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A Spring Song.

THOMAS F. HEALY, '19.

RAIN,—and the wakening of the buds
Outside my window every day;
The robin's song in the lilac tree
Telling me all the world is gay!

Sun,—and the air from the ocean wide
Kissing the pools and running streams;
Joy,—and the hope in Him above
Filling my heart in all its dreams!

Spring—and the gladness of Heaven's smile
Touching the hidden violet's soul;
God,—and His love from eternity
Leading all men to a perfect goal!

The Short Ballot for Indiana.

BY JOHN A. LEMMER, '18.

(ORATION.)

THE American voter accepts as the fundamental doctrine of his political belief and practice the principle that much electing means responsible representative government. He firmly believes that the office-holder is controlled only when he is elected by the people. The American citizen insists upon exercising, to the fullest extent possible, his right to vote—with the result that he is asked to vote too much. Citizenship in Indiana, and in the other states as well, has become a profession. To assert that you and I, at the recent election, did not cast a really intelligent ballot is not to deny our mental competence. The scholar amongst us is almost as politically helpless with our long ballot as the newly-naturalized citizen. Only the professional politician knows what he is doing on election day.

Adherence to this erroneous idea that control of our officials depends upon the direct election of all of them by the people has resulted

in a ludicrous multiplicity of elective positions. It has placed upon the voter a duty to which he is altogether unequal. Consider, as an example, the burden that was placed upon you last November. When you entered the polls you were confronted with a ballot bearing two hundred and eleven names. You were asked to fill approximately thirty state and county offices—in other words, to participate in thirty elections on the one day. Then consider the much more impossible task of the voter in New York City. The ballot upon which he recorded his choice was eight feet long. The ballot of the Chicago citizen was half the size of a bed sheet. The voters in these cities during a period of four years fill by election nearly five hundred positions.

Is it not impossible for the citizen, however conscientious he may be, to have a due knowledge of so many candidates, to be even partially acquainted with the merits of half that number? Is it any wonder that under such conditions Philadelphia made imaginary men petty officers? Are you surprised that the voter is bewildered by the multitude of candidates whose merits he must weigh, and that the most enthusiastic minor candidate finds himself unheard amid such confusion? Is not the magnitude of your duty as a citizen appalling? Thus with elective offices so numerous, with our long ballot the symbol of intricacy and of obscurity, the voter does not, and could not if he would, select the candidates himself. The party managers, the bosses of our political machines, the men who instruct the electorate how to vote, do the selecting; the voter who goes to the polls and pulls down the lever that throws one or the other of their candidates into place does the electing. He can not discriminate among hundreds of unknown candidates for a score of obscure minor offices, and therein lies the power of the political boss. Men whose ability and character are known generally get those offices that are in the public eye, but a host of

minor positions go too often to the henchmen of the boss, to men who are ready to render to Caesar a deal more than the things of Caesar's. The office-holder is no longer responsible to the voter who elects him, but to the boss who selects him. And the boss, wrapped in shadow, may work out his own will through these political marionettes, and sacrifice the interests of the people to his own greed. Our belief in the efficacy of the long ballot has given us an irresponsible, irresponsive government. It makes intelligent suffrage impossible by making ignorance of the qualifications of candidates inevitable. It has placed our state and local governments in the hands of the unscrupulous politician.

The duty of the voter today is complex and impracticable. Let us make it simple and practicable. Let us have a system where our elective officials are conspicuous, where the sunlight of public discussion constantly falls upon all of them, for light is of governmental as well as of hygienic service. Let us adopt a system that eliminates the blind voting of the over-burdened and makes for the intelligent voting of the interested citizen. Such a system is as possible with the short ballot, as it is impossible with the long ballot.

The short-ballot principle proposes that "only those offices shall be elective which are important enough to attract and deserve public examination." The principle demands that each elective office be interesting; it demands that each have a broad effect upon important and interesting policies. Why should the coroner, the surveyor, the reporter of the supreme court, the chief of the bureau of statistics be elective officials? There is no difference between the Republican and the Democratic way of filling these positions. They should be removed from the ballot. They are obscure offices, and the office-holders are invisible. Direct the voter's attention to the most important positions only; on the state ticket to those of governor and lieutenant-governor, and make the rest of the positions appointive. Give the governor the power the President of the United States exercises in appointing his cabinet. Permit him to name the attorney-general, the auditor, the secretary, and the others, and hold him responsible for the proper administration of these offices. Let us remember that it is not appointment that is dangerous, it is the source of the appointment.

There is little peril in concentration of power in the governor, because we can watch what is being done with it. "A city seated upon the mountain cannot be hid."

Under our long ballot system the majority of state and local officers are not accountable to the people, but to the machine which proposes the names. Political bosses manipulate each appointment with a view to the stronger consolidation of the machine's power. We have an invisible government which operates upon the principle that a man holds an office to get what he can out of it, and to enhance the power of his party. Give us a concentrated and visible appointment, one that operates for the good of the public.

Concentration of power in the hands of conspicuous elective officials underlies the short ballot principle, a principle neither novel nor radical. It has worked successfully in our national government from the day the Federal Constitution was adopted to the present time. Out of four hundred thousand federal office-holders, only the president, the vice-president, the senators and representatives are elective; the rest are appointive. Just as the failure of our long ballot is proved by the political history of American cities and states, so does the efficiency of our federal government, the best government in the world, conclusively prove the success of the short ballot principle.

The short ballot is the "most-urgently needed practical reform in American politics." The number of elective officials must be reduced to "the absolute workable minimum." We must know whom we select; we must know whom we trust. There must be "so few persons to watch that we can watch them." We want good officials, but when we conduct thirty elections on one day we cannot learn what we need to know about so many candidates. We must reject the notion that everyone must be elected by direct suffrage of the citizens, and organize our state governments as simply as the government of the nation. Indiana must substitute the short ballot of the people for the long ballot of the politician, that we may increase the effectiveness of our vote, that we may diminish the opportunities of the boss. Indiana must give us the short ballot, that we may all become politicians in the true sense of the word, that we may always register intelligently our political opinions, that we may retain effectively our civic birthright.

Varsity Verse.

BORISKANE.

Yes, that is the river Carrick, and there I used to swim,
And there is the old, old peach tree and there the
carving dim

Which Mary and I, together, cut in the bygone days
When we went on a spring Sunday, along the bog-
marsh haze.

Empty the village street is now—though dusty as of
yore,

Yet oh, heart full of memories of a time that is no more.

Quiet and shady the graveyard that lies across from
the old home.

And there our father and mother sleep beneath that
Irish loam,

But all the boon companions, the girls and boys we
knew—

To the far world's edges are scattered by the wind
Time blew.

Far off in this busy north-land, Mary and I remain—
But our dreams wing back to Ireland, to the fields of
Boriskane.

George D. Haller, '19.

"MY LIFE IS AS A LAGGING DREAM."

And now I pass like a wind on the grass

The sands are low in the glass;

My day of deeds is almost done,

Yea, now the gleaming sands are run!

My life is as a lagging dream,

Slow floating down an autumn stream,

That now is moored in a quiet bay

And sees swift ebbing of the day.

George D. Haller, '19.

HOW SORROW CAME.

Through the murmuring forest,

A fairy went alone;

The rest of the band had hidden

Behind a great stone.

She came to the cottage door,

A cloud-haired, elfish thing,

And all the day long she would dance

And all the day would sing.

She danced when the white dawn stirred

And by the pale moonlight;

The eyes of a childless couple

Were gladdened by the sight.

But the queen of the fairy kingdom

Did take her far away;

The eyes of the wife were wet,

The lips of the husband gray.

F. S. Farrington, '18.

DEAD LEAVES.

The withered leaves red-rich with sunset dye

Are tossed upon wild wanton winds that blow

Them earthward; homeless, far and near swept low

Across each field, now harvest bare; and high

Along dim woodlands, pools, and paths they lie.

Do lifeless, fruitless things as dead leaves grow?

Yes, from the sere leaves, which Spring's gardeners
sow,

Earth will arise in green 'neath April's sky.

So, too, are lives of lowly men who strive

That others, sight-denied, may gather joys,—

Unknown to many, known to workful few,—

Their deeds are as the dust of leaves. You thrive

On soil made rich by genius. Far from noise

Your fathers toiled to give young life to you.

Francis T. Butler, '19.

CONFLICT.

We were not made to idly dream and drift,

Our tasks are hard, our burdens great to lift;

But let us persevere, by God's sweet gift.

Speak bravely, never fear the look of scorn;

Great strength of heart from ease was never born;

With eagerness salute each coming morn.

The slothful drink but of the dregs of life

From sullen cups, but we, while hates are rife,

Stand with drawn swords above dim hells of strife.

Alfred N. Slaggert, '20.

PAST THE DOOR.

The summer night draws on and past the door,

Wherein 'tis quiet, naught but candles glow,

Sending their shadows flickering to and fro

Across the pews and on that blessed floor.

And past those doors, men throng, their labor o'er,

Fatigued, among unknown, they homeward go,

But few there are who doff their cares, and know

That past that door one hears no traffic roar.

The weary souls and the companionless,—

If for a moment they but stopped to pray

Within that door that bars the city heat,

There they would find a rest for weariness.

For this I learned when late one summer day,

I passed within to rest my weary feet.

James H. Ryan, '19.

The Pope's Mule.

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated from the French.

BY F. JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '18.

Of all the clever sayings, proverbs, or adages with which our Provençal peasants garnish their discourse, I know of none more picturesque or more singular than this. For fifteen leagues around my mill, when anyone speaks of a sullen, vindictive man he says: "Look out for that fellow! . . . he is like the Pope's mule who saved her kick for seven years."

For a long time I tried to find whence this proverb could come, this allusion to the papal mule and the kick that was kept for seven years. No one here could satisfy me on the subject, not even Francet Mamai, my fife-player, though he has the legendary of Provence at his finger tips. Francet thinks, as I do, that there is at the bottom of it some very old story of the Avignon country; but he has never heard it referred to except in the proverb.

"You will not find that in any other place than the Grasshopper's Library," said the old fifer laughing.

The idea seemed good, and as the Grasshopper's Library is at my door, I went there and shut myself up for a week and a day.

It is a wonderful library, admirably stocked, open to poets day and night, and attended by little grasshopper librarians who furnish music all the time. I spent some delightful days there, and, after a week of research,—lying on my back—I finished by discovering what I wanted, that is to say, the story of the mule in question and the famous kick that kept for seven years. The narrative is pretty, although a little plain and simple, and I shall try to tell you what I read yesterday morning in a manuscript, time-colored, fragrantly scented with lavender and having large images of the Christ-Child for book marks.

Those who did not see Avignon at the time of the popes did not see anything. For gaiety, life, animation, the succession of festal days, never was there a city like it. From morning to evening there were processions, pilgrimages, streets strewn with flowers, draped with magnificent tapestries, arrivals of cardinals on the River Rhone, banners waving, galleys decked with flags, soldiers of the pope singing Latin

in the squares, mendicant friars with their rattles; then from the top to the bottom of the houses which swarmed around the great papal palace, buzzing like bees around their hive came always the tic-tac of the lace looms, the nimble coming and going of the shuttles weaving the gold into the chasubles, the hammers of the glass-cutters on the cruets, the sound-boards being adjusted at the lutemaker's, the songs of the weavers; above all that the ringing of the bells and always some tambourines were heard beating yonder, in the direction of the bridge. For with us, when the people are happy they have to dance, they must dance; and since at that time the streets of the city were too narrow for the farandole, the fifes and tambourines took their posts on the bridge of Avignon, in the fresh breezes from the Rhone, and day and night the folk danced and danced. . . . Ah! those happy days! the happy city! Halberds that did not wound; state prisons where they put wine to cool; no famine; no war. . . . That is how the popes of the County (Venaissin) understood governing their people; that is why their people missed them so much.

Above all there was one of them, a good old man, whom they called Boniface. Oh, what tears were shed in Avignon when he died! He was a prince so amiable, so courteous! He smiled at you so much from the back of his mule. And when you came near him, whether you were a poor little madder-root gatherer or the great provost of the city, he would give you his blessing so politely. A true Pope of Yvetot, but of an Yvetot of Provence, with something fine in his laugh, a sprig of sweet marjoram in his cap, and not the least passion. The only passion they had ever known him to have, this good father, was his vineyard,—a little vineyard which he himself had planted, three leagues from Avignon amid the myrtles of Chateau-Neuf.

Every Sunday, after vespers, the worthy man would go to pay court to it. When there, seated in the sunshine of the open, his mule at his side, his cardinals grouped around him at the base of the stumps, he would have them open a flagon of wine of his own make,—that beautiful ruby wine which has since been called the Popes' Chateau-Neuf,—and he tasted it in little sips, gazing upon his vineyard with an expression of fondness. Then, the flagon empty, and twilight coming on, he would

joyously return to the city, followed by his whole chapter; and when he would pass over the bridge of Avignon, in the midst of the tambourines and the farandoles, his mule, aroused by the music, would take a little dancing step, while the Pope himself marked the steps of the dance with his cap, a thing that scandalized the cardinals very much, but which made all the people say:

“Ah, the good prince! Ah, the kind Pope!”

Next to the vineyard, the thing the pope liked best in the world was his mule. The good man doted on that beast. Every evening before retiring he would go to see if her stable was properly closed, if she had anything in her manger and he never left the table without having his servants prepare before his eyes a large bowl of wine *à la française*, with plenty of sugar and spices, which he would carry out to her, despite the remarks of his cardinals. It must be said that the animal was worth the trouble. She was a pretty mule,—black, spotted with red, sure of foot, had glossy hair, a crupper large and full, and carried proudly her little head all harnessed with pompoms, knots, tiny silver bells, and bows of ribbon; with a face gentle as an angel's, an innocent eye, and two long ears, always in motion, giving her the appearance of a good child.—All Avignon respected her, and when she went about in the streets no one had anything but the best of treatment for her; for everyone knew that it was the best way to get on the good side of the court, and that, with her innocent air, the Pope's mule had brought more than one to fortune, for instance, Tistet Videne and his marvellous adventures.

This Tistet Videne was, in the beginning, such an impudent young rogue that his father, Guy Videne, the goldsmith, had been obliged to drive him out of the house, because he would not do anything and was continually coaxing away the apprentices. For six months he was seen dragging his jacket in all the gutters of Avignon, but chiefly in the vicinity of the papal palace. This rascal had for a long time had his mind on the Pope's mule and you will see that it was something mischievous. One day when his Holiness was walking alone beneath the walls with his beast, there comes Tistet, who accosts him and says, folding his hands with an air of admiration:

“Ah! my goodness, great Holy Father, what a fine mule you have there! Let me look at her a little. Ah, my Pope, the pretty mule!

The emperor of Germany has none like it.” And he caressed her, speaking to her softly, as if to a maiden: “Come here, my jewel, my treasure, my lovely pearl.”

And the good Pope, much moved, said to himself:

“What a good little boy! How gentle he is with my mule!”

And then, do you know what happened next morning? Tistet Videne exchanged his old jacket for a beautiful lace alb, a hood of purple silk and shoes with buckles, and he entered the choir of the Pope, where before him they had received no one except the sons of nobles or the cardinals' nephews. There's the scheme! But Tistet was not satisfied with that.

Once in the service of the Pope, the rascal kept up the game which had succeeded so well for him. Insolent toward everybody else, he had no care or kindness except for the mule, and whenever anyone met him in the grounds of the palace he had a handful of oats or a little bale of hay from which he would shake out neat little bunches, looking up to the balcony of the Holy Father as if to say: “Say, who's this for?” He succeeded to such a degree that finally the Pope, who felt himself aging, came to leave Tistet the duty of looking after the stable and carrying to his mule her bowl of wine *à la française*. This did not make the cardinals laugh.

As for the mule, neither did it make her laugh. Now, at the time for her wine, she saw five or six little choir boys enter and hide quickly in the straw with their hoods and laces; then a moment later the good warm odor of caramel and fragrant spices filled the stable, and Tistet Videne appeared carrying carefully the bowl of wine *à la française*. Then the persecution of the poor animal began.

This perfumed wine which she loved so much, which kept her warm, which brightened her up, they had the cruelty to carry to her there in her manger, to make her smell it; then when she had her nostrils full of it,—presto, chango!—the lovely rosy flaming liquor all went down the gullets of those little ruffians. And if, however, they had been satisfied with making away with her wine,—but they were like devils, all these little clerks, when they had had their drink! One pulled her ears, another her tail: Quiquet climbed upon her back, Beluguet tried his cap on her, and not one of them dreamed that with a movement of her haunches

and one good kick, the good little beast could have sent them all to the polar star, and even farther. But no, she was not without reason the Pope's mule, the mule of benedictions and indulgences. The boys tried in vain, she would not lose her temper; it was only upon Tistet Videne that she wished to vent it. When she felt him behind her, her hoof itched, and truly there was a good reason for it. That good-for-nothing Tistet played such villainous tricks on her! He had such cruel schemes after drinking.

One day he thought it nothing to make her climb with him to the belfry, up there, way up there, to the pinnacle of the palace. And what I am telling you is not a story, for two hundred thousands Provençals witnessed it. Can you imagine the terror of the wretched mule, when after having groped for an hour around the dark spiral staircase, and climbed I know not how many steps, she found herself all at once on a platform dazzling with light, and when, a thousand feet below her, she saw a fantastic Avignon, the stalls of the market no bigger than nuts, the Pope's soldiers like red ants in front of the barracks, and there upon a silver thread, a microscopic bridge where they were dancing, dancing? Ah, poor beast, what a calamity! At the cry she raised, all the windows of the palace trembled.

"What's that? what's the matter?" cried the good Pope, rushing out upon his balcony.

Tistet Videne was already in the courtyard pretending to weep and tear his hair.

"Ah, great Holy Father, that's what it is! It is your mule! For heaven's sake! what will become of us? Your mule has climbed to the belfry."

"All alone?"

"Yes, Holy Father, all alone. See! Look there, way up there! Can you see the ends of her ears? they look like a swallow's tail."

"Mercy!" exclaimed the poor Pope straining his eyes. "But she has surely gone crazy! She will kill herself. Come, come down, poor thing!"

Alas! she wished for nothing better than to come down; but how? There was no use thinking of the stairs; she could climb them all right; but to come down she would have to break her legs a hundred times. The poor animal was in anguish, and going back and forth on the platform, her eyes swirling with dizziness, she thought of Tistet Videne:

"Ah, you rascal, if I get out of this . . . what a kick to-morrow morning!"

The thought of the kick gave her a little fresh courage; without it she would have been unable to hold out. At last they came to take her down, but it was a big task. She had to be taken down with block and tackle and a litter. Think of the humiliation for the mule, the mule of a pope, to see herself hanging at such a height, dangling in the air like a June-bug at the end of a thread. And all Avignon was watching her.

The poor animal did not sleep that night. It seemed to her that she was going round and round on that cursed platform with the city folk laughing below; then she thought of Tistet Videne and the fine kick she would let fly at him the next morning. Ah, my friends what a kick! They would see the smoke from Pampelune. Now, while this fine reception was being prepared for him at the stable, what do you think Tistet Videne did? He went down the Rhone singing on a papal galley with a company of young nobles which the city sent each year to the court of Queen Jane to train them in court manners and diplomacy. Tistet was not a noble; but the Pope proposed to reward him for the care he had taken with his mule, and chiefly for the part he had played on the day of the rescue.

There was a disappointed mule the next morning!

"Ah, the scamp! he suspected something," she thought as she shook her bells in rage; "but it's all right; go ahead, you rascal; you'll get it when you come back, your kick; I'll keep it for you."

And she kept it for him.

After the departure of Tistet, the Pope's mule resumed her quiet life and her former ways. No more Quiquet, no more Beluguet in the stable. The happy days of wine à la française returned, and with them the good humor, the long naps, and the little dance steps when she crossed the bridge of Avignon. However, after her adventure, she noticed a little chilliness in the city. They whispered when she passed; the old women wagged their heads, the children laughed and looked at the belfry. The Pope himself had less confidence in his pet, and when he let himself fall into a little nap on her back while returning from the vineyard on Sunday, he always had an after-

thought: "If I were to wake up, high on that platform!"

The mule observed all this, and it hurt her, but she said nothing; however, when they pronounced the name of Tistet Videne in her presence, her long ears shook, and with a little smile she sharpened her iron shoes on the pavement.

Seven years passed in this way. Then at the end of the seven years, Tistet Videne returned from the court of Naples. His term there was not finished, but he had learned that the first mustard-bearer of the Pope had died suddenly at Avignon, and, as the position seemed good to him, he hurried to get in line for it.

When this schemer Videne entered the throne room, the Holy Father could hardly recognize him, he had grown so big and fat. It must be admitted that the Pope on his side had grown old and could not see without spectacles.

Tistet was not a bit nervous.

"What, Holy Father, you do not remember me? It is I, Tistet Videne!"

"Videne?"

"Yes, yes, you know him well—the one who used to carry the wine *à la française* to your mule."

"Ah! yes, yes. I recall him. A fine little boy, Tistet Videne! And now what does he want of me?"

"Oh, it isn't much, Holy Father. I have come to ask you—by the way, you still have your mule? Is she well? Ah, that's fine—I come to ask you for the place of the first mustard-bearer, who has just died."

"First mustard-bearer, you? But you are too young. How old are you?"

"Twenty years and two months, illustrious pontiff, five years older than your mule. Ah, great goodness, that fine creature!—If you knew how I love that mule! how I missed her in Italy! won't you let me see her?"

"Yes, my boy you shall see her," said the good Pope, much moved. "And since you love her so much, from this day forth, I attach you to my person in the office of first mustard-bearer. My cardinals will raise a protest, but what of that? I am used to it. Come to us to-morrow, at the end of vespers; we shall give you the insignia of your office in the presence of our chapter, and then I shall take you to see the mule, and you will come to the vineyard with both of us. How's

that? Very well, you may go."

If Tistet Videne was happy on leaving the great hall, with what impatience he waited for the ceremony of the morrow, there is no need to mention. There was, however, someone in the palace more happy and more impatient than he: it was the mule. From the return of Videne until vespers of the following day, the redoubtable beast did not cease stuffing herself with oats and practicing her kick on the wall. She, too, was getting ready for the ceremony.

And then, next day, when vespers were over, Tistet Videne made his debut in the papal court. All the high clergy were there, the cardinals in their robes of red, the devil's advocate in black velvet, the abbots with their little mitres, the church-wardens of Saint-Agricol, the choir-boys with purple hoods, the lower clergy also, the Pope's soldiers in full dress, the three orders of penitents, the hermits of Mt. Ventoux with their wild faces, and the little server walking behind with the bell, the flagellant brothers bare to the waist, the rosy sacristans in judges' gowns, all, all, even to those who sprinkled holy water and lighted the candles and those who extinguished them—there was no one missing. It was a splendid ordination—the bells, the fire-crackers, the sunshine, the music, and always the merry tambourines leading the dance over there on the bridge of Avignon.

When Videne appeared in the midst of the assembly his comeliness and bearing started a murmur of admiration. He was a fine type of Provençal, though blond, with long hair, curly at the ends, and a little downy beard, which looked as if it were made of the metal shavings fallen from the burin of his father, the goldsmith. That day, to do honor to his nation, he had changed his Neapolitan dress for a jacket bordered with pink in the Provençal style, and on his hat there quivered a plume of ibis from Camargue.

Immediately after entering, the first mustard-bearer bowed gallantly and went up to the high stoop where the Pope was waiting to bestow on him the insignia of his office—the yellow habit and the boxwood spoon. The mule was at the bottom of the stairs, all harnessed and ready to go to the vineyard. When Tistet Videne approached her, he had a broad smile and stopped to give her two or three friendly pats on the back, looking from the corner of his eye to see whether the Pope was watching it. The

position was perfect. The mule drew herself up:

"There! take that, you ruffian! For seven years I've been saving that for you!"

And she let loose of a kick so terrible, so terrific, that even Pampelune saw the smoke, a cloud of blond smoke with an ibis plume fluttering along with it. That was all that was left of the unfortunate Tistet!

Mules' kicks are not ordinarily so dreadful; but this mule was a papal mule; and then, think of it, she had saved it up for him seven years. There is nowhere a better example of ecclesiastical revenge.

To a Lone Blackbird.

Blackbird, why dost thou tarry

In a cold zone,

Without a mate to cheer thee,

Perched all alone?

Why have the grackles left thee?

Every one gone,

Of the many that were feeding

With thee on the lawn.

In groves of oak in autumn

The flocks are heard

Chattering in the tree-tops—

Not a lonely bird.

Like streaks of black on the sky-line

Trailing for a mile,

They flutter into cornfields

To feed awhile.

And now the flocks are assembling,

A surging crowd,

They rise into the heavens

Like a dark cloud.

Far toward the southland

Thy mates have flown,

And left thee here in winter,—

All alone—

Feeding with the sparrows

On the road there.

They will not befriend thee

In the winter air.

Tell me, lonely blackbird,—

I am not thy foe—

Why dost thou tarry here

In the north snow?—*B. A.*

Skating.

BY ALFRED N. SLAGGERT, '20.

Skating is a popular form of outdoor amusement performed on a pair of steel blades which, when a minimum effort is applied to them, enable the skater to propel himself over the ice with astonishing ease. Although the feet are the only members of the body which, under ordinary conditions, come in contact with the congealed surface, other portions of the anatomical structure frequently are bruised by over-confidence in one's balancing ability. Possibly a no more perfect figure of grace can be conceived than that of the performer, who, after he has partially spelled his name on the ice in the presence of an admiring crowd, suddenly, as if exulting in his unrestrained freedom, turns an unpremeditated backward dive. In the resulting contact he is likely to become familiar with more astronomy than can be absorbed in two years' of ordinary study.

A variation of the skating passion is the game of hockey, which is played in near-football attire with well-balanced, miniature war-clubs; and must be accompanied by much yelling. The speedy warriors follow a rubber puck over the icy surface and attempt by cave-man methods to reach an opponent's goal. Like other parlor sports, such as football and "penny-ante," the most stringent rules of etiquette are observed, and the player who does not apologize when he lulls his adversary to sleep with a love tap is penalized five points.

The inhabitants of the northern climes have, owing to nature's icy whims, the monopoly on this winter sport, although (to use a somewhat unrheterical Americanism) it can scarcely be said that a Southern gentleman never had a "skate on." Because of her geographical peculiarities, Holland claims skating as her national sport. The exercise is for her both a pastime and a commercial asset. It is no uncommon sight to see the Dutch women plying up the canals with their market baskets on their arms followed by their "two-year-olds" on "four runners."

Whether viewed, however, from the practical standpoint of locomotion and carriage, or from the social standpoint of grace and art, or from the healthy standpoint of an outdoor sport, skating is, in every aspect, a useful art, worthy of more general and painstaking cultivation.

The Thrush.

BY THOMAS D. FORD.

BEFORE the April light has long been 'born,
 The dewy-throated thrush
 Pipes an ecstatic welcome to the morn
 And o'er the world descends a solemn hush:
 A brief space;—heaven and earth are still
 Harkening to that sure voice, silver and shrill.

Patrick vs. a Suffragette.

BY B. MATTHEW.

(At a voting-place in November.)

PAT. Sure, and what is the world comin' to anyway? You women'll want to be wearin' the trousers next. Faith, and the Lord never made ye to vote with the men folk, He didn't. If I had me way, ye'd be at home with the childer.

SUFFRAGETTE. Where did you learn, mister, that God never made women to vote? If you would only read the Good Book more, you would see that God made the sexes on the basis of equality.

PAT. Sure, I've read the Bible mam, I have, and it's meself could enlighten ye a bit too. You all sprung from the rib of a man.

SUFF. Yes, but where did the man come from? From the slime of the earth!

PAT. It's so much the worse for the women, I'm thinkin'.

SUFF. You can't deny that woman was equal to man in the Garden of Eden. She had equal rights in the beginning. Why not now?

PAT. I agree with ye there, mam. She was more than equal to man in the Garden. She was too much for him.

SUFF. It is there we must look for her in her natural, rightful condition.

PAT. It is there we must look for the beginning of trouble too, madam.

SUFF. Well, if Adam instead of Eve had first met the serpent he would have fallen first. That is all the difference.

PAT. Divil a bit of it, mam. Adam had little enough curiosity and plenty of caution not to meddle with a talkin' snake. Eve might have known there was something wrong about it.

SUFF. You seem to think lack of curiosity

a good thing and extreme caution commendable.

PAT. Sure everything is good in its own place—even the women. They're always curious when they should be cautious and very cautious when they should be curious. I'm thinkin' that's why they are in politics, when they should be at home.

SUFF. You are positively prejudiced against the women and their rights. Have you never had a mother yourself? Would you not trust her to help in the government of the country?

PAT. I'm a pretty good-sized man now, but if I mintioned votin' to me ould mother I think she'd be spankin' me.

SUFF. She must be a queer woman.

PAT. Sure, she do be, mam, but she's worth a dozen the loikes of ye.

Senior Thoughts.

Prohibition is a sort of compulsory pledge.

A real smile is the reflection of time well spent.

The sciences should be but stepping-stones to God.

The dove of peace cannot be captured with cannon.

Deep reflection clears up many apparent mysteries.

The harvest moon of an idle student never shines full.

Men are like time-tables: subject to change without notice.

An avowed enemy is more trustworthy than a lukewarm friend.

A very small misunderstanding may make a very great quarrel.

A pleasing talker is one who knows when to keep his mouth shut.

The drunkard of to-day was the moderate drinker of yesterday.

War is the slaughter of humanity by mathematics and mechanics.

Let us not only obey laws but also impose them on others by our example.

Be not devoted to self, for no slave ever served so mean a master.

'Tis better to have studied and failed than never to have studied at all.

Any man can effect an alibi: it takes a man to face failure squarely.

Smile even before you drink water in the morning and knock that ugly feeling out of your system.

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—Florida's lamentably narrow-minded executive, Sidney J. Catts, is, we are proud to say, a rare specimen in the higher realms of American politics. He is indeed just as rare as he thinks he is, though in a very different sense. Protestants and Catholics alike must view his savage attacks on the "Catholic political hierarchy," whatever that may be, in amazement, scarcely believing that such nescience could exist in a gubernatorial chair. Remarkable, indeed, is his statement that Catholicism is the force "masquerading in the name of religion," the force "that is responsible for more poverty and ignorance and crime than any other influence in the world." What Mr. Catts needs, among other things, and needs very badly, is a course in history. If his idea of government is as perverted as is his notion of Catholicism, Florida is truly unfortunate.

—The scientific use of time is a remunerative occupation. Your success or failure as an efficiency expert depends largely upon your method of surveillance. In all probability there are certain periods of each day rendered profitless in deciding what is to be done next. Employ these periods of transiliency on the daily newspaper. Familiarize yourself with the happenings of yesterday and the problems of today. Give yourself the opportunity of forming convictions on the leading questions that

confront your country, your state, and your city. Ascertain what your legislature is accomplishing; learn whether your senator and your representative are worthy of re-election. Know what part of the newspaper deserves a glance, and what part demands perusal. Make the daily paper an instructor. Above all, do not permit your reading of it to be careless and aimless—a sheer waste of time.

Interstate Banquet.

"U. N. D. Rah! Rah! U. N. D., Rah! Rah! U-Rah! U-Rah! U. N. D., Rah! Rah! The United States, the United States, the United States," Hardly had this cheer died from the lips of a small group at one of the long tables in the big banquet room before every student was on his feet cheering enthusiastically for his country. Messick's Orchestra struck up "The Star-spangled Banner" and the cheering came in greater volume, dying away as all joined in singing the national anthem.

The incident was the climax of the first annual interstate banquet, in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel last Wednesday night, the most splendid and most successful social affair that has ever been staged by the N. D. students. Nearly three hundred students thronged the spacious hall, ate and cheered, ate some more, then cheered more lustily than ever, now and then interspersing various state and popular songs. With the banquet over, the diners settled back and enjoyed one of the best entertainments that has ever been given hereabouts. The banquet was modeled after the famous Gridiron Club affairs in Washington. Five long tables ran east and west in the banquet hall, with a sixth horizontal to the others, at the east end of the hall, at which Rev. Thomas Burke, C. S. C., the guest of the occasion, presided.

The students filed in as Messick's Orchestra played the opening number. Standards bearing the names of the various state, sectional and city clubs were placed on the tables in the sections reserved for each organization, and at each plate was a place-card upon which was the name of the diner.

As soon as Father Burke had given the blessing, the fun began. Clubs vied with one another in state and sectional yells and when the orchestra played popular airs the crowd joined in. Then the various state delegations

rendered their state songs. Finally came the yell for the United States and from then the spirit of the assembly was truly national.

The Glee Club, under the direction of Howard Parker, gave the first number on the program, and the singers were called back for two encores. Following the Glee Club came the University Quintet, composed of Hoerr, Jones, Hayes, Yeager and Burt, with a clever rendering of numerous state songs.

Harry Denny, the popular violinist, came next with two selections which were enthusiastically received, and Walter O'Keefe and Harry Scott presented in their inimitable way their song act, "Scotch and Irish". It was Mr. O'Keefe's first appearance before a Notre Dame audience and his presentation of Scottish songs and Harry Lauder lingo proved highly popular. Tom Kelly's "Jass Band" was a humorous and novel feature, and the young Sorin musician was obliged to lead his organization through several encores. John U. Riley was better than ever in his talking songs and he "brought the house down" repeatedly by his clever selections.

"Was He to Blame?" a satire on "the new woman" and her much-abused husband, was a lively, laugh-provoking farce that made a "hit" with the audience. The play was presented by Mr. Emmett G. Lenihan. Edwin Lightfoot took the part of Filbert Wayne, Thomas Beacom that of the wife, Myrtle Wayne, and Charles F. McCauley that of Shecia Beara, Wayne's wooer. The time was yesterday, today and to-morrow, and the scene, the Wayne home in South Bend. All three of the young actors did their parts splendidly.

"Echoes from Tuskegee" almost made those in the audience believe they were back at Notre Dame listening to the colored singers from the southern school. The quintet took the part of the singers, while Howard R. Parker served as director and gave the audience a description of Notre Dame. The six men were dressed in military uniforms and were "blacked up." The Mandolin Club, under the direction of G. O'Laughlin, was called upon for repeated encores, and the University favorites, Scott and McCauley, were brought back again and again.

"Coming and Going," written by Delmar Edmondson and Laurens Cook, was undoubtedly the feature of the entertainment. It was a rollicking, humorous affair, made more attractive and popular by the local color which it

contained. The scene was a class room at Notre Dame. The cast consisted of John U. Riley, Jerome Miller, William Hynes, Oscar Dorwin and Thomas C. Kelly in faculty roles, and of Edmondson, Cook, McOsker, Scott, Hosking, Holden, Sullivan and Trudelle in the parts of students.

The success of the banquet was due primarily to the efforts of Harry R. Burt, president of the Texas Club, and originator of the plan. He worked hard for the success of the affair and his efforts were rewarded. Next to Burt in commendation should be Treasurer Creegan and the entertainment committee, composed of Stuart H. Carroll, chairman, John U. Riley, Thomas C. Kelly, Emmett G. Lenihan and Harry E. Scott.

The executive committee with Burt as chairman was composed of the presidents of the twenty-three clubs represented at the banquet. The club treasurers formed the finance committee, of which Charles Creegan was chairman. The ways-and-means committee was made up of Andrew McDonough, chairman, Wallace Coker, F. Kirkland and Paul Fogarty.

Pipes and tobacco, furnished by "Jimmie and Goat," were found at each place in the dining hall, while the cigars were donated by "Hullie and Mike."

E. J. M.

Varsity News.

—Ten-pin enthusiasts of Walsh Hall have organized a bowling league, and a tournament will be held this month.

—At the last meeting of the directors of the Marion County State Bank of Indianapolis, Leroy J. Keach (LL. B., '07) was elected vice-president of that institution. Leroy was a noted track man at Notre Dame, and is now a very prominent young attorney in Indianapolis.

—The University Glee Club gave a successful concert Sunday evening before a large audience in Elkhart. Among the new numbers tried out by the club was a popular selection, "Bachelor Days," the song feature of this year's Ziegfeld "Follies."

—A decidedly artistic and thoroughly enjoyable concert was given in Washington Hall Monday night by Mr. Josef Konecny, the noted Bohemian violin virtuoso. He was assisted by Miss Martha Stelzl, soprano, and Miss Mary Tris, pianiste. Each one of the trio is a real

artist, and the concert was perhaps the best given in Washington Hall this season.

—Mr. George O'Connell, the eminent tenor, gave an excellent concert in Washington Hall, Saturday night, the 10th. Mr. O'Connell's program was notable for the wide variety of selections it included. Among the most pleasing of these were "His Lullaby" by Bend, "Ave Maria" by Schubert, "Widmung" by Schumann and "Caro Mio Ben" by Giordani.

—"Resolved: that the United States should maintain a government-owned merchant marine" was the subject of dispute in the Brownson Literary and Debating Society Thursday evening, February 8th. The affirmative team, composed of Sinnott Meyers, Louis Finske, and John Balfe, won the decision. On the negative side were James Connerton, Edward Cramer and Arthur Sheridan. Father O'Donnell declared the debate to be the best held thus far.

—Notre Dame University paid reverence to the memory of Abraham Lincoln in Washington Hall Monday afternoon. Members of the senior law class pictured in enthusiastic oratory the life and work of the great Emancipator. Harry F. Kelly spoke on "Lincoln, the Lawyer," John E. Cassidy on "Lincoln, the Statesman." The Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural were given by Samuel Fiewell and Elmer C. Tobin respectively. The University Quartet sang a number of the old favorites, and the selections by the orchestra were enthusiastically received.

—The first preliminaries in the selection of the two teams that are to meet the University of Cincinnati in debate some time in April are being held these days, afternoon and evening. Judging from the quality of these first trials, the battle for places ought to develop two strong teams. Since the settlement of the prohibition question in Indiana, it has been agreed that prohibition for the State of Ohio shall be the issue in the debate here as well as in the one at Cincinnati. The second set of preliminaries in the elimination process will follow about two weeks after the first is finished.

—The Notre Dame Rifle Club is winning great credit for itself and for Notre Dame. In a few years it has been raised from class C to class A, and at present stands third among the colleges of the country including the military academies. There are about one hundred colleges in the collegiate department of the

National Rifle Association. That only two, Washington State University and Michigan Agricultural College, stand ahead of Notre Dame, who has but recently entered the competition, is indeed an honor. Sergeant Campbell's protégés are improving with each shoot, and it is safe to predict that they will achieve even greater recognition before the season is ended. The score of the second shoot out of a possible 200 for each man was as follows: Leo Vogel, 192; Rodney Cullen, 189; W. Heinrich, 184; W. Navin, 184; John Miller, 183. Total, 932.

—Last Thursday about forty students under the direction of Brother Denis, C. S. C., of the engineering department, left in a special car on their annual inspection trip to the French Paper Company, Niles, Mich., and to the Celfor Tool Company, Buchanan, Mich. Mr. French took particular interest in the students, explaining to them all the details of the manufacture of paper. Owing to the kindness of Leo Hines, superintendent of the Celfor Tool Co., and a former Notre Dame student, the students were taken through the five shops of the Buchanan concern in small groups and were given individual instruction. All the details in the manufacture of drills, small tools, automobile axles, together with the operation and control of the company's electric furnaces, were thoroughly explained, making the trip satisfactory and instructive.

—A social gathering, at which addresses were delivered by several members of the University faculty, took the place of the regular business session of the Electrical Engineers' Club at a meeting in the Walsh "rec" room Thursday evening, February 8th. Among the speakers were: Father M. A. Quinlan, C. S. C., who spoke on the history of the Engineering Club; Father Schumacher, on "The Value of a Broader Education," Father McGuire, on "The Relation of Chemistry to Electrical Engineering," Prof. L. F. Condon on "The Value of Club Work," and Royal Bosshard, on "Coöperation of Engineering Students." Music was furnished by the mandolin club, and refreshments were served. Much enthusiasm was aroused among the students at the meeting over the project of extending the membership of the club and of doing better work along all lines, and it is earnestly hoped that the students in the other courses of engineering will take advantage of this invitation to join the organization.—H. E. S.

Personals.

—Louis Keifer, who took his degree in journalism last year, is now on the staff of the *Terre Haute Tribune*.

—Friends of Miles Sinnott (Ph. B., '11) will be sorry to learn of the sudden death of his father, which occurred last week.

—John Delph (B. S. in Phar., '16) is now with the Youngstown Chemical Co., Youngstown, Ohio. His home address is 540 Parkwood Avenue.

—Talk about your indoor sports! Corby Hall lovers of excitement have formed a checker league, with meetings twice a week. Shades of Glen Herrick!

—James D. Nolan, of the class of '12, left for Tulsa, Oklahoma, last month, and is now located near there in the oil fields, looking after the interests of his father.

—Tom Jones of the class of 1903 (Commercial) is now secretary and treasurer of the Indianapolis Brass Company. Tom is an enthusiastic alumnus, and is doing well.

—Paul J. Smith recently opened offices for the practice of law at 907 Fletcher Savings & Trust Building, Indianapolis, Indiana. Paul graduated in the class of 1916.

—Rev. J. B. Kepperling, O. S. A., and Mr. J. Leo Merriam, both of Chicago, visited the early part of the week with the latter's brother, Joseph Merriam, of Corby Hall.

—On February 12th Francis X. Schubert, former student of Notre Dame, was married to Laura Edith Hall, of South Bend. They will reside after March 1st at 1034 Hartford Street, Lafayette, Indiana.

—Word has been received of the death of Dr. Leo P. Trixler on Jan. 26th., at Huntington, Ind. Dr. Trixler was a student in 1913-'14, in Walsh Hall, and a brother of Louis G. Trixler of Corby Hall. *R. I. P.*

—The *Indianapolis News*, commenting on the Mayor Bunch-Prosecutor Williams graft case at Muncie, Indiana, compliments Phil O'Neill (LL. B., '01) of Anderson, Indiana, as follows: "Mr. O'Neill, as a cross-examiner, ranks with Eph Inman, Henry N. Spann and the late John S. Duncan, whose ability to drag words from the lips of reluctant witnesses made them noted at the Indiana bar."

—Luke J. Kelly (LL. B., '16) is the latest of

our law graduates to pass the bar examination, having been admitted recently to the practice in the Bay State. Luke has one of the most enviable records in N. D. athletics. He was a mainstay of the Western Championship team of '09 and captain of the team of 1911. His coaching at the Christian Brothers' school in St. Louis in '12-13, and of Holy Cross in '14-15 won for him wide recognition as an athletic director. Notre Dame sends her heartiest congratulations and wishes him in his professional career the same success he achieved here in his studies and on the gridiron. Luke's home address is 30 Boylston St., Jamaica Plains, Mass.

Obituary.

JOHN EDWARD MINAVIO.

The death early Thursday morning of John Minavio, leader of the University Band and a senior in the college of law, cast a pall of sorrow over the entire campus. He had been ill for just two weeks with an infection of the ear that developed into mastoid. An operation last Monday proved unsuccessful.

John E. Minavio was born at Buffalo, New York on April 19, 1892. He received his grade education in the public school at Canastota, New York, whither his parents moved shortly after his birth. He went to school in Canastota until his second year in high school, after which he removed to Toledo, Ohio, where he finished his preparatory education. He entered Notre Dame in September, 1914.

Besides keeping up his law studies, John has been throughout his course at Notre Dame to the fore in all of the musical activities of the University. The loss of him both as a friend and as a musician, is keenly felt by those who were associated with him in the department of music. As leader of the band, which position he has held this year with distinction, he endeared himself to every man who has played under him.

The members of the University Band and of the Orchestra, accompanied by the presidents of the senior law class and of the New York State Club, escorted the body to the Lake Shore station Thursday afternoon, whence it was taken to Canastota in care of the father of the deceased.

It is with a deep, heartfelt sorrow that we

part with our friend and classmate of yesterday, and we pray earnestly that Almighty God will rest his soul in peace.

F. J. C.

MRS. CATHERINE McCUE.

The members of the faculty, the present students of the University, and the generations of students whom Professor McCue has taught in his many years at Notre Dame, sorrow with him in the loss of his beloved mother, who passed away a few days ago in her home at Woodstock, Illinois. Following is the resolution of sympathy drawn up by a committee of the University faculty:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to summon from the activities of a long and useful life the beloved mother of our esteemed friend and associate, Professor Martin J. McCue, and

WHEREAS, In the doleful bereavement of his great loss, deploring the death of his devoted mother, who followed undeviatingly the path of duty and was ever zealous in fulfilment of the obligations of an exemplary Christian life; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we, members of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, tender assurance of our profound sympathy, our heartfelt condolence, to Professor McCue, our friend and associate, and likewise to the other members of his family. May God assuage their grief in the sublime consciousness afforded them by their Faith that a brighter and happier life awaits the dear departed beyond the tomb.

(Signed)—WILLIAM HOYNES.

MATTHEW J. WALSH, C. S. C.

MATTHEW SCHUMACHER, C. S. C.

EDWARD J. MAURUS.

MR. EDWARD D. O'CONNOR.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Edward D. O'Connor, father of Edward J. O'Connor, of Sorin Hall, at Louisville, Ky., January 30th. Mr. O'Connor was an ideal type of Christian gentleman, and was most favorably known to a large personal acquaintanceship. We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul.

Wabash Game.

In a game replete with close guarding, sensational shooting, and frequent fouling, Wabash triumphed over Notre Dame in basketball in our gymnasium last Friday evening 25 to 18. Lightning-like passing, with the tall Stonebraker as the objective, enabled Wabash to score seven more points than the Gold and Blue. Perhaps it was just as well that Referee Haggerty was quite conscientious about calling fouls, for, with the amount of determination to win shown by each team, the game might other-

wise have become disgustingly rough. Both teams profited materially by free throws, Stonebraker succeeding with nine, and McDermott only one fewer.

The "Wonder Team," as it is called down in Crawfordsville, began forcing the play from the opening whistle. Notre Dame fought equally hard, and had the locals been a little more fortunate in their few shots at the basket from the field, Wabash would never have enjoyed a 15-to-8 lead at the end of the first half. "Dick" Daley had to be carried from the court before the game was half over with a severely injured ankle, and Fitzpatrick finished out the half. Daley is certainly one of the gamest men that ever wore a Notre Dame suit. A diary of Daley's injuries during his three years of basketball would read like a hospital register, but "Dick" invariably "comes up for more."

Between the halves "Chet" Grant donned a suit for the first time in a fortnight and when the game was resumed he was in Daley's position. His breaking up of plays, his pivoting, passing, and floor work were the equal of anything exhibited by any man in the gymnasium this season. Notre Dame, for the seventh time this season, played a far better game in the latter half than in the first. In the last period each team scored ten points, and the lead of seven gained by Wabash in the opening half stood unreduced when the game ended.

McDermott, though closely guarded throughout the contest, managed to score all but two of Notre Dame's points. He was to the Notre Dame team what the rangy Stonebraker was to the "Little Giants," and had he possessed the height of the opposing star Notre Dame would not have lost. Captain McKenna never fought harder in his life than he did last Friday night, and he contributed the only basket for Notre Dame not scored by the speedy McDermott. King had a "big" assignment in Stonebraker, but Tom offered abundant opposition during the forty minutes the two opposed each other. As Cassidy could not get going in the first half he gave way shortly to "Pete" Ronchetti, who played a consistent game during the remainder of the contest.

It was a great battle from the spectator's point of view, though it would have been a deal more interesting if Notre Dame could have had the lead a time or two.

The score:

WABASH, 25:

NOTRE DAME, 18.

Clements.....	R F.....	McDermott
DeVol.....	L F.....	Cassidy
Stonebraker.....	C.....	King
Caldwell.....	R G.....	McKenna
Bacon.....	L G.....	Daley

Substitutions: Notre Dame—Fitzpatrick for Daley, Ronchetti for Cassidy, Grant for Fitzpatrick. Field baskets—Stonebraker 6, Clements, DeVol, McDermott 4, McKenna. Goals from foul—Stonebraker 9, McDermott 8. Referee—Haggerty. Umpire—Cooper. Time of halves—20 minutes. L. W. C.

Athletic Notes.

ILLINOIS, 58 1-2; NOTRE DAME, 36 1-2.

Notre Dame lost her first dual meet of the winter season last Saturday afternoon to the University of Illinois at Urbana, owing to the fact that Illinois proved so surprisingly strong in three field events—the high-jump, broad-jump and pole-vault. In the track events Notre Dame was decidedly superior, but could not offset the big lead gained by Illinois in the field numbers.

The meet started auspiciously for Notre Dame. Mulligan, in the absence of Bergman, who could not make the trip on account of sickness, proved equal to the task of defeating the Illinois sprinters in the seventy-five yard dash, the opening event of the afternoon. Not an opponent could cope with him, and Captain John Miller, ordinarily a quarter-miler, finished a close second. The next first for Notre Dame came in the mile-run. Eddie Meehan did not extend himself, but was content to finish just ahead of the Illinois runners. Captain Miller and "Andy" McDonough finished one-two in front of the crack Pendarvis in the quarter-mile. They were forced to their limit every foot of the distance, but both had the final burst of speed that eliminated a runner who is at least their near equal. Kirkland raced the opposing captain, Waldo Ames, over the high-hurdles and was only a yard behind at the tape. Ames is the hurdler who established a world's record in the hurdles in the Notre Dame gymnasium last winter. "Pete" Noonan, running the two-mile for the first time, kept tracking the Illinois men throughout the long pace, but was unfortunate in being third in a "blanket" finish, after putting up a plucky race. Kasper forced Spink, an Illinois star, to establish a new track record of 1:59 4-5 in winning the half-mile.

There is nothing so pleasing in the story of

the field events. After Bachman and Franz had captured the first two places in the shot-put Notre Dame scored just one-half point. Three Illinois athletes eliminated our best high jumpers, three more Illinois men eliminated our best broad-jumpers, and three more Illinois men all but defeated our best pole-vaulters, Yeager tying for third in this event.

With the meet hopelessly lost, Coach Rockne chose to keep some of the men who had already run hard races out of the relay, and the closing event was won by Illinois.

The meet was run off in the mammoth new Armory recently completed at the University of Illinois. Some idea of its size may be had by imagining a six-lap-to-the-mile running track, flanked by spacious bleachers. It is said that two thousand students manoeuvre within the building during the battalion drill.

Following is a summary of the meet:

Mile Run—Meehan, Notre Dame, first; Gantz, Illinois, second; Chapman, Illinois, third. Time—4:36 3-5.

75-Yard Dash—Mulligan, Notre Dame, first; Miller, Notre Dame, second; Carroll, Illinois, third. Time—0:08.

75-Yard High Hurdles—Ames, Illinois, first; Kirkland, Notre Dame, second; Kreidler, Illinois, third. Time—0:09 3-5.

440-Yard Run—Miller, Notre Dame, first; McDonough, Notre Dame, second; Pendarvis, Illinois, third. Time—0:52 1-5.

880-Yard Run—Spink, Illinois, first; Kasper, Notre Dame, second; Somers, Illinois, third. Time—1:59 4-5.

Shot-put—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Franz, Notre Dame, second; Bennett, Illinois, third. Distance, 40 feet, 4 inches.

Pole vault—Lang, Illinois, and Pierce, Illinois, tied for first; Carman, Illinois, and Yeager, Notre Dame, tied for third. Height—11 feet, 6 inches.

Two-Mile Run—McKenney, Illinois, first; Stead, Illinois, second; Noonan, Notre Dame, third. Time—10:11.

Broad Jump—Kreidler, Illinois, first; Overbec, Illinois, second; Lang, Illinois, third. Distance—22 feet 3 3-4 inches.

High Jump—Webster, Illinois, Caldwell, Illinois, and Long, Illinois, tied for first. Height—5 feet 8 1-2 inches.

One-Mile Relay—Won by Illinois (Kreidler, Somers, Pendarvis, Spink). Time—3:30 1-5.

The second team of Carroll Hall defeated the St. Patrick's School squad second-string men in the gymnasium a few days ago, 23 to 6. Flannery, Restrepo, Early, and Myer were the shining lights for Carroll, while Smith

and Rocbacker starred for the downtown team. Excitement ran high in the Carroll Hall basketball league this week. Mooney's team defeated Gerardin's; and Gerard Kenny reports his team successful against his Brother Bill's.

Book Review.

DANTE: HOW TO KNOW HIM. By Alfred M. Brooks. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Indianapolis. pp. 369. Illustrated. \$1.25.

To an already large "collection of books by recognized authorities, designed to inspire an appreciation of the great authors, with enough of each author's text to give an understanding of his work," is now added an illuminating volume on Dante by Alfred M. Brooks, professor of fine arts in Indiana University. A sketch of Dante's life and the conditions of his time lay the setting of the work. The author then proceeds to the Divine Comedy itself, and for the most part translates the Italian verse into present-day prose. The omission of certain parts of the *Inferno*, and the condensation of a few cantos in the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, seem eminently justified in the end for which the volume was prepared, namely, to make the Divine Comedy accessible to many who are wholly unfamiliar with it, and who would probably remain ignorant of its beauties, except for some guide like this.

Unhappily many people never persevere in Dante beyond the *Inferno*. For them Professor Brooks' study ought to be staff and scrip. Perhaps, an amusing essay might be written on quotations from great authors. More often than not, if one would notice, famous passages, incidents, personalities, occur nearer the beginning than the end of the great classics from which they are taken. Don Quixote and the windmill is a favorite of this sort. Dante has suffered much from these people. Everyone talks of Paolo and Francesca, suffering in the dismal wastes of Hell, but comparatively few have loved that exquisite twenty-third canto of the *Paradiso*; or the noble eighth of the *Purgatorio*, where at the evening hour of sunset, the two poets see the exiled souls devoutly join in their evening hymn,—the *Te Ante lucis terminum*, as if each said to God, "For aught else I care not!"

Though the few may still prefer the quaint beauty and delicate cadence of Wicksteed's translation in the Temple Series, the compression and condensation which are accomplished in the present volume without an undue sacrifice of meaning, will strongly commend it to many.

Professor Brooks' study is serviceably bound in green cloth; the paper is good, and the print easy to read. A number of maps, and a rather fine drawing from the Giotto portrait, enhance the book's attractiveness. It strikes the reviewer that there is less baggage about this book than about most of its kind, and that the notes are unusually good. The volume, one thinks, would serve as a good introduction to an informal study of Dante.

S. S.

Scents o' Humor.

HIS GRIEF.

Of all sad words I've heard or read,
The saddest are—"Dessert is dead."

'NUFF SAID.

"Have you ever boarded a street-car behind a lady with an umbrella, and just as you were stepping in, she—"—"Oh, yes."

The other day a minimate, who thinks that we have had enough winter for one time, wanted to leave the doors open so that the wind could come in and get warm.

WHEN MAURICE ROSE AT 6:20 A. M.

Quoting from "The Success of Patrick Desmond," by Maurice Francis Egan:

"What a dreadful thing it must be to be obliged to follow the sound of a bell—"

Yes, Beatrice. Mr. Egan secured much of his material while at Notre Dame.

And the new explosive discovered by the dean of the botany department didn't make nearly so much noise as the explosion which happened when the cub correspondent asked the dean for his picture for the *Indianapolis Star*. The c. c. should have known that publicity is not a chemical affinity.

IN THE MINIM HALL.

.....III.

Feb. 5, 1917.

Dear Friend:

I could not come down to Notre Dame the next day. I had to come home.

I arrived O. K.

If you see Father Foik give him my regards and tell him that I am sorry I could not see him.

I got a slap in the jaw in school today. I hit a fat guy in the nose with a peice of chock.

My pony kicked me off his back and the cow kicked me off the stool When I was milking. all kinds of tough luck. I got 98 in my math. exams but 23 in civics 97 in Reading and 13 in Phisics.

Well I am having a good time and hope you are having the same.

I am writing this in school and wen she is not looking I write a few words. I am afraid she will crack me again "Ouch" I just got a crack. Well laugh why don't you it's no fun.

Well I will have to close.

Write me or I wont write you

Your friend.....

SOCIETY NOTE.

"I know I'm going to have a perfectly shocking time," he said as he sat in the electric chair.

SOPHOMORE SOBS.

He's as blue and as sore as a newly-punched eye,

And nothing can make him feel better;

He's sick in the dome, for his girlie back home

Is a whole day behind with her letter. S. H. C.