

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 27, 1917.

NO. 16.

Returning.

BY GEORGE DEWEY HALLER, '19.

AS when a farer from wild wastes unknown
Having for years traversed with fretful feet
Lands of the northern ice and Afric heat
Returns at last, weary and alone,
Finding that of his home remains no stone
No welcome of glad lips or voices sweet,
And no familiar form that comes to greet—
Finding all friends and even love has flown:—

So came I, glory laurelled and with fame,
Back to the love who had with lips aglow
Promised me fealty, and her troth given—
To find that fair one faithless to the name
Of love:—So in me froze the living flow
Of faith,—and I fled as beasts are driven.

Clinton Scollard: Appreciation.

BY GEORGE DEWEY HALLER, '19.

How such brave seeming? Tell the art!
Comrade I bear a singing heart!

IT is only through the works of a man, and especially of a poet, that we are able to understand the nature of his soul, and from the soul's expression come to know the man. Such an experience is finely exemplified in "Poems" by Clinton Scollard.

Clinton Scollard is a true poet. Perhaps not yet a great one, but withal lovable and enjoyable. In all his poems you will not find one in which the touch of the poet has faltered, nor one in which the "clay feet" show. They are not to be easily characterized,—they are not this, or that, or the other thing—they are rather an out-bubbling stream of fancy, the spirit bright outpouring in melody.

Clinton Scollard is a master of the poetic palette. His pictures, aside from being clear,

are rich with the splendor of Oriental imagery, subtle with the soothing caress of its perfumes.

Pleading, the viols played
In the dusk of the feathery bamboo shade;
And the zithers wove their tinkling spells
On tune with her golden anklet bells:
While a tensely chorded dulcimer,
And a reed with the tenderest touch of tone
Into the melody throbbed to blur
The whole to a wondrous rhapsody
That lapped and eddied about her,—she
Harmony's very own!

Many of the poems have much of the dramatic,—scenes in which elemental passions surge over all obstacles. Always the sweep of power carries along the lines, lifting the senses up with the poet in his flight.

In front of the foremost footman, he spurs with a
clarion cry,
And raises the song of Roland to the apse of a glowing
sky,
A moment the autumn's glory is a joy to the singer's
sight,
And the war lay soars the stronger, like a falcon up the
height;

Then springs there a Saxon hus-care with thews like
the forest oak,
And whirling a brand of battle, he launches a titan
stroke;

A sudden and awful shadow, a blot on the azure glare,
And dawn in a world unbordered for Taillefer the
Trouvere.

In the "Count of Mirandel," the "Dancing of Suleima," and others, this same dramatic tensivity, this swift stirring action, is again portrayed. Many of the poems are colored and enhanced by this thrilling power and sweep, this exaltation that seizes men's souls in the heart of conflict, and in the rage of the tempest. In a less serious vein, we have a fine example of lilt and swing in "The Troopers."

We clattered into the village street, and up to the
Rose and Crown,
And we roared a toast to the Tory host as we tossed
his liquor down;—
'Long life to General Washington! He's a gentleman
we trow!

But death to a thing like a tyrant king, and his vassal,
my great Lord Howe!

We had kissed our mothers, and kissed our wives
and kissed our sweethearts true!

As a grain of sand we held our lives in the work we
had to do:

We were "Rebels" all, proud name, God wot, because
we would not bow

Our heads to a thing like a tyrant king, and his vassal,
my great Lord Howe!

Scollard is, as is every poet, a true nature-lover. Of the poet's traditional quaint dreamings and imaginings, lost but beautiful, we have evidence here. In Scollard a melodious soul is attuned to the music of nature; his own seer visionings light up with strange poetic phantasies the old beauties of every day. In this respect he is like Dante, for his very melody bears the imprint of the great master, even the very wording is suggestive of deep appreciation of the illustrious Italian. In Dante's "Paradise" the thirtieth canto, we find the lines,

the flow'rets bloom

Like precious rubies set in golden ore,

and in Scollard the lines,

How perishes the pomp

That made a glowing glory of the swamp,—

The Persian purples that the aster wore,

The sumach-crimson and the ruby wine

Of dyes that deck the delicate woodbine.

The golden ore

Of coreopsis, and the scarlet fires

Of interbraided briars!

He feels too, the strange spell that seizes the soul of every poet in the storm and turbulence of the elements; that primitive fire that forged poetry.

Above the shouting of the gale

The whispering sheet, the dashing spray,

I heard with the notes of joy and wail

A piper play.

He gave his dim-seen pipes a skirl

And war went down the darkling air,

Then came a sudden subtle swirl

And love was there.

And so amid the deep sea din

And so amid the wastes of foam

Afar his heart was happy in

His highland home.

That he is, also, a master of sheer melody is not to be doubted. There is fine musical cadence, and beauty of imagery too, in "The Jessamine Bower."

Just at the bloom-burst of dawn is the hour

God must have fashioned the delicate flower.

Wrought it of sunlight and thrilled it and filled it
With a beguiling aroma for dower.

Sway on, the censers of bloom and of balm

Sweeten the virginal cloisters of calm!

Be there one spot lovely, lonely, where only

Peace is the priestess, and silence the psalm.

If, as is said, the poem complete in a quatrain be a difficult achievement, witness how well Scollard has done this, in "The Actor."

Night after night a mimic death he died,

While sympathetic thousands wept and sighed,

But when at last he came in truth to die,

No teardrop fell from any mourner's eye.

The poems in general show the artistic and loving endeavor of a master to please. We read them with increasing enjoyment, and at each new reading we are amazed at the hidden beauties disclosed. If this is the mark of the true poet,—the realization of a new beauty with each reading,—then Clinton Scollard must suffer time only to rank him among the foremost singers of English song. To read him is to love him, and after all that is almost a divine attribute. Well may we say with a fellow-poet,

We would peruse it still,.....but nay,

It must be closed

Flotsam—A Pastel.

JOHN JOSEPH SULLIVAN, JR., '18.

A bit of driftwood! Still and silent it lies on the hard hot sand. Silent and forgotten it rests where long ago it was cast high up by the wind-driven sea. Bleached white by how many tropical suns! Fast-bound by how many frozen seas!

Just a bit of driftwood! And I am gazing down upon it where it lies still and silent in the hard hot sand! What strange tales of the sea it could tell me. All the stories of heroism courage, sacrifice, and sadness that the mighty ocean has locked up in her unfathomed depths. But it will never speak!

Far down the sloping beach the sea is tumbling languidly. It too has forgotten. With the curling breakers year after year may roll in and slide away, but the story of this bit of driftwood will never be told. It will lie in the sand, imbedded deeply, and it will lie there silently until the wind and the drifting sand will bury it deep. But it will never speak.

Varsity Verse.

"I K E."

"Ike" was a greasy Russian Jew,
At least, that's what you'd say,
And he tried to fleece a certain few
Whose rags he bought each day.

You'd see him drive along the road,
From early morn till night,
Until his rags made up a load,—
On cloudy days or bright.

I had a grudge against that man,
Who worked so hard for pelf,
And often laughed at his rickety van,
And at the kike himself.

But once I followed him out of town
Where the road was roofed with boughs,
Till into a lane we travelled down,
And finally reached his house.

He put the horse into a shed;
The rags he sorted out;
But soon he paused with lifted head
And gave a happy shout.

His wife was standing at the door;
A baby at her breast;
There was no carpet on the floor,—
But the house seemed strangely blest.

Four children tumbled down the stair;
They heard their father's call.
I have not seen a child so fair,
As the youngest of them all.

And then I left that happy place,
But could not leave behind
The memory of that smiling face,
So fatherly and kind.

And never shall that image fade,
Or from my mind depart.
It was a picture deeply made
Upon my heedless heart.

So now when "Ikey" comes along,
I help him fill his bags,
The while he sings a little song,
Of something else than rags.

Thomas C. Duffy, '26.

TRAINING.

To bed at ten and up at six,
It kind'a makes me think, sure
We're trained for life, this ought to be
A school of Agriculture.

L. Cook.

ROCKERFELLER HALL.

"There are some close by us
Whom no bards sing at all."

You say that there are some close by
"Whom no bards sing at all;"
And this is why, a song I'll try
On Rockerfeller Hall.

You call them "Knights of the Highway,"
Who seek not cap and gown;
But yet, perhaps, on Judgment Day
They'll claim a glorious crown.

It may be that within those walls
A Saint Alexis dwells;
Or that a Joseph Labre calls,
And saintly stories tells.

It may be that a soldier brave,
Has left his early fame,
And wants to find a hallowed grave
At good old Notre Dame.

Among those braves, there still may dwell
A son of sixty-three;
Or even one whose sires fell
At old Thermopylae.

Perhaps some Francis Thompsons lurk
Within those narrow walls,
Perhaps a Lacordaire or Burke
Are mute as Tara's Halls.

So now, scorn not those humble men
Who gladly serve and wait,
But pray to be their equals when
We meet at Heaven's Gate.

B. Gilbert.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

White ivory he gave her,
To deck her dressing table—
No, no, not soap—heaven save her—
But something swell for Mable.

White ivory things, like dishes,
At least, that's what he said:
With them he sent good wishes,
In the gift he used his head.

When she received his present,
His Mable, sweet and slim,
She smiled and said real pleasant,
"Now isn't that like him?"

T. D. M.

Somebody Pays.

BY WILLIAM BREEN McDONALD, '18.

With quick, nervous steps Casper Baird paced back and forth in the drawing-room of his home, and as he walked he muttered to himself: "The fool, to imagine that I married her for love, or for herself. If only I could persuade her to turn over her money to me, I could clear out and leave her instead of being tied down day after day. Where is that maid, I wonder? The fool. But I shall soon be rid of her, and then—" He laughed softly, but the smile upon his handsome face was not pleasant to look upon.

"Did you ring for me, sir?"

He turned to meet the maid who had quietly entered the room during his preoccupation.

"Yes, Nina, what has kept you so long? Do you think that I can waste my time waiting around for you?"

"I am sorry, sir. I hurried as fast as I could but—"

"Never mind. Have you thought over what I said to you last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"I don't like the idea of stealing from Mrs. Baird. She has always been so good to me. But times are hard for a working girl, Mr. Baird, and you say that she will be paid by the insurance company, so I guess it wouldn't make much difference."

"You will go through with it then?"

"Yes."

"Now you understand the plan, but to make sure I had better go over it with you again. Tomorrow night I will fix the window so that it will look as though some one had pried it up from the outside, and then I will leave the front door open so that it will appear that the burglar had entered through the window and left by the door. All that you have to do, is to get hold of all the jewels in her room and take them to the spot that we agreed upon. I will take some of the silver. Then later I will get rid of them and we can divide the money. What is that?" He started from his chair. "I thought I saw the portieres move. I am getting nervous," he muttered. "This will never do. Ann is in town and there is no one here except ourselves."

He had not been mistaken, however, when he thought he saw the curtains move. His wife, Ann, had arrived sooner than expected, and

had been upon the point of entering the drawing-room when she had stopped at the unexpected sound of voices inside. Involuntarily she had hesitated and listened for several moments. The few sentences she had heard stunned her so that she grasped the portieres for support, thus causing the motion of the curtain that had attracted the attention of her husband. Fighting to control herself and not waiting to hear more of the conversation, she climbed the stairs and stumbled into her room.

Downstairs, unaware that they had been overheard, Baird and the maid continued their conversation.

"Now be sure to get all of her jewels," Baird was saying. "Don't forget these two diamond bracelets, nor the bar pin, nor any of her rings. And, as you value your life, bring that necklace of emeralds."

The necklace he spoke of was one which Ann's father had bought in India and presented to her at the time of her marriage. It was composed of large, grotesquely carved emeralds, and was very valuable.

"All right," concluded Baird, "I guess that is all. You may leave now."

Ann Baird lay outstretched upon her bed, crying softly to herself. As she sobbed, she reviewed her life from the time when she had first met Casper. She thought of how she had admired the handsome stranger when he came to the small town in which she lived. She remembered how his dark, foreign countenance, and his cultured manner had appealed to her. Her thoughts passed in quick succession over their courtship, in which her admiration had changed to love, their marriage, their moving to the big city in which they now lived, and the hundred and one minor events in their married life. No, it couldn't be. He loved her then. He still loved her. It was not his voice that she had heard. It was all a horrible dream. When the passing of a few hours had assuaged somewhat the sharpness of her pain, able to take a less impassioned view of the matter, she decided that she had been foolish, and determined to forget the incident. By the time that Nina came to dress her for dinner, it had almost slipped her memory entirely.

They went to the theatre that night and never before had Casper seemed so gracious. With pride the wife compared him with the other men and laughingly watched how other women turned to envy her.

The next evening some neighbors came for a short call. After a delightful evening, Ann retired about half past twelve, and slept soundly. The following morning the butler found the front door open, but thought nothing of it till later in the day, when he noticed further that some of the more valuable of the silver pieces had disappeared. Upon his notifying Mrs. Baird, she and her husband and all of the servants started a search for the house. About the same time that Casper discovered the forced window, his wife found that all of her jewels, which she kept in her boudoir, were gone. And then, with a sudden shock, the conversation that she had overheard two days before came back to her, and this time it had a new and awful meaning. Her husband! There could be no doubt in her mind now as to the culprit.

Upon discovery that the house had been entered the butler had telephoned for the police, and fearful of their arrival at any moment, Ann rushed downstairs to find her husband. She discovered him in his den, sitting by the window and nervously clasping and unclasping his hands.

"Oh, Casper, why did you do it? Why did you do it?" she repeated wildly.

"Do what?" he asked in surprise, and yet with an uneasy note in his voice.

"Please, please, don't lie to me. I overheard your conversation the other day, but I never believed that you would stoop so low. Return the jewels before the police arrive and we will tell them that it was a mistake. We will tell them that it was a joke. It was a joke, wasn't it Casper?"

Casper paled and started as he heard her denunciation. Then he turned toward her fiercely: "You are excited, Ann. Of course I didn't take your jewels, and therefore it is impossible for me to give them back."

"Casper, Casper!" She fainted as two policemen entered the room.

The usual procedure connected with robberies was gone through with. Policemen and detectives had torn up the house looking for the jewels, or at least for a clue, but nothing was discovered. As for Ann, night after night she had lain sleepless in her bed, and with bitter tears contemplated the wrecking of her home. In vain had she reproached Casper daily and begged him to tell the truth. All that she had met with had been flat denials of any

knowledge of the robbery. Her efforts with the maid, Nina, had been equally fruitless.

As the days passed Ann came to regard Casper in a different light. No longer was he the polite husband anxious to satisfy her every whim. He greeted her with scowls and snarls, and as she saw his face distorted with anger she could not realize that it was the handsome countenance that she had once loved above all earthly things. She came to loathe him and to recoil from him as if he had been the vilest snake.

Finally, when she felt that she could not stand it any longer, the monotonous waiting was interrupted. At the end of the second week a detective, employed by the insurance company, discovered a clue by overhearing a conversation between Casper and Nina. His evidence was sufficient for a warrant to be sworn out and the two were arrested. After a short time they were brought to trial. The evidence against them was slight and it appeared that they would be acquitted. When Ann was called to testify, however, she was overcome by her hatred and loathing of Casper, and although she had meant to be noncommittal because of her former love for him, she told of what she had overheard on the day preceding the robbery. Her testimony supplied the necessary link in the evidence. Protesting their innocence, Baird and the maid were pronounced guilty, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

Ann returned to her folks in the small town in which she had formerly lived, and endeavored to forget. Nina pined away in her confinement. Baird daily paced his narrow cell, and as time wore on, his curses and ravings grew worse, till they had to remove him to the insane ward. Nor could the jailers understand his muttering about the job being delayed, and some one else who "beat them to it," and took it as a sign of his increasing insanity.

In a distant city, in a little garret room of a squalid, dirty tenement house, lost among others of the same kind that surrounded it, there sat an old man. With his pallid features and talon-like fingers he looked unearthly as he sat hunched in a chair, bending over a small table. And ever and anon he ran his hands over a necklace, a necklace of large emeralds, carved with grotesque Indian carvings. And as he drank in the rich colors that radiated from the stones, he laughed and cackled harshly to himself.

Silence.

The dumb move their lips
Nor speak a sound,
So bend these trees
On the snowy ground.

But the dumb speak their thoughts
In their deep eyes,
And, oh, these trees shall bloom and bear
'Neath summer skies.

Thomas J. Hanifan.

Pinero's "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.

BY B. MATTHEW, '17.

Modern paganism, as Father John Talbot Smith has pointed out, has seriously affected the novel, the press, and, finally, the play. The religious indifference, or rather lack of religion, which is so prevalent just now, has notably influenced the drama. This paganistic influence has brought about a revolution in the dramatic world which has resulted in ushering in the so-called "new drama." The name is really misleading as it connotes something progressive and uplifting, rather than something retrogressive and degrading. A deterioration the "new drama" unquestionably is. Its exponents take their stand behind the breastworks of ultra-realism and belch forth corruption until the grand old Christian conventions of the drama are scattered to the winds. On the plea of being realistic, true to life, they drag everything upon the stage: anything is fit to be played, if it is true; anything is artistic if it is real. In the words of Alan Dale, a writer in the *World*, they "dramatize carbuncles and smallpox." This is the "new drama," full of gross realism, pessimism, and individualism. It is best exemplified in the plays of Ibsen, Shaw, and Pinero.

Sir Arthur Pinero, one of the ablest of English playwrights, has written a remarkable play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." It is typical of the "new drama," but it is by no means the most revolutionary and repulsive of its kind. The theme of the play might be worded thus: Aubrey Tanqueray marries a woman with a past—the second Mrs. Tanqueray—in the hope of rehabilitating her socially. He fails miserably.

The play presents a repulsive picture of domestic tragedy. By his second marriage with the disreputable Paula, Aubrey practically

brings social boycott on the family. His new mistress is a perfect bore to everyone who has the misfortune to be acquainted with her. She is bitterly jealous of her nineteen-year old step-daughter, Ellean, because Aubrey seems to love her at the expense of his wife; she is jealous of her neighbors because she imagines they stand between her and Aubrey. Ellean's fiancé, is one Captain Ardale, who turns out to be a former intimate of Paula's. He meets Paula. She threatens to tell all to Aubrey and prevent the marriage. Should the worst happen, the Captain promises to kill himself. One disclosure after another is made in climacteric order until very unfavorable light is thrown on the heroine's past. When the worst has been told, the unlovable creature promptly commits suicide—a plot solution characteristic of the "new drama." The curtain falls, and, as Dale has it, those of the audience that like cocktails, rush to the nearest bar.

"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" was certainly a new move in the drama, but an advance, never. The matter is unsuited for dramatization because it has to do with an abnormal phase of life, and is consequently unfit for a respectable audience. It is realism run riot; it is the pessimism of Ibsen exemplified anew; it is paganism strutting the modern stage. No doubt it holds the interest of the crowd, not because of its aesthetic value, or because it appeals to the nobler emotions, but because it arouses curiosity. It is novel, startling, sensational, and that is what the crowd forever wants.

It is a remarkable fact that, with very few exceptions, the dramatists of the new school are masters of technique. Pinero is really a brilliant playwright, who has produced plays of very distinct literary value. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is a powerful play, with remarkable dramatic qualities. The characters are impressively drawn, distinct, and self-consistent. All the way through, the dialogue is natural, easy, and forceful. Intensely dramatic situations follow one another rapidly, and withal the accidents are motived, the progress of action is perfectly logical. In a word the technique is perfect. It is not surprising, then, that Brander Matthews attributes to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" these qualities which, he holds, are found in every good play; namely, "unity of theme, freedom from all extraneous matter, veracity of motive, contrast of character,

clearness of exposition, probability of incident, logical coherence, swift movement, and culminating intensity of interest."

Pinero's power as a dramatic architect is unmistakable. He lays a strong foundation and erects a bold and massive superstructure, but the materials he uses are unworthy of so great a piece of workmanship. His play is perfect in its form, but it is revolting in its content. It is unnatural in theme, because it deals with the abnormal; it is not artistic, because it does not please. Consequently it cannot be called a great play.

On the Achill Shore.

BY THOMAS F. HEALY, '19.

*Dusk on the cragged Achill shore
And evening on the sea,
The keening wind and the water's roar
Are filling the heart of me!*

Out from the scarlet-bannered west
Comes singing strange and slow,
Full of the joy of the Isle of the Blest,
And laden with Erin's woe.

For over these seas came bearded men
And sons of bearded kings;
They went and came and went again
With God's eternal things.

Over the seas and far away
To many a pagan sod;
To preach the faith, to fast and pray,
Went the beardless men of God.

And here was heard the battle-shriek
And clashing of the spears;
And here for long did Achill reek
With Irish blood and tears.

And over the hill sleep children fair,
And children with black eyes,
And children with the long black hair
That tells of southern skies.

For the lordly pinnaces of Spain
Sailed here with England's foes,
Who wept with Ireland in her pain
And deeper stained the Rose.

*Night on the cragged Achill shore,
And black the laboring main;
The keening wind and the water's roar
Are filling my heart with pain!*

A Solution of H. C. L. Problem.

BY RICHARD FRANCIS DALEY, '17.

"Havin' much luck thar, mistah?"

"No, not much."

"Golly! the wattah sho do look good to dis heah nigger."

"Oh, the water is all right."

"Well, de fishes oughter be a-bitin' to-day; dis am a pipin!"

"I've made a failure of everything else; I don't expect to get rich quick at fishing."

"What yo'all mean? Not down on yo' luck, are you? Lawd-o-mercy, massah, how can you be a feelin' dat-a-way wid de sun a-shinin' oberhead lak dat, an' de wattah a-rippin' over de stones jest tickled ter def wid itself?"

"Well, you see, I lost my position a week ago and I haven't been able to find anything to do."

"Yuh jest lost yo' job a week ago an' yuh be a-pinin' an' a-feelin' blue already? Lawsee man, I lost my job on de first day ob spring, but yo' don't ketch dis nigger pinin' an' feelin' blue. No sah, I jest thank de good Lawd dat ebery employer what wants a nigger has got one. Dis nigger don't go round lookin' fo' work ner trouble neitha; I'se puffedly satisfied, I is."

"Yes, but how do you live? Where do you sleep and where do you get enough to eat?"

"Does yo' ask whar I sleep an' whar I eat? Yuh—yuh ask me whar do I sleep an' eat? Well, I got a house, I has, an' dat's whar I sleep. I got a wife, an' dat's why I eat. Yes suh, muh wife has fo'teen washin's a week an' she's willun' to take in a couple mo' ef I can find dem fo' her. Ain't had time to look fo' dem yet tho."

"Oh, I see. Then I ought to get married and quit looking for work."

"Sar-tain-ly, dat's it, boss. Dese idle rich yo all read about ain't got nuthin' on dis heah nigger."

TRIOLET.

I was born at home,
When still very young;
With an ingrown dome,
I was born at home,—
Near that loved black loam
They said I'd be hung
I was born at home
When still very young.

F. L.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at
THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
Notre Dame, Indiana

L. JANUARY 27, 1917 No. 16.

BOARD OF EDITORS

HOWARD R. PARKER, '17	SPEER STRAHAN, '17
EDWARD J. McOSKER, '17	HARRY E. SCOTT, '17
MICHAEL J. EARLY, '17	JOHN A. LEMMER, '18
STUART H. CARROLL, '17	CHARLES W. CALL, '18
DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18	THOMAS F. HEALY, '19
F. JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '18	

—There is prevalent to-day a strong opposition to the reading of English classics in the school-room. It is often alleged that too much time is spent by the scholar

The Reading of English Classics. in the study of classical works. Such works the student may later peruse at his leisure and convenience, and no doubt he would read them even if the stigma of class work had not been placed upon them. The objection is groundless. The English Classic may or may not be read with profit, but the reading and critical study of the English masters is, without doubt, the best introduction to our literature. A similar method is pursued in the study of other arts. Thus the choir director first teaches his pupil how to interpret a piece of music. Under this guidance, the pupil learns to recognize and then to appreciate good music. Of course, the study on the part of the student of any art must be analytical, interpretative and constructive, but with such study the reading of the classics cannot fail to return manifold benefits to the student.

It is false to say that a student would read the classics outside of his curriculum. The masterpieces are delightful reading, but only to him who can appreciate them. To all others they afford no pleasure. The "Idylls of the King" and the plays of Shakespeare often seem cold and lifeless to the untrained reader. But, after enlightening comments from the teacher, and careful study by the scholar the classics

appear in their true light,—as the wonderful works—which they really are. Through them the reader is led not only into literature but into life itself. The life of a nation is gauged by its literary productions, and these works teach the lessons of that nation's experiences. For this reason, if for no other, a knowledge of the classics of any country is indispensable to the student of affairs as well as to the student of literature.

After the proper introduction the classics are read with delight, but without this classroom introduction the beautiful world of the English classics would soon become an unknown and forgotten realm.

A Generous Sacrifice.

The generous Catholic spirit of the American Hierarchy was finely exemplified recently at Maryknoll by the Rt. Rev. Austin Dowling of Des Moines. Bishop Dowling, after ordaining one of his own men for the foreign missions said:

"This young priest represents the first fruit of our little diocese. We have many things to do in our part of the world. We have great needs and much anxiety as to the future. We are but 34,000 Catholics in the midst of 525,000 Protestants and our position calls for sacrifice, courage, patience, and, above all, the grace of God. We need especially young priests, and as yet there are not many vocations that have originated in our diocese. It is a sacrifice then for us to give up this worthy young man that he may go abroad to fulfil his vocation to the foreign missions. Yet I have most cheerfully and most willingly given him up, and to-day I complete the sacrifice by assisting at his ordination.

"I send him to be a propitiation for the struggles of his own diocese, that God may bless his sacrifice and bless us. And I tell him this morning that wherever he goes he will not be out of our sight. We will follow him and we will help him. It will be part of our pride and obligation to see that he will not suffer, as so many missionaries do, for the means necessary to his work. At least, he shall have the promise of many prayers, and our eyes and hearts shall be focussed on him.

"The beginning of the foreign mission movement should be a sacrifice from the whole

American Church. The work is not diocesan; it is provincial. Great and glorious, it concerns all the dioceses of the country, and it is a witness and a challenge to the spirit of sacrifice in our young men. This new priest shall be a prayer for us. May God bless his life and the lives of his companions."

Book Review.

THE CIRCUS AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Joyce Kilmer. 79 pp. Laurence J. Gomme. New York. \$1.00.

In this slender volume are gathered almost a dozen informal literary essays, which, with sympathy for the hidden beauty in ordinary things, interpretative insight, and tender reverence for human life in all its relations, nobly continue in prose the tradition established by Mr. Kilmer's "Trees and other Poems," issued some two years ago. The author, a rising young literary man, is poetry editor of the *Literary Digest*, contributor to the *New York Times*, to the *Bookman*, and other magazines. It will be remembered that he lectured at Notre Dame a year ago on "The Poetry of the War." The press-work, binding, and paper are all of the high quality one always finds in the publications of Laurence Gomme.

The circus, the subway, the alarm clock, John Bunny, the commuter, the day after Christmas,—these are not often made the subjects of such quaint and surprising reflections as one meets with here. Take the circus. Mr. Kilmer amusingly insists that this midsummer wonderland "more than any other secular institution on earth, exemplifies,—it may be said, flaunts—that virtue which is the very basis of religion, the virtue of faith."

"The circus audience," he continues, "gets its pleasure chiefly from its wholly illogical belief that the performer will not fall and be dashed to pieces; that is, from the exercise of faith. The audience enjoys its irrational faith that Mme. Dupin will safely accomplish the irrational feat of hanging by her teeth from a wire and supporting the weight of all the gold and pink persons who theoretically constitute her family. They enjoy the exercise of this faith and they enjoy its justification. They really believe, just because a particularly incredible poster tells them so, that there are in the side show a man with three legs, a woman nine feet tall, and a sword swallower. They give their money gladly, not to find that the poster was wrong, but because they have faith that it is right. There are no rationalists at the circus."

But Mr. Kilmer would not preach. He tells you that you may try this on your son.

"You may, of course, try this on your son. As he absorbs the strawed grape juice (degenerate substitute for the pink lemonade of antiquity!), munches the sibilant popcorn and the peanuts which the elephants declined, you may pour into his ears this disquisition on the religiosity of the greatest show on earth. In fact the best time to preach to a child is while he is staring,

with eyes as round as the balloons he is soon to acquire, at the splendors of the three rings. For then there is not the slightest chance of his answering you back, or hearing you."

There is in this book much of the gentle charm that one finds in the writing of Charles Lamb. Yet these little essays are as modern as New York, and as perennially fresh as is life itself. Mr. Kilmer has found his poetry in the common things of life: many a great writer would be glad to claim the delicate sense of humor, the democratic sympathy, the careful craftsmanship of his prose. *Speer Strahan.*

Notices.

A new class in economics dealing with the study of state government will be started after the mid-year examinations. Problems current in the legislatures of Indiana and Illinois will be carefully studied.

Father Matthew Schumacher, Director of Studies, announces that a special course in American Government for students in freshman law will be introduced next semester. It is the aim of the Department of Politics that all college students shall have at least a general course in American Government.

Father Finnigan has requested the announcement that there is to be no further smoking in the gymnasium. The only time that smoking is permitted there is when students are assembled to receive football returns.

The meeting of the Notre Dame Poetry Society, which would regularly occur on Sunday evening, the 28th, has been postponed to the following Sunday on account of the examinations.

Examinations.

January 29-31, 1917.

January 29. Classes taught at 8:10 A. M. and 10:15 A. M. will be examined at 8:30 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 P. M. and 3:05 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M. and 4:30 P. M. respectively.

January 31. Classes taught at 9:05 A. M. and 11:10 A. M. will be examined at 8:30 A. M. and 10:30 A. M. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:10 P. M. will be examined at 1:30 P. M.

Christian Doctrine classes A, B, C, and I, will be examined at 7:30 P. M., Monday, January 29.

Christian Doctrine classes II. and III. will be examined at 7:30 P. M., Tuesday, January 30.

Varsity News.

—"Rockerfeller Hall" was threatened by fire last Friday, but the quick action of the N. D. fire department, headed by Brother Hugh, extinguished the blaze before serious damage was done.

—Professor Vincent L. O'Connor has just completed a caricature of Frederick Palmer, the war correspondent who lectured at Washington Hall last week. The drawing will be on display in the library presently.

—The busy end of the Notre Dame social season is imminent. With the junior law dance, the K. of C. hop and the military ball coming within the next few weeks, the goddess Terpsichore will be abundantly worshipped.

—The members of the different halls are to be congratulated upon the splendid spirit in which they observed the celebration of the recent Church Unity Octave. It is earnestness and enthusiasm in such matters that denote the real Catholic student.

—Sophomores and juniors of the engineering department are making small gas engines designed by Professor William Benitz, head of the department of mechanical engineering. All accessory parts of the engines are being made in the shops by the students.

—The University Glee Club has signed for two concerts to be given within the next month, one at Elkhart and the other at Laporte. Chicago and Elgin, Ill. have already been placed on the Club's Easter trip and arrangements are being made with several other towns.

—Frank W. Holslag has an interesting article on "Paintings at the University of Notre Dame" in the New Year's number of the *Fine Arts Journal*. The article is illustrated by eighteen full-page illustrations and has a beautiful account of the more interesting works of art in our galleries.

—Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, United States Minister to Denmark, will leave Copenhagen early in February for a two months' visit in the United States. Dr. Egan was Professor of English at Notre Dame in the early nineties. It is hoped that he will visit the University before returning to his post abroad.

—In *The Anthology of Magazine Verse*, the year book of American poetry for 1916, just published and edited by William S. Braith-

waite, literary critic of the *Boston Transcript*, is included "Forgiveness," a poem by Father Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C. Father O'Donnell's volume, "The Dead Musician and other Poems," issued last summer by Laurence J. Gomme (New York), has lately passed into a second edition.

—Six colored entertainers, students of the Tuskegee Institute, gave an enjoyable program at Washington Hall last Saturday night. The quintette could sing well, and the reader was exceptionally clever. The company showed good judgment in the length of their program, for it was just long enough to be thoroughly enjoyable.

—Bernard Voll, who recently won the Breen medal in oratory and the honor of representing Notre Dame in the state oratorical contest to be held at Indianapolis in February, has resigned on account of sickness, and Oscar Dorwin, who was second in the local contest, will take his place. The subject of his oration is "National Financial Reform."

—The members of the Holy Cross Literary society, of Holy Cross Seminary, met in their assembly room for the first time after the holidays on Sunday evening, January 14th. The program consisted of a paper entitled, "Tennyson, My Favorite Poet," by Frank Brown; a piano selection by Frank Goodall; a short story by James Ryan; a paper, "Webster, the Man," by Stanley Bielecki; a short poem by Thomas Duffy, and a vocal solo by Frank Boland. The meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

—By a unanimous decision of the judges, the Brownson Literary and Debating Society on Thursday evening, Jan. 18th, defeated the society from St. Joseph Hall in the first of a series of inter-hall debates. The question debated was, "Resolved: That the six-year term for the presidency is preferable to the four-year term with eligibility to re-election." The victorious team, upholding the negative of the issue, was composed of Donald Barry, Frank Muser, and Robert Galloway, while the St. Joseph team consisted of Ward Schlotzer, Paul Connighan, and James Connolly. Everyone of the speakers showed the great benefit derived from these organizations by their clear, straightforward, forceful talks. Mr. Galloway and Mr. Connighan did exceptionally well for their respective teams. The judges of the debate were: Rev. Michael A. Quinlan, Rev. Eugene P. Burke, and Rev. William P. Lennartz.

H. E. S.

The Club Column.

OHIO CLUB ORGANIZES.

The following officers were elected by the Ohio Club at its organization meeting this week: Frederick Slackford, of Sandusky, president; Albert Kranz, of Toledo, vice-president; Walter Miller, of Defiance, secretary; Delmar Edmondson, of Marion, treasurer; John Baczenes, of Dayton, sergeant-at-arms; George Shanahan, of Lima, poet.

NEW ENGLANDERS FORM CLUB.

The last of the clubs to be formed this week was the New England. The meeting for the election of officers will be held soon.

BRADLEY AT BANQUET.

T. H. Bradley, a prominent official of the Texas and Pacific railroad, was a guest of honor at the recent banquet of the Texas Club at the Nicholson Inn. Mr. Bradley, who is an excellent ventriloquist, entertained during the evening. Harry Scott, Charles McCauley, Walter O'Keefe and James McMahon of the Glee Club entertained with musical numbers.

CHICAGOANS ELECT.

At a meeting of the Chicago Club on Monday Daniel E. Hilgartner, Jr., was chosen president. The other officers chosen are: vice-president, Clifford O'Sullivan; secretary, Frank Coughin; treasurer, Charles Bachman; sergeant-at-arms, Harry Morgan. Plans for boosting the Glee Club concert to be held in Chicago at Easter time were discussed. The Chicago Club will hold a banquet in Chicago at Easter time.

INTERSTATE MEETING.

Members of twenty-five state clubs at the University will take part in the great interstate banquet to be held Feb. 14th, probably at the Oliver Hotel. Officers of the various clubs met Saturday to form committees to take charge of the arrangements. The presidents of the various clubs form the executive committee, with Harry E. Burt of the Texas Club as chairman. Charles Creegan of the Oklahoma Club is chairman of the finance committee, which is composed of the treasurers of the several clubs. The committee on ways and means, consisting of Andrew McDonough, Frank Kirkland, Paul Fogarty, and Wallace Coker, and an entertainment committee, composed of Stuart Carroll, Emmett Lenihan,

Thomas Kelly, Joseph A. Meyers, John Riley and Harry Scott, will assist the officers. The intention of the committees is to model the program after that of the famous Gridiron Club banquets in Washington, D. C. This is the first affair of its kind ever attempted by the students, but it is planned to make it an annual occurrence.

NORTHERN ILLINOISANS ORGANIZE.

Students from Northern Illinois met and formed an organization in the recreation room of Sorin Hall Saturday noon. The following officers were chosen: president, Edward J. McOske, of Elgin; vice-president, Sherwood Dixon, of Dixon; secretary, Joseph Keenan, of Dixon; treasurer, Elmer C. Tobin, of Elgin; sergeant-at-arms, Ray C. Whipple, of Elgin.

WESTERNERS FORM CLUB.

An Easter banquet will be given by the newly organized Rocky Mountain Club. The following officers have been elected: president, John Garder, of Payett, Idaho; vice-president, Eugene McGovern, of Butte, Mont.; secretary, James Logan, of Denver, Colo.; treasurer, L. J. Blake, of Virginia, Nev.; sergeant-at-arms, E. B. Donahue, of Thermopolis, Wyo.

NEW YORK BANQUET.

Members of the Notre Dame Club of New York enjoyed a social gathering and banquet in the McAlpin Hotel, New York City a week ago Thursday night. Following is a report of the affair sent by William E. Cotter, '13, one of the sponsors of the big affair:

"The staunch loyalty that characterizes every Notre Dame man on and around Manhattan Island was demonstrated by the presence of so many of the old boys at the gathering at the Hotel McAlpin, Thursday evening, the eighteenth of January. The speeches were good and the entertainment offered was excellent. Last year the Notre Dame Club of New York did fine work and this year the way the men responded at the first affair of the season is evidence that they are going to do even better. The officers for the coming year are: Rev. John McNamara, honorary president; Peter P. McElligott, president; Joseph Naughton, vice-president; Timothy Crimmins, second vice-president; William E. Cotter, secretary and treasurer. Joseph M. Byrne, jr., famous in the annals of Notre Dame, was appointed chairman of the executive committee, with full power to

make the old fellows work hard for old Notre Dame. Dr. Francis J. Quinlan of New York, surgeon and Catholic gentleman and Laetare medalist, presented the club with a collection of valuable portraits of Catholic men who have rendered special service to religion and to humanity and for which they have been recipients of the Laetare medal. The next regular meeting of the club will be held in February."

E. J. M.

New Classes.

CLASSES THAT BEGIN FEB. 1, 1917.

Colleges of Arts and Letters and Law.

Subjects	Hour	Room
History Ib	1:15	117
" VII	1:15	219
Philosophy II (Logic)	9:05	Science Hall
" IXb (Ethics)	10:15, 11:10	217, 227
Political Science V	8:10	219
" VI	1:15	123
" VII T. Th.	10:15	118
" VIII M. W. F.	10:15	118
" XII M. W. F.	1:15	116
Politics III or VII T. Th.	1:15	116
Physiology	10:15, 11:10	Science Hall

COLLEGES OF ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE

Algebra I	10:15	Science Hall
Analytic Geometry	8:10	227
" "	11:10	123
Chemistry II	10:15	Walsh Hall
" II	1:15	Science Hall
" VI	9:05	Science Hall
Engines and Boilers	11:10	Science Hall
Geology I	8:10	Science Hall
Physiology I	11:10	Science Hall
Surveying II	11:10	Science Hall

Consult deans of the various colleges for classes not listed in this schedule.

Personals.

—At the latest Missouri bar examination, three of last year's graduates from our school of law were among the successful ones: Drexel Duffy, Leonard Carroll, and T. J. ("Colonel") Lyons.

—The many friends of Father Franciscus will be interested in this item from *The Augustinian*, the weekly paper of St. Augustine's Parish, Kalamazoo, Michigan:

Very Rev. Father Franciscus, C. S. C., Superior of the Professed House of Notre Dame, whose long life in active ministry, and whose executive ability thoroughly acknowledged, has made him notable at that great institution of learning. We suppose it would not be violating secrets to say of good Father Franciscus during the time that he was the Superior of the College of Holy Cross in Rome, he was frequently consulted about American affairs by Leo XIII. and many other distinguished prelates of the Eternal City.

Obituaries.

MRS. CUNNINGHAM.

Rev. William F. Cunningham, C. S. C. (A. B., '07) and James C. Cunningham (LL. B., '07) have the sympathy of the University in the loss of their mother who passed away at a venerable age in her home at Belvidere, Ill., on January 15th. She was a typical christian matron and her memory is fragrant with many virtues. *R. I. P.*

SISTER M. CLARE

On January 14, there died at Notre Dame Sister M. Clare of the Sisters of Holy Cross. This quiet, hidden nun, so unassuming in manner, so gentle and motherly in her care, had shed light into the lives of thousands of Notre Dame students. For thirty years she labored in the Minim Department of the University, caring for the little ones with a zeal and charity equaled only by that of the beloved Sister Aloysius. How many students, now in active life, owe much of the sweet recollections of Notre Dame to the brightening presence of Sister Clare! She shall be gratefully remembered in the prayers and Masses of priests and students of Notre Dame. The funeral, which a large number of the faculty attended, took place on Monday January 15. *R. I. P.*

In the Old Days.

—The SCHOLASTIC for Sept. 19, 1885, tells us that "Brother Leopold has resumed business at the old stand."

August 25, 1885. "One of the finest improvements made at Notre Dame in many a day is the change now being effected in the system of lighting the buildings on the premises. Instead of the gasoline hitherto used, we shall now begin to burn coal gas."

Sept. 17, 1898. "John J. Mahoney, an expert bicycle rider from Chicago, is with us this year. His record is 1:59, and he has defeated some of the fastest men in the country at Chicago, St. Louis, and Indianapolis. He will be a valuable man for our track team." We presume the college yell was, "Pump, ye sons of Notre Dame, pump!"

December 3. "The Brownson Hallers went to the game Thanksgiving with ribbons and pins and pennants, and much other college

paraphernalia. But the South Bend girls saw them coming, and said to themselves 'O girls, what a harvest we have here!' The ribbons, pins, and pennants are scattered throughout the whole town, and in consequence of this there are many new tobacco beggars on the Brownson Hall Campus."

In the issue of Jan. 15, 1887 we find the following concerning the timely topic of fuel quoted from the South Bend *Times*:—"Notre Dame University is the heaviest consumer of coal in Northern Indiana. They keep six teams busy hauling coal, and, it is said, use twenty-eight tons per day in heating their great institution. This is ten tons per day more than is used by the new Indiana State House. They paid for coal, in December alone, the sum of \$1,800."

Jan. 29th—"Hereafter, Company A, of the Hoynes' Light Guards, will have dress parade every Sunday evening until further notice. The boys have attained a marked proficiency in the manual-of-arms under the instruction of able officers."

Oct. 23rd, 1880—"Brother Leopold informs us that the Junior Orchestra is in full blast and having its regular weekly rehearsals."

"One hundred and twenty-two juniors, accompanied by their prefects and several members of the faculty, went on a nutting expedition last Wednesday. They returned in the evening with a good supply of nuts, papaws, and wild grapes."

In the issue for Nov. 20th of the same year: "The large telescope presented to the University by Napoleon III. is now in the hands of Brother Isidore, undergoing a thorough cleaning."

"Prof. Gregori is making studies for several large pictures to illustrate the life of Columbus. The scenes, twelve in number, are to be painted on the walls of the corridor leading into the rotunda."

"The Philopatrians desire us to state that they will not attempt to burn Bertrand this fall. This will undoubtedly be most welcome news for the inhabitants of that often perturbed city."

Nov. 27th—"The express wagon, which makes four trips daily between Notre Dame and South Bend, is anxiously watched on each successive trip by the boys expecting boxes, and bicycles."

"The lawyers were somewhat disconcerted

by the appearance of a huge rooster, labelled 'Victory for the Medics,' which descended from the aerial heights of the rotunda, remained a moment in mid-air, and after a lusty cock-a-doodle-doo, suddenly disappeared into the realms inaccessible amid the loud and prolonged cheers of an appreciative assemblage of students and members of the faculty, on the night of the 18th. The lawyers swear that they'll arraign the artist for defamatory engraving at the next session of the Moot Court."

"The Glee Club had a rehearsal in the Juniors' study-hall at 8:30 o'clock, on Monday evening. Some of the members have really excellent voices. We think, however, that on the occasion referred to the leader beat time a little too loud. We are quite sure that we distinguished the charming voices of Maher, Bennet, and Flynn from those of the other singers."

June 18th, 1881—"The gold medals commonly known as First Honors, and given at the commencement exercises as a testimonial of previous satisfactory behavior, have always been objects of laudable ambition among our students here. Time was when only one medal of honor was given, and that to a student in the Senior Department, whose name was also inscribed in letters of gold on the refectory wall. A tablet may be seen there still, in what is now the junior refectory, on the east side of the north door, bearing names and dates for a period of 25 years, ending with 1868."

Nov. 25th, 1882—"On the 19th, the Seniors played a hotly-contested game of football for a barrel of apples. Mr. Frank Gallagher and Harry Morse acted as captains, and strove by word and example to encourage their men and cheer them on to victory. As either side was over fifty strong, and played the regular rough and tumble game, it was over an hour before the cheer was heard, declaring victory for Mr. Gallagher's side."

Athletic Notes.

Commencing to-night and lasting until the first Saturday in June, Coach Knute Rockne's men will be about the busiest track team in the country. For prominence of schools and quality of teams the schedule arranged by Athletic Director Harper could hardly be improved. Nothing approaching our long list of important meets has ever been attempted by any other

school in the West at least. Here is the program:

January 27th.....Second Regiment Games at Chicago
 February 10th.....Illinois Dual Meet at Champaign
 February 17th.....Michigan Dual Meet at Ann Arbor
 February 24th.....Wisconsin Dual Meet at Notre Dame
 March 3rd.....Illinois Relay Games at Champaign
 March 10th.....Missouri A. C. Games at St. Louis
 April 21st.....Drake Relay Games at Des Moines
 April 28th.....Penn. Relay Games at Philadelphia
 May 5th.....Illinois Dual Meet at Notre Dame
 May 12th.....Michigan Dual Meet at Notre Dame
 May 19th.....M. A. C. at Lansing
 May 25th.....Indiana State Meet at Lafayette
 June 2nd.....Western Conference Meet at Chicago

Some thirty men have been working out in the "Gym" daily since Christmas under the direction of Coach Rockne, and the majority of the candidates put in three weeks of pre-season conditioning before the holidays. In the sprints Bergman and Mulligan will bear the brunt of the battles until King and Grant are excused from basketball. Bergman is as fast as ever. "Little Dutch" is fast outgrowing his nickname; in fact, he appears a giant beside the midget Mulligan. Kirkland and Starrett are racing over the hurdles neck and neck, while Scheibelhut, the sophomore, is very little to the rear. Fritch has not yet reported for barrier duty. Captain Miller, McDonough, Meehan, and Kasper look to be about the "classiest" coterie of quarter-milers that Notre Dame ever exhibited. They ought to be able to advance the baton with all comers, and in the dual meets Rockne is somewhat puzzled as to just where he may employ their speed to the best advantage. Hackett already appears equal to jumping into the breach should anything happen the "speed kings." McDonough, Meehan, or Kasper will be called upon to race the half-mile when that event is on the cards. Thus far Noonan, Coyle, Call, and Harbert seem to be the only distance men available, and unfortunately Harbert is sick at present and unable to do any training. Noonan will no doubt specialize on the mile, as will Coyle and Harbert in the two mile, while Rockne plans to alternate Call in the long runs.

Potential high-jumpers we have in abundance. McGuire, Douglas, Donahue, Scheibelhut and Coughlin are all showing fine form for the early season, and getting over the bar with such regularity that the prospect is we shall have more than one representative in this event this year.

Edgren, Yeager, Douglas and Rademaker are taking things easy in the pole-vault, as Coach

Rockne is not yet forcing the men in his own specialty. Ex-Captain Bachman reports his arm much improved over last year and it looks as if the shot will travel a good distance when he puts his weight against it. Ward Miller, Coughlin, Franz, and Rydzewski are apt understudies for the All-American football star.

Three dual meets on successive Saturdays early next month will test the ability of the team strenuously, and Rockne is overlooking no detail to have the men at their best.

NOTRE DAME, 17; LAKE FOREST, 11.

Notre Dame secured some long-desired revenge last Saturday afternoon in defeating Lake Forest 17 to 11. The basketball representatives of the Illinois school had consistently trounced the gold and blue-tossers the last two seasons, but they failed by a wide margin to live up to their reputation this trip. It was just as well that they did not prove very strong, for the local quintet was not at its best. Elusive passwork kept the visitors guessing throughout the game, but when it came to shooting baskets Harper's men did not seem any too accurate. The wear and tear of the Kalamazoo game accounts, no doubt, for the low score, as most of the men were sporting bandages of one kind or another when they came upon the court.

Harper tried hard to find a capable successor for the injured Daley. He injected Fitzpatrick, Murphy, and "Chief" Meyer into the center position in rapid succession, and it was a toss up who played the best game. McDermott caged the most of our points. He shot three baskets from the field, and five from the foul line. Captain McKenna, Grant, and King each scored a basket while the teams were in motion. Lake Forest averaged less than one field goal to a player, their total being only four. McFerran shot three fouls for them.

Notre Dame (17)	Lake Forest (11)
McDermott.....1 f.....	McFerran
McKenna.....r f.....	Schultz
Fitzpatrick.....c.....	Marsh
Grant.....r g.....	Haligas
King.....l g.....	Holmes

Substitutions. Notre Dame—Murphy for Fitzpatrick; Meyer for Murphy. Lake Forest—Changnon for Schultz; Jansen for Changnon.

Field baskets—McDermott (3), McKenna, Grant, King, Marsh (2), McFerran, Haligas. Goals from fouls—McDermott (5), McFerran (3). Referee—Cooper, Springfield Training School. Time of halves—20 minutes.

After Corby had defeated St. Joe with ease in 1:41, the Brownson team, with an almost completely new personnel from the championship relayers of last year, tore around the 880 yards ahead of the Sorin squad in 1:39-2, the best time of the present season. Degree, Sjoberg, Ryan, Whipple, Lockard, and Keenan represented Corby; O'Shea, Carey, Heinrich, Rademaker, Keendy and Schmidt did the paces for St. Joseph's. Walter Miller, Gipp, McGuinness, Conrad, McGuire, and Barry study in the Main Building, while Keady, Meagher, Ward Miller, Slackford, McOsker, and Hayes reside in Sorin.

Western State Normal	15
Notre Dame	27

Presenting a team with an entirely different complexion from any that has been tried in a previous game, Notre Dame had little difficulty in winning from Western State Normal College, of Kalamazoo, on Wednesday. As Chet Grant was indisposed, Coach Harper shifted Captain McKenna to Grant's position at guard, and put Ronchetti in McKenna's place at forward. The new combination did not get going any too well in the first half, and the period ended with the score a tie at ten points. The second half made a different story. Notre Dame piled up seventeen more, while the embryo teachers were gathering five. As usual, McDermott was the best individual scorer, and on this occasion he credited himself with seventeen of the points. Murphy, Fitzpatrick, Cassidy, and Baujan gave a good account of themselves when they were injected into the game in the latter half. In the relays Brownson won over Walsh, and Sorin over the Day Students.

C. W. C.

Scents o' Humor.

COINCIDENTS.

(A Medley)

A babe was up at our house
To visit us one day,
Just "Gobble, gibble, gabble gob,"
Was all that he could say.



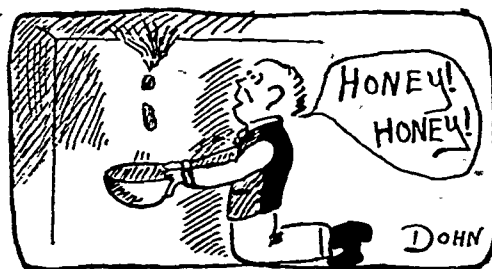
A maiden came to our house
To sing for us one day,
Just "Yacka, hula, hicki, doo,"
Was all that she could say.

Dad barked his shins at our house,
('Twas near the dawn of day)
Just "eaotoin % é ? * † ‡ !"
Was all that he could say.

ANOTHER "LEAK." O HONEY!

We received the following clipping from a friend who neglected to mention the name of the paper in which it appeared:

Honey dripping from a ceiling of a classroom in the University of Notre Dame prompted an investigation. It was found



that a swarm of bees had taken the garret and about 200 pounds of the sweet stuff had been stored. A local bee man took the bees away with him.

Anyone having information concerning this "leak" will please consider himself as Thomas Lawson and this department as Chairman Henry.

SIMPLE.

Hooks:—"Say, old man, you're shedding your hair!"
Eyes:—"Well, who's hair d'you expect me to shed?"

THE QUARTERLY MASSACRE.

Jan. 28.

(Preparation)

(Mat. Trudelle and Harry Burt will rise and sing "Pony Boy")

He gets his book
And then he crams,
Because next week
He has exams.

Jan. 29.

(Realization)

O, woe-is he,
O, woe he am;
He thinks he flunked
His first exam.

Jan. 30.

(Second verse of "Pony Boy." Day off to feed the horses.)

Jan. 31.

He lost his horse
But borrowed Sam's;
'Twas thus he passed
In them exams.

S. H. C.

THE MISSIVE SUBLIME.

O, it's nice to get a letter from a dear and dimpled dame
 Who's the neatest and the sweetest of her sex,
 But I'll bet it doesn't cause the glow and set your heart
 aflame
 Like the one containing father's little cheeks!

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to January 27, 1917.

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

\$2000.00

Samuel T. Murdock, '86.

\$1000.00

Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, P. T. O'Sullivan, '68; Right Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75; M. F. Healy, '82; John C. Shea, '98; Clement C. Mitchell, '02; Byron V. Kanaley, '04; Daniel P. Murphy, '95; John P. Lauth, '68.

\$500.00

Robert Sweeny, '03; C. A. Paquette, '90; Rev. John Dinnen, '65; Warren A. Cartier, '87; Stephen B. Fleming, '90; Thomas Hoban, '99; Angus D. McDonald, '00; William A. McInerney, '01; Joseph M. Byrne, '79; Cassius McDonald, '04; William P. Breen, '77; Student from Far West; Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09; C. C. Craig, '85; Frank E. Hering, '98; Peter P. McElligott, '02; James J. Conway, '85; George Cooke, '90.

\$300.00

Frank N. Maas, '77.

\$250.00

Fred E. Murphy, '93; John M. Flannigan, '94; John H. Neeson, '03; Joseph B. Naughton, '97; Peter Kuntz, '98; John H. Fendrich, '84; John Eggeman, '00; A. A. McDonnell, '00; Eugene A. Delaney, '99; R. A. O'Hara, '89.

\$200.00

W. G. Uffendell, '01; John O'Shea, '11; James F. Kennedy, '94; Louis C. M. Reed, '98; Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00; Joseph J. Sullivan, '02; G. A. Farabaugh, '04; Robert Anderson, '83; Joseph Lantry, '07; Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp, '14; John Dowd, '99. Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, '03; Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94. F. A. Kaul, '97; William Hoynes, '77; Edwin J. Lynch, '10; T. D. Mott, '95; F. Henry Wurzer, '98; Paul R. Martin, '13; Timothy V. Ansberry, '93; John M. Quinlan, '04; Daniel Madden, '06; Fred J. Kasper, '04; J. S. Corby, '98; Thomas Steiner, '99; John F. Cushing, '06; L. J. Keach, '08.

\$150.00

Rev. Michael Shea, '04; Ambrose O'Connell, '07; William Byrne, '95; James L. Tong, '94; W. A. Draper, '06; James E. Deery, '09.

\$120.00

Maximilian St. George, '08.

\$100.00

Oliver J. Tong, '73; Hermann C. R. Piper, '11; Rev. Edmund O'Connor, '94; J. L. Lamprey, '03; Walter Joyce, '07; George N. Johnson, '95; William H. Boland, '88; William J. Granfield, '13; M. O. Burns, '86; Rev. Michael Ryan, '95; William P. Higgins, '03; James Frederick Coll, '89; George J. Hanhauser, '01; James P. Fogarty, '00; Rev. John B. McGrath, '80; John F. Fennessey, '99; Cyril J. Curran, '12; Ernest E. L. Hammer, '04; Alfred J. Pendleton, '97; Edwin Wile, '74; Francis C. Schwab, '02; Rupert F. Mills, '14; William H. McCarty, '99; Edward J. Glynn, '11; Frank P. Crowley, '09; Thomas B. Curry, '14; James A. Curry, '14; Harry V. Crumley, '03; Harry S. Cahill, '08; Walter V. Heekin, '05; William McKenzie, '88; Rev. Bernard P. Murray, Mark M. Foote, '73; Patrick J. Houlihan, '92; E. J. Maurus, '93; Thomas J. Swantz, '04; H. G. Hogan, '04; Harold P. Fisher, '06; John B. Kanaley, '09; James F. Hines, '09; John B. McMahon, '09; Rev. John M. Byrne, '00; J. H. Gormley, '03; Thomas O'Neill, '13; Robert E. Proctor, '04; John F. O'Connell, '13; Frank C. Walker, '09; Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08; George O'Brien, '90; Vitus Jones, '02; W. A. Duffy, '08; Rev. J. H. Guendling, '14; Fred C. McQueen, '00; Charles J. Stubbs, '88; Rupert Donovan, '08; Rev. Francis H. Gavis, '14; Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95; Frank L. McOsker, '72; Charles E. Ruffing, '85; James F. Foley, '13; Rt. Rev. T. C. O'Reilly, '09; Thomas J. Welch, '05; William E. Cotter, '13; John C. Tully, '11; John F. O'Connor, '72; T. P. O'Sullivan, '02; G. M. Kerndt, '82; Dr. Frank J. Powers, '94; Rev. John Talbot Smith, '07; Daniel C.

Dillon, '04; Thomas C. Butler, '08; Edward M. Kennedy, '08; John J. Kennedy, '09; Peter M. Ragan, '92; James D. Barry, '97; Fred L. Steers, '11; Walter Clements, '14; Edward J. Carlton, '16; Leonard M. Carroll, '16; Luke L. Kelly, '16; Frank E. Swift, '16; C. P. Mottz, '16; Samuel Ward Perrott, '16; Edward C. Ryan, '16; James Francis Odem, '16; Emmett P. Mulholland, '16; Thomas A. Hayes, '16; Frank J. Hiss, '16; Joseph J. McCaffery, '16; Walter P. McCourt, '16; M. J. McEniry, '81; Thomas J. Shaughnessy, '15; James F. O'Brien, '13; Michael L. Fansler, '04; A. C. Fortin, '01; Daniel J. O'Connor, '05; M. H. Miller, '10; William D. Jamieson, '05; Grover F. Miller, '16; Thomas A. McLaughlin, '16; Edwin H. Sommerer, '16; Joseph O'Sullivan, '16; Jacob E. Eckel, '16; Vincent Mooney, '16; John T. Shea, '06; Edward M. Schaack, '93; Anton C. Stephan, '04; Dr. F. B. McCarty, '07; Harry F. McDonagh, '10; Charles W. Lahcy, '13; Adam J. Kasper, '95; George W. Kasper, '95; Robert A. Kasper, '07; Charles Girsch, '94; Gerald A. Fitzgibbon, '07; John B. Fruechtel, '04; Hugh J. Daly, '12; Edward K. Delana, '13; Harry Curtis, '08; Charles Cullinan, '07; Daniel Cullinan, '07; Dr. W. P. Grady, '99; Edgar Crilly, '90; George S. Crilly, '88; James V. Cunningham, '07; M. H. Miller, '10; Frank X. Cull, '08; Jesse E. Vera, '10; Walter Duncan, '12; James W. O'Hara, '13; Joseph Collins, '11; Dr. H. G. McCarty, '12; James Dubbs, '06; Raymond E. Skelly, '11; William R. Ryan, '11; William A. McKearney, '08; Maurice J. Breen, '09; Raymond C. Langan, '93; Charles A. Grossart, '96; Edward J. Rauch, '95; William J. Mooney, Jr., '14; John J. McShane, '14; Henry A. Wimberg, '96; Gerald S. Clements, '14; John G. Wimberg, '96.

* \$75.00

John W. Costello, '12.

\$50.00

Rev. J. E. Scullin, '09; Louis P. Chute, '92; William Fish, '12; J. Clovis Smith, '14; Frank B. Cornell, '00; Rev. John Schopp, '94; A. J. Major, '86; Charles Vaughan, '14; Stephen H. Herr, '10; J. N. Antoine, '70; Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09; Fred Stewart, '12; Jay Lee, '12; Albert F. Gushurst, '09; Edward P. Cleary, '09; Rev. John J. Burke, '83; Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10; Rev. John P. Quinn, '83; Simon E. Twining, '13; J. V. Birder, '13; Cecil E. Birder, '14; M. Emmett Walter, '15; Ralph Eberhart, '02; Rev. John M. Gerenda, '09; Timothy P. Galvin, '16; Ray M. Humphreys, '16; Hugh E. Carroll, '16; Jesse C. Harper; Ronald S. O'Neill, '14; Louis P. Harl, '16; Joseph D. Kovacs, '16; Patrick Maloney, '16; J. F. Delph, '16; Hugh O'Donnell, '16; James Sanford, '14; Ira W. Hurley, '14; Emmett G. Lenihan, '15; Francis H. Hayes, '14; Raymond J. Kelly, '16; Ernest P. Lajoie, '15; Rev. P. J. Crawley, '95; Arthur Pino, '06; William Milroy, '13; Dr. Robert Frost, '02; Eustace Berry, '03; A. Fiend from the South; Daniel Shouplin, '14; R. B. McConlogue, '09; Thomas J. Jones, '03; Twomey M. Clifford, '13; Cletus H. Kruyer, '12; Dalton B. Shoulds, '09; Albert B. Oberst, '06.

\$40.00

V. E. Morrison, '89; Gerard N. Krost, '04.

\$25.00

John M. Culligan, '15; Joseph M. DeLone, '02; Simeon T. Flanagan, '14; W. B. McLain, '04; Lawrence Janszen, '09; Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83; James M. Riddle, '13; Henry Hess, '82; Dr. E. M. McKee, '06; Robert B. Gottfredson, '13; Rev. John H. Mullin, '11; I. N. Mitchell, Sr., '92; Frederick Williams, '13; Rev. Joseph Toth, '11; Joseph M. Walsh, '14; Max Adler, '89; John G. Mott, '95; Rev. T. O. Maguire, '09; Paul J. Smith, '16; C. I. Krajewski, '16; Joseph P. Flynn, '16; John P. Conboy, '16; W. W. Turner, '16; Alfred Fries, '16; J. A. McCarthy, '16; J. Harry Sylvestre, '16; Harold P. Burke, '16; Peter C. Yearns, '16; Fred M. Pralatowski, '16; Francis J. Kilkenny, '12; Edward L. Figel, '11; Thomas J. Dooley, '97; Mark A. Devine, '10; Daniel E. Cooney, '10; Fremont Arnfield, '12; W. W. Harless, '86; Edward J. Walsh, '00; Thomas Curran, '16; D. D. Myers, Jr., '00; Dennis Moran, '14; Leo F. Welch, '12; Ralph A. Reitz, '14.

\$20.00

Gabriel Davezac, '94; James R. Devitt, '13; Albert A. Glockner, '16; Julius M. Hack, '92.

\$15.00

Bernard Durch, '13.

\$10.00

P. J. O'Connell, '73; Paul T. Markey, '08; Edward J. Markey, '06; Alfred Vignos, '95; Andrew L. Shimp, '91; Frank Niedecken, '09; Harry Kirk, '13; Louis Chute, '92; J. J. Deasey, '06; H. King, '16; James E. Roach, '16; J. E. Hogan, '16; Frank Maher, '02; Frank W. Bloom, '84.

\$5.00

Robert D. Murphy, '01; Mark Duncan, '15; Hiram Halliday, '06; Claude S. Moss, '95; John Bell, '08; P. M. O'Meara, '09.