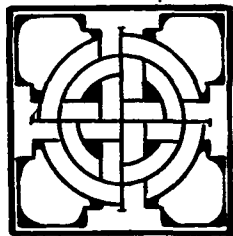
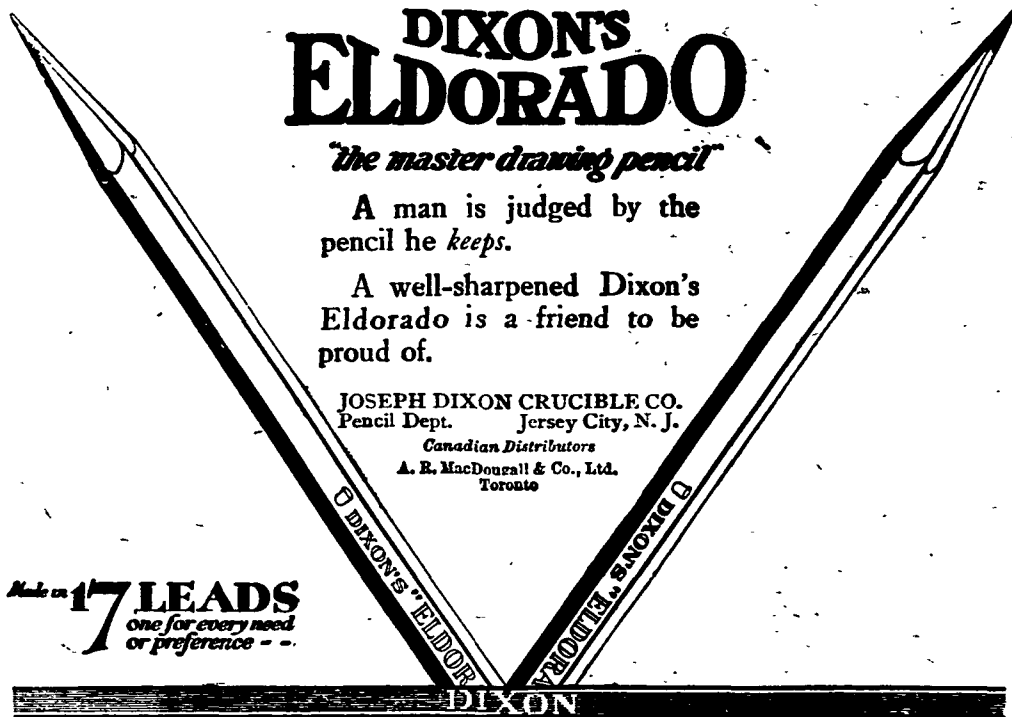




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# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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VOL. LIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 21, 1920.

No. 19.

## The Filial Stars.

BY LEO L. WARD, '20.

FROM the great west bedroom of the Sun  
Trip the starry children, one by one,  
Up to the heaven's hill-tops, there to keep—  
While their great tired parent rests in sleep—  
Their twinkling beacon-fires through all the night  
Till wakes their master in the morning light;  
And then his pale, tired children, one by one.  
Trip back to the bedroom of the Sun.

## History of the Short Story.

BY FRANK E. DRUMMEY, '21.

**A**S a distinct type of literature, the short-story is not yet a century old. Probably the first short-story, as differentiated from stories that were merely short, was "The Cask of Amontillado" written by Poe in 1833. It is true that in earlier times there were literary types that were related to the short-story. The tales of Chaucer, the conte, and the fabliaux of the French in the Middle Ages are its predecessors and have qualities common to it. The tale and the vignette most nearly approach the short-story; yet as a permanent and distinct species, the short-story is an American creation, and its nature and its coming into being was dependent negligibly on these older types of literature. Therefore this historical sketch begins with an American author.

Washington Irving was the first writer to produce anything that closely resembled the short-story. He displayed a classic style, a natural sense of humor, and great skill with his subject-matter. In 1819 he published "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," two great stories which, though technically tales, trend toward the short-story. Irving led the way. Although he did not achieve the present type he gave initial and directive impetus to the writers

who did. He did secure, however, scope within limits, balance, proportion, and dexterity.

Poe was growing to manhood while Irving was making literature in America, and the older author influenced the younger probably more than any other writer or school. Poe took the tale as perfected by Irving and made of it the short-story. How did he do it? Primarily the feat was a work of technique. He conceived that if he could write a story in which everything was subordinated to the climax and denouement and if he could give the reader a single powerful impression, he would have done a new thing in literature. The "Cask of Amontillado" was the first story that realized his artistic aim. In all of his great works he achieved his ambition—totality of effect. But Poe wrote of the grotesque and impossible, hardly any of his stories present, much less solve, the problems of life. It was a propensity of Poe to take a situation "a priori" and develop it. An exception must be taken to this statement, however, for Poe frequently did start and clear up a mystery situation. Poe innovated the detective story. Furthermore, although Poe did not use problems as the basis of his plots and although his subjects were not apropos to the highest development of the modern type, he had a rare precision in the use of words and was an artist of the highest quality. Hence, aside from creating the short-story, he gave it gravity and demonstrated its possibilities. Be it remembered, however, that his great contribution was technique.

The author contemporary with Poe was Hawthorne. Whereas Poe wrote of the fancied horrors of a diseased mind and sought effect, Hawthorne portrayed the ethical, the fateful, and the mystical, and sought to present, and sometimes to solve, the problems of mankind. He was a thinker—subtle, fanciful, contemplative. To him human life was replete with questions. He saw that, if these questions were to be most aptly presented, situations—that is, conflicting interests—were vitally necessary. He tried to present

idealism through reality. By adding to the technique of Poe the central thread of a situation, Hawthorne moulded the short-story into its present form. He dignified it, also, and showed how well it could handle gripping problems.

About this time Thackeray and Dickens were experimenting with the short-story. But, though their products were good, they affected the development of the type hardly at all. A new and short-lived writer appeared in Fitz-James O'Brien. He had Poe's technique and Dickens' style. In contrast to the earlier writers, O'Brien wrote of the ordinary, matter-of-fact phases of living. Thus he secured a vastly wider field for the short-story and a far greater number of sympathetic readers. His premature death cut off the career of a promising author. Following him, Hale, with a weak plot, succeeded in writing a story that was great. His achievement was to popularize the great ideal of patriotism.

Bret Harte, writing from the seventies, was first to gain world recognition for the American short-story. Picturing California in the old days, he idealized the miner and western life. He was the first to write of a particular section of the country and to use local color successfully. He opened up that field in which, of more recent writers, Hamlin Garland of Wisconsin and Mrs. Freeman of New England are the most outstanding.

In contrast to Harte is Henry James, who was active toward the close of the century. He succeeded in putting recondite psychological analysis into the garb of realism. Though many regard him as a mediocre writer, yet, if we consider the difficulty of his task, we must accord him the place of a great master,—for he puts the most delicate, tenuous mental problems into stories that are readable. With the success of James the short-story has demonstrated that the world is its scope, that its appeal is catholic.

The one man of the latter part of the century whose mastery of story writing is exquisite is Stevenson. The perfection of his art is nearly fastidious; and it tends to give his stories a mechanical aspect. Aside from being classical, he is the polisher of this new type of literature. He received it undeveloped and crude; he left it smooth, graceful, artistic. Since Stevenson the best writer is Kipling. He is a good journalist, amazingly versatile, and the modern master of description. He has taken over the American short-story and made it cosmopolitan.

Undoubtedly the short-story is a distinctly American product. Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne are the trio which created this type. Probably the true conception of all succeeding writers is not that they have added anything to the technique of the short-story, but that they have popularized it and have opened up new fields for it.

For the last thirty years an immense number of people have been using the short-story form for their writings. It is the thing of the hour; everybody is trying it. What the result may be is problematic. On the one hand, the short-story may pall and its freshness vanish. On the other hand, such a large number of writers will develop a critical reading public, and the gifted tyro will be more easily discovered. The short-story, at least externally, probably will not remain a set form. It will vacillate from decade to decade. But the relation between this modern type of literature and our way of living is inseparable. Until our busy manner of life has passed, the short-story will continue intrinsically unchanged.

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### The Renaissance in Ireland.

BY JOHN T. BALFE, '20.

"The Land of Saints and Scholars"—this is a glorious yet truly appropriate appellation for that fair isle. There can be no doubt that from the middle of the sixth until the dawn of the ninth century Ireland was the seat of civilization. The darkness of the Middle Ages had already set in over the struggles, agony, and confusion of feudal Europe. "Greek," says M. Darmesteter, "had elsewhere absolutely vanished." Even such a man as Gregory the Great was completely ignorant of it. Again, M. Darmesteter puts the facts plainly when he says, "The classic tradition, to all other appearances dead in Europe, burst out into full flower in the Isle of Saints, and the Renaissance began in Ireland 700 years before it was known in Italy. During three hundred years Ireland was the asylum of the higher learning which took sanctuary there from the uncultured states of Europe."

These facts are, moreover, capable of complete and manifold proof. Columbanus, for instance, shows in his letter to Pope Boniface that he possessed a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew. Again we have St. Cummian's discus-

sion of the Paschal question in his celebrated letter to his friend Segienus, abbot of Iona. Commenting upon this letter Professor G. Stokes says: "I call this letter a marvellous composition because of the vastness of its learning: it quotes, besides the Scriptures and Latin authors, Greek writers like Origen, and Cyril, Pachomius, the head and reformer of Egyptian monasticism, and Damassius, the last of the celebrated neo-Platonic philosophers of Athens, who lived about the year 500 and wrote all his works in Greek. Cumman discusses the calendars of the Macedonians, Hebrews, and Copts, giving us the Hebrew, Greek, and Egyptian names of months and cycles, and tells us that he had been sent as one of the deputation of learned men a few years before to ascertain the practice of the church of Rome. When they came to Rome they lodged in one hospital with a Greek and a Hebrew, an Egyptian and a Scythian, who told them that the whole world celebrated the Roman and not the Irish Easter."

Concurrent with this great era of learning flourished the famous monastic schools. In 450 St. Patrick established, at Armagh, the first Christian school in Ireland. From this "metropolis of civilization" radiated the influence that linked all parts of Ireland into one cultured whole and then bestowed the new enlightenment upon the struggling continent. All the studies of the time appear to have been taught in them through the medium of the Irish language; not merely theology, but arithmetic, rhetoric, poetry, hagiography, natural science, as then understood, grammar, chronology, astronomy, Greek, and even Hebrew.

Perhaps the greatest school was that founded in 544 by St. Kerran at Clonmacnois, beside a curve in the Shannon not far from Athlone. This school had one advantage over all others in that it belonged to no particular race or clan. Its abbots and teachers were drawn from many different tribes. Situated as it was almost in the exact center of the island, it became a real university. A product of Clonmacnois, and probably the most distinguished scholar of his time in Ireland and Europe, was Alcuin. It was he who so affectionately remembered his alma mater that he secured from King Charles of France a gift of 50 shekels of silver to which he added 50 more of his own and then sent them to Clonmacnois.

Another very celebrated school was that of

Bangor in Belfast Loch. This was founded by Comgall between 550 and 560. Joceline of Furness, speaking in the twelfth century, called it "a fruitful vine breathing the odour of salvation, whose offshoots extended not only over all Ireland, but far beyond the seas into foreign countries, and filled many lands with its abounding fruitfulness." The most distinguished of Bangor's sons of learning were Columbanus, the evangelizer of portions of Burgundy and Lombardy; St. Gall, evangelizer of Switzerland, and Duingal, poet, astronomer and theologian. The latter, at the instance of Charlemagne, founded the University of Pavia and also dealt iconoclasm its death blow in Western Europe.

Lismore, the great college of the southeast, was founded by St. Carthach in the beginning of the seventh century. Cathaldus, the patron saint of Tarentum in Italy, was a student and professor in this college. His office states that Gauls, Angles, Irish, and Teutons came to hear his lectures.

Other famous schools were: Clonard, where three thousand students were in attendance under St. Finnan; Clonfert, the alma mater of St. Brendan, the navigator, and St. Cumman, mentioned previously; Innisfallen, where Brian Boru was educated; Cork, and Iniscaltra. Among some of the continental students we find Dagobert II of France, who spent eighteen years at Slane in Meath, where the high kings ruled. Alfred the Great received his training at Clonmacnois.

Besides those already mentioned we have the illustrious John Scotus Erigena, Dicuil and Clemens, all teachers in the court school of Charlemagne. Virgilius, who ruled in Salzburg, was the first to teach the sphericity of the earth. When we consider the intellectual accomplishments of these men, their place in European scholarship, we get a glimpse of the debt which the world and especially the Renaissance owes to the Gaelic scholars. While Europe was writhing under the yoke of barbarism, Ireland was producing her masters. As barbarism decayed these noble men crossed to the continent and diffused their learning, thus giving the impetus to the new birth of learning in the following years.

---

It is when the hour of conflict is over that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to explain, "Lo, God is here, and we knew it not."—*Bancroft*.



## Varsity Verse.

SED CONTRA.

"Quæ diminuta sunt, hoc ipso turpia sunt"—

Thus does Thomas of Acquin heap censure on a runt;  
But here the learned Doctor makes all small folk  
squirm and ache,

Who firmly are persuaded that he made a great mistake.  
And if he lived to-day, perhaps for libel they might sue;  
Gosh! ain't it funny what a little thing will do.

The *biggest* men have all been small, as most folks will  
agree,—

The mighty Alexander and the seventh Gregory,  
Robespierre and Hamilton, the great Napoleon,—  
Fame they had a-plenty, yet they didn't weigh a ton;  
They vanquished many spacious men and gave them  
cause for rue;

Jove! ain't it funny what a little thing can do.

The dodo is enormous, an ostrich is immense;  
The albatross is famous, but the big birds have no  
sense,—

The pewee and the titmouse, the canary and the lark,  
And all the *parva aves* that chirped in Noah's ark,  
By cheerful songs and frolics kept the rest from getting  
blue;

Say! ain't it funny what a little thing can do.

If the dinosaur were living it would surely fear the flea;  
The elephant is bigger, but not so busy as the bee;  
The goldfish is more handsome than the walrus or the  
whale;

The tiny tick in action makes the tiger chew his tail;  
A petulant poll-parrot can curse a kangaroo;  
My! ain't it funny what a little thing can do.

You wouldn't think to see it that a bug could rack you  
so;

But the wallop which it carries is a real pile-driving  
blow,—

It breaks your back, it heats your head, puts chil-  
blains in your frame;

It makes you feel you're due to die or never be the  
same;

This malignant mighty microbe that brings the  
Spanish "flu,"—

Gee! ain't it funny what a little thing can do.—W. C. H.

SUNDOWN.

Now over the landscape the descending sun  
A scarlet mantle flings, trimmed all with gold;  
And through the hills where the cool rivers run,  
The richness of its beauty does unfold.

The tall, straight pines with branches wide outspread,  
The wild flowers hiding near the soft-toned stream,  
The shadowed mountain lifting up its head,

Rejoice beneath the sun's departing gleam.—A. P.

TO SAY NOTHING OF IRELAND.

The League of Nations you see,  
Is the sole hope of humanity,—

So Johnny Bull said,

But Lodge knocked it dead,

For he wanted America free.—J. T. B.

## The Pledge.

BY JAMES J. RYAN, '20.

"O Mamma, see the nice new dollar Papa  
gave me for my birthday."

"Wasn't that kind of him?"

"Yep. I'm going to put it in my book after  
I write an eight on it, for I am eight years old  
today."

Jimmy Flynn was the only child of poor  
parents, who of necessity lived in an overcrowded  
tenement on Avenue "A." Patsey Flynn, a  
New York teamster, was a good-natured, hard  
working father whose only defect was intem-  
perance. He was a devoted husband, but his  
wife Maggie had little influence over him.  
Little Jimmie was Mrs. Flynn's advocate in all  
dealings with Mr. Flynn.

Two months after Jimmie's birthday cele-  
bration Patsey Flynn was called to the bedside  
of his dying child. The condition of the little  
fellow was serious. He had been knocked down  
by an automobile while returning from school.  
The family doctor told the grief-stricken father  
that his son would not recover. Tears rolled  
down the weather-beaten face of Patsey as he  
knelt close to the mangled form of his beloved  
child.

"Don't cry, Papa, it makes me feel bad to see  
you weep. I'm happy. Mamma told me I am  
going to heaven soon."

"Yes, Jimmie, you are going to leave us. I  
wish I was on the same road myself."

"O no! Papa. You must stay here and take  
care of Mamma, won't you?"

"I'll do anything for you, Jim."

"Please be good to Mamma. Keep away  
from drink for her sake."

"I promise you Jim never to have another  
drink as long as I live."

The little fellow's vitality was nearly spent.  
After speaking a few words to his mother he  
breathed forth his innocent soul in the tiny,  
dingy bed-room.

The weary days that followed the mournful  
and sleepless nights were gnawing at the weak  
and grief stricken soul of Mrs. Flynn. Scarcely a  
year after Jimmie's death Patsey laid his devoted  
wife beside Jimmie in Calvary Cemetery. In  
the midst of his troubles, contrary to the habit  
of so many of his race, Patsey Flynn remained  
true to his promise. Many of his friends wanted  
him to drown his sorrows, but try as they might



they could not persuade poor Patsey to take even one glass of intoxicating liquor. As a safeguard against his evil habit he always carried with him a little leather folder which contained a picture of Mrs. Flynn and Jimmie, and the dollar bill that he had given his boy on Jimmie's eighth birthday.

Toward the latter part of January, 1914, the wharves along West Street were jammed with incoming freight which could not be moved on account of a heavy fall of snow. As soon as the weather grew somewhat milder the teamsters began to work overtime so that the congested condition of the docks could be improved. One night, although fatigued from the hauling of the day, Patsey Flynn consented to work overtime. At midnight, the great electric lights still lighted the narrow cobble-stone streets of lower Manhattan. The temperature stood at six below zero, while a northwest wind whistled defiantly as it wound its way in and out among the snow-covered wharves. At eleven o'clock Patsey Flynn had put his horses in the stables. He then set out for his Eastside boarding house. He reached that section of the city, near Rector Street, which is as quiet at night as it is busy during the day. Numb and tired from the extra hours of work, Patsey, in a dazed condition, made his way to a corner saloon. Instinctively he knew that a little whiskey would warm his body and stimulate his weary senses. He went up to the bar, gave his order, and searched in his pockets for the necessary quarter. In vain did he look for the twenty-five cent piece. Out came his pocketbook with Mrs. Flynn's picture, Jimmie's, and the treasured birthday gift. He was about to hand the bill to the bartender, when he spied the figure eight scrawled thereon and he withdrew it rapidly. His mind wandered back over the dark gloomy past. He saw his little son upon the death bed pleading with him to keep away from drink. Quickly he put on his heavy gloves and faced the piercing cold, leaving the glass with its contents untouched. There was no cross-town line that would bring him to his destination. Consequently he was forced to walk about two miles.

The next morning Mike Donahue, while setting out on his beat, stumbled over a half-covered frozen body. After brushing off the snow Mike searched for identification marks. In one pocket he found a leather folder that contained a picture of a woman, probably the man's wife, and also a picture of a little boy.

On a card was written "Patrick Flynn." Tightly grasped in the dead man's frozen hand was a dollar bill with a large figure eight traced upon it.

"Poor devil, if he had only bought a few drinks with that bill, instead of holding on to it, he might be alive today," muttered Donahue as he covered the frozen body with a blanket.

### The Lucky Man.

BY WILLIAM P. FEEN, '20.

On a midsummer's day, I decided to take a ride into the hills to refresh myself. Everything in the valley seemed to speak of heat. The cattle in the meadows stood listless in the shade of motionless trees, while the sun beamed unmercifully down on the dry stubble fields. When I arrived at a small cluster of farms I stopped at the first house for a drink of cool well-water. At the sound of the motor, a dog growled, but hesitated before leaving the shady spot where he had been sleeping. As I got out of the car a short, fat, jolly-looking farmer came out of a shed.

"Pretty hot terday, ain't it?" he drawled as he shoved both hands into his overall pockets, straightened up and with the precision of a marksman sent a mouthful of tobacco juice in the general direction of the hitching-post.

"Yes, sir, it is. May I have a drink of your well-water?" I asked.

"Yer sure can. I've got the best well in this part of Hillsboro County even if I do say so. But we won't drink water a day like this. Tho't yer was a bill collector when I first seed yer comin' up the road. My wife's high-toned an' all I do is pay fur some good-fur-nothin' rig she buys. Come along, stranger. Cellar's cool an' so's the cider. Yer know this cider I'm goin' t'give yer is made of the best apples on this old farm. There's the tree over there near where the calf's tied."

I looked towards the tree. Just beyond, on the opposite hill, stood a larger and more modern dwelling than most New England farms have. The barn was new and shone like the sails of a huge ship beneath the glistening sun. The fields around the buildings were level and more extensive than those I had previously seen. My curiosity was aroused so I ventured to ask my jovial friend who was the owner of such a fine farm.

"Never mind that now. We'll git in ter the cellar an' have a drink o' first-class cider. Then I'll tell yer all about it." So I followed my friend into a rather dark but decidedly refreshing cellar. On one side were huge bins of apples, potatoes and squash. On the other stood a row of barrels.

"Sit right down on this box an' I'll draw some o' the best cider yer ever tasted," and he again gave vent to his enthusiasm by ejecting a miniature deluge. Soon he was back and there was a twinkle in his eye as he poured out a glass of sparkling liquid. "Help yerself, stranger, an' don't be bashful. All the folks 've gone t' meetin,' so make yerself t' home."

After I had fully quenched my thirst I again asked him about the adjoining farm. "Oh, yes. That's right, too. I wus goin' t' tell yer about that farm, wan't I?" And once more he straightened up, released the flood gates, and shoved his hands into the spacious pockets. Having thought a moment, he scratched his rather shiny head, replaced his big straw and continued:

"Wal, stranger, when I wus a boy an' goin' t' school in that brick school house yer passed a short ways up the road, Jake Williams and me wus pals. We played hookey t'gether, swam in the crick t'gether, went a' fishin' in father's brook t'gether, snared rabbits t'gether an' did most everything t'gether. Bein' living so nigh each other an' bein' so much with each other, we wus more like brothers. Wal, everything wus nice as pie 'till a new gal came t' school. Seems as if her dad 'd bought the old Hapgood's place over there near the mill an' so she'd come along too. That started things. Jake allus wanted t' carry her books an' so did I. The gal was willin' that both of us might carry the books but that wouldn't satisfy Jake an' me. No siree! I wanted t' carry them books or not go at all. So did Jake. One night we had quite a fight an' I got the books. Jake was pretty mad an' didn't come over to my place any more. So the gal settled things for a bit and let Jake carry the books one night an' me the next. She was the best lookin' girl in that whole school. Sarah Tompson said so an' Sarah oughta know seein' that she'd been t' Boston onct and see'd other folks. Nancy, that was her name, so we called her Nan fur short."

Here he straightened up and spat. "Have another, stranger. Ever drink any better'n that? Wal, Nan sure did dress t' kill. Her dresses wus the purtiest you ever see; an' how she'd fix her

hair. Wal, things went along pretty much the same 'til Jake an' me left school. Yer see, Jake wouldn't leave 'till I did. But my dad wanted me on the farm as he wus gettin' kinda old. So I left first and Jake left the next day. "Then came the Church Social. Never went t' church afore then but Jake 'd got Nan if I didn't go. So I went. We danced all night t'gether 'cept when Jake 'd get his turn. Both of us axed t' see her home but she said she'd let both of us come 'cause it wus a church affair an' she didn't want t' start a fight. So we both seed her home an' after that, first Jake 'd take her fer a ride an' then I'd take her. If Jake 'd take his dad's two horses, I'd hire the two plugs at the town stable so's he wouldn't get ahead a me. But he did in the end. Anyway, no matter what Jake 'd do, I'd try t' do one better'n him. But when Jake joined the Sunday school where Nan used t' teach, I let him go 'cause Nan 'd give me Sunday night instead. Gosh we was some fellas in them days," and he laughed heartily. "Wal, Jake 'd seen a city fella all dressed up an' so he got his dad t' get him a rig like he'd seen in town. So I saved up my money an' sent to a place called"—here he scratched his head, spat, and put his hand into his pocket again—"begins with Ch—lets' see—"

"Is it Chicago?" I returned.

"Oh yes, Chicowgo. That's the place. An' I got a jim dandy suit, hat like yours and boots t' match. Gosh, an' they cost darn near all a twenty dollars, too. Then I seed in a book where a fella wus givin' some sweets t' a gal, so I beats Jake an' buys Nan some sweets. Cy Brodbury, that owns the store, treated me first rate an' put them in a nice colored bag t' boot. But Jake. He jus' got his dad t' buy him a whole box. Stranger, fur nigh onta eight years an' four months, Jake an' me wus rivals fur Nan."

"Well, my good friend, I'm sure I can't see how that explains the fine farm over there on the hill." I interrupted.

"Wal, Jake owns that farm. He's quit now and don't hev t' work any more. While here I am workin' from morn 'til night trying to keep things ahead. Have another glass 'fore you go stranger."

"And did Jake marry Nan?" I inquired as I partook of his generous hospitality.

"Nope," answered my friend with a twinkle in his eye as he straightened up, spat, shoved his hands deeper into his pockets and added, "but I did."

## H. C. of L. in the Balance.

Timothy Kelly, the butcher, in an attempt to regain the favor and patronage of Mrs. O'Flaherty, lost by a recent deal, receives the following over the telephone:

"Will, will, will, Timmy! 'Tis no more than I expected that ye would be wantin' me trade agin. So you've decided that ye can't tread on the toes of an O'Flaherty, have ye? Will might ye av known it before, but I kin say with no regret that it's too late now."

"Niver ye mind now, Timmy, wid yer apologies. 'Tis not me that wouldn't be givin' a desarvin' Irishman me trade; an 'twas ye that had a better chance than miny another. Niver a turn of yer hand did ye do out of yer way fer me. Sure, an' ye didn't even trate me respectable, an' I'm glad the toime has come whin I kin return the favor."

"What's that yer sayin'? Did I understand ye to say that ye were always thankful? Will niver did I hear the likes of yez. Ye haven't gone so crazy man as not to remimber that ould dried soup-bone ye sint me jist the other day? Sure, an' I've seen bones in a museum that would make better soup. 'Twould be a disappointed dog that would cross the strate for wan like it."

"I know yer hard up, Timmy, but all I kin say is ye'll have to be flirtin' wid the poor-house before I'll iver do any more tradin' wid yez. Now don't be botherin' me any more for—(Central interrupts).

"Cintral, would yer koindly spake whin yer spoken to and kape out of my business! 'Tis a pity a woman can't say a wurrd over her own telephone, especially whin she's bein' robbed to kape it in the house. Moreover, 'tis a blame foine job ye have of chokin' papple off, and it takes a sassy imp like ye to fill it. Now I've got wan more wurrd to say to Timmy Kelly an' I'm going to say it!"

"Timmy, hello Timmy! As I was goin' to say whin that iverlastin' pest butt in—I hope ye have learned a lisson. An whin ye learn to be the accomodatin' gintleman that Isaac Skinnerstein is an' come down wid yer prices, I'll consider turnin' back me trade to yez agin, and not till thin."

—JAMES W. CONNERTON, '20.

## The Love Token.

BY PAUL SCOFIELD, '20.

"Well, Manuel, I'll soon be out of this God-forsaken country. Another month more to finish the job, and I'll return to the best little girl in the States."

"*Si, Señor?*" Manuel interrogated politely.

"If it hadn't been for her," continued Dick, "I would never have taken this job. But as it is I'll finish my work here with enough money to build our little bungalow, and then—we'll live happy ever after," he concluded laughingly.

"That will be fine, sir. Is there anything else you wish of me this evening?"

"No, Manuel. You may go now."

"*Buenos Noches, Señor.*"

"Good night."

Manuel crept through the door and into the languorous southern night. Arriving at his home, he took a bottle from under his coat and drained it in long, thirsty gulps that proclaimed the habitual drinker. Tossing the empty bottle aside, he relaxed himself on his pallet and tried to sleep. But something kept hammering at his brain—an irritating fact which he tried in vain to ignore and finally acknowledged by reflecting on the events of the now closing day. "So Dick Vail is going back to the States next month," he mused, "back to the girl—the girl whose picture stands on his desk—the girl with those big brown eyes." Ever since his master had placed that picture on the desk, Manuel had been devouring it with his eyes. Night and day he had feasted on her beauty and the big brown eyes. Those eyes had held him in a charm ever since he had first seen the picture—and to think that they were only for his master, a mere gringo. Why should they not belong to him, Manuel Rodriguez, the last of a once noble family? His father had been president of the province, and if the recent revolution had not interposed, Manuel Rodriguez himself would now be president. He was far above any "white," and to think that those big brown eyes were only for a lowly gringo while the gringo's servant, who was better born by far, would have to be content with merely looking at her picture. Noble blood of many centuries flowed in his veins—and had he not been graduated from a college in the States which was at least as good as the gringo's? And the engineer was going back to her next month—back to her of the big brown eyes.

An idea of revenge slowly developed in the mind of the half-intoxicated servant, and when he finally recognized it he laughed in maudlin glee. Why had he not thought of that before? If he could only talk to her she would no longer care for this gringo, for Manuel Rodriguez was a supreme lover, possessed of many winning qualities which the engineer had not. Surely she would forsake Vail instantly. He had seen it happen before. Had he not stolen many a blushing señorita from her lover? He could do it again if he only had the chance. With this last thought he fell into a drunken stupor, with a contented smile on his swarthy face.

Vail was somewhat surprised the next morning when Manuel asked: "Sir, would it be possible for me to go to the States with you? I have become attached to you, sir, and I would like to go very much. Perhaps I could do odd work around your bungalow." To entreaty he added a smile that masked the purpose in his heart.

"Why, Manuel, I've never given the matter much thought. But it isn't a half-bad idea. You've been a mighty good servant, and it is true that we will need someone around the bungalow. I'll tell you what; I'll write to the little girl to-night and ask her about it."

That night after Manuel had imbibed as usual, he reflected on the perfection of his plans. He was sure of success. Nothing interfered now. To be sure he had been a good servant, but how was his master to know that his labors had been all for her of the big brown eyes. He had often adored those eyes, when his master was not present, and then gone about his tasks singing snatches of Old Castilian love songs. It was absurd to think that anything could interfere with his plans, and soon he would have her for his own.

The days went quickly—and every night Manuel consumed huge quantities of cheap liquor, then lay back to purr in sleek contentedness as he contemplated his own cunning. Finally her answer came. Manuel handed the letter to Vail and then turned as usual to his menial tasks. What did he care for the letter, except that it came from her? He knew what it contained, and already he was making preparations to leave with his master.

In cleaning up the engineer's desk he came across the letter, open in front of her picture, and out of curiosity to know just how she had worded her approval of the project, he bent to

read it. Several underscored lines, half way down the page, caught his curious eyes: "Dick, please don't bring that dirty brown thing home with you. You know how I detest those half-negroes."

A party of fellow engineers found Vail the next morning sitting at his desk, his head between his outstretched arms, as he faced her picture. Under his left shoulder blade protruded the handle of a knife and fastened to it dangled a note: "A Love Token to Big Brown Eyes."

### "It's Done Every Day."

BY FRANK WALLACE, '23.

"Well I'll be—"

"Why, Dubie Dails! Where are you bound for, anyway?"

"Cleveland. And yourself?"

"Some place. From there I take a train to Oberlin."

"Well, this is what I call luck! Why, we can have an all-day date on the train; nothing to do but sit back in these chairs, watch the scenery slide by, and tell lies. Oh, boy!"

"And I was figuring on a dull day. Here's some candy? Oh, Dubie, if we only had a victrola here, so we could dance."

"Gee, Eleanor, that would be great. And you are some little dancer, too. I certainly enjoyed those two dances we had together the other night. Oh, Daddy!"

"Oh, anybody could dance with you, Dubie. Where do you get all those new steps? They are swell."

"What you trying to do—show me a good time? That is the kangaroo waltz. If you want to see some real dancers, just come to Bellaire; that is where they all live."

"Oh, is that so? You have a better opinion of that old town of yours than I have."

"Now, Eleanor, you must admit all the fellows are good-looking."

"Are you supposed to be a sample?"

"Well, I would hardly be an average; you could not expect them all to be as classy as I am."

"Say, young fellow, you might tell that to a blind man, but from the looks of you I pity the rest."

"Oh, I guess we shape up about as well as that gang of girls from your town."

"You seem to like them pretty well."

"Oh, I go over now and then to make them happy."

"How about that girl you were telling me about—who had you guessing all the time?"

"Well, she is different. Say, Eleanor, she is great—the only girl who could ever treat me rough and make me like it."

"Oh yes, I have heard all that before—and if there is anything I dislike it is to hear a fellow talking about some other girl all the time."

"Oh, is that so? How about that Bing, who sends you special deliveries and telegrams just because you like them? I don't think I ever could be that far gone."

"Well he has brains anyhow. And that is more than I can say for that friend of yours."

"Now, Eleanor, I don't like you for that. I never like to hear any girl talk about another. So let's forget the argument and not spoil our day. Who was the fish that bought this candy?"

"Well, you don't have to eat it."

"Wow! Somebody getting sore, eh? Gee, Eleanor, maybe you don't look swell today. Where did you buy the curls?—shucks! guess I have done it again. Everytime I try to kid a girl she gets mad. Honestly, Eleanor, I didn't mean anything. I don't like to hurt girls. Smile, now, won't you? Well, don't cry, for heaven's sake! All these people will think we are married or something."

"Well, I—I don't like you any more."

"Gee, Eleanor! haven't I apologized? You were kidding too, you know. And if I said something about your Bing, wouldn't you tell me about it?"

"Oh, I'm not mad; but we cannot be the same any more."

"What do you mean, Eleanor?"

"Oh, there are lots of things I might have told you and shown you; but now I can't."

"Oh, you'll get over that. I thought you were going to cry. I would have been in a nice fix then. Expect I'll have to quit kidding girls. But there's the call for dinner. Let's eat and make up."

"I expect all those people thought we were newly-weds or something when we walked through the coaches. Say, I wouldn't mind it at that, Eleanor. You look pretty classy to me."

"Go easy, young fellow; this is leap year."

"No such luck. How about Bing?"

"And Elizabeth?"

"Elizabeth would be glad to get rid of me."

"And Bing can't dance!"

"Say, Eleanor, you can't mean it! Let's go to a dance in Cleveland to-night. And what is your address?" Let me take a picture of you, will you?"

"One thing at a time, Dubie. I thought you told me last week you were going back to school through Columbus. When did you change to this road?"

"You know, doggone you—about two minutes after I found you were coming; and say, old top, I thought you first were going Tuesday—and this is Monday!"

"I wanted to see if you would follow me."

"Stop it, Dubie. They will think we're married."

### Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

WHAT is life without a strike?

LIFE is just one joke after another.

STUDENTS thrive best when hard pressed.

IF you cannot be educated, at least look wise.

THE English pound is almost reduced to an ounce.

WHERE speech aboundeth, nonsense doth more abound.

BIND yourself to Ireland's cause with an Irish bond.

THE French motto should be changed to "Vive le Franc!"

HAPPINESS comes to those who are busy making others happy.

WE may well combat the high cost of living by keeping Lent.

"THREE-SIXTEEN" sounds like zero hour for the British pound.

HE who knows not self-restraint must be a sorry victim of passion.

MARS may be calling, but most men would prefer to hear Venus.

"TEN Nights in a Barroom" is now to be classed as sheerest romance.

'TIS easy to love your neighbor as yourself—if she be the right girl.

ALL the Kings' horses and all the king's men cannot bring "Humpty Dumpty" down again.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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It has ever been the purpose of Notre Dame to foster patriotism and to instil into her sons, the principles of true Americanism, to the end that, going forth into life as

**Washington's** men and not as mere soulless, money-making machines, they may propàgate those lofty ideals fundamental to the welfare of the nation. Hence we pause to-morrow, together with all other true Americans, to look back and to contemplate again the heroic figure of "The Father of Our Country," that we may thereby gain new inspiration for our lives. We celebrate **Washington's Birthday.** not so much to praise him—who, being above praise in this life, has far less need of it now—as to learn for ourselves the lesson of his great life, in its expression of that real American spirit, which has lived down the years and still preserves this nation in a sturdy, righteous, God-given independence and makes it champion fearlessly the Right, though the rest of the world be opposed. On this day, too, we thank God again for having given us so noble a hero in our hour of need, and pray Him that George Washington, the incarnation of victory on the field of battle, the bulwark of clear-sighted justice in the halls of legislation, the model of patriotism and citizenship in his home, may ever be the guiding star to the destinies of our Republic.—W. H. R.

The size of the audience which heard the high-class concert of Josef Konecny in Washington Hall last Saturday evening was by no means a credit to the student body of Notre Dame. The quality of this artist is sufficient to fill any theatre in any civilized town. People in the large cities pay premium prices for a seat to hear this distinguished violinist, but here only a few were interested enough to attend. The great majority prefer, as it seems, a vulgar vaudeville or a medley of cheap noises entitled "Jazz." Surely one might expect to find in a university a much larger proportion of men of culture and refined tastes, appreciative of the better things. One can see the cheap show and hear cheap music at any time, but the opportunity to enjoy an artist is all too rare. It is pathetic that students should show such lack of appreciation of the worth-while in art. One does not have to be born with a taste for the artistic: he can cultivate progressively an appreciation for the best by getting acquainted with the best. A concert such as that of Saturday is a part of the student's education and he owes it to himself to make the most of such a privilege.—W. A. P.

Industrial turmoil is undermining the social and political structure of the centuries. Bolshevism is raging in Russia; radicalism, anarchy, and socialism are rife in **Our National Peril.** Italy, Hungary, and Germany; strikes, unrest, and profound discontent are threatening the very existence of our American institutions. The heroes of a hundred battlefields have fought, many of them to the death, to protect those institutions from the injustice of a tyrannical power and the magalomania of an ambitious emperor. How long shall we remain impassive while industrial evils endanger the welfare of this nation? How long shall we permit these evils to prepare the way for bolshevism, anarchy, socialism, and revolution? Are we to dethrone our own dignity, ruin our own power, and sound the very signal of our own destruction? Signs of revolution are evident in every quarter of the industrial world. We can no longer deceive ourselves; the dangers of revolution are imminent. Capital, unwilling to yield to the demands of labor, is entrenching its forces and fortifying its position; but Labor is determined to use every means in its power to undermine



those fortifications and scatter those forces. A terrible conflict threatens, and unless the workers can be pacified in some peaceful way, we are going to behold a scene of civil and social strife such as America has not yet witnessed. The toilers will no longer sell their labor as a mere commodity on the market. They are dependent solely upon their labor for maintenance and they refuse to leave longer their lives and the lives of their families to the mercy of the wildly-fluctuating law of supply and demand. Thus the industrial condition is critical. A serious modification of the present wage-system is necessary, and must be immediately effected if industrial stability is to be secured and the impending national catastrophe averted. We must establish in industry co-operation and operative ownership, which will give the workers a voice in production, a portion of the interest, and a share of the profits. Until this is accomplished the welfare of our nation remains in dire peril.—C. R. P.

In consequence of the numerous and grave problems distracting the world today the public mind is no longer focused on the matter of education. The ordinary citizen, whose chest expands to abnormal proportions at the mention of the nation's educational advance, is oblivious of the great number of grossly ignorant graduates turned out yearly by our high schools. Only large employers and others similarly situated are aware of the deplorable lack of competency on the part of these merely nominal graduates. Educational authorities agree that entrance examinations of the right kind, if required, would reduce considerably the rosters of our colleges. Obviously, there is something wrong with our system of pedagogy: it is not producing by any means the proper results. There are, no doubt, several reasons, but the blame can be laid for the most part upon the credit scheme. A credit represents a specified number of hours of preparation and recitation spent by the student on a certain subject. It stands as a rule not for what the student knows but merely for the time passed—often entirely wasted—in the classroom. It is admittedly impossible to measure either the quantity or the quality of a man's education by the length of time he has spent in acquiring it. Hence, it is quite unfair to place the diligent, hard-working scholar on

the same plane with the careless, indifferent student. The credit system naturally fails of its purpose. It has in a way bridged the gap between high school and college, but the way is bad—a way in which a large number of young men, whose remotest aim is to acquire knowledge, can and do slip into college. Neither diploma nor credits can take the place of the entrance examination. If our schools, both higher and secondary, are to be duly efficient towards their purpose, the credit system must be promptly discarded.—E. W. M.

#### Detroit Orchestra Here on Monday.

An attraction of exceptional merit is scheduled for Notre Dame in the concert to be given in Washington Hall Monday afternoon, February the 23rd, at 3:00 o'clock, by the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. In its three years of existence this organization has taken its place among the foremost of American orchestras, and its seventy-five members have earned from the critics of Chicago and New York the very highest praise. The ballet suite "Sylvia," by Delibes, as played by the Detroit Orchestra is pronounced a marvel of musical interpretation, and the celebrated "Nutcracker" suite, by Tschaikowski, has always proved a strong and popular number—both of which selections are on the Notre Dame program.

Citizens of Detroit a few months ago subscribed \$250,000 for the maintenance of the Detroit Orchestra during the season of 1919-20, and then further subscribed nearly \$1,000,000 to build for it in Detroit a suitable auditorium as a permanent home. That Detroit's faith and pride in its Orchestra is well justified has been evidenced by the reception the organization has received in Chicago, Cleveland, Pittsburg, and other cities in which it has recently appeared.

Victor Kolar, assistant-conductor of the Orchestra, of which Ossip Gabrilowitsch is the distinguished conductor, will lead the musicians in the University program. Mr. Kolar was born in Budapest in 1888, and was for several years a protégé of Kubelik, the famous violinist, who besides teaching the young Kolar made it possible for him to have lessons from his own great teacher Sevcik. While a student in the Prague Conservatory, Kolar studied composition with Anton Dvorak and acquired a thorough musical education, including special



instructions in conducting. He graduated from the Conservatory in 1904. Two years later he came to this country and became an American citizen. The excellence of his violin playing and his rounded musicianship promptly procured for him a place with the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra, under Emil Paur. Later he went to the New York Symphony as assistant to Walter Damrosch, where he remained until last fall, when he came to Detroit as assistant conductor to Mr. Gabrilowitsch. During the current season he has had every opportunity to prove his worth, and it is due to merit alone that he has rapidly become one of the foremost of the younger men in music in America. The appearance of his compositions on programs by Mr. Gabrilowitsch has made him favorably known as a composer of resource and originality.

The students of Notre Dame should feel particularly grateful for this classic treat furnished them by the University. Owing to the great demands made upon them by an admiring public, it has been only with great difficulty that the management of this orchestra has been able to grant Notre Dame a place in their itinerary.—T. H. B.

### Personals.

—Francis A. Bolton (Litt. B., '94) was recently elected the first judge of the newly established municipal court at Newark, Ohio.

—Varnum A. Parrish (Litt. B., '08) is now successfully engaged in the practice of law in Momence, Ill. Varnum was a varsity debater in his day here.

—Norman Chassin, student of Notre Dame in the summer session of 1919, is now captain of the hockey team of the University of Buffalo, which is enjoying a very successful season.

—Stuart Carroll, former business manager of the *Home Sector*, a national monthly magazine for discharged soldiers and sailors, resigned recently to manage an advertising agency in Kansas City. "Stu" is a graduate of the School of Journalism.

—Thomas V. Craven (LL. B., '14) was recently elected state senator of Louisiana, from the second senatorial district. He entered the race as a result of the urgent demands of his many intimate friends, and the SCHOLASTIC joins them in extending congratulations.

### Local News.

—On Wednesday evenings during Lent a course of sermons will be given in the University church. All students are required to attend.

—Mr. Edward F. Carey, President of the Haskell-Barker Car Company, who was to address the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce this week, has been ordered by his physician to go to California for rest. He will give his address here later in the year.

—The ceremony of the Way of the Cross will be held every Friday evening in Lent at 7:30 in the basement of the church. Though attendance on the part of students is optional, it is urgently recommended as a most proper devotion for this time of penance.

—The contestants for the medal in South American history whose essays have been selected as the best are John T. Balfe, Paul S. Berry, J. Edward Clancy, H. H. Crockett, Gerald J. Daily, Charles Morrison, John C. Powers, George Slaine, Michael Schwarz, James P. Dower, and Henry Morency.

—Mr. Paul R. Conaghan, '20, winner this year of the Breen contest in oratory, will represent Notre Dame next Friday night in the State contest at Indianapolis, in which all the leading colleges of Indiana will take part. Mr. Conaghan will use his speech on "Democracy and Industry" with which he won the Breen medal in January.

—Admiral Benson, who was to give a series of lectures here in March, has been delayed indefinitely, owing to the fact that he has been called to testify in the Congressional investigation of the Navy's record in the war. The Admiral has been recalled from retirement and reinstated as chief of naval operations, the position he held during the war and up to the time of his retirement in December. He will not be free to appear here until he is again retired.

—In virtue of a favor granted March 2, 1919, by the Bishop of Fort Wayne, students of the University while on the University grounds enjoy a dispensation from the fast, during the whole of Lent, and from the abstinence on all days except Fridays, Ash Wednesday, and the morning of Holy Saturday. They are also allowed the use of flesh meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays of the Ember Weeks throughout

the year. This dispensation applies to both the refectory and the cafeteria.

—The "Amen Corner" of Badin Hall held their first annual feast in Kable's banquet hall last Saturday night. Gerald Ashe presided as toastmaster. Rev. F. D. McGarry, rector of Badin, pronounced the invocation. Interesting talks were given by Father Galligan and Father Wenninger, and several impromptu addresses by prominent members of the "Corner" followed.

—The first meeting of the Writers' Club was held on Thursday evening of February 12th in the journalism room of the Library. The evening was spent for the most part in the relating of anecdotes. Meetings are to be held every second week on Monday night. The motion to have refreshments served at each meeting was enthusiastically agreed to by all present.

—Forty-five of the Notre Dame alumni, members of the class of 1908, have completed arrangements for the placing of a bronze bust of Father Cavanaugh, former president of Notre Dame, in the Old Students Hall, when that building is erected. Mr. A. M. McCormack, the noted sculptor of Washington City, has been engaged to do the piece. These Alumni purpose to pay in this way a worthy and permanent tribute to their "Ard Righ," or High King, as Father Cavanaugh was affectionately known to them in their school days at Notre Dame. The term is said by the Gaelic historians to have belonged to the Cavanaugh's of Leinster.

—Sixty-five Seniors enjoyed their last pre-Lenten social affair at a festal in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel last Sunday night. In reminiscence they tripped lightly over their four years at the University, hurled mirthful bombs at faculty members and fellow-seniors, and one or two of the speakers ventured to prophesy concerning the futures of the near-graduates. Thomas H. Beacom presided at the merry-making which followed the dinner. Charlie Davis' Jazz Band furnished instrumental selections, and Messrs. J. Lyle Musmaker, Alfred N. Slaggert, Ralph Domke and W. Michael O'Keefe entertained vocally with "A Bit o' Better Melody." Edward Doran in "Sunshine vs. Moonshine" handled the case for the defendant. William C. Havey, introduced by the toastmaster as the "Disraeli of Notre Dame," made a plea for the downtrodden of

Jerusalem. Harry McCormick's "Full Cargo of Fun" fell overboard with a splash. Thomas J. Tobin attempted a dissertation on "Why is an Easter Egg," but like Columbus before him, couldn't get it to stand until he had cracked it at the end. Rev. Thomas E. Burke in "A Little What-Not" told of Sorin Hall prefects, past and present. A one-act sketch, "Uncle Tom's Cabin, Without Tom, Without the Cabin," (eliminated by Paul Scofield), concluded the entertainment. The cast of characters included Frank Fox as Francis Bushaw, a traffic cop; Harry McCormick as Tiny Eliza, Robert E. O'Hara as Vitriolic Villain; and Paul Scofield as David Work Withus.—W. A. PAGE.

### Athletic Notes.

TRACK: NOTRE DAME, 68; WABASH, 18.

By taking first in every event but one, the Notre Dame men easily defeated the Wabash athletes last Saturday in the opening meet of the season, by the score of 68 to 18. The "Little Giants" secured their only first place in the 440-yard dash. Kasper won this race, but was disqualified by the judges for fouling on a turn. Manley, of Wabash, who finished second, was awarded first place. Miles won the 40-yard dash after a close race with Patterson. Wynne won the hurdles from Nabor, of Wabash, Starrett finishing a good third. Murphy, in the two-mile event, furnished the surprise of the meet by holding a steady pace throughout the race and winning in 10 minutes, 9 3-5 seconds. Heuther, a teammate of Murphy, finished third. The Notre Dame high jumpers, Douglas, Hoar, and Griniger took all three places in their event.

Following are the results of the meet:

40-yard dash—won by Miles, Notre Dame; Patterson, Notre Dame, second; Knee, Wabash, third. Time, 4 4-5 seconds.

40-yard high hurdles—won by Wynne, Notre Dame; Nabor, Wabash, second; Starrett, Notre Dame, third. Time, 5 2-5 seconds.

880-yard run—won by Meehan, Notre Dame; Meredith, Notre Dame, second; Brown, Wabash, third. Time, 2.02 4-5.

Shot-put—won by Shaw, Notre Dame; Coughlin, Notre Dame, second; Morris, Wabash, third. Distance, 37 feet, 7 1-2 inches.

440-yard dash—won by Manley, Wabash; Wynne, Notre Dame, second; Van Arsdale, Wabash, third. Time, 54 seconds.

Two-mile run—won by Murphy, Notre Dame; Bruce, Wabash, second; Heuther, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10:09 3-5.

High-jump—tie for first between Hoar and Douglas, Notre Dame; Griniger, Notre Dame, third. Height, 5 feet, 8 inches.

Mile-run—won by Sweeney, Notre Dame; Burke, Notre Dame, second; Gustafson, Wabash, third. Time, 4:34.

Pole-vault—won by Powers, Notre Dame; tie for second between Douglas, Notre Dame, and Nabor, Wabash. Height, 11 feet, 3 inches.

One-mile relay—won by Notre Dame (Willette, Hoar, Kasper, Meredith). Time, 3:40.

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#### MEET WITH WISCONSIN.

This afternoon, at three o'clock, the varsity track team meets the Wisconsin team in the second dual meet of the season, in the Notre Dame gymnasium. The meets with Wisconsin in former years have always been close and exciting. The contest of today promises to be as thrilling as the former ones. Wisconsin is bringing a strong team and the strength of the Gold and Blue was well evidenced in the recent meet with Wabash. It is requested by the athletic management that the spectators occupying the bleacher seats remain seated until the meet is over. A few years ago we lost a meet to Illinois because a student jumped from a bleacher seat in front of an Illinois runner, knocking the runner down.

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#### MEET WITH ILLINOIS.

On next Saturday the varsity track team travels to Champaign, Illinois, to compete with the strong team of Illinois University in a dual meet. The outcome of this meet is a matter of doubt. Illinois has always been a formidable opponent of Notre Dame. Last year we lost to the Illini by a small margin. Illinois has been notably strengthened this year by the return of some of its pre-war runners, among whom is Phil Spink, the middle-distance star.—E. J. MEEHAN.

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#### BASKETBALL: NOTRE DAME, 29; DETROIT, 26.

In the most exciting basketball game of the season, Notre Dame defeated the clever quintet of the University of Detroit last Saturday afternoon, 29 to 26. Encouraged by their two recent victories, the Gold and Blue courtmen smashed their way through the Wolverine defense, which in the early minutes of play seemed impregnable, and registered tally after tally in a manner that brought the crowd to their

feet. The first half opened with a "get-'em-quick" offensive on the part of Detroit. The local men made scrappy but vain attempts to stop the effective work of Voss, Detroit's giant center, and of McElwee. With the score 15 to 4 against them, the Gold and Blue basketballers suddenly found themselves and began a twenty-minute bombardment which literally bewildered the visitors. The half ended with Notre Dame on the small end of a 17-to-12 score. The second half opened with Detroit determined to sustain her lead and with Notre Dame equally determined to overcome it. Leo Ward, who held down Kiley's place at forward, performed brilliantly during the fast half. Outweighed by his opponent, the plucky little forward swept the court from end to end and made the victory possible by his sensational baskets. Harry Mehre, though guarded closely by the Wolverines, managed to extricate himself consistently and succeeded in caging three clean baskets. Anderson and Brandy fought furiously, and broke up the scoring formations of the Red and White with sureness. Kennedy pushed Voss to the limit, and in addition achieved a field-goal and a basket. Both teams battled tenaciously to the last second of play. For Detroit, Voss and McElwee starred.

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#### BASKETBALL. NOTRE DAME, 33; DEPAUW, 38.

In a thrilling court duel, Notre Dame bowed before the fast Depauw quintet last Tuesday, 38 to 33. The game went five minutes over time, and Depauw was fortunate in counting two baskets and a free throw within the extra play. In the first half Notre Dame rushed the Depauw men from one end of the court to the other and broke up with ease both their defensive and offensive formations. Harry Mehre performed phenomenally during this period, caging seven clean baskets from difficult angles on the court. The score stood 20 to 11 at the end of the first half. In the second period the Gold and Blue men began again to display Dorais' heady tactics. Realizing the ability of Mehre at caging, the Depauw quintet covered him throughout the second half, with the result that the giant forward was able to get but three baskets. With the Notre Dame star boxed, the Greencastle aggregation took a spasm of scoring, in which Carlisle, Cannon, and Mendenhall featured.

The locals were still leading, however, by

seven points and the game was nearly finished when the Depauw stars, taking advantage of a momentary relaxation on the part of Notre Dame, ran up four baskets, giving them an advantage of one point. Mehre tied the game with a free throw as the final whistle sounded. Referee Cook ordered five extra minutes of play. Though fighting at their best, the Gold and Blue failed to check Mendenhall and Carlisle, who added two more baskets to the Depauw score, and Gibson was successful in a free throw. Mehre, Anderson, and Kennedy displayed the proverbial fighting spirit of Notre Dame. For Depauw, Mendenhall and Carlisle starred.—AFFRED N. SLAGGERT.

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## WABASH ALIBI.

Under the heading "Irish Defeat Little Giants by 24-14 Score" the Wabash "Bachelor" seriously offers the following alibi: "One thing which may have had something to do with the result of the game was the fact that the contest was staged on a dirt floor, on which the Scarlet were entirely at sea, *being unable to cope with the bumps and rocks.*" (The italics are ours.) We wonder if they attribute the 68-to-18 track defeat of last week to those same bumps and rocks. We know of one "Rock" that has been a real stumbling block to Wabash on various occasions within the last eight years.

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## HOCKEY: NOTRE DAME, 4; CULVER, 3.

Captain Castner's hockey crew defeated a second time the seven of the Culver Military Academy at Culver last Saturday, 4 to 3. The game was "nip and tuck" throughout and at times decidedly rough. Captain Castner caged the rubber for each of the Notre Dame tallies, and as usual Hartley Anderson featured in the offense. Dave Hayes, in his first appearance, worked well at the goal position. The "puck-chasers" are to meet the team of the Great Lakes Training Station at Evanston today in a contest which should require their best efforts.

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## BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Athletic Director Rockne has announced the baseball schedule of Notre Dame, which includes twelve games with nines of the Western Conference. Of the seventeen games on the card, eight are to be played on Cartier Field. Wisconsin opens the season here with two games. The team then tours Indiana and Illinois.

Next follow games at Notre Dame with Michigan, Indiana, Michigan "Aggies," Valparaiso, and Iowa. Five more dates away from home and the Purdue game on Cartier Field complete the season. If Coach Dorais' men can go through such a schedule with complete success, there will be no doubt about the baseball honors in the collegiate baseball of the West. Practice for the season began last Thursday in the gymnasium. Following is the schedule as arranged:

April 16-17—Wisconsin at Notre Dame.  
 April 21—Purdue at Lafayette, Indiana.  
 April 22—Wabash at Crawfordsville, Indiana.  
 April 23-24—Illinois at Urbana, Indiana.  
 April 26—Michigan at Notre Dame.  
 April 30—Indiana at Notre Dame.  
 May 8—M. A. C. at Notre Dame.  
 May 15—Valparaiso at Notre Dame.  
 May 21—Iowa at Notre Dame.  
 May 22—Indiana at Bloomington, Illinois.  
 May 25—M. A. C. at Lansing, Michigan.  
 May 26—Michigan at Ann Arbor, Michigan.  
 May 28—Valparaiso at Valparaiso, Indiana.  
 May 29—Iowa at Iowa City, Iowa.  
 June 5—Purdue at Notre Dame.

\*\*

Tonight, John Murphy, national champion in the high jump, will represent Notre Dame in the invitation high jump at the annual indoor games of the New York Athletic Club. This is Johnnie's second appearance in the East in two weeks. On February 7th he tied with Walter Whalen, at 6 feet, 3 3-8 inches, in the indoor meet of the Boston Athletic Association.

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## INTERHALL BASKETBALL.

Corby defeated Badin in the only game of the Interhall schedule played last Sunday afternoon. The Corbyites' 18-to-4 victory over Badin indicates much improvement and a possible chance of their taking the championship honors from Brownson. Flynn performed in the stellar rôle for Father Haggerty's men. Sorin has withdrawn from the race, on account of impossibility of keeping a representative five out to play on the afternoon schedule. Sorin's game scheduled for last Sunday with Brownson is forfeited 2 to 0, and the postponed Sorin-Badin game of January 18th goes to Badin. The cancellation of Sorin's schedule leaves but one game for tomorrow, in which Corby and Walsh will meet for the second time this season. The "millionaire" five startled the "fans" in the opening game of the schedule by easily defeating Corby, and if they can repeat the

trick their second place in the league is assured. The present standing of the halls is:

HALL	P.	W.	L.	PER CENT
Brownson	4	4	0	1000
Walsh	4	2	2	.500
Badin	4	2	2	.500
Corby	4	2	2	.500

#### RELAY CHAMPIONSHIP TO CORBY.

In the scheduled relay of last Saturday Walsh won a hotly contested race from Brownson. The teams ran evenly until Ed. Bailey, running fifth for Walsh, gave his team a notable lead. The time of the race was 1 minute, 41 1-5 seconds. On last Tuesday Badin forfeited to Corby, and Sorin forfeited to Walsh, in what were to be the final races of the Interhall series. Thus Corby Hall wins the Interhall relay championship, having gone through the series without a defeat. The champions presented a uniformly well-balanced aggregation, and in a race against Sorin on the night of February 7th equalled the Interhall record. In a race against Walsh they ran within three-fifths of a second of the record. The championship team is composed of Desch, Stowe, Dant, Oseau, Ficks, and McIntyre. Walsh was runner-up, having won three races and lost one. Following is the final standing of the teams:

HALL	W.	L.
Corby	4	0
Walsh	3	1
Sorin	2	2
Brownson	1	3
Badin	0	4

Notre Dame's athletic calendar for next week takes both the track and the basketball squad abroad. The athletic events of the week are: Sunday, 22nd—Basketball game between Walsh and Corby.

Tuesday, 24th—Basketball game with Depauw University at Greencastle, Indiana.

Wednesday, 25th—Basketball game with Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana.

Saturday, 28th—Notre Dame relay teams in the Illinois Relays at Urbana, Illinois.—E. M. S.

#### TRACK RECORDS.

There are always at the opening of the track season disputes as to who holds this record and who holds that one. The list below presents the authentic track records of Varsity men, made in the Notre Dame Gymnasium and on Cartier Field up to date. The outdoor and indoor records established by Interhall men will be published soon.

#### GYMNASIUM RECORDS.

40-Yard Run—James Wasson (N. D.), 4 2-5 sec., March 19, 1910.

40-Yard Low Hurdles—Forrest Smithson (N. D.), 5 sec., March 16, 1907.

40-Yard High Hurdles—Ames (Illinois), 5 1-5 sec., February 19, 1916.

220-Yard Run—Patrick Corcoran (N. D.), 23 1-5 sec., March 9, 1901.

440-Yard Run—John Devine (N. D.), 52 1-5 sec., February 18, 1911.

880-Yard Run—John Devine (N. D.), 1 min. 57 3-5 sec., February 25, 1911.

One-Mile Run—Baker (Oberlin), 4 min. 26 2-5 sec., April 9, 1910.

Two-Mile Run—Ray (I. A. C.), 9 min. 40 3-5 sec., February 21, 1914.

Running High-Jump—Forrest Fletcher (N. D.), 5 ft. 11 1-2 in., February 26, 1910.

Pole-Vault—Kenourck (I. A. C.), 12 ft. 1 3-4 in., February 21, 1914.

Running Broad Jump—Earl Gilfillan (N. D.), 22 ft. 7 3-4 in., February 23, 1918.

Shot-Put (16 lbs.)—Cross (Michigan), 46 ft. 6 1-2 in., February 26, 1916.

One-Mile Relay—John Miller, T. C. Kasper, Andrew McDonough, Edward Meehan (N. D.), 3 min. 33 2-5 sec., February 24, 1917.

Two-Thirds-Mile Relay—William Martin, Robert Fisher, John Duffy, James Wasson (N. D.), 3 min. 14 sec., April 9, 1910.

#### CARTIER FIELD RECORDS

100-Yard Run—James Wasson (N. D.), 9 3-5 sec., May 11, 1912.

220-Yard Run—William Martin (N. D.), 21 3-5 sec., May 28, 1910.

440-Yard Run—Spink (Illinois), 50 1-5 sec., May 5, 1917.

880-Yard Run—T. C. Kasper (N. D.), 1 min. 58 4-5 sec., May 5, 1917.

One-Mile Run—Edward Meehan (N. D.), 4 min. 30 4-5 sec., May 5, 1917.

Two-Mile Run—Sedgwick (Michigan), 9 min. 48 sec., May 23, 1919.

120-Yard High Hurdles—Shideler (Purdue), 15 3-5 sec., May 28, 1904.

220-Yard Low Hurdles—Forrest Fletcher (N. D.), 25 2-5 sec., May 11, 1912.

High Jump—Alva Richards (I. A. C.), 5 ft. 11 3-4 in., May 24, 1913.

Pole-Vault—Knut Rockne (N. D.), 12 ft., May 18, 1912.

Shot-Put (16 lbs.)—George Philbrook (N. D.), 44 ft. 11 1-2 in., May 6, 1911.

Hammer-Throw (16 lbs.)—Thomas (Purdue), 151 ft. 2 in., May 28, 1904.

Discus-Throw—Earl Gilfillan (N. D.), 136 ft. 6 in., May 23, 1919.

One-Mile Relay—University of Michigan team, 3 min. 29 2-3 sec., May 23, 1919.

Broad Jump—Johnson (Michigan), 22 ft. 10 in., May 23, 1919.

Javelin-Throw (Free Style)—Mongrieg (Illinois), 181 ft. 5 in., May 5, 1917.—E. J. M.

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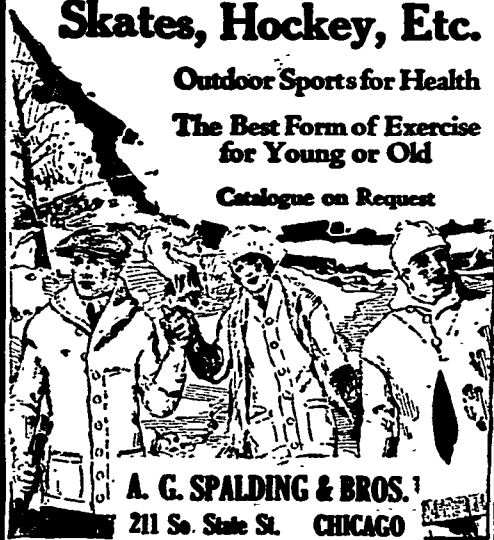
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