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Omar's Conquest.

BY M. M.

In the world of sand, where Mahomet's star
Flamed over the veering chances of war,
Where the yellow Euphrates seaward flows,
A broken tribe had turned on its foes,
With torn burnoose and yataghan
Stained by the failing life of man,
And, beside them, women and little ones
Between the river and Omar's guns.

One last wild charge ere the Arab men
Are crushed, like the rank, green growth of the fen
And there, at the head of his horsemen ride
Their chieftain's Zilla and Zobelde.
Daughters of Hassan's strong old age,
Pure as the doves under Allah's throne,
True at heart as the Prophet's own.
With the glad, swift flight of birds from a cage
They dashed at the troops; but the horses turned,
And the maids were captured by men they spurned.

They had sought free death, and alone they stood
Slaves to the victor and hopeless of good.
But on Omar's stern, brown features broke
The light of a smile, as their doom he spoke—

"My Leila, be kind to these desolate girls;
Teach them of glory and guard them as pearls."
And the Pacha's wife, with a woman's art,
Took the breathless captives with her apart.
In a dim kiosk of her gardens, far
From the hot red breath of malignant war,
She gave them bright robes and chains of gold
And much of her own rich jewels she told.

"All these may the bride of a brave man claim,"
Said Leila the fair, but no answer came.
Splendid in silks and plaited hair,
But black of brow as souls in despair,
By Omar's order they stood one day,
While his youngest and bravest passed that way;
For some of his best had sought to wed
The wild maids whom old Hassan bred.

"Choose now from these," as they went by,
Said Leila behind their screen with a sigh.
"For brave and handsome and strong and true

Is every Emir who asks for you."
But they answered not, till the Pacha's voice
Offered to each the gift of her choice.

"My lord!" cried Zilla, the tallest, "content
Were we with the hard, rude life of the tent,
Leave the wind to her freedom, unloose the wild dove;
To our people restore us, spare those whom we love;
Better bread from the hand of a friend, O my lord,
Than to live like a queen on the gains of the sword.
Send us back to the father who trained us to feel
The thought of dishonor more sharp than the steel."

Then Omar arose: "God speaketh, O daughter, to-day
Through the lips of a woman: have each her own way.
Go back to the tents of your people, and ride
Forever in safety, for all on my side."

No more than this doth the chronicle
Of the fierce brown riders of Asia tell;
Only that Omar rose in his fame
Till the desert echoes were loud with his name;
And deep in the heart of the desert bands
Was love that heeded his least commands.

The Irish in the Civil War.

BY FRANK MULCAHY.

POOR PAT," once remarked the Confederate General, Daniel H. Hill, "he has fought courageously in every land in quarrels not his own." Thus, in a few words, is characterized the military spirit of the Irish people since the coming of the Normans to Ireland in the twelfth century. Exiled by English oppression, the sons of Erin have proved their sterling worth, their courage and bravery on the battlefields of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. They have fought under every flag and in every clime.

Ireland has given legions, regiments and brigades to France, field marshalls to Russia, France, Spain and other European countries and soldiers of unparalleled bravery to every army in the world. There is hardly a country

on this earth that has not witnessed the magnificent charges and the heroic stands of the Irish soldiers. The most brilliant victories of the fleur-de-lis have been made possible by the aid of the Irish Brigade. After the battle of Fontenoy, when the sons of Erin, enrolled in the Army of Louis XV of France, completely routed the British soldiers, George II exclaimed in anger, "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such subjects."

The Irish soldiers have indelibly written a legend of heroism on the history of the Old Continent. But it was not in Europe alone that the Irish gained undying glory for themselves and their native land. Men of Irish blood fought gallantly for the colonial cause during the Revolutionary War. Kearney, Sweeney and Shields figured prominently in our short but bloody war with Mexico, but it was in the terrible Civil War that the fortitude of the Irish soldiers was most tried and in which they proved to be the bravest that ever fought in the New World. Meagher's Irish Brigade performed military feats unexcelled by those of any Irish organization that ever battled for the lilies of France. In the sanguinary battle of Fredericksburg in which the Irish Brigade was all but annihilated, Meagher's men showed a spirit of heroism and loyalty that stands unique in the annals of our country. "Never at Fontenoy, at Albuera, or at Waterloo," wrote a correspondent for the *London Times*, "was more undaunted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of the foe . . . The bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence as to what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battlefields, but none more richly deserved than at the foot of Mayre's Heights on the 13th of December, 1862."

There is no doubt but that the Irish race played a very important part in our Civil War. "Send away your damned Irish and we'll whip you well," was often the cry of the Southern Generals, while in the North the Irish soldiers were held in the same respect. "If all the South fought like the Irish, secession would long since have been an accomplished fact," is a phrase often attributed to many

Northern leaders. The Irish were well represented among the leaders on both sides, they formed an important element of the common soldiery and they were also numbered among the religious, men and women, who gave their services during the great conflict.

Much has already been written of the campaigns and battles of Sherman, Sheridan, Meagher and many other famous generals of Irish birth and parentage. In these pages will be discussed some of the leaders who have not become so widely known as those named above, but who were, one and all, men of undoubted merit, ability and loyalty. Then will be treated the rank and file of the Irish organizations. In conclusion, the heroic work of the Irish religious will be the subject of some comment.

Perhaps the most picturesque figure of the whole war, a man who was loved and admired by the leaders and soldiers of both the Federal and Confederate forces, was the Southern general, Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, often styled the "Stonewall Jackson of the West." His worth to the South was almost incalculable as is evidenced from the following quotation from General W. T. Hardee's "Biographical Sketch of Major-General P. R. Cleburne." "It is but scant praise to say that there was no truer patriot, no more courageous soldier, nor, in his rank, more able commander in the Southern armies; and it is not too much to add that his fall was a greater loss to the cause he espoused than that of any other Confederate leader after Stonewall Jackson."

Patrick Ronayne Cleburne was born at Queenstown, County Cork, Ireland, March 17, 1828. He served for three years in the 41st British regiment of infantry. Coming to America in 1850, he settled in Helena, Ark., and practiced law there until the war broke out in 1861. He was one of the first to volunteer for the Confederate Army. Patrick Cleburne had a fierce love for the Southern cause and could not understand how the Irishman of the North could join with the Yankees in the war of oppression. He enlisted as a private soldier, but because of his knowledge of military science he rapidly advanced to the office of colonel. In the autumn of 1861 Colonel Cleburne was of especial worth to the South for he whipped the raw Southern recruits into well-disciplined regiments. For these services he was made a Brigadier-General.

Cleburne and his brigade were engaged in the heaviest fighting at Shiloh, April 6th and 7th, 1862. For "gallant and meritorious services" at the battle of Richmond, Kentucky, General Cleburne received a vote of thanks from the Confederate Congress. In the battle of Murfreesboro, December, 1862, when the general results of the fight were not favorable to the Confederate arms, Cleburne's division "without reinforcement, rest or refreshment, encountered and drove before it five successive lines of battle, which the Federal commander-in-chief withdrew from his intact center and left to reinforce his broken right."

Cleburne's men were the last to retire from the bloody battle of Chattanooga after they had held the redoubtable Sherman at bay for many hours. Cleburne covered the retreat of Bragg's army in a masterly manner after the battle of Chattanooga. On the second day after the battle, Cleburne repulsed Hooker, who was in pursuit of the Confederate forces and obliged the Union leader to abandon the chase. For this work Cleburne again received the thanks of the Confederate Congress.

This brave general fell at Franklin, Tenn., at the head of his men on November 30th, 1864. The South deeply mourned his loss, the whole Confederacy shuddered at the blow that had been dealt by Cleburne's death. His love for the independence of the South, the uppermost thought in his mind, guided all his actions during the war. While the war was in progress he decided to be a total abstainer from liquor for he found that even one glass of wine disturbed his calculation in a game of chess. "He determined, therefore, while the war lasted and he was responsible for the lives of others and the results consequent on the manner in which he should discharge his duties, that he would abstain altogether from all kinds of liquor."

Cleburne was as unaffected and modest as he was prudent and brave. In response to a complimentary letter received during the war from a lady of Tennessee, General Cleburne wrote: "To my noble division and not to myself belong the praises for the deeds of gallantry you mention." He was loved by his men. Cleburne's division was the only one in the Southern Army that was permitted to carry its own colors into battle after the Confederate battle flag became the national colors.

Cleburne was one of the most broadminded men in the South. Many times during the war

he advocated the freeing of the slaves and arming them against the Yankee invaders. His proposal was not acted upon, when to act would have done wonders for the South. Toward the end of the conflict the wisdom of Cleburne's proposition became apparent to all, and with the approval of the whole South it was adopted, but too late to render effective aid. In referring to Cleburne's advocating the arming of the slaves, the Confederate General, J. B. Hood, declared that "This stroke of policy and additional source of strength to our armies would, in my opinion, have given us our independence."

The independence of the South was the goal toward which General Cleburne never failed to strive. In the same letter to the Tennessean lady mentioned above, he wrote: "When our people, or the great body of them, sincerely value independence *above every other earthly consideration*, then I will regard our success as an accomplished fact." His proposal to arm the slaves proved that he valued independence higher than the scruples of caste that prevented the great body of Southerners from admitting the negroes to the army. The enthusiasm which this brilliant Irishman had for the Confederate cause was not in the least dimmed by the reverses suffered by the Southerners during the last years of the conflict. On the very day of his death, General Cleburne voiced a spirit of optimism that seemed almost inconceivable so late in the war as November 30, 1864. Cleburne requested permission of General Hood, Confederate commander-in-chief in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., to form his division and attack the Federals who held a strong position. Just before he charged upon the Union works, General Cleburne said to Hood, "General, I am ready, and have more hope in the final success of our cause than I have had at any time since the first gun was fired." Forty minutes after Cleburne spoke these words, he was killed at the head of his command within a short distance of the Federal lines. "Major-General Cleburne," wrote General Hood, "had been distinguished for his admirable conduct upon many fields, and his loss at this moment was irreparable." This noble young general—he was only 37 at the time of his death—was buried in a cemetery which he had passed but a few days before his death, and of which he said: "It is almost worth dying to rest in so sweet a spot."

Let us now look to another soldier of Irish birth, but one who fought, not on the side of the Confederacy, but for the Stars and Stripes of the Union, General Michael Corcoran. He was born at Carrowkeel, County Sligo, Ireland, September 21st, 1827. For a time he was a member of the Irish Constabulary. He came to the United States at the age of 22 and almost immediately joined the 69th New York Militia, a regiment composed entirely of Irishmen. Corcoran was rapidly promoted, and in 1859 was commissioned colonel of the regiment. Just before the Civil War, Colonel Corcoran refused to parade his men before the Prince of Wales who was then visiting America. The court-martial appointed to try the courageous colonel, had already commenced its sessions when Fort Sumter was fired upon. The 69th New York, through its Lieut.-Colonel Robert Nugent—for Corcoran had been displaced,—volunteered to go to the front. The charges against Colonel Corcoran were then dropped and he went to the front at the head of his men.

The 69th took a prominent part in the first battle of Bull Run. The coolness and bravery of this Irish regiment was in direct contrast to the panic that prevailed among most of the Union soldiers. The 69th made the finest charges of the day and did not quit the field until it would have been suicidal folly to remain longer. Although the Federal forces had been badly routed, the 69th retired in good order. Colonel Corcoran displayed exceptional bravery in this battle. He was always in the heart of the fight, in the front line of his command, exhorting his troops to put forth their best efforts.

It was with no little regret that Colonel Corcoran gave the order to retire from the position for which the 69th had fought so fiercely at Bull Run. The gallant Colonel lingered a trifle too long and was captured by the Confederates. For his splendid fighting and generalship in the battle of Bull Run, Michael Corcoran was made a Brigadier-General. He remained a prisoner in the South till 1862, when he was exchanged. When he came North in that year, he organized a force of Irish soldiers known as the "Corcoran Legion." These troops had an active part in the fighting in Southern Virginia. General Corcoran died near Fairfax Courthouse, Va., Dec. 22, 1863, as a result of a fall from his

horse. After the death of General Corcoran, the Legion that bore his name remained intact and fought stubbornly for the Union. It especially distinguished itself in the closing battles of the war.

The name of Colonel James Mulligan is one of the first to become conspicuous in the war west of the Mississippi. For eight days Colonel Mulligan defended Lexington, Missouri, against great odds and only surrendered when his men ran out of ammunition, water and rations. The gallantry and stubbornness of Mulligan's defense is best shown by the treatment accorded the officers of the Union forces by the Confederate General Price, to whom Mulligan surrendered at Lexington. When Mulligan and his field officers tendered their swords to General Price, the Southern leader said, "You gentleman have fought so bravely that it would be wrong to deprive you of your swords."

Colonel Mulligan was held a prisoner in the South till October 30th, 1861. After his exchange he received a command in Western Virginia. In the battle of Winchester, July 24th, 1864, Colonel Mulligan fell with three mortal wounds of which he died forty-eight hours later at the age of 34 years. When he fell at Winchester he was being carried to the rear by his brother-in-law, Lieutenant James H. Nugent. The colors of the regiment were in danger of being taken. "Lay me down," shouted the Colonel, "and save the flag." After Mulligan's death, his widow received from President Lincoln her husband's commission as Brevet Brigadier-General, dated July 24th., "for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Winchester."

No more gallant leaders were found in either army than in the Irish Brigade, and in no more fitting way could these few sketches of Irish commanders be closed than by touching upon the work of Brigadier-General Thomas A. Smyth of Delaware, and Colonels Robert Nugent, Byrnes and Kelly. Thomas A. Smyth was born in Ireland, but came to the United States when he was yet a boy. He served with distinction throughout the war and commanded the gallant Irish Brigade during the first part of the Wilderness campaign. On May 5th and 6th, 1864, Colonel Smyth and his men stubbornly repulsed every charge made on the Brock Road by the intrepid Confederate leader, General Longstreet. Col. Smyth commanded the

Irish Brigade till May 20th, when he was made a Brigadier and given a command in the second division of the Second Army Corps. He received his death wound near Farmville, Va., April 6th, 1865, and died a few days afterward.

Colonel Patrick Kelly, of the 88th New York, took charge of the Irish Brigade in the battle of Gettysburg. Later he succeeded to the command of the Brigade when Colonel Byrnes fell dead at Cold Harbor. Colonel Kelly was shot through the head while leading his brigade in a charge on the Confederate works before Petersburg. Colonel Byrnes was another Irishman who gained distinction in the Civil War. When Colonel Smyth was promoted to the rank of Brigadier, Byrnes was appointed leader of the Irish Brigade. He held his command for only two weeks, for he was killed in the bloody battle of Cold Harbor on the 3rd of June.

Before bringing to a close these few words on the able Irish officers of the war, something must be said of General Shields and of Colonel McMahon and General Murphy who followed up the splendid work of General Corcoran in the "Corcoran Legion." General Shields was born in Dungannon, County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810 and came to America when he was but 16 years old. During the Mexican War he was made a Brigadier-General and became conspicuous for his ability in many battles. He served for only two years in the Civil War, during which time he was active in the campaigns in Virginia. The Senate refused to confirm a nomination by President Lincoln for Shields' being commissioned a major-general. He then retired to California.

After General Michael Corcoran's death in 1863, the Legion that bore his name continued in existence and rendered heroic service in the Union cause. Colonel James P. McMahon, of the 164th New York, was one of the bravest officers of the Legion. In the fierce battle of Cold Harbor, "the colonel of the 164th New York (James P. McMahon), seizing the colors of his regiment from the dying color-bearer as he fell, succeeded in reaching the parapet of the enemy's main works, where he planted his colors and fell dead near the ditch, bleeding from many wounds." General Matthew Murphy, Corcoran's successor in the command of the legion, was mortally wounded toward the close of the war.

(Conclusion next week.)

Varsity Verse.

MARY'S LAKE.

An angel from her ivory throne
With grace flew down to earth alone
And from a box of gems did shake
This beauty spot called Mary's Lake.

The moonlight loves to linger there,
The stars like water-lilies fair
Are sleeping sweetly on her breast
With all the weary world at rest.

J. Welch

STRATEGY.

You should have seen the boy I picked
To snowball her a bit
The rascal played the part so well
I feared she would be hit.
And when I offered her my aid,
So hard and straight he threw
I thought at first he had forgot
And meant to do me too.
I got a stinger in the ear,
A snowball crushed my tile
But what of that? With all, it was
A cheap and precious smile.
And when she laughed and murmured soft
Just see the rascal run,
My happiness was quite complete,
Her friendship had been won.
I'll go and pay the rascal now,
But I have fears that—well
He could blackmail me, if he chose
By threats, to go and tell.

L. Spears.

A TRIOLET.

I intended to write,
But it turned out a frost.
I began it at night.
I intended to write,
But they turned out the light
And my candle I'd lost.
I intended to write
But it turned out a frost.

C. F. M.

THE SIGNAL CORPS.

I wouldn't mind that military drill,
It wouldn't be a bore,
If I could only find a way
To join that signal corps.
I love to see the sturdy boys
Stand bravely on their feet,
And wave those flags of every hue;
I think it's just too sweet.
Just what their motions are about.

I'm sure they do not know,
 I guess it makes no difference if
 Their arms keep on the go.
 They seem to feel so big and strong,
 So grand, and even more;
 Oh dear, I'd give the world if I
 Could join that signal corps.

D. E.

THE TERRIBLE TUB TRAGEDY.

This poem what I'm writin' here
 I must say that it won't be near
 As good as some I've writ.
 'Cause it's about a bloomin' rat
 What gets killed in a trap, and that
 Don't interest me a bit.

But anyway here is the plôt,
 There is a little mouse what's got
 A home in some old tub.
 And when it's dark and all is still
 This little mouse comes out to fill
 Its stummick full of grub.

The guy what owns the tub, you know,
 He doesn't like this mouse, and so
 He gets a trap with cheese.
 And when the mouse comes out that night
 There is an awful deadly sight,
 'Cause when this darn mouse sees,

The cheese and junk a laying there
 Upon the trap, he doesn't care
 About the gettin' killed,
 He's only hungry, don't you see,
 For yellow cheese, just so that he
 Might get his stummick filled.

And so this crazy mouse he goes
 Up to the trap and puts his nose
 Exactly on the cheese.
 The trap goes off, the mouse gets killed
 Just 'cause he wished his stummick filled,
 O may he rest with ease!

Barrett Anderson.

HUH!!

The Sorin Hallers think they have it soft;
 They go and come and come and go as oft,
 As they desire. For they are the lords
 Who know the "Queens"—whose fathers own the Fords.
 They are the men who run the social whirl,
 They've got the clothes—the time—the place—the girl.
 They go to dinner parties, dances—teas
 In fact they do exactly as they please—
 Yet think you I'd be with them if I could?—
 Well you can bet your coat and vest I would.

L. Cook.

The Return.

BY B. MILLER.

When Morgan, the old doorman, finished
 telling of Mr. D'Arville, his one-time success
 as a painter, his grief over the daughter that
 had run away and finally, his charity toward
 girls whom others were ashamed to look at,
 I knew him to be the fine old man I had at
 first thought him. My conscience hurt for ever
 having let myself think otherwise of him.
 "People didn't understand him," Mrs. Jones,
 the janitress, had said. No, they did not, but
 I did now. I knew him to be worthy of all the
 kindness anyone could give him.

That was the beginning of a very pleasant
 friendship between the old Frenchman and
 me, for I took pains to acknowledge his next
 greeting graciously, and he at once took me
 under his care, making no distinction between
 me and his other "children." He would often
 stop me, as I climbed the dark stairs, late at
 night, to ask if I had got a good story that day,
 and sometimes I would drop into his big,
 airy studio when my own little room was hot,
 but he never mentioned his grief nor the
 charity which had grown out of it, though some
 of the girls came when I was there.

Frequently, when I came down the step,
 or on my way home, I would find him the
 centre of a group of girls. Instantly he would
 come toward me with exactly the same defer-
 ential but paternal manner that he showed
 them, and would escort me the short distance
 to my door.

"Ah, my child," he would say, "and so you
 are coming home from the work which is so
 hard. Well, well, and how did we do to-day?
 Did the editor-man like our fine stories?"

I nodded silently, usually, for I was beginning
 to think this grief-crazed old man the finest
 soul I had ever known.

One day I stopped the janitress on the stairs
 to remind her that my room needed to be
 cleaned. She had never forgotten this before,
 so I knew something was wrong. She was
 always good to the old man, and that had
 won my liking. She saw, as every one did,
 that he was growing more feeble each day,
 and she made his coffee in the morning, gave
 him hot milk at night, laundered his soft, fine old
 linen, and pressed his old, threadbare clothes.

"I know I've neglected your work, miss," she said, at once, "and I'll attend to it right away. I've had a sick girl downstairs with me for the last week, and it has taken my time. She's one of his girls. He wanted to send her to a hospital, but she was afraid so I took her in with me."

The poor girl died that week, and the old man, who had had a bad cold, got out of his bed to ride to her grave. The effort he made that day increased his high fever which he could not seem to shake off.

All that week he was very ill. I sat with him when I could, but he did not need me, for those other poor children of his came singly, in couples and in groups, showing that womanly compassion and love remain in breasts to which they would seem to be strangers. They bought flowers and fruit and wine for him, talked and sang to him, and tried, in their awkward ignorance, to fulfil the womanly offices.

He knew the end was near. To each one he had something special to say, something that the rest of us must leave the room to let him say to her ear alone. He gave me his watch and he made his simple will, in which his few personal possessions were left to his distant relative in France, if he cared to claim them, and all his remaining money, one thousand dollars, was left to "my dear friend Mrs. Jones, who for many years has been most kind and helpful." Besides this, he had nothing in the world but a little life insurance, which would about cover his funeral expenses, and this he mentioned should be spent for carriages for "my friends, who, I hope, will accompany me to my rest."

So, one night, I was not surprised to hear the janitress calling me, and I hurried into the old man's room at once. The instant that I stood in the doorway I knew that it would be only a few minutes before Mr. D'Arville would be gone. He was moving his hands restlessly, and calling for his little Marie to come—to come quickly. The janitress took him up and held him in her big arms, so that he could breathe more easily. The tears were running down her cheeks, but she spoke in her usual hoarse voice.

"Marie isn't here just now, sir," she said soothingly, and with the sharpened perceptions, which we often have when deeply stirred, I noticed for the first time what a cultured enunciation she had, a fact which was con-

cealed by the harshness of her tones. After a long time the old man spoke again.

"Where—where is she? Where is my beautiful little girl? Where on this earth do you suppose she is?"

"She'll come home one of these days, sir. She'll come right here, glad to come," Mrs. Jones replied. I knew that this was a conversation the like of which had occurred many times in the years that were past.

The old man smiled a little and tapped her hand with the kindly patronage of the aristocrat who does not know that he is one.

"You're a good woman," he said clearly, "a very good, kind creature."

Those were his last words. I saw when he died, and I expected that the janitress would see it, too, and lay him down, but she did not, and then I saw that she was trembling violently. All through her body it ran, that convulsive shudder, and she held the wasted, delicate old body as if she would never let it go.

And then I knew! Grief stripped her face of its heaviness, so that the ghost of her youth passed over her and the likeness between them sprang out like magic. For a long, long time I sat looking off into the dimness of the big room, and at last she put him down and kissed him and pressed his brown eyes shut.

The janitress and I rode in the same carriage to the grave and when we came back I drew her into my room. "Tell me about it, dear," I begged. "You would feel better if you did, I think."

"Oh, I don't know," she said wearily. "Talk doesn't help much ever. Anyway, there isn't much to tell. I was always a bad girl, even when I lived here, but my fa—but he never would believe it. Then, when I was eighteen, I met a man, and I went away with him. I knew what I was going into, and I didn't care. I was like that. I stayed away over ten years. Then—well, something brought me back. First, I just meant to walk by and look at the place, and maybe send a friend to him and get some money, but I saw him, and I—oh I felt—well, I rushed over to him, thinking that he'd take me into his arms, even there on the street; for I knew what I was to him!—I'd always known that. And he didn't know me, he didn't know me, at all. He thought I was drunk, because all I could do was to laugh and cry together. You see—I hadn't realized what a change life had made

in me. He took me in and took care of me, just like you've seen him do with other girls, and I hadn't the heart to tell him. He was still looking for a young pretty girl to come back to him. I got the position here, so that I could look after him. That was nearly fifteen years ago—fifteen years—"

Her voice trailed off, and she sat staring far away, somewhere down those years which had brought her from her bright youth to the dirty basement with no solace save the gentle condescension of the old man in the studio up four weary flights of stairs.

Mother's Child.

BY R. H.

The leaves of the trees in the yard of the big Millworth home were just tinging with the hues of Autumn when "Mother's Child,"—otherwise known as Clarence,—went West into the land of strangers,—to prep school. He was a guileless youth, with a shock of red hair, and a very good opinion of himself. Having spent fifteen years beneath the thumb of a nurse girl and under the indulgent eyes of a private tutor, he regarded his entrance to a school with other beings of his kind as something of an event. It was an event.

Clarence hadn't been on the Philbrook campus ten minutes before the entire student body of that distinguished institution felt that his coming was an event fraught with the greatest significance. After he had deliberately snubbed "Toad" Marion when "Toad" had spoken politely to him, it was evident that the new specimen would furnish diversion for days to come.

It was at supper that evening that the program was officially started. Tom Marks, the wit of the school, reached his hand across the table to Clarence.

"Shake," he ordered, "my name's Marks,—what's yours?"

"Clarence," replied the victim immediately.

"Clarence what?" thundered a half dozen voices.

"Clarence Millworth," growled the newcomer, with the slightest suspicion of ruffled dignity.

It was then that Marks upheld his caustic reputation nobly.

"And what do they call you at home, Clarence?" he inquired in the sweetest of well modulated tones, beaming fatherly upon Clarence.

"Mother's Child," replied Clarence without hesitation, "what do they call you at home, sir?"

"Peruna," returned Marks quickly, amid the laughter of the table, "and you may call me that hereafter. We'll call you "Mother's Child," won't we, fellows?"

And the wild acclamation of cat calls, sniggers, and boisterous laughs that answered, seemed to imply that they most assuredly would! Clarence was visibly pleased.

"Have you a track team here?" he asked.

While Philbrook boasted of a baseball and hockey team, its athletic ambitions went no farther.

But again it was Marks who came to the rescue.

"We most assuredly have," he declared, "and a dandy one, too. What can you do in track?"

"Most anything," answered Clarence modestly "but mostly I like the hop, skip and jump."

"Shucks," exclaimed "Red" Myers, "isn't that too bad. We have a dandy, hop, skip, and jumper right now in young Frog. Can't you do anything else?"

"I can run very swiftly," said Mother's Child with awakening interest.

"What's your best for a mile?" asked McCarthy.

"A mile! Gracious, I never ran an entire mile, sir! I should be fatigued if I even tried it!"

"There, there," whispered Marks consolingly, "say no more about it. We'll try you out to-morrow, provided you assent, and perhaps we can find a berth for you on Philbrook's Glorious and Ever-Renowned Track Team!"

"Amen," said McCarthy fervently, and the mob choked.

But Clarence sat back in his chair and smiled patronizingly. He smiled the same way when he went to bed and was still smiling at breakfast. His teeth chattered a bit as they fitted him out in a syncopated basketball suit and ushered him down to the baseball diamond. For track men they seemed to be greatly interested in the movements of the prefects, so Clarence had been led to ask if the faculty frowned on track work. To which the manager, Mr. Marks,

had grunted "so so," and went right on coughing.

And for the next hour Clarence went through his tricks before a delighted audience. He hopped, skipped, and jumped. He ran, he loped, he staggered. He leaped and rolled over and genuflected repeatedly at the manager's suggestion. They found him a very willing performer, also very mediocre as a speed fiend. After some of the bunch had grown weary watching his antics the manager suggested that the long delayed track meeting be held forthwith and a representative fellow elected as captain of the team. None said nay, not even Clarence.

The party adjourned to the tool house. Funny place for a track election, thought Clarence, and then he remembered that the faculty frowned "so so" on the work. Once inside the meeting quickly came to order. McCarthy mounted the wheelbarrow and recited twelve stanzas of the "Ancient Mariner" and then eloquently nominated Mr. Marks as candidate for track captaincy. Mr. Marks, however, declined the honor on the ground that he was already manager, and did not desire too much responsibility.

"Red" Myers was thereupon nominated, as was Vincent McCarthy. Then Mr. Marks stepped up on the wheelbarrow.

"Fellows," he said, "You all know me, as George Washington said when addressing the Light Brigade. Lend me your eyes, for I come to sing the peans of an unknown, but withal, a right well-fitted youth. *Et tu, Brute?* Listen, I am for electing a track star,—a champeen—captain of the track team. I realize that Mr. Myers is a good weight man. I acknowledge that Mr McCarthy is some splinter, but—listen now—but I deem Mr. Clarence Millworth, familiarly known as "Mother's Child," to be the monstrosity equal to the place. I wish to nominate Mr. Clarence for track captain!"

"Second the motion!"

"I also ask that nominations now be closed. Anybody second the motion?" A thunderous "Aye."

"All opposed?" Deep silence.

"We will ballot on Mr. Myers, Mr. McCarthy, and Mr. Mother's Child, then fellows, let's move."

When the twenty-three votes were counted Mr. Clarence was declared elected by twenty-

two and a half votes. The eleven voters clapped vigorously and shouted. "Speech! speech!"

Clarence smiled graciously and ascended the wheelbarrow, assisted by the two defeated candidates.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I certainly am pleased to see that I shall lead the track team this season. I know you couldn't have chosen a better man, for I am well-known at home for my racing ability. I drove fathah's car seventy miles an hour once, and one summer when we were returning from the Riveria the vessel made sixteen knots for several hours at a time. Of course things are a little new to me heah, but I fawncy I shall become acclimated at no distant date. I will practice every day from now on and see if I can improve a bit. I stumbled twice when running backwards for you fellows to-day and I shall endeavor to eliminate—"

The voice of the dean broke in upon them: "But Madam—"

"Never mind," came the angry reply in a high-pitched, female voice, "I am determined to take my child home with me. I never slept a wink last night worrying over the deah boy's health,—and besides I do not care for the location of your school,—and further—"

"Mother!" exclaimed Clarence eagerly and leaped out the door. Fifteen minutes later the "track team" stood on the campus and watched Clarence and his mother hike bag and baggage toward the railway station. Clarence waved at the group under the trees.

"Poor simp," exclaimed Myers contemptuously. "I wonder if that bird will ever wake up? He swallowed everything we handed him, the boob!"

Marks' eyes were wet and he hastily drew a handkerchief to his face.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked McCarthy wonderingly.

"Track prospects—ruined!" groaned Marks between sobs, "he's the best dash man in this country. He was just looking the school over and incidentally making boobs of you fellows who thought he was a simp. His would-be mother there who is taking him away is assistant coach at Yale."

It is a good and wholesome thing to watch how brave souls bear themselves in the battle of life.—*Mrs. Craven.*

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—The burning of the street car cannot be condoned. It was wilful destruction of the property of other people. It was wrong in morals and indefensible in law. We are confident that there are few at the University who do not deplore the act.

But, while the offense cannot be condoned, it is very greatly mitigated by the circumstances which provoked it. An attack on student passengers by burly ruffians in the employ of the street car company so inflamed the minds of the students that some such violence was to be expected. The trolley people say these men were not instructed to commit assault, but every circumstance in the case and the carefully measured testimony of all who saw it go to show that it was as deliberately arranged as it was brutally executed. Every street car employe who participated in it laid himself liable to punishment by law. The street car company, whose agents these men were, is open to legal prosecution by every student who was assaulted, or who was driven from the car after paying his fare. Cold-blooded citizens of mature age would probably have resorted to the law for the punishment of this offense, and unquestionably it would have been wiser and more respectable if students had done so. But the wrath which meets injustice by violence is not essentially ignoble, certainly it is not unnatural in youth, and, therefore, while no ethically-minded man can excuse the violence, every fair-minded man will abstain from too much condemnation. The lawlessness

of the street car people almost inevitably begot lawlessness in the students.

This is a very different thing, however, from excusing insubordination or anarchy. It is to be hoped that never again will such a situation arise at the University. If it should arise, it is to be hoped that the leaders among the student body will show a better example of cool-headedness and obedience to the law. The University itself is pledged to inculcate and enforce respect for constituted authority in civil and religious life, and no sacrifice which she may be called upon to make will ever be considered too great for that purpose. The army and navy of the United States stand behind the smallest legal enactment or the property rights of any man, however great the provocation to despoil him. It is only fair to the students of the University to say that without doubt and without exception they thoroughly understand and frankly accept this position. There is not anywhere in America a nobler, gentler or manlier assembly of young men, and no one regrets recent developments more than they.

—The following letter which appeared in a South Bend newspaper reflects the student point of view of the attitude of the South Bend *Tribune* in the case:

SIR:—

As might have been expected by anyone who knows it, the South Bend *Tribune*, in connection with this regrettable matter, took a position at once stupid and unfriendly. The myopic policy of that publication has been one of the popular University jokes for years. Whoever dictates its policy is a miracle of muddle-headedness. Its owl-like solemnity and dullness are things sublime and apart. But its pontifical utterance in connection with our recent trouble shows it to be naughty as well as comatose. In an editorial entitled "Stamp It Out" it sagely admonishes the University—which has always been admired the world over for its patriotism and respect for authority—to be good, uses vicious words and assumes that all the blame for the disorder lies with the students. When the official bruisers beat up a number of boys, innocent bystanders who were not even suspected of offense, the *Tribune* found no lawlessness in that. It did not advise the company to "stamp it out," nor offer to place its resources (whatever that means) at their disposal. In other words, abuse of man is a small offense compared with abuse of property. The affection of the *Tribune* for the University and its students is touching, and the Editor is hereby assured that it is appreciated at its true value.

I am, sir, respectfully,
A STUDENT.

Mr. J. Parnell Egan.

The song-recital given by Mr. J. Parnell Egan on the evening of Saturday, February 5th, was pleasing, and was well received by the audience. Mr. Egan's voice has a sweet tonal quality, and is altogether acceptable, and his songs were well chosen. "Mother Machree," "Little Bit of Heaven," and other Irish ballads were best appreciated. Miss Beulah Lee-Taylor gave the tenor able accompaniment, and rendered a number of instrumental solos in a pleasurable manner.

Personals.

—Harry J. Kirk (C. E., '13) writes as follows: "There's a fellow in Columbus who's stepping high to-day." Cause: girl weighing six pounds, who arrived February 4th."

—Mr. Norman A. Ranstead writes from Hannibal, Mo.: "You will be surprised at the postmark! Are any N. D. students here? Am now draftsman with the Atlas Portland Cement Co. My address is 1016 Center Street. I hope you are all well and happy. Regards to all my professors and prefects."

—Mr. Raymond F. Kohle, now connected with the firm of Herman J. Wagner, Architect, Canton, Ohio, writes as follows: "I am very well pleased with my position, and think the prospects for the future are bright. I thank you very kindly for your expressions of interest in my success. I hope some day to see my name among the leading men of the profession, and in my prosperity I will not forget Notre Dame. I miss some of the associations of my sojourn there very much."

—An old minim wrote the following sentences in appreciation of the late Sister M. Aloysius: "When I read of the death of Sister Aloysius it was with a sense of personal loss. The obituary notice in the last SCHOLASTIC, especially the tribute of Father Carroll, was absorbingly interesting. I thought the reference to her as the "gentle despot" was most happy. Hundreds of students, who hold dear the memory of her as a foster mother in their minim days, must realize sensibly Notre Dame's poignant grief."

The following account of the N. D. Alumni meeting in Detroit we copy from the Detroit *Free Press* sent to us by Mr. Ernest P. Lajoie:

"A noble Christian gentleman is the highest eulogy

of his school," wrote President John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., head of Notre Dame University, to the Detroit alumni of the institution who gathered Tuesday evening in the Hotel Statler to organize an alumni organization.

"A Detroit Notre Dame Club," wrote Father Cavanaugh in his letter, "must be wholly in response to sentiment."

"It is entirely in response to such a sentiment, that we have gathered here," said F. Henry Wurzer, in taking the chair as active president of the new organization. "Every man is here, as Father Cavanaugh suggests, because his heart persuades him to be here."

SPEAKS OF OLD TIMES.

J. G. Ewing, '76, answering both to "John" and "Professor," spoke for the old times. He urged that the Detroit Alumni boost effectually for Notre Dame and schools of its type.

"There is nothing more necessary to the lives of men than the influence of religion," said Mr. Ewing.

Other speeches were made celebrating the athletic and debating prowess of Notre Dame. A motion was adopted to make eligible to the association all who formerly attended the subsidiary schools of the University. Reports from the organization committee showed that there are more than 100 Notre Dame graduates in Detroit. Of this number more than 70 have been located, and they have given assurances of support to the Alumni association. Edward Sawkins, out of the city on business, sent a letter of regret. Mr. Sawkins is remembered by Notre Dame men as a member of the University's first football team.

PROF. KOEHLER ENTERTAINS.

Following the election of officers and the speeches, luncheon was served. After the cigars were lighted, Professor Charlemagne Koehler recited several dramatic and humorous selections. Father French, former vice-president of Notre Dame, who is at present conducting a mission at St. Catherine's church, was also present. Rev. Boyle and Bert Maris also spoke.

The officers elected are Father F. J. Van Antwerp, LL. D., '14) honorary president; F. Henry Wurzer, '98, active president; J. G. Ewing, '76, Thomas Donnelly, '94, and William Redden, '14, vice-presidents; Ernest LaJoie, '15, secretary, and James O'Brien, '13, treasurer. Committees are to be named by the active president.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame, Indiana.

DEAR SIR:—The story of our organization does not portray in any degree the rousing enthusiasm and genial loyal spirit of the N. D. boys. Putting it mildly, Mr. Editor, I will say that without a doubt the Detroit organization is bound to be the liveliest and most active N. D. Club in the country.

About forty men responded to the call and many more wrote in expressing their regrets. We hope that the men now at Notre Dame who live in Detroit or expect to come to our city will communicate with us so that we may gather them in immediately upon their arrival. With best wishes for Notre Dame, I am

Very truly yours,

ERNEST P. LAJOIE,

Secretary Notre Dame University Club.

Obituary.

MR. SHEA.

The University extends sincere sympathy to the Rev. Michael Shea (A. B., '04; A. M., '05) and to Mr. John Francis Shea (Ph. B., '06; A. M., '08) in the death of their venerable father, who passed away at his home in Holyoke, Massachusetts, on January 29th. Mr. Shea was a man of vigorous character and attractive personality. We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul.

The Military Ball.

The Notre Dame Military Ball, which took place Wednesday evening in Place Hall, was one of the most picturesque spectacles ever witnessed in South Bend. The Cadets were in full dress military uniform; the students of the University who were not members of the military organization wore evening dress, and the grey uniforms of the companies contrasted with the black dress of the other students and mingled with the pretty costumes of the ladies, filled the hall with color.

The decorations were all of a military character and were the prettiest ever seen at a military ball in Place Hall. American flags fell in graceful folds from the ceiling, old muskets gracefully arranged upon the walls spoke the story of other days and the little lights which peeped out from the folds of the red, white, and blue drapery made the hall a veritable fairyland.

The Grand March was led by Captain and Mrs. Stogsdall, after which a program of twenty-one dances was rendered, the music being furnished by the Collegian Orchestra. Over one hundred and twenty couples attended the function, many of the young ladies being from out of town.

Local News.

—We cannot refrain from sharing with our readers this beautiful tribute to Sister Aloysius from the pen of a well-known poet.

SISTER M. ALOYSIUS.

We need not weep for such as she
From whom the dark robes fall;
But only hope our joy may be
To meet beyond the wall.

Marion Muir.

—The following telegram was received by Father Cavanaugh yesterday morning:

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH,

Deeply regret because of serious illness in family must cancel Lecture tour.

JOYCE KILMER.

—Souvenirs of the burned car are not yet on sale.

—Father Dominic's paper on "The Operation of Moving Picture Machines" was read to the Electrical Engineering Club on Monday night, Jan. 31st.

—A special five-reel moving picture of the General Electric Company's Works was shown to the members of the Electrical Engineering Club Monday night.

—Brownson Hall's relay team is leading the field in the interhall relay competition, and unless signs fail the boys from the Main Building should win the bunting.

—A group picture of the Glee Club was snapped at McDonald's studio last Sunday. The clubmen were attired in the "soup and fish" which they will wear on the concert stage.

—As a sequel to the Fat Men's Race, held in the gymnasium Wednesday afternoon a contest for six-footers was announced as the next event featuring the Varsity basketball games.

—To-day's Red and Blue track meet in the gymnasium gave Rockne's athletes their last competitive workout previous to next Saturday's meet with Illinois. The team will be picked next week.

—Brother Albeus is now located in the printing office as assistant secretary of the *Ave Maria*. Brother Emmanuel has been appointed to succeed Brother Albeus as prefect in Brownson Hall.

—A new class in Industrial History of the United States has been started for students of the American History class in the College of Arts and Letters. A new class in Foreign Governments will start next week.

—All the journalists who took part in the "covering" of the recent religious revival in South Bend posed for their pictures on Thursday afternoon. They have been promised a five-column cut in tomorrow's *News-Times*.

—The class of 1918 has selected for its corps of officers four of Coach Harper's basket-

ballers. Tom King is president of the second year men. Pete Ronchetti, vice-president; Joe McKenna, secretary; and Jerry Murphy treasurer.

—Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., and Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., left the University Tuesday evening to attend the installation of and the conferring of the pallium on Archbishop Mundelein in Chicago on Wednesday of this week.

—The Annual Sophomore Cotillion has been announced for Friday evening, March 3. The Affair will be informal. The men who have been given the ticket-selling end of the dance are Tom King and Frank Fox, Corby Hall; John Reuss, Walsh; Breen McDonald, Sorin; Louis Fritch, Brownson.

—The Notre Dame Rifle Club now has a record of three wins and no defeats in the intercollegiate rifle competition, having defeated Worcester Polytechnic, 979 to 956. The individual scores of the winners were: H. Rivas, 199, J. Miller 198, L. Vogel 196, M. Joyce 193, J. Young 193.

—The University Society, of 44 E. 23rd Street, New York City, wishes to have the names of students who seek employment for next vacation. They declare they have remunerative work to offer. Those who are interested can apply directly to Mr. J. Walker McSpadden, Manager of the Mail Order Department.

—Vincent Vaughan, head of the committee in charge of the Day Students' informal dance on February 21, is completing arrangements to make the party one of the most enjoyable of the pre-Lenten season. The six-piece Collegian's Orchestra will furnish music. The autumn dancing party of the downtowners was a great success.

—The pharmacists in the University have banded together to form the Notre Dame Pharmaceutical Association. R. J. Doherty of Omaha, is chief alchemist of the club, while Harold A. McConnell, also of Omaha, is vice-chief. Clarence Williamson of Massillon, Ohio is custodian of funds, and Otto Kuhle of Sioux Falls, S. D., secretary. Besides a round of smokers and banquets the new club expects to enjoy a series of "shop talks" given by both members and outsiders.

—Following is a complete list of Notre Dame Clubs in various States throughout the country, so far as we are aware. If any reader

knows of any omission we request that he kindly send word to the Secretary or the President of the University. We desire to have the list complete for the University catalogue.

Notre Dame Club of Dayton, Ohio.
 Notre Dame Club of Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Notre Dame Club of Fort Wayne, Indiana.
 Notre Dame Club of Indianapolis, Indiana.
 Notre Dame Club of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.
 Notre Dame Club of Chicago, Illinois.
 Notre Dame Club of Boston, Massachusetts.
 Notre Dame Club of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Minn.
 Notre Dame Club of New York City.
 Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
 Notre Dame Club of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
 Notre Dame Club of Portland, Oregon.
 Notre Dame Club of Washington, D. C.
 Notre Dame Club of Detroit, Michigan.
 Tri-City, Notre Dame Club, Rock Island, Illinois.

St. Ignatius Loses Its First Game.

For the first time this season St. Ignatius met defeat. After drubbing Chicago University and some of the other strong teams nearby, they have at last been beaten; and the Varsity was the team to turn the trick, sending them down 24 to 15. The Varsity put up the best game of real basketball that has been seen in the local gym all season; and the men from Chicago were going at a lively clip; so it was anybody's game in the first half. In the second half the visitors faltered as the pace was too strong for them, and Capt. Daley and his mates sewed the game up. Capt. Daley returned to the game and was the shining light of the evening, playing the floor from one end to the other, shooting baskets at one end and on the next play spoiling an attempt at a basket at the other extremity of the court. In the second half he was sent in to guard the big center who was giving the locals a lot of trouble; and besides playing the floor just as well as he did in the first half, Daley kept McNulty helpless.

The two guards kept their men safe and were largely responsible for the victory; for these fellows from Chicago have a reputation for making, on an average, something like fifteen baskets a game. The rumor may be true but, we feel certain the average is much lower than it was before they hit Notre Dame.

Chief Meyers led the scoring with five baskets from the field and played one of the best games he has played all season, in covering the floor, passing, and shooting baskets. Fitz-

gerald also went big, getting two baskets from the field and also two from the foul line, and in playing the floor. He did more passing and less of his distance shooting and aided a great deal in the team play.

The first half was about even with the Varsity slightly in the lead, they having piled up 13 points to the visitors' 10; but at the end of the half, the St. Ignatius men were picking up and were gaining back some of the ground they had lost in the middle of the half. St. Ignatius started the scoring and kept the lead until they had the Varsity 6 to 2; but here the Gold and Blue team pulled itself together and soon had overtaken the Chicago men. They gained a lead and then, kept it throughout the game, although many times only 1 or 2 points separated the two teams.

The second half was something in the line of team-work we have waited all season to see. At the start of the half the team went like clock-work, the floor work of Daley and the basket-shooting of Meyers, aided by the unfailing support of the rest, showed us the first real basketball of the year, and incidentally put the Varsity too far in the lead to fear being overtaken. No changes in the line-up were made even after the score was too large to be topped; and the result was that Capt. Daley, who was playing his first game since his injury, was taken sick after the game and it was found his ribs had been injured again.

The St. Ignatius men were wonderfully accurate tossers, and they had a fast, well-organized team. They were simply out-played. They were given to kicking on decisions a little, but this was their first defeat and they were naturally disappointed when they saw things going against them.

NOTRE DAME, 24	ST. IGNATIUS, 15
Daley (Capt.)	L. F. Holton
Fitzgerald	R. F. Cunningham
Meyers	C. McNulty
King	L. G. Zahringer
McKenna	R. G. Egan

Substitutions—St. Ignatius: Driscoll for McNulty.
Field baskets—Meyers 5, Daley 2, Fitzgerald 2, King, McKenna, Cunningham 2, McNulty 2, Holton, Zahringer. Free throws—Fitzgerald 2; Cunningham 3.
Referee—Miller.

M. A. C. Beaten On Own Floor.

At last the impossible has been accomplished. M. A. C. has been beaten by the Varsity on the

former's own floor, a feat that is seldom turned by any team; for because of the construction of the "gym" shots at the basket are possible from only a few places on the court. The Aggies know these spots well and when they are defeated on their own court it goes down in the history of the school as one of the unusual happenings. However, the Varsity has played there a number of times and they also know the marked spots on the court; so before the trip to Lansing, formations were planned for these spots. The score tells the story of the success of the formations.

According to Capt. Daley the Aggies did not have a chance with King and McKenna guarding the "shooting places" and the credit of the victory should go to them. Fitzgerald played the stellar game of the evening, ringing up a total of 23 out of the 24 points made by the Varsity. The Aggies' rooters were well pleased with the fight put up by N. D. and cheered as much for them as they did for their own men. The article appearing in the Lansing paper follows:

M. A. C. lost to the Notre Dame basketball team last night on the East Lansing floor 24 to 23 in the best fought game seen at the college this season. The first half finished 16 to 13 in favor of the Aggies, but Notre Dame tied the score in the first three minutes of the final period and then took the lead.

Fitzgerald of Notre Dame was the individual star, making 6 field baskets and ten goals from fouls making a total of 22 points. Ellis made one field basket, the only other score by the visitors.

Ricker, Hood, and Frimodig featured for M. A. C. Hood was in nearly every play during the first half, but began to tire in the final period and was replaced by Spenser. Miller replaced Ribgy. Ricker made five field goals, but had an off night on fouls, caging five out of fourteen attempts.

The M. A. C. team work showed a decided improvement over that in the Kalamazoo game, but was unable to overcome the superior weight of Notre Dame. Wood was used as defensive guard, a change that apparently worked to good advantage.

M. A. C.	NOTRE DAME
Ricker	L. F. Ellis
Hood	R. F. Fitzgerald
Wood	C. Ronchetti
Frimodig	L. G. McKenna
Rigby	R. G. King

Substitutions: M. A. C.—Miller for Rigby; Spenser for Hood. Notre Dame—Meyers for Ronchetti, Daley for Ellis. Baskets from field: M. A. C., Ricker 5, Hood 2, Frimodig 2. Notre Dame—Fitzgerald 6, Ellis 1. Baskets from foul: M. A. C.—Ricker 5 in 14. Notre Dame—Fitzgerald 10 in 16. Referee—Rowe, Michigan. Time of Halves—20 minutes. First half—Score:—M. A. C., 16; Notre Dame, 13. Final Score: M. A. C., 23; Notre Dame, 24.

Beloit Defeated.

Beloit's basketball team paid its annual visit to Notre Dame last Saturday and went home, as usual, defeated. It must be said for the Wisconsin team, however, that it is probably the best that Beloit has ever sent to Notre Dame. The losers are said to have held Wisconsin University to a two-point victory and we can well believe the statement after seeing them in action. In Miles they have a man who can make trouble for any basketball team.

However, the visitors had little chance against the Varsity, for with the regular line-up back in the game, the locals looked almost unbeatable. Captain Daley, although not yet fully recovered from the injuries that have kept him out of several important games, was back on the floor. "Dick" may not have been in perfect trim physically, but he made up in headwork and cleverness whatever he lacked in stamina, so that he was easily the star of the conflict. Besides working the floor in his usual style, the blonde Captain gave a splendid exhibition of shooting, caging no less than eight field goals despite the fact that he was closely guarded.

His teammates gave Daley splendid support. Fitzgerald chalked up eleven points on four baskets and McKenna and King continued their classy work at the guards. The teamwork was good, the passing fast and the playing as a whole the best of the year.

NOTRE DAME, 31		BELOIT, 20
Daley	L. F.	Miles
Fitzgerald	R. F.	Philips
Meyers	C.	Stuessy
King	L. G.	Lehr
McKenna	R. G.	Klasath
Field baskets—Daley 8, Fitzgerald 4, Meyers 2, Miles 5, Stuessy 2, Philips. Free throws—Klasath 4, Fitzgerald 3. Referee—Miller.		

Subs Defeat St. Viators.

The Varsity subs trimmed St. Viators here Wednesday 24 to 15 in a loosely played game. The St. Viators men said it was the worst game they had played all season and we can say that it was the most uninteresting we have seen this season. The only thing that kept up the excitement was an occasional spill or a shot at the basket which hit the back door. Gartland, the visitors' left forward was the star

of the game, for although he did not make as many baskets as Ellis, he played a good floor game and had fewer chances at the basket than the local man. Keefe was the shining light for Notre Dame, as he played real basketball upsetting many plays.

The game went on for some time before either team could score, but finally Slackford caged one from the center of the floor and the locals were never passed. The ball was kept under the visitors' basket most of the time with one Gold and Blue man after another taking shots until someone would finally cage it, or Flynn, the St. Viator's midget, would get hold of the ball and dribble it down to the other end of the floor. This Flynn is about the smallest man we have ever seen on the local court; but he was full of fight and pepper; and when he was not sitting on the floor, he was going around the floor at top speed which was quite fast.

Ellis and Cassidy showed up well at forward, the former caging six baskets from the field and the latter showing up well in his floor work. Cassidy had a lot of bad luck in shooting, a number of them rolling around the basket and then dropping out. Ronchetti played a good floor game and made two baskets from the field. Murphy and May were sent into the game in the last part of the second half and in this brief time showed promise.

Interhall Games.

Corby defeated Sorin and Brownson defeated Walsh in the relay races which were run between the halves of the Varsity-St. Viators game last Wednesday. Corby's victory was due to the efforts of Meehan who ran last for them after Sorin had a small lead made by Sackley. From the stands it looked as if Baujan had beaten his man to the tape; but the judges declared Corby winner by a small margin. It was one of the closest finishes of the season.

The race between the hefties of Walsh and Brownson furnished the excitement and the enjoyment of the St. Viators game last Wednesday. The race was declared a draw, but many thought Jim Cook had successfully pulled the last Brownson man away from the tape. It was called a tie to save argument; and argument with those two teams would have neces-

sitated the calling of the militia. Cook will probably be voted off the team by the rest of the members because he turned a glowing defeat into a wretched victory. Boyle will undoubtedly retain his place, although he may be made to run last in order to assure defeat. For Brownson, Gorman did nobly and will keep his position as last runner; for probably no other man in the school could have lost a race with such a big lead as he had. At one time Walsh was a quarter-lap ahead, but a Brownson man lost miserably for his team and gained the lost ground. Then Walsh forced Brownson into a big lead; but they finally lost out by having Cook run last. Capt. Boyle said after the game it would be Cook's last race until he got out of condition.

—●—
THE WRETCHED REPORTER.
 OR
THE TERRIBLE TRIBUNE TRIBE.
 —

TIME:—Monday Noon.

PLACE:—Any out-of-the-way place.

CHARACTERS:—1st South Bend *Tribune* Reporter.
 2nd South Bend *Tribune* Reporter.

1st Reporter:

Hast heard the bloody deed that has been done?
 Not since the Leader stopped the midday sun
 Has any such occurrence come to light—
 The N. D. Students burned a car last night!

2nd Reporter:

Impossible! You do not mean to say
 That students drove the motorman away
 And lighted a real match, applying it
 To the straw seats where folks were wont to sit?

1st Rep—E'en so, my brother. Thus the story runs:

Students with fourteen centimeter guns
 And knives and hatchets, lawn-mowers and picks
 And pockets fairly bulging out with bricks
 Boarded the Hill St. Car. It was their plan
 To turn machine guns on the motorman.

2nd Rep—And did they this outrageous, bloody deed?

1st Rep—Yea, this did they accomplish with all speed

And with real firebrands that burn and light,
 The Hill St. Car these villains did ignite.
 And marvellous! Most wonderful to tell!
 This palace car did burn even as hell.

And more mysterious happening by far—

When ceased the flames there was no Hill St. Car.

2nd Rep—Am I entranced, or would'st thou have me hear

That this great palace car did disappear?

1st Rep—Yea, disappeared even as do thy meals.

Nothing remained by midnight but the wheels.

2nd Rep—Witches and very devils then must be,
 These students who could plan, and willingly

Destroy one of the beauties of the age.

Was there no reason given for their rage?

1st Rep—None, brother, save that on last Thursday eve

After the Hill St. Car the Bend did leave
 Six thugs with black-jacks in their clothes concealed
 Boarded the Car and by their talk revealed
 The fact that they'd permit no one to smoke—
 But all the students took them for a joke.

2nd Rep—And did they strike?

1st Rep—Nay, brother, they were wise
 For on that car men nearly of their size
 Were riding. Each thug closed up like a clam
 Fearing for his two hundred pounds of ham.

2nd Rep—Then there remains no reason for the rage?

1st Rep—Not any, brother. Every thug a sage,
 Did leave that car and quickly board the next
 Which held a few young boys, and on pretext
 Of stamping out all smoking, every thug
 Pulled out a billy and began to slug.

'Twas all meant in a very friendly way—

To fracture skulls for thugs is simply play;

But students never seem to see a point,

They get peeved if their bones are out of joint,

Instead of being tickled at the joke

They fill with wrath until they nearly choke.

2nd Rep—Dost tell me students are so badly bred

As not to laugh when someone cracks their head
 Just for a joke?

1st Rep—'Tis even so, my friend,

They were not raised as we were in South Bend.

2nd Rep—And this mild pastime of these gentle thugs
 Turned college students into fire-bugs?

1st Rep—Yea, this and nothing more led them so far

As to lose reason and destroy a car.

And not a common car, but one that cost

Thousands of dollars. Now that it is lost

I'll hie me to the office and will write

A tragic story of the ghastly sight.

I'll call it vandalism, anarchy,

Or any other word that comes to me.

I'll shout my news all day about the street

And though my brains are reinforced concrete

People must list to me I'll yell so loud.

I'll print a picture of the street car's shroud

And make the horror of the thing so plain

That few folks will discover I'm insane.

2nd Rep—Go with all haste and write as thou hast said;

What matter though your words will not be read.

This is the only way that we can bring

The people here to realize the thing.

(He writes a stupid editorial which is published in the evening paper. An hour elapses and two students are seen entering the office.)

1st Student:

There is that maniac, should we not say
 Something severe to him this very day?

2nd Student:

Nothing severe to him should e'er be said,
 God punished him by giving him his head.

CURTAIN.