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Inisfail.

SPEER STRAHAN.

THE larks spring up from the dew-wet hedge
At the dawning of the day;
And a linnnet sings by the pasture's edge,
Where the monks once went their way.

Ah, there the very soil is sweet,—
The clover-covered sod,
That long was blessed by the passing feet
Of the gentle saints of God.

The peaceful heavens are over all,
Over field and hedge they rise;
'Tis there that memory's footsteps fall
Beneath my Kerry skies.

Laetare Medalist, 1915.

THE democracy of the Catholic Church and of Catholic institutions is evidenced again this year by the University in her selection of a Laetare Medalist. Just one year ago, this emblem of distinction was conferred on Edward Douglas White, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Turning away from the mightiest secular tribunal in the world, the University stoops to a bed of pain and suffering in the same capital city, and proudly pins upon the breast of a bed-ridden woman, the emblem that puts upon her activities the same value, the same measure, the same stamp of approval as in years past she has put upon the life and activities of such men and women as John Gilmary Shea, historian; Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; General John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Henry W. F. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahue, editor;

Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; William Rosecrans, soldier, Anna T. Sadlier, author; Thomas A. Emmett, physician; Timothy E. Howard, jurist; John Creighton, philanthropist; W. Bourke Cockran, lawyer; John B. Murphy, surgeon; Charles J. Bonaparte, statesman; Richard C. Kerens, philanthropist; Thos B. Fitzpatrick, philanthropist; Francis J. Quinlan, surgeon; Katherine E. Conway, editor; Edward Douglas White, jurist, and others.

Among the Laetare Medalists, members of the Catholic laity distinguished for eminent service to the Church, to the country, to art, science or letters will be found no more remarkable personage than the recipient of this year's medal, Miss Mary V. Merrick of Washington, D. C., the founder of the Christ Child Society. Her intellectual and moral fitness for such a distinctive honor will be acknowledged by everyone familiar with the life and works of this wonderful woman.

Miss Mary V. Merrick, daughter of the late Richard T. Merrick, an eminent lawyer and orator, was born in Washington, D. C. At the age of fourteen she received an injury that so disabled her that she has since been unable to sit, stand or walk. Practically her entire life has been spent lying on a rolling chair by which she moves from room to room in her house. She is taken to church in the same manner, and takes her outings day by day totally incapable of locomotion in any other way.

On this bed of pain, Miss Merrick conceived and brought to a realization one of the grandest organizations for social and moral uplift that modern society can boast of, and since its inception, year by year she has continued to guide and direct its growth and development, until to-day, through her inspiration alone, it has found its way into twenty of our eastern and western states.

The Christ Child Society was founded in Washington in 1891 by Miss Merrick. When still a young girl, following out the beautiful

French and German custom of clothing a child of poverty on Christmas Day, she prepared an infant's outfit and distributed gifts to the children of two poor homes. She interested others in this work, and soon a little society was formed, each member agreeing to make six garments for the infants then being cared for, and besides, to make at least one child happy on Christmas Day. By 1900 the society had grown greatly and had taken more definite form; other works, such as sewing schools, children's libraries, Sunday-school classes, settlement work, visiting nurses, summer outings, hospital visiting, industrial instructions, were added to the work of the relief of destitute children.

To serve the Christ Child in our less fortunate brethren was the motive power that gave birth to the Christ Child Society, and is still the inspiration of its members. Personal service is their contribution to this noble work, and this service is directed to the children of the poor. Although material relief is the direct object of the society, a spiritual inspiration has been infused into the members which gives their work a distinctively supernatural character and brings confidence and joy into the hearts of the poor they serve.

The methods of social work employed are kept as simple as may be consistent with efficient social service. The poorest districts are selected where rooms are rented and a centre of activity is organized, according to the needs of the locality. In these "Christ Child Centres" which represent to many children a welcome relief in the monotony of their lives, libraries are opened, classes in sewing are held, shirt-waist making, millinery and embroidery are taught. Classes in carpentry, basketry and other useful trades are also organized.

In Washington, D. C., the headquarters of the Christ Child Society, there are about eight hundred members including many titled ladies from all parts of the world, whose husbands or fathers are members of the diplomatic corps at the National Capitol; likewise many who are connected with the Army and Navy and the official life of Washington. Branch societies have been established in New York City, Chicago, Omaha, Indianapolis, Detroit, Worcester, Ellicott City, Davenport and many other cities.

Since the days of St. Vincent de Paul there

have appeared in the ranks of social workers and philanthropists, few, if any persons, more remarkable than Miss Mary Merrick. Her life is a wonderful triumph of character over affliction, a marvelous example of industry, ambition and force in the presence of ten thousand reasons which would easily have excused aimlessness and indifference. In a recent appreciation of Miss Merrick, Dr. William J. Kerby of the Catholic University says: "I believe that Miss Merrick's name is known and her work is understood and valued more widely than is the case with many, if any, other Catholic women in the country. Few Catholics will be found in the United States, whose personal merit is greater, whose life is half so noble or whose distinctive work in the national activities of the Church means more. Her range of intellectual interests is large and her appreciation of life and literature are extremely accurate and balanced. Her disposition is wonderful and cheerful. There is a wholesomeness and naturalness about her that is nothing short of marvelous in view of her physical condition."

Besides her exclusively social activities, Miss Merrick is the author of a *Life of Christ*, a series of lectures for children, and translator of Mme. de Ségur's "Life of Christ for Children." She has developed a method of her own in the physical, moral and religious care of babies and growing children.

"Whosoever shall receive one such child as this in My Name," said our Saviour, "receiveth Me, and whosoever shall receive Me, receiveth not Me, but Him that sent Me." To receive such children as these in the name of Christ has been the sole aim and ambition of this wonderful woman. How well she has succeeded in her life's work is attested by the present status of the Christ Child Society. The quality of her work, the extent and method of it as found in her favorite charity, are an honor to the Catholic Church, and to philanthropists and social workers the world over, an inspiration.

To recognize such extraordinary merit is the aim of Notre Dame University in conferring the Laetare Medal. In announcing Miss Merrick, therefore, the Laetare Medalist of 1915, Notre Dame honors herself and proclaims Miss Merrick an honor to her country, a benefactress of mankind, and a living glory to the Catholic Church.

St. Patrick's Day Greetings.

Dear Shamrock of Erin, why should we not love thee
That brought with our hero the knowledge of God,
That art the sweet symbol of Him in Three Persons—
Thou blessed and holy green flower of the sod.

How lovely the rose, and how pure the white lily!
But fairer by far is the shamrock we love—
The sun-kissed trifoliate that grows on the hilly
Moss lands, that doth image our true land above.

Though faded and crushed, we are longing to wear
thee,
God bless thy brown petals; they bring me the
breath
Of Erin, my country, the cradle of Martyrs,
Who perfumed so sweetly her soil by their death.

Their blood may have nourished thy leaflets once
tender.
And fresh as the love that did spring up in hearts;
Their smiles like the dewdrops have fallen from heaven
With blessings upon thy three little green parts.

In many a land a tear to-day greets thee,
And many a blessing to-day on thee falls,
And many a heart flies back to dear Erin
Who 'cross the wide ocean her children e'er calls.

How sweet England's rose, how pure the French lily,
But fairer by far is the shamrock we love—
The sun-kissed trifoliate that grows on the hilly
Moss lands, that doth image our true land above.

B. Gilbert.

Marlowe's Plays.

BY HENRY G. GLUECKERT.

The dramatic art of England reached its highest point in Shakespeare. He stands out in English literature like a Titian. But like other great men he had a precursor who introduced him. Marlowe made straight the way of his illustrious successor by determining the type of drama which was destined to endure and triumph. He further prepared the people for the reception of Hamlet, Lear and Macbeth. Before his time the theatre was sensational and sanguinary. His first play, however, drove from the stage the buffooneries that characterized the popular plays and hence marked the beginning of a new era. Finally,

in opposition to Greuze and other great dramatists of his time, he created blank verse, the exclusive vehicle of Shakespeare's mature art.

The overwhelming influence of Marlowe can be estimated from the consideration that eight plays, at the most, survive from the period preceding his revolution. During six turbulent years Marlowe gave us six dramas besides parts of some three or four others. His best known plays are "Tamburlaine," "Dr. Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward."

All these works are produced on a grand scale. The verse, the passions, the outlines of the plots, the characters and the fancy, all connote mightiness, intensity and, to some extent, extravagance. The plays of Marlowe appear like a Colossus, not so perfect in detail as in broad outline.

It is characteristic of his heroes that they strive for the acquisition of unlimited power: with Tamburlaine it is empire; with Faustus the desire of knowledge and sensuous pleasure; while with Barabbas it is the characteristically Jewish lucre. Marlowe, therefore, could create strong, fascinating characters, which dominated his first three plays to such an extent as to detract from the artistic effect.

"Tamburlaine" comprises two parts which were intended as separate dramas, but it is only through their combination that we have a complete story. Hence they are always considered as constituting a single play.

Part I. was produced in 1587 and part II. followed very shortly after. The author was then only twenty-three years of age. Swinburne characterized him as a "boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition." The truth of this statement is verified by his originality, the vigor and exuberance of his thought, and the loftiness of his poetry.

As a general criticism we would say that "Tamburlaine" is crude and tedious in spite of many fine passages. The hero, whose name the play bears, dominates the action to such an extent that the drama borders on the epic. The steady development of the plot, which so significantly features Shakespeare's more renowned plays, is also lacking. This is due to the fact that the composition is too straightforward and hence the complication is deficient. The melodramatic extravagances of the falling action are utterly out of keeping with the rising action. "Tamburlaine," like

Marlowe's other heroes, has no conscience. He knows nothing of right and wrong; desire and impulse are the sole guides of his actions. But, why is it that with these and many other faults this play survives? The author's splendid imagination, the stateliness of his verse, and the rare bits of poetic beauty are remarkable. The character of Tamburlaine, though it is grotesque, is still fascinating. The Scythian warrior by his dominating personality, endows the play with a unity which otherwise would be utterly lacking.

Marlowe's second drama, "Doctor Faustus," was performed for the first time in the year 1588. The play shows a very noticeable advance over "Tamburlaine," in various ways. The Scythian conqueror is as inhuman a figure as we can conceive: Faustus is in all respects a man. The ethical significance also shows some progress. In "Tamburlaine" we find no direct retribution for sin; Faustus, however, suffers miserably for his transgression, and we are made painfully aware of his guilt.

There is one very notable fault in the construction of this play. The first three and last two scenes are the only ones which seem essential to the play. Between them there is a huge gap. The intervening scenes might be interchanged without altering the main action to any extent. Just as in the preceding play unity is affected through the conflict which the hero encounters, in the case of Faustus it is accomplished through his extended wavering between right and wrong. There are also many scenes without any dramatic relevance. Thus the famous scene in which Faustus summons up the vision of Helen, in spite of its beauty could be omitted altogether without affecting the action.

"The Jew of Malta" is Marlowe's next production. It is modelled on the type of the two preceding plays. Barabbas, the Jew, is the star character, having the same significance as Tamburlaine and Doctor Faustus in the other dramas. There is, however, one marked advance in the author's craftsmanship. The plot develops more regularly and ingeniously than in either "Tamburlaine" or "Faustus." In the falling action the play degenerates from an admirable beginning. Here again we have a series of melodramatic horrors such as we have already seen in Tamburlaine. Here before Barabbas bade fair to rival Shakespeare's Shylock. They have so many similar traits that

critics are agreed that Barabbas is the prototype of Shylock. Barabbas like Shylock is a usurer. Each has a daughter in love with a Christian and both are seeking for revenge. But how different is the outcome! Marlowe's Jew becomes a brute, a monster; Shakespeare's Jew is glorified by his vicissitudes; he is a true man.

The fourth of Marlowe's tragedies, "Edward II," differs in several respects from his previous works. From semi-legendary sources he now turns to history for his subject. Instead of having the one predominant character in Edward the Second we have three characters of almost equal power in conflict and contrast—Edward, Goveston, and Mortimer. We also have a complex story which stage by stage leads up to a powerful climax. The style also is a great improvement over that of his earlier works. The bombast and rant which are so noteworthy in Tamburlaine, and to a slight extent in the other plays, have entirely disappeared.

Critics are unanimously agreed that "Edward the Second" is Marlowe's greatest production. It even ranks above the first Shakespearian history-plays. "Putting Shakespeare's studies from the English chronicles out of account, this is certainly the finest historical drama in our language, as it is also the first deserving of that title."

Marlowe wrote another historical piece, "The Massacre at Paris." Its date is unknown, but it is supposed to have been one of his later works. It is chiefly interesting for displaying the anti-papal feeling in consequence of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. As a dramatic production it has no importance, being undoubtedly his worst piece of work. A fragment of "Dido, Queen of Carthage," is also ascribed to Marlowe. It is likewise of little consequence; since it is nothing more than a dramatization of Virgil's fourth book of the *Æneid*.

Marlowe is one of those men who, though great in themselves, are essentially great for having made it possible for another to be more illustrious than themselves. Without the work of Marlowe, Shakespeare's achievements would be nigh impossible. In fact from the point of view of their contribution to literature we cannot decide which is the greater. They form but one effect. Marlowe created and perfected the form and also determined the character of the English drama, while Shakespeare supplied the art.

The Stolen Diamond.

BY R. D. GOTWALD.

Chandler and Company is the name of a certain large jewelry firm in New York City. This firm has a retail store located on Fifth Avenue which for years has catered to the most exclusive classes. In view of this fact all the members of the company are well-known diamond specialists and all or most of the salesmen are expert appraisers of precious stones. The firm's stock of jewels, the value of which is practically unlimited, cannot be equalled by any other concern in the world.

Naturally then on account of its great wealth this store has attracted the attention of many people: those who have jewelry and wish for more; those who have none and are prospective buyers, and lastly those who make a profession of stealing. Every crook in the city had drawn plans and had carefully studied the details of the premises in expectation of robbing or burglarizing this store. However, the store being well guarded both night and day by policeman and secret service agents none of those who had planned and studied were sufficiently daring enough to attempt either a robbery or burglary.

Jack Rose was a crook—a so-called society burglar. Like the rest of his class he knew the locations and dimensions of the firm's safety vaults, how many salesmen the company employed and how many detectives. He knew the number of doors that were in the building and also the number of windows. In short, he knew its every detail. He had planned and studied; he had consulted and argued with his friends and finally he had determined that there was only one way in which to accomplish his intentions.

One day this society burglar walked into the Chandler jewelry store, posing as a prospective buyer and asked to be shown some very rare diamonds. Thinking that the gentleman was one of the regular patrons of the store or at least a member of the class that the company had been accustomed to deal with, the salesman, with the usual ceremony attached to exclusive bargaining, produced a large tray of sparkling diamonds. Ross began a careful examination of the contents of the tray while the salesman was looking for

another assortment of jewels so as to allow his customer the greatest possible margin in which to make a selection. A second tray of diamonds was placed upon the counter by the salesman, who, at the same time, because he was eager to bring about a purchase, had called the chief clerk to his assistance.

The chief clerk came over to help his inferior just as Ross looked up from the tray he had been examining. It was plain to see that the society burglar was dissatisfied and that no sale would be consummated. He glanced at the salesman and then his eyes met those of the chief clerk. The latter recognized him as the notorious society crook and so sure was he as to his identity that he immediately called a detective.

One diamond stone valued at twenty thousand dollars was missing from the first tray. This was strong evidence against Ross and had a tendency to establish securely his past reputation, for he in particular had been known to the chief clerk as one of the most successful diamond thieves in New York.

A detective from secret service headquarters soon arrived at the store. Ross, however, was unconcerned. He displayed a great amount of coolness and composure. He was master of the situation, for his years of acquaintance with his wily trade had taught him that circumstances such as this count for nothing. But secretly the society burglar was thinking of his situation. He knew he was in a dangerous position and knowing this caused him to act the more quickly. Gracefully he swung his hand wide to the right and with a quick down and up movement he tried to shake hands with the detective. Believing it to be some trick or artifice which in all cases must be avoided the sleuth ignored his offer. Ross was led to a rear room in the building and there searched. The searching, however, was of no avail. The missing diamond could not be found upon his person.

Ross then asked to be dismissed, but he was told by the perplexed officer that the circumstances warranted his detention—the diamond stone had disappeared from the tray, and although the search for it did not disclose its whereabouts, circumstantial evidence pointed to him as the one responsible for its disappearance. He was also told that he was the prisoner of the detective and would either be placed in confinement until innocence was

proved or an adequate bailment was secured.

The society burglar complained of this treatment. His complaints, however, were useless, and realizing this he asked to be allowed to phone his lawyer in order to make arrangements for his release. This request was granted him, but he was carefully watched as he entered the telephone booth and during the whole time he was talking. There was nothing that he did or appeared to say that in the least manner alarmed the suspicions of the watchful detective.

Ross did not phone a lawyer, but instead one of his associates, a clever pickpocket, whom he instructed to pose as his attorney. He was then removed to the police station for trial. Here his associate met him as previously arranged.

After a few minutes spent in talking to Ross, the pickpocket, under the guise of counsel for the defendant, expressed his desire of speaking privately with the detective. The officer thinking that it was necessary that he make a clear statement of the facts of the case to the lawyer consented, and both the detective and pickpocket retired to a private room adjoining the court.

During the conversation with the officer the supposed attorney did not forget his real trade. He secretly and without any trouble extracted the diamond from the detective's coat pocket where it had been placed by the society crook in his attempt to shake hands with the officer when that gentleman first came into the jewelry store.

The preliminary trial was soon started, but the court found no evidence that would justify complaint, much less, confinement. It appeared that Ross had taken the diamond, but the fact could not reasonably be proved. It was also true that the prisoner was a notorious character, but he must in all cases be first proved guilty before the law would take cognizance of his guilt. The case was dismissed without further procedure.

Ross was freed and he and his confederate and the diamond left the station.

“BEAUTY fills us with fresh thoughts and joyous emotions; it lifts towards higher worlds and promises the vision of better things; it awakens in the soul the consciousness of the harmony that is itself; it is God's smile on His world, bidding us take hope and be of good cheer.”

Varsity Verse.

OUR VICTORY.

The world's rejoicing,
Our victory voicing.
All Corby, Brownson, Walsh and Sorin,
Are singing solos
And swinging bolos
At anyone who stops encorin'.
Tonight we're keeping
The town from sleeping,
The roofs are rising with the roarin'.
We must proclaim
We've won the game,
Our duty's to salute thee, Notre Dame.

An N. D. Everybody join in the melody.
Give that fine old yell, U. N. D.
Come let's unfold
The good old blue and gold,
The blue that's true sky blue,
The gold that's gold all through.
An N. D. Everybody give an N. D.,
Hoorah, U. N. D., rah, U. N. D.
See the gold and blue up in the skies;
We've the same colors as paradise.
Come boys and help acclaim
Loyalty and fame.

Give a cheer for dear old Notre Dame.

MYRON PARROT.

O GASTRALGIA!

A dynamo stood in a haze,
Shifting its magnet a dozen ways,
Mahouting around all over the ground,
Like a mango-fish in a daze.
Mandrilling it stood as mean as it could,
And maraboued quickly at him,—
Like a mastodon bat,
It surely did that,
Yes, maraboued quickly at him.

Then it lifted its marvelous mass,
Meandering a menacing pass,
Momenting so gay, like a squirrel at play,
It coughed like a melon, alas.
Meowing it moaned a microvolt groan,
Then mutanized wildly at him,—
It roared like Achilles,
Which gave him the willies,
Then mutanized wildly at him!

Then muffling its murky triumph,
 It suddenly took a great jump,
 And scorching it sped,—forty-two tons of lead.
 Right down on the poor dizzy chump.
 It squashed him quite flat, it really did that,—
 But later awaking he swore,
 He'd never eat "Smearcase" no more.
 For it gave him the jimjams, it really did that!

R. H.

WHEN BILLY GAVE A U. N. D.

Billy skived one evening to have a jubilee,
 For Notre Dame had won the game and he had
 loyalty.
 He went into a movie to see the 'Rosary,'
 But it was no use, he just broke loose with a great
 big U. N. D.

When Billy gave a U. N. D., when Billy gave a
 U. N. D.

The people thought it shocking, but they knew his
 heart was right.

Everybody's talking yet of that exciting night.

When Billy gave a U. N. D., the whole town joined
 the jubilee—

Teachers, Preachers, vaudeville features—

Dignity soon disappeared, all stood on their chairs
 and cheered.

When Billy gave a U. N. D., when Billy gave a
 big U. N. D.

Billy strolled around the town and in a cabaret;
 He got along just like a song till it was time to pay.
 He couldn't give the waiter a two-cent stamp or key
 But you bet he knew just what to do, he gave a
 big N. D. M. P.

Characterization in the Drama.

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

It is possible for us to imagine the wonderful beauties of nature—the trees, the flowers, the waters; we can dream of them and see them without action displayed by any living creature. Perhaps a bird could be introduced into a beautiful imaginary scene; this little winged thing would be an object which would enhance and make the scene more resplendent. Introduce a fawn into the same scene and it would be intensified and more realistic as well as more idealistic. Hence, the value of the moving animate in the midst of nature. Our imagination might carry us on indefinitely, but it is not until we have the action of man himself that our scenes are truly

rounded into something that has the fullest meaning. Not that nature in itself is not magnificent; we must all acknowledge its beauty. But man's interest would grow cold if it were not for the part that humanity can play, and does play, in the midst of it all.

We know that the drama depicts life. It depicts it in all its phases, with various situations and crises all demanding a workmanship that is never complete without characters that really do something; characters that are not so uncommon but that we can grasp the significance of their actions, although they may be complex. Without this complexity of action on the part of the "dramatis personae" the play itself would be nothing more than childish simplicity of action and mere commonplace sequence of events, if not perhaps wholly a combination of remarks.

The playwright can never proceed very far in the planning of his drama without ascertaining who and what his characters are to be. They are essential to the gist of his whole work, and the idea of the success of his work runs parallel with the soulful impetus which directs his labor. The indispensable characters, those upon whose actions the reality and plot of the drama depend, are to be most seriously considered. Upon their every word and action hinges the subsequent importance of the play. A "faux pas" in the characterization of one individual is often enough to bring havoc to all the play. What dire results would there have been had the little Duke of Reichstadt in Rostand's "L'Aiglon" been permitted to have breathed intentionally even the slightest hatred toward his beloved France. The spirit of the wonderful play would have been shattered; the Dauphin could not have been fully appreciated. But great dramatists do not permit such breaches of characterization, else we could not recognize their plays as worthy. That does not imply a perfection of characterization which our own interpretation would perhaps create; but it implies a perfection which we realize must exist on the part of the writer.

The drama is not like a novel. In the latter the space of time covered is so great that changes of character perhaps of great magnitude, are permissible. But, on the other hand, the drama has to do more with one event, or one series of events, and a real and decided change of character within it is deplorable. Most certainly a character must

develop—but a development in the sense of becoming clarified and disclosed rather than in the sense of becoming materially changed. In almost any novel outside forces may tend to change a hard-hearted man into one more sympathetic, or a criminal into a reformer; but the short period of time devoted to the average drama is not of sufficient length to permit of such radical changes.

Characterizations adapted to the reader's conception are to be admired. Bearing directly upon this is the number of characters of the drama in question. Increasing their number does not necessarily strengthen the play itself, but on the other hand, often weakens the production. Naturally, the theme of the piece must gauge the number of characters employed to produce it. It was necessary that Ibsen should employ the fifty characters in his "Peer Gynt," not to mention the numerous supernumeraries; in Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac" there are fifty-four personages, while forty-three are found in the "dramatis personae" of his "L'Aiglon." On the other hand, Becque presents his "La Parisienne" with only four characters and a servant. Shakespeare's number of characters cover a wide field varying from fourteen speaking parts in both "Twelfth Night" and "All's Well that Ends Well," to forty-two in "King Henry IV." Number of characters, however, must not be praised or blamed except in reckoning to what extent they bear directly upon the play.

There is one peculiarity of character in the old drama which has almost passed out of existence in the modern drama. It is that of giving the person a name significant of the character being portrayed. For example, how easy it is to divine just what sort of a character Sir Anthony Absolute must be, not to mention the effervescent Mrs. Malaprop. Could her name be more "apropos"? Sheridan has been thoughtful to so designate his characters of "The Rivals," but the present-day dramatist seems to possess more faith in the keenness of perception on the part of the reader or audience. At any rate, he feels that he has been equally, if not more, considerate toward his character and the reader if he produces a Sir Tunbelly Clumsy under the less auspicious cognomen Frank Maxwell, or one akin. Such names labelled the owner with a distinctive characteristic from which he must never divert. Such eccentricities are redundant and are

shunned by the best writers of to-day. It must not be wrongfully interpreted, however, that there is nothing in a name so far as the drama is concerned; in the drama the name is more to be observed than in any other form of writing for the name of a character must be fitting and appropriate, but not of a nature to set off eccentricities. Let the farcical name be left to the farce.

The audience demands that every character on the stage prove what he is; by what he says and what he does they must know him, and it is this attainment that forms the playwright's hardest trial toward acquitting himself as befits a dramatist. He must create a character that is real and living. Thus the writer is limited since he cannot thrust into the reader's mind all the imaginable history and experiences with which he himself has associated the character. To be able to withstand the criticism of the public, and to bring the characters to well-deserved fame, the writer must employ the psychologist's instinct of an Ibsen, the character-drawing ability of a Molière and the personified idealism of a Shaw. We know that Hamlet, King Lear, and Othello are real for they act after a fashion befitting their characters. In the short time that we are given to observe the women of Shakespeare's plays, we feel that we know them. Although we do not know their past history or environment, we have sufficient knowledge of them through their own interpretation and our minds are incited to work out the characters to their fulness. We need not hesitate to say that Portia, or Ophelia, or Desdemona might be vague characters if portrayed by another writer, considering the brevity of time given us to study them; but the master pen of Shakespeare creates them as real beings without forcing their appearance to the foreground of the entire drama.

Jacques in "As You Like It" is representative of the type that is characterized chiefly through what is said about him by other members of the cast. We learn to know him equally well from what the Duke and the lords say about him as from what he says and does himself. But it matters not so much what the method of characterization is, just so the character is consistent with the facts of human experience. Let the character be clearly conceived and vividly portrayed, and the requirements of civilization are satisfied.

John of the Peanuts.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER.

He stood in the smelly wagon, leaning against a dirty case. The little gas-jet threw its yellow glimmer all about, revealing the sordidness of it all. But it was the eyes of him that caught me. They were brown and set deep in the greasy porcine face. An old cap shaded them from the glare of the gas. But the light in them, the longing! There was in them something that awoke in me echoes of forgotten paeans; dim, misty scenes came drifting out of the past, and strange exotic beauties crowned my eyes. I could not make them out; the key seemed lost to me, but I gazed on, and presently, I saw....

It was the Grecian hills, thousands of years ago. The same spotless clouds flecked the same blue sky. Under a swaying tree, on the fragrant greensward, reclined a Greek. Clad in a short tunic, his long raven locks curling about his shoulders, he seemed a deity reposing. A tiny brooklet babbled near him; his lyre lay at his side where he had cast it that he might listen to the nobler music of the waters. Above him, scaling the mighty blue, a small bird soared, and gushing from that little body came a flood of melody. It mingled with the lilt of the waters; it rose to angel heights, and again, played on the breezes that passed weaving their own songs through the trees. The Greek took his lyre in his hand, and joining his refrain to that of the bird and water, sounded a strange, old, old, chord that thrilled and thrilled my throbbing heart. Suddenly a harsh, discordant note rang out: affrighted the bird flew off, the waters murmured ever fainter till their sound was lost, the Greek laid down his lyre and slowly faded from my view.....

Again I heard the cry, "Hey! John, hot dog—quick!"

Puzzled.

Who put the dreams in those potato cakes?
That had me climbing mountain sides all night,
That kept me hanging on a precipice
All quivering and shivering with fright.

I will not ask you now who cooked the prunes
That later caused me many minor aches,
I'd be content if I could ascertain
Who put the dreams in those potato cakes.

The Shamrock.

'Tis but a faded shamrock
But it came from o'er the sea.
And every leaf upon it
Is fresh with memory.

Tom Whalen at the Phone.

"Hello! I was just going to call you."

"Really, I was."

"No, you're as wrong as can be. I was sick last Sunday evening. Otherwise I should have come."

"Yes, I suppose that's what they all say, but it's true in my case just the same."

"Oh, I don't know just what it was. The doctor called it lidon."

"Yes, it's something like grippe, except that it gets you from the outside."

"Yes, you have a fever for a while, and the only thing to do is to stop arguing and go to your room and cool down."

"Yes, Dr. Dorémus attended me."

"He seemed to think it quite serious because he visited me three times that night."

"No, he simply looked in the last two times to be sure I was in bed. He thought I might dress and go out while I was delirious."

"Yes, the next day I was better and they brought me downstairs and put me on the carpet, thinking it would be better than the bare floor, but my temperature started to go up, so Fr. Finnegan had me carried to my room."

"No, I couldn't promise. The doctor says this lidon may attack me anytime until Easter. It's a lingering disease."

"I'll try, but don't be disappointed if I am not strong enough to go."

"Good-bye, dear."

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—The Harrison narcotic law, regulating the sale and distribution of drugs, which recently went into effect revealed the startling number of unfortunate victims of the drug habit in this country. Reports are coming in of an ever increasing number of suicides, poor deluded degenerates, who prefer the "easiest way" rather than undergo the torment of living without the use of their favorite drug. It is estimated that there are now nearly 2,000,000 habitual users suffering from want of opium, cocaine, morphine, and heroin. Conditions in Illinois, and especially in Chicago are much worse than in most other localities because there prohibitive state legislation supplements and completes the national law. The government has finally become cognizant of the serious effect of the law and has opened twenty-two marine hospitals to the drug users. Here they will be given the best of care by competent physicians, who are authorized to permit them the use of a limited amount of drugs, while attempting to affect a permanent cure. Too many precautions cannot be taken with the administration of this law. While everyone recognizes its ultimate wisdom, a drastic interpretation and literal enforcement might well be the cause of far greater evils than the law will remedy. If it has the tendency to drive the unfortunate drug fiends to suicide, as now seems to be the case when proper

treatment is unobtainable, it would be better if this anti-drug legislation were stricken from the statute books. However, if all possible relief is given judiciously to these tortured narcotic fiends, we may well hope that the law will be a great success.

A Great Pacificator Speaks.

The lecture on "The Great War and Peace" which was delivered by Mr. Hamilton Holt, editor of the New York *Independent*, and one of the great peace advocates of this country, last Tuesday evening, presented a clearer view of pacification than most of us have been treated to before. The orator spoke on a topic of interest to all, and though some of his views are, and very likely will remain, his own, the address was one of unique merit and appeal.

The Wilfrid Ward Lectures.

The life of Cardinal Newman is for every Catholic a theme of greatest importance. Although England has had her Bede, her Æ Kempis, and her Wiseman, she has produced no religious force so vital as the genius of the great Oratorian. Yet, for one to grasp the principle which correlated and inspired Newman's extensive writings, his style and his method, is a matter of immense difficulty, particularly since hostile critics have unhesitatingly characterized him as a dilettante, a mere artist in prose, and a second-rate theologian. It is for these reasons that the lectures of Dr. Ward, author of the great biography of the Cardinal, and the one of all living men really in touch with his intimate personality, have an importance which cannot be too strongly emphasized. Dr. Ward's third lecture demonstrated this underlying principle from his various writings on different subjects. The fourth lecture showed that Newman's superb and "regal" style was the breath of his soul which pondered over subjects and presented them in its own way. The Cardinal also studied his audience with painstaking thoroughness, attempting to employ that means of impression best calculated to produce the desired effect. His almost superhuman success is a matter of universal knowledge. This lecture was perhaps the most interesting one of the series. For his fifth and last lecture, Dr. Ward chose the theme of Newman's

apologetic method. The varying earnestness, picturesqueness, rhetorical appeal and even satire of this class of the Cardinal's writings were admirably presented. In conclusion, we have only to express our gratitude for this series of addresses. It has brought the genius of the great Cardinal home to us, and surely this is no trifling matter.

Book Review.

RAMBLES IN CATHOLIC LANDS. Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. Benziger Bros. \$2.00.

Dom Barrett is known to us chiefly as a writer of serious and somewhat heavy-handed essays on historical-religious subjects. The present volume is a venture into a new field.

These eighteen chapters are properly named rambles, for they have the leisurely, facile character of a short vacation journey. They are remarkable chiefly for the author's success in resisting the temptation to pack them with guide-book stuff. On the other hand, they have the defect of their quality, for one feels irresistibly in every chapter, how much of history, poetry, romance, legend and pious association is left untouched. There is also a flavor of monastic simplicity and freedom from sophistication in some of the author's *obiter dicta* which will gratify the jaded globe-trotter. A strain of piety, as would naturally be expected, runs through these edifying pages, and the reader feels almost as though he had made personal pilgrimage to the shrines Dom Barrett describes, and mingled with the folk he pictures so pleasantly. It is appalling to think of these peoples plunged in the miseries of a great war with the devastation and injury to customs and character that must follow.

We recommend this book to communities and schools as a desirable addition to their libraries.

THE EX-SEMINARIAN. By Will W. Whalen, Published by Society of Divine Word, Techny, Illinois.

This is a collection of short stories dealing with life in the Pennsylvania coal regions. The author having been born in Pennsylvania and having lived among the miners, faithfully reproduces their daily lives in these stories. The argot of the mining camp is something rarely acquired. Mr. Whalen's characters speak and act so naturally that we can see them move about.

A FAR AWAY PRINCESS by Christian Reid. Devin-Adair Co., N. Y. Net, \$1.35.

Christian Reid needs no introduction to American readers. Her previous works rank her among our best novelists. In this her latest book, she has undoubtedly surpassed her previous efforts.

The plot of "A Far Away Princess," is somewhat unique. The son of a Southern governor marries a talented French actress who has won fame in Rostand's "La Princess Lointaine." The breaking down of

barriers of pride and prejudice, by the strong, pure love of a devoted wife, forms a story of more than usual interest. The book is replete with surprising developments, the outcome being in doubt until the end.

SHIPMATES. By Mary T. Waggaman. Benziger Bros. N. Y. Price 60 cts.

This is a very interesting and instructive story for the younger folk. The conventional shallow plot, so long deemed necessary in children's stories, is here displaced by a more substantial one, adding greatly to the interest. The characters are well defined, and on the whole the story is very pleasing.

TWO BIRDS IN A NEST, By Henriette Delamare. Benziger Bros, N. Y. Price 60 cts.

Here is another entertaining story for children. It portrays the life of the children of a German army officer, how their life differs from that of American children, and how in some striking ways all are alike. The idea is novel, and the story told simply and well.

POPULAR SERMONS ON THE CATECHISM, From the German of Rev. A. Hubert-Bamberg. Edited by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. Vol. II. The Commandments. Benzigers. Net \$1.50.

This collection of instructions on the Commandments will be welcomed by priest and people. Clear, simple and unctuous, full of apt illustration, it drives home the great moral teachings of the Catechism. It is the voice of the earnest and zealous pastor exhorting his people. With its companion volume on the articles of the creed it deserves a place in the priest's working library, and offers, too, sound reading for the family circle.

Personals.

—Mr. Charles A. Paquette (B. S., '90; Litt. B., '91; M. S., '95) has recently been appointed chief engineer of the Big Four and Peoria and Western railways. Charlie has been employed by the Lake Shore and other railroads ever since he graduated, and his last appointment is proof of his success.

—One of the most successful graduates of recent years is Mr. Elmo Funk (C. E., '11) who has the important position in Anderson Indiana of City Engineer. The creditable way in which Elmo fulfilled his duties has won for him the confidence of all the citizens of his community, and the mayor in his annual report has these words of high approval: "The work accomplished by the Engineering Department under Mr. Elmo A. Funk speaks for itself. I think I can say without fear of contradiction that Mr. Funk has discharged his duties with more ability and promptness than has ever been displayed in the history of the department."

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The most successful program of the year was given by the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, Sunday evening, March 7. Dramatic readings intermixed with humor and dialect held the interest of the audience throughout.

The program was opened by Frank Wyss who read with much credit "The Dying Alchemist." He was followed by Joseph Sheehan, who gave three selections in Italian dialect which reminded one of the Ghetto of Chicago. Edward Lindemann gave a reading of "Ulysses" and was followed by William Henry, the star of the evening, who entertained the audience with three selections of which "The Soul of the Violin" was the best. It was read with true feeling and expression and merits first place on the program. "Casey at the Bat" by George Windoffer won a liberal applause. John Shea's humorous selections were well chosen and delivered, and were received with much laughter. "The Adventures of Johnny" was probably his best reading. Following this humor, James Lawler, one of the several senior members of the society, gave an interpretation of "Lasca" with true feeling and dramatic effect. The president and inspiring genius of the society, Andrew McDonough, gave several dialect readings of which "The National Bird of Ireland" was the most popular.

One of the features of the evening was the good work of the Freshmen. Although they did not express as much feeling in their readings as did the older members, the quality of their work was recognized by all. They produced about half of the selections of the program.

Local News.

—In the Spring, Paul Figlestahler's fancy gently turns to thoughts of Churubusco.

—Found—One newspaper reporter who has spelled Joe Gargan's name correctly.

—A minstrel show will be staged by the Philopatrians in Washington Hall St. Patrick's Day.

—Among the names of the Pirate pitchers for the coming season, printed in Sunday's

Pittsburgh Leader, was that of Herbert Kelley "Moke" is out for graduation and has permission to train away from the team.

—The essays and short stories for the *Eagle Magazine* prize contest, are due on Monday, March 15th.

—The worst thing about a Philosopher's Banquet is the list of middle names that come to light on the program.

—Fashion Week in South Bend, and Lent at Notre Dame, can't be made to rhyme.

As many a forlorn skiver will tell you.

—Why not get even and start an "Old Home Week" at Notre Dame—distribution of samples at Brother Leopold's and concerts every evening?

—Already the Spring poets may be seen strutting up and down the old Three I, thinking up all kinds of horrible things to spring on the gentle reader.

—Not all the Philosophers know who St. Thomas was, but they are for him, anyway.

Which reminds us, that we all now know why we took Ph. B.

—The granite blocks on which the "Maine" Memorial is to rest, have already arrived and have been placed on the site of the monument, in front of Washington Hall.

—It would be all right, if the debaters would finish their speeches in Sorin Law Room, and not re-hash them in the corridors, when law-abiding citizens are trying to sleep.

—Attention everybody! There will be a foot-race Sunday morning after Mass from the steps of the Main Building to the post-office. The competitors are "Nig" Kelly, "Ed" Peil and "Hefty" Jones.

—Grim growlings are to be heard emanating daily, from the sanctum of Art Hayes, where the coming DOME is in process of construction. Judging from the tenor of his pitiful cries, "Ye Ed" must be going over the humorous section.

—Next Wednesday and Friday, St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's Days, will be recreation days but the regular Wednesday classes will be held on Thursday. At 2:00 o'clock P. M. on Wednesday the Philopatrian Society will present a minstrel show for the students.

—At the matinee performance of "Sari" at the Oliver Opera House last Saturday, Notre Dame students and the four hundred Culver cadets attending, returned school yells in good

spirit. It was mighty hard on the cadets on the main floor to crane their necks in order to get a look at the local bunch which, as usual, had leased the sky-parlor for the occasion.

—A monument is soon to be erected just north of Science Hall to the memory of John Shillington, a former student of Brownson Hall, who perished in the disaster of the U. S. Battleship Maine. A huge shell from the Maine will be mounted on the monument which is to be unveiled Decoration Day. Secretary-of-the-Navy Daniels will make the address.

—“Spring Fashion Week” has been duly celebrated by the students this week. They all got out their last spring suit, let a clean handkerchief hang out of the coat pocket and joined the gay promenade. However, Joseph Gargan did one better, for he acted as Miss South Bend’s escort in the opening parade at the opening night’s festivities. And “Joe” got away with it as nobody but “Joe” could do.

—The annual Philosopher’s banquet was held last Monday in the Carroll Hall refectory, and none of the Junior and Senior philosophers were absent. The banquet was in honor of St. Thomas Aquinas, the patron of the philosophers. From soup to cigars the menu was an excellent one, and even the celery tops were used by some as buttoniers in order that nothing be wasted. “Jack” Culligan, originator of numerous Varsity fads, was the first to adopt the fashion. It is said that Lenihan had not eaten anything for two days previous to the banquet. If space permitted, other sensations might be noted, but we believe in saving reputations. The Faculty in the School of Philosophy were also guests at the banquet.

VII.—Who’s Who at Notre Dame.

“RUPE” MILLS, LL. B., '15.

Three years ago, in all the splendor of a glaring checkered suit, Rupert F. Mills left a busy little metropolis in New Jersey (we can’t spell the name and couldn’t find it on the map) to journey far into the West to the much famed Notre Dame du Lac. At first sight “Shorty de Fries gave vent to a despairing cry, but on closer examination, much to his relief and complacency, found that he was still the most elongated pithecanthropus erectus within our limits by one-sixteenth of a millimetre.

Rupe soon became eminently well known in

this territory, too much so to his own satisfaction. Prefects were able to spot his ample form and talkative apparel miles away, whether he was with a gang of “those skiver” or walking along Michigan Street looking joyfully down upon the fair maiden at his side from his lofty height. His handsome countenance and sweet disposition were long the cause of much demolition of female hearts in our fair city. The depredations recently committed by one tonsorial artist, Jim, has caused him to beat an ignominious retreat and entrench himself solidly in Sorin Hall. Still, however, at sight of him, many hearts flutter madly and tempting lips exclaim with one W. Shakespeare’s Miranda, “How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world that has such people in it!”

Sad to relate, Rupert has unfortunately fallen in with many notorious associates. He rooms with Eichenlaub, he knows all of the Sorin Subway men and calls them by their first names, he is King of Kelley’s Knuggets, and has become an honorary member of Carmody’s Jelly Beans. In the few hours that he can steal away from his tortuous labor of delivering the mail, he withdraws silently and secretly to the sanctum sanctorum of his boudoir, and there the melodious and mellifluous “plunk, plunk” of his banjo mingled with the harmony of Moke’s silence and the tuneful hum of Eich’s sonorous snores has stirred many a student to tears,—and other things.

One of Rupe’s most successful departures from his usual routine was made last December in the STUDENT VAUDEVILLE CONTEST, where, with the assistance of Eichenlaub, he portrayed realistically and inanely the life of two Sorin bugs. His dramatic slide for life was executed with great eclat, much to the delight of the audience (?). Eich handled the heavy end of the work with the aid of a wheelbarrow and a pair of unladen schooners. With all due respect to their wonderful success, (in escaping with their lives) it is said that some of the shoes are still missing.

In passing we might also note the fact that Rupe is also some athlete. Besides making an average of three monograms a year, grabbing forward passes out of the air for various touch-downs, playing all over the court in basketball games and throwing multitudinous goals, hitting several home runs in the spring pastime when they were vastly needed,—well, we haven’t got time to write about any more of the stunts he did.

It must not be inferred from this muchly variegated analytical and synthetical history of R. Mills, that he has allowed such incidents as portrayed to interfere with his studies. An earnest disciple of Blackstone, Kent and other indoor sports, he has been wont to delve with gluttonous glee into the musty volumes of the law in search of the *locus poenitentiae*, which he solemnly declares is yet to be discovered. If further proof be needed we have only to state that he was one of that exclusive set that lost twenty-five per cent for being the possessor of the least amount of silence in class. Recognizing his superior talents and ability, his classmates elevated him to the position of class president, which in the mind of a Senior Lawyer is about the highest pinnacle of honor to be obtained.

Athletic Notes.

WAAGE HERO OF WISCONSIN MEET.

By running the gamest and most spectacular race ever seen in the Notre Dame Gym, George Waage took most of the sting out of the defeat which Wisconsin handed the Varsity Track Team last Saturday night. The great Chicago miler was unable to shake off the "jinx" which seems to have been following him ever since he came to Notre Dame, but he did show not only that he is the greatest distance man that Notre Dame has had in many years but also that he is one of the best milers in the country. Waage was pitted against Harvey, who took second place in the conference mile last spring and who is said to have covered the distance in 4:23. The race started fast, and in the skirmish for places on the first lap, Waage was accidentally spiked by one of the other runners. The spikes cut into his right foot just above the heel and so loosened his shoe that he lost it before the completion of the first lap. For the remaining eleven laps, Waage ran with only one shoe. Only a track man can appreciate the handicap under which Waage travelled. He was thrown off his stride and he was deprived of the "push" which spikes always give. The pace was fast enough to sap all the natural speed and strength from the handicapped man; but with speed and strength gone, he was not yet beaten, for he ran the race on brains and nerve. Waage realized that his only chance of winning the race was to take the lead and to hold it. This

he did early in the race. Time after time Harvey tried to pass the local man, and time after time Waage fought off the challenger. The Wisconsin man stayed right at Waage's heels until the final turn, then he pulled up beside the Notre Dame man and they came down the last stretch together. There was a final lunge at the tape and the exhausted Waage was beaten by inches; but not one of the thousand people who saw the race doubted that the real victory was Waage's. George showed the real "stuff" that was in him Saturday night, and whether he finishes first or last we are just as proud of Waage as Cornell ever was of John Paul Jones.

It was only the almost superhuman performance of Waage that prevented "Andy" McDonough from being the biggest star of the evening. "Mc," like Waage, ran under a great handicap. He left a sick bed in the infirmary only a few hours before the meet and faced the starter in a weakened condition. Yet he took the lead in the half-mile, and by a brilliant exhibition of nerve he held it throughout the race. Schardt endeavored to pass McDonough no fewer than six times, but he was never quite equal to the task, and at the finish he was fighting with Voelkers for second place. Considering McDonough's condition, his time, 2:04 3-5, was exceptionally good.

McDonough and Waage must share the honors of the meet with another sophomore star, Russell Hardy. The little sprinter was never better. In the forty-yard dash, he was opposed by Stiles, the old Culver star. Stiles is a very fast man, but Hardy had a clear lead at the finish. The Notre Dame sprinter showed to even better advantage in the relay. He ran the first quarter and practically clinched the race for the local team. He leaped away from the starting mark as though the whole German army was after him, and was yards ahead of his opponent before the end of the first lap.

Notre Dame captured only three firsts, but the local men furnished strong competition in all but two events. Wisconsin gained 17 of her 19 point lead in the high jump and the two-mile. Bartholomew ran a game race in the latter event, but he was unable to win a place from the Wisconsin stars. Mills was Notre Dame's best entry in the high jump, but Stiles and Nelson of Wisconsin outjumped him. Mills cleared the bar at five feet, seven inches.

Yeager made a good showing in the pole vault, going 11 feet, 3 inches in this event. This gave "Dutch" second place, as Huston, of Wisconsin, went three inches higher. In the shot put, Bachman was unable to equal the distance of 43 feet, 11 inches which he made at Ann Arbor the previous week. Keeler of Wisconsin won this event with a put of 43 feet 7 1-4 inches. "Bach" has beaten this mark almost daily in practice, but he was unfortunate in being unable to get his best "push" behind the pellet on Saturday night.

The quarter mile was won by Williams of Wisconsin, who was given the pole. Henehan stayed with the Wisconsin man throughout the race, but he was unable to overcome the advantage which his opponent gained at the start. If "Marty" had secured the pole the result might have been different. Frank Welsh, starting from the inside of track, took third in this race. Both Welsh and Henehan ran well in the relay, keeping every inch of the lead which Hardy secured at the start of the race.

There was but one hurdle race, but this one proved close and exciting. Kirkland and Shaughnessy were the Notre Dame entries, while Burk and Huston ran for Wisconsin. The four men were separated only by inches at the finish, and the results of the race was in doubt until the decision of the judges was announced. Wisconsin secured first and third places, while Kirkland finished second. Kirkland also ran the second quarter of the relay and contributed largely to the victory in that event. McOsker was the remaining point-winner for Notre Dame. He took third in the mile, running a strong, clever race and easily distancing his Wisconsin opponent.

Wisconsin's general superiority could not be questioned. The visiting team had strong entries in every event, and in Stiles, Huston, Keeler, Harvey, Burk, Hedges, Benish and Goldie they possessed real stars. We welcome the beginning of track relations with Wisconsin, and hope that we may find the Badgers on our schedule for many years to come.

Summary:

40-yard dash—Hardy, Notre Dame, first; Stiles, Wisconsin, second; Booth, Wisconsin, third. Time, :04 3-5.

Pole vault—Huston, Wisconsin, first; Yeager, Notre Dame, second; Taylor, Wisconsin, third. Height, 11 feet, 6 inches.

40-yard high hurdles—Burk, Wisconsin, first; Kirk-

land, Notre Dame, second; Huston, Wisconsin, third. Time, :05 4-5.

One mile run—Harvey, Wisconsin, first; Waage, Notre Dame, second; McOsker, Notre Dame, third. Time, 4:36 3-5.

High jump—Stiles, Wisconsin and Nelson, Wisconsin, tied for first; Huston, Wisconsin and Mills, Notre Dame, tied for third. Height, 5 feet, 8 inches.

440-yard run—Williams, Wisconsin, first; Henehan, Notre Dame, second; Welsh, Notre Dame, third. Time, :54 3-5.

Two mile run—Hedges, Goldie and Benish, all of Wisconsin, tied for first. Time, 10:32.

Shot put—Keeler, Wisconsin, first; Bachman, Notre Dame, second; Gardner, Wisconsin, third. Distance, 43 feet, 7 1-4 inches.

880 yard run—McDonough, Notre Dame, first; Schardt, Wisconsin, second; Voelkers, Notre Dame, third. Time, 2:04 3-5.

One mile relay—Won by Notre Dame (Hardy, Kirkland, Welsh, Henehan). Time, 3:38 1-5.

BROWNSON WINNER IN TRACK MEET.

Brownson defeated Corby in the first interhall track meet of the season Thursday afternoon, by a score of 73 1-2 to 52 1-2. The contest was fast and snappy, and revealed some good future Varsity material.

The mile run was easily won by Call of Brownson, with Logan of Corby second. These two men had it all over the rest of the field from the very start. King of Corby, and Fritch and Nolman of Brownson, also starred.

The men placing in yesterday's meet and those who do so in next week's meet, will be able to compete in the finals on March 25, when the interhall track championship will be decided.

CORBY WINS CHAMPIONSHIP.

The speedy Corby Hall basketball tossers won the 1915 Interhall Basketball Championship last Sunday afternoon by downing Brownson in the scrappiest game of the Interhall season, 20 to 12. The whirlwind work of Bergman and King and the splendid team-play of the Corbyites gave them the victory after the first half had ended with the Main Building players only two points behind.

A large and enthusiastic crowd filled the gymnasium to witness the struggle. The two teams played through the entire contest without making substitutions, although the players were kept sprawling on the floor by frequent and determined clashes.

Bergman, playing right forward for Corby, was high point winner of the game. He threw three baskets from the field and caged four free throws. Leary and Rydzewski tied for second with two baskets apiece. King contrib-

uted ore. Both King and Baujan played a smashing game and were right after the ball every minute of the fray.

Captain "Red" Matthews led the Brownson quintet in scoring, with four free throws and one field goal. McKenna starred with consistent playing, recovering the ball from Corby time after time, and making some very good passes. Murphy and Ellis showed good form, as did Andrews.

Corby jumped into the lead at the start, but by spurting at critical points the Brownsonites managed to maintain their position but a few points behind. At the half, the score was, Corby, 13; Brownson, 11.

In the second half, Corby came on faster than before and seemingly swept its opponents off their feet. For a time neither team was able to score, but by dint of hard playing, Corby eventually grabbed a 15 to 12 lead. Brownson's play from then on was more individual effort than team work. Sensational passes by the Corby men kept the ball spinning. At the end of the half, with the crowd on its feet, Bergman and Leary succeeded in caging a basket apiece, and substantially cinched the Championship for Corby. Lineup:

CORBY		BROWNSON	
Bergman (Capt.), 20	Right Forward	Matthews (Capt.), 12	
Leary		Ellis	
	Left Forward		
Rydzewski	Center	Murphy	
King		McKenna	
	Right Guard		
Baujan		Andrews	
	Left Guard		

Fouls—Corby, Bergman, 4; Brownson, Matthews, 4.
Referee—Finegan.

Safety Valve.

DEAR EDITOR:—

We are just about disgusted with your so-called jokes and we ask you to please let up. You haven't talked about anything but the Hill Street Car and Peter Yerns since you started, and your wit is about as flashy as an ice-cream freezer or a feather bed. Me and Allerton Dee could make up more good jokes in five minutes than you could think out in a year. You don't have to reduce our jokes to a syllogism or look at them through a wheelbarrow to see them. The next time I am mentioned in your wretched column—and it doesn't matter how I have my hair cut either—you will hear from me in another way.

H. WILDMAN.

P. S. John Boyle don't like your jokes either. He says if you mention him again he'll sit on you—Do you know what that means?

H. W.

Prof—"Are you doing well in your classes now, John?"
Minim:—"Well, we done the best in our grammar yesterday that we ever done."

NOT A GOOD SHEPHERD.

It seems strange that G. Shepard should be in Carroll Hall and J. Lamb in Brownson. How can he watch over his Lamb?

DEAR EDITOR:—

Why don't you ever say nothing about Walsh Hall no more. We're the funniest Hall around the University and you don't ever talk about us.

VAN HEUVEL.

The way King started out in the mile last Saturday made us believe there was a prefect after him. We also knew that he'd turn into the first open door he came to.

DEAR VALVE:—

Here are some real good jokes that we made up ourselves and we didn't read them in any book. Please publish them so as the school can bust their sides laughing. I.—Joe Gargan looks like a pall-bearer when he gets serious and Matthews reminds us of an undertaker when he dresses up. II.—There is G. Grief in Brownson Hall—this is a fellow's name, but you'd think it meant great grief, which is a pun. III.—There is a Leopold in St. Edward's Hall and he never sold lemonade and sixes in his life. We hope you will like these jokes.

RAY WHIPPLE & JOHN McGRATH.

P. S. Please do not mention our names when you print our jokes.

Father Dorémus is authority for the statement "That there is too much community of interest between 202 and 206 Sorin." Whaddemean, "community of interest?"

BOSTON REPARTEE.

Lacey (*anxious to pass up the dinner plates*):—"Hey, you, want that plate?"

J. Urban Riley (*complacently*):—"No, but I want what's on it."

DEAR EDITOR:—

Would you mind hinting, in your column, to Mr. James Riddle that I want him to keep out of my room? He visits me so frequently that I can't get any work done. I wouldn't like him to know, however, that I told you about it.

Sincerely,

B. ROACH.

HINT.

Stay in your own room, Jim. Bob Roach will put you out if you visit him again.

NEUTRAL.

In the basketball game between the Irish and Germans last St. Patrick's Day, one man was penalized ten yards for holding—the referee explained later that he wanted to get the man closer to the basket so he could make two points.