

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA; MAY. 14, 1910.

No. 31.

Dream-Song.

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12.

MY heart lay captive 'neath a spell
Of slumber melody;
Like music in a prison cell
The tones reverberant rose and fell
In rhapsody.

A mellow glory shone around
From out the dream's soft light;
No voice of earth could wake the sound
That held me then in rapture bound
Of song delight.

The sweet enchantment hovers yet
Upon dim memory's shore;
With just a semblance of regret,
Like some dear song we ne'er forget,
Tho' heard no more.

The "Ibsene" Drama.

LEO C. McELROY, '10.



IS there any good reason why the majority of plays written by present-day dramatists for production before present-day audiences should trend in the case of nearly all serious works, toward such realism as is portrayed in "The City?" Can we attribute such plays to an abnormal appetite on the part of the public, a real liking for themes that necessitate the exposition of the baser side of human nature?

It is the influence of Ibsen, a powerful influence in the dramatic world of to-day, and decidedly not a good one. This exploitation of the weaknesses and vices of humanity, the flaunting of crime and degradation,

stripped of any drapery, before the eyes of American men and women, for the reason that such conditions as are described really exist, is but a new path to the sought-for goal—financial success. The more horrible the scenes depicted, the greater the success.

Ibsen's "Ghosts" were bad enough, but Clyde Fitch's "City," and Herman Hagedom's "Witch," make a duo the morbidity of whose realism would put to shame the "grim Norwegian."

Critics speak of the "men of red blood" that are to be found in the realistic drama of the day, implying by that, it would seem, not refined, quiet men of culture; not the ordinary toilers of city or country whose lives are clean and simple though monotonously humdrum; but men of loose morals or of no morals; men of uncontrollable passions; men who are slaves to vicious habits; brutal, bestial, altogether lacking in manly qualities, these are the "men of red blood."

A problem that might well be considered seriously, might be stated in this way. Granted that it is the influence of Ibsen that makes for the sensational realism of our modern drama, does this influence dominate more effectively the author or the producer? If all manuscripts of a serious character that are submitted to managers reveal this same tendency toward "candid treatment of ugly, though virile subjects," then we must not blame the producers. The public will not be satisfied with nothing but sentimental romance or comedy. Sweetmeats and pastry as a steady diet would before long bring us to an untimely end. Our constitution requires meat, and it is for us to choose whether we will take diseased meat or go without any. For it is diseased meat that we are offered and from some of it the stench is pretty rank.

"The City," Clyde Fitch's last play purported to point out a lesson to the effect that the city will show a man as he really is; that in the city, he will sink or rise according to his merits. And to teach this idea, which, by the way, lacks that essential quality, truth, he has drawn a picture so utterly revolting as to completely unnerve an audience of New Yorkers.

"A Son of the People," one of the questionable attractions of the New Theatre, seems to have no excuse for its existence. It is a story of the French Revolution, incoherently told, abounding in inconsistencies, weak situations and absurd attempts to put stately speeches in the mouths of common characters. There is no moral lesson taught. The sacrifice of Colonel Arron, instead of arousing in us the sublime emotions of love or pity, merely gives us the idea that he is a misguided fool. M. de Tressailles is as bad as, if not really worse than, the husband in "Paid in Full;" and his wife is an utterly impossible character.

"The Lily," adapted from the French, carries as its message the declaration that two wrongs may make a right; that because a daughter is being cheated out of the love that is her right by the selfishness of the father, it is her privilege to win that love in any way possible. The strongest lines in the play are those in the denunciation speech, when Odette, the Lily, scores her father and comes to the defense of her erring sister.

Another example of the decayed morality which disgraces the stage in America to-day, is "The Witch," translated from the Norwegian author, Wiers-Jennsen, by a Harvard professor, Herman Hagedom. The play was more than translated, it was transplanted; and the scene in Professor Hagedom's version is Salem, Massachusetts, in the early times when the colonial Four-Hundred was blithely pursuing the fad of burning witches. What an instructive and delectable topic for development along dramatic lines! The heroine, if such she deserves to be called, is a young Portuguese girl, Joan, daughter of a self-confessed witch. When her mother dies Joan marries an old Puritan minister, and then proceeds to carry on in such a fashion with her stepson, that when the old husband learns of it he straightway succumbs to a

stroke of apoplexy. While he was yet living Joan had in the presence of witnesses, indiscreetly wished his death, and when he chivalrously departed this life, leaving her free, she was accused of having laid a spell upon him. She is put to the test of touching the dead body to either prove or disprove the accusation, and her reason fails her. Thus ends the play. And this was perpetrated by a Harvard professor! Surely it was a dyspeptic muse that furnished the inspiration for these gloomy plots.

In the past many foolish writers have claimed that the end of the drama was to please and instruct. How things have changed! Now, any modern theatre-goer can tell you that its chief aim is to horrify, startle or shock an audience.

The Man of the Hour.

C. L.

The freshmen were tardy in lining up for their annual class elections. This caused a degree of comment, because your freshman takes time by the forelock in these things. A Wednesday evening in November was finally honored in the calendar of all time by this momentous event. There were candidates without number, but offices were limited—and thereby hangs a tale. For besides himself, every man had some other man whom he would like to see gripping the reins of power. Now as the reins could not be gripped by all hands, there entered what we call competition, and competition is decided by vote, which results in the survival of the fittest.

Phil, Fritz, Teddy Bare, and Joe McDermott were talking it all over as they walked toward the Niles road the afternoon before the big event took place.

"Teddy, you're the man for the big chair and you're going to get it." Fritz's tone carried conviction.

"Yes, Teddy," Joe added, "you see you've been to college elsewhere. You've been a frat man. You've got push and know how to run things. You look good to me."

Teddy didn't say yes, and Teddy didn't say no, but in the still depths of his being Teddy quite favored the idea of Theodore

Bare for the high office of president.

"You see," persisted Fritz, "you're the logical candidate, because you're popular, and the popular man has a big stroke with the fellows."

"But, Fritz, I think some more worthy fe—"

"What nonsense!" was Fritz's horrified exclamation at even the suggestion of a worthier candidate.

"The idea of such a thing!" Joe was almost stricken with paralysis at the thought.

"To my judgment, Teddy," was Phil's first argument, "you're specially the man of the hour. You're witty, clever, up-to-date, well-dressed and a hard student."

Many a man has blunted a point by hitting it home once too often. Teddy had as full a measure of conceit as most of us. Now Teddy was no passionate wooer of Learning, and Teddy knew it. He couldn't help knowing it. Everybody had so informed him—at least everybody who had a degree of right to do so.

"Mr. Bare," said his Professor in Mathematics, "you are no Newton, surely, and unless you put on a great dash you never will be anybody."

"Mr. Bare," said the History Professor, "if you can't make up your mind to work, your proper place will be among the 'unknown dead.'"

"Theodore," said one of the deans, "you must pull up in your English. 'You can't make sophomore year that way, son.'"

"Mr. Bare," said another official, "I am painfully conscious of your name, and always in my mind it is associated with the phrase 'Absent from class and not accounted for.'"

Teddy now looked at Phil and shook his head. "Phil, you don't mean that. You can't mean it. No man has ever told me I was a student—and meant it."

"Never mind the student part of it. We know what we want. Don't we, Fritz?"

"Right you are, Joe, Teddy is the man, student or no student."

"Well, fellows, if you insist—"

"Of course we do!" in chorus.

"I accept for—"

"We knew you would."

"The good of the school—"

"That's talking, Teddy."

"And the class!"

"Already I shake your hand, Teddy; I see you with the hammer." Fritz suited the action to the word.

"Congratulations, Mr. President-to-be." Phil did the bow to the sultan in correct form.

"Now, fellows," said Teddy, diving into his vest pocket for ideas, "this meeting will be over about 8 o'clock. How about a lunch in Phil's room?"

Joe danced for joy, called Teddy his "day-dream," his "second brother," and what not.

Teddy continued his search: "I'll see Moon to ask the permish. Phil, your pass key. Thanks. Joe, you and I will hit the town for the dairy products. I'll furnish the bones."

Feeble protests of "no, no, can't think of it," and "you're too good, Bare," by citizens. Hero stills tumult and saves the situation.

The scene changes. Moon, Teddy, Joe McDermott march Indian fashion to Father Donnelly's room. It is 4:04 P. M. by the tower clock. A timid knock on the Rector's door. "Come in." Enter Moon, Joe and Teddy in the order named.

"Well, boys, how's business?"

"Fine, Father; everything's just lovely." Teddy said this just to be pleasant.

"Lovely, eh? You don't include yourself, I hope."

"If not in the lovely Father, but I'd like to include him in a town permission till supper." So spoke Moon.

"You'd like to include *him*, Moon? But who included *you*?" Quite so. Nobody had, as Moon very well knew. But a beginning had to be made, and Moon made it.

"Now Teddy," said Father Donnelly, "you were late for prayer this morning, and, Joe, you slept during your English yesterday; and, Moon, you had a rough-house in your room during this forenoon recess."

"I was over in the library during recess, Father," was Moon's defense.

"Well, 'twas Phil Donnelly then."

"Phil Donnelly was with me. We are looking up some debate work."

"Moon, you have heard the story of the wolf and the lamb. I'm the wolf and you're the lamb. But the wolf will let the lamb go this time."

"How about Teddy and Joe? I'll need

help for the lunch." This word "lunch" needed explanation which necessitated time and tact.

"Teddy, what have you to say?"

"Honest, Father, I'll have a front pew every morning till Christmas."

"And Joe?"

"No more after-dinner naps till the holidays."

"Well, this time you may go. But remember, don't come again for a month."

They were off. Teddy was the capitalist, Moon the buyer and Joe the common carrier. So far as I remember now, what they didn't buy on the occasion was what they didn't think of. They had ham and cold chicken and all kinds of relishes, and buns that were sweet and buns that weren't. They had several varieties of canned fruit, and cake and coffee and bakery mince pie. They had cheese, which Joe insisted went with the coffee. What else they had,—well, almost any boy in Corby knows what makes up a "spread" for a few friends.

They returned weighted down with the toothsome things dear to the freshman. They purposely returned after the students had gone to supper, and in this they showed the serpent's cunning. For many there are here about who would have relieved them of the impedimenta and never told it in confession either. They stowed away the "dairy products" in Phil's wardrobe,—a large one it will be remembered,—for safe-keeping. Teddy locked the door, pocketed the key and off they went to supper.

Up to seven o'clock there was a buzz of excitement in freshmen circles. It takes the freshmen to buzz! There were many candidates spoken of who might prove worthy to hold down the chair of chief executive.

"If it's merely holding down the chair, I'm for Fritz Berger," said "Skive" Maxman. Naturally there was a laugh, not that the statement was particularly new or particularly funny, but it was a time when everybody had a laugh to spare.

"My, but you're funny 'Skive!' Why don't you go on the stage? The senior play is to have an Indian fight in which a white man is to hide behind a tree; you'd make a fine tree."

"Fritz, you're sarcastic; and Father Devine says sarcasm is the weapon of a weak man."

"Come here, boy," said Fritz addressing Jack Belton who delivered the foregoing instructions from Father Devine. "Come here boy and listen." Fritz assumed an heroic pose and lectured the young man as follows:

"Know ye by these presents when any man, boy or other object claiming to be of the human species, speaks in terms of disrespect with malice aforethought of that inestimable person, Frederick Augustus Berger, then it becomes a pronounced and, I may say, in the words of another man in this University—a thinker like myself—an ethical necessity for Frederick Augustus to crush him, to expatriate him, to annihilate him. And I know of no man living that can do it with more crushing effect than Frederick. Eh, Moon?" Fritz had dabbled in the law a little, and whenever he had the chance, and whenever he hadn't, he cavorted with legal phraseology to the rare joy of his brother freshmen.

It was time for the big convention. Teddy's friends had been working hard, and general sentiment seemed to favor him. Gradually, for some mysterious reason, one after another the rival candidates dropped out. Even John Donlan, Corby's great pitcher, who served his hall long and faithfully and snatched the flag of glory even as it fluttered from the flag poles of other halls—yes, John Donlan withdrew his name in favor of Theodore, the Man of the Hour.

"You see it's this way, fellows," said John. "Teddy has been abroad some. Here at Notre Dame we're somewhat back of the times. We may win a football championship or a baseball championship or a dozen or so debates. But socially we don't shine. Bare is a frat man. He shines with the women folks—I mean the girls—that is—the ladies. This is Bare's first year here, and he knows a lot. I'm not a candidate."

This withdrawal of John meant much. It meant Teddy's election to the presidency of the freshman class with no opposition,—or none to speak of.

Just as they passed into the "rec" room, which was to be the scene of the election, Phil whispered to Teddy:

"It's going to be a great night for you, Teddy." And it was a great night, as we shall see.

Reason versus Force.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.

Life is the most sacred thing on earth. In proportion as nations advance in civilization, reverence for life must increase. But even in our own day when the light of a new era shows us a higher and nobler aspect of life, nations still foster a remnant of past barbarism which evinces itself in periodic war. "As the hunter tracks the wild beast when pursued to his lair by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds through the black forest of a past which he has reddened with his gore." Surely it shall not be said of present-day peoples that they still bend to the methods of the brute in the settling of international differences. The dictum that "might makes right" is for another time and another people. For in this age of enlightenment, the eye of reason sees in the wars of the past, great conflicts whose outcome depended not so much on justice and right as on chance and superior force of arms.

It can not be denied that war has sometimes done good; but the deplorable fact is that this good has come through bloodshed and misery. Far back in the twilight of civilization, war was sometimes a necessity, but surely no one will assert that nations must continue to shed blood in deciding questions of mutual difference. The day may be far distant when "swords will be beaten into plowshares and ships converted into merchantable steel," but to-day the world is beginning to understand that war is not the price of peace.

If it is true that war calls forth virtues that are high and noble it is likewise true that it engenders passions that are base and low. Our Revolutionary War produced the "Minute Man" of '76, but also the traitor of '80; our Civil War gave us the hero of '61, but likewise the "Bounty-jumper" of '63; from the war of '98 we have the gallant volunteer, but also the ghoul who despoiled his comrade's corpse. If progress in civilization is to come at all, it must come through struggle, but that struggle does not mean the butchery of men. It means the clash of

minds, the battle of intellect,—a higher and nobler struggle against vice and passion and ignorance. It can not mean the annihilation of man: it must mean his regeneration. In the effort to solve this problem of human emotions, are we to take the side of force or of reason, of war or of arbitration?

How does war solve the problem of setting human emotions? Search the records of time and see there written large in human blood the barbaric deeds of man. History is loud in her praises of war and its heroes. She uses high-sounding language in lauding their courage, their daring, their patriotism. She will show you battle flags crimson with the blood of brothers and laurel wreaths to crown the slayers. She will exhort you to erect marble columns to the heroes of war and to institute festivals in their honor. But war, shorn of its trappings and of its tinsel,—what a monster Moloch! We are told that fifteen billions of lives have been lost in war. Fifteen billions! What mind can comprehend the vastness of these figures? It is only when we reflect that this number would nearly populate ten worlds like our own that we begin to understand the extent of this loss of human life. Imagine every man, woman and child of the largest city in the world a bleeding corpse upon the battlefield, and you have numbered hardly one-third of the loss of life in the wars of the last century. Men call it the glorious nineteenth century. Yes, glorious century whose history is written in the life-blood of fourteen millions of human beings. They call Napoleon the great captain of the age, but six millions of grassy mounds supported his tottering empire.

In the historic campaign through Russia there fell during a hundred and seventy-three successive days an average of two thousand nine hundred men a day,—every week enough men to populate a large city. In twenty-three years, seventeen millions of men fell in battle, a number which equals the entire population of Australia. And what has been the record for the past fifty years? Half the population of Indiana hardly equals in number the loss of life in the Civil War. With two hundred and twenty-five thousand men—the number killed in the Franco-Russian war—the city of Indianapolis could be nearly populated, while all the men, women and children of

Boston number hardly as many as were killed in the late Russo-Japanese war. Such is the carnage of war. Do you wonder at these losses which nearly stagger the imagination when you consider that for a period of six hundred and seventy consecutive years England spent two hundred and sixty-six,—one year in every three—at war with France, and that throughout all Europe during the long lapse of centuries the dogs of war were scarcely ever fettered?

And what shall we say of the economic losses entailed by war? Reason laughs at the understanding that tries to comprehend the vastness of the economic losses resulting from war. Surely no one will attempt to measure the value of even a single human life in mere dollars and cents. Yet every soldier's corpse that lay on England's battlefield cost that nation fifty pounds. With eight hundred millions of pounds shot from the mouths of English cannon, a dozen institutions of learning like the University of Chicago could have been built. The total amount of all our foreign trade for nineteen hundred and six was only one-seventh as great as the cost of Napoleon's campaigns. Could we but use for educational purposes the twenty-four billions of dollars spent in killing men during the last century, we should be able to dot our lands with colleges as richly endowed as the University of Indiana.

But these figures refer only to past wars and give no idea of the burden resting upon us at present. According to a statement of our treasury department, we collected during the last fiscal year, almost five hundred million dollars. During that time we expended for the army and navy about three hundred and sixty million dollars. Therefore, this government expended during the last fiscal year on account of preparation for war and on account of past war, 72 per cent of her entire revenue. But startling as this statement may be, it does not yet reach the maximum cost of an armed peace. The expenditures for the army alone for the fiscal year 1910, will be more than \$83,000,000, or almost four times as large as those of the eight years preceding the Spanish war. In other words, the increase in army expenditure for the past decade exceeded \$472,000,000, a sum sufficient to

cover the entire cost of constructing the Panama Canal with nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars to spare.

Such, in brief, is the loss entailed by war. The foregoing are but a few cold facts that tell its awful story. But what pen can describe its moral aspect? The printed word is but ludicrous mockery of the frightful reality it attempts to portray. The keynote to the woe and the misery of war was struck by the ancient Cicero when he wrote: "The law is silent during war." Yes, it is in time of war that the ghosts of vice and crime stalk the land; that murder and rapine flourish; that virtue and honor are forgotten, for war is the spawning-ground of iniquity. It is in time of war that the husband trembles for the honor of his wife, the father for the honor of his daughter, the brother for the honor of his sister; and all this fear and trepidation, they tell us, is sustained in the name of patriotism. Patriotism!—the dishonor of women, ruin, death. Patriotism!—if this be patriotism, then let us pray God that we may never see the day when such patriotism shall rule our land.

But, it is asked, how does arbitration solve this problem of settling human emotions? And the cynic answers: "Beautiful dream, but alas! how impracticable." It is the same old objection advanced each time a new idea is proposed. Progress has ever met the sneer of the sceptic. But the vital test is not, "Will our standards and our ideals apply backward," but "will they apply forward?" Yes, friends, let us not "attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusty key."

Arbitration is not an untried scheme of some busied brain, but a practical solution for international difficulty. During the last century alone about two hundred and thirty-eight important disputes have been settled without the shedding of blood. More than sixty of these settlements occurred between the years 1890 and 1900. And even the twentieth century, though the first decade is still incomplete, has already witnessed twenty-one important settlements by arbitration. If an average of three arbitrations a year for a period of ninety-five consecutive years means anything at all, it means progress for the Peace Movement.

For over a hundred years, the United States has been settling her claims with other nations without recourse to arms. Numerous and varied as these claims have been, there is one which stands out above the rest. I refer to the so-called Alabama claims. Where in history will you find an international controversy which presented more discouraging aspects or involved more pointedly national honor? And yet, those two giants among nations, the United States and Great Britain, quietly arbitrated their claims, and taught a wondering world that the "magnitude of a controversy need not be a bar to a peaceful solution."

Let no man, therefore, extol the glories of war above those of arbitration, but rather let the nations of the earth unite in furthering the Peace ideal. Only so shall we be a people whose "God is the Lord;" only so shall the message of the Divine Master, "peace on earth" be realized among men.

Varsity Verse.

SHADOWS.

AH, shadows of life like on April day
 Creep sombrely over the soul grief-worn.
 Crumbling idols of clay, youth's dreams wear away
 And age wanders on in his path forlorn!

Soon a fair day calls in the realms of peace
 Where blooms sweetly springing besprinkle the way,
 No fall of the rain with its chilling refrain,
 Only love's mellow voices in welcoming lay.

T. C.

DON'T BLUFF.

Don't talk to us
 Of the shark that you tricked,
 Of the games you have won
 Or the man that you licked.
 Don't try to tell
 Of the "hit" that you've made,
 Of the glories you've won,
 Of your "rep" that won't fade.
 "Tell it to Sweeney."

Don't try the gag
 That you're never to blame.
 Don't tell of your "pulls"
 And don't boast of your name.
 Don't come around us
 With talk of your lore,
 And the things that you've done,
 We have heard that before.
 "Tell it to Sweeney."

G. J. F.

A Study in Men.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.

"Do you know, Lehr, that you can tell what vocation a man follows by just watching him move around for a while. If you stay on the grounds long enough you can spot a pick-pocket with ease. He can't make his hands behave. If he's around where there are people he will have to be getting his loot. He can't help it. It's his business. It's just the same way with every other man. I can sit here and tell you what nine out of ten of these men who are passing by do for a living. I may miss the tenth man, for that's about the percentage of fellows who do absolutely nothing to work out their salvation."

Dick McCreedy and Lehr were lounging in the lobby of the Westminster Hotel. An orchestra was playing in the balcony. Men were passing back and forth through the lobby whiling away the afternoon, for it was Sunday.

"Well, Dick, I've heard of the physiology of clothes—"

"Did you say the psychology of clothes?" queried Dick.

"Yes, I guess I said the—what was that you said, Dick?"

"The *psychology* of clothes," answered Dick much amused.

"Oh yes—yes—the—yes, that's what I said, but as I was saying I never heard that you could put that sort of stuff on a man, and read as much out of him as you seem to be able to do. I know that if a man comes in here covered with mortar you might say he was a bricklayer or a stone mason, or if another fellow came in carrying a saw and a square he might be a carpenter—that is, nine times out of ten he might be, but when the ordinary fellow comes in without the marks of his trade upon him—well, I am from down the river on the right hand side."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Lehr, we'll pick out ten men during the afternoon as they pass back and forth about the lobby, and I'll get nine of them lined up in their respective vocations—if I don't, I'll buy the dine checks; if I do, why the pleasure'll be yours. Are you on?"

"You'll have to exclude preachers and

policemen, for I could get 'hep' to those fellows myself. You've also got to solemnly swear that you don't know any of the subjects whom you may pick. But how are we going to find out what your picks really do after you've made your choice?"

"We'll, ask the clerk. He will probably know, but if he doesn't we'll send a bell boy up to them to ask them."

"Well as the comedian in that music show we saw last night, said, 'That's fair enough,' but it would be well to furnish the boy with an accident policy, if you're going to send him up to every man who comes in here."

"We'll do away with all formalities, Lehr, and begin at once."

A bell boy was secured for the affair and the man-picking began.

The first subject strolled in closely watched by Dick. He was a heavy-set man with a red face and a broad smile. He shook hands with every man he met. The hand-shaking act was accompanied with a loud laugh and a pat on the back. Dick had his time at about the fifth hand shake.

"He'd make a good street-car conductor, Lehr," said Dick, "for he doesn't seem to miss many of the fares, but right now he's engaged in politics. I never saw a man afflicted with this hand-shaking malady that wasn't trying to slip something over on somebody, and that's the politician's game, you know."

"Yes, I'll admit that I showed poor judgment when I didn't include politicians with the preachers and policemen, for I've run for Supervisor back in Greencastle three times myself, and I know a politician eighty rods away."

The bell boy on being consulted said: "Dat guy's runnin' fer sheriff. He's a Democrat."

"A fellow has to do a durn lot of hand shaking these days to get elected on the Democratic ticket," volunteered Lehr.

"Well, I've got only eight more to go and the "eats" are mine, Lehr. Now see that fellow over there in the gray suit with his hands behind him. You see he walks about with a careless air looking hither and thither. At first sight I would say he ran a clothing store, but you can't get away from the fact that he's a lawyer. It's part of a lawyer's business to have his hands behind him, for he usually has

something up his sleeve, as it were. The springing of the unexpected is his forte."

"Dat guy," said the boy, "was de biggest crook in dis town before he got to be a lawyer. He's been in de lock-up three times."

"I haven't the slightest doubt but what he will succeed in his chosen profession, that being the case," said Lehr. "He comes to it naturally." Lehr was a farmer and it is a characteristic of that class of people to bear the greatest of hatred for lawyers.

Their attention was next attracted by a man who rushed up to the clerk sawing the air with an umbrella and a travelling bag. On gaining the attention of the man behind the big book he opened up a very animated conversation whacking his umbrella on the desk at intervals as a means of punctuating his forcible remarks.

"That man," said Dick, pointing to the windmill effect still berating the clerk, "is the proprietor of a cross-roads' store probably ten or twelve miles from here. He runs an establishment where you can buy almost anything from a pint of black Jack molasses to a second-hand sewing machine. For these many long years he has stood out there in that little store of his and bartered his wares for the strong butter and shaky eggs of the tyrants of farmers. They have heaped their abuse upon him and he has been unable to say a word in defense. To do so would be to commit business suicide. I surmise that the hotel bus has gone off without him and that he has missed his train."

The bell boy did not know the gentleman, but on standing in the immediate vicinity of the belching acrimony he learned that he was Post-Master at Middletown and that the bus had really gone to the station without him. In addition to representing the United States at Middletown he was proprietor of a crossroads' grocery, as Dick had said, and was also the Mayor, chief of police, fire-chief, justice of the peace and what not.

"It can be plainly seen," said Lehr, "that his services are badly needed back in Middletown. A man burdened with all those titles must have occasion to use at least one of them every day even in Middletown."

"You see, Lehr, that so far I haven't missed a man. If you had ever thought of

it before you would easily see that every man betrays the marks of his trade in his actions."

"Well, Dick, your reasoning sounds good, but you may have been just a little bit lucky here this afternoon. I've got a friend here in town, and I'll bet you a whole weeks' dine checks, as you say, that I can send him around this lobby and you won't get him lined up in a dozen attempts. He's engaged in ordinary work for a living, but you'd never know it to look at him. I can have him on parade in an hour if my proposition looks good."

"Bring on the gent, Lehr, and it won't take me three minutes to tell you how he looks in the long green."

Lehr walked out of the lobby into the nearest barber shop that was open and had the barber shave off his verdant chin whiskers and luxurious mustache. After this operation he had his hair dyed a jet black. Borrowing a black felt hat with a wide brim and a frock coat he returned to the hotel. Purchasing a paper he found a comfortable seat and settled back to wait for further developments. He had not long to wait for the bell boy who had been at Dick's services during the afternoon soon approached him with the inquiry:

"Say, Mister, wat do youse do fer a livin? Der's a guy here wat tink he knows youse, and he wants me to find out."

Lehr lowered his paper and eyed his inquisitor with the caution of a steel magnate.

"My boy," he finally said, "tell your curious friend that I am a student at the National University for Chimney Sweeps, but, by the way, did he venture a guess as to what my occupation might be?"

"Yes. He said youse was de foist hoss thief he'd seen since he'd left Greencastle, wherever dat is."

"Horse thief!" Lehr shouted indignantly. "Who the—"

At that moment Lehr felt a hand upon his shoulder, and turning was confronted by a man in plain clothes displaying a star.

"Jed Heath," said the detective, "consider yourself under arrest. We've been laying for you and your band of counterfeiters for the last thirteen months. Walk quietly out of this place with me. If you make a

disturbance I'll drop you in your tracks."

Lehr grew pale and attempted to remonstrate, but to no purpose. He was horror stricken. Dick had taken him for a horse thief, and now he was being arrested as a counterfeiter. He rose from his seat slowly. His eyes were bulging from their sockets. The spirit of the joke he had been perpetrating on Dick had completely left him.

"I say," he ejaculated wildly, "this is a mistake—a damnable mistake. I can prove to you right here that—"

"Not a word from you. Understand? You're a shrewd old boy, but we've got you this time, and in you go."

Lehr was so upset that he could say nothing. He followed at the side of the wearer of the star, puffing like a whale in distress. At the first corner he felt another hand upon his shoulder. Turning with a start he recognized Dick.

"Say nothing," commanded Dick as he turned to the gentleman who had Lehr in charge. To this man Dick addressed a conversation in a low tone for some minutes. Lehr was unaware of what was going on, but his hopes were fast.

"Take him over to the Central station and I will be over at seven to prefer charges against him," said the detective as he placed Lehr in charge of Dick.

A few minutes later Dick and the much-shorn Lehr were seated in the dining room of the Westminster. Lehr was exceedingly mirthful, for he was not to go to jail. He was not aware of the hoax of which Dick had made him the victim. It was well for the future friendship of the pair that it was so.

"By all rights, Dick," said Lehr when he had calmed his mirth, "this meal should be on you, for you missed your guess badly when you took me for a horse thief."

Song.

How free is life
In golden years of youth!
The songs of hope and truth,
Are harmonies to soothe
The thought of strife.

Life is sincere;
When hoary age distress,
Beneath care's burden prest
Inclines at last to rest

Without a tear.

F. W. C.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLIII.

May 14, 1910

No. 31.

BOARD OF EDITORS

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10

PETER E. HEBERT, '10

LEO J. CLEARY, '10

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10

LEO C. MCELROY, '10

MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11

JOHN C. TULLY, '11

FRANCIS WENNINGER, '11

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11

CHARLES MILTNER, '11

THOMAS F. CLEARY, '11

FREDERICK W. CARROLL, '12

—Last Sunday evening a debate between representatives of the Brownson and St. Joseph societies proved interesting in more ways than one. Of its merits the critics speak highly, which must prove gratifying to the young men who worked so hard to make a creditable showing. On more than one occasion the SCHOLASTIC has discussed the value of interhall and interclass debates as a means of developing men who later will prove capable of representing the University in intercollegiate contests. No fictitious rivalry need be created. It exists; and it needs no artificial fanning to kindle the smouldering heap of embers into fine flame. Much useful information would be gained thereby and popular beliefs would be verified or proved fictitious. It is said, for instance, that halls conspicuous for athletic supremacy are weak in scholarship. It is hard to accept such a doctrine—in fact there is no reason why it should be accepted. But it hovers in the air and people feel its presence. It may be substance or it may be shadow. If substance it needs illumination, if shadow it needs illumination also, and then the shadow will vanish to its proper prison in shadowland.

—In the face of such shocking exposures of political graft as have recently been made in the city of Pittsburg, the New York and Illinois state legisla-

Current Graft Revelations tures, it is difficult for
And the Future. even the most san-

guine to entertain optimistic views either for the integrity of the future citizens or the stability of our republican form of government. That much needless anxiety is prevalent, however, we think demonstrable. The crimes of one generation are largely due to the mistakes of the preceding one. Their vigorous prosecution, on the other hand, is both an index to the presence of a strong reactive element and a hopeful portent for future reform. Individual avarice and lust for power have ever been attendant to partisan strife. Indeed, even the most cursory glance at what are termed the "Critical periods of American History" will establish this fact. At no period of political development have such manifestations been lacking, but at some periods there have been evident neither the ability nor the disposition to drag them into the light of publicity or to administer punishment to the evil-doers. The promptness and thoroughness of modern investigation and prosecution backed up by an alert public opinion is the most emphatic evidence of our social integrity. Corruption flourishes only in the dark and quickly dies when subjected to the burning rays of the public search light. Grave as these evils are in themselves, yet so long as they are ferreted out and justice administered they can never undermine our civic institutions nor blight our civic virtue. We are not less convinced, however, of our future political welfare than of the cause for present corruption. Man is naturally prone to selfishness, even when possessed of every necessity and surrounded by every comfort, and will occasionally break through the strongest barrier to satisfy his craving for power and fame. But when these barriers are weakened and often thrown completely down, as our system of godless education has done, what before required an effort now becomes merely a matter of policy. The present agitation among certain educators and statesmen for the restoration of religion in the schools is but a recognition of this fact.

Important Notice: Changes in the Commencement Program.

Attention is called to the fact that in order to gain certain important advantages some changes have been made in the details of the Commencement Program. Following is the Order of Exercises as now arranged:

SATURDAY, June 11, 1910.

Washington Hall 8:00 P. M.
 "Powers of Control Vested in Congress"—
 Address by Mr. Max Pam

SUNDAY, June 12.

8:00 A. M.—Solemn High Mass in the University Church
 The Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., D. D.,
 President of the University, Celebrant.
 Baccalaureate Sermon by Very Rev. Dr. Edward A. Pace
 of the Catholic University of America, Washington.
 5:00 P. M.—Business Meeting of the Alumni Association
 6:30 P. M.....Band Concert on the Quadrangle
 7:00 P. M.....Alumni Dinner in East Dining-room

MONDAY, June 13.

8:00 A. M.—Solemn Requiem Mass for Deceased Alumni.
 EXERCISES IN WASHINGTON HALL 10 A. M.

Selection.....University Orchestra
Bachelors' Orations.

I. Oration.....Predatory Wealth
 Michael Lee Moriarty, Bachelor of Letters (Ohio)
 Selection.....University Glee Club

II. Oration.....Predatory Poverty
 Paul Joseph Donavan, Bachelor of Laws (Illinois)
 Selection.....University Mandolin Club

III. Oration.....The Ordinance of God
 Peter Edward Hebert, Bachelor of Arts (Michigan)
 Selection.....University Orchestra

12:00 M.....Luncheon in East Dining-room

1:30 P. M.....Regatta on St. Joseph's Lake
 1st race.....Preparatory
 2d race.....Sophomores vs. Freshmen
 3d race.....Seniors vs. Juniors

3:00 P. M.....Baseball game, Alumni vs. Varsity
 (Monograms will be awarded to the Varsity
 immediately before the game)

6:30 P. M.....Band Concert on the Quadrangle

8:00 P. M.—Selection.....University Orchestra
 Commencement Address by the

Hon. Thomas Riley Marshall, Governor of Indiana
 "Home, Sweet Home".....Quartette
 Class Poem—George Joseph Finnigan, Bachelor of
 Letters (New York)

Valedictory—Jesse Henry Roth, Bachelor of Arts, Indiana
 Awarding of Honors Conferring of Degrees

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

Examination of Collegiate Students.

As will be observed there are some radical changes announced here. In the first place the Commencement Exercises are held before

and not after the examination of Collegiate students. The reason for this is that the Faculty desire all the Collegiate students to be present at the Commencement Exercises. No one will receive credit for the year's work who does not remain for the final examination.

It will also be noted that the Alumni Reunion occurs Sunday evening instead of Wednesday noon as heretofore. On Sunday every Alumnus from all points within two hundred miles can easily be present. The preceding day is a half holiday for professional men and many business men in practically all cities. Alumni are expected to gather in as early as Saturday evening to be present at the Baccalaureate Sermon Sunday morning and to spend the rest of the day in reunion with old friends. The Alumni meeting and the dinner come later in the day, and last as long as the "old boys" desire.

Another important change is the setting of the Bachelors' Orations for Monday morning. This gives the distinguished Commencement orator more time for his discourse in the evening. It also enables us to transfer the Thursday morning exercises to the evening of Monday. The conferring of honors and degrees is the most important part of the Commencement Exercises. On Thursday morning the audience was small and drowsy—limited almost entirely to personal friends of the graduates. The new arrangement permits the presentation of degrees in the presence of the large evening assemblage.

Old students and graduates of the University ought to appreciate the fact that these radical changes were made pretty largely in order to enable them to attend the Commencement Exercises in large numbers. Anyone within three hundred miles of the University may reach Notre Dame in time for the reunion without losing one hour of his working time. If necessary, Alumni may take the train for Chicago at 10:55 o'clock Sunday night, or a train for the East at 11:10 o'clock. It is expected that because of this new arrangement the number of Alumni assembled this year will be unusually large.

COMMENCEMENT IN PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Commencement Exercises for the Preparatory School will be held in Washington

Hall, Thursday, June 9th at 8:00 p. m.
Following is the program as arranged:

Selection.....University Orchestra
 Declamation.....By the Winner of the Elccution Medal
 Oration—By the Winner of the Preparatory Oratorical
 Selection.....University Orchestra
 Awarding of Honors and Commercial Diplomas.
 Closing Remarks.....Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,
 President of the University of Notre Dame.

Examinations of Preparatory students are set for Wednesday afternoon, June 8th, Thursday, June 9th, and Friday morning, June 10th. Preparatory students are free to go home as soon as their last examination is completed.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Commencement Exercises in St. Edward's Hall will be held Wednesday morning, June 8th at eight o'clock. These exercises will consist of the usual features, ending with distribution of medals, premiums, honors, and an address by the President.

Stereopticon Lecture.

A graphic view of "How the other half lives" was presented in Washington Hall on Wednesday, May 12, in a stereopticon lecture by C. Oliver Powers. The lecturer seemed to have his matter well in hand, and drew sharp and effective contrast between the luxury of our cities and the almost unspeakable poverty within a stone's throw of marble palaces. The stories told were of the incredible kind, but the pictures thrown on the canvas bore out the truth of the lecturer's words. The pictures, by the way, were not the best, nor the most novel we have seen. Otherwise the lecture was most enjoyable.

Dr. Walsh's Lecture.

Dr. Walsh again lectured before the students and faculty on the solution of the present social problems by a resort to the old guild system. No attempted social reform of to-day, he said, is without a parallel in the accomplishments of these ancient organizations. These guilds were formed with twenty-two objective ends, some of which are: Relief of the poor, the sick, the aged and aid for those suffering

loss by fire, flood etc. The present old-age pension system of Germany was practised by them; to a laborer belonging to a guild, should a serious sickness prevent him from working, was paid a sum of money from the common fund until his recovery or death. There is not an abuse which Socialism is trying to solve to-day, which was not solved by these guilds. This system, however, has many advantages over the socialistic method, which proposes to have the government regulate all, thus opening a way to such evils as corruption and abuse of charity. But where each community provides for its own local needs, such evils are avoided

Brownson-St. Joseph Debate.

The Brownson-St. Joseph Hall debate resulted in victory for the former. The question: "Resolved, That Labor Unions are a benefit to the workingman," is a comprehensive one capable of bringing forth all the argumentative powers of the debater. Each side showed a knowledge of this wide subject, and the facts were well marshalled and ably presented. Mr. Meersman appeared to be the strongest debater both in argument and delivery with Mr. Milroy closely competing for first honors. Mr. McLaughlin was good in delivery, but his logic was not convincing. Mr. Myers, on the other hand, argued well, but the good effect was slightly marred by mannerisms of delivery. Elocutionary forms, however, are only a matter of practice, and Mr. Myers gives every evidence of developing into a keen debater. Mr. Burns and Mr. Kiley performed their work well, and both give promise of creditable performances in the future. The judges were Dr. Burke, Messrs. Callahan and Hines.

Civil Engineering.

At the meeting of the Civil Engineering Society on May 11 Mr. Schmitt presented a dissertation on The Problem of Sewage Disposal. He told of the deplorable conditions that exist in many places owing to the lack of sanitary means for the disposing of the contents of a sewer, and explained the two ideal methods now used, namely,

that of intermittent filtration and the septic tank treatment. Mr. Funk gave an outline of the life and works of Captain Eads, whose greatest monument is the jetty which keeps the mouth of the Father of Waters in a navigable condition. Mr. Washburn read a paper in which he discussed the subject of Culture among the Civil Engineers. He emphasized a number of things that relate to culture, especially with reference to the education of the young engineer, and the necessity of being cultured in order that one may possess a high efficiency in his profession and be of most value to himself. In his paper on the subject of Ether Mr. Gutierrez reviewed the opinions held by scientific and thinking men upon this imponderable substance. He showed how much there is to be learned concerning this subject, and the great field offered for study and research. The necessity of a thorough technical training for the Civil Engineer was developed by Mr. Gamboa. He related the manner in which the early scientific investigations of problems in the engineering world by the college graduates of our country drew the attention of the public. Mr. Herr enumerated a number of the fictitious beliefs of the ancients which are based upon the motions of the stars and the planets. The important part which astronomy has played in the construction of our calendar; in the location of a point on the earth's surface; the determination of time; and the knowledge of the universe which one may secure by studying the science, were some of the points touched upon.

At the close of the meeting the Reverend President, Father Cavanaugh, addressed the society in a few remarks dealing with the merits of the Civil Engineering Course, advising the students not to confine their time while in college too exclusively to the purely technical studies, but to blend with these branches some of the subjects pertaining to art and literature. For some knowledge of these cultural studies enables one to appreciate more fully those features that contribute to a happy and moral life. Other speeches followed by the Reverend Doctors Schumacher and Irving.

Many interesting meetings have been held by the engineers during the year and notable results in practical scholarship have resulted.

Personals.

—Harold McConnell, student in Carroll Hall last year, was a visitor at the University last week.

—P. J. Nelson (LL. B., 1888) is the senior member of the firm of Nelson and Duffy, 205 Security Bldg., Dubuque, Iowa.

—The present address of Robert E. Saley (A. B. '08) is 94 Prescott St., Cambridge, Mass. Bob expects to be graduated in Law a year from next June.

—Mr. Ernest E. L. Hammer, A. B., '04, announces that he has removed his law offices to No. 37 Liberty St., Burrough of Manhattan, City of New York.

—Among the visitors at the University this week were James V. Cunningham (LL. B., 1907) and Daniel L. Madden (LL. B., 1906), both practising law in Chicago.

—James Ryan Hayden, student 1892-7, publishes in the Hot Springs *Daily News* a beautiful tribute to Mark Twain: "He shared his mirth with all mankind, but bore his grief alone," is as true as it is touching.

—F. A. Smoger (M. E., 1903), "Architect and Builder, Steubenville, Ohio," as the letterhead declares, writes saying: "I hope to see you in June. Frank will be here 'with rings on his fingers and bells on his toes.'"

—Evaristo R. Batlle (B. S. A. E., 1906), at present editor of *Ingenieria*, a Spanish magazine published in Chicago, contributes to the April number of his magazine an interesting article on "Technical Schools for workmen."

—The Fourth Estate, published in New York, recently contained an exceptionally fine portrait of Mr. Hugh A. O'Donnell (Litt. B., 1894). Hugh recently delivered an illuminating address on "Advertising Ways in the East and the West." As our readers know, Hugh is advertising Manager of the *Philadelphia Press*.

—A part of the program of the Catholic Educational Convention to be held in Detroit the coming summer, is a college night, to be devoted to addresses by three college graduates. Detroit College, Villa Nova and Notre Dame are the institutions chosen for representation. Mr. Byron V. Kanaley (A. B.,

1904) will be the spokesman of Notre Dame.

—Frank A. McCarthy (LL. B., 1906) has opened a law office of his own at Elgin, Ill. Our information is that "Frank has been more than busy with his law practice the past year. He recently visited Portland, Oregon, and met a large and distinguished group of Notre Dame men who are the pride of that city."

—William P. McPhee (B. S., 1890; M. S., 1895) writes saying that he expects to be back for Commencement this year. "Twenty years seems a long time to be out of college, and although the years have crept along apace, I am still as young at heart as in the day when I wore my first silk hat and my first frock coat."

—Clarence A. T. Hagerty (B. S., '90, M. S. '95) "Cat" of the olden times, has a genuine Rooseveltian family. The census man this year will credit him with five blooming, red-cheeked youngsters, who proudly call him "Pa." Mr. Hagerty is one of the most respected and competent professors in the Agricultural College of New Mexico.

Calendar.

- Sunday 15—Pentecost.
 " Brownson Literary Society.
 " Walsh Literary Society.
 " St. Joseph Literary Society.
 " St. Joseph vs. Old College baseball.
 " Brownson vs. Sorin baseball.
 Monday 16—St. Viateur's vs. Notre Dame at Kankakee, Ill.
 " Band Practice
 " Orchestra practice.
 " Glee Club practice.
 Tuesday 17—Armour Institute vs. N. D. baseball at Chicago.
 " Mandolin Club practice.
 Wednesday 18—Marquette vs. N. D. baseball at Milwaukee.
 " Michigan Aggies vs. N. D. Track meet at Lansing.
 " Civil Engineering Society.
 Thursday 19—Beloit vs. N. D. baseball at Beloit, Wis.
 " Philopatrian Picnic.
 " Corby vs. Walsh baseball.
 Friday 20—St. Joseph College vs. N. D. baseball at Dubuque, Iowa.
 Saturday 21—Philopatrian Society.

Local Items.

—The new sand walks are a welcome novelty.

—Theses for graduation are due next week. The final stretch is on.

—The Varsity starts on its Western tour Monday, to be gone a week.

—Corby beat Culver Academy 17 to 1 in baseball at Culver last Thursday.

—Found.—Some cuff-bottons and pins. Owners may apply to Brother Alphonsus.

—The students of St. Edward's Hall enjoyed an outing to St. Joseph's Farm last Wednesday.

—The contest in declamation for the Barry Medal will be held June 2 and will be open to Freshmen only.

—The *Freeman's Journal* of New York has reprinted the editorial "Redmond the Winner," which appeared in our issue of April 23.

—No charges will be made on students' accounts after Saturday May 21. Students desiring shop orders should secure the requisite permission at once.

—Under the title "The Old Question" the *Indiana Student* reprints without comment the recent SCHOLASTIC editorial on fraternities entitled "The Modern System."

—The Ex-Carroll "Invincibles" are really vincible after all. They were defeated by the Senior Holy Cross team after a hard-fought game of ten innings. Score 3-4. For details see Mr. Cotter.

—It is suggested that a slight nervous ecstasy, produced possibly by a highly eulogistic note of commendation in last Sunday's *Portland Oregonian*, may have been the immediate cause of "Ruth" Campbell's octave of errors in the Sorin game last Thursday.

—On May 27 a debate will be held between the Freshmen Law and the Freshmen Letters. Milroy, Kiley, Meersman and Tretton were selected by Prof. Hines to represent the Letters men, and the Law team will be chosen by means of preliminaries, to be held shortly. The following lawyers will compete in the try-out: Affirmative, Ryan, Burke, Costello, Shock; negative, McGlynn, Oshe, Cunning and Cullen.

—John C. Tully and Raymond E. Skelley attended the State Convention of the Knights of Columbus at Gary, Ind., May 10, as delegates from the Notre Dame Council.

—A commencement regatta is assured, if anything not put through can be. A Senior-Junior and a Sophomore-Freshman race is to be pulled off, and from now on the lake will be the scene of some activity. The members of the four classes have in mind the old "grads" who will come in numbers to commencement, and the races are specially to remind them of old times. Class honors are at stake and good rowing is assured. That popular band, the ex-Carrolls, are also in training and have been for some time. They expect to hold up the honor of the Prep. department.

—Mexican freedom was gloriously commemorated last Saturday evening when thirty representatives of that republic, as well as several representatives of other Spanish-speaking countries, gathered at the Oliver Hotel. Eloquent tributes filled with fervid expressions of loyalty and patriotism, were the order of the evening. The popular "Pete" de Landero was toastmaster for the occasion, and the manner in which he lauded his native land brought tears of homesickness to the eyes of his countrymen. Toasts were responded to by Señores Portillo, García, Arias, Caceres, Diaz, Braccho and Rubio. Chief of the mural decorations were large silken United States and Mexican flags. "Viva Mejico."

—The installation of the newly elected officers of the new Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, took place at American Hall last Thursday evening, District Deputy Weber presiding. Following the impressive ceremony of installation a social session was held. Several of the newly initiated members contributed to the entertainment of their older brothers by recounting some of their recent experiences. Professor Hines gave a very instructive talk on parliamentary procedure; S. M. Dolan spoke of the glories of knighthood; Tom Havican gave an elocutionary selection entitled "The Triumph of Truth;" George Sands discussed the relations of law and knighthood, and James O'Brien viewed knighthood from the standpoint of the engineer. Lemonade and "4's" were served by the lecturer by way of refreshment.

—The Junior Class met Monday evening and selected the *Dome* Board for 1911. Arthur Hughes was unanimously chosen Editor-in-Chief, Elmo Funk, Business Manager and Wm. Helmkamp Art-Editor. Other members of the Board will be appointed by the Editor-in-Chief. In accepting his office Mr. Hughes urged the co-operation and earnest efforts of the class in making the Annual of '11 a success, and his sentiments were echoed by the other members of the Board. It was voted to allow the Law Class of '11 one representative as an Associate-Editor. The Law men showed their good taste by appointing to this position Leo Buckley. The class voted to have a dinner before Commencement, and Mr. Shenk was appointed chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. William Heyl, President of the class, was chosen toastmaster.

Athletic Notes.

MARQUETTE BITES THE DUST.

Just as it takes money to make money so does it take hits to make batting averages, and every man on the team who needed a few wallops to fatten up his record took advantage of the turn of affairs at the Marquette contest to make such improvement. Captain Kelley with two singles and a double, Quigley with two singles and a triple, and Foley with three singles led in the assault on Mr. Leonard. Phillips and Williams came close behind with two apiece. In the midst of such a pyrotechnic display the brethren from the northern shores were able to garner but one hit while in the hands of Bill Heyl.

Notre Dame.....	5	0	2	2	2	*=11	14	2
Marquette.....	0	0	0	0	0	0=	0	1 6

Three Base Hit—Quigley. Two Base Hit—Kelley. Struck out—By Heyl, 4; by Leonard, 2. Bases on balls—Off Heyl, 1; off Leonard, 2. Stolen Bases—Quigley, Foley, 2; Williams, 1. Sacrifice Hits—Myers, 1. Umpire—Merrill.

* * *

LITTLE GIANTS PROVE EASY.

The brother who handles the sports for the *Crawfordsville Journal* in writing up Notre Dame's first game with Wabash observed that, "Pitcher Ryan of the visitors had everything working for him, and the

locals were unable to find his shoots when hits were needed." He failed to add that this is an old weakness of Bill's. The same personage goes on to relate that the Notre Dame men hit when hits were needed. This we must say is a very good time to hit indeed. In stealing bases he says our men are very, very good. His description of the way the Wabash men stuck to the bases leads us to infer that it is a custom at Wabash that in case a man should happen to be standing on a base when the game ended it is his right to unstrap the bag and take it home with him. This is not a custom at Notre Dame.

Notre Dame.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	1=4	6	1
Wabash.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1=1	9	6

Struck out—By Ryan, 8; by Winnie, 8. Bases on balls—Off Ryan, 4; off Winnie, 4. Passed ball—Huffne. Double play—Kelley to Phillips. Umpire—Grimm.

*
* *

CLEAN SWEEP AT WABASH.

In the weirdest sort of a college baseball game Notre Dame sent forty-two men to bat, made fifteen runs, fourteen hits, eight errors, and defeated Wabash for the second time last Friday. Both teams used three pitchers, Wabash, because it was at all times necessary, Notre Dame in order to give her men a work-out. The little Giants succeeded in getting but five hits during the affray.

Notre Dame.....	1	1	4	6	1	0	0	1	1=15	14	8
Wabash.....	0	0	1	0	0	5	3	0	0=9	5	8

Three base hits—Quigley, Rich. Two base hits—Hawkins. Bases on balls—Off Regan, 2; off Attley, 3; off Heyl, 1; off Myers, 3; off Winnie, 2. Struck out—By Regan, 3; by Attley, 1; by Heyl, 1; by Myers, 2; by Puckett, 1; by Winnie, 2. Double plays—Connolly to Phillips. Umpire—Grimm.

*
* *

BELOIT GAME ENDED BY RAIN.

The Notre Dame and Beloit teams played four and one-half innings of the national game in a cold, drizzling rain last Saturday, and then decided to call it quits. Mr. Lien of the visitors, who is at all times a very good pitcher, failed to hold the locals when bingles meant runs. Because he pitched the day before, defeating Northwestern after striking out fourteen men, we are inclined to be very lenient with him. Heyl started for the locals, and after striking out two men and having another who had reached first

on a pass caught off the sack, decided to wait for another day, and Bill Ryan took up his duties. Mr. Sleep was the only visitor who succeeded in getting a hit off of Ryan during the drizzly affair.

Notre Dame.....	2	0	0	1	*=3	4	0
Beloit.....	0	0	0	0	0=0	1	0

Three base hit—Sleep. Struck out—By Heyl, 2; by Ryan, 3; by Lien, 6. Bases on balls—Off Heyl, 1; off Ryan, 1; off Lien, 3. Stolen bases—Kelley, Hamilton, Williams. Umpire, O'Brien.

*
* *

OLIVET VERY WEAK.

In one of the most listless games seen at Notre Dame for some time the Varsity defeated Olivet Tuesday afternoon 16-1. At the beginning of the seventh inning twenty-nine fans still remained in the grandstand. In the eighth the place was deserted except for the occupants of the press stand who are forced to stick regardless of conditions. Even Joe Murphy, who has of late taken a fancy to the southwest corner of the press box, decided it was a poor show when it had to play to an empty house, so gathered himself together and wandered away. The only times when the gloom which had fallen over all was rent asunder was when Regan cleared the bases in the second with a home run, and when Quigley performed the same feat in the fourth. The rest would prove painful reading.

Notre Dame.....	1	9	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	*=16	10	2
Olivet.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1=1	5	3

Bases on balls—Off Regan, 2; off DePue, 4; off Sorinson, 2. Home Runs—Regan, Quigley. Three Base Hits—Price. Two Base Hits—Ulatowski. Hit by pitched ball—Kelley, Berry, Hamilton. Struck out—By Regan, 5; by Walluk, 1; by DePue, 4. Passed Balls—Rogers. Umpire—Cooke.

*
* *

INTER-HALL RESULTS & STANDING OF TEAMS.

- Brownson, 11; Walsh, 3.
- Walsh, 2; St. Joseph, 2.
- Brownson, 10; Sorin, 3.
- Corby, 14; St. Joseph, 5.

	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Corby	3	3	0	1000
Old College	1	1	0	1000
Brownson	3	2	1	.680
Sorin	2	1	1	.500
Walsh	2	0	2	.000
St. Joseph	3	0	3	.000