soon returns to his fearful lines, and characterizes sleep, which,

... will not lie down, but walks
Wild-eyed, and cries to Time.

And again personifies the earth in which the bones of the dead prisoner lie buried, looking

... upon the wondering sky -
With unreprouchful stare.

Although, as intimated, the story is not at all too wholesome, yet the wondrous figurative wealth makes at least one work of Wilde's commendable. Together with this richness goes the internal rhyme scheme or vowel play that adds generously to the whole effect. It is in this precisely that Wilde is indebted to Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." There are over forty examples of this metrical nicety in the Ballad. Yet one hardly becomes aware of it until the device or plan is studied. Coleridge employs the internal rhyme with a great deal more frequency than Wilde. Yet the latter uses it with the same skilled artistry, the same fitfulness as does the former. At times a striking likeness is evident as in Coleridge's

About, about, in reel and rout
and Wilde's line,

Around, around, they waltzed and wound.

Speaking of the stupor that prisoners often are in he says that they

Watch with gaze of dull amaze,
and again he characterizes the cunningness of the criminal face,

And with subtle sneer and fawning leer.

The Ballad is indeed very musical. While the chief devices for introducing sequence of sound are attributed to the powers implicated in alliteration, assonance and rhyme, still only one conspicuous alliterative line,—

The moaning wind went wandering round.
is found in the ballad, while Coleridge employs it quite frequently. The two lines

Alone, alone, all, all alone

Alone on a wide, wide sea!

powerfully and picturesquely depicts solitude

better than the seemingly more horrible solitude of the prisoner's cell which Wilde says is so lonely that

... never a human voice comes near
To speak a gentle word
And the eye that watches through the door
Is pitiless and hard,
And by all forgot, we rot and rot,
With soul and body marred.

Nor is the rhymic scheme more evident in the Ballad. No attempt is made to follow its law. Not so in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" which faithfully adheres to its rule.

Repetition is also another fond art of Wilde which again evinces that Coleridge was his model. This device is very noticeably used. While it has the happy office of making lasting impressions yet it may be said to be very conspicuous.

As has been said, the Ballad suffers occasionally from lapses of sentiment almost maudlin and touches of philosophy far from sane. Take the lines in which he savagely intimates that everybody kills what they love.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves.
By each let this be heard:
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word;
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword.

And when he says

The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold.

The fallacy of such a shallow generalization as this is self-evident.

In spite of these difficulties, however, the lack of domestic virtues and the presence of unharmonious thoughts, the powerful appeal of the Ballad remains. Although we may not sympathize with Wilde's sentiments at every point, there is hope in his allusion, made at the close, to a divine succor—Christ entering through a broken heart—in which his own found great relief.

I Wonder Why?

Oh why, are the skies forever so blue;
And why is my love forever so true:

And why are memories ever so fond?
I never could see, and neither can you.

Will it always be that the rose is red,
Will it always be that the tears are shed?

Oh it will, stock phrases will ever be
Till poets are safe in the ranks of the dead.

A. L. McD.

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—We have met multitudinous and diverse species of the genus "boob" in our limited experience at the University, but never have

any aroused us so wrathfully
The Washington as that particular class of
Hall Pest. pestiferous individuals who
exhibit themselves at enter-

tainments in Washington Hall. We have some sympathy for that peculiarly verdant character who wanders innocently about the campus in the early Fall, and is made the recipient for a valuable consideration of innumerable hymn books and who faithfully pays his radiator and pew rent. Also we have even wept lachrymosely over the misguided person who persists in telling us what a "devil" he is, how he delights in chewing tobacco, smoking cigarettes and drinking intoxicants, and of the terrible deeds he has committed in his variegated career. But we have nothing but anathema for the crowd of would-be vaudevillains who delight in "rough-housing" in Washington Hall. They manifest themselves by boisterous clapping on the occurrence of any unexpected incident, by stamping their feet, by semi-witty attempts to imitate the entertainers, and by a raucous applause when a student escorts a young lady to a seat. That such a condition should exist among college men is an insult to the intelligence of every decent fellow in the school. If the better class of students speedily show their disapprobation of such conduct, these offensive demonstrations will soon cease. We need not wait long for a natural passing away of such obnoxious

personalities, and we trust that they will look more favorably upon this opportunity for a peaceful self-extinction than to brave the dangers of a speedy annihilation by the righteously indignant students that the future may hold for them.

—The opinion of many experts that the ship purchase bill, if passed, will involve the United States in serious difficulties with European countries brings before
Are We Prepared? our minds more forcibly than ever the question of our present preparedness for war. It is not that we have any wish to become actively engaged in this great conflict. Now is the time when cool heads are needed, when reason must retain supremacy over the excited passion of prejudiced partisans. But no matter how earnestly we may wish for peace, that desire must not overshadow our reason and make us believe that war is very improbable for a nation in our position. The testimony of Sec. Garrison a few days ago shows clearly that we are in no condition to fight even a single battle, not to speak of a prolonged, exhausting war. Another extremely interesting feature of his remarks is the fact brought out that the British super-dreadnoughts possess guns of such a superior calibre to those of our coast defenses that the foreign navy could very easily stand out on the high seas and batter down our fortifications and destroy our eastern cities without the return of a single effective shot. This state of affairs reminds us rather disagreeably of the words of Bismarck, "God protects fools and the United States." It seems to be indeed time that sensible men were taking cognizance of our woeful disinterestedness and apathy concerning military affairs and insisting that our armaments be made as efficient as our urgent needs now demand. We must remember that our criminal lack of preparation did not keep us out of the Spanish-American War. Let us hope that future historians will not have to record a similar page of carelessness and neglect.

—It is no easy task to make a University track team, and the average student readily realizes the hard work and persevering effort required on the part of
"Boobing" Athletes. one who aspires to that distinction. It is a hard

grind day after day, and many hours must be devoted to practice which might be more pleasantly spent elsewhere than in the Gym. For the student, therefore, who is willing to sacrifice hours of pleasure for this work, who is prompt at practice every day and gives the best that is in him, we have nothing but words of praise. And we pity the poor weak-kneed individuals who sit in the balcony smelling of perfume and try to "boob" an energetic lad who is working his best on the track, by giving nine rahs for him every time he passes. These so-called clever boys are usually known to the school only by a perusal of the Delinquent List, and it seems strange that students who know better and who have the right spirit should permit this kind of thing to go on in their presence. If there is anything that will break up the spirit of a school and keep promising athletes from trying for the team it is permitting a crowd of "candy boys," who have their hair nicely parted and oiled and plastered down over reinforced concrete, to get away with this "High School puppy stuff." If you happen to be present when it is started, don't stand for it. Take these dears to the head of the stairs and start them down, and you'll be backed by every intelligent student in the school.

The Dunbar Male Quartette.

The entertainment provided by the Dunbar Quartette on last Saturday evening was an exceptionally agreeable one. The company is one of Redpath's choicest musical offerings, and the novelty and excellence of their program met the approval of everyone. There were chimes, for which this Quartette is justly famed, singing in unison and in soloistic form, orchestra numbers, piano, cello and violin renditions and dramatic readings. While some of these, notably the vocal ensemble numbers, may have been open to criticism, the versatility of the program amply compensated for any particular deficiencies. The most artistic efforts of the evening were undoubtedly the cello solos, but Mr. McConnel's songs were scarcely inferior, and the pianoforte selections were worthy of a virtuoso. Concerts like this we have no hesitancy in recommending, and they seem to represent the ideal in student entertainment. We hope that the Dunbar Male Quartette will favor us with another visit.

Information About the Yale "Bowl."

Constructed by "Yale Committee of 21, Inc."; seating capacity, 61,000; area of playing field, 3 acres; area covered by structure and approaches, 25 acres; depth of playing field below general ground level, 28 feet; height of embankment above general ground level, 26 feet; playing field at an oval, 300 feet wide and 500 feet long; similar dimensions for the outside wall, 750 by 950 feet; thirty tunnels for entrance of spectators, each 7 feet wide by 8 feet high; construction involved 300,000 cubic yards of earthwork, 20,000 cubic yards of concrete; permanent seats of Douglas fir; parking space for 5,000 automobiles; designed by Charles A. Ferry.

Obituary.

MR. E. GUNLOCK.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. E. Gunlock, father of Francis Gunlock of Carroll Hall, who died rather suddenly at his home in Chicago, Illinois, on Monday, January 18th. We offer our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family in their great affliction.

Personals.

—Thomas Mackin visited the University a few days ago and met some of his old classmates. Tom entered the Baltimore Seminary this year where he started his first year theology. He is still deeply interested in Gothic vestments and had a long talk with Father Hudson on the subject.

—Though twenty-five members out of the class of fifty failed in the Connecticut state bar examination, James and Thomas Curry of last year's law class had little difficulty in passing successfully. They were the first Notre Dame students to take the examination in Connecticut and will take up practice in Hartford.

—The marriage of Miss Isabella Montgomery Houghton to Mr. James Hawkins Ditton (old student), took place last month at the old Houghton homestead in Defiance, Ohio. Jim was a popular student in his day and has numerous friends at the University. We offer him and his bride our hearty congratulations.

—Mr. Edward Cleary, an old graduate, and for some time professor at the University, visited his many friends here on Wednesday last. Ed is holding a good position in Chicago, and is at the same time taking charge of the business of his father who has been sick for some weeks. If we are to judge by appearances, we would say hard work agrees with Ed.

—On Wednesday, January 20th, Miss M. Brady was united in marriage to John Duffy (old student). The ceremony was celebrated in Elkhart, Indiana, the home of the bride, and was witnessed by many of the students. John was a star quarter-miler in his day at Notre Dame, and is well known to the old students. We wish him and his bride long years of happiness.

Quarterly Examinations.

JANUARY, 1915

Christian Doctrine a. A. B. will be examined Thursday, Jan. 28, 7:00 P. M.

Christian Doctrine I, II, will be examined Tuesday, Jan. 26 at the hour which the classes are regularly taught.

FRIDAY, JAN., 29

Classes taught at 8:15 A. M. and 10:15 A. M. will be examined at 8:15 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 P. M. and 2:55 P. M. will be examined at 1:15 P. M. and 4:30 P. M. respectively.

SATURDAY, JAN. 30.

Classes taught at 9:05 A. M. and 11:10 A. M. will be examined at 8:15 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:05 P. M. will be examined at 2:15 P. M.

Christian Doctrine III will be examined at 1:15 P. M.

Local News.

—It is rumored that three members of the Senior class are to be married in June. Who are they?

—There will be a senior pin of one design this year, following the unanimous vote of the Seniors in each college at the University.

—A disturbance occurs in Sorin Hall daily. Regularly at 4:00 A. M. Eichenlaub yells down the corridor telling Tschudi not to forget to ring the bell at 6:30 A. M.

—There will be a debate between the Freshmen Debaters of Holy Cross and Brownson Halls. The subject will be the same as has been chosen for the University teams.

—The Notre Dame dancing season is about to open. The Sophomore Cotillion will be

given in Place Hall on the evening of February tenth. Leo O'Donnell, president of the class, has appointed a committee in charge of the affair.

—Work on the 1915 DOME is progressing slowly but surely, and if the students do their part by having their pictures taken promptly the year book will be out early.

—The next school term opens Monday morning, February 1, at 8:15. Those students who have special arrangements to make regarding their classes may see the Prefect of Studies Thursday, Friday and Saturday in his office. Failure to start class promptly will mean a loss of points for each day missed.

—Robert Carr and Frank Hiss have started a Day Dodgers' hockey team and expect to have many hard and exciting games before the winter is over. Manavio is their best player and is at present coaching the team. The Sorin-Day Dodgers' game which was to be played Sunday has been postponed until Spring.

—The toboggan slide at St. Edward's Hall is being worked to the limit these days. The recent snow has made this sport an ideal one and every recreation crowds of shouting youngsters pour down the long slide and across the campus. It would make a person wish that he were young again and free from rheumatism to watch this procession.

—During the past week the skating on St. Mary's Lake, Notre Dame, has been especially good, and few students could be found on the campus or in the halls during recreation. For the benefit of the new students who were not on the lake, we wish to say that St. Mary's Lake means the lake at Notre Dame University, not the lake at St. Mary's Academy. No need for explanation, say you.

—The Department of Journalism has had an inquiry this week from a New England newspaper for "young men who are imbued with a real interest in newspaper work. . . . I want young men who are both ambitious and well balanced," says the editor in his letter to Prof. Cooney, "and will give preference to those who have been trained in Journalism, when vouched for by their school directors." The editor says his paper has several openings in view for such young men.

—The Church Unity Octave is being observed from January 18 to 25. The Feast of St. Peter's

Chair falls upon Jan. 18, and that of St. Paul's conversion on Jan. 25. The Octave is observed all over the English-speaking world by Catholics and non-Catholics. It was originated by Father Paul, a convert, who lives at Garrison, N. Y. Special effort is being made to get as many as possible to make the Octave because of the European War, which has put unity and peace in eclipse. The halls and houses of Notre Dame have made the Octave this year.

—At the meeting of the Senior Class held Friday night in the Sorin Hall law room, the dedication of the 1915 DOME was voted upon. This, the greatest honor that the class can confer, was bestowed upon the Rev. Father Carrico, C. S. C., by the unanimous vote of the men of '15. Father Carrico, as professor of English and Ethics, has perhaps taught many more of this year's graduates than has any other member of the faculty. And in this manner he has come into the close relationship that has gained for him the love and esteem of the entire body.

—For several nights some of the Walsh Hallers with insatiable appetites have been sending one of their number, Lawbaugh, to town in order to procure a large quantity of ice-cream. No such delicacy as this can float over the campus without its becoming known. Monday night this accommodating student was attacked somewhere between the Post Office and Walsh Hall. Unable to resist the onslaught, he succumbed to the blows. It is needless to say that the big basket of South Bend's best ice-cream had disappeared with the villains when Lawbaugh revived. A reward is offered for the return of the ice-cream.

Who's Who at Notre Dame.

II.—ROBERT LEONARD ROACH, PH. B., '15.

Undoubtedly the lists of Who's Who at Notre Dame will never be complete until the name of Robert L. Roach gains its space therein. One might just as well try to get up a Delinquent List without George Brown and Tom Glynn as to attempt a Who's Who without Bob. Quite true, Bob never appeared at the Majestic on amateur night, neither did he ever start a law school for girls, but he's famous just the same, and he might as well get used to the ordeal of being praised now as later on. His

fame is bound to spread like wild fire, for we have told Willie Case about him.

Bob became a popular Corbyite and remained one for three years—a pronounced favorite of Father Doremus at all times and of Father Farley at some times. Probably it came about because he had basket-ball aspirations. Even this year we see him battling along with Sorin's team. Bob can't say he came into Sorin Hall in his senior year to acquire the habit of study, since he was actually thrust into the hall. But he had always had the study habit (Even his closest friends will admit it). As president of the Junior class he acquitted himself nobly, one of his most strenuous duties being to lead the grand March at the Prom, while clamped into a boiled shirt.

But president of the Junior class was only a stepping stone to the honor conferred upon him this year when he was elected president of the Senior class by the four-year college men, and presented with a straight jacket which he is to wear every night for an hour, in preparation for the grand march of the Senior Ball.

Like all great men Bob has a hobby—several, in fact. He likes his pipe and he likes to run a car. But apparently he likes nothing better than taking a street-car ride to Mishawaka. And the fare is well-spent. He is one of the Board of Editors of the 1915 DOME, and will probably contribute something that will give him lasting fame in a literary way.

Bob didn't ride the "rods" to New Haven, but he showed the old spirit by getting there just the same; and you might have thought he was one of the team when he was hustled into a machine and driven along in the famous South Bend Parade tendered the players upon their return from Yale. He will take his Ph. B. back to Muscatine, Iowa, with him and then let it rest for a while before he gets into business. To nobody can the saying that "good things come in small packages" be better applied than to Bob.

Athletic Notes.

BELOIT OUTCLASSED

Within the short space of one week there has been a complete rejuvenation of the local basketball team. All the early season crudeness seems to have been worked off in the Lake Forest game. The Varsity showed greatly

improved form against Northwestern, while in last Saturday's game with Beloit their work was well-nigh perfect. After the game many of the old students declared that the 1915 five is the best basketball team Notre Dame has had since the days of "Peaches" Granfield. Individually and collectively the men put up a splendid game and after the first few minutes Beloit was never in the running.

The Beloit five gave the local fans a scare at the start of the game by caging three spectacular baskets, in fact the Beloit men did excellent shooting throughout the game, Korst and Cornell starring. Finegan and Daly guarded so well that the Wisconsin men got very few shots at the basket, but they made their few chances count. The excellent team work enabled Notre Dame to double the Beloit score. The signals were working well, and a number of new plays were tried out that brought many markers. Kenny and Fitzgerald did excellent shooting and the captain proved a wizard on the floor. Mills as the pivot man, made the team work possible by getting the tip-off at least four times out of five. "Rupe" had his eye on the basket, chalking up five field goals. Daly and Finegan worked into the team play splendidly and look like an unbeatable pair of guards. The second string men were in the game only a short time but they showed up well. The score:

NOTRE DAME, 42	BELOIT, 21
Kenny (Capt.)	Ward
Fitzgerald	Cornell

	Forwards	
Mills		McArthur
	Center	
Daly		Klesath
Finegan		Elder
	Guards	

Substitutions—G. Ward for Mills; Kelleher for Finegan; Grady for Fitzgerald; Kirkland for Daly; Cassidy for Kenny; Korst for Elder.

Field Goals—Kenny, 6; Fitzgerald 6; Mills, 5; Daly, Korst, 4; Cornell, 3; Ward, Elder, 1.

Free Throws—Fitzgerald, 5; Grady, Cornell, 3.

Referee—Miller, South Bend.

THE VARSITY WINS IN SOUTH BEND.

The South Bend Y. M. C. A. five proved comparatively easy for the Varsity five on Wednesday night. The game was an added one on the local schedule and was played on the South Bend floor. A large crowd of South Bend people attended and the locals showed the neighboring village some classy basketballing. In justice to the South Bend team

it must be mentioned that their regular center was out of the game. The men who played opposite Mills were no match for him. "Big Rupe," as the South Benders know him, was easily the star of the combat, caging seven baskets and one free throw. From the moment of the tip-off he was always following the ball and the Y. M. boys were never able to guard him.

All the Notre Dame men showed up well. Kenny and Fitzgerald continued their spectacular shooting, each making six baskets. Daly ran the forwards a close race, making five field goals. Finegan played his usual effective game at guard. The substitutes played the last part of the game for Notre Dame, and of these Cassidy showed up best. "Cliff" broke into the scoring column with four baskets and continued his brilliant floor work. Grant and Vandembosch did the best work for the Y. M. C. A. The score of the first half was 34 to 13 and that of the second 25 to 17, both in favor of Notre Dame. The score:

NOTRE DAME, 59	Y. M. C. A., 30
Fitzgerald	O'Donnell
Kenny (Capt.)	Vandembosch
	Forwards
Mills	C. Witt
	Center
Daly	Grant
Finegan	Bacon
	Guards

Substitutions—Cassidy for Fitzgerald; Grady for Kenny; Ward for Mills; Kelleher for Daly; Kirkland for Finegan; Grant for O'Donnell; A. Witt for C. Witt; Hurlwich for Grant.

Field Goals—Mills, 7; Fitzgerald, 6; Kenny, 6; Daly 5; Cassidy, 4; Grady, 6; Grant, 6; Vandembosch, 3; O'Donnell, 2; C. Witt, 2;

Free Throws—Vandembosch, 4; Mills, 1.

Referee—Metzler, South Bend High School.

The relay races of last Saturday were far less exciting than those of the previous Wednesday. Corby secured an easy victory over Walsh, Whelan and Bergman showing great speed. In the second race St. Joseph and the "Day Dodgers" made their first appearance. Despite the fact that Edgren and Voelkers are two of the fastest men in interhall, the "Day Dodgers" were no match for the well-balanced St. Joseph team. Froind and Bartholomew ran well for St. Joseph.

Critics everywhere seem in favor of inter-sectional games in football, and it is hoped the time is not far off when East and West will have regular games every year. A writer

in *Collier's* has the following views on the subject:

A few years ago the West, in a body, was more than keen for an intersectional football argument with the East, but the East was then the shy and diffident party. Now the East is anxious to plunge into an intersectional debate, but outside of Michigan and Notre Dame the West has developed the ancient coyness of the East, the Conference standing pat as an aloof corporation.

In spite of which the broadening tendencies of intersectional games have been proved, and 1915 is almost sure to see more of these contests than any other year on the docket of sport.

The Harvard - Michigan game, in addition to being a fine football battle, was a carnival of sportsmanship unsurpassed.

Princeton will join with Harvard, Yale, Penn, and Cornell in arranging Western competition when the next schedule is arranged, provided there is any tendency on the part of leading Western elevens to join with Michigan and Notre Dame.

Only the East can hardly take it for granted that the West is to do all the visiting, for not even Harvard, Yale, or Princeton has yet reached that exclusive point of inner royalty. If it is to be—which it should be—a friendly and an instructive affair, then an interchange of visits is in order.

INTERHALL BASKETBALL.

Last Sunday proved another unlucky day for Walsh, when she suffered the second defeat of the season, going down before the fast Brownson team to the mournful tune of 35 to 9. The losers were outplayed and out-generalled at every stage of the game, and although they frequently obtained possession of the ball, it was only to lose it immediately on a poor pass or a wretched attempt to throw a basket. Brownson played a good, strong game throughout. Both the Mays for Walsh distinguished themselves, and the basket tossing of Matthews of Brownson was a pleasing feature of the game.

The second game of the afternoon gave Corby a 31 to 9 victory over St. Joe. Hard luck in goal shooting was St. Joseph's portion, and Corby did not give them many chances to score. The game was clean and fast as a whole, and the winners won strictly on their merits, but good teamwork helped them out some. Farrel was high man for St. Joseph, gaining most of their nine points, while Hayes pulled off some good stunts for Corby.

The third game of the afternoon witnessed the downfall of Sorin and the triumph of the Day Scholars' quintet. It was probably the hardest fought game of the series so far, the score being close all the way. The feature of

the contest was the wonderful basket throwing of Edgren, who seemed able to score from almost any position on the court. Sorin, however, was not so lucky in this respect. Repeatedly Pliska would rush the ball down the field, and then with the able assistance of "Slim" Walsh and "Bob" Roach, would try to throw goal, but not always successfully. Sorin put up a hard game though, as the 20 to 18 score proves.

In the first game Thursday afternoon, Brownson won a hard fought battle from Sorin. Both teams were out to win and there was no quarter given or expected. "Red" Matthews of Brownson had several little arguments with members of the opposing five, which finally resulted in both he and Lathrop of Sorin retiring to their respective benches. Sorin then finished the game with only four men, displaying a stick-to-itiveness that won popular approval. Ellis secured the most points for Brownson, while Stanley Cofall led the Sorinites in scoring. The final result was, Brownson, 19; Sorin, 10.

Corby then tackled the "Day Dodgers" and was agreeably surprised. The "Dodgers" were exceedingly butter-fingered and let the ball slip away from them repeatedly, so Corby proceeded to play circles around them. Bergman and Rydzewski starred for the winners, while Edgren probably played the best game for the Day Scholars. Score: Corby, 46; Day Scholars, 6.

In the St. Joseph-Walsh contest, Beckman of the former team gave a sensational exhibition of basket-tossing and almost succeeded in winning the game for his side. Walsh, however, came back strong in the last half and nosed out a 15 to 13 victory. S. May, Keegan, and O'Neill, put up a good brand of ball for Walsh. Beckman, of St. Joseph, had five field goals and one foul throw to his credit, and Burns contributed one field goal.

Standings of the teams.

	WON	LOST
Brownson	3	0
Corby	2	1
Sorin	1	2
St. Joseph	1	2
Walsh	1	2
Day Scholars	1	2

From a perusal of the 1915 Interhall Basketball Schedule it seems evident that this branch

of N. D. athletic endeavor will be more vigorously indulged in this season than ever before. More games will be played than in former years, thus affording followers of the sport a better opportunity to get a line on the real work of the individual players. It is also believed that the increased number of contests will tend to place the various teams on a more equal footing by eliminating the elements of chance and luck, which have been so prevalent in past series on account of incomplete and haphazard schedules. The schedule follows:

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14,		
Brownson vs. Corby	1:15 p. m.	
Sorin vs. Walsh	2:30 " "	
St. Joseph vs. Day Scholars	4:00 " "	
SUNDAY, JANUARY 17,		
Brownson vs. Walsh	10:00 a. m.	
Corby vs. St. Joseph	3:15 p. m.	
Sorin vs. Day Scholars	4:30 " "	
THURSDAY, JANUARY 21		
Sorin vs. Brownson	1:15 " "	
Corby vs. Day Scholars	2:30 " "	
Walsh vs. St. Joseph	4:00 " "	
SUNDAY, JANUARY 24,		
Corby vs. Walsh	10:00 a. m.	
St. Joseph vs. Sorin	3:15 p. m.	
Brownson vs. Day Scholars	4:00 " "	
THURSDAY, JANUARY 28,		
Corby vs. Sorin	1:15 " "	
Brownson vs. St. Joseph	2:30 " "	
Walsh vs. Day Scholars	4:00 " "	
SUNDAY, JANUARY 31,		
Corby vs. Brownson	10:00 a. m.	
St. Joseph vs. Day Scholars	3:15 p. m.	
Sorin vs. Walsh	4:30 " "	
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4,		
Walsh vs. Brownson	1:15 " "	
St. Joseph vs. Corby	2:30 " "	
Day Scholars vs. Sorin	4:00 " "	
SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14,		
Walsh vs. Corby	10:00 a. m.	
Sorin vs. St. Joseph	3:15 p. m.	
Day Scholars vs. Brownson	4:30 " "	
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18,		
Sorin vs. Corby	1:15 p. m.	
St. Joseph vs. Brownson	2:30 " "	
Day Scholars vs. Walsh	4:00 " "	

Safety Valve.

A SHORT STORY PLOT.

(Any student may put his own ending to this well-worked-up plot and hand it in to his English class, as a duty).

The Student Detective sat back in his Morris Chair blowing great rings of smoke into the still air. At his side on a table were two 38 calibre revolvers, a razor and a wet sponge; while just opposite him on a shelf were two quarts of Nitro-glycerine, an iron drill and a bottle of pickles. A knock was heard at

the door, and a tall lady dressed in black entered at the hearty "come in." One could see at a glance that she was either a princess or a factory girl. But the student did not rise as she entered, he simply smoked away as students do, as though he were in a street-car where the straps were plentiful. Suddenly the woman shrieked aloud, "I've been robbed, someone has stolen our clothes-ringer!" and at the words she fainted and fell in a heap. Slowly the student removed a package of Spearmint gum from his pocket, placed a stick deliberately in his mouth, and without rising he walked to the window. It must be raining, he deducted after some minutes' thought; for the street and sidewalks were wet, people had their umbrellas up, and the water fell in large drops against the window pane. Yes, he said solemnly, I shouldn't be surprised if it were raining. Then walking over to the shelf without a quiver he took the iron drill and dynamite, and placed them in an iron chest, and putting the two revolvers beside them he locked the chest and went out carrying the bottle of pickles. He had scarcely left the room when the black object arose, searched through all her pockets for the clothes-ringer and shrieked again. She ran to the iron chest and shook it violently, but it had been carefully locked, then taking up the wet sponge she stabbed herself in the back and fell dead upon the iron chest. Her body was still warm when the student returned wearing a mask. He did not so much as look at the dead body before him, but opening a dresser with a skeleton key, he reached in with a shaking hand and brought out a box of soda crackers and a fork. "Horror!" he sighed, "I almost made a fatal mistake, the pickles would have been no good without these." Putting on a pair of false whiskers, a wig, and an upper set of false teeth, he produced the pickles from his back pocket, pulled the cork and ate two pickles. (It will not be difficult to complete the story, now that the plot is given.)

JOHN PHIBBS SAYS:

"If you've got a cold, you've got it, and it doesn't matter who sent you the B. V. D's, for a Christmas present."

Marie:—"And do you really do those daring things at school, Walter?"

Walsh Haller:—"Yes, Marie. Many a time I've let myself down on a rope from the fourth floor and skived off to town, finding on my return that it was necessary to climb the rain pipe to the fourth floor."

Marie:—"And you did it, Walter?"

Walsh Haller:—"Yes, indeed, and I thought no more of it than of eating my breakfast."

Marie:—"Gracious, Walter! What do you people get for breakfast?"

PEOPLE TO BE AVOIDED.

A one-armed paper-hanger with the hives.

An over-excited man who has false teeth.

A Piano player who has just learned "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

A student who has been reading about compulsory arbitration.