

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 13, 1915.

No. 19.

The Drowsy Deep.

AN infant ship with stainless sail,
Upon the breathing breast of sea
Is lulled to sleep. The lopping waves
That rise and fall in silent glee,
Are awed, and murmur silently.

The summer wind, that journeys o'er
The wrinkled deep, with whispered sigh,
A perfume tribute bears, and yet,
Unmindful of the dimming sky,
Delays and croons a lullaby.

W. R.

A Prince of Patriots.

BY TIMOTHY P. GALVIN.

IN the city of Dublin there is a picturesque old spot called St. Michan's Churchyard. On the left side of the path that leads away from the church itself, there used to be a tombstone, low and flat and uninscribed. For many years the Irish people regarded that little monument with the deepest reverence and pointed it out to the traveller as the gravestone of one of Ireland's greatest heroes.

It was a paltry and a trifling monument, but yet that bit of marble marked the spot to which man could point and say, "There he lies." It seemed to link each passing generation to his memory; but now even that gravemark is gone. A few years ago some doubt arose as to whether or not the body of the Irish hero had really been buried in the old churchyard; as a consequence the grave was opened, and the body that was supposed to be there could not be found. Hence to-day the world cannot point to even a mere "six feet of earth" as the last resting-place of one of the most striking characters of all history, Ireland's patriot and martyr,—Robert Emmet.

The name of Emmet undoubtedly brings

to your minds the image of a youth, who, standing before the men who had accused him of treason and who had condemned him to death, flung defiance at those tyrants and uttered the memorable words that are indelibly associated with his name: "When my country takes her place among the nations of the world, then and not till then let my epitaph be written."

To understand how Emmet could have expressed that desire at a time when, as he himself said, the grave was opening to receive him, one must go back a few years before his trial and execution. Picture to yourself a youth combining with a strong body and an unusually handsome face, a brilliant mind and an indomitable will. "He was," says a recent editorial, "a young man of ardent temperament, of genius, of a generous nature, of strong convictions and of heroic aspirations. By his simplicity, truthfulness, purity of motive, and unwavering fidelity, he won the respect of all who were brought into close relations with him." This testimony we have from his biographer. Emmet's mind was unquestionably that of a genius. He was a master of mathematics and chemistry; a poet of no mean ability; and as an orator he was almost without an equal.

What a bright future must have opened before young Emmet! His father wielded great influence with the English government. He would see that the best of opportunities were opened to his son. The son like the arrow on the taut bowstring, ready to fly into the midst of the struggling soldiers on the battlefield, was awaiting to leap into the more deadly battle of life. Surely this youth must have looked forward to fame and fortune. He had already won the woman who was to be his wife and to share his happiness and his honor.

To this college boy whose early life seemed like a rosy dawn that presaged an even brighter midday, there came the call that sounded in those days of Ireland's bitter struggle for thousands of her noblest sons,—the call of

Kathleen-ni-Houlihan, Ireland herself. For many, that call was the call of religion; for Emmet, however, it was not so, since he was not of the Catholic faith. For him Erin's call was the call to a patriot; but it was not the ordinary kind of patriotism that inspired him to respond as he did. It was that patriotism that answers to the call of justice and of right. Kathleen-ni-Houlihan spoke to Robert Emmet, and Robert Emmet heard. He recognized fully the gravity of Ireland's cause and he gave himself to that cause—to live for Ireland, to fight for Ireland, to die for Ireland. He openly expressed his opposition to England; he spoke his views so boldly and so eloquently that he was expelled from school on the eve of graduation. A little later he travelled on the continent of Europe and in the course of his travels he came to France. There he was led to believe that the French government was ready to help Ireland throw off the English yoke just as she had helped America a few years before.

The young patriot returned to Ireland enthusiastic and hopeful. He became the leader of a band of men who planned to surprise the garrison of Dublin Castle and to capture that stronghold. In event of success in this enterprise, a general Irish uprising was to follow. The preparations for the attack were made in Dublin. It is now believed that the English officials knew all the details of Emmet's plans, but they neglected to forestall his preparations because they wished to make the Irish people appear as rebels and to capture as many as possible of the Irish patriots in the very act of what they termed treason.

Emmet struggled against an adverse fate. An explosion in the house where the firearms were being gathered made him fear that the English would descend upon this rendezvous at any moment. He was forced to attack quickly and without sufficient preparation. The attack was no surprise to the English troops; there was treachery among Emmet's followers; the whole plot proved an utter fiasco. Emmet, seeing that the enterprise was a failure endeavored in every way to prevent any further uprising, knowing that protracted struggle would bring only suffering and death. He was forced to flee from Dublin and he could have escaped from Ireland, but he would not leave without saying farewell to his sweetheart and this delay was fatal. Within a month of the ill-fated uprising in Dublin, he was captured.

A few weeks later the young leader was brought to trial. The English officials tried to secure evidence that would prove that he was a traitor; but failing in this endeavor, they determined to convict him regardless of the weakness of the evidence. His trial was a mere mockery of justice. The sentence was determined before the process was begun. Emmet was brought into the courtroom and kept "standing at the bar" for eleven hours without food or respite. When the court was satisfied with the evidence, the prisoner was asked if there were any reasons "why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him." In reply to this query, Emmet delivered a speech whose eloquence stirred even the stony hearts of the English judges. He did not ask that he might not die, for he knew that request would be useless. He boldly denounced the English government; he stated the high motives which had animated all his actions; and in conclusion he asked the world for "the charity of its silence." He had given himself for Ireland's liberation and until that cause triumphed he cared not to be honored by men.

The next morning, Emmet, brave and quiet, was led to the scaffold and hanged until dead. The fiendish executioners were not yet satisfied. His corpse was taken down from the scaffold and the head was severed from the body. We need not dwell longer on that bloody deal. There are no words fit to condemn that crime. I can merely ask you to go back with me in spirit to the scene of his execution and there to join yourself to the throng of Irish people who came that day to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood of their martyred hero.

The brief story of Robert Emmet's life is told. It may seem an insignificant tale, for it bears neither the mark of long labor nor that of great achievement. His activities in behalf of Ireland were crowded into a few short months. He fought; he lost; he died; and, objectively, at least, the cause for which he perished was no stronger because of his sacrifice. Some critics have even said that his life was a failure, an absolute failure; and it is only the motive that prompted Emmet's activities that makes that charge false and that makes his life worth remembering.

Emmet responded to the call of Ireland. That call cannot be interpreted in the light of the good feeling that now obtains between Ireland and England; it must be considered

apart from all relations between England and the United States. Ireland spoke to Emmet over a century ago. At that time Ireland knew only of the tyranny that England had shown her in the past; she did not and could not know that a century would bring great changes in England's attitude toward Ireland. To-day Irish songs are heard in every English battle camp; the sentiment of Emmet's day was vastly different. A century ago the fire of race hatred flamed hot in every Gaelic breast. It was in that day and in the spirit of that day, that Emmet heard the voice of Granuaille saying, "I ask you to offer yourself for me; to take up my struggle and to try to right my wrongs. I am the victim of a merciless oppressor. For six centuries England has laid her tyrannous hand upon me and upon my people to crush us. She has stunted Irish intelligence; she has stamped out Irish prosperity; she has reduced Ireland and her people to the direst poverty; she has throttled Irish government; she has exploited Irish industry; she has sought by every means to corrupt the religion of Ireland; she has starved the Irish people; she would murder the Irish race.

"I shout not words of wild accusation; I know whereof I speak. I have seen the fields of Ireland bright with ripening grain; then, like hot blasting winds, the bands of soldiers have swept over those fields and the fields were left barren. The soldiers that did this were English soldiers.

"I have mingled with the Irish people when they were bright and strong and true. Then the armies came and after they had gone 'out of every corner of the woods and glens,' these same Irish people 'came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like the anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves.' And the armies that caused this were England's armies.

"I have gone into Irish towns where happy and peaceful families lived in beautiful little cottages. Then the hand of tyranny was laid upon these towns; the curse of landlordism was introduced; and in the towns where there had been peace and plenty, I have seen piles of rotting corpses and what was even worse, herds of living skeletons. And the tyranny that did this was English tyranny.

"I have seen Irishmen who were living examples of physical and mental and moral

perfection; then the conquerors of these men came and after they had gone, I have seen the same men come sneaking from their hiding places with the wild staring eyes of madmen and the hollow laughs of idiots. And the conquerors of these men was England.

"I have seen Irish families that were prosperous; and a few months later I have seen the mothers of such families crazed by starvation. And the men who starved those mothers and murdered their children were Englishmen.

"I have seen the most unspeakable conditions of famine in Ireland at a time when more than enough food for all the Irish people was being exported from Ireland. And the exporters of that food were the English.

"I have always known the Irish people. I have tested the fulness of the love that used to be in their hearts. I have seen that purest love turned to the most bitter hatred, and the object of that hatred is England.

"I declare that all these wrongs of Ireland should be righted; and I ask you, Robert Emmet, to devote yourself to my cause. I can promise you nothing; but because of the cruelty of Ireland's oppression and because of the justice of her cause, I ask you to join yourself to the army of Ireland's sons, who live and die for Ireland's redemption."

This was Ireland's call to Emmet. Because he believed that it was the call of downtrodden justice, he took up Ireland's cause and struggled for her in utter forgetfulness of self, and with absolute singleness of motive. It matters not whether he lived many years or few; it matters not whether his achievement was great or small. His life was not a failure. He stood for the right; he fought for the right; he died for the right. More than this no man can do.

Oh, what we need always, and more to-day than ever before, is men who fail as Emmet failed, in fighting for the right—men who are willing to make sacrifices for justice' sake. Let every man find such a cause as Emmet found, a cause that has justice and right on its side; let him offer himself as a sacrifice for that cause. Let him follow the light of justice as Emmet followed that light, as Merlin followed the Gleam, and as the Wise Men of old followed the Star; and it matters not whether he secures the highest position of worldly honor, or whether he finds a martyr's unknown grave, for he who lives and dies for justice is "A Prince of Patriots."

Varsity Verse

FOR PEACE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

OH, guard our dear country from war's fatal grasp,
 Deliver our friends from destruction's cold clasp.
 Protect our loved homes, our dear children, and all,
 And watch o'er Thy chosen ones, lest we should fall.
 Instill in the hearts of the monarchs at war
 The spirit of peace; all their folly ignore,
 And free their poor countries from bloodshed and
 strife.
 Return to their people their once peaceful life.
 With hearts overflowing and heads bowing low,—
 "Dear Lord, on our country, Thy blessing bestow."

B. Vincent.

IN OUR CANOE.

Far from the shore on waters still
 We paddled our canoe;
 We glided o'er the wat'ry depths—
 The broad expanse of blue.

Just now and then a paddle swish
 From out the deep was heard;
 And then a trill so sweet and clear
 From some rare singing bird.

Far out beyond our little craft,
 Amid the wavelets white
 Appeared the gleaming setting sun,
 The harbinger of night.

We watched the splendor of the scene,
 Till nightfall hid our view,
 Then back to shore in the night
 We paddled our canoe.

M. L. D.

THE GRAVE OF ALLOUEZ

I prayed of the wind that whimpered
 Through the plane-trees' sad brocade;
 I begged of the dunes that slumber'd
 'Neath the moonlight's accolade.
 I challenged the ghost of a city
 On its own dead dreaming plain,
 I hushed the rush of the river
 In my quest that seemed in vain.
 Where paused the sinewy black-robe,
 Who craved but the red-man's soul,
 Where died the mystical martyr
 When Death had demanded toll."
 But the wind, it fluttered farther
 And the sobbing water moaned,
 While the phantom paled in pallor
 Mid a misty sand-cloud throned.
 "Father Allouez, you wander'd

On the banks of the Saint Joe,
 With the hardy, dusk-skinned pagans
 Of the wierd, wild long ago;
 And I'd like to know you're resting
 In a mound your sacred own,
 And a wreath I fain would wind you
 Of the buds you must have known."
 Then the soft, sweet silver moonlight
 Fell full on a silent cross
 'Twas a worn, wasted marker
 That now rudely mourned its loss.
 And I felt that 'neath its shadow
 The silent black-robe lay,
 But love would not allow me
 To lift the holy clay.
 For gone are the graves of his children,
 Their names are an unsung song,
 And he chose to sleep with his little ones
 Away from the worldly throng.

G. Schuster.

THOSE MORNING BELLS.

(*A Parody.*)

Those morning bells! those morning bells!
 How many a groan their clang compels
 Their sleepy victims to express
 When ordered to get up and dress!

That frightful morn has passed away,
 When first I heard your jangling bray,—
 'Tis many a year since first we met—
 But the shock you give may kill me yet.

But so 'twill be when I am gone;
 Your brazen clang will rattle on,
 And other sleepers fill these halls
 To suffer from your jangling calls!

Francis C. Ott.

REGRETS TO BE REGRETTED

The fleecy hooded wave departs
 Far from the restless, lucent sand;
 But soon with haste turns back to press
 The Sunday trousers of the land.

But dolefully the wave swoons back
 Into the mighty arms of sea,
 For having locked the tailor shop,
 A thieving mermaid stole the key.

And thus the framework of the deep,
 In answer to gruff Triton's calls,
 Comes forth to greet the coming tide
 Incased in sandy overalls.

W. McNamara.

It's All in the Game.

BY PAUL J. MEIFELD.

Billy Green stood in one corner of the almost deserted city room of a large afternoon daily newspaper, with a copy of the last edition before him at which he was gazing in seeming disgust. He had worked on this "big town sheet" only two weeks, although he had had much previous experience in smaller places.

"I'll be blamed!" he exclaimed disgustedly.

"What's the trouble?" asked another young fellow at a near-by desk, looking up from his copy of the same paper. "Isn't it in?" and he smiled.

"No, it isn't in; and it was the story of the week."

"Tell us about it," and the young fellow walked over to where Billy stood and sat sideways on a desk.

"I suppose they thought because I was a new man that I couldn't handle a big story (Billy never was noted for hating himself), but this was all accidental; I just happened on it. I was sent out this morning to get the death of old Burr, who died suddenly last night. Through the aid of an old friend, however, I found that the death was in reality a suicide and that all was not well. The other papers couldn't have gotten the story; it was a scoop and a big one, I thought." And then he told the story. It was a story of scandal.

"Umph!" his friend grunted when he had finished. "Good work! But old Stokes had some reason for killing it, you can bet your life on that."

"Talking about me, boys?" inquired a middle-aged, short, heavy-set man who had come up unobserved. Both men blushed.

"Why—er—yes, sir. We were wondering why you killed this story of Green's to-day? It seems to have been a good one—at least from his account of it." The elder reporter spoke, for Billy was naturally timid and was especially so in the presence of that most wonderful of all personages, the city editor.

"What is 'news,' Mr. Green; that is, news from the newspaper's viewpoint?" asked "old Stokes," suddenly after a minute's thought.

"Anything the public will read, sir."

"Not while I'm running a paper; no, sir!" and Stokes placed especial emphasis on the

last word. "News is whatever the public will read, provided they have a right to read it. Have you boys time for a little story?"

Both had, and they seated themselves in convenient chairs. Stokes, after passing cigars, seated himself on a desk and began:

"Well, I began my newspaper career out in San Francisco. I was especially interested in sensational stories, as most young men are, craving excitement as they do, and so I immediately made a success as a police reporter.

"Several times, however, I tried my hand at 'covering' the theatres and in this way I came to know intimately a manager of a vaudeville, a young man who seemed to take a great liking to me. He let me wander about his place at will and as I was wont to spend many hours talking to the performers who came to the theatre I picked up many a good story.

"One week there came to the theatre two sisters in a musical act and immediately I strove to learn something concerning them. They didn't have the world beat as musicians and it was generally conceded that neither could act. It was the strangeness of their appearance that got them by—and "get by" they certainly did; their act was the feature of the bill.

"One was a tall, slender blonde of exceptional beauty, while the other was small and hunch-backed and was positively the most repulsive human I have ever seen. And yet they both looked alike. Somewhere about their features was a similarity which was as mysterious as it was striking. I studied them for hours to see wherein it lay, but was unsuccessful.

"There was no doubt but that they were sisters, yet so extraordinary and startling was the contrast that the theatre was crowded night after night and a return engagement was necessary.

"My curiosity was aroused and my reporter's instinct told me that here was a story, although just where I could not immediately tell. There was an elderly lady with the troupe, however, who knew their history if anyone did; she looked the part, at least.

"Nor was I mistaken. She had been with the sisters ever since they had started on the road six years before, and she knew their story from childhood.

"She told me that they originally had come from a rich family, but that shortly before their father's death, the fortune had been lost. The mother, brooding over this, soon followed

her husband to the grave, but not before she had exacted a promise from the elder and more beautiful daughter always to care for and guard her hunch-backed sister.

"The girls, almost penniless after the mother's funeral expenses had been paid, got on the stage through the kindness of an old family friend, and made good. Although their musical education had been the best that money could buy, it was the strange contrast and the novelty of their appearance that brought them the success and the applause which awaited them on every circuit.

"The elder sister attracted many suitors, and hardly a night passed but that she was invited out to supper or to a dance. Remembering the promise to her mother, however, she at first accepted invitations only when her sister also was asked. But few acceded to the proviso.

"The girls drifted about the country for six years before I heard of them. The elder sister, however, soon tired of the monotony, and of late had been leaving her sister almost every night. In San Francisco she met and fell in love with a young millionaire. Like most cripples, her sister was exceedingly sensitive. She realized the situation and, as a consequence, the act declined in merit.

"The following morning the hunch-back was found in her dressing room with her throat slashed almost from ear to ear. The sister had attended a dance in company with the millionaire the night before, after which they had given a supper to a few select friends announcing their engagement.

"The life history of the two girls had been given me in confidence, but the story was too good, in my youthful opinion, not to print. You readily see the possibilities of it as a human interest news story. That evening my work was spread all over the front page, with a streamer head and with extensive illustrations. Of course, no other paper had more than a mere mention of the suicide.

"I was roundly praised for my clever scoop and was dreaming of an advance in salary, when came the aftermath.

"The parents of the young millionaire, upon hearing of the affair, forbade the marriage on penalty of disinheritance. It was a case of true love, however, and the young man had obtained a position in the office of a broker friend when, about two weeks after my story appeared, the body of the other sister was found

in much the same condition as the first, in a pool of blood in her room at the hotel.

"She left a note addressed to her lover, in which she explained her act. She claimed that she had taken her life for love of him, as she could not bear to see the one she loved forego the pleasures he had been accustomed to, just for her, especially after she had proven herself so unworthy in deserting her sister.

"I was assigned to the case, but refused to go. Somehow or other, I always blamed myself for the second death; the thought that the couple might have lived happily together had I not written the story haunts me to this day. The man in the case disappeared soon after the funeral and I have not heard of him since. It was said that he refused the offer of his parents to reinstate him as their heir."

A strange stillness pervaded the large room as the city editor finished speaking. At times during the recital several reporters had entered the room and had gone to their desks, but none had remained long.

The three men smoked in silence for a few moments. The editor was the first to speak.

"Now do you see why I killed your story?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, I think I do. Thanks," answered Billy. The editor smiled, and walked into his private office which adjoined the larger room. Billy immediately fell into a deep study.

"Say, kid, did you honestly fall for that stuff?" asked his companion after a time.

"Why—er—I don't understand. What do you mean?"

"I mean did you believe all that stuff that Stokes just handed out?"

"Why, yes; didn't you?"

"I happen to know that Stokes was born and reared in Chicago and that his only newspaper experience has been in Toledo and on this sheet. Murphy was telling me about him just this morning. Also, I happen to know that Stokes is the biggest liar in seven states and that his imagination has got him out of similar tight places before."

"But what could have been his object in manufacturing such a yarn as that?"

"That's what struck me, too, at first, but I've got it figured now."

"Well, what is it?"

"Stokes married the niece of old Burr, the fellow you wrote up this morning."

In the Middle Between.

BY MYRON PARROT.

I am not a philanthropist, nor even generous. The last time Dame Fortune smirked on me, I squeezed the quarter so affectionately that the goddess misunderstood. But her appreciation was undue. I had no intention of caressing her; though I did fall for her silvery voice. Anyway, I am not building libraries nor colleges. That is all I meant to say in the first place. I think, however, that I shall anteriorly bequeath my bed to some poor widow, whose husband drinks, or a veteran of the Salvation Army, or the Editor of the SAFETY VALVE, with another quart of cocaine. It (the bed) is about as useful to me as a safe or a spark-plug.

I may look like Rip Van Winkle and I dream like a Rarebit Fiend, but, unlike the somnambule Nemo, I do not ride my bed into Slumberland. Everything and everybody seem cabalistically opposed to my doing so.

Whenever, I endeavor to sleep through breakfast—which is every morning—I awake rather suddenly to audience direct and deleterious discourse delivered volubly, vociferously, vehemently, and with that freedom and fluency which only Prefects possess.

If I fall asleep in class, I shall inevitably be requested to give my opinion of the Malthusian theory, or the character of Pericles, or Musical Interpretation.

I've tried napping on my daily ambulations about the Bend; to lessen the danger of wakening myself, I wore rubber heels and soles. But always I strolled into motor-trucks, rivers, Prefects.

At night I cannot sleep because Carlyle Carleton comes. Most likely you cogitate that—but, wait a minute. Like a famous pulpiteer, I shall impress you. Has the high temperature of the atmosphere affected my cerebellum? No! Do I smoke anything stronger than Nicotine? No! Has my imagination been led astray by Nick Carter or Harold McGrath? No! Carlyle Carleton really does. With Erebus, he comes and scrawls his diary on my wall, or rather, the wall of my room. (He used to occupy the same cell.) How he returns so often is a mystery, even to me, because he is abroad—for his health, I guess.

There has been in him an incredible transfiguration. Were it not for his Diary, I think I should scarcely recognize him as he stands above me scribbling with his phosphorus forefinger. And he is having wonderful adventures, and he knows the cutest queen—I'll Give you his

DIARY.

Jan. 1.—This morning we of the Abbots, A. A., take our annual New Year's splash. I am the first to splash and instantly I regret it. If I had sat on the South Pole, if I were frozen in an iceberg, if Gertie had rejected my proposal, I should have felt more comfortable. I find myself sinking, the water slowly becoming warmer and warmer, then hot and seething, it foams and froths and lathers and boils and broils; it hisses like a theatre gallery; it guggles and gurgles, it steams and vapors and fogs; and finally I am left in dry hot air. Have you ever been shot down an elevator shaft of the Singer building? Can you imagine a cold-storage plant on the 42nd floor, and a turkish bath in the basement? Neither can I. But to get back from earth, the atmosphere is so arid that the tongues of my bathing slippers stretch and hang to the ground; I draw a volume of "Pilgrim's Progress" from my pocket and read with interest. Dry hot air fills the circumambience, but the sensation is not new to me. As long as my memory can reach into the past, lectures in Washington Hall have been catalogued 'compulsory.'

The haze is lifting; I am standing before a deserted and derogated railway station. For a moment I imagine myself at South Bend. To the right of me, the single track grades itself up a steep, craggy and apparently summitless hill. The rusty rails are broken and twisted. It can easily be seen that the road is seldom travelled, and Sherlock Holmes might sagely deduct that it has known numerous wrecks. To the left, the grade, even, perfect, unparagoned, slopes downward, and the rails are as polished silver. Moreover, there is not one track, but twenty. I stand perhaps, two regular life-sized, sixty-second minutes before I notice it. It is old and dilapidated and hangs in melancholy state upon the gloomy station. It says:



It is now coming dark.

Suddenly, in the distance, gleams a light, then another, and in a little time the place for miles around is live with them.

I approach the bright, and am in what appears to be a quaint ancient city. The houses are stone-built with proud lofty pillars, high steps, grated iron gates.

I am weary and half asleep, but vaguely realize that occasional passers-by are staring at me. They are dressed in ridiculous old costumes, which remind me of the family portraits sometimes seen in country mansions. No. Not all of them. Now comes a group of young fellows in evening dress, singing 'Tipperary.'

From behind I am roughly grasped by strong arms on either side and hurried into one of the larger buildings, where I lie on something hard, soon to be claimed by sleep.

Jan. 2.—This morning I am awakened by the jailor, and, after two-buns-and-coffee, am haled into the court-room.

Upon my arrival old Judge Solomon, propped pompously behind the jurisprudential pigeon-holes, slips his dignity two notches higher, and, wearing one of those vacuous smiles, delivers this speechlet:

"Since the beginning of time it has been a well-known fact that, in justice to Potask and Perlmutter, the garment grafters, there has been but three cool-costume permits issued in Limbo; these, as we all know, to Adam, Eve, and Ruth St. Dennis. Yet, this spirit dares tango through our progressive city clad in a swimming suit. I demand that he be called upon to answer this grave charge, and, on failing to do so satisfactorily, he expiate the crime with some terrible torture. I suggest that he be given boarding-school meals."

Then the Prosecuting Attorney, his face garbed in an expression that would have intimidated Leonidas, Horatius, or Virginia Brooks, borrows the floor. He takes himself as seriously as a school-master. His ancestors, I think, must have been a succession of executioners from the family of Moloch. With a 'You-skived-vespers' tone of voice, he says:

"Your honor, the prisoner is charged with a very serious offense and I fear you are inclined to be lenient. Let us have Pinkerton Cave-nough sing the Rosary for him."

But Solomon answers:

"No, we must not be too severe; some mercy

should be shown. This man has expired once this week."

Mentally I send him all the thanks in the world, prepaid, war-taxically stamped, and hereafter I doubt not his wisdom.

He regains his chair, and I begin my Canterbury amid condemning commotion, healthy jeers, hisses. These, however, soon cease. The place becomes as pianissimo as a saloon on Sunday. Chinatown Chick drops his needle and Solomon thunders:

"Who brought that scabbard in here?"

On learning that I belong to the Abbots, all are astounded. The Judge and Prosecutor, finally recovering, climb out of their official leather backs, and humbly apologize. Solomon begs that I dine with him—be his guest—meet his wives: I grasp time by the bangs, and take him up before he has half a chance to reconsider. But he should manifest deep concern; a thousand wives is a bigger burden than I care to elope with.

This evening, Solomon fits me up from his son's own wardrobe, in an odd but classy-looking suit which, he declares, will be the style on earth next spring. I express surprise and remark upon the fashionable appearance of nearly all the inhabitants, not excluding the sentimental sex. Solomon replies:

"Yes, we get the styles long before they reach Cosmopolis. You see, Satan Lucifer over here in Hades designs most of them."

Then I am led feastward, and verily it is a feast. Solomon treats me like a father—only better. He introduces me to Bacchus, Virginia Dare, Tom and Jerry (I never did hear their last names), Fatima, Omar, Euterpe and Terpsichore, all of whom he had invited.

Jan. 3.—I awake this morning with a slight headache, but one dose of ambrosia, purchased at the Oracle Drug Store, makes me feel like an electric current on a damp day.

After a lunch of Postum and manna, I take a walk about the burgh. It certainly has any city on earth frayed to a frazzle: beside it old Chi looks like a dry town.

At the window of a great castle, I see a face that startles me. It is beautiful, with background of wavy night-black hair, inexpressible eyes, cherry lips. It is a face that I remember. Somewhere, sometime, I have met its wearer. But where or who it might be, I have no idea. After walking on I bethink myself—it was at high school; she was in my history class. But

I cannot recall her name. However, I am delighted. I have seen an old acquaintance, and an old acquaintance seems as good as chicken tastes at college. Retracing my steps, I resolve to approach the castle, ring the bell, tell the fair lady where we have met, and, maybe, get a free meal. But on the Castle Walk, I take just One Step, then Hesitate, for I meet Marc Antony, who was in the same class.

"Who lives here?" I inquire.

"Cleopatra," he answers, smiling as if he had bet his allowance against Yale.

So I walk down Infernal Boulevard. An amusing walk it is: past ancient store buildings, some with flat, unbroken tile roofs, others gargoyled, anamalus antique signs creaking on their hinges, threatening lives of pedestrians, and in the shop-windows, merchandise of all kinds, glazed, glossed, galvanized—everything fire-proof.

Before a window encouragingly inscribed,

VENUS' BEAUTY SHOP

attitudenizes a handsome young fellow whom I recognize as Adonis; within stands a beautiful doll minus two arms, but plus a pair of oratorical orbs raised to the *nth* power. She wears an inimitable smile and the same kind of diamonds. Her design is on the Annette Keller-mär style of architecture. The vision of her features would emerald Billie Burke's (not the one we know) blue eyes in envy. She is flirting outrageously, but the boob instead of coming across with the proper coöperation and encouragement, slips his Ingersoll into his inside pocket and threatens to call a policeman.

In the next square stands the theatre, tall and solemn and white. I enter and, with feeling philanthropic, sever my relations with some perfectly good mazuma for the sake of toting a couple of asbestos entrance tags until tomorrow night.

This evening, I register at that old and picturesque little tavern just across from the theatre, and sit in the lobby until bedtime listening to the gossipry of the guests. There appears to exist deep rivalry between the Myths and Hasbeens; the feeling is intense, and is the cause of numerous arguments and occasionally a duel. The supremacy, however, is to be decided, at least for a time, at the girls' basketball game scheduled for Monday night. No one seems sure of the outcome except Cas-

sandra, and she, though discoursing all evening, seems unable to claim any attention.

Later, as I grope the way toward my room I tumultuously topple over Jack Dalton and Nick Carter, who are bended before an interesting keyhole.

"What in the—next place South?" I exclaim.

"Ssh!" says Jack.

"Ssh!" remarks Nick.

Within the room, voices can be heard. I listen.

"But, Shylock, I haven't the money now. Give me thirty days."

"No, I can give no more time. But let us be friends. I shall marry your daughter, and forget about the money."

"You? You marry my Pauline? Oh, I can't think of it. Why you are thrice her age. And besides, she is engaged—engaged to Jack Dalton."

"What? To that scamp? What has she to say about it anyway? Here are the papers. Sign them, else I shall call the sheriff tomorrow."

"All right, Shylock, you have undone me. I—I guess I'll sign. Let's have the contract. What does it say?"

"I hereby promise to render Shylock the heart and hand of my daughter Pauline next Tuesday evening as the curfew tolls."

Scratch—scratch—scratch.

Jack Dalton becomes vivid. Pulling Nick Carter to his feet he commands:

"Find Portia!"

The detective consults his notebook. He reads:

"Portia is abroad working on the Thaw Case. She is to arrive here at 7:49 P. M., Tuesday, over the Vandalia."

"Ye gods!" mutters Jack Dalton, "the Vandalia, and the curfew rings at eight o'clock. Oh Jove, if you've ever worked a miracle, make the 7:49 train come at 7:49."

"Have no fear," says Nick Carter, "I have a plan—"

I hear no more, for the house detective comes along the hall and taps me on the back.

"On what floor is your room?" he asks.

"Third."

"Then get off my second floor, I tell you, right away. I don't want you on my floor. Go on, speed up. I'm the superintendent, the manager, the foreman and the boss on my floor."

(To be continued.)

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. FEBRUARY 13, 1915. NO. 19.

Board of Editors.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15

CLOVIS SMITH, '15	EUGENE MCBRIDE, '15
TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16	GEORGE SCHUSTER '15
SPEER STRAHAN '17	MARK DUNCAN, '15
LOUIS KEIFER, '16	ANDREW MCDONOUGH, '17
JOHN RILEY, '17	EMMETT G. LENIHAN, '16
RAYMOND M. HUMPHREYS, '16	

—Next Wednesday, February 17th, is the first day of the holy season of Lent. All over the Christian world on that day, men and women of every class and in

Keeping Lent. every state of life, will lay aside the ordinary pleasures they have been accustomed to enjoy during the year and will devote themselves to prayer and fasting in preparation for the glorious feast of Easter. Lent has always been looked upon by serious minded religious people as a time of special grace, and it seems pitiful that in our day it is so often considered as a period of special misery. We have become so softened by the many luxuries we have been permitted to enjoy that we almost refuse to hear the warning of the Master: "Unless you do penance you shall all likewise perish." Nevertheless these words are as true today as when they were spoken and apply to all without exception. Each one is bound in conscience to do some penance during this time, and he cannot be wholly freed from the obligation. True, we have been excused from fasting, as it was thought best by those placed over us that we substitute some other form of self-denial; but we are not dispensed from doing some kind of penance. One of the most fruitful acts for any student during this season, is the assisting devoutly at Mass every day, and the frequent reception of Holy Communion, and it is hoped that this year as in previous years the church will be filled with students every morning.

T. A. Daly Again.

Well, T. A. Daly has come and gone again. To say any more of a visit from the cheerful author of "Canzoni" is utterly unnecessary, for he is as well known here as the spring which always brings him. We believe that he is one of the greatest and most original of living American poets, and that his work has brought untold sunshine to many hearts. His perfect rendition of Irish and Italian manipulations of our stately English was the fact most notable and admirable about his entertainment last Monday evening. Some of his matter was delightfully new and some of it belongs to that genus of perpetual blossom which never wilts. If we have any criticism to offer it is that the lecturer could have indulged without injury in a little more extension.

Cecil Chesterton.

It was with feelings wrought to the utmost pitch of expectancy that we went to hear the renowned editor of the *New Witness*, Mr. Cecil Chesterton. Perchance it was because of our familiarity with the likeness of his illustrious brother, Gilbert Keith, that we imagined the speaker would be endowed with a shaggy profile and a blustering voice. Instead it was a modest and in every way unassuming gentleman that greeted the assemblage. Mr. Chesterton's subject was "Catholicism and Democracy"—a matter of vital interest and import to every one of us. His treatment was audacious, embodying as it did the theme that modern Socialistic and Materialistic thought tends toward a revival of the ancient slave-state. It is certain that very few of us had ever conceived this idea, but the admirable lucidity and breadth of the orator's treatment induced absolute conviction. Another admirable quality of the discourse was its surprising logic, a matter on which the English seem to hold a monopoly. Taking it all in all it was a memorable address, despite the fact that certain beings endowed only with symptoms of embryonic mentality insisted on presenting their noisy bodies when the speech was well-nigh over. Of the speaker we should say in conclusion, that there is no better augury for the ultimate success of the Catholic social propaganda than such work as his.

Personals.

—John W. Roach (Ph.-B., '08) was married Wednesday, February 10, in Spokane, Washington, to Miss Grace Griffin. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Roach!

—B. J. Kaiser (B. S. A., '12) is now employed in the office of Prach & Penine, Toronto, Ont., Canada. His address is 730 Traders Bank Building. Mr. Kaiser has been intrusted with the superintendence of important structures. He expects to be with us for Commencement.

—Walter J. Maguire (M. E., 1912) of South Bethlehem, Pa., and Miss Ethel Mosley Frost of Paterson, N. J., were married on October 6th 1914, at St. John's Church, Paterson. They are residing at Tacoma, Wash., where Mr. Maguire is Resident Material Inspector for the Northern Pacific Railway.

—The Las Vegas *Daily Optic* contains the following: "William R. Tipton, Jr., the architect, has presented the E. Romero Hose and Fire Company with two classy colored posters advertising the Washington Birthday Masquerade. The posters are the work of Mr. Tipton's pen." "Bill" got his 'B. in Arch.' from Notre Dame in the class of '13.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The last preliminaries for the Freshman debating team of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society were held Sunday night, February 7th, at the regular meeting. Messrs. John P. Doyle, William A. Curley, Joseph P. Sheehan, George Windoffer, Edward Dundon, F. Jennings Vurpillat will represent the society in the debates that will be held with the Holy Cross Debating Society. This is probably the strongest Freshman team that ever represented the Brownson Society. There was a very lively competition for making the team, and every man that made it deserves the honor.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society will give their smoker on Sunday night, Feb. 21. A large program has been prepared.

All students will be welcome to attend, and are requested to hand in their names before Tuesday, February 16, to any of the following members of the society: Messrs. Andrew McDonough, Charles Somers, Wm. A. Curley, Edward Lindemann or Thomas Holland.

The Sophomore Cotillion.

The Sophomore Cotillion, held last Wednesday night in Place Hall, unlike its predecessor of last year, proved a wonderful success. Ninety-five proud young collegians were in attendance, each bringing the most beautiful girl in South Bend. It resembled last season's Sophomore disaster as much as Broadway does Main St., Niles. The decorations and programs, as well as the posters that announced the event, were very tasteful and attractive. Altogether it was one of the most successful Sophomore affairs ever given at Notre Dame.

The exhibition of dancing given by Mr. Jack Coke and partner during the intermission was a novel departure from the usual dance program. L. O'Donnell, President; J. Miller, vice-pres.; Robert Burns, secretary, and Daniel J. Hilgartner, treasurer of the Sophomore Class acted as the committee. The list of patrons and patronesses is as follows: Judge and Mrs. Timothy E. Howard, Judge and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh, Captain and Mrs. R. R. Stogsdall, Professor and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Professor and Mrs. J. M. Cooney, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Williams.

Local News.

—Sail boats to all parts of the Campus, two bits.

—General Sherman couldn't speak with authority. He never took Public Finance.

—The preliminaries for the debating team have been held each night during the week in Sorin Hall.

—"Prof." Culligan's Dancing Academy has been discontinued until two weeks before the Senior Ball.

—Joe Pliska and Professor Riddle have become fast friends. Joe calls him "Mortimer," just like that.

—The Philopatrian Society will present a minstrel show in Washington Hall, Wednesday evening, February 17.

—And now is the time to lasso the blubbering Brownsonite and tell him what a fine place Notre Dame is in the spring.

—A number of Seniors have enrolled in some of the commercial branches in order to have a little practical knowledge along with the theoretical.

—What can you say to a poor "dub" when he shows you his proofs from McDonald's and says with tears in his voice: "Honestly, does that look like me?"

—Every time a Junior is brought face to face with a Sophomore Cotillion poster, he sighs heart-brokenly and grasps the place where his pocket-book ought to be.

—Report hath it that the Military Department is to be inspected before June by several prominent army officers, among them Colonel Goethals, the builder of the "Big Ditch."

—Rev. Father Cavanaugh spoke at a banquet given in Indianapolis last Friday night by the Transportation Club of that City. Secretary-of-State Bryan was also on the program.

—Mr. Foss, the well-known sporting editor of the Indianapolis *Star*, gave a lecture to the combined Journalism classes. His remarks on the Yale game, which he witnessed, were highly entertaining.

—On Thursday last at St. Mary's, several young ladies gave a banquet in honor of Mr. Timothy Galvin of Sorin Hall. Covers were laid for four. The feature of the event was an address by Mr. Galvin, "Why I Am an Actor."

—The Senior class held a meeting in the Sorin Law Room Monday evening and discussed matters pertinent to the Senior Ball. It was announced that two Senior-pin designs will be submitted to all the '15 men within a short time.

—The Day Students' Dance will be held Monday evening in St. Patrick's Hall. A meeting was held Friday night at which the final arrangements were made, and the committee-in-charge promises a good time. The dance attendance is limited to the Day Students and invited guests from South Bend.

—To the list of real animated Notre Dame clubs, add the Notre Dame Club of Indianapolis, Indiana. The president is Mr. James D. Nolan (LL. B., 1911) and that fact alone is enough to guarantee activity. Recently the club entertained the President of the University in royal fashion at the Claypool Hotel. There were about twenty members present, most of them men of distinction in the public life of Indianapolis. Mr. Nolan requests us to announce that he will be grateful if students or members of the Faculty visiting Indianapolis will communicate with him in advance so that he may arrange entertainment for them.

—The Notre Dame Club of New York held a banquet and business meeting at the Hotel Gregorian, Saturday evening, February 6. It is the plan of the Club to establish club rooms in the city so that the members can meet often. Dr. Francis Quinlan, Laetare Medalist, was present and spoke of the future success of the Club. After the banquet a business meeting took place at which the following new officers were elected: Honorary President, Mgr. Luke J. Evers; president, Angus D. McDonald; vice-president, Dr. John A. Bodine; secretary and treasurer, William E. Cotter. Executive Committee: Peter P. McElligott. Joseph Naughton, Arthur J. Cooke, Louis C. M. Reed, Francis C. Schwab, Patrick A. O'Grady.

V.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

ARTHUR RODERICK CARMODY

AND

FRANCIS MICHAEL CARMODY

There is really no need of putting these two fellows in the "Who's Who" for everyone knows them, but their names have to grace this collection to make it worth something to posterity. The two Carmodys are written up together, not because they are alike, but because they were seen playing ball together once in front of Corby Hall last year. The only time they are together is when the Sorin Glee Club gets together for an entertainment, and then they are easily distinguished, for Mike always wears a lump in one of his cheeks that would give one the impression that he had something in his mouth.

Both were members of Father Doremus' "Milk Man's League" in Corby last year and both are members of the "Holy Risers" in Sorin this year; but never in the history of either organization were both at the same meeting. If one gets up at 5:30 A. M., the other sleeps for two or three days.

Both were members of the old "Blood and Wonder Club," and in that wonderful organization, they were voted "O. K." For the uninformed, this degree in the "B. & W. C." means "Offul Knuts." They had other positions in that club, but on account of the secret nature of the lodge, they cannot be made public.

At the 1914 elections in the "Alla Rat Fraternity" both were given honorary offices as their other duties would not permit them to

attend the meetings (the meetings being held on the Campus).

Both of the noted brothers are athletes; but Art is by far the best in football. Mike is good too, but of course he can't be compared with his brother, for it will be remembered by the followers of sport that Art played half-back on "Plant's Wolves" in 1912, while the best Mike could do that year was to make "All-Interhall end. It was said by the experts that Art was the brains of the Wolf organization so he was credited with teaching Cusick the famous overhead pass that was so popular last year in interhall games.

Art's football success is attributed to environment because in his best years he associated with Downing, Fenessy, and Plant and wore Havilan's headgear in the big games.

These two boys are big-hearted southerners who spend their summers quietly lynching niggers in the wilds of Louisiana, and their winters dodging the canon laws of this great institution, and in working off demerits.

Though these two are much alike in build, they are entirely different in personality. Among their chief differences are: Mike can carry on an intelligent conversation, while Art does English research work; Mike goes to Christian Doctrine, and Art goes to Vespers when they are compulsory; Mike chews brown gum all the time, while Art plays pieces on the violin; Mike has freckles, Art has squints.

These differences are self-explanatory with the exception of the "English Research." This is best explained by telling some of Art's discoveries. He has found that:

"Wildman," is a Proper noun, Neutral Gender, Strange Person, and Hard Case.

"Kelly," is a word not taken from the Greek "to move" but from the Latin "to movie."

"Eichenlaub" from the Brazilian word "Nothernut," meaning "companion to Carmody in a short time." These examples explain his literary talents.

One big thing in favor of these two fellows is that neither ever took military and neither ever went out for debating. These two live in Sorin Hall, sleep in the same Math class, and have friends without number. If you ever come to Sorin Hall any of the boys will show you where the Carmodys are supposed to live, but the quickest way to find them is to take the Hill Street Car.

Athletic Notes.

"The most exciting game in many years" was the general verdict of those who saw the Wabash-Notre Dame contest last Friday evening. From the beginning of the contest to the final moment, there was not a single instant when the fighting eased up. The Downstaters were a plucky aggregation who knew how to play fast, clean basketball, and used every bit of their knowledge. The guards, Bacon, a South Bend High product, and Blankety, kept the Varsity forwards well covered during the greater part of the fracas, and the former proved one of the best men at his position that has appeared at Notre Dame in many a day. But the visitors had not one whit of advantage over the local duet of defense artists. Finegan easily played the best game of his life, and kept Stonebreaker, the much-touted center of the visitors, to two scores. Sam was constantly intercepting passes and breaking up the lightning team-work of the visitors, often covering two men until help came. Daley, too, played a wonderful game, his floor work being one of the shining features of the contest. Besides holding his man to one basket, he corralled two himself.

Joe Kenny was like a wizard on wheels—or wings rather. Time after time, he snatched the ball from under the very feet of the Crimson aggregation, and took it down the floor at a speed that carried him right past the guards. In the last few moments of the game, when Notre Dame needed two points to tie the score, Joe arched a beautiful toss from the middle of the court, that went clean through the basket without touching the rim. Mills was slow the first half, but in the second he got up speed, and in a whirlwind finish scored two baskets just when they were most needed. Fitz also played a good game, but was unable to get away from Bacon long enough to score.

At the end of the first half the score stood 8 to 6 in favor of the visitors. In the second the Varsity went in determined to even up, or at least to put the Little Giants to the hardest test they ever met. The start was bad, and soon the visitors were four points ahead. Fitz put the Varsity two points closer by dropping in two fouls. Then Kenny evened up the score; but with three moments to play, one of the visiting forwards dropped in a pretty basket

from the side, but Rupe Mills refused to let Wabash break its unbroken string of defeats at Notre Dame's hands, and sent the Varsity into the lead with two baskets, each at the end of some very fast pass work, and the final one, barely before the whistle blew. One of the hardest games of the season will come when the locals meet the Little Giants on their own court later in the season.

WABASH, 17		NOTRE DAME, 19
Dale		Kenny
	Forward	
Coffing		Fitzgerald
	Forward	
Stonebreaker		Mills
	Center	
Bacon		Daly
	Guard	
Peters		Finegan
	Guard	

Substitutions—Allen for Coffing. Baskets—Dale, 5; Stonebreaker, 2; Kenny, 3; Mills, 2; Daly, 2. Fouls—Dale, 3; Fitzgerald, 5. Time of halves—Two twenty minute periods. Referee—Miller, South Bend, Y. M. C. A.

In a fast game Wednesday night, the Gold and Blue took the Olivet five into camp by a score of 38 to 21. To save his men for the trip in the latter part of the week, Coach Harper sent in his second team during the first half and a part of the second. In this period, the visitors played the reserves an even game, but when the regulars were sent in, points for Notre Dame were piled up in quick succession.

NOTRE DAME, 38		OLIVET, 21
Grady		Miller
	Right Forward	
Cassidy		Hammond
	Left Forward	
Ward		Leavanworth
	Center	
Keefe		Springer
	Right Guard	
Daly		Montague
	Left Guard	

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Mills for Ward; Kenny for Grady; Fitzgerald for Cassidy; Finegan for Keefe. Baskets—Grady, 5; Ward, 2; Keefe, 2; Daly, 2; Fitzgerald 3; Kenny, 1; Mills, 4; Hammond, 2; Springer, 3. Fouls—Miller, 3. Referee—Bosler.

I. A. C. WINS CLOSE MEET.

The aggregation of track and field stars which the Illinois Athletic Club has brought together proved too much for Notre Dame's track team last Saturday night and the Chicagoan's took home a well-earned victory, the score being 56½ to 53½. The visitors had at

least one star entered in every event, and the ability of these stars enabled them to take first in eight out of thirteen events. The records were good in all events and a number of them were exceptional.

The fastest men on the visiting squad were unable to collect even a single point in the dashes. Notre Dame opened the meet with a slam in the 40-yard dash and followed this later in the evening with a similar victory in the two-twenty. The performance of Russell Hardy and the Bergman Brothers were the most spectacular of the evening and aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the rooters. With this trio of sprinters Notre Dame has little to fear in the dashes.

In the quarter mile Notre Dame was represented by three Freshmen who were competing on a varsity team for the first time. Whelan got away fast in this race and held the lead until the last half-lap, when Schriver of the I. A. C. passed the local man and finished a few feet in the lead. Considering the facts that the winner is one of the best quarter-milers in the west and that the time, 53 3-5, is exceptionally good, Whelan's first appearance in a Varsity suit was a very creditable one.

The half-mile proved one of the best races of the evening. Voelkers took the lead and held it for more than two laps. Cameron of the I. A. C. then went to the front, but "Andy" McDonough had been holding back, and on the fourth lap he began creeping up on the Chicago man. On the fifth lap "Mc" went into the lead and he finished the race strong, an easy winner. This was McDonough's first victory for Notre Dame, but we hope to see him take several more firsts this year. If he continues to improve, he will prove a capable successor to "Johnny" Plant.

The I. A. C. excelled in the distances. Joie Ray seemed as good as ever, and that means that he was practically unbeatable. However George Waage ran a splendid mile and pushed Ray to the finish. The time, 4:30 4-5, was the best that has been made on the local track in several years, and Waage was only a few feet behind Ray at the finish. Waage is undoubtedly far above the average college miler and he will prove a consistent point winner. In the two-mile Bartholomew ran a hard race, but the I. A. C. men showed great endurance and scored a slam in this event. The distance is new to "Bart" and he was running against

three experienced distance runners.

Burgess, holder of the world's record in the forty-yard low hurdles, appeared for the visitors in both hurdle races and carried off the honors. In the low hurdles he was pushed by both Duggan and Kirkland, and was forced to tie the Gym record of five seconds flat in order to win. Duggan was handicapped by an injured knee; Fritch was just recovering from a sprained ankle, and Kirkland has been forced to divide his time between basketball and track. In view of these disadvantages, our hurdlers did exceptionally well.

In the high jump, Notre Dame had to be content with a second, Asche, capturing first with a leap of 5 feet, $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The pole vault also went to the visitors, Kenoureck taking the bar in easy fashion at 11 feet 9 inches. Sears took second with 11 feet 6 inches, while Yeager and Edgren tied with Bragg of the I. A. C. for third. Our pole vaulters are developing rapidly under Coach Rockne and this event will be well taken care of.

John Miller proved a pleasant surprise in the broad jump and for a time looked like a winner. He leaped 21 feet $7\frac{3}{4}$ inches and Ahearn, who won the event last year, was unable to beat this record. However, another gentleman from Chicago, Van Camp by name, was equal to the task and he took the honors. Miller jumped more than 21 feet several times, and with a little more practice should prove a star in this event.

Much interest was manifested in the shot put because of the fact that Kohler the old Michigan star, was entered by the I. A. C. Much to the delight of the local fans, Mr. Kohler was forced to take second to our own Charlie Bachman, "Bach" heaved the weight 41 feet $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

40-yard dash—Al Bergman, N. D., first; Hardy, N. D., second; Art Bergman, N. D. third. Time, :04 4-5

40-yard high hurdles—Burgess, I. A. C., first; Brodt, I. A. C., second; Kirkland, N. D., third. Time, :05 3-5.

One mile run—Ray, I. A. C., first; Waage, N. D., second; Bickler, I. A. C., third. Time, 4:30 4-5.

High jump—Asche, I. A. C., first; DeFries, N. D. second; Burgess, I. A. C., third. Height, 5 feet, 8 3-4 inches.

220-yard dash—Al Bergman, N. D., first; Hardy, N. D., second; Art Bergman, Notre Dame, third. Time, :24.

Pole vault—Kenoureck, I. A. C., first; Sears, N. D., second; Yeager, N. D., Edgren, N. D., and Bragg, I. A. C., tied for third. Height, 11 ft. 9 in.

440-yard run—Schriver, I. A. C., first; Whelan, N. D., second; Potter, I. A. C., third. Time, :53 3-4.

40-yard low hurdles—Burgess, I. A. C., first; Duggan, N. D., second; Kirkland, N. D., third. Time, :05.

Broad jump—Van Camp, I. A. C., first; Ahearn, I. A. C., and J. Miller, Notre Dame, tied for second. Distance, 22 feet, 1-4 inch.

880-yard run—A. McDonough, N. D., first; Cameron, I. A. C., second; Holloway, I. A. C., third. Time, 2:03.

Two mile run—Bickler, I. A. C., first; Cameron, I. A. C., second; Ray, I. A. C., third. Time, 11:54.

Shot put—Bachman, N. D., first; Kohler, I. A. C., second; Eichenlaub, N. D., third. Distance, 41 feet, 10 1-2 inches.

CORBY TIES BROWNSON

Last Monday witnessed one of the fastest and best games of interhall basketball ever played at Notre Dame. It was a contest between the two leaders of the league, and brought out the fast points of each aggregation. Both teams were out for victory, and when the din of struggle had subsided sufficiently to render thinking possible, it was discovered that Corby had won, being on the bright side of a 21 to 12 score. This result placed the Corby quintet on a par with the Brownsonites, and makes necessary another game between the two to decide the championship. Corby seems to be coming strong now, and should give Brownson a hard battle for the title, although there is little reason to believe that the latter's winning streak has been effectually severed. Throughout the entire schedule the splendid teamwork of Brownson has been a remarkable feature in all of its games, and this has probably contributed more to the Brownson wins than any other cause. Until Corby defeated them Monday the main building players had a perfect score, having repeatedly cleaned up everything in sight.

Corby has improved wonderfully in its team play, and if they can get their machine in action in the final game, the result may be gratifying to them. Leary, King, Bergman, and Rydezewski, have played good ball the entire season, and when going good are a hard combination to beat. Whether Murphy, Matthews, McKenna and other Brownson stars can do it, is the question that must be settled in the championship game. The other teams in the league have disbanded and withdrawn from the race. By Sorin's failure to put in an appearance, third place belongs to the Day Dodger organization.

Safety Valve.

Brownsonite:—"What did your father say when he got your report card?"

Walshite:—"Sh! I belong to the Holy Name Society."

The other day Eichenlaub and Art Carmody got three black marks each, and had their names erased from the Roll of Honor for hitching behind bob-sleds.

HEARD IN CORBY.

"Boo, hoo! boo, hoo! I just filled the bath tub up with water so I could take a bath and when I wasn't looking Willie sneaked in and he's taking his bath, boo, hoo!"

THE NEW SONG HIT.

"Carry Me Back to Dear Old Brownson."

By Harold Wildman.

"All in favor of midnight permission will raise their right hand.—My! what dirty hands!"

We were wondering the other day if March Forth Wells of Sorin took Military Drill, or whether it would require an amendment of the Constitution to change his first names to May Third.

MORE OR LESS DUTCH.

Stranger:—"How is it that A. Bergman got first in that race and that A. Bergman got third?"

Student:—"Oh! they are two different fellows. Big Dutch got first and Little Dutch got third."

Stranger (*pointing to Art Bergman*):—"Then that fellow won the race, did he?"

Student:—"No, that's Little Dutch."

Stranger:—"But he's bigger than—"

Student (*getting angry*):—"It 'doesn't matter how big he is, he's Little Dutch and you can't make him Big Dutch. So that settles it."

AT THE SOPHOMORE COTILLION

At the Sophomore Cotillion

All the K. M's looked like million

Aires. The maidens young and old were suffering in the latest styles.

The stenographers and cashers

And the waitresses and hashers,

All wore sixteen dollar evening gowns and million dollar smiles.

The pawnbroker's only daughter,

With her fellow and her hauteur,

Brought some other people's wedding rings and jewels that were in hock.

Some were there from Mishawaka,

But the way that they would talka
'Bout their cars would make you think that they
had never walked a block.

One poor fellow brought his sister,
Plainly she's no amorist or
She might help him find a girlie if he can't get one
alone.

Others didn't like the faces
Of the girls from nearby places,
So, from eighty miles or more, imported partners
of their own.

Each man made his inventory
Long ago to save the worry,
And the boobies some tried to shove, their girls looked
like 'the love of Mike.'
But one speedy little pacer
Brought along an ink eraser,
And erased the names of all the guys whose looks
she didn't like.

Fox trotted the hesitation
To Berlin's new syncopation.
Sim Mee got so tired dancing that he sat upon
the floor.*

Miller didn't know the dances
So he took some awful chances.
Bergman showed more speed on dashes than he
ever did before.

Matthews looked just like a preacher,
Beh, the Corby dancing teacher,
Gave a wondrous imitation of a dance he'd never
seen.

Kennedy was there in glory
With a verse from Omar's story—
"Reviving Herb of tender green-fledging lip on
which we lean."

Some danced the 'Gotch-and-Hackenschmit',
The 'Pickle-Prance' and 'Whack-an-'Hit,'
The 'Lemon-Cling,' the 'Anti-Skid,' the 'Nock and
Nimble Nee.'

All the Freshmen there were wishin'
For another intermission.
Whelan kept on intermitting when he found the
eats were free.

Finally weary of the Maxies,
All were toted home in taxies,
And allowances slipped faster than when we
bequeathed to Yale.
When Monecas shoved the chauffeur
A five-dollar bill, the loafer
Said, "I thank you, sir, I thank you," as he sped
off with the kale.

And this pathetic poetry
I dedicate to Rosalie
Her suspected plea of illness saved one guy from
misery.

* P. S. His girl slipped also which embarrassed him
the more.