

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 30, 1915.

No. 17.

Exiles.

NOW do they sleep in the silver sand,
Far over the sounding sea,
Now do they dream in the drowsy dusk
Of the days that used to be.

Over the surge the grey birds sweep,
Their song is a soulful sob,
And the great green waters roll and roar
And the heavy heart-strings throb.

Now do they look with liquid eyes
Toward the first red ray of dawn,
And sigh for the songs of another land
And crave for the sweethearts gone.

S. T. D.

The Education of a Dramatist.

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

IT is hardly more than natural that the college man thinks of an education only as it is received from the institutions erected for that purpose. That the professor must pour out the knowledge and that the student before him must imbibe it—this is one view of education. What a perverted view it is, after all! For every day people are being educated who have never seen the inside of a college class-room,—a course to be regretted, perhaps, but one which is nevertheless true. Men and women are being educated in the stores, in the factories, in the offices. Practical training is coming from all sides, and theoretical training, with its practical values, comes from the pulpit, the lecture-platform and the stage.

The stage is reaching a multitude of people. Few is the number that is not reached by the lines of actors and actresses more or less worthy of the attention thus paid them. But it is not the actors' and actresses' charms that must alone satisfy that part of the public which

really wants to learn what is behind these performers. They would know something of the man or the woman who made these lines possible for the patrons of the theatre. It is not our chief concern when we see the plays of the Scandinavian Ibsen, the German Sudermann, the Russian Tolstoy, the English Shaw, or the American Howard, whether or not their respective countries furnished them with a liberal college education. We must not deny, of course, that a little of this knowledge does not go amiss. But our real concern is with the element that forced them to work out in their lives what they most desired and what they accomplished to the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of their patrons. This, then, is their education. In this must we be interested in order to know them.

Let us take a number of the playwrights whose productions constitute the bulk of the interest of the present-day theatre-goers. In Gerhardt Hauptmann is seen the German who is always attempting new methods, guided by a temperament that makes him intensely interested in the facts of life. Every new play meant an added interest for him, and he had heart and soul in his work and the work of others. He had not found the life of a sculptor sufficiently satisfactory. Nor as a zoologist or poet was he satisfied. But he had discovered that big things lay in little things, and many of his plays showed a remarkable development of something that was small in its outward relation to its world, but capable of having its greatness shown merely by the proper treatment. Could an uneducated man have done this? No. Hauptmann, then, got his education. An unschooled man could not display his versatility, nor give himself so well in his own plays. Like the other modern German dramatist, Sudermann, Hauptmann had his characters live their own lives and die their own deaths; but it takes a knowledge of mankind far above the ordinary to make even one's own moulded

characters act differently from those people who are guided by conventions.

Hermann Sudermann succeeds better than Hauptmann in gripping the sympathies and emotions of his audiences. Perhaps it is because he puts more emphasis on the conflicts in home life, but at any rate he strikes at the facts of life. As a pharmacy apprentice he did not see a future that looked very inviting to him. At the University of Königsberg, it is said, he spent a few terms fighting duels and drinking beer. As yet he was not a dramatist. Then he went to the great Berlin, the Mecca for would-be aspirants in all activities. He sent his first tragedy to a manager, telling him to keep what he could use of it; and he did, for he kept only the broad, white margin of the manuscript. He tutored in private families, he contributed to papers, and then he edited one. This was Sudermann's education. For every minute of the time he was wideawake, and closely observing life about him.

Edmond Rostand, one of the French playwrights, was admitted as a member of the French Academy, a recognition of his scholastic attainment. Rostand above all else was a firm believer in romance, aided by history wherever it could be used advantageously. He wrote tragically and forcibly, because he was in one a dramatist, a poet and a litterateur. "A man," Rostand said, "must think his own thoughts." Could he have better expressed his own measure of a dramatic requirement?

In Bernard Shaw we find the Radical, the Revolutionist, and the Socialist at his very heart. He seems to stand out as the champion of an order of society to which we are far from being accustomed. His power cannot be denied, when we note the following of admirers (such as they are) that he has gained, but this power is one that seems to entangle those who get into its grasp. A critic describes him after a good fashion when he says: "You are on his side throughout the play, even if, when it is over, you are astonished to find what company you have been keeping."

Maurice Maeterlinck was first called in the *Figaro* the Belgian Shakespeare, but some agreed that he had better be called the Puppetshow Shakespeare. However, opinions changed a little as some of his later plays were produced. Primarily, he writes to show his own philosophy of life, studying it as he does in the lives of the animals he puts into his plays.

His very peculiar belief is that the only words and actions that count for anything are those that at first seem useless, not those that are necessary to the case; just as the best conversation at the table is heard outside of that which is necessary in asking to be served with certain food. A little drama, some dialogue, and some characters are all that are necessary to Maeterlinck's plays. He wants to give what, in his mind, is a life that is fuller and more beautiful than the one which we see and know. Caverns and castles and fantastic things are the means to his end. He says that the most beautiful thing in this life is man's effort to know truth. We care little to know whether this man of dreams ever went to college. We know that he appeals in his own way, and we understand him better if we, too, feel a little dreamy about him and his works.

We must not overlook the fact that women write plays as well as do men. And Lady Gregory must speak for all the women. The wonders of Gaelic romance, the old stories, and nature in its own sphere form Lady Gregory's contributions. She *knows* Irish life, and to know any one thing well is to be in a sense well educated. For to know that one thing well, the person cannot be blind to relative things. There is a charm about her folk-tragedies that cannot be surpassed, and the little lyrical passages frequently employed tend to make them the more charming. It does not demand a person who knows Irish life to enjoy her plays, although that person would have a better appreciation of them. Even if we try to forget that we know the author to be a cultured woman, her plays cannot deceive us. The following lines, written by one who had no thought of their being used in the way of a criticism, well express Lady Gregory's appeal to the American: "Last Wednesday afternoon I saw the Irish Players. Three short plays were given, and I wish you could have heard those beautiful, melodious voices. The plots were most simple, and all of the scenes were from the peasant life; but every little gesture betokened a world of things." If only we had more Lady Gregories!

But not all the successful modern dramatists are confined to foreign lands. America is producing men of note in this field of writing. And it is but natural that a bit of their own experiences has some interest for us—so much

more so than have the foreign writers, for the American is our brother. Brownson Howard, who has been called the Dean of the American Drama, was born in Detroit when that city was considered the "far west." His education within a school went only so far as college preparatory, but he had an inventive taste that urged him to develop all the material he found about him. His first play was never put upon the stage, for its first act was as long as a full play. It was called "Fantine" and was supposed to have had a "travelling star."

James A. Herne had only the bare rudiments of an education, and he typifies among the American dramatists the self-made man. He believed that real life was to be found in small communities and not in the cities where there is so much that is false. He joined a theatrical company in early life, and later became a successful playwright. There is a love of things Irish throughout his plays. His belief that truth could come from the stage as well as from the pulpit put a certain firmness and strength to his plays that surpassed merely their nearness to the heart.

Augustus Thomas' plays have a healthy ring that brings good to an audience. He, too, represents a man whose life has not been narrowed down to one particular line of labor, although theatrical experience has covered most of his years. He was constantly on the lookout for material for his plays, and always made an attempt to get the other man's point-of-view. He went to school until he was thirteen years old. One might say that it begins to look as if a college education stands in the way of one becoming a successful dramatist.

David Belasco, although an American, traces back his ancestry to old Portuguese extraction. But he was fortunate enough to be born in California shortly after the gold-seekers of '49 arrived. He gained only a slight early school training, but won a reputation as a reciter of a piece called "The Madman." Then for a time he stayed with some priests in Vancouver, afterwards graduating from Lincoln College. Thus there is born into the American dramatic world a man with a college education, and it has not hurt his reputation, although it left him a straggling actor for a number of years. Then he became private secretary to Dion Boucicault, and afterward played with many famous men and women. The merit of his plays exists in their reality;

he feels every bit of action that goes into them, and he writes them by acting them.

Clyde Fitch began writing plays when he graduated from Amherst college, and wrote continuously until his death in 1910, at the age of forty-five. It was only shortly before his death that he began to put an ethical message into his plays, and the great sorrow is that he could not have lived to write in his most mature years. Light and airy as are his productions, still they breathe of the life with which we are familiar and which we most enjoy.

It is unnecessary to point to any more dramatists to prove that education is a requisite of the successful playwright. This education means that the playwright must know life so thoroughly that he can make his audience see and feel and understand everything he puts into his plays. To attain this he must have the characteristics of the writers that have been described. That some have had the advantage of a college training and others have not, shows that it is not a necessary factor for his success. But the man himself is back of it all. In him is the possibility of success or failure.

Winter Song.

Sing me a song of the winter time,
Of the cold, clear crispy morn,
Sing of white stars and of silver moon
And of snowflakes lately born,
Sing of the whistling wind that sweeps
Where the summer flowers lie
Wrapped in their wondrous winding sheet,
And mourned by a changing sky.

Sing of the faces that used to gleam
In the years long, long ago,
Sing of the moistening eyes that sleep
Far under the rifts of snow.
Sing of the hearts that were dear to us,
Of the lips we oft had pressed,
Sing of a beautiful babe at play
On its mother's flow'ry breast.

Sing me a song of the winter time
And let me seek my rest;
Softly the shadows of evening fall
Like rain on the burning west.
Soon shall they carry my spirit forth,
The whispering winds that blow,
So sing me a song of the winter time
And into the night I go. M. S. R.

A Girl I Knew.

BY JOHN U. RILEY.

It is one thing to be a dramatic critic for New York's best paper, but quite another thing, while filling that office, to find yourself mixed up in the most talked of engagement and marriage of the season, a family scandal and a lot of other pleasant and other kinds of gossip all rolled into one.

I had been graduated from one of the prominent universities in the middle west after a four-year course and was fortunate enough to find a cub's berth open to me on what I have said was New York's best paper. I worked hard and put all that was in me into my work and in my spare time gave my attention to the standard classics and the best plays that came to Broadway. I had made up my mind that I was going to be the dramatic critic of that paper and in four years I was.

During my four years in the West I had formed many charming acquaintances and a few fast friendships, one of the latter being with a girl a few years younger than myself who was of a very old and wealthy family of those parts. She had done much to make my life away from home as enjoyable as was possible and I had always looked forward to the day when I should be able to return, even in the smallest measure, all the kindnesses that she had meted out to me. My opportunity came the first year of my promotion, when about the first of February a letter told me that in two weeks she would be in New York to visit an old schoolmate whom I had never met, but knew to be very prominent in the best society of the city. I wondered what I should do to entertain her. Little did I know that I was the one to be entertained.

Two days after her arrival, having renewed old acquaintance, she decided that she would like to see the interior workings of a newspaper, and made me promise that I would take her behind the scenes at one of the prominent play-houses and satisfy her curiosity as to how things were done there. Well, the newspaper came first. She insisted upon walking because she said we could talk so much better, and it seems to me that every block we passed registered a hundred or more questions answered as to all that was going on about us. Her first

visit to New York?—Goodness no, but she was just so full of youth and enthusiasm and the joy-of-living that one never could tell just what was coming next. About half way down the avenue, where the traffic moves a bit faster than at any other point, a motor passed us that looked very familiar to me, conspicuous because of its peculiar coloring and foreign appearance. The lady in the car turned as she passed, bowed cordially and smiled very sweetly, as the young man by her side lifted his hat. I immediately recognized Miss Amerton, the leading lady of Broadway's then most popular musical comedy, and the chap with her was no other than Allen Frost, Jr., son of the multi-millionaire traction magnate. When they had passed my little friend at my side asked who they might be and I told her.

"We shall see Miss Amerton to-night," said I, "in the 'Pearl of Panama,' at the Courtland, and from behind the scenes too." She voiced her pleasure and anticipation at this, and said:

"Tell me about them both. Haven't I seen something in the paper about their rumored engagement these past few days?"

"Yes, I believe there was a rumor to that effect," said I, "but I hardly think there is any ground for it. Miss Amerton is a charming personality, an ideal American lady and a most accomplished artist. Young Frost has been very attentive to her all winter, but I hardly think that papa Frost or 'old Jack Frost,' as they call him in Wall Street, would be particularly keen about having the leading lady of a Broadway success marry into his family, though she is certainly a very fine person and a daughter of one of California's oldest families."

"But what about him?" questioned my friend, and I could not but notice her concealed interest.

"Well," said I, "he's a gentleman in every sense of the word. I have met him on several occasions at the theatre and like him very much indeed. He is a Harvard graduate, and a hard worker too. New York dowagers think him the ideal catch for their eligibles, but as yet he hasn't been caught. Those who know him well tell me that he's too busy most of the time learning how to manage the fortune that will come to him when his father dies. Judging from what I've seen of him I should say that he's a real man, and while I greatly

admire Miss Amerton, I think he deserves a different type of girl altogether."

This little sketch of Frost, Jr., seemed to interest and impress my fair companion very much, and I felt that she had many more questions in her mind yet unanswered. I could imagine what her old school chum would tell her, and altogether made up my mind that she would probably meet the young man before she returned home.

That night the rise of the curtain on the battleship scene in the Harbor of Colon found us in the wings. I had presented my friend to Miss Amerton, and she seemed very much fascinated by that lady's charm and personality. As the performance progressed I could see that my companion was beginning to understand why the stage attracted such characters as that which the leading lady possessed, and when at the close of the performance I heard her congratulating Miss Amerton I began to feel that something unexpected was going to happen. Young Frost was waiting in the corridor as we came out and Miss Amerton insisted that we should meet him and allow him to take us to our destination. I tried to be excused, somehow feeling that I was endeavoring to stall off the inevitable, but to no avail, and before I realized it we were all in Frost's motor spinning up the avenue.

I talked with Miss Amerton about the new numbers which had been interpolated in the final act that night, but could not help noticing the interest which the two young people seemed to manifest in each other. Their animated conversation was something remarkable for such a short acquaintance. It did not take long for us to make the distance to the block where Phyllis was stopping, and after the motor had gone I noticed that she was unusually quiet, as though in deep thought. I promised to call the following day at four and take her to tea at one of the newer cafes where dancing was the rule. I did so, but was told she had gone down town earlier in the afternoon and desired me to call her on the phone that evening. I wondered what she could be doing down town alone. That evening on my way to dinner I dropped in to see Maurice Marks, the manager and producer of "The Pearl of Panama" and he was obviously very much worried about something. I asked him the cause of his concern and he told me that Miss Amerton had a severe cold and the doctor had sent him

word that she must be worked very easy for the next week. "That part is all right," said Marks, "but just now when everything is going fine as silk, and the standing room is all that's left for the next four weeks on account of all this press stuff about young Frost, what if she should be taken ill! We'd have to close that house that's all!

I knew that Marks had had an unusually bad season, for the "Pearl" was one of the few successes of the year. As I stood over his desk, trying to coax him out of his blue funk by an invitation to dinner, my eye chanced to light upon a memorandum pad on his desk. Ordinarily I would have absently passed over it, but a familiar signature caught my eye I looked again and read: Phyllis Stantun, care of Helen R. Cumms, and beneath it the address where she was visiting.

"Where did you get this, Marks?" said I. "How do you know Miss Stantun?"

"I don't," said Marks, "that is, except in a business way. She was here this afternoon, and asked me to place her in the chorus, and as I need another girl or two in that Lock scene and one or two others, I hired her and told her to report at rehearsal to-morrow morning."

After I had steered him to a nearby cafe, I told him all about Phyllis and what had happened since she had come to New York. I told him that she must not be allowed to do as she had evidently planned, and told him that I would drop in at rehearsal the following morning and make her understand how foolish she was. I then phoned to her, but said nothing about what I had learned since last seeing her.

The next morning at ten-thirty I strolled onto the stage at the Courtland all ready to act out my part of being horribly surprised and shocked. The girls were below changing costumes, so I looked for Marks. There he was in the corner talking with the musical director. When he saw me he came running over with outstretched hands. "Collins, that girl's a wonder. Why, she can sing like a bird, and dance! Why, say I've just been telling Harry here that he's simply got to interpolate another number and we'll give it to her and make that third act the biggest thing Broadway ever saw."

I argued and pleaded but to no avail. I saw that to convince Phyllis was my only hope. I watched for her as the girls filed up from the dressing rooms. It was not hard to pick her from among them. Small, and so dainty and

sweet that she hardly seemed real in her silvery white costume. She blushed a little, then came and took my hand.

"Whatever in the world do you think of me?" she said. I wanted to tell her just how I felt and thought, but couldn't.

"Don't you see," she said, "it's he, Mr. Frost, I mean. I love him, I did the minute I saw him: If Miss Amerton can win his attentions by her art I can win his love and you will help me, won't you, Howard?"

What could a confirmed old bachelor like myself do but say yes, and then promise to lend all his aid.

That night Phyllis Stantun's bird song was the hit of the show. Miss Amerton could hardly speak, much less sing, her cold had so choked her, but she took Phyllis in her arms and petted her and encouraged her, criticised her faults and did all she could to help her, and the next night Phyllis went back for seven encores. Miss Amerton's condition grew worse till at last it became clear to Marks that she must have an understudy and take at least a week's rest. Who should it be? He consulted Miss Amerton, who declared that Phyllis was the only girl in the whole company who could possibly learn the songs and steps in forty-eight hours' time.

"Oh, I know all the songs by heart," said the little new-found star when asked if she thought she could do it, "and as for the steps, I have practised them all at home ever since the first night I saw the show." So Phyllis set to work, a contract was signed, the papers were flooded with press notices and the fame of the star who had come out of the west spread far and wide. The first night of her week of triumph, there in his customary box seat was Frost, Jr., and though a box of roses went to Miss Amerton at her apartments, another huge box went over the footlights to Phyllis. After the performance I saw her receiving the congratulations of the company and of her city friends. For myself I was content to stand aside with the young man and wait with a sort of a last but not least feeling, till she came to us all radiant and smiling.

"We must all go up to see Miss Amerton," she said, and so we did, every night through the week, and Phyllis' glory grew and Mark's bank account grew, and the Courtland was sold out till the close of the engagement in May.

The pleasure of seeing her home after the show had long since reverted to young Frost, but the last night of Phyllis' reign, Miss Amerton, ready to continue her engagement on the following Monday night, insisted that we should all come to dinner at her apartments after the performance. Unsuspecting the real turn of events I went. I believe I was the only one who was not in on the secret and at the same time the only one who should have been. It was an engagement dinner, Phyllis and young Allen Frost, and when the good news had been toasted and congratulations were flying thick and fast, I heard Miss Amerton say, "Well, Allen, you're the best press agent I've ever had, and I guess you've convinced your father that you're competent to take charge of his advertising department."

"Yes," said Allen, "I believe I've proved too that I can put out the sort of advertising that pays." I've made the 'Pearl of Panama' the most talked of comic opera in twenty-five years, and I've made myself the happiest man on earth. Who says advertising doesn't pay?"

The Seed We've Sown.

We wonder now as we pass them by—

The poor in the streets of time,—

At the brooding look from the saddened eye,

At the hateful glance and the meaning sigh,

But little we know of the reason why,—

Of the consequence of crime.

We knew of the pangs of the suff'ring throng

Who stood in the path we trod;

But ground them down as we went along,

And we knew at the time we were doing wrong;

But our lives were lived for the joy and song

We found in the path we trod.

Oh, the wrong we wrought and the care we brought,

In carrying out the plan;

And all for the worthless things we sought;

Things at the cost of a soul we bought

But never we gave it a single thought—

The duty of man to man.

We made our prayer to a god of gold,

Instead of a God of love;

And now we're reaping a hundredfold

Of the seed we've sown and the rights we sold

When we crushed our souls into Mammon's mould

Instead of a God of love.

Andrew L. McDonough.

The Cook of the Laughing Lass.

BY ARTHUR J. HAYES.

The rays of the declining sun caught the brass lettering at bow and stern; and a certain haunting sense of familiarity with the white craft's lean lines and raking masts, burst into conviction when we made out the name "Crystyle." This was the schooner that the bloated Dutchman had said was chartered for four days hence. We had little reason now to question his veracity. Nor did we cherish many doubts as to the identity of at least two of those that manned her.

"We're due for inspection, evidently," said Tierney to me. "All hands stand by to man the gangway," he added ironically. There was no need for the injunction. From Rennels to Chunking everybody on board was clustered aft watching the small white rowboat with three occupants that had cast off from the Crystyle, and was rapidly closing up the distance between the two crafts. Tierney's perennial smile flashed forth as we made out "Malacca Jim" Severns in the stern, and "Velvet Dave". Jordan fidgeting nervously about in the bow. A burly negro propelled the light craft through the calm water of the sunken reef. Severns stood up in the stern. "Ahoy, aboard there," he sang out. "Kin we come alongside?"

"Nothin' to hinder," retorted Tierney.

A moment later the tall and taciturn gentleman had clambered aboard. "All trim an' shipshape here," he remarked nonchalantly, while casting a keen scrutiny on all sides. "What luck?" he queried casually, directing his glance toward Tierney.

"Which in a manner of speakin'," drawled old Bob carelessly, "might mean anythin' with a rim around it."

"I guess you get my drift all right," rejoined Severns casually, but with a black scowl in our direction. "I'm referrin' to Kennedy's loot, stowed for'ard in the Cuban Maid, beneath your keel here."

"Well, I'm thinkin' we did tolerably well in that direction," answered Tierney with affected unconcern. "How about it, boys?" and he appealed to Rennels and myself. But he had overshot himself here.

"About two hundred and forty thousand,"

responded Rennels with an open sneer. "Thanks to my work, an' the spyin' tactics of old 'four eyes' here." I felt the blood mount into my face at his coarse allusion to myself. But it clarified the atmosphere wonderfully. There was no longer any doubt about the identity of the person with the maimed hand I had seen in the Palladio bar.

An awkward silence fell upon the group. Jordan, the pale and rat-like, kept near the rail. Severns, angrily confronting Tierney was stationed farther inboard. Rennels had edged by imperceptible degrees toward him. Tierney and I stood alone. The other members of the crew, whether from a sense of delicacy—dubious explanation at best—or a presentiment of impending hostilities, had put the length of the little schooner between them and us.

"So you intend to double cross us, do you?" said Tierney, swinging savagely toward Rennels. That tall and shifty eyed worthy seemed unable to frame a reply, but Severns cut in for him. "You can call it that if you like," he snarled, "but I'd go easy on the hard names. It sort o' reminds me o' the circumstances connected with your end o' the game."

"We wont discuss that," said Tierney evenly. "There aint much ethics in this affair. It's stolen gold made legal by abandoned salvage rights to begin with. First come, first served. We're here first and we're going to stay. Rennels can go with you if he likes, but his underwater activities are over in these parts. He gets his sixth, we keep the suit and equipment, and I do the honors myself."

"You do—like hell!" roared Severns. I saw his hand drop down and backwards, and screamed a warning to Tierney. But it came too late. He strove to draw his own revolver, but ere his hand reached his hip, something black and shiny seemed to leap into Severn's fist. There was a loud report, a blinding flash and poor old Bob Tierney swayed for a moment, and then crashed to the deck on his face.

I have but a vague recollection of what followed. Some blunt object seemed to stave in my skull, a bright light revolved rapidly in a black void, and I lost consciousness. I came to with the feeling that a red hot wire was jerking incessantly at my tortured eyeballs. A molten fluid seemed coursing in my ears and arteries. I strove to sit up and found I could not move. Gradually order evolved from chaos. The silver radiance of the moon, flung through the

porthole overhead, flecked the place with patches of light. I found myself lying on my own bunk, bound securely, and too weak and sick to even struggle with my bonds. Gradually, as if struggling through a mist, my mind worked back to the scene on deck. I wondered if Tierney was dead. I even speculated on my now chances of getting out of the affair with skin intact, if it was intact! A clammy feeling over the left ear, such as is caused by coagulating blood, inspired doubts as to that.

There was much clattering and shuffling of feet on the deck overhead. I heard the rattle of oars in oarlocks apparently beneath my porthole, and the sound of a small boat gently scraping and bumping alongside. Severns' voice was audible in repeated orders, but I could not distinguish his words. The rays of the moon, slanting almost straight across the cabin, convinced me that it was very early in the evening, or very late, if it had happened that the old Laughing Lass had yawed about as she was very wont to do. I tried to roll over, and could not repress a groan as an exquisite twinge of pain shot along my shoulder and neck.

Something rustled in the darkness. I suddenly became aware by that subtle process of intuition that permits of no description, that I was not the only person in the cabin. Diagonally across the room it was as black as pitch. I could have sworn that in the shadow something was standing, and watching me with eyes that never flagged or wavered in their gaze.

Could it be one of Severns' fiendish crew, commissioned to put an end to me while I lay helpless in the berth? A chill wave of abject terror and misery crept over me. I could have shrieked with unreasoning terror. Then the figure in the corner emerged from its obscurity.

"Moo Clanna?" it whispered, and again, coming nearer, "Moo Clanna?" I almost sobbed with the relief of tension. It was poor Chunking's version of "McClennan." "What is Charlie?" I queried in a low tone of voice. Reassured, the weazened little cook pattered over to me. The bright moonlight mellowed with tropical softness the pock-marked features of his ugly face. His eyes seemed uncommonly wide and their jet black depths of even greater brilliancy than usual. And his Oriental imperturbability for once was absent. "Moo Clanna," he questioned eagerly, "all light now?"

He did not wait for a reply. "Captlan Tleeney dead," he added in a monotone. "Allee same us, bimeby. Whaddo now?" he wound up anxiously.

"I don't know Charlie," I rejoined helplessly. "What are *they* doing now?" There was a tremendous racket overhead, with much banging of heavy objects against the deck.

"Rennel dlive again," vouchsafed Chunking. "Man likilee Captlan Tleeney say finish job chop-chop. Get 'lectic light white boat, go down gettem allee gold. Go plentee quick Havlana."

Charlie's pigeon English had made Severns' plan sufficiently clear. He had brought extra diving equipment with him, including suitable lighting apparatus. He hoped to get as much as possible over with by working Rennels as night shift. Indeed at that depth there was little to choose between daylight and darkness. Of course he would plunder the safe of the Laughing Lass, and with what additional spoil the hold of the Cuban Maid would yield up, they would effect a speedy getaway. Heaven only knew what disposition he might make of me, or the Laughing Lass. I could look for no assistance from the crew. That the two negroes were long since terrorized into submission, seemed very probable. And the little Cornishman was not of the mold that casts great heroes. Overhead I could just hear the faint whirr of the pump, and the rumbling bass accents of Severns. The rat-like squeak of Velvet Dave was less frequently but more clearly heard. Abruptly the voice of the latter was heard close at hand as if he were preceding aft.

"All right," it said. "I'll go below and get it." Severns' reply was inarticulate, but the speaker replied, "Oh, I'll look to 'four-eyes,' all right."

"Comee down chop-chop," said Charlie. "No talk," he admonished as he slipped silently back into the shadow in the corner. "Velvet Dave" clattered briskly down the steps and flashed a lantern in my face. I had closed my eyes, resolving to feign unconsciousness. The ruse worked. He jammed a thumb into my ribs, grunted and strode over to Tierney's chest. I heard the rattle of keys, and cautiously opened my eyes. He was kneeling in the dim glow cast by the lantern, and fitting one key after another into the padlock.

Then "Chunking" Charlie emerged from his

hiding place. Stealthily he crept up behind "Velvet Dave." His right hand sought something in the folds of his other sleeve. Then a long knife flashed forth. In a single noiseless bound he was upon the kneeling figure. The polished steel caught the lantern light in a thousand scintillations as he buried it in "Velvet Dave's" back. The doomed man fell head forward, and he coughed hollowly. Then the body seemed to crumple up, and little "Chunking" eased it gently to the floor.

In a trice he was over to the berth. The bloody knife made short work of the ropes that secured me. I sat up dizzily. Chunking was back at the chest. What "Velvet Dave" wanted we never ascertained, (a chart, perhaps); but what Charlie sought, after swinging back the lid, was quickly found. He pressed an automatic pistol upon me. It was the one I had neglected to get from Tierney. How bitterly I rued the omission!

I felt weak and dazed, but once the nausea that swept over me upon regaining my feet, had passed, I mastered myself. Slowly, with limbs that trembled violently, I crept up and out upon deck. I shall never forget the prospect that met my eyes. A white tropical moon shed a brilliant shimmering light upon the scene. The water was as clear and green as molten emerald. The lights of the Crystyle winked cheerily a hundred yards away. The water lapped and gurgled about our blunt bows, and marked with phosphorescent light the clean-cut water of the trim Crystyle.

Forward, for the Laughing Lass had swung about and now pulled eastward against her hawser, the two blacks worked the pump. Severns, whom I recognized by contour only, was gazing down into the translucent depths, through which rose in steady stream like a shower of monstrous pearls, the air bubbles from Rennels' pressure vents. Two to three dull cubical objects near the pump, I guessed were more of the Cuban Maid's gold casks.

Severns turned as I emerged into the full glare of the moon. He must have sensed at once that all was not well below. I saw—I might truthfully say, I deliberately watched—him draw his revolver. Twice it spat forth flame and noise. Something seared my arm like a white hot brand. Wildly I levelled my automatic at him and pressed the trigger. The weapon literally screamed as it poured its nine shots at the figure in the bow. I

do not know how many took effect. Nor shall I ever ascertain. But Severns appeared to grow strangely taller,—tall and taut! Then he doubled up abruptly, and pitched overboard with a mighty splash. The negroes, their eyes rolling white with terror, forsook the pump and grovelled on the deck. I was about to reassure them when Chunking Charlie created another diversion.

Chattering in his native tongue, he fairly flew over the distance intervening between him and the pump. Then with a demoniacal shriek and the strength of a madman, he hurled pump and life line far out into the emerald sea! Nor was that the total of his vengeance. Before I could cry a protest, he had slipped the three huge hooks and the steel ladder slipped out of sight and reach!

It was a fitting denouement in the sordid tragedy of the Cuban Maid. The next day the Crystyle towed the stubby Laughing Lass into quaint old San Juan. We made guarded explanations and arranged for the return of both schooners to the bloated Dutchman in Havana.

All members of both crews I paid off liberally, even the little Cornishman, whose vindication of his cowardly non-interference was a cheerful "Well, H'I 'ad to save my bloomin' neck." A plausible defense, certainly!

Faithful "Chunking" Charlie is now sole proprietor of a gilt and gold cafe of wide repute. It is there I go for matutinal coffee, and vespertine cigar. Charlie, attired in conventional head waiter's garb, is an even more grotesque figure than he was in the olden days when cook of the Laughing Lass.

Yes, there is gold in the old Cuban Maid still. More than a million dollars of it. But I have no heart for a second venture into tropic seas on treasure trove. The old scenes are far too vivid for that. Even now I seem to see a skeleton in a diver's armor, waving back and forth with the quivering water in the coral crusted hold of the rust rotted Cuban Maid. I can imagine it gazing with sightless sockets at barnacle covered casks, whose rent and stove-in sides pour forth into shadowy emerald depths "real gold,—red, heavy clinky, gold!" as Kennedy phrased it, with the death sweat on his brow. I can visualize, as vividly as if they were re-enacted, the scenes of the last night on the old Devil's Horseshoe reef.

(The End.)

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

XLVIII. JANUARY 30, 1915. NO. 17.

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—The social order produces many travesties upon the intelligence and mutual good-will that causes mankind to coalesce in autonomous communities. Society, born

The Loan Shark. of mutual interdependence, nurtured by a universal desire for security, reared on the basic necessity of human charity and co-operation, has given us also its thieves, rogues and murderers. They have made it their mission to counteract and offset, in so far as they were capable of so doing, all of those ends and aims that give the State its 'raison d'être.' Their number and variety baffle computation. Different types work diversified evil. They are alike only in that they are all destructive of those ideals that serve the decent and orderly element of the community as a spur to greater effort. If we were to designate a type of knavery particularly inimical to the common weal, we would not hesitate to elevate above his compeers in iniquity, the Loan Shark. He is the most despicable of human parasites, for he battens on the life blood of the poor! His calling is a reproach to society. He is as soulless as a brute, as adept in fraud, deceit and trickery as a fiend. He is the worst enemy the charity organizations have. The extinction of this social parasite should be a matter of immediate concern for every church, every charity worker and every sociologist in the state and nation. Where they build up, he

tears down. Where they strive to inculcate hope and energy, he saps vitality and ambition, leaving only the husks of bitterness and despair. Of what use is organized assistance for the poor and unfortunate, of what consequence is the labor of thousands of charity workers, if this Parasite of Poverty is allowed to ply his pernicious trade unchallenged and unreprieved?

The charitable organizations are indefatigable in their efforts to supply the needy with coal, wood, clothing, food and medical assistance. They strive to transform the starved, feeble and discouraged victims of folly or circumstance into real entities capable of definite initiative in the struggle for existence. They are succeeding, mayhaps, when a subtle, retro-active tendency becomes apparent. Some check, some intangible obstacle impedes them in their efforts to extricate victims from the "slough of despond." It seems to sap ambition and foster apathy. If a minute spark of animation, a slight fire of incentive to self-betterment, has been kindled by intelligent assistance, it extinguishes it. The lethargic resignation returns. And charity workers cannot understand why their endeavors are fruitless. But investigation will speedily reveal a startling fact. These poverty-stricken families are resigned to the thralldom of a literal slavery! They are slaves—slaves to the Loan Shark! He is bleeding them of every cent they acquire. He is keeping them poor, keeping them discouraged, keeping them, if possible, ignorant and terrified. He has a gaudy place of business up town. Its marble counters, garish woodwork and brass trimmings give it the deceptive guise of a bank. A poor family needs money. The school children need clothing, perhaps, or a baby is arriving, or the grocer must be paid. They go to the loan shark. He is all assurances and oily affability. They borrow money, sign innumerable documents, and more flies are enmeshed in the spider's web. Deductions begin at once. Three dollars for "investigating," the first month's interest in advance, et cetera. The interest is usurious. "Split loans" and other hellish devices increase the returns. Insistent, threatening, the Loan Shark never allows his victims a moment's rest. Every penny the wretched debtor acquires goes to the garish loan agency with its brass barred "Teller's" or "Receiver's" windows. In desperation, the persecuted borrower bor-

rows again from another agency, and sinks deeper into the mire. His interest for the first year totals 57% of the principal. And thus it goes. Worthy charitable endeavor is baffled. The Loan Shark hovers about poverty as his prototype of the South Seas lingers about offal. He is defeating and defying legitimate efforts at Social Uplift.

The United States is about to proceed against the loan shark who uses the mails to ensnare his prey. A committee of the Indiana State Senate is discussing a measure that should substantially correct this abuse. It is hoped that it is presented to both houses as a bill. Because it would ease the burden on shoulders worn with toil and depressed with care, because it would be a step forward in a campaign of righteous zeal to drive the loan shark from the State, it should be passed by the unanimous vote of both branches of the legislature.

—It is a rather singular fact that Thomas Jefferson, to whom the nation is so greatly indebted for much sound diplomacy and real statesmanship in the early years of its existence, was guilty of fathering one of the most ridiculous schemes for the national defense, that has ever held government policy up to the contumely of the entire world. This was his naval policy. He did not believe in armed preparedness for invasion. He held with another chief executive, now much in the public eye, that "outraged patriotism" could prevail miraculously against the most deliberately prepared and thoroughly concerted activities of an invading belligerent. Accordingly, some hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended in small ships that were to be armed "by a justly indignant citizenry" in times of war and sent out to meet the enemy. The utter fatuity of the scheme appalled everybody, but the sterling old democrat himself. Of course these useless hulks rotted quiescently wherever stationed and never realized in use a single penny of their cost of construction. When war did threaten, the chief executive was forced to the enforcement of his now historic "embargoes"—pioneer "watchful waiting," in which American manufactures and mercantile industries went bankrupt to spite belligerents, we were too weak to fight.

Now President Wilson garnishes with aca-

demic suavity the same old threadbare and discredited chimera—an "armed citizenry"—an "outraged and all conquering populace," as it were, to defeat foreign armed aggression. In these days of three hundred mile battle-lines and 42 centimeter guns, it is inconceivable that this absurd shibboleth should be cherished by the "lesser of the least informed." Secretary Daniels admits that in the event of a successful landing of foreign troops—only a few moth-eaten forts and obsolete disappearing guns could intervene—we would be "crushingly defeated and forced to sue for a humiliating peace." Sans guns, amunition, ships, officers, sans every factor in sane preparedness, we would depend upon "an armed citizenry"—presumably three ribbon clerks with air rifles, to defend ten thousand miles of sea and land frontier.

And the most exasperating phase of such a calamity would be the fact that in an hour of real stress the unctuous platitudes of the Chataqua peace enthusiasts, the honeyed phrases of our Bryans and Carnegies, would avail not at all in righting the wrongs that must ensue.

If men are to be trained under fire—as in the case of the civil war—it is only at the price of terrible, and, under other conditions, unnecessary butchery. Belgium affixed much faith to sundry "scraps of paper"—and to-day she is a scrap heap. Our Secretary of State has enmeshed us diplomatically with every nation under the sun,—but if war broke out, all the fine diplomatic phraseology, plus all dulcet sobs of the altruistically inclined peace orators themselves, would not have a war-time footing equal to that of a colored corporal in the Tenth Cavalry.

Obituary.

MR. J. L. CARRICO.

The sympathy of the University goes out to the Reverend Leonard J. Carrico, C. S. C., on the death of his venerable father who passed away at his home in Raywick, Kentucky, on January 26th. The deceased was a member of one of the oldest families in the state, a typical Kentuckian, a man of herculean build and of saintly life. We request prayers for the repose of his soul.

MR. JOHN CONNOLLEY.

Robert Connolley of Carroll Hall has the sympathy of the University on the death of his brother, John, who passed away on his seventeenth birthday, January 13th, under most happy conditions. We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul.

MR. HENRY BESTEN.

The sympathy of the University is extended to Mr. Emil Besten of Walsh Hall in the death of his grandfather, who passed away at his home in Louisville, Kentucky, January 22nd, at a venerable age. The deceased was a model Christian gentleman and highly esteemed in his community.

MR. M. HENEHAN.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. M. Henehan, father of Martin J. Henehan of Sorin Hall, who passed away at his home in Toledo, Ohio. Mr. Henehan was beloved by all who knew him and was looked up to in his community as a model gentleman.

 Personals.

—The marriage of Miss Verena Green to Clyde E. Broussard (M. E., '13) took place in Beaumont, Texas, January 21st. Mr. and Mrs. Broussard have the best wishes of numerous friends at the University.

—The marriage of Kathryn Cecilia Shindler to Mr. Harry J. Kirk ('13) took place on January 19th at St. Mary's Church, Defiance, Ohio. Harry is well known to many of the students at Notre Dame, who extend to him and his bride their congratulations.

—An enterprising young man, variously, Harry Burns and George Browne, and we know not how many other things, has been doing Ohio and Michigan with the old, old story that he is providing a scholarship for himself at Notre Dame by taking subscriptions for various magazines, and simple, good-hearted people often come across, but the magazines never do. We warn all our friends to have nothing to do with such people. No one is authorized to use the name of the University unless he is provided with a letter stating that fact.

Later information is that Mr. Brown was arrested in Ottawa, Illinois, and received from the Court a nice little lecture and a sentence of sixty days in the County jail.

Society Notes.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

Holy Cross Literary Society met last Sunday evening, January 25th, the superior quality of the numbers given fully making up for the brevity of the program. Mr. Baragrey read a thoughtful paper on "Count Albert de Mun, Social Worker," and Mr. Masterson sang "The Meeting of the Waters." Mr. Masterson by his solo has set a high standard for musical numbers in the future. Mr. Crombie then read a narrative essay on "Ludwig Von Windthorst," Mr. Brannigan following with a humorous paper. The remainder of the evening was spent in extempore discussion of current problems.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

In the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, held Sunday evening, January, 24, the following officers were elected for the latter half of the scholastic year: President, Andrew McDonough; vice-president, Charles Somers; secretary, Leonard Carroll; treasurer, Stuart Carroll; reporter, Edward Lindemann; sergeant-at-arms, Thomas Byrne; chaplain, Vincent Holland. Thereafter arrangements were made for a debate with the Holy Cross Literary Society, only freshmen being eligible for either team. The question to be debated is, "Resolved: That employers and employees should be compelled to settle disputes affecting the public welfare through legally constituted boards of arbitration (constitutionality waived). The question was thrown open for discussion, and as a result much interest was aroused. It was immediately decided that the first preliminaries should be held Sunday evening, January 31. Before the society adjourned a committee was appointed to arrange for a smoker to be held in the near future.

KEELEY CLUB.

At the regular meeting of the Keeley Club held Saturday January 23, it was decided to drop the correspondence department, which is now handled as a separate class organization. This organization consists of an editor-in-chief, copy reader, and reporters corresponding to the city department of a city daily.

The Keeley Club now exists as a purely social club. The weekly meeting will consist of programs along journalistic lines.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING CLUB.

At the regular Friday night meeting of the Electrical Engineers Club some interesting papers were read, and a rather perplexing question discussed. Pres. A. Carmody submitted a carefully prepared paper on "The Difference between Alternating and Direct Current," while W. Shea contributed a well-thought out essay on "The Problem of Electrical Illumination." Then C. O'Brian started something when he asked "What makes a liquid rise in a capillary tube?" No one was hurt in the rush for the rostrum, but after all is said and done, it must be admitted that some startling theories were advanced to explain the simple phenomenon.

Professor Caparo, Director of the Club, announced a tentative and highly interesting program for the coming season, embracing lectures by many prominent engineers, and inspection trips to various points of interest. Among the latter are visits to electrical plants at Elkhart, Berrien Springs, Twin Branch, and the factory of the Dodge Manufacturing Co. In addition, experiments of historical importance will frequently be performed at the meetings and fully explained by the Director.

All the active members of the Club (and Pat Gallagher) were in attendance; and all will undoubtedly repeat next Friday, as the President promised a very interesting program.

III.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

Not because Russell Hugh Downey has done anything very extraordinary at Notre Dame do we record him among our notables—he never grew a mustache, he hates military drill almost as much as he does a dentist's drill, and he eats hot-dog sandwiches on the campus just like the rest of the Sorinites—but simply because he was born famous, having first seen the light in Churubusco, Indiana, (wherever that is). There was nothing very remarkable in his early years except that at the age of sixteen he learned to spell the name of his home town, and shortly after discovered that there was a railroad running some six miles from his habitation. He had the good sense to traverse this six miles and board a train which brought him to South Bend. He came out to the college at once, but has regretted this hasty step many times since,

for every time he is refused permission to go to town he thinks of the whole day he might have spent in South Bend without any fear of being rebuked, and of how he failed to take advantage of the opportunity.

Russell, though he is not working for medals or debating money or Eagle Magazine prizes; though he has no intention of getting a record in the hundred yard dash or in any other contest that requires speed, manages to keep moving along fast enough to stay with the crowd and will ascend the steps of Washington Hall in his own quiet way in June, 1916, to receive his degree. He has the good sense not to subscribe for the *Churubusco Bugler* and have it sent here to the school. He doesn't boast of his home post office and he listens to French and German songs in Washington Hall and nods his head as if he understood them, just like the rest of us. If he has any faults they are minor ones and can be overlooked. He associates with Tim Galvin, which is a small fault; he has relatives in town and mere friendship demands that he visit them frequently, and his name appears on the Notre Dame list of students between Devlin and Ducey, otherwise we can blame him for nothing. We have no doubt whatever that Russell has great things in store for him, and it would not surprise us in the least to see him elected to the State Senate and made Chairman of the Committee on Renaming Towns. We are sure that even when he has become famous in the world, he will sometimes steal back to Notre Dame, enter Sorin Hall and climb to the third floor, and if his knock is unheeded he will scratch on the panel of the door, and enter through the smoke feeling once more at home.

Local News.

—Father Carrico was called to his home in Kentucky Tuesday on account of the death of his father.

—The students extend their sympathy to Martin Henehan upon the death of his father which took place at his home in Toledo, Ohio, last Saturday.

—All the DOME pictures of the members of the Junior and Senior classes have been taken with the exception of a few. These few are earnestly requested to have them taken immediately.

—On Saturday, January 23, a Mass was offered in the Carroll Hall chapel for the repose of the soul of Francis Gunlock's father who died recently. All the Carrollites were present and received Communion for that intention.

—The College of Journalism was addressed Wednesday morning by Mr. H. N. Fassett, business manager of the South Bend *News-Times*, and by Mr. Newman, advertising manager of the same paper. The gentlemen were guests of the faculty at dinner.

—The moving picture show given every Wednesday evening at seven o'clock in Washington Hall, and attended by the students of Carroll and St. Edward's Halls, has been a great success. Reels are obtained every week from Chicago and only the best films are shown.

—The Notre Dame Rifle Club held its first shoot of the season last Saturday with the Oklahoma "Aggies." Notre Dame's score is as follows: Raymond Sullivan, 191; Leo Vogel, 187; Edwin A. Bott, 185; John Miller, 183; Kleinhans, 181; Total, 927. The Aggies' score will be received within a few days.

—The fourth degree Knights of Columbus of Laporte and Michigan City have chosen as an appropriate title for their council the name of Father Edward Sorin, the founder of Notre Dame University. The state board ratified their choice and hereafter we may expect to hear great things from Sorin Council.

—Every student who has any inclination toward "tripping the light fantastic" should purchase a ticket for the Sophomore Cotillion to be held in Place Hall, February 10. It promises to be a ripping good dance, and the loser will be the fellow who stays away. And there won't be any looking in at the door to see the fun.

—The Knights of Columbus had an entertainment in their council rooms in Walsh Hall, Tuesday evening. Burns, Riley, Welch, and the Carmody's, were the chief entertainers and pleased the Knights and their guests with their vaudeville circuit acts. Mr. Fox, of Indianapolis, past State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, gave a talk.

—The Day Student Association will give a dance in St. Patrick's Hall, South Bend, on the evening of February 15. On account of the close proximity of the date to that of the Sophomore Cotillion, the attendance will

be limited to Day Students and South Bend friends of the Association. The affair is given in order to raise funds for the support of Day Student Athletics. The committee in charge includes Joseph Stepler, Howard Rohan, Edward Marcus, Louis Wolf, and Mark Duncan.

—One of the most interesting numbers of the LECTURE AND ENTERTAINMENT COURSE ever witnessed at Notre Dame was given in Washington Hall on Friday morning. The life of Julius Caesar and the various wars he was engaged in were portrayed in moving pictures which were the best we have ever seen. Fully twenty thousand people were necessary for the making of the film, and the strict adherence to the details of the Roman and Gallic street dress and fighting uniforms, made the pictures as instructive as a history lesson. We hope to have more of this kind of entertainment.

Athletic Notes.

The following account of the Notre Dame-Dental College game, which took place on Saturday, January 23rd, is given in the *Indiana Daily Times* of Monday.

Notre Dame, 70; Indiana Dental, 13, is simply a story of a team going out of its class to meet one of the greatest basketball machines in the country. Manager Sam DeHaven of the Dental team in discussing the game, said:

"It wasn't a matter of how hard the fellows would fight them. It was just a case of how many goals the Notre Dame men could make if they got mad. They only turned the big guns on us for twenty minutes, then they resorted to small torpedoes. When the smoke cleared away the boys were wondering if they were all alive. We will be fortunate if we can make a slight attack on the Winona "Aggies" Monday night. Coach Harper of Notre Dame said if his team had been in any kind of training they would have defeated Lake Forest. To my way of thinking Notre Dame has a much better team than Rose Poly."

VARSIITY RING UP ANOTHER VICTORY.

Quite different from the I. D. contest was the game staged Wednesday night against the Polish Seminary Quintet. The visitors were fast and slippery, and kept the locals on their toes every minute. Though considerably outweighed, the Lake Orchard lads did some clever guarding, and covered like a flash when the ball was in the Varsity's possession—though the guarding was not always in accord with the rules and regulations published by

Mr. Spalding. On close shots, the visitors were fairly accurate, but their chances to get such shots were few and far between—and when they tried long heaves, the ball went wide.

The passwork of the locals was of the same high order that has characterized the past few games, though a little slower. Though all the men get into the passwork when necessary—and that is what makes it so effective—the guarding is of an unusually high order, due to the fact that the men are working together. The shooting was good, very few shots within close range being wasted, and many others striking around the basket in a tantalizing fashion. There is still room for improvement in this regard, however, as several times long shots were tried when there was a clear lane and plenty of time to go into the basket.

For Notre Dame, Mills, Kenny and Daley starred, both in passing and shooting, the former getting six field goals, and the others four each. Fitzgerald also played a fine floor game, though not so fortunate in his shots. Finegan had his hands full watching the visiting forwards, but kept the score down in his usual style. Danielak and Petzold starred for the Polish Seminary.

NOTRE DAME, 36		POLISH SEMINARY, 20	
Fitzgerald		Petzold	
	Right Forward		Danielak
Kenny			
	Left Forward		Kosciox
Mills			
	Center		Glazik
Daley			
	Right Guard		Bartol
Finegan			
	Left Guard		

Substitutions—Notre Dame: Cassidy for Fitzgerald; Grady for Kenney. Baskets—Mills, 6; Kenny, 4; Daley, 4; Fitzgerald, 2; Finegan, 1; Petzold, 4; Danielak, 2; Glazik, 1. Fouls—Danielak, 6; Fitzgerald, 2. Referee—Miller, South Bend, Y. M. C. A.

One of the worst beatings ever dealt out to an invading quintet was extended to the Indiana Dental College last Saturday night. When the final whistle blew, the scorekeeper consulted his adding machine and found that the total stood 70-13.

The budding Dentists were never in the running for a minute, and after the first few moments of play it was simply a question of how big the score would be. At the end of the first half, with the count standing at 43-6, Coach Harper took all the regulars out, and

sent in his second five, who then trimmed the visitors 27-7.

The game, though not affording the excitement that strong opposition brings out, was nevertheless interesting as it evidenced the continued improvement in form of the local five. The teamwork was fast and snappy, short passes being used with fine effect. The speed with which the men worked the ball down the floor was especially gratifying, as was the great improvement in shooting. Hitherto, this has been the weak feature in the locals' attack, but a decided reversal in form for the remainder of the year is confidently expected to bring the Gold and Blue squad up to championship calibre.

The scoring honors went to Capt. Kenny, who dropped seven goals from the field. Fitzgerald and Daley each contributed five field baskets, the latter continuing his stellar work at the guard position. Mills, Cassidy, and Grady each rang up four goals, while Ward garnered three. For the visitors, Leveron, Deakyne and Heck were the point winners.

Line up and summary:

NOTRE DAME, 70		I. D. C., 13
Fitzgerald, Grady		Deakyne
	Right Forward	Leveron
Kenny, Cassidy		
	Left Forward	Shoup
Mills, Ward		
	Center	Heck
Daley, Corcoran		
	Right Guard	Long
Finegan, Baujan		
	Left Guard	

Baskets—Kenny, 7; Fitzgerald, 5; Daley, 5; Mills, 4; Cassidy, 4; Grady, 4; Ward, 3; Corcoran, 2; Leveron, 2; Deakyne, 2; Heck. Fouls—Ward, 3; Fitzgerald; Leveron, 3. Referee—Miller, S. B. Y. M. C. A.

INTERHALL BASKETBALL.

The fact that Bergman and Rydzewski had the basket tossing down pat, was the main reason why Corby tied a 31 to 14 score upon the poor old Walshers. Although Walsh started both halves with vigor and dash, Corby soon succeeded in putting an end to the enthusiasm, and effectively checked any further scoring from that quarter. King for Corby played a fast game and proved himself a player of no mean ability. Bergman and Rydzewski each caged five baskets. May and O'Neill did the best work for the losing five, May being high man for Walsh with three baskets to his credit.

The game between Sorin and St. Joseph

was little short of a farce. The only thing that saved it from being utterly hopeless was the fact that Sorin succeeded in winning. St. Joseph was the small end of a 26 to 2 score when the play subsided. Sorin had all the old favorites in the ring, Roach, McDonald, Slackford, Pliska, and Cofall, while St. Joseph was represented by Farrell, Diener, Freund, and the Conboys. Errors and fouls occurred at intervals of three seconds, but on account of the kindly spirit which pervaded the entire performance, the referee officially noticed only one out of every five. This fact gave all the players more confidence and led several to introduce novelties in the way of delayed passes and end runs.

The third game of the day gave Brownson a 15 to 1 victory over the demoralized "Day Dodgers," who seemed unable to play together. This win constitutes the fourth straight victory for Brownson, and speaks volumes for their ability. The Day Scholars were unable to locate the basket, and Edgren scored their one point on a foul throw. Ellis, Murphy, and Flynn starred for the winners, while Vaughan was easily the best man on the losing side.

Safety Valve.

PLAIN FACTS.

You may have autos at home and your father may be president of several different concerns and your cook may have a college education, but that can of tobacco you draw on every day cost me two bits, and I'm working my way through school.

TITLES FOR STORIES.

Margaret the Mermaid, or How She Missed Mailing the Missive.

Burned Buns for Breakfast, or Dollars Drowned in Dough Dreadnoughts.

Plain Prune Pie, or Plump Plasters for Painful Parts.

AMBIGUOUS.

Now that the basketball is in full swing, we often hear the old phrase shouted by an enthusiastic fan to a member of his team who is holding the ball, "Shoot, yourself!"

THE BEAUTY CONTEST.

First prize was awarded to Wilson Bering of Walsh Hall on account of the deep crimson glow of the cheeks and the straight ivory forehead.

Second prize was awarded to Myron Perrot for the bright sparkling look and the dancing violet eyes.

"Miss Warner, an A. B. and a LL. M. of Notre Dame University, South Bend, Indiana, will practice law here with her sister."—*Washington Post*, Jan. 22.
We welcome Miss Warner to the ranks of our Alumni.

OUR WEEKLY DEFECTIVE STORY.

THE HIGHWAYLADY'S ESCAPE, OR THIS WAY OUT.

Chapter II.

In three mouthfuls our hero was pickled. With one mad shriek and two irrational hiccoughs he fell prone on his face, his fingers digging into the wall-paper. A slight shivering shiver, and all was still save the clock. All this time the woman of mystery lay dead. Now was her opportunity. "Hiss," she hissed between gums, "*sic semper detectibus*," as she selected a long hatpin from a collection which she carried in a golf-bag hanging from her collarbone. Because, of course, she wasn't dead. Any darned fool would know that. She had only fallen into a comatose state, passing from that into a glucose condition and coming to in a bellicose humor. Stealthily she reared her ominous length from the door-mat and, clinging to the atmosphere for support, she made her way to the doomed galoot, our hero. One drive of that baleful rapier and she would have him pinned, yes, hat-pinned to the floor, the third floor at that. One step, a step and a half, two steps, that was the way she walked. Now she is near him, right beside him in fact, the dreadful weapon poised, and poisoned, ready to execute execution. No sound but the rattle of her skirts. Now she stoops, now—BANG, two bangs, ten thousand tin cans banging as though tied to ten thousand ten canine tails. It was only the steam coming in for the first time that month. True, it was only the first day of that month. At the sound our soak bestirred himself, begroaned, berolled over, then suddenly sprang together, shocked, galvanized, electrocuted into action. He grasped it all with both hands. Part of it came off, namely her switch. He was not dismayed; he had once run a switch-engine. They grappled. She had good grappling hooks, and eyes. Neither had the advantage till our hero, by a trick learned from Dummy Smith, threw his assailantress across the room. The trick consisted in putting his foot in the opposition's stomach and pushing considerably, at the same time laughing like a goat. Once free, our defective gently struck her upon the nose with a bottle of ink. A strange change now came over her countenance. "Stop!" she shrieked, "I'm an imposture." "I don't care if you're a grain elevator or a load of coal or a monkey wench, or a—" the stream of his vituperation was dammed by a rap at the door. Terror seized him. "Who is it?" she gasped confidentially. A hunted look was smeared all over the facial part of his face. "I don't know," he chattered, "but I think it's either Willie Case getting up another bowling tournament, or Art Hayes with another chapter of his book, 'How to Cook with Laughing Gas.'" "Safety first!" she yelled as she leaped to the window, bestrided the rain pipe and slid downward with all the skill of a trained elocutionist. "*Gesundheit*," remarked our hero as he lit another pickle.

(To be discontinued.)