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Phantom Bars.

GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

COOL, gusty autumn days,
The dry brown leaves up-swirling,
Papers blown down the alley-ways,
Leaves, papers, dust, all in a circle whirling.

So with this child's-toy world
Its kings, beggars, demons, stars,
Its angels and street-sweepings hurled
Tearing at phantom bars.

On Using the Dictionary.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

DICTIONARIES are both advantageous and dangerous. To become too intimate with Webster means to lose "the common touch"; to face the possibility of becoming incomprehensible to those who know not the delights of juggling polysyllabic bits upon the tongue. Dressing our ordinary, homespun thoughts in an ornature of verbal camouflage, a failing often accepted as typically Bostonese, is as much a dissipation as inordinate imbibition. One may linger too long at the bar; so one may linger too long with the dictionary. In a word, largiloquence may make speech as unintelligible as liquor. In the latter case the tongue is hindered by the temulent condition of one's own mind; in the former, by the nescient condition of other minds. Too many syllables are as apt to be obstructive as too many drinks, or too many teeth. This paragraph, by the way, illustrates fairly well what I am trying to express.

Mr. Herbert Spencer comes to mind as an especially trying example of one who writes by the square inch. He selected words rather for their length than for their fitness. He was

very loath to call a spade a spade. In the absence of an English equivalent he would resort to the exotic source and call it a *spadu*. Reading two pages of his Psychology is a real day's work. And, for one who never had a speaking acquaintance with Ptolemy, it is about as enlightening as delving into the inscriptions on Cleopatra's Needle. Had Spencer written "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," he would have started, no doubt, something after this fashion: "Coruscatè, coruscate, exiguous luminary."

We can imagine Mr. Spencer going over his manuscript minutely, hunting for the plain and simple. And how much out of place a harmless little monosyllable must have felt in such pretentious company. Very likely it was relieved when the author, wondering how he could have been so careless, seized upon it with a groan of anguish, jerked it out of line, and replaced it with a haughty word of more distinguished lineage. We can further picture Mr. Spencer arising in the morning, taking up his dictionary and plucking from it a choice bouquet of verbiage for that day's consumption. "These words," he might have said, "I shall embody in my writing to-day. Not one person in ten could possibly know what they mean." He must have died unhappy in the thought of the vast number of words he hadn't had time to use. Too bad he couldn't have known all extant words intuitively. That would have been a great help toward expediting his work.

Some men find their styles cramped by strict adherence to the mere 450,000 words that English comprises, and take upon themselves the initiative of concocting their own words. These neologists are the Luther Burbanks of language. They employ numerous methods. One way is to wed two words not related within the fourth degree of kinship by a hyphen, as in the case of "molly-coddle" and "muck-raker." Another is to dissect two words as painlessly as possible and jam the parts together as freight cars are linked. Lewis Carroll followed this formula in

producing "chortle" from "chuckle" and "snort." Theodore Roosevelt is the proud father of the examples first cited. At least they are imputed to him; so I presume he is the one who did it. I can't think of him permitting himself to be blamed for a deed of which he was not the perpetrator. Theodore isn't that kind of a man.

You may have remarked men in whom familiarity with the dictionary has bred a contempt therefor. You may have marvelled at the disrespect which they displayed toward the most appalling words. You may have listened in awe while they, with infinite relish, rolled a mellifluent tidbit over their vocal cords. It is a wonderful gift, this ability to manipulate the elongated words which the average person regards as philological curios, to be admired in print, but never, by any sacrilegious chance, to be called into conversational service. Micawber is the classical example of the man of turgid speech. He used words, not for rhetorical convenience, but for pedantry, and for the effect they produced on less ostentatiously learned hearers. Very likely, had it been possible, he would have selected the more striking members of his vocabulary and hung them on his chest, as a general decorates his coat with medals. Thus he could have displayed ever-evident insignia of his erudition.

But here arises the danger in dictionary-using. The egregious word-seeker often has at his command a large number of terms of which he can avail himself successfully only in writing, and which betray him into frightful blunders in pronunciation while conversing. Words, unless watched, become viciously unmanageable. Mrs. Malaprop was absolutely oblivious to orismology. The meaning of words was no object to her. It was the sound of them that intoxicated her. Her sentences she caparisoned with phrases that did very well for decorative purposes but which made her speech a jargon. This, of course, is a rare instance, but the moral may be drawn none the less.

Better, almost, that a dictionary be left entirely alone than that it be used carelessly. Well enough to teach your mind not to flinch every time it meets a word of three or more syllables. No one wishes to confine his literary wanderings within the pale of the primer. There comes a time when a man is no longer entertained by genteel ruminations on whether or not the cat does see the rat. All well and good. But in

digging into the dictionary for a word make a conscious effort to take away the whole nugget. Do not be content to scrape up just enough dust to make clear what you are reading, for such dust will not adhere in the memory. It is easily scattered by the winds of time. Definitions have an elusive way about them. Time after time my mind has galloped up to a word which I had looked up several times before only to shy away and refuse to take the hazard. Why? Because on the other occasions I had not taken note of derivation and pronunciation nor given proper attention to impressing the definition on my memory. Observing the derivation helps mightily toward storing a word on the mental shelf from whence it may be taken and shoved into the breach when need arises. I had not intended to make this essay didactic, but it has become so on my hands. So let what is written pass.

Now, the above caution registered, we may consider one of the favorable phases of dictionary-using. The potentialities of a comprehensive knowledge of words for abusive use are not sufficiently recognized. To a section-boss, if he but knew it, a vocabulary of Shakespearian calibre would be of almost infinite value. All of that species that I have had the opportunity to hear in action seemed to feel that, to obtain respect and compliance, they must express themselves in the choicest extracts of profanity. And profanity is not learned from any book. All the words, or most of them, may be found in the dictionary, but they must be assembled by the individual indulger in the manner that best satisfies his taste and fits his particular mode of expression.

But think to what advantages large words might be put in ejaculation. And with perfectly proper regard for morals. If a section-boss, for example, in imitation of Daniel O'Connell's method of confounding the flower-woman, called one of his under-men a hypotenuse or a pyrhelimeter, or something equally abstruse and equally effective, what could the poor laborer do but turn, blanching under the sting of the insult, once more to his work? Or if a teamster rained down upon his horses such terms as "You diatessaron you," or "You lithagogue you," what purist could, in fairness, frown and call the S. P. C. A. officer?

The other advantages of dictionary-using are more obvious. Obvious, in fact, beyond the

need of emphasis. It pays to make a colleague of the dictionary. It pays to become so mindful of little things that you feel as if you have lost something when a word is passed uncomprehended. Instead, become acquainted with the word so that when you meet it again you will be able to take its hand and look it in the face with the consciousness that you understand each other perfectly, that word and you. A holy and wholesome thing it is to take a dictionary in one's loving embrace before placing an exploring foot on the threshold of literature. With proper treatment it will serve faithfully and well. Good old dictionary! The food on which Pegasus and the Muse of Letters are fed.

The Pond-Lily Express.

Peter knocked his pipe against the side of the canoe and pushed a cushion higher up on his lazy-back. "And just to think," he sighed, "that this is our very last."

The girl reclining opposite him smiled a faint reply. She was very cozy in the nest of pillows that Peter had heaped around her, and she was amusing herself by running her fingers through the wavelets that slapped against the boat, which rocked to and fro languidly.

Peter had tied the canoe to a big willow that hung out over the lake like a palm; through its branches he could see the first white stars of the early evening.

"I don't suppose you will ever once think of me after this night," said Peter. "I may," returned the girl, demurely.

Another canoe was approaching; Peter could hear a phonograph. It was playing the summer's favorite; Peter loved that song, but now its galloping measures wounded his heart like a dirge.

Why must vacations have an end? he reflected. Why is a man's bliss taken from him just when it becomes really delectable?

"Aren't you going to talk to me?" queried the Lady of the Cushions.

"Oh, of course," said Peter, with a start; and so he did, up to the very minute when the Pond-Lily Express came roaring around the lake,—that relentless Pond-Lily Express which was to bear him back to the bustling law office, and away from the lake, the canoe, and the girl.

L. G. H.

Shulz—Deserter.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

"That was some picture, Hilda!" Eric Schulz' usual apathy had been for once dispelled, and for the moment he was all exultation, ruffled blonde hair, and pale eyes snapping under the white brows. The couple, arm in arm, were shuffling slowly to the open air with the crowd, past the glaring billboards which shrieked the picture of a soldier in action from the famous play, "The Collapse of a Continent." "Maybe you think you enlist," was Hilda's heavy sarcasm. Eric was silent. He hadn't thought much of that. His work in the boiler factory kept him from thinking during the day, save when he glanced across the room at Hilda's flaxen mop of hair, and his evenings were usually dumb periods of bliss alongside Hilda at the "Imperial Dreamland," where the pictures were changed daily. The thought was jerked out of his mind now as the slow wits were called upon suddenly to essay a safe passage for Hilda and himself across the throbbing thoroughfare.

But Hilda was not to be denied. "Don't you think that officer in that car there looks mighty fine?" she queried, with what she thought rather clever innuendo. Eric was unresponsive. They passed a recruiting station, and at the sight of the trim, erect, uniformed figure, something stirred dully in Eric's breast. Perhaps it was the martial spirit of some ancestor, mayhap the faithful fighting retainer of some bold marauding knight of bygone days.

"I know," he said; "I go to enlist to-morrow." Hilda's full, red lips fell dully. "Ach Gott! Are you verecht? What of our little cottage you have been planning?" She fell into the idioms of her childhood in her excitement. "My country—" Eric started (the phrase had been in the 'movie')—"Ach, your country! Vat of your father's country? Vat of your cousins in the German army? Vat of your grandfader, the soldier of Sedan?" Hilda was aroused now. She had stirred up a tempest and vaguely she blamed herself; so she took it out on Eric. But to no avail, the stolid mind was determined, the stubborn will set.

Next day the foreman at the boiler works missed Shulz. "Where's that clumsy loafer that hangs around you?" he asked Hilda. "Ach, the fool, he has gone to enlist," was the

answer. The foreman's eyes swept from the flaxen mop of hair over the full rosy face, the strong capable form of a Juno, and he whistled softly. He saw his opportunity now, since the ever jealous gaze of Schulz was removed. "Say, fraulein, how about the movie with me to-night then?" Hilda saw the chance to revenge herself on Eric. "Sure," she replied. That evening as the movie opened, Schulz in uniform, stood sullenly to one side as the foreman walked in with Hilda, arms familiarly interlocked. A dull rage smoldered within him as he turned away.

Weeks later, at the camp away off in the North, where the unit was guarding a water trade route, Schulz was the butt of the camp. His blonde hair and white eyebrows, his pink cheeks and his name—they called him "Boche," and in other ways made his life miserable. Dumbly sorrowing in the displeasure of his beloved Hilda, an alien among the jolly Southerners who made up the detachment, he was naturally thrown into himself more and more. He began to brood. In the long hours of night duty, he read a much deeper significance into the aloofness of his companions than was really warranted. His mind became warped, his views twisted. In reply to the merry taunts of the others, in desperation he boasted of his German blood. This was perhaps his greatest mistake. He began defending the Germans, and in his slow way offered raw assertions for argument. He separated himself from his companions. He ate in silence, and in his off-hours; lay alone in his tent, brooding.

To be brief, the self-made tension grew, and one day, foolish Schulz deserted. Detachments were sent out hurriedly, but Schulz had disappeared. He secured in some way a suit of civilian clothes,—in which he looked as if he had robbed a scarecrow, and the wild glare in his eyes was not reassuring. Several evenings later, he waited in the shadow of a doorway as the factory workers came out.

Hilda came alone. She had long since seen through the foreman's intentions and having a good store of common sense, had managed to get rid of him. Schulz hurried up and took her by the arm. "Well, Hilda, I'm back and we can get that little cottage now." Hilda dropped her purse in her start. When she had recovered herself somewhat, she faced him: "Eric Schulz, where iss your uniform? Have you deserted?" Eric's dumbness confessed the

fact for him. "Well, Eric Shulz, if you think a Kranz would have anything with a coward—" Rage made her breathless. "And me telling them girls of my soldier fellow. Don't you know they'll shoot you?" The indifferent throng carried them along. They came to the bright front of the "Dreamland." "Let's go in, Hilda." "No," she answered. "Come to the park, we will talk."

Sitting there in the cool darkness, screened by a bush from the nearest arclight, Eric dumbly listened to the flow of words that came chokingly fast from Hilda. "You think I would have a little *kind* to tell how his fader was a coward and ran from the army? You think I am not proud my fader died at Sadowitz? And mine old grandmuder who still prays every abend for her dear dead soldier. You think never in my heart be a great love like that? That every day my little *kind* run to me and ask what you did in the Great War and I have to say "Sh!" and brush a tear away from running in my mouth. Ach Gott!" And she wrung her hands. "Every day you are gone I feel so lost, yet I am proud and a big lump it comes in my neck, and I am all warm inside—and now—now you run away, you spoil all!"

Schulz was feeling strange. Something muttered in his throat, and his hands and feet felt far away. "What are you going to do?" the tear-starred face asked him. Somehow he thought her very dear and beautiful then, the sparkling drops on her face, the heavy locks touched by the silver of the moon. He stirred heavily, uneasily. Explanation would be futile, he realized.

He stood up. She rose too. His face was set and a certain glory lighted it. "I'm going back." That was all; he turned but she caught his arm, and drew his face to hers and kissed him, moistly, firmly. She ran off into the dark. Schulz stood a moment dazed; then he too plodded off, the other way.

A day later the detachment commander's report to the district office contained the following note: "Private E. Schulz; seven days absent without leave, sentenced to six months' docked pay, one month guardhouse."

Brainless Brain Food.

The treeless leaves were on the ground,—
The leafless trees were standing round;
Nearby a dogless bone was found,
And eaten by a boneless hound.

T. B.

Varsity Verse.

SORIN'S GRAVE.

In row on row the dead lie there,
A cross their only monument;
Delivered now from earthly care,
They taste the fruit of lives well-spent.

On one white cross is writ the name
Of him who set the wilderness
With learning's jewel, Notre Dame,
Whose splendor all mankind confess.

His grave no sign of honor bears,
To mark a hero's resting-place;
No lauding epitaph declares
The glory of his deeds of grace.

W. H. R.

**

'T WAS EVER THUS!

Two sisters lived in Missouri,
The home of the army horse;
They both wished to make life successful,—
Their methods were different, of course.
Now Jane was the brains of the duo,
Her rule for success was work
Which she found in a shirt-waist fac'try,
Where darkness and microbes lurk.

Jane's sister got started as Mary;
She changed to Marie, then to Mae;
In intellect she was deficient,
She longed for a life high and gay.
At the desk of a quick lunch counter
Mae batted a thousand or so;
A deluded homo said "Wilt thou?"
And she promptly answered, "Let's go."

She was married and went housekeeping
With pink rugs, quartered oak, and a maid;
It cost her a lot, but she did it,
Broke in the 400,—and stayed.
In the height of Mae's good fortune,
She remembered her sister, Jane.
She summoned her one fine morning,
And sang to her this refrain:—

CHORUS.

Oh, sister dear, you've labored hard,
And success your efforts have crowned.
So as a token of my regard
A place for you I've found.
Reward comes to those who persevere,
And you've always had my best wishes;
So in our exclusive atmosphere,
We'll allow you to wash the dishes.

T. J. T.

JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When first I fell for you
You didn't drink or swear, John,
You didn't smoke or chew.
But now you do them all, John,
'Tis pity 'tis, 'tis true,
And I have heard it said, John,
You do your neighbors, too.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We used to sit thegither
Upon my mother's porch, John,
And spoon wi' aneanither:
But now you're off at night, John,
I don't know where you go,
You say you're at your lodge,—ah,
John Anderson, my jo!

J. O'T.

**

LIMERICKS.

He came in, all dolled up, for per;
He was going down town to see HER,
But the rector said, "Nix,
It is five weeks or six
Since you came down to morning prayer, b-r-r."

C. H. K.

He was dressed in his choicest apparel,
And went in with his chest like a barrel,
But he bowed his young head
When the king to him read:
"Jones, Math. II., No duties, Prof. Farrell."

C. H. K.

**

MOTHERS' DAY.

Yesterday was Mothers' Day, our nation's chief
decreed;
'Twas set apart to stir the heart of him who failed
to heed
The passing years, the bitter tears, that touched
his mother's soul;
The woeful sights—the watchful nights she prayed
would keep him whole.
If tongue or pen of gifted men could picture what she
lives,
Our duty all, our efforts small, would fail of what
she gives.
For every day is Mothers' Day and adds more to our
debt,
Which, try we may, we can never pay—alas! that
we forget!

T. B.

Some of Our Winter Birds.

BY BROTHER ALPHONSUS, C. S. C.

Reprinted from the "American Midland Naturalist."

SNOWFLAKE.

Plectrophenax nivalis.

The records obtained in eight winters for the snowflake are interesting. For three winters the species was not found. In 1913-14 there were ten records, more than in all the other winters put together. From these figures we may see that the Snowflake is very irregular and unusually very rare. Just why this should be I am at a loss to know, for Notre Dame lies within a snow-belt about forty miles wide. One would expect a snow-loving species to be more regular in its appearance in such a place

CROW.

Corvus brachyrhynchos.

The Crow, like the Blue Jay, does not seem to be notably affected by the weather in winter. If anything the Crow is less influenced by the storms of winter. For eight seasons there was comparative regularity in the Crow's daily appearance, only occasionally one month fell considerably behind the records of the other winter months.

The Crow seems to be as gregarious in winter as at any other time of the year. The necessity of finding food brings them near farm houses, where they feed in the fields or gardens. They seem to be less fearless in winter and may be approached while feeding without being easily frightened.

The Crows choose certain woods as rookeries, where they may often be seen flying above the trees. Their distant cawing on winter days is one of the pleasing sounds in nature at that season of the year. As spring approaches, the Crows are seldom seen, for then they begin to build their nests in tall forest trees.

BLUE JAY.

Cyanocitta cristata.

The observations of this species covering eight winters show that the Jay is somewhat irregular in its distribution. The bird may appear infrequently in one or more of the winter months, and sometimes will absent itself for a week or longer. These periods of absence

occur both in mild and severe weather, and from this fact I conclude that the Jay is not notably influenced by weather conditions. It would be interesting to determine the cause of the longer periods of absence. I can not account for the Jay's non-appearance for a number of consecutive days, except it be due to that inherent element in all things—change.

The habits of the Jay in winter are, like most other species, peculiar to the season. The life of birds in winter seems to be more individual, and there is less demonstration of their instincts. This is shown by the comparative quietness of the Jay during the winter months—its bell-like note is seldom heard, nor is there the uproarious calling of autumn-tide.

Usually the Jay does not fly high, nor does it go far; frequently taking short flights from tree to tree, and displaying its beautiful blue coat. In the bare branches, in winter, the Jay is a strikingly handsome bird. Another peculiarity of its flight is its ascending by jump-like efforts to the top of a tree.

WHITE-BREASTED NUTHATCH.

Sitta carolinensis.

The White-breasted Nuthatch is one of the most regular winter species. February is the month in which this Nuthatch is least abundant, sometimes there is an absence long enough to be regarded as a period of migration. In 1915 the bird was not seen for fifteen days in February. In what respects is this month so different from the other winter months as to cause this Nuthatch to migrate? Not the severity of the weather, or the scarcity of food, or the approach of spring, I think, can be alleged as the reason for the migrating of the White-breasted Nuthatch. I have stated elsewhere that I believe this bird is a wanderer, and to this fact I would ascribe its migratory habit in winter and early spring.

Like other winter species the White-breasted Nuthatch is more reticent, and utters its notes with less variety and loudness in winter than in the other season of the year, especially in spring. Long observation of this species will make a student acquainted with a large number of utterances, some rarely heard.

RED-HEADED WOODPECKER.

Melanerpes erythrocephalus.

This woodpecker is not a regular winter species, and was found by the writer for two seasons—1913-1914 and 1914-1915—in twelve

years of observation. Manuals of ornithology state that the abundance of food suitable for this species will cause it to stay during the winter. But if that be true, why was this food not found but twice in twelve winters, although these were both consecutive seasons? I can not believe that such was the case, and therefore I do not think that the problem of the bird's presence can be solved by the food question. Of course the species was not present in large numbers, never more than a few individuals were seen; and this fact might point to a solution of the problem. Individuals of other species, such as the Meadowlark, Robin, Bronzed Grackle, may be seen by careful observers in winter; and if this is so, why would not the presence of the Red-headed Woodpecker for two winters be due to the same peculiar causes as led these other species to stay in small numbers?

SNOWBIRD.

Junco hyemalis.

A comparison of two sets of years, each containing four years, shows much irregularity for the Snowbird. During the first period the total number of records was 60, and for the four last years there were 137 records. Here is something rather hard to explain. Why should there be such a notable difference in the number of records of a common species in the two sets of years? It cannot be that the four first seasons were more severe and the snow more deep. I am inclined to believe that a number of winter species go farther south than our latitude, perhaps very few individuals remaining with us during the severest part of the winter. And when any species is present only in small numbers, it may not be found over a large area. These facts may account for the scarcity of the snowbird during parts of some winters. However, there may be other causes, more or less inexplicable, but none the less certain, that, if known, would account for the irregularity and scarcity of this and other winter species.

DOWNY WOODPECKER.

Dryobates pubescens medianus.

Some interesting figures were obtained for this species in eight winters. The four first show as the total number of records—47, with an average each winter of about 11 records; the four last have a total of 99 records, and an average yearly record of about 24. I could not begin to account for such a great disparity in

distribution as is disclosed by these figures. Were the weather conditions so different in both sets of years as to cause this notable difference? As already stated in regard to other species, I think not. Neither was it a food question. What then are the possible determining factors in the distribution of the Downy Woodpecker? Well, I have observed that at other seasons of the year this species may often be long absent—why, I cannot say. But this is a fact, and such a thing may occur in winter as well as in spring, let us say. My opinion, then, is that migration is one of the principal factors in the small distribution of this species at certain seasons of the year, winter among them.

TREE SPARROW.

Spizella monticola.

The study of this, the commonest of our winter sparrows, has been very interesting to me. In four winters I made but 28 records for the species; in four other winters I made 87 records. These observations suggest a number of interesting questions. First, what was the probable cause of the great difference in distribution between the two sets of years? I think the Tree Sparrow can never be found in abundance during winter, but is always present in a few small flocks. Second, I am disposed to believe that the species shuns places where snow is deep, and will therefore be absent from such localities for long periods of time. I admit, however, that such reasons as these do not fully account for the disparity noted above. To my mind the movements of birds in winter are more or less involved in mystery. How true it is that science may observe and name, but many things it can never explain. But this mysterious element is a lure always beckoning the student to make more ardent efforts to grasp the coveted knowledge.

Birds' Nests in Winter.

Homes of birds now flown to milder clime,
You speak to me of song and feathered throng
Whose melodies in memory's ear is rhyme
Of soft sweet sounds that ring out clear and long.
In fancy's eye those lovely forms are seen—
Winter renews the summer's radiant hues
Shining in the sunlight from the leafy green,
And fills the air with every song we choose.

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—With the close of school this year, Notre Dame is to lose the best director of athletics she has ever had. Coach Harper has announced

The Loss of a Great Coach.

his intention of
quitting the grid-
iron and the dia-

mond in order to take up the management of a large cattle ranch out West. While all at the University wish him well, they cannot but feel that they are losing the services of a master. When Coach Harper came here in the fall of 1913, he was little known in athletic circles. The schedules he arranged and the teams he developed at Notre Dame promptly astonished the inter-collegiate world. Nor was his brilliant beginning any mere flash in the pan; each year he has turned out star teams, however unpromising the material with which he had to begin. His remarkable feat in developing out of new men the victorious football team of last season is a fitting climax to his consistent success. In the years of his work here he has, of course, made a few mistakes and has incurred some passing criticism now and then, as all men who do things must, but the errors have been altogether incidental and negligible.

Coach Harper's ability to develop winning teams, however, is not his only or his highest recommendation. His gentlemanly qualities, his true sportsmanship, and—what is so rare in coaches—his appreciation of the proper position of athletics in the life of the college man, have endeared him unforgettably to everyone at the University. His career here has been

epoch-making in many ways, and he will be long remembered, not only as an exceptional director of athletics but for the man that he is as well. That his old success may attend him in his new enterprise and in all that he undertakes, is the hope of his friends at Notre Dame.

—Many who had criticised the Knights of Columbus as a social organization that was doing no useful work have greatly changed their

opinion since
they have seen

K. of C. Work in the Camps. the great good

which is being accomplished by the society in the military camps. When our entrance into the war necessitated the founding of large training stations throughout the country, the Knights of Columbus were among the first to come forward and help our soldiers. Millions of dollars have been raised by the organization to carry out the plans of their work. Their task has become far more extensive than was at first anticipated, and yet it is being done with a tact and efficiency that is eliciting high praise from all sides. Centers of recreation have been built in all the camps, where the men may find relaxation and amusement, and many of the members of the order following the theatrical profession are giving their services gratis for the entertainment of the soldiers. Thus the men need not leave the camp to seek amusement, and they are therefore protected against the temptations that they would invariably meet with in the cities near which the camps are located. The society is taking care to look after, not only the temporal welfare of the soldier, but, what is more important, after his spiritual welfare also. From the ranks of the order numerous priests have gone to minister to the spiritual wants of the men in training. Accommodations have been made providing for the celebration of Mass at several places in each camp on all Sundays and holydays, so that no Catholic soldier needs neglect at all his religious duties. Surely the Knights of Columbus are doing their "bit," and great praise and credit is due them for the work they are achieving. Every Catholic should co-operate with them in every possible way, so that they may be able to continue and extend their good work.

—A very lamentable feature in our American business at present is the greed and disloyalty

of the small dealer. Circumstances have combined in such a way as to

Other Shylocks. make him the absolute dictator of his own prices. He is beyond the scope of law, and his position is almost impregnable. The Government in the very beginning of the war saw the necessity of special legislation to control the larger producing corporations, such as the packing houses, and enacted that legislation at once. The profiteering of the commercial giant was thus reduced to nil. But in his place has arisen the commercial pygmy whose weapons, though not so large, are wielded more directly and more sharply upon those most easily wounded. He is the small dealer, whose greed for profits vegetates and fattens on the lean limbs of starving children. Prompted by a ruthless avarice, he has become to American life a veritable parasite, whose presence is repulsive to every good, honest citizen. While American sons are sacrificing themselves for the cause of the nation their mothers and sisters at home become the victims of fraud and deception at the hands of unscrupulous dealers, who have of course the brazen effrontery to call themselves Americans. The inflation of prices on the necessities of life is a practice not only unpatriotic but well nigh treasonable. Recent investigations have revealed that this custom is very common among our smaller storekeepers. These predaceous merchants are on a par with the worst type of internal enemies, and when detected they should be treated with no less severity. Enemies of the Government, robbers of hungry children, profiteers of patriotism, they should be by legislation, prosecution and punishment, promptly and unceremoniously eliminated.

Book Review.

DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS. By Edward J. Maurus, Professor of Mathematics in Notre Dame University. Ginn and Co., Boston. 51 pages. Price, 75 cents.

In his little book "Differential Equations," Prof. Maurus has condensed this subject in a very masterly way. The treatise is well calculated to serve as a text for engineering students, who will find it very easy to comprehend the definitions and the well-ordered divisions of the different parts. A good collection of new examples adds much to its value. A work of such practical importance deserves the recognition of all those interested in this subject.—J. E. V.

Jesse C. Harper.

Jesse C. Harper, maker of Notre Dame athletic history and recognized as one of the great coaches, severs his connection with the University next June. Leaving of his own volition and amid deep general regret, Coach Harper will devote his entire time to "coaching" steers on the large cattle ranch in western Kansas, in which he has purchased a half-interest.

From a chaotic state of athletics, Harper uplifted the Gold and Blue to a plane of equality with the best schools in the East and the West. Business ability, strategic football wizardry, exceptional knowledge of the minor sports—these, coupled with dogged persistency, have accomplished a record in Notre Dame sport annals. Harper began his career at Morgan Park Preparatory Academy and matriculated at the University of Chicago in 1902. Under the veteran, Alonzo A. Stagg, he eagerly absorbed the rudiments of the various minor sports. Lack of weight kept him from general recognition, but his characteristic plugging won for him a place as end on the Chicago Varsity in his senior year. Harper played four successive seasons on the baseball team and in this department the future mentor starred consistently.

In 1906 he took charge of athletics at Alma College, in Michigan, and in two years had turned out a championship team and won the State Championship for Alma. Harper then accepted an offer from Wabash College and soon had his team winning state titles in baseball and basketball. In 1912 Notre Dame sought his services and the then comparatively obscure mentor accepted. In this same year he monopolized the headlines with great victories over the Army, Penn State, and Texas,—producing a forward-pass combination in Rockne and Dorais which will long be remembered. 1914 saw a reversal in material and Yale and the Army were the victors. But Harper and his men came back strong in 1915 and crashed through every defence, losing to one team, Nebraska, on a fluke. In 1916 Notre Dame buried Nebraska but lost to the Army.

Harper looked forward to his formidable 1917 schedule, convinced that his combination would be impregnable. The opening of the season saw the bulk of Harper's stars donning the khaki, and a mere half dozen veterans headed by Capt. Phelan, who held draft papers, faced the tackling dummy. Despite these reverses the

famous Harper "brace" was always in evidence, and Notre Dame battled the heavy Wisconsin eleven to a tie, but two weeks later bowed to the terrific attack of the Cornhuskers. Harper schemed, devised and put his warriors through long sieges of work before taking his apparently defeated team on its Eastern invasion. But Oliphant *et al* did not put over the conceded slaughter, and the "pony backfield" of the Blue and Gold, headed by the diminutive Brandy, startled the football world by their decided victory over West Point. Later, to prove that the victory was not a fluke, Notre Dame again upheld the honor of the West by defeating the team that held Pitt scoreless. And all this can be attributed largely to the work of Coach Harper—the wonder man of the West.

Harper has demonstrated his ability. He has won by sheer merit a position in the foremost ranks of the country's great mentors. Possessed of a commanding personality, sterling integrity and unwavering directorship, he is respected and honored by all at Notre Dame. An examination of his schedules bears testimony to the high esteem with which he is recognized in both the East and West. He has produced great teams, and in doing so has won our admiration by the absolute intergrity of his methods.

Maryknoll Ordinations.

On December 5th, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America called to sacred orders several of its aspirant members. At the hands of Bishop Cusack of Albany, three of the students, Francis Xavier Ford, Alphonse Stephen Vogel and William Francis O'Shea, received Holy Priesthood; Robert J. Cairns, Deaconship; Anthony P. Hodgins, Subdeaconship; and two others received Minor Orders.

To those who have at heart the conversion of the pagans, it is reassuring to note that America's preparations to place a mighty army for democracy in Europe have not compelled the abandonment of her noble purpose to send soldiers of Christ to the heathen nations of Asia and Africa.

While helping to make the world safe for democracy, we can and should at the same time continue our efforts to make it safe for Christianity. To bring the message of the Prince of Peace to the heathen is Maryknoll's mission, and we wish her Godspeed!

Local News.

—The members of Corby Hall offered up a general communion Thursday, Feb. 7, in memory of Tom Spalding. Tom is being remembered spiritually by prayers and communions in all the halls.

—The Freshmen journalists enjoyed a banquet at the Farmers' Trust Inn, Thursday evening, January 31. The party topped the evening's celebration by occupying seats at the Oliver Theatre.

—Last Saturday afternoon the Banjo-Mandolin Club furnished entertainment at a dinner given by the Indiana Club of South Bend in honor of a Canadian Lieutenant recently returned from the Front.

—The Kub Klub, the freshman journalist organization, held its regular meeting Friday evening of last week. Talks were delivered by various members of the organization on points of interest in the newspaper world and several plans were proposed for future social events.

—John Leimner, president of the Senior Class and student in the Philosophy department, will represent Notre Dame at the annual oratorical contest which will be held in Indianapolis on February 22. His winning of the Breen Oratorical Contest entitles him to that honor.

—Rev. James French, C. S. C., and Rev. Wesley Donahue, C. S. C., of the Holy Cross Mission Band, will conduct the mission to be held at St. Patrick's Church, February 17 to March 3, inclusive. Separate services will be conducted for the men and women of the parish during the evenings of the mission, the children's service taking place in the afternoons.

—Badin Hall, Notre Dame's newest residence quarters, was the recent recipient of a piano, the gift of Dr. Mullany of South Bend. As "Music hath charms, etc.," the piano should prove a source of solace to the Freshmen among whom are not a few exponents of the Irving Berlin school. The Badin Hallers wish to extend their thanks to Dr. Mullany through the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Washington Hall Club, under the able leadership of Professors James Sullivan and Daniel Carr, has completed arrangements for a luncheon and smoker to be held at the hall Wednesday evening. The program committee, headed by Carl Eigelsbach, promises

something unique in the way of entertainment.

—Brownson Hall, with the Vohs, Martin, Hoar combination featuring, defeated Walsh, Sunday in a fast game, 25 to 18. Kirk and Devine assumed the bulk of Walsh's responsibility, ringing baskets from difficult angles, while Brother Casimir's men displayed a well-drilled style of team work. The future should bring out classy mid-season competition for the Interhall Basketball trophy.

—Mr. George B. Hewetson delivered an interesting illustrated lecture on Russia in Washington Hall, Saturday evening. He traced the history of Russia from its very beginning to the present time, showing the circumstances which led to the recent revolt of the people under the leadership of Lenine and Trotsky. An added feature was the portrayal of Siberian prison scenes, famous in the dark story of Russian Czardom.

—The following men survived the first debating preliminaries which were held last week. J. Lemmer, A. Sheridan, J. Abbott, T. Duffy, L. Stephan, J. Meyers, E. Sweeney, B. Carney, T. Beacom, P. Conaghan, A. Cusick, T. Hurley, T. Wyss, C. Palmer, G. Harbert, T. Healey, W. Kelley, J. Buckley, J. Hogan, E. Hunter, R. Switalski, A. Slaggert, V. Nagel, F. Boland. The dates of the second preliminaries will be announced later.

—Last week the SCHOLASTIC published a report of the Prep-Plymouth basketball game. Not being at the game, we were compelled to rely upon a member of the Prep association for the score, which we reported as 35-22 in favor of Plymouth. We have been informed since that our Prep team was literally snowed under and that Plymouth score should have been placed in the fifties and the Prep score somewhere below six. We would like to assure our Prep friend who gave the misleading report that we are heartily ashamed of the lack of sportsmanship which prompted the deception. Another repetition of the same kind will be dealt with in these columns in a way befitting the fault. We trust that the guilty party and any others who contributed to the spreading of the same false report will appreciate our leniency in not mentioning names and amend their methods in the future.

—At a meeting held Thursday noon the financial committee of the Sophomore class, headed by Chairman Tobin, filed a report of

the net proceeds realized at the Sophomore Cotillion, which proceeds are to be turned over to the Notre Dame ambulance fund. As a result, the class is enabled to contribute over eighty dollars, an amount considerably exceeding the contribution of any other class or organization. The Sophomores are deserving of high praise for their splendid patriotic motive in so substantially aiding the N. D. Ambulance Fund.

—Tuesday evening, the University was favored by a performance of a modernized version of Edward Everett Hale's American Classic, "The Man Without a Country," featuring Miss Florence LaBadie. The production is a masterpiece of double photography and draws a vivid comparison of the treasonable attitude taken by present-day pacifists as interpreted by the conduct of the principal character of Hale's book. The play is of an intense patriotic interest and leaves an impression of the sense of duty upon the witness. Undoubtedly "The Man Without a Country" is the finest, clearcut, war story witnessed here recently.

—Plans for the Senior Ball, the most exclusive event of the Notre Dame social calendar, are well under way. The formal dinner dance will be given in the Tapestry room of the Oliver Hotel on Wednesday evening of Easter week, thus allowing members of the Alumni Association and friends of the Seniors to more conveniently attend. The committees in charge are planning a unique entertainment to add to the pleasure of the event. The senior four-year men are represented on the general arrangement committee by the following: Charles Williams, Leonard Meyer and James P. Logan. The representatives of the Senior law class are David Philbin, Raymond Murray and Thomas Kelly.

—A victory and a defeat on the part of the two Carroll Hall teams during the week illustrated with emphasis the important part floor conditions play in the final outcome of a game. The Carroll First Team lost to the Junior H. N. S. team of St. Patrick's parish Monday night on the South Bend floor by about the same score with which they defeated the St. Patrick crowd on the floor of the big gym a short time ago. On the other hand the "Teenie Weenies" defeated their opponents from the same parish in the big gym Sunday by practically the same score by which they

were defeated a short time ago on the more restricted St. Patrick's floor. The opposing teams are evidently very evenly matched when floor conditions play such a large part in deciding their games.

—The Senior lawyers were hosts at an enjoyable smoker and entertainment tendered to the law school at Walsh Hall Monday evening. In the absence of President McGlynn, who has joined the colors, Secretary McGrain presided. During the course of the evening a symposium of talks on Lincoln were creditably delivered by the following members of the Senior Class: "The Boyhood of Lincoln," David Philbin; "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," C. Giblin; "Lincoln as a Humorist," Tom Kelly; "Lincoln as a Humanitarian," W. Kelly; "Lincoln as a Statesman," Richard Dunn; and "Lincoln, the Lawyer," Joseph Riley. Harry Godes and Leo Ward pleased with several syncopated numbers. Frank Holslag, formerly with several of the warring armies in the capacity of a war correspondent, delivered the feature talk of the evening. Mr. Holslag told of the conditions in the European countries and cited vividly specific instances of action to which he was a witness.

—Sorin social activities were ended Tuesday evening in anticipation of the Lenten season with a Mardi Gras festival which fairly outshone the New Orleans celebration. Bodie Andrews and Bernie Heffernan gave an exhibition of modern aesthetic dancing with emphasis on the aesthetic rather than on the dancing. Mr. Heffernan also attempted to treat the auditors with a bit of elocution but they refused to be treated and as a result the official "bouncers" did a neat little job. "Dud" Pearson repeated his circus barking number, bringing up visions of sawdust and pink lemonade. "Pete" Ronchetti charmed the crowd with accordion renditions delivering the selections with his usual *finesse*. Col. Hoynes insisted that the Queensbury rules be rigidly followed in the several boxing matches which ensued while the artists of the evening were getting rid of their theatrical accoutrements. Sandwiches and ice cream followed and the Lenten lid was then formally clamped for the stipulated period.

—The following letter from Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, will be of interest to some of our students. In addition to the patriotic services of a contri-

bution such as suggested in the letter there is also added interest that will come of possessing a real war relic after the termination of the present conflict:

January 21, 1918.

Dear Sir:

The Navy is still in urgent need of binoculars, spy glasses and telescopes. The use of the submarine has so changed naval warfare that more "eyes" are needed on every ship, in order that a constant and efficient lookout may be maintained. Sextants and chronometers are also urgently needed.

Heretofore, the United States has been obliged to rely almost entirely upon foreign countries for its supply of such articles. These channels of supply are now closed, and as no stock is on hand in this country to meet the present emergency, it has become necessary to appeal to the patriotism of private owners to furnish "Eyes for the Navy."

Several weeks ago, an appeal was made through the daily press, resulting in the receipt of over 3,000 glasses of various kinds, the great majority of which has proven satisfactory for naval use. *This number, however, is wholly insufficient, and the Navy needs many thousands more.*

May I, therefore, ask your co-operation with the Navy, to impress upon your subscribers, either editorially, pictorially or in display, by announcing, in addition to the above general statement, the following salient features in connection with the Navy's call:

All articles should be securely tagged giving the name and address of the donor, and forwarded by mail or express to the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, care of Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C., so that they may be acknowledged by him.

Articles not suitable for naval use will be returned to the sender. Those accepted will be keyed, so that the name and address of the donor will be permanently recorded at the Navy Department, and every effort will be made to return them, with added historic interest, at the termination of the war. It is, of course, impossible to guarantee them against damage or loss.

As the Government cannot, under the law, accept services or material without making some payment therefor, one dollar will be paid for each article accepted, which sum will constitute the rental price, or, in the event of loss, the purchase price, of such article.

—At the request of John A. McIlhenny, president of the United States Civil Service Commission, we print the following as being of possible interest to our readers:

Washington, D. C., Jan., 1918—The United States Government is in need of several hundred expert cost accountants to fill vacancies in the accounts section of the finance department of the equipment division of the signal Corps, War Department, and in other branches, for duty in Washington, D. C., or in the field, according to an announcement just issued by the United States Civil Service Commission. The salaries

offered range from \$2400 to \$6000 a year. Men only are desired.

The duties of appointees to the Signal Corps will consist of the determination of production costs to airplanes and airplane motors, either as supervisors in charge at one or more of the several plants, or as assistants, or appointees may be assigned to duty in Washington, D. C.

Applicants will not be assembled for a written examination, but will be rated upon the subjects of education and experience, as shown by their applications and corroborative evidence.

The Commission states that on account of the urgent needs of the service applications for these positions will be received until further notice and that papers will be rated promptly and certifications made as the needs of the service require.

Complete information and application blanks may be obtained by communicating with the secretary of the local board of civil service examiners at the post office in any of the larger cities or with the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Personals.

—The thanks of the University are due Mr. Charles Casgrain of Detroit, Mich., for the gift of a beautiful plaster cast medallion of Dr. Orestes A. Brownson. The medallion, which is of heroic size, is a beautiful work of art, as well as a faithful portrait.

—Lieut. "Cy" Casper, former Notre Dame star half-miller and member of the championship two mile-relay team, is anchor man on the speedy Camp Dodge relay team. "Cy," besides thrilling the Dodgeites with his sensational finishes on the cinder path, is also a member of the Fort's quintet of basketeers.

—Among the numerous letters received by Father Canavaugh, from his "old boys" now serving in the army is one from George A. Lynch. Lynch says: "My army career is progressing, I am happy to say. In fact, I have been recommended for promotion, and expect to be a Major before sailing for France. There is no doubt that my training as a "skiver" at Notre Dame will be of great benefit to me in scouting and reconnaissance work. If I can display as much strategy on the battlefields of Europe as I did in evading the pitfalls and ambushes of the Prefects at Notre Dame, I believe I will prove an American Von Moltke." George graduated in Law '13. He was one of the best actors ever on a Notre Dame stage and something of a playwright. His present address is: Company H, 310th Infantry, Camp Dix, New Jersey.

Letters from Camp.

CAMP DEWEY, GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS,
Jan. 17, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Rev. Dear Father:

I just received a copy of THE SCHOLASTIC, and it felt like thirty minutes at N. D. while I was reading it over.

The mailing room of THE SCHOLASTIC has my address wrong, however. I am in Co. L, 3rd Reg., Camp Dewey, at present, and have been here since Thanksgiving Day. We have been quarantined with measles since New Year's Day. All we do is lie around in the barracks eating and sleeping. I have made application to get into the Naval Flying Corps, but do not know how I shall come out with it, as the Flying Corps is composed of men in the Reserves, and I am in the Regular Navy. If I fail to get in on my own efforts, I might ask you to help me.

We have had practically no training, as we have been shut up for over two weeks and before that I was home on a furlough.

I met a Notre Dame man here about a week ago, a Mr. Roy Phillips, who said he used to drive for you. He is in the Ground School Section of the Aviation Department.

I saw in the papers that Bachman and Ward Miller also are up here in detention camp at present.

If I do not get into the Flying Corps, I expect to go to sea at once, that is, as soon as we get out of quarantine. They will no doubt send us to the West Coast, as I believe the ships and navy yards on the East Coast are full to capacity.

I don't care much where they do send me, although I believe I would rather go to the West Coast. There is considerable romance about this life, speculating as to where you will be sent. I shall send you a picture of myself, as I see they are wanted for the Dome.

Very sincerely,

Ira W. Hurley.

CAMP SHERMAN, Chillicothe, Ohio.
322 Machine Gun Battalion,
Dec. 2, 1917.

Rev. Father Moloney,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Father:—

Undoubtedly you will be surprised upon hearing from me. I am now located at Camp Sherman, Ohio, and commissioned a lieutenant in the machine gun battalion, after attending three months at Fort Benjamin Harrison last summer. I have met several old Notre Dame boys here, and always am glad of the opportunity of talking Notre Dame to them; as you are probably aware,—once an N. D. man, always an N. D. man.

We have three K. of C. recreation buildings for the convenience of the men. The last two buildings were completed just a few weeks ago. Previous to that, they had Masses in both the K. of C. main building and the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. The auditorium seats three thousand. It would do you good,

Father, to see the boys go to Holy Communion. I remember one Mass in particular about three weeks back. The hall was packed, and I don't believe there were ten in church that didn't receive Holy Communion. They claim about forty per cent of the boys here are Catholics. The General issued orders to company commanders to allow the Catholic boys to attend Mass on holydays.

The Thanksgiving Mass was attended by Archbishop Mocler, General Glenn and his staff. There are many Catholic officers here.

I presume you have heard by this time of Bud Oshe's having been lected municipal judge down in Zanesville? Now he is talking of being married. Strange how an election will affect a man.

... With kindest regards to you, and wishing you good health, I am,

Your old secretary,

Lieut. W. J. Hemmer,

CAMP DECATUR, GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS,
Co. 19, Barracks 847 N.

Mr. Mark McCaffery,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Mac:

"Join the navy and learn a trade." I am now a member in good standing of the organization stationed at Camp Decatur. I have one more week of detention to serve and then will be transferred to the Petty Officers' School. I enlisted as a machinist's mate (aviation), but have been transferred "for the good of the service," which, translated, means to play football and stay here for track work.

There are twenty-four men in our barracks and I'm the Barrack's Chief. There is "Jimmy" Wolff, brother of Louis, Ed Ryan of Sorin, "Point" Downing, "Dutch" Wrape, "Ike" Lower, and a host of other N. D. men.

We received our uniforms Monday and haven't had an idle minute since. Yesterday morning they struck upon the navy slogan, "Join the navy and learn a trade," and so they put us to shoveling snow. We were at it all day and far into the evening, and nobody took time out, except for the important business of eating. We have three feet here and the white stuff is still filtering down.

Well, Mac, old boy, it's time to put on the proverbial "feed bag," so I'll have to close.

"Bach" (Charles Bachman, '17).

O. T. C., 29th Division, Anniston, Ala.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

... I reported at camp about three weeks ago, and the first chance I had to write was last Sunday. I'm just made for this camp. I'm not setting it on fire, but I walk as vertical as any of 'em, and use my head as well. I'm in the artillery arm and like it fine. I wasn't in camp two days when I saw that with all their experience in the National Guard it wouldn't take me long to catch up with most of the men here. I think I'm as good a soldier as any in the outfit. There's one thing we have learned, and that is to shine shoes. Believe me you can see your face when I get through with the "ole" brush. We took our third examination to-day. I have done very well in the first

two, and while we won't hear from our third for a week, I feel that I hit it right on the nose.

I say my Rosary every night at Taps. I pray for my friends and people, and included in my intention is my wish that I may succeed, and do nothing but what will reflect credit on Notre Dame—Notre Dame, founded by Father Sorin and endowed by the Mother of God. The three best years of my life have passed, Father. A fellow couldn't help but pray when he thinks of the school on the St. Joe.

Lieut. Byrne and Bush are fine. I wish you could see me when I meet them. "Yes, Sir."—"No, sir."

Very sincerely,

"Rupe" Mills.

CAMP MACARTHUR, Waco, Texas,

December 26, 1917.

My dear Father Moloney:—

Your communication of the 12th at hand. I should have answered sooner, Father, but I have been very busy. I am glad to have the opportunity of helping you in your endeavor to get a list of the Notre Dame men in the service. I am a Jesuit product from Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., where the same thing has been done. And I am taking the liberty of sending you under separate cover a copy of our Christmas *Purple*. On page 184 you will find our list.

While I have the chance I wish to say a word of praise for two of your boys, Shorty Durrell of San Antonio, and Vincent Vaughan of Lafayette, Indiana. Durrell is secretary and Vaughan assistant secretary at the K. of C. Bldg. here. They are both good, capable men and are doing splendid work here. . . Vaughan fills the bill perfectly in every respect and was very highly complimented by the visitor from K. of C. Headquarters. He is not only a very capable secretary but is a fine Catholic boy in every respect, serves my Masses and receives Holy Communion every Sunday. He is a credit to Notre Dame, and if God spares him he will be heard from some day. I hope you will remember him in your prayers.

Now for the list. We have here in Camp, as far as I have been able to find out, two N. D. men. Here they are: 1st. Lieut. John Martin, Co. E, 127th Infantry, and Private Archie Duncan, Battery E, 121st Field Artillery.

With sincere wishes for a Happy New Year and hoping I can be of further assistance to you, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Wm. Davitt.

Athletic Notes.

M. A. C. GAME.

Peeved at their poor showing on the M. A. C. court the week before, Coach Harper's basketballers threw their efforts into "high" and nosed out the Aggies in the Notre Dame gymnasium on Thursday night, February 7th. It took all the determination and speed the Gold and Blue could muster, however, to beat the Lansingites. One basket was the margin of victory, 25 to 23 being the score.

Playing center for M. A. C. was an elongated artist named Higbee who all but offset the heroic efforts of the sons of Notre Dame. It makes no difference whether it was luck or skill that enabled him to drop seven sensational goals through the Notre Dame basket in the course of the game. Just one more such feat would have counteracted the strenuous offense of the local tossers. It was unfortunate for M. A. C. that Higbee got into bodily contact with Hayes, the Notre Dame guard, as the game neared its end, for Referee Cook ejected both from the game.

Bahan was the bright star for Notre Dame. His five baskets were appreciated by his fellow-players and spectators alike. Stine never played a better game at guard. Captain Ronchetti kept the whole M. A. C. team worried by his rushing tactics, and his eye for baskets from the foul line would pass an optical test. Bader, though basketless, played a strong passing game, and "fed" the ball to Bahan with fine discrimination. Murray did well at forward for M. A. C. The score:

NOTRE DAME (25)		M. A. C. (23)	
Bahan.....	L F.....	Brigham	
Bader.....	R F.....	Murray	
Ronchetti.....	C.....	Higbee	
Hayes.....	L G.....	Garratt	
Stine.....	R G.....	Kurtz	

Substitutions: For Notre Dame: Smith for Hayes. M. A. C.; Snyder for Brigham; Archer for Higbee. Goals: For Notre Dame: Bahan, 5; Ronchetti, 2; Hayes, 2; Stine, 1. For M. A. C.: Murray, 2; Higbee, 7; Kurtz, 1. Fouls: Ronchetti, 5 out of 8; Murray, 3 out of 7. Time of halves: 20 minutes. Referee: Cook, Indiana. Timer: Rockne.

REDS vs. BLUES.

Try as they would the Blues could not offset the sterling performances of Earl Gilfillan of the Reds, whose 30 points won for his side the Red and Blue meet of February 8th. The final score of 49 to 48 is a great tribute to the selective powers of Coach Rockne, who divided his squad about as equally as a human could. Aside from the superhuman work of Gilfillan the meet was devoid of anything out of the ordinary. Captain Mulligan and McGinnis demonstrated they are ready for all comers in the forty yard dash. Vohs sprung a surprise by winning the pole vault; Murphy showed promise as a two-miler; Call stepped the fastest half mile of his career; Miller, Meredith and Barry staged a merry fight in the quarter mile. The summary:

40-yard dash—Mulligan, Blue, first; McGinnis,

Blue, second; Gilfillan, Red, third. Time, 4 3-5 sec.

220-yard dash—Gilfillan, Red, first; Mulligan, Blue, second; Miller, Red, third. Time, 25 sec.

440-yard dash—Miller, Blue, first; Meredith, Red, second; Barry, Blue, third. Time, 55 3-5 sec.

880-yard dash—Call, Blue, first; McDonough, Red, second. Time, 2 min. 6 1-5 sec.

2 mile run—Murphy, Blue, first; O'Connor, Blue, second; Harbert, Red, third. Time, 11 min. 58 sec.

40-yard high hurdles—Gilfillan, Red, first; Shugrue, Blue, second; Kennedy, Red, third. Time, 5 3-5 sec.

40-yard low hurdles—Gilfillan, Red, and Shugrue, Blue, tied for first. Tiffany, Blue, third. Time, 5 2-5 sec.

High Jump—Gilfillan, Red, first; Kennedy, Red, second; Walters, Blue, and Dooley, Red, tied for third. Height, 5 ft. 3 in.

Pole vault—Vohs, Red, first; Powers and Rademacher, Blue, tied for second. Height, 10 ft. 7 11-2 in.

Shot put—Gilfillan, Red, first; Dooley, Red, and Ronchetti, Blue, tied for second. Distance, 37 ft. 11 in.

Broad jump—Gilfillan, Red, first; McGinnis, Blue, second; Kremp, Red, third. Distance, 22 ft. 6 1-2 in.

NOVICE EVENTS.

40-yard dash—Dooley, first; Kremp, second; Hogan, third. 4 4-5 sec.

440-yard dash—Smith, first; Insley, second; Keenan, third, 57 3-5 sec.

One mile run—Jenney, first; Shanahan, second; Jones, third. Time, 5 min. 42 sec.

Total score—Reds, 49; Blue 48.

Referee and Starter—Knute Rockne.

PREPS vs. MICHIGAN CITY.

Last Wednesday evening the Prep basketball team won a decisive victory over the Marquette team of Michigan City in the big gym by a score of 67 to 5. The visitors appeared to suffer an attack of stage fright in the very beginning, from which they never completely recovered. Their guarding was poor, their offense listless and their general playing "pepless." DeSio and Kirk starred for the Preps, each caging in the neighborhood of a dozen baskets. A return contest will be played in Michigan City, and it is expected that the Marquette team will put up a real contest on their home floor. The visitors were slightly outweighed by the locals.

INTERHALL ATHLETICS.

With repeated flashes of the old Corby style, Father Haggerty's basketekers gleaned a decisive victory at the expense of Badin last Sunday morning. Sanford, Conway and Ward were the calcium boys for Corby, all of them consistently finding the hoop. Maher and Duffy were Father McGarry's best bets, putting up a scrappy opposition to every Corby formation. The fray ended with a score of 36 to 16.

Safety Valve.

Student (coming home at 11:30 P. M. when all the steam is off). Some patriotism! Why don't they keep the fires burning till the boys come home."

* *

PHILOLOGY.

The origin of Valentine is known well, I ween
The printer pried a line o' type and misspelled vaseline.

* *

MUSIC HATH POWER.

I heard you sing last night and, dearest girl,
I'm thinking every minute,
The world would be supreme if you and I
And no one else were in it.
And you could have your home in Portland, Maine,
A pretty home 'twould be,
While I in San Francisco would abide
Beside the rolling sea.
You would be queen of all that you surveyed
And I the reigning king,
And I might go to see you, were it not
Last night I heard you sing.

* *

(FROM A FRESHMAN STORY.)

And gazing up into the heavens I beheld the most beautiful consternation I had ever seen, Orion. Kelby saw it too, for though a fog hung over the valley he had a keen power of deception.

* *

If you can knock when all the world is praising,
If you can growl when other men are kind,
If you can frown when everyone is smiling
And criticise most everything you find.
If you can eat with all your brothers fasting
And sleep when every other human wakes,
If you can cuss when all your friends are praying
And laugh at every weary heart that aches.
If you can bite the gentle hand that feeds you
And break the arm that oft has brought you aid,
If you can find no spark of good or kindness,
In anything that ever yet was made.
If you can loaf when other souls must study
And go to work when it is time for play,
As sure as there are prunes and small green apples,
You'll be a prefect in a hall some day.

* *

The compositor who made the Israelites long for the bell hops of Egypt is with us. "A cup of coffee is allowed in the morning and a collision in the evening."

* *

HIGH ASPIRATIONS.

If I were a corn on your little toe
How happy a boy I'd be,
For every time you went out to walk
I'd know you would think of me.
And at night when the silent shadows came
You'd rub my face, I know,
And bundle me up in a corn plaster.
If I were a corn on your toe.

If I were a wart on the back of your neck,
I think I should die with glee,
For every time you would turn your head

You'd just have to think of me,
For a collar button, too, I'd serve
And be glad of the chance by heck!
And I wouldn't care how the collar pulled.
If I were a wart on your neck.

* *

WHY ALWAYS THESE?

As I have no more to say I will close.
As the bell is ringing for dinner I will say good-bye.
As this is my last sheet of paper I must stop.

WHEN THESE ARE JUST AS PLAUSIBLE.

As I have just swallowed a quart of arsenic, I stop.
As my uncle has just been stabbed in the Loop, I must say good bye.
As my aunt has just inhaled the ice-cream freezer, I say farewell.

* *

They have good teams at old N. D.
And they've played some tough old games,
But the funniest they ever played
Was twixt guys with funny names.

Gibasiewicz kicked off to Klapheke
Who in his Finske nabbed it,
But he ran like an Eisemann
So Musmaker soon g(Rabb)ed it.

He kicked it-a Mileskie sure,
But 'twas caught by Oberwinder
Who shook a tackler or two Orf
With his hand out like a fender.

Then Pappas Smola smile or two,
Sez he, "I'll Kremp their Ley,
Because I've brought McGirl out here
To-day to watch me play."

"Welhelmi!" cried Szcapanick
As he Hews right through the line,
And the "scoop" had almost Mador
When Makielski downed Devine.

Old Wolf then put his Scates on
And he made a dive for Lamb.
Ronchetti says "Tis Follet"
But he didn't give a —.

Then Reardon tried to Hoppe,
For he felt his leg a Menden,
But soon was laid Lowitzki,
For bum legs you can't depend on.

* *

PICKLE TIME.

It's only a piece of a pickle, dear girl,
But it still has teeth marks where you bit it,
And I have it locked up in a box in my trunk,
For fear some unworthy might git it.
And twelve times a day I delve in my trunk,
Oh, I'd die on the spot should I miss it,
And just where the marks of your tootsies are deep,
I lift up the pickle and kiss it.

And I stagger about and my head seems to reel,
Oh, dearie, don't think I am fickle,
For the truth of the whole matter seems to be this,
That I'm pickled far worse than the pickle.