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The Poet.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

Wrapped in the rainbow themes
Of a twilight world he stands,
Waking in golden dreams
Gentlefolk for his subject lands.
Alone
On his throne
In the flash of the desert sands.
Over the babbling throng,
With its heart-refrain of woe,
Feeding on silvery song
And the wine of the sunset's glow.
Alone
On his throne
With the noise of the world below.
Dreamer of dreams, and lord
In his kingdom—a fairy state;
Flashings of wit—the sword
That holds guard at its pearly gate.
Alone
On his throne,
Yet who will dispute his estate?

Père Gibault.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.



WHEN on the morning of the 13th of September, 1759, the martial hosts of England, led by the gallant Wolfe, met the intrepid veterans of France under the equally courageous Montcalm upon the plains of Abraham, the destiny of the North American Continent hung in the balance. A few hours later the victorious shouts of the English soldiers alike comforted their dying commander and signaled the acquisition to British rule of an empire more vast than any yet obtained in a single

conquest in the world's history. But even while France was being thus deprived by the fortunes of war of her choicest possessions in the New World, she was unconsciously nourishing within their rugged borders, yea, within earshot, perhaps, of her last bitter struggle, one who, although dedicated to the service of the Prince of Peace and wholly ignorant of the arts of war, was to regain by the simple but powerful influence of his noble mind and generous heart, not indeed for her, but for us, the richest portion of that domain,—the now familiar Northwest Territory,—“Père Gibault the patriot priest of the Northwest.”

As of many other notable characters in the world's history who have rendered signal services to their country, his childhood and youthful environment are somewhat shrouded in obscurity. A few facts, however, are known. Gabriel Gibault, his great grandfather and a native of Poitiers, France, early emigrated to Canada and was married in Quebec, October 30th, 1667. His father and grandfather, likewise bearing the same name, were both natives of Canada, as was his mother, Marie Joseph St. Jean. From the date of his baptism, April 7th, 1731, in Montreal, until his entrance into the Foreign Mission Seminary at Quebec, some twenty years later, little else is known than that he enjoyed a “primary schooling and travels in the western wilds.”

This latter point is interesting to note, since from its influence may have sprung the motive for choosing his future career. The exact nature of his travels are not stated but, considering the common pursuit of a large portion of the population, we may presume that he accompanied some fur trading expedition to one of the many “posts” then established in the respective vicinities of the long chain of forts, reaching

from Canada to the Gulf, which had been erected by the French government. Here he first became acquainted with the deplorable social, intellectual and moral condition of the inhabitants, and seeing their great need of spiritual instruction and ministration, his ardent faith and zealous charity first prompted him to sacrifice all and devote his life to the spreading of God's kingdom among them. However true this may be, and it matters little to the present purpose, we next learn of his entrance into the Foreign Mission Seminary at Quebec from which he was ordained on the feast of St. Joseph, Feb. 19th, 1768, and after which his services were retained for a short time at the cathedral in the same place.

Here a short digression must be permitted in order to set before the reader a few principal facts pertaining to the territory, and to set a background upon which is to be the stage whereon he is soon to enter and enact the strenuous drama of his missionary life.

The valley of the "Beautiful River" enclosed within the great triangle whose apex is formed by the conjunction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and whose base, rather vague and indefinite, extends along the northern shores of the great inland seas, was claimed by France as a heritage of the discoveries of Marquette and La Salle, and by England by right of the explorations of Cabot and the early Virginia charters. Toward this territory, in the year 1749, both nations were hurrying to gain possession. This contest furnished disputes which led up to the French and Indian war and eventually culminated in the fall of Quebec. This was followed in 1763 by the Treaty of Paris when the whole of this beautiful region, together with Canada and Cape Breton, passed into the hands of the English.

Although the country was from that time on under British dominion, the bulk of the people were French Catholics, who, while submitting to English rule, clung tenaciously to their language, customs and religion. As early as 1710 they had made a settlement at Vincennes, and as the Cross of Christ always accompanied the *Fleur-de-lis*, so did the ministers of the Church accompany the army of the state.

The first official proclamation regarding the Catholics of this territory was issued

at New York by "Gen. Thomas Gage, Commander-in-chief of His Britannic Majesty's forces in America," which notwithstanding the indignant protests of the Atlantic colonists at the religious freedom granted to Catholics in Canada by the Quebec Act, 1774, stipulated that: "Whereas by the Treaty of Peace concluded at Paris, the 10th of Feb., 1763, the country of the Illinois has been ceded to His Britannic Majesty....we have found it good to make known to the inhabitants—"

"That His Majesty grants to the whole of the Illinois the liberty of the Catholic religion, as it has been granted to his subjects in Canada. He has consequently given the most precise and effective orders to the end that the new Roman Catholic subjects of the Illinois may exercise the worship of their religion, according to the rites of the Romish Church, in the same manner as Canada." The only restriction laid was that "the Jesuits were not assured of permanence in their Indian Missions." Following the suspension of their Society in France, the Council at New Orleans apprehended and deported those in the Louisiana provinces, thus leaving in the whole Northwest but four priests, Fathers Simplicius Bocquet at Detroit, Du Jaunay at Arbre Croche, Callet at Fort Chartres and Le Franc at Mackinac. Of these, two were recalled, one retired and death claimed the last in 1764.

One Jesuit, Father Meurin, however, was not deported, and he, although then an old man weakened by the infirmities consequent to his life of continuous privation and exposure in the missionary field, having secured permission from the authorities at New Orleans, joyfully and heroically returned to the neglected people of the Illinois, arriving in Kaskaskia, in 1764. During the same year the Rev. M. Briand was made Bishop of Quebec. Three years later in reply to Father Meurin's statement of conditions there and his appeal for assistance he sent a letter of encouragement and the appointment of Vicar-General of Illinois country.

Here, then, in the summer of 1768, first appears the "Patriot Priest" in the land of his adoption, welcomed not alone by the exhausted hand of Father Meurin, but by every Christian soul in the Illinois. Zealously he took up his work, establishing

his residence at Kaskaskia, where he was joyfully received by the people and Commandant, and within one year he not only revived the faith and devotion of the inhabitants of Kaskaskia, but of all the outlying villages and hamlets. In the following winter he visited Vincennes, and no better description of his reception there can be had than that from his own pen: "However, on my arrival all crowded down to the banks of the River Wabash to receive me; some fell on their knees unable to speak; others could speak only in sobs; some cried out: 'Father, save us, we are almost in hell;' others said: 'God has not then yet abandoned us, for He has sent you to make us do penance for our sins!' Oh, sir, why did you not come a month sooner, my poor wife, my dear father, my dear mother, my poor child would not have died without the sacraments!'"

Such, in brief, was the condition of the people among whom he labored incessantly visiting Peoria, St. Joseph, Michilimackinac, the Miamis, the Wear, the Spanish settlements and across the Mississippi until the year 1775 when he visited Canada. Here again, as in his boyhood, is a circumstance which seems probable resulted in observations that determined his future conduct, though this time in a political way.

(CONCLUSION IN NEXT ISSUE.)

April.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

The tiny blue-bell lifts its cup
Above the tender sod;
Her warm, wet tears to gather up
That moisten every clod.

And where the violet up-springs
With nod and look demure;
The very breath of growing things
Makes every wind blow pure.

The lily-of-the-valley lends
Its modest presence too;
Where every little flower bends
To kiss the morning dew.

E'en when no cloud o'er-veils the skies
Her tears like pearls unstrung;
Come dropping from her smiling eyes
As if in sorrow wrung.

'Tis thus sweet April sheds her gleam
On blossoms newly blown;
And when they bloom, like some lost dream,
She claims them for her own.

McCreedy Does His Shipping.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

"You've often heerd it sed, you know, thet 'Pigs is pigs,' but don't yer fergit it, not all pigs is hogs and them 'ere pigs yer about to get from old Noel Daves is purty durn poor specimens." So said Iry Hap in an effort to prevent Dick McCreedy from buying a supposed gold brick.

McCreedy, famous for being the Cuban Sugar King and the only man who ever defeated the Trust, was visiting for a few days at the home of his business partner, Herman Lehr, in Greencastle. Both men had been sitting in front of the corner grocery, and the conversation turned to the prevailing high price of pork. They both had agreed that it would be a good time to buy hogs for the Chicago market, and it was while Noel Daves' hogs were under discussion that Lehr was called aside by a neighbor. Iry Hap, who had heard the conversation, took the seat vacated by Lehr and the foregoing conversation resulted.

"Of course you know yer own business, but if 'twas me I'd be purty hard up fer hogs 'fore I'd buy any of old Noel Daves' brood," continued Hap after he was well seated.

"So," mused Dick, "those hogs must be bad. Haven't got anything against this man Daves—no?"

"If old Noel Daves was here this minute I wouldn't be a bit afeered to tell you that thar ain't a thing in the world atwixt us but them 'ere hogs—"

"Oh, I see. It's the hogs that rile you, eh?"
"They ain't hogs," Hap quickly answered, "they'll never be hogs. They're pigs and that's what I've got agin' em."

At this moment Lehr drove up in his carriage ready for home, and after Dick was seated the pair started off.

"Seem's as though Hap there is pretty badly prejudiced in the matter of this man, Noel Daves' hogs, Lehr. What's the matter with him?" queried Dick.

"So Iry was talking to you too about old Noel's hogs?" Lehr laughed heartily.

"It seems that every time Iry sees a stranger come to town he considers it his

duty to "put them next" to old Noel's hogs. It's a funny story this and it started when old Noel took about fifty hogs from Iry on a mortgage. Iry forgot about the mortgage and failed to pay it off when it came due, and Noel came in and took the hogs. Iry tried to persuade Noel to take the money, but he would have nothing but the hogs, so hogs it was. The feelings of the folks around here were against Noel in the matter, and he's never been able to sell one of those hogs since. Notice was served on all our local dealers that if they bought any hogs from Noel they would be boycotted, and Iry or his friends always get the outside dealers first. This all happened about four years ago, and now Noel's farm is smothered with hogs. You can't put your foot on his place without stepping on a hog. Iry hopes to live to see the day when old Noel will have to go out and start killing them off with an ax to keep them from eating up every cent he has, and the way things look that is about what will happen."

The humor of the thing struck both men, and they enjoyed a long laugh at the expense of Noel. The business side of the thing appealed to Dick first.

"A good chance to get long on pork, eh, Lehr?"

"Yes, but you'll have to put your deal through very much on the quiet order or you'll have this whole community to fight. I doubt very much whether you could buy those hogs and load them for Chicago without a great number of them being slaughtered, for these people have sworn that old Noel shall never sell a hog from his farm."

"We fixed up 'I & E preferred,' Lehr. We handled sugar, and I now see that Noel's Pigs will be the title of our next 'production.' It will add spice to this vacation of mine without making it laborious."

It leaked out a few days later that Dick McCreedy had bought every hog on Noel Dave's farm and would load them at Greencastle for Chicago.

This bit of news spread like a prairie fire through the whole district. It was at once the topic of conversation by all. In the evenings when the men were in from work the Farmer's telephone lines snapped and buzzed with protests at such a thing. Indig-

nation meetings were held every time a group of the men got together. The corner grocery at Greencastle was the storm center, and the feeling against poor old Noel had assumed such a form that he would have fared ill had he put in his appearance around there during that week. There was to be no violence shown until Dick attempted to load the hogs; then the mob was to form and the fight was to be to the bitter end. The coming of two coach loads of roustabouts from Chicago who were met by Dick and directed to the Noel Dave's place gave rise to the rumor that the Chicago hog buyer intended to fight it out in case of an attack. Dick watched the market, and on Thursday, October 15th, he decided to load. That day is still a day to be remembered round about Greencastle.

In the early morning a long line of hogs began wending their way towards the town. There were over four thousand in the line and they stretched out for nearly a mile. The scene resembled a mighty river in its undulating, endless windings at the time of the moving of the ice, for scattered throughout the great black stream were numerous white patches moving sluggishly with the black. At regular intervals along the line the aids which Dick had imported walked along prodding the hogs to keep them moving. At the head of the line rode Dick McCreedy austere in his Napoleonic attitude. He mused with much humor at the prominence which he had assumed.

The first of the drive reached town about noon. The indignant farmers were drawn up in groups along the way to the loading pens, and at this place there was gathered a mob. On reaching the pens Dick was stopped by the leader and asked for an explanation. He mounted one of the sheds nearby, and began: "Gentlemen, this is a free country. The law allows me the right to buy these hogs providing I pay for them. It is up to Noel Daves to object if I don't. These hogs are mine and I am going to load them here—to-day. You men make a disturbance here and I'll sue your township for every penny that I lose. It matters little to me whether I am paid for these hogs in Chicago or in Greencastle. I have nothing further to say."

It did matter, though, and it was Dick's

intention that the hogs be sold in Chicago. His brevity tended to cool the mob for an instant, but the fire which had been smouldering for the past week broke loose as the first hog was driven from the loading pen to the car. A score of shot guns were discharged and clubs and bricks flew in every direction. Here and there a large hog would stumble a few steps and then topple over dead as a result of the charge. Dick's face was haggard and drawn as he viewed this wanton slaughter, this display of hate on the part of a mob of men toward their fellow-man. The air was rent with blasphemy against old Noel, and the clashing of sticks and clubs as they were rained upon the backs of the crazed animals. As the pandemonium increased the hogs became filled with the spirit of the human crowd and they rushed and tore through it in all directions. It was at this point that a horse dashed into the center of the roaring mass bearing its rider who too appeared crazed in his frantic effort to gain the attention of the mob. It was Iry Hap and the crowd soon recognized him. Little by little they settled down until the voice of the newcomer could be heard. He shouted in a thin, cracked tone of voice: "Be it known to all here present that them 'ere pigs ain't Noel's pigs, for they be mine and I am selling 'em to this buyer McCreedy. I hold here in my hands a mortgage on these hogs which I purchased, and now I'm taking Noel's pigs same as he took mine four years ago. Now you men quit yer galswoppin monkeyshines 'round here and let those pigs alone, for old Noel has paid and he's paid in fire and blood."

The air was split with the cheers which burst forth from the agitated mob for vengeance had been had. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," and poor old Noel had paid them both.

The effect was well-timed, for had the crowd had half a day to investigate the thing they would have discovered the ruse. Such a scheme had to be worked while the loading was attempted, and when the sun went down on Greencastle that night no one was the wiser that Hap did not hold a mortgage or that vengeance had not been had.

"An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but old Noel had sold his pigs.

Varsity Verse.

DAISY.

THE dying mol en sun bled drops of gold;
And meadows heavenly
Nature pilfered a dewy, pearly mould
Creating dainty daisy.
Infinite legions of sparkling gold plumes
Whip the wanton zephyr,
Till conquered and freighted down with perfumes
Lull in some bosom ever.

J. C. G.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

I HAVE heard tell of men who gave fortunes
Just to satisfy some petty whim,
As the Frenchman that spent several thousand
To indulge in a Champagne swim,
Or the lady who gave a big boodle
To embalm her pet dog that was burned,
But I ne'er before heard of a workman
Who put up all the money he earned
Just to get enough oatmeal for his breakfast.

You have heard of the great Roman Ruler,
Who had a slight pain in his lungs,
And sent to the world's farthest corners
For a rare dish of humming-birds' tongues:
Or the man who spent nigh half a million
To banquet an ancestral ape,
But I'll vouch that you never heard tell of
A man who used all he could scrape
Just to get enough beans for his dinner.

There was once in Chicago a rich man
Who smoked forty dollar cigars,
And New York had a far-gone musician
Who owned fifteen thousand guitars.
Once a London girl gave all her money
For an Angora cat. 'Twas her fad.
But 'twas not till our own modern epoch
That a toiler could spend all he had
Just to get enough prunes for his supper.

G. J. F.

ABSENCE.

THE touch of twilight on the scene
Is one of beauty's own,
Where flames the crescent moon between
The clouds in darkness grown.
Yet, not a star illumines the view
With sombre hues replete,
To soften memory's thoughts of you—
A dream so incomplete.

F. W. C.

The Little Red Book.

C. L.

Phil Donnelly was a full-fledged Freshman with a stretch of four years ahead of him. Beyond that was the great world with problems to be grappled with and overcome—that world which has afforded climaxes without number to class orators, and will, till it has fought its last fight and is counted out. Phil was busy enough, as every student is who wants to be. The great world didn't bother him, but thirty lines of Vergil did. Of course Teddy Bare roomed next him, and Teddy was a Freshman too and studied the lore of the ancients. But alas, the road to wisdom is far, and Teddy occasionally pressed his "pony" into service. 'Twas different with Phil. He wanted to walk the whole way.

So he wrestled with Vergil and Vergil with him this Wednesday evening about eight o'clock. It was quiet in Corby. The last loiterer had come up from the "rec" room; the sound of voices had died away. Only the occasional footfall of some thirsty lad who betook himself to the water faucet broke the stillness of that studious abode.

There was the gentlest of knocks at Phil's door. It opened softly as if by magic. Fritz Berger, surnamed Fat, was in his presence.

"It's only me," whispered Berger the Great, not paying attention to the detail of grammar.

"What doing, Phil?"

"Vergil."

"O gosh!"

"Why?"

"Why? Now did you ever hear of anybody studying on Wednesday night? No, sir, except one—and he faded away."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir, he did."

"It must be a sad story. Let's hear it."

"It was way back in the days of Father Sorin, before the authorities shut down on Wednesday night study that a young man came here from the sunny South. He had golden hair, and a sweet face, and dreamy eyes—"

"And a fat head," came the loud whisper

from Joe McDermott who heard the subdued conversation and decided to join the company.

"Have some manners, you—you—you—rain-in-the-face!"

"And you call me so, you fat pouch, I'll stab you." They were reading Henry IV. in English, hence this classical turn in the war of words.

They clinched. Berger was heavy, but football practice had supplanted layers of flesh with layers of muscle. Joe was wiry, and by the same token, many's the time those fleet limbs of his bore him around the track like an apparition. Fritz Berger was strong, but Fritz had a weakness. Who hasn't? Shorty Metz, for instance, has a weakness for sleeping, and sometimes hears not the sweet tones of the bell that invites him to morning prayer. His neighbor perhaps has a weakness for visiting, so he calls on his chum for ten minutes or so, just to bid him the time of the day, and to exchange a few items of news. Your man from Sorin likes a tall hat and a cab and a dress suit; your man from Walsh wants his fudges and his high score at ten pins; your man from Brownson wants a quiet sleep in the spring sun of a class day with one eye half open for the omnipresent prefect; your man from Corby wants a trip to the city with permission by preference,—without, as a matter of serious risk; your man from Old College wants—well, he wants Old College for one thing.

Fritz Berger had a weakness, and Joe knew it. You could pound Fritz with a mallet, and he'd smile you the smile of a Stoic. But tickle him, and, like Samson shorn of his hair, he fell. So Joe tickled, and Fritz fell. And what a fall it was! Even as a sack of flour suspended from on high, when let fall, hits the floor with a dull thud, so fell Fritz with Joe on top tickling, and laughing as loud as he dared. Phil was a sort of moderator and referee combined. He was about to pronounce judgment when a well-known door at the end of the corridor opened. They were up in an instant. Quick as a flash Joe made for his room opposite and disappeared. And, as they say in novels, we leave him there.

"Me for this wardrobe!" said Fritz; and the wardrobe it was. You have never been

in a wardrobe, or perhaps you have. Now whether you have or not, this is sure: no man goes there to swing Indian clubs or to take his afternoon nap or to read the morning paper. Fritz pulled the door after him, and the scene closes—on him. Father Devine who had heard the commotion enters just to bid Phil good evening, as it were.

He is a quiet man, is this Father Devine, with a rare sense of the humorous. He can talk about the acidity of acids and the density of gases till your head aches, or he can switch off to baseball, and argue the relative merits of the Pirates as against the Cubs with an entire Chicago contingent, and that's no child's task. This night he launched out into a sweeping dissertation on the indestructibility of matter which he illustrated copiously from tradition and the ancients. Phil asked questions. Why not? So would you; so would I.

"Now, Father, it isn't quite clear to me whether or not matter is resolvable beyond an atom?"

"It isn't. There shouldn't be any difficulty about that. Let us take up, for example—" then Fritz groaned a low groan and wished that the chemists of all time were turned adrift on a desert island and Phil with them. From chemistry they passed on to Latin. O the long agony of the story of *Æneas*! How Phil insisted on detail after detail! With what outward calm Father Devine delivered his measured sentences!

"To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!" came with Fritz's every breath! Every bead of sweat that stood out on his forehead clamored for vengeance on Phil. "I'll—I'll—eat him!—masticate him!" was the inward sentiment that battered at the doors of his being for freedom of speech!

"Now, Father, my teacher down at West-field made a statement about the position of ancient Troy which was never quite clear to me. Where is Troy supposed to have been?" Then Father Devine said in a low tone: "There's a little red book on the top shelf of my bookcase that has something on the site of ancient Troy. You'll recognize the book by the red cover. Get it; my door is unlocked."

Phil passed out. McDermott flagged him.

"What's doing?"

"Fat is having his annual Turkish bath

in the wardrobe. Father Devine is wise. More anon."

Joe caught at his heart as our actors do, steadied himself after the surge of emotion had passed over his soul and awaited the climax. Phil passed on, and no one could fail to hear his receding footsteps nor, a moment later the bang of Father Devine's door. In Phil's room came a voice from the wardrobe—afar as of a ghost.

"May we issue forth?" And outside a voice answered:

"We may."

Forth came Fritz and gazed at the immovable clergyman who at that moment was seemingly lost in the rolling hexameters of the "*Æneid*."

"Why—why—Father—I—I thought you had gone."

"An error of judgment, my dear. We all err sometimes."

"I certainly a—a—apologize. I I—really didn't expect to find you here."

"Yes, I *hear* quite nicely, thanks. Fortunate, too, wasn't it? Else you might have died of suffocation."

"Oh!"

"Yes."

Phil entered bearing a small book and the big grin of a traitor. Joe came in too. His alarm clock was out of order and Phil was a regular clocksmith.

"Why, boys," said Father Devine, "it's bedtime. I'm surprised you are not there already with that hard game against Sorin ahead of you to-morrow."

"Well, Father, I just dropped in to have Phil fix my clock," said Joseph the deer-footed.

"And I," said Frederick the Fat, "I—I just dropped in—"

"To the wardrobe," finished Father Devine.

Life.

The saffron gates of day swing wide
Upon the eastern sea,
And dawn glides in, a blushing bride,—
She stoops to smile on me.

The sable portals of the night
Close on the Western wave,
Where eve, a mourner, grey bedight,
Grieves o'er the old day's grave.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

The Smile.

TRUANT of Eden's love-lit bowers,
 God's angels leave their jewel'd thrones awhile;
 Winging about they gild our gloomy hours,
 And lip reflects to lip their path,—a smile.

T. A. L.

The Portrait.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

One, two! slowly and clearly the old town clock rang out the watches of the night. I paused to listen to its prolonged vibrations on the still air, then suddenly realizing that it was growing late, turned to my work with feverish energy. It was my first job, and I must confess that it sent new sensations through my frame which made me shiver with a feeling pretty close to that of terror. But this was only for a moment. The window gave beneath my tools and I found myself standing in the room. I laughed quietly, but it was with a sense of bitterness which came from my very soul. Why should I be doing this? Then the events of my past life came surging in panoramic view before my mental vision. I saw a little home, a comfortable fireside, two children playing contentedly on the floor, under the watchful and fond gaze of a loving father and mother. Then came the crash with a force which stuns me even now as I think of it. I was accused of robbery in the bank where I had given the best service that an honest heart could have given. But the money was gone, and all the evidence pointed to my guilt. It was enough to convict me. Friend, family, oh—the damnable-ness of it all! my wife, my very children turned from me. Then came the ten long weary years of imprisonment: my release; yes, the dastard who worked my ruin found that there is such a thing as death. Perhaps, too, he had visions of a hereafter, for he confessed and begged for my pardon, which was eventually obtained. But he had destroyed every fibre of affection that was in my heart and which bound me to my dear ones. Here I stood, a burglar, full of hate against society and the laws which governed it, because it was its system of justice that made me a criminal.

I felt for my flash-light and played it upon my surroundings. Evidently I had struck it rich.

Before my eyes glittered an elegant display of silver-plate. But this was too bulky for my use. I wanted smaller game. Something that could be done in small packages and that would not be burdensome. I wasn't in the business long enough to have pals or I might have learned enough to take what came my way and be satisfied with that. I had learned the elements of the game among the professionals doing time at the Tombs, but was awkward in practice. I passed noiselessly from room to room without mishap and with no further luck. I was about to go upstairs when my eyes fell upon a curious fixture in the wall. My heart bounded with excitement, for something told me that I had found what I was looking after. I examined it closely; it was the safe. Here was my find. I was soon busy at the combination and chuckled to see how well I knew my lesson. The open doors disclosed a neat package of bills and a small box, which I instinctively felt to be jewels. It was the work of a moment to transfer the bills and the jewel-case to my pockets, and with a feeling of grim satisfaction turned—to look into the black muzzle of a gun, but what chilled my blood to my very marrow was to see the smiling face of a girl at the other end—actually smiling, but keeping the gun turned upon me, with all the self-reliance of a veteran. My hands flew above my head with automatic rapidity and I cursed myself for being a coward. There was not a particle of fight in me: I felt helpless as a man trying to escape some danger in a dream. The suddenness of the apparition and the nature of it completely non-plussed me, and I sank groaning to the floor. This move on my part was wholly unexpected and seemed to throw my captor off her guard. She picked up my flashlight and turned it full upon me. "You are a strange sort of a burglar," she said, speaking in a low voice, "to act like this: perhaps I frightened you?" I tried to make out the tone of voice in which this remark was made, but it seemed to have been said in all earnestness. A fancied ring of scorn in it had brought me to myself. Then I remembered that I had no gun. A jimmy was the only weapon at my disposal,—but there was that gun and that face,—and once more my nerves gave way. Stooping down the girl deftly took the stolen things from my pocket, and stepping back, commanded me to rise, and pointing to the door was about to speak the work which would mean liberty for me. Her eyes were resting intently upon me, but my mind

was bent on escape, and interpreting the sign I took a step toward the door. "Wait a minute," she said quietly, "place your weapons upon the table here, and remove that mask, I want to take a look at you in case you are wanted for other work like this." I obeyed without a word. There was something so unusual about the whole proceeding, and something so strangely familiar about my guard that a sob rose unbidden to my throat. All this did not escape the notice of the girl. She evidently guessed that I was no regular. She gave a quick start when I removed the mask and then bade me be seated. "Why did you come here," she asked softly, "why did you?" The question fitted my thoughts so well that I jumped to my feet. Then she continued: "You seem to have small knowledge of your profession or surely you would have been careful where you walked," as she pointed to the rug lying before the safe. "Didn't you know that there is an alarm hidden there, and don't you know that with one signal I can summon the entire police force?" I paid no attention to her. Electric bells were not common in my days so I did not understand. "Let me go," I replied doggedly, "let me have another chance and begin anew." "Another chance? You ask this as if you are nabbed quite frequently, but you do not seem to be fitted for your work. Tell me, what brought you here?" The appeal in her voice awakened all the old memories of my former happiness, and completely forgetting everything save my story and my listener, I repeated every detail of my sad history which had resulted in my miserable fall. She took in every word, and save for the pistol which was aimed in my direction during my narration, a perfect bond of sympathy seemed to have been formed between us. I told my story with downcast eyes, and when I finished, raised them in time to see the pistol slip from her grasp onto the table, and to see the wild look in her eyes. But its meaning was lost to me. I longed to escape and saw my opportunity. I rose slowly, but the girl made no move to recover the weapon nor did she offer any resistance to my departure. I reached the door, and opened it with my utility key. I paused, for the girl had risen. She seemed to have lost all self-composure and her face grew ashen behind the almost imperceptible gleam of the flash-light which she kept turned in my direction. "And you came here," she replied, as if to herself, "but, oh, how different from what I expected! I knew you would come,

but like this—oh, it is terrible!" She let the lamp fall with a thud to the floor, and sinking into a chair covered her face with her hands. There was something in her words which carried an agony of meaning which I struggled to comprehend. My mind had been darkened and my thoughts embittered by my unjust suffering, but now a new light was beginning to dawn upon me. "My God, child," I whispered, "what do you mean?" "Mean," she sobbed, "listen and I will tell you. "Ten years ago my father went away and left me; he left my mother and baby brother. I was a child of six, and since then I have never ceased to pray for his return. To-night you came, and when I saw your face and heard your story I knew my prayer was answered. Look," she cried, at the same time filling the room with light, "look at that picture hanging there and tell me if this is not so." I gasped for breath. I was looking at a picture I could never have forgotten—my own portrait! During all these years it had fed that child's love. She did not know her father had been in prison. He had gone away, but she always prayed for his return. I scoffed at ideas of justice and divine providence, but this was too much for me. I sank to my knees in an agony of grief at my conduct, but the simple faith of the child gave me a ray of hope. "Forgive me, my girl," was the only thing I could say. But there was no need to say anything. The joy in her face was too evident to be mistaken. She came near me and there was nothing but love in her words. "My father, I am so glad you came back." "But your mother and little brother," I asked, "where are they?" "They are waiting for you too," she replied. Then I knew there was a providence which directs everything, which turns evil into good. I waited impatiently for the first light of morning, because I knew it would bring new life to a soul that had nearly died.

The Lowly.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

Firm-rooted in the fertile soil
 With silent toil
 Grows, buds and blooms—a triumph yet—
 The violet.

E'en so in life the humble heart
 Takes active part,
 Unheard it conquers to afford
 Labor's reward.

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—A decided surprise was sprung in Milwaukee when the votes were counted after the recent election, and Mr. Emil Seidel, Socialist candidate, was declared Mayor of that metropolis; and the first Socialist mayor ever elected in the United States. The socialists themselves were more surprised than anyone; so little indeed was their hope of victory that during the day of election they taunted the leaders of the other parties with reminders of unsuccessful policies and broken promises. When the result of the election was finally announced they found themselves facing a serious situation, and one which they will have to meet squarely. They can do no beating around the bush; a policy of administration was outlined before the election took place, and the failure to adhere to this policy, as well as the failure of the policy to work to the best interests of the city, will be ruinous to the interests of the party all over the country. Aside from the purely local interest which the election has for the Cream City, it is an unmistakable sign of the trend of the times. A few years ago such a thing would have been classed among the impossibles; the large socialist vote cast in the election of 1904 was a revelation, but still, few would have ventured to prophesy even at that time their complete success in so important an election. Social-

ism unfortunately appeals to a very large class of people, and its errors, disguised by skilled men, are very hard to expose to the masses. As yet no effective remedy has been found to check the spread of the evil. The Seidel administration itself may suggest a remedy; if it does not, it will still be worthy of close attention as an interesting political experiment.

—Just one year ago, the first number of the *American Midland Naturalist* appeared. The magazine is a scientific journal edited by the Rev.

Professor of Botany, Dr. Nieuwland, and is published bi-monthly from the biological laboratories of the University. The object of the journal, as outlined in its initial editorial announcement, is "to afford a medium of inter-communication for Midland nature students," and to stimulate nature study, "not only in colleges and universities but also among private individuals outside of schools."

For a long time there had been felt at the University the need of a proper medium for the publication of results of local research in the fields of biologic inquiry. The *American Midland Naturalist* is an attempt to fill this need. The journal has its own interesting and still new field of activities which it tries to mirror in its pages. From this it must not be inferred, however, that its interest centers exclusively around its limited area. A glance at the current number of the journal will satisfy any reader that the *Naturalist* aims at the promotion of biologic study in general. Among the contributions in the April number are the following: Species of *Aquilegia* Growing in Utah and in Adjacent Portions of Colorado, Idaho and Arizona; An Analytic Study of Faunal Changes in Indiana; Birds in August and September; Rocky Mountain Botany and Banister's Catalogue of Virginia Plants.

Aside from the classic articles by such men as Dr. Edward L. Greene, the *Naturalist* also publishes the results of local research by students of the University. An enumeration of some of the articles contributed to this magazine by students of the scientific school of the University would include the following: Myxomycetes of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan; Preparation of Absolute Alcohol for Histological and Chemical Purposes; Notes on Microscopical Technique; The Economic Value of Birds, etc.

From a small beginning, the *American Midland Naturalist* has grown till its subscription list now contains addresses in all the states, Germany, England, Sweden, China, Japan and Russia. Yet it is a singular fact that while the journal is received and appreciated abroad, it does not receive due recognition at the University. Indeed, comparatively few copies find their way into the hands of the student body. This is culpable apathy and should not continue. The *Naturalist* is a University publication, and as such deserves the support of all just as much as do the various other branches of University activity.

—The sight of a deserted baseball field at this season of the year would be a sorry spectacle indeed. Happily such is not the case nor ever has been at Notre Dame. There

A Boat-Race—Who Will Take the Lead. is too much American vitality to admit of it. But we have

one landmark at the University,—sacred with hallowed memories of old students the country over,—which is shrouded in just such desertion. We speak of the college boathouse. The student who recalls the races of former years cannot but miss the cheery voice of the coxswain upon the lake these bright mornings; and, naturally, one longs for a sight of the long slender boats and the light rhythmic movement of the rowers, as they used to be. Rowing is a healthy, a vigorous exercise, worthy of the brawn of growing manhood. It is a sport suited above all to the University man. How else explain the thrill which the long, slender shell wakes in the heart of every true college man, though he has never pulled an oar or directed a winning crew. Notre Dame can well be proud of her athletes upon the gridiron, the cinder path, and the diamond, but she would like to see her sons battling again upon the waters of her own lakes. It is grinding work, almost killing at times, there in the hard seats with aching muscles and the heavy oar growing heavier at each stroke, but what a bond of fellowship between those eight bending, straining shoulders, what a joy when the last agonizing heave literally throws the boat over the finishing line—a winner for the honor of one's hall! Small wonder that the old college athlete often forgets his victories upon the diamond in the remembrance of that last grim struggle of commencement week. To one who knew the sport in years gone by, and with

what enthusiasm it was welcomed by the visitors of commencement week, even the annual alumni game seems a tame affair. We have plenty of active muscular young men in every department who are eager and willing to battle for the honor of their respective halls upon the gridiron and the diamond. Why not upon the water too? Where is the enthusiasm, the much-vaunted hall spirit? Who is going to take the initiative? Give your hall the distinction of having resurrected the old and time-honored sport of rowing, by organizing a crew and defying your rivals of the athletic field to a real college contest,—a boat race.

—The Max Pam prize, the conditions of which appeared in last Saturday's issue, will probably serve as a remote cause for a number of carefully prepared manuscripts.

A Notable Prize. It would be too much to look for a production which will solve the mooted question of the place religion should hold in the scheme of education. Indeed, the minds of thoughtful men have been occupied with the subject so long, it is scarcely too much to say, that no one essay will be such as to come up to all the requirements in solving the question. Most men, who are sincere, will admit the necessity of religion in education. How to apply it effectively is the problem that presents itself for solution. And the solution must meet the difficulties of theory and, what is even more to the point, the difficulties of practice. A problem so deep-rooted, and on which there is so much variety of opinion, will be solved by time. Men are not convinced of the truth or falsehood of a position, when that position appeals to a deep-seated prejudice, merely by a well-knit chain of logical reasoning. They must learn by experience, even if the experience is costly.

The purpose of the Max Pam prize is not to solve the problem, at least not to solve it immediately. Rather it is to incite minds whose thought turns to educational matters, to give the results of years or months of effort for the benefit of the educational world generally. The prize offered is a princely one. Indeed not often does one read of a like offer. Since the reward is so large and the theme so lofty and so pertinent to our time and country, there should be a long list of competitors for the prize, and there should result several notable contributions to the literature of the subject.

Huesped Distinguido.

El señor Pbro. y Dr. John Cavanaugh, presidente de la famosa Universidad Católica de Notre Dame, Indiana, y director de nuestro estimado colega "The Ave Maria," se encuentra en esta capital. El objeto de su visita á nuestra república, además del placer de un viaje recreativo, fué el de saludar al crecido número de miembros de la colonia americana que fueron discípulos suyos universitarios y que ahora ocupan lugares distinguidos en el comercio, industria y profesiones en nuestra república.

Los antiguos discípulos le han tributado brillantes muestras de reconocimiento, recordando que le son deudores de su cristiana y sólida educación, base de la prosperidad y bienestar de sus personas y hogares.

El ilustre rector universitario predicará hoy domingo en la misa de 11 en la iglesia de San Lorenzo.

Mañana saldrá en dirección á San Luis y Monterrey, ciudades que visitará rápidamente y luego regresará á Notre Dame para reanudar las elevadas funciones de rector universitario.

Reciba nuestro más cordial saludo el huésped ilustre.—*El Pais* of the City of Mexico.

Civil Engineering.

The regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held on April 13. Mr. Donahue discussed the question, "Railroad vs. Water Transportation," principally by dealing with the side referring to navigation. He explained how the boat lines would cause the railroads to reduce their freight rates in the vicinity of a waterway such as the one proposed between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico. In this particular case the selling of water power is a big factor in booming the canal. The utility of the Ohio River to the coal regions of Pennsylvania, and also of the Panama Canal, were points against the railroad. A good comparison between the steam and gas engines was drawn by Mr. Vera. Although the former is more reliable and less complex in structure than the latter, which is the more economical, and possesses a much higher efficiency,

each has its field where it is invincible. In case heating requirements are to be met with the gas engine is inferior, but when power is desired instantly and only at different times during the day, then it is supreme. The density and specific gravity of a substance, and the practical value of such information was presented by Mr. Dugal.

Brownson Literary and Debating.

At the meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society last Sunday evening, the preliminary tryout of those attempting to make a place on the Brownson debating team was held. The contestants who were given this honor were: Messrs. Myers and Kiley, tied for first, Mr. P. Meersman, third, and Mr. W. O'Shea, fourth. The two gentlemen who tied for first place were thoroughly versed on the question, "Resolved, That the Labor Unions are a Benefit to the Laboring Men." Both gave their arguments in forcible and eloquent style, and their work showed evidence of painstaking preparation which is worthy the highest commendation. Mr. Meersman had perhaps the strongest arguments of the evening, but did not present them quite so well as the former two. Mr. O'Shea has an excellent delivery, but lacked strength in his arguments. As a whole, the team is a strong one, and every member is a debater. After the debate the Rev. Father Smith gave a very interesting talk on the essential things to be acquired in order to be a good debater. He praised the debaters and gave some of his youthful experiences in debate. Besides Father Smith, there were present Bro. Alphonsus, Professors Farrell, Hines and Calahan, the last three being the judges.

Obituary.

Mrs. C. Bruce Wilson, 2221 Adams St., Chicago, mother of Richard B. Wilson (Ph. C. '08), died Tuesday, April 12. To Richard and the members of his family the SCHOLASTIC extends sympathy, and gives assurance of fervent prayers for the departed. *R. I. P.*

Safety Valve.

The *Michigan Daily* naïvely announces that Notre Dame will be Michigan's strongest opponent in baseball this year, "not because of superior ability, but because the Michigan men will be tired out after their trip South."

The various foreign colonies established in Brownson Hall are reporting a successful season.

The Science Hall Nickelodeon, Count de Lunden, barker, presented a thousand foots of bull-fight Wednesday evening.

"Water" Brady has announced his intention of going into vaudeville on the strength of SCHOLASTIC advertising.

Corby Hall won from Adler's in baseball last Sunday.

"Mike" Morrissey stole second with the bases full in the South Bend High School game last week. Only Mike can get away with such stellar affairs.

Mr. Sherlock, of Walsh Hall, attended the K. C. guest party in South Bend last week.

The Dome will soon be—!

A progressive house party visited Sorin Hall Sunday afternoon and evening.

The water's fine!

The Oseola ball is to be pulled off in the near future. Knowledge Cotter will lead the grand march. Big doings. General admission, fifty cents; Grandstand, one dollar and upwards.

Twelve-inning games are hard on the Athletic Association. Nine balls were lost, strayed or stolen, probably stolen, yesterday.

A Knights of Columbus baseball team has been organized but is not expected to play.

This is a dull week socially, but then DeLunden's slide-rule is always a news item.

Several indisposed members of Carroll Hall who could not appear at drill last Wednesday, reported (by request) in the study-hall at 7 P. M.

Wonder if Halley's comet has anything to do with the hair-clipping epidemic.

Roundy Wilson assures us Grand Rapids must of necessity be a fast team. This is R. W.'s concept of humor.

Personals.

—Harry Hebner of Corby Hall broke two world's records in the swimming races at Chicago last week.

—Edmund L. McBride, student 1893-9, is in the employ of the LaBelle Crucible Steel Works, Alleghany, Pa. Mr. McBride and his mother visited here last week.

—Max J. Jurschek (LL. B., 1908) glanced in for a few hours last week. "Jury" is promoting Texas land at the present time, and is willing to argue the merits of Texas upon the slightest provocation.

—Edward A. Opfergelt, a Varsity pitcher in the late nineties, is at present cashier in the First National Bank, Campbell, Nebraska. In a letter to a member of the Faculty Ed speaks of two boys from his town whose thoughts he is turning to Notre Dame for next year. Good work, Ed.

—James J. Keefe (Ph. B., 1907) was visiting his brother Richard here this week. "Jim" is past-president of the Catholic Students' Association throughout America, and was in attendance at the national convention at Madison last week. He is a loyal and enterprising alumnus, and always a welcome visitor.

—A. J. Hammond, former City Engineer of South Bend, known to the Engineering students of the University through his lectures in Science Hall, has recently been appointed a member of the Merriam investigating commission of Chicago. At present the commission is inspecting about ten miles of tunnel work, which involves an expenditure of \$3,000,000.

Calendar.

- Sunday 17—Brownson Literary Society
 “ Walsh Literary Society
 “ St. Joseph Literary Society
 “ Glee Club Practice
 Monday 18—Michigan U. vs. N. D. in baseball
 “ Band practice
 “ Orchestra practice
 Tuesday 19—Grand Rapids vs. N. D. in baseball
 “ Mandolin Club practice
 Wednesday 20—N. D. vs. South Bend at S. B.
 “ Fred Emerson Brooks, lecturer
 “ Civil Engineering Society
 “ Philopatrian Society
 Thursday 21—Mich. Aggies vs. N. D. in baseball
 “ Band practice
 Friday 22—Grand Rapids vs. N. D. in baseball
 “ Mandolin Club practice
 Saturday 23—Armour Inst. vs. N. D. in baseball

Local Items.

—Beginning with the Michigan game Monday, all students must present a season ticket at the entrance to Cartier Field.

—The *Earlhamite*, of Earlham College, has established a Safety Valve.

—Found—A valuable fountain-pen. Owner may apply to Bro. Alphonsus.

—Swimming is a popular form of penance since the Lenten season is over.

—Francis Madden has taken seriously to the study of the free-will problem in Ethics.

—Lost.—A qualitative chemistry book. Finder return to Bro. Alphonsus for reward.

—The Philopatrians dared Mangold's man from the steps of the Main Building last Monday, and he took the dare.

—Don't get grouchy over the weather; it is a good antidote for spring fever, and then there are the May flowers, etc., to look forward to.

—It has been discovered that Ayres was only official scorer pro tem at the Grand Rapids-Notre Dame game, his authority, so to speak, being delegated by the conventional tenant of that sinecure.

—The surroundings of Walsh Hall are to

fall in line with the rest of the campus. The ground about the building has been leveled down and a walk is laid out from the hall to the street-car station.

—Assumption School, South Bend, defeated the St. Edward's Hall track team last week, 52-42. Allen was high point man for the Minims, winning firsts in the high jump, pole vault and hurdles. Walsh, Fritch, Richmond, Holden, O'Connell and Glynn were also point winners for the locals.

—On Tuesday evening the Knights of Columbus met in order to arrange for a banquet to follow the initiation on May 1. The viand question was satisfactorily arranged, and several matters of lesser importance were then taken up in detail. All prospective knights of the Notre Dame Council are urged to attend at once to matters preliminary to their entrance.

—Brownson Baseball Team opened up activities with a flourish, the S. B. High School narrowly escaping a whitewashing. Cassidy acted as pitcher for the South Bends, O'Shea and Garcia twirled for the Brownsons with Buckley and McGinnis alternating behind the stick. "Mac's" long drive was one of the features of the game, and might have been good for three bags if he had been down to sprinting form. "Mike" Morrissey's sensational slide to second after a lightning steal would have ranked him as a professional had he not failed to notice that the base was already occupied. Final score, 8 to 1.

—An aggregate of Carroll Hall baseball players visited the Dujarian Campus Sunday afternoon, and played their first game of the season with the Dujarié Juniors. The batteries were Lesteiki and Duffy for the visiting team, and Prowdzik and Briggs for the home team. Neither team showed any superiority for the first few innings, and gloomy forebodings hovered on both sides. Soon the Carrollites showed their "pep" and their little sympathy for the ball by running up a score of 16 to 6. The home players showed up well, except the outfielders, who were not able for the busy task imposed on them by the Duffy "Clouters."

—The annual reorganization of the Woo-Woos has just been completed with headquarters in Brownson. As a badge of

membership all are inflicted with the stigma of the official organ of the society before being led through the inner mysteries. This insignia—a peculiar coiffure, or rather the absence of the means of a coiffure—is also considered beneficial. The Woo-Woos expect to pass comfortably through the hot weather and will lack the inconvenience of smoothing out tangled mops after baseball practice. The honorary members follow: Most Estimable High Chief, Joe Hines; Prince of Mysteries, "Put" Anderson; Sub-Chief of the Woo-Woos, Garcia; Scribe of the deeds of the Woos, R. Sexton; Sentinel of the Shekels, Clark.

—The Old College Stock Company held an indignation meeting last Wednesday night and voted to throw the Count into the lake as a measure of protest against his unwarranted and indefensible encroachment on their monopoly. Joseph Murphy was deputized to seek an interview with the Belgian aristocrat, but as he was defiantly ensconced behind a ten-cent admission fee in the "Physic Room" of Science Hall, and Joe refused to pay the price, the interview was deferred. However, matters look serious, and unless Charles can effect some kind of a compromise by which the members of Old College may be allowed a voice in the matter and a hand in the gate receipts, there is apt to be some kind of a slide-rule gag worked on the moving-picture machine.

—Handball in St. Joseph's has received a decided impetus in the appearance of Barry and Milroy. The only blot on the outlook lies in the fact that Brady may be forced to drop out of the game before the end of the season. He has been complaining of heavy class work and is now conferring with the faculty concerning the matter. But in the meantime Walsh and Murphy are putting in their best licks and there is every indication of a swift and heady team. Monograms will be awarded only to those who take part in outside games of which the one scheduled with the Niles Amateurs will count most. The prospective line-up for this contest follows: Right Hand Push, "Little" Zink; Left Hand Push, "Pat" Barry; Inner Stop Gap, "Bob" Walsh; Outer Stop Gap, "Bud" Milroy; Field Coach, Murphy; Bench Coach, "Heavy" Honan.

Athletic Notes.

THAT OBERLIN AFFAIR.

In a meet in which all precedents and tradition were cast to the winds, Notre Dame proved itself once more a winner with Oberlin as its rival. The meet proved to be one of the best ever held at Notre Dame, the final score to the contrary. Four gym records were smashed and two more were tied. That this should happen in one meet makes that contest a remarkable performance. The first event in which a former record was shattered was the mile run. Baker, of Oberlin, showed his class by clipping off some nine seconds from Freddie Steers' record of 4:36 1-5 made a week previous in the Red and Blue meet. Baker started the mile fast with Steers, the only local entrant, pressing him closely. Both men maintained this speed until the tenth lap when the Oberlin man began his sprint. Steers failed in an attempt to get the lead, and, realizing that his adversary had it on him, settled down and took it easy the balance of the way. Baker continued the sprint and finished in a terrific burst of speed, making the distance in 4:26 2-5. In the half Devine came back to the class which he displayed two years ago and clipped off a fifth of a second from the record made by Uffendel of Chicago University. He was never in danger in the half and showed speed all the way, finishing the last lap and a half in his typical manner. The 440 yard record was lowered to 53 1-5 by Morrison, of Oberlin, after beating Duffy to the tape by a few inches. "Duff" had his man in the first two laps by a small margin, but in the third the Buckeye runner broke into a terrific sprint with the above result. The two mile developed into an exhibition run after about the eighth lap with N. Metcalf and Wells, of Oberlin, as the performers. There are very few two-milers in the West who have got much on Mr. Metcalf. Wells led until the nineteenth lap when Metcalf forged ahead and continued to increase his speed from that time until the twenty-third when he sprinted the balance of the way with but little apparent difficulty. Fletcher succeeded in tying the record of :05 2-5 in the high hurdles with Philbrook second. The "Fletch" boy won hands down in the low ones with Jimmie Wasson pulling in on the three-point position. The 220 proved a pretty race with Martin and Wasson fighting it all the way. Martin held the pole position which Wasson found it impossible to get in so short a race, and as it is this position which wins in so evenly matched a pair the Freshman star went over a winner. In the broad jump Jimmie Wasson came into his own and took the honors, although not extending himself to his former record. Roth, with but little training, edged into second place beating out the dark Mr. Brown.

In winning the last short dash in which he will

be called upon to run this season, Wasson made fast time. He found keen competition in Fletcher in the 40, but Jimmie won out.

Philbrook won first place in the shot, and Dimmick played a supporting rôle by taking the silver-medal position.

The relay proved a fast piece of work with Martin, Fisher, Duffy and Wasson running for the Varsity. Fisher proved his right to a place on the team by his clever running in this event as well as his work in the quarter when he romped in on the heels of the veteran Duffy.

Summaries:

40 Yard Dash—Wasson, N. D., first; Fletcher, N. D., second. Time, :04 3-5.

High Jump—Fletcher, N. D.; Philbrook, N. D.; Metcalf, O., tied for first. Height, 5 feet 7 ¾ inches.

220 Yard Dash—Martin, N. D., first; Wasson, N. D., second. Time, :24.

Mile Run—Baker, O., first; Steers, N. D., second. Time, 4:26 2-5.

Shot Put—Philbrook, N. D., first; Dimmick, N. D., second. Distance, 41 feet 5 inches.

440 Yard Run—Morrison, O., first; Duffy, N. D., second. Time, :53 1-5.

40 Yard Low Hurdles—Fletcher, N. D., first; Wasson, N. D., second. Time, 5 seconds.

880 Yard Run—Devine, N. D., first; Metcalf, O., second. Time, 2:01 2-5.

Pole Vault—Dulmage, O., first; Rush, N. D., second. Height, 9 feet 9 inches.

40 Yard High Hurdles—Fletcher, N. D., first; Philbrook, N. D., second. Time, :52 5.

Broad Jump—Wasson, N. D., first; Roth, N. D., second. Distance, 21 feet 8½ inches.

Two Mile Run—Metcalf, O., first; Wells, O., second. Time, 9:54 3-5.

Relay Race—Won by Notre Dame. (Martin, Fisher, Duffy and Wasson.) Time, 2:14. Former Gym record, held by Wabash College, 2:15.

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Varsity Wins First Game.

Eddie Smith and his band of warriors, under the leadership of Captain Kelley, took the South Bend Central leaguers into camp in the opening game of the season at Springbrook Park last Saturday. The showing of the Varsity was a great encouragement to Coach Smith. Our own Billy Ryan started the proceedings on the mound, and for five innings held the Broncho tribe to four hits. Heyl was substituted in the sixth, but after showing up a trifle wild gave way in the seventh to Regan who finished the game. The hitting of Kelley, Phillips and Quigley was a feature. "Phil" made the long hit of the day, getting a three bagger. Williams made a timely hit in the ninth in the shape of a two bagger, which scored three runs and salted the contest for the N. D. men.

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Varsity Humbles Grand Rapids.

It took ten innings to decide the first of the practice games between the Varsity and the Grand Rapids team of the Central

League, and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that the local men had slipped over three runs, while the leaguers were bringing in two. The contest served to introduce Mike Somers as a Varsity pitcher, and it is to be said that Mike conducted himself in a manner which won him a high place in the estimation of all Notre Dame fans. The boy from Corby went the whole route, allowing but six hits. In the fielding game the Varsity showed strong, the work of Connolly in picking off the hot ones around third being a feature.

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Kalamazoo on the Varsity's Belt.

When the Kalamazoo band of baseball warriors return to their Michigan village they will be found to bear sundry marks of the defeat which they suffered at the hands of Chief Kelley's men in the opening game of the collegiate schedule. The hurling of Bill Ryan, coupled with the dexterous use of the war club by the whole team, proved the undoing of the Michiganders. The local men registered sixteen hits off of Mack's twisters which might lead one to conclude that Mack isn't one of the "heap big" twisters we sometimes read about. Then, too, Mr. Mack's aids were badly fussed in their heroic attempts to line out the stuff Ryan was putting over for them. They succeeded in connecting for eight safeties; just half the number the local men got away with. The fielding of both teams was a bit ragged in spots, but it is yet a little early for an exhibition of mid-season form. Ulatowski and Phillips led in the hitting, getting three apiece, one of "Uli's" being good for three bases. Score:

NOTRE DAME	B	R	H	O	A	E
Quigley, c. f.....	5	1	2	1	1	0
McCarty, ss.....	5	1	1	2	5	3
Hamilton, r. f.....	4	2	2	0	0	0
Kelley, 2b.....	2	3	1	7	0	1
Williams, l. f.....	5	1	2	1	0	0
Phillips, 1b.....	5	2	3	5	1	1
Connolly, 3b.....	3	1	1	1	1	0
Ulatowski, c.....	4	2	3	10	1	0
Ryan, p.....	5	0	1	0	0	2
Total	38	13	16	27	9	7

KALAMAZOO	B	R	H	O	A	E
J. Buchanan, l. f.....	5	2	0	0	0	2
Mumford, ss.....	5	0	0	4	2	0
Stuck, c. f.....	5	0	2	0	0	1
Biss, c.....	4	0	1	2	0	1
W. Buchanan, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Courter, 1b.....	4	9	0	14	0	0
Latourette, 2b.....	4	0	2	2	1	0
Carter, 3b.....	4	0	0	2	5	2
Mack, p.....	4	1	3	0	6	0
Total	39	3	8	24	15	6

Struck out—By Ryan, 8; by Mack, 1. Bases on balls—Off Mack, 6. Three base hit—Ulatowski. Double play—Quigley to McCarty. Stolen bases—Hamilton, 5; Kelley, 2; Quigley, 2; McCarty, 1; Phillips, 1; Connolly, 1; Ulatowski, 1; J. Buchanan, 1. Umpire, Cooke.