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Remembrance.

(To R. H.)

WE little thought, a month ago,
That you would vanish with the snow,
And when the playground green should grow
That you would lie the grass below.

But though upon you weighs the sod,
And wait for you the walks we trod,
While o'er your grave the willows nod,
We know you have your Spring with God.

L.

Father Marquette.

PAUL RUSH, '12.



WITHIN the little chapel on St. Ignace Island, built upon the ruins of the Indian mission he established there in 1671, lie the relics of Father James Marquette, who will ever be remembered by Americans for the inestimable services he performed for civilization. He discovered and explored the Mississippi; he converted and enlightened the Indians, opening the way for colonization: these are his works,—works which have served as a means for following generations who changed the forests and deserts which bordered the Mississippi when he first discovered it, into the rich and fertile sources of production which they are today.

Neither the many obstacles he encountered nor his own poor physical condition deterred him from his undertaking, for he was borne on with the determination to accomplish something for his God. He was one of that

courageous and unselfish band of French Jesuit missionaries of whom Bancroft speaks as "Defying the severity of climate, wading through water and through snow, without the comfort of fire, having no bread but pounded corn, and often no food but the unwholesome moss from the rocks; laboring incessantly; exposed to live, as it were, without nourishment, without a resting-place; to travel far, and always incurring perils; to carry their lives in their hands, or rather, daily and oftener than every day, to hold them up as targets, expecting captivity, death from the tomahawk, tortures and fires." It is to this group of missionaries and to Marquette, who stands pre-eminent among them, that civilization owes the beginning of the development of the great Mississippi Valley.

Marquette was born in Laon, France, June 1, 1637. An intense religious fervor, probably inherited from his mother, began to develop in the youth at a very early age. When only nine years old he began to fast on Saturdays, and even before this time, had begun to say the little office of the Immaculate Conception. This was the beginning of a devotion to the Blessed Virgin which continued until his death; he hardly ever meditated on anything else; he entrusted himself to her guidance when he set out on his exploration; he gave that name to the Mississippi and to the mission established among the Kaskaskians, which it yet bears. On October 8, 1654, he became a novice in the Jesuit order, and after several years spent in teaching in France, sailed for Canada in 1666, in accordance with a desire he had long entertained.

Marquette arrived in America on September 20, and was almost immediately sent to Three Rivers where he studied Algonquin to prepare himself for missionary work. He was a very

apt scholar, and in the nine years spent in America, learned six Indian languages. After the two years spent at Three Rivers, he was sent to Chequamegon to replace Father Allouez at the Ottawa missions there. His labors were interrupted by the wars between the Indian tribes; the Dakotas and Sioux pushing eastward, conquered the Ottawas and their allies, forcing Marquette and his converts to abandon their mission. They went to St. Ignace Island in Lake Michigan where Marquette established a mission and labored among the Indians until he left with Joliet on his tour of exploration.

Since Father Marquette had first heard of the great river from the reports sent back to Three Rivers by Father Allouez he had longed to search for it and to instruct the unenlightened savages whom he knew must dwell along its banks. The strange tales told him by the Indians of his mission only increased this feeling, so he wrote to his superior to be allowed to carry on such an exploration. Hence when in 1672, Joliet was commissioned to search for the Mississippi, he bore instructions for Father Marquette to accompany him. Paddling up the St. Lawrence and over Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron, he arrived at Mackinack on December 8, 1672. Here he remained with Father Marquette waiting for spring to set in before beginning the voyage. The winter was spent in making maps, marking out their course, and gaining all possible information from the Indians. On the 17th of May, 1673, the long voyage was begun. Joliet and Marquette with five men and two canoes, a few provisions, consisting of Indian corn and dried meat, set out following the west shore of Lake Michigan, entered Green Bay and ascended the Fox river to its source. Guided by two Miamis, obtained at an Indian village, they made a carry to the Wisconsin. Embarking on this river they paddled down to its course, gliding out on the great Mississippi exactly one month from the day of the beginning of the voyage. Great was the joy of the explorers; and they landed and gave thanks to God and prayed to the Immaculate Conception, whose aid Marquette never failed to invoke.

The Jesuit Father in the account of his voyage, describes very vividly the different things which they saw along the river, among which he mentions a queer cow which one of the party killed. It is this careful diary

of the trip which informed Europe of the vast wealth in this country and opened up the way for traders and settlers. They continued their course down the Mississippi for more than a week without seeing any signs of habitation, nevertheless, they took great care, fearing they might encounter some hostile tribe. They landed to cook their meals, but always slept in their canoes which they anchored in the river, posting one man as sentry to prevent a possible surprise. Some days later, however, they observed a path leading up the western bank. Landing, they followed it, and after some time came upon three Indian villages which proved to be those of the Illinois. When within hearing distance they shouted, arousing the Indians who welcomed them after their usual dignified and ceremonious manner, offering them food and the pipe of peace or "calumet," as it was called.

Marquette spent several days instructing them; they were greatly interested and listened with attention to the things he told them. When the good priest told them that he must go, they tried to dissuade him from his attempt, telling him of the dangers he must encounter of hostile Indians who would kill him, of strange Spirits which their imaginations pictured. The priest told them he did not fear these things and that he left his protection in the hands of God. This statement caused the savages much surprise, for not possessing the virtue of faith, they could not understand Marquette's fearless attitude. Seeing their efforts to keep Father Marquette with them were futile, they made him promise to return. The whole tribe assembled at his departure, and he was presented with one of the wonderful "calumets" which afterwards proved very useful upon several occasions.

Leaving the Illinois, the party of Frenchmen continued on their way down the great river, past the Missouri and the "unrecognized Ohio." They met one band of Indians who recognized the dress of a Catholic priest, so presumed these must have come from the southeast where they had seen the Spaniards. The next tribe encountered, was the hostile Metchigameas, who dwelt near the mouth of the Arkansas river. These people were lined up in battle array and refused to allow them to land, telling them to go on to a tribe below. Finding even the charm of the calumet futile, they did as the Indians directed, coming to

the home of the Arkansas who treated them kindly.

Being informed by the old men of this tribe that the mouth of the river was only four days off and that the tribes below were hostile, they decided to return, and accordingly on the 17th of July began their tiresome homeward voyage. They had accomplished their purpose, having gone so far south that they knew it was impossible that the river should empty into the Pacific or Atlantic ocean. Marquette in his diary said that their reason for not pursuing the river to its mouth was that they thought it a much safer plan to return with the records they possessed rather than run the risk of losing them for the sake of verifying that which was already conclusively proved. Meeting the Peoria Indians they stopped with them for three days, the good priest taking advantage of the opportunity to advance the work of christianization. His labors were not without an effect, for when he was leaving, a dying Indian babe was brought to him to be baptized. In a letter to his superior, Marquette said that he felt greatly rewarded to know that he had saved the soul of at least one Indian. They did not return by the same route they came, but ascended the Illinois, the sooner to avoid the strong current of the Mississippi. They stopped several days with the Kaskaskians, who, after again gaining the Jesuit's promise to return, escorted him to Lake Michigan.

On his return, Marquette was assigned to Green Bay, and so took leave of Joliet who returned to Quebec. The latter had the misfortune to be overturned in his canoe when within sight of his destination, losing all his valuable records and barely escaping with his life.

While at Green Bay, Marquette had asked and received permission to establish a mission among the Kaskaskians. He set out with two companions for their village in November despite the fact that he had suffered all summer from a serious disease and that winter had begun. He had proceeded as far as the portage between the Chicago and Illinois rivers when his disease returned, forcing him to stop for the winter. A cabin was erected and everything made as comfortable as possible; food was received from several Indian tribes, but despite these aids, their suffering was intense.

On March 29, 1675, the winter season having

broken up and Marquette's disease having abated somewhat, the journey to Kaskaskia was continued. On his arrival, a small chapel was built and adorned with the pictures of the Blessed Virgin which he had brought with him. Here it was, on Holy Thursday in 1675 that the first Mass was celebrated in Illinois. He began his regular mission labors, but his disease developed into a more serious form, and realizing that he could not live much longer, he bade good-bye to the Indians, and with his two companions began the homeward voyage, destined never to be completed.

Marquette seemed to realize this fact and several weeks before the end came told them how to assist him in his dying moments; and while yet able to say Mass, he blessed the water and instructed his companions how it should be used in his burial. As they landed one evening he told the men he would die the next day, so they built a rude cabin of bark in which they carefully laid the dying priest. After hearing their confessions, and with great effort reciting his breviary, Marquette sent them to rest saying he would call them when he needed them. Several hours later he called his companions, and taking off his crucifix asked them to hold it before him. Telling them to repeat the names of Jesus and Mary when they perceived him in his last agony, he made a "profession of faith and thanked God for permitting him to die in the Society, a missionary destitute of all things," and then "continued in prayer until his strength failed." His lifelong devotion to the Blessed Virgin did not go unrewarded, for he died on Saturday as he had always desired. "His companions never doubted that She appeared to him at the hour of his death, when after pronouncing the names of Jesus and Mary, he suddenly raised his eyes above the crucifix, holding them fixed on an object which he regarded with extreme pleasure and a joy which showed itself upon his features; and they had at the time, the impression that he had rendered up his soul into the hands of his good Mother." He was thirty-eight years old when he died and had been a Jesuit for twenty-one years.

His companions buried him in the place he himself had chosen, at the mouth of the river which now bears his name. Here the men remained for several days, one of them, "heart sick with sorrow," being unable to

proceed. One evening, kneeling down by the grave of Marquette, he asked the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; taking a handful of dirt from the grave, he pressed it to his breast and his disease immediately abated so that he was able to continue the voyage.

On May 19, 1677, exactly two years after his death, a band of Ottawas, passing his grave, stopped, unearthed the bones, placed them in a bark box and carried them in funeral procession to Michelmackinack. Here they were received by Father Nouvel and Father Parson, who after performing the usual funeral ceremonies, deposited the box in a vault within the church, where, wrote Father Dablon, "he reposes as the guardian angel of our Ottawa missions." Indians and whites came to pray over the remains of the good priest whom many regarded as a saint. At one time a young Indian maid came to the priest at St. Ignace for medical attention and the latter bade her to say prayers at the tomb of Marquette which she did and was immediately cured. In 1700 the little chapel was burned and the site of the priest's grave was lost for many years. In 1787, it was discovered by the Rev. Edward Jacker, missionary to the Pointe St. Ignace, and a little church was erected over the spot.

Discoverer of the Mississippi! Well does he deserve that title, for it is from the maps and accounts of his explorations that the world gained a knowledge which led to definite accomplishments. De Soto, more than a century before had blindly stumbled upon the great river, and informed the world of its existence; but knowing nothing of its source, its mouth or the countries it touched, his discovery availed civilization little. Marquette's exploration, however, opened up this vast country to civilization and hence the world owes him the obligation of hailing him as the real discoverer of the "Father of Waters," and should show its gratitude by doing so.

To a Tattered Book of Verses.

Casket grown old in the scent of years,
Thy golden harvest from heart and mind,
Still holds embalmed all the smiles and tears
The poet's soul has left to his kind.

T. A. L.

May and Mary.

Mother of mothers and Mother of men
May and Mary now thus we pray:
Blest is our God for His mercy when
He gave us Mary for Queen of May!

Mother of months and Mother of men,
The buds are breaking the leaves between
Blest is our God for His mercy when
He gave us May for our Mother Queen.

R. C. L.

The Victory.

RUSSELL G. FINN, '12.

"I fear that I can not make a go of it, Bill. It is impossible even to conceive of success. I have tried, and dreamed half of my youth away in a vain endeavor to fit a thought of success into my conception of a future, but it seems always out of place. It almost makes me desperate to find the same picture each time before me—an empty career."

As if to emphasize the hopelessness of the situation, he flung his cigar on the floor and turned his back upon the little office. Gazing out of the window his eyes fell upon the cold buildings and busy streets. The expression of his face and the stoop of his shoulders told of his discouragement only too eloquently. He had been my closest friend for many years; side by side through college we had met triumph and disappointment, sharing our joys and sorrows in the sweet confidence of a thorough friendship. A truer friend, a more profitable companion, I have no desire to know. But there was one thing that had always cast a shadow across his path, and he feared it as the child fears the sullen moaning of the night-wind.

"On my father's side," he would say, "as far back as memory can trace, there have been but two boys in the family. A good name has been preserved through the life and efforts of the older. But the younger, with talent exceeding his brother, has trodden a corrupt way—remaining a bachelor, a good fellow, even a bum, always crowning his varied career with failure." It was useless to argue that this strange line of incidents was no foreshadow-

ing of his fate. He had seen his older brother married and successful, and was thoroughly impressed.

"There is no hope for me, Bill, there never was any. I feel failure in me as the essential part of my being. It is the sword of Damocles, and it is hell to wait."

All men are superstitious in some degree or other, and, whether it is ambition, or an overwrought religious sentiment, feel that nature will act at variance with principle. But this man worshiped his superstition with the faith of a peasant's wife, and it seemed sacrilegious to him to battle against it. He was too good a man to actually commit any wrong deed, but the future, he thought, would cloud his vision. His knowledge of law, his interpretation of human nature and the sympathy he was capable of exciting in a legal audience aroused the lively admiration of many an older barrister in the town. This it was that led Mr. Grey to bring a most important civil case to the office of "James Baldwin, Attorney." It was shortly after Mr. Grey had left that I dropped into the office upon Jim with his feet on the desk, meditatively smoking a cigarette. It was not my aversion to cigarettes that made me stop short for I had a peculiar affection for them myself. But to see Jim, who for the past five years of our acquaintance had manifested a disgust for the "man-eaters," was too great a shock to bear with composure.

"Perhaps you will be at the races tomorrow, Jimmie." He tossed the half-spent cigarette away and leisurely lighted another, then passed the case to me.

"Perhaps," he said slowly. "Perhaps I will. I have a case of Mr. Grey's now. I may pull it through and—again, I may not." This last brought up the familiar vision, and he rose to pace up and down the office. The cigarette he threw out the window as if it were a snake. "If I lose, I will hit the races—and everything else. I can not stand to dog the life out of myself. A good reputation only makes the fall harder. Life has to give me something, Bill, and right now I feel the tendrils of this blooming fate twining themselves about my very soul and dragging me on to an inevitable failure."

He walked over to the desk and took a picture from the drawer—a picture which I had often seen and often admired, the image of a girl whom I had loved, and still love,

though I think that she never even saw me while Jim was in sight.

"Bill,"—he passed the picture to me—"I wish that I could love that girl. I would be willing to slave till my soul passed out, if I could even think that I had a right to love her."

The first year that I had known Jim he took life with the same seriousness as a butterfly. He was just a rough boy, brilliant and lively, with a code of ethics which resembled that of a young goat. If there was mischief, he was the ring-leader; if a fight, his blood tingled through his veins in eagerness. Where cigarettes were freest and beer the best, there might Jim be found whiling the hours away as though life were but a phonograph and he the operator. In his junior year at college he stopped short as the prancing colt stops wonderingly at a fence. Looking back he regretted his former folly. He had met the girl, and from the time that he said "delighted," he had walked with a cautious step. She was charming, thoughtful and sweetly sympathetic, and after the acquaintance had been somewhat extended, she found a ready response in Jim's heart. Genuinely affectionate, pure by nature and intent, he was undergoing a decided evolution. He felt ashamed of his rough character, began to talk seriously and to brush his clothes. In his senior year he had settled down, and began to think of a future. It was then that the first cloud was cast over his young life—a cloud which he was never able to dispel.

As he stood there looking down at the picture, I laid my hand on his shoulder. "Jim, you don't know yourself. You are trying to make yourself a coward and you can not succeed. In that girl—right there you will find the encouragement you need. When a girl like that loves you, you can not fail—unless you are a brute."

He smiled and shook his head. "No, Bill, she does not love me—it's impossible. That can not be; it would not be right." He carried the cigarette case over to the waste-basket and emptied it of its contents. Taking his hat from the wall he walked toward the door. Just as he stepped out he turned to me and said,

"I'm going to try just one more case."

.....

"Peggy, do you love me?" It came like

a shot in the night. Thoroughly startled, Peggy turned her head away, the sudden heat of her cheeks bringing a tear to her eye. Jim had done some queer things and had worked many surprises, but none had ever approached this. She hesitated and feared to look at him. But there was no lover's persistency, no further advance, for remaining silent Jim was content to ravish with his eyes the delicate contour of her form and the graceful lines of her head and neck. She turned, surprise still written on her features.

"James—such a question?"

"It is strange, Peggy, and stranger still, I hope that your answer will be a negative one." She turned her head again. "I am not worth your love. Peggy dear, you came into my life as an angel. All my efforts, all my success, all the happiness I have known, I owe to you. I would love you; I would ask you to love me, but I haven't that right—I'm a failure."

It was the first time that he had ever spoken to her of love. Though she knew that she loved him and felt that he must love her, no word had ever expressed it. But now without a bit of warning, he had plunged her into one of the most completely mystifying incidents of her life.

"Failure, Jim, what do you mean?"

He told her the story that he had often told me, and her beseeching eyes sought his every expression. When he had finished it seemed as though a cloud had been cast over her own life and she appealed to him.

"But, Jim, those other men, the other younger brothers, were different, they were not like you, Jim; they never feared as you do; they were not good like you. Oh, Jimmie, you—you can not fail."

Her arms sought his neck and she kissed him. "Jimmie, you can not fail." The tears that moistened her cheek burned into his very soul, whipped his idle fears and dreams, and there burst from his heart an impulse which completely possessed and transformed him—an irresistible impulse which awakened in him all the love and courage which had been restrained through these years of superstition. He clasped her in his arms, kissing her again and again.

"No, I can not fail now, Peggy, my angel, I can not fail now. This is the turning-point and the younger brother conquers."

The Bridal of Hulda.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

(Plot suggested by sketch in Hawthorne's *American Notebooks*.)

Arrayed in her bridal robes, Hulda should have been the picture of happiness. This was the morning that she had looked forward to for so long; she was ready to plight her troth to her beloved Gordier. But her face showed a trace of anxiety;—or was it anxiety? Perhaps it was a touch of fever caused by her loss of sleep the night before. No, that could not be, for there was no happy anticipation in her countenance. There was rather a foreboding of evil. Was it that she had been listening to the old wives' tales the night before and as they dressed her in the morning? Or was there an ill omen in the clear sunrise? The fishermen would not go out when the red fog was not there to greet the morning sun, but that could mean nothing to her. Perhaps it could. Was she not, like the fishermen, about to start out on a journey—a life journey—and should she not mind the same signs as her neighbors?

Perhaps such thoughts as these were troubling her. Every few minutes she called nervously for one of her kinswomen to read the hour from the fishermen's dial in the church. The hour of eight had long since passed;—the bells of the steeple had struck nine. She looked through the little window down the road that led to the beach; she strained her eyes until they ached, and still her countenance wore that look of dread.

Suddenly she turned from the window.

"Mother," she said, "it's past ten of the clock, three hours past the time he should 'a' come. Send the lads to the beach. If they sight him not, there'll be no bride today." The lads were sent.

But she was not alone in her worry for the tardy Gordier. The mother of the young man had come over from the neighboring island the night before in order to be present at the ceremony of the morning, and she shared the general wonderment at the tardiness of her son. With a mother's confidence and affection, however, she strove to allay the fears of the others, saying that the fishers had staked their nets since they would not go out that day, and he had had to go round

the island to avoid them. The outgoing tide, too, she said, must have held him up, and a few minutes more would see him a bashful groom in their midst.

But into the heart of the gentle Hulda there crept a thought. It grew around her heart and was nourished by her vanity until it became a conviction. Her Gordier was faithless; how else could he be so negligent on his wedding day? Her wounded pride caught at the thought, and she resolved to denounce him when he should come. He could not explain such an extraordinary action, and without his explanation she would send him on his way. She grew cold when she thought of dismissing him, and yet a hot flush of anger came over her when she remembered his neglect.

A sudden commotion at the door startled her. She drew back in a flutter of anticipation. She turned away her red eyes when her mother came in to announce a message for her. It was a note, the fisher-boy said, given him by a masked man who had put ashore from a passing trawler. He had given him half a crown to carry it to Hulda, and had then put out to sea again. Father Abraham was called, for he could read. The old man wiped his horn spectacles with great care, and adjusting them carefully, he began:

"Dearest Hulda: I have taken passage to Plymouth, where I will sail to join my wife in America. I do this to spare you pain, since—" But Hulda was facing him like a tigress at bay, and shrieked into his ear:

"One word, Father Abraham, is it Gordier?"

Father Abraham would have unsaid the words he had spoken, and would rather have suffered torment than wound the girl's heart by his reply, but her presence commanded him, and with bowed head he half whispered the fatal word, "Gordier."

Hulda swooned away, but the aged mother of the youth, who had crowded in with the rest to hear the fatal words of the message was made of better stuff. She cried out that it was a lie, that they were cruel and should suffer for their disbelief in her gentle boy, and calling for men to follow her, she ran shrieking from the house down the road to the beach.

Hulda was soon revived by the solicitous ministrations of her mother, and then she flew into an agony of passion. She had been right. Her lover was faithless and she would have her revenge. She would follow him to

America and there would—but another thought struck her. Up the road came Galliard, the genteel merchant who had been the unsuccessful rival of Gordier. Attired in his best dress, he had come to be present at the festivities of the day. Was it possible that he had not heard of her disgrace? Was it possible that he still loved her? Would he take her in spite of her former coldness, and in her present misfortune?

When he entered the house, she met him at the door. Though her eyes were red she had brought herself to an outward calm, and a smile greeted him. Both strove to conceal their feelings in the few commonplace remarks that were passed, but of a sudden his passion broke forth in a declaration of love, and she, exultant in her victory, cried out hysterically that the ceremony should take place immediately.

A procession was soon formed, and the seemingly happy couple moved to the church. Only once did the overwrought bride give way to her feelings, but she recovered her composure quickly, and within half an hour of the reading of the fatal message from Gordier she became the wife of Galliard.

They stopped in the door of the church for a moment as they left and Galliard, reaching in his pocket, drew forth a trinket, a golden serpent wrought in the shape of a bracelet, and slipped it on the wrist of his wife. As he did so a terrible commotion was heard in the crowd, and forth staggered the poor mother of Gordier. Her hair was dishevelled, her gown torn and stuck with briars, and aloft she carried a bloody dagger.

She was panting from her burden of exertion, but her feeble step was firm with resolution. She advanced straight to the bewildered groom, and before anyone could realize her intent and stop her hand, she plunged the dagger to the hilt in the heart of Galliard.

The crowd surged about her, and though at first she fell, faint with her exertion, she quickly recovered. The newly-made widow, crazed with grief, would have seized her and torn her to pieces, but she was stayed by the crowd. Strong men started to lay hands on the old woman, but with a gesture of authority and an eye of command, she held them in check while she addressed them:

"This man," she said, "was the serpent figured in the bauble on that poor girl's wrist. He has poisoned this community, and it is

fit that he should die. And you were sluggards that you let him work his evil. Too set on the omens of the wind and sky, you went not to sea today, and the beach was alone; too busied with your own affairs to rejoice with your brother, you went not down to the beach to greet him, and he came alone. It was then that Galliard lay in ambush for him, and it was there that he plunged into his breast the dagger that is even now drinking his own life's blood. It was there in a clump of briars that he laid his body away, and it was there that he robbed the dead man of that trinket that he placed on the fair hand of my son's bride. And now—" But the strain was too much for the feeble strength of the old woman, and she fell, pale and lifeless, over the body of the dead man.

As a Result of Co-Education.

SIMON E. TWINING, '13.

The Elks were holding their annual New Year's dance, and the Club "den" was deserted, save for Reider, Beatty, and myself. Reider was there because his wife wasn't in town to drag him away to the dance, and Beatty, because he was a forty-second degree bachelor. I was there because I was running for mayor on the Labor ticket, and didn't dare risk appearing in public in full-dress uniform. We were burning havanas and discussing educational matters.

"Well," said Beatty, puffing away at his cigar meditatively, "I believe in co-education."

"Why—why, really, old man, I—I hope it isn't so bad as that. Anyway, cheer up,—it isn't too late yet," stammered Reider.

Beatty actually growled. "Too late for what?"

"Too late to—I mean—why, a co-ed school is such a great place to find a suitable wife—I thought you meant—"

"Yes, you thought I meant, but you knew I didn't." Beatty frequently waxed paradoxical when excited.

"Come, Beatty, that's what I thought you meant, too. But tell us, now, what you were driving at," I broke in.

"Over-developed imaginations,—over-developed imaginations. This highly dangerous disease is caused by idleness and cheap novels.

I prescribe a few hours' work, six times a week, as an infallible remedy." We ignored the attempt at sarcasm, and he continued. "But as I was saying, I believe in co-education. Ten years ago I was sent by the Republican executive committee of the state to a small Arizona city to do the political editorials in the only G. O. P. organ in the county. There were two Democratic weeklies published in the city; we published a daily and a weekly. The county, nominally Republican, had 'fopped' in the preceding gubernatorial campaign, and put the whole Republican machine out of office. Naturally, political feeling was running high, and the editorial columns of all three papers had developed into mud-slinging machines, with the smoothest running machinery in the Democratic camps:

"I spent two weeks ferreting out all the scandals, public and private, which had occurred in the history of the county. At the end of that time I couldn't shake hands with a Democratic politician without a blush of shame, for I knew each and every one for a rogue.

"Then the fun began, and the delighted public generously doubled our subscription lists in less than a month. When the Democratic papers had exhausted their vocabularies of epithets on me, I was an 'Arizona wind-mill,' 'hurricane,' 'air jammer,' 'escaped Mexican revolutionist,' and a whole catalogue of disreputable things I wont repeat. Then they instituted libel suits against us. We responded with similar suits against them, and both sets were thrown out of court.

"About this time we discovered treason in our own ranks, and turned our guns against these pseudo-Republicans. As the result we were again named as defendants in a set of four libel suits, filed simultaneously. I delighted in the excitement, and was beginning to enjoy life fully.

"One of the Democratic papers had been selling subscriptions to a 'History of Gerry County' which they were to publish, and as the county's annual 'Home-Coming Week' was near at hand, sales had been good. The subscription price was one dollar.

"When I came back to the office one afternoon, I found on my desk a cheap-looking, board-covered booklet labeled, 'A History of Gerry County. Souvenir of the Home-Coming.' It consisted of thirty pages of advertisements

and twenty pages of garbled pioneer reminiscences. Two hours later I was personally reading proof of a double-column, black-face editorial headed, 'Old Chape's Smooth Graft' (the editor of the 'Unterrified Democrat' was a virtuous choir-leader named Chapin) having for its subject this twenty-page compendium of historical information, selling at one dollar per copy.

"Over four hundred copies of the paper had been printed, and I was congratulating myself on the sensation the editorial would create, when I received a telegram from my sister Helen, who had been attending college at Madison, Wisconsin. Hastily tearing it open I read:—'Finished exams yesterday. Harry Chapin and I were married this afternoon. We are leaving for a wedding trip through Canada.' Harry was 'Chape's' son, who had also been attending Wisconsin University. I stopped the press, of course, substituted 'plate' for the editorial, and had the four hundred copies burned.

"That same evening our manager returned from a trip to the state capital. I was showing him the 'history.'

"That," he said, "was not set with Chape's type."

"We carried the booklet across the street to a merchant whose advertisement appeared in it."

"The Home-Coming committee is circulating the book," we were told. "It was printed in Tucson."

"I bribed the pressmen to keep the secret. Co-education had saved us a fifty-thousand dollar libel suit in which conviction would have been inevitable."

The College Editor's Dream.

ALVA H. WRAPE, '12.

As the clock in the church steeple struck the hour of midnight, the editor dropped his weary head on the pile of letters covering his desk, thereby overturning a bottle of red ink on carefully corrected manuscripts. A magic influence had fallen over him and his senior year of college life seemed to pass before him in rapid review in the most surprising manner.

At first he seemed to be receiving bids from

representatives of a dozen printing houses, and engraving companies each promising the best of service at the lowest price. He saw himself drawing up the final contract with one of them, while the others were standing around with what they thought a more suitable offer.

Then he saw different students, from dignified college seniors to haughty first-year men, eagerly hurrying to the village to have their pictures taken. They did not need to be told the second time, for all were anxious to be photographed for the *Dome*. Intermingled with them were the college professors, some of whom had never had photographs taken since their own youthful college days. Societies, organizations, classes, teams, as well as individuals, all swept by him in bewildering succession.

Now he saw the photographer, undismayed by this throng, making satisfactory proofs of all and finishing them on time just as he had promised.

Uttering a sigh, he turned to behold a large crowd of business men from the town. The business men approached him in groups, eagerly asking when they might consult him with reference to advertising in the *Dome*. He was finally forced to refuse space to many who were anxious to secure representation of some sort.

He next encountered countless multitudes of students, members of the faculty and friends, who were flocking about him to sign a subscription blank, so that they might not miss securing The Great Volume which was to be published. Meanwhile his desk was covered with letters of inquiry and orders for the book.

His bank account swelled even beyond his wildest dreams, and as time passed on he saw thousands of volumes turned out by gigantic and rumbling presses for the benefit of the great throng who were holding their breath for the appearance of the long-talked-of and expected year-book.

The dream passed off, and now Mr. Editor is scanning the horizon for the first glimpse of its radiant promise.

"I saw the birds come tripping from their bowers
Where they had rested them all night; and they
Who were so joyful at the light of day
Began to honor May with all their powers."

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—The May time is upon us. The University and the month are alike dedicated to the Queen of Heaven. From the dome her statue looks out over miles of country; and the month has brought her the riches of flowering tree and shrub. An especial effort should be made therefore to celebrate with appropriate exercises the name and the glories of the Blessed Virgin by her own University during her own month. Special devotions will serve to keep alive an honored tradition which was established by Father Sorin when the University was dedicated to Our Lady. Let the exercises be optional as in the case of the Lenten devotions. There will be ever so many students who will find the time and the way to assist during the evenings in which these exercises are held. Those who go should go freely, conscious that in doing so they are winning the approving smile of her who is "our life, our sweetness and our hope."

—The swish of the oars on St. Joseph lake is the first sign that the end is approaching. Every day the crew that is to uphold the glory of its class on Commencement day puts in its regular period of preparation for the final struggle. The

members of each class collectively and individually should take an active interest in the traditional boat races. They have been revived after many difficulties. It were to be regretted if, now that they are started, they should again be allowed to discontinue. Every class shares in the responsibility of making them not only possible, but vitally interesting as well. Any degree of disinterestedness on the part of one class, or of the crew representing one class, will work harm to the spirit of the sport. Lack of conscientious effort in training, real or seeming indifference about final success, any injection of the "What am I getting out of it?" point of view will prove harmful. The boat races are, up to the present time, the only interclass sports we have. Commencement is the class season. Every man who loves his year and the boys of his year and his University will stick with the boat races. The intrinsic value of the gold anchor may not weigh much measured by the standard of dollars and cents. But in the coming years when the college world has receded behind the horizon line, the symbol will quicken the memory for scenes, and for chums, and for a thousand pleasant events that lie sleeping somewhere in the chambers of the brain. Let all the classes show the spirit of conquest. Make 1911 memorable for the senior men, even as others will make it memorable for the classes of future years.

—This fact must be forcibly borne home to everyone in any way associated with the University: that decency and moderation and a marked consideration for others are in evidence among us on every side. The young man who has been here for two years falls heir to them, even as the three-year or four-year man has before him. This is surely an honest tribute to the Notre Dame student, even if it comes from a source not entirely unprejudiced. The young man who belongs to the family of the University is no trouble maker. He lives and lets live. He has a purpose and he follows that purpose steadily, never seeking to shine in other and less laudable activities.

Of course one can not hope to have every-

one fall heir to this spirit. One can not expect a large measure of urbanity and consideration from all. Some few must yell and kick up their heels, because that is their concept of life. These are the rough, untutored lads whose outstanding edges have to be chiselled away with infinite patience. All told we have not many such; and these, if they are teachable, will learn with time those gentle harmonies that make up the music of well-regulated human life.

Lecture on the Human Body.

Dr. James J. Walsh lectured to the collegiate students on Monday, April 24. His subject, the "Human Body," was treated in a popular way. Dr. Walsh's talk, though of an elementary character, contained just such information as the average man needs to have regarding his physical welfare. The Doctor criticised the habit of rapid eating and consequent faulty mastication of food as a tendency altogether too prevalent among Americans of today. The Doctor will lecture on the "Nervous System" next Monday.

New York Alumni Hold Grand Banquet.

The Notre Dame Alumni Club of New York held the most successful social function in its history on Thursday, April 20th, the occasion being the eighth annual banquet. From the extensive and enthusiastic reports of the *Sun*, *World*, *Tribune*, *Herald* and *Times*,—all New York papers,—it seems no exaggeration to pronounce the reunion at the Waldorf Astoria the most brilliant college social function held in the metropolis for many years. The Rev. Luke Evers (A. B. '79), pastor of St. Andrew's Church, presided. At the speakers' table were Daniel P. Murphy, who acted as toastmaster, Rev. Provincial Morrissey, Rev. President Cavanaugh, Benjamin F. Shively, our democratic Senator of Indiana, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, Laetare Medalist, Charles P. Neill, U. S. Commissioner of Labor, James C. Monaghan, former professor and Laetare Medalist, Dr. James J. Walsh, Dr. Austin O'Malley, Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., Mgr. Lavelle, Dr.

Francis Quinlan, Laetare Medalist, ex-Senator Joseph M. Byrne of New Jersey, and Frank P. Smith. The speakers were the President of the University, whose address has been quoted by the press of the country; Dr. James J. Walsh, Rev. Father Provincial Morrissey, Commissioner Neill, Senator Shively and Dr. John Talbot Smith.

After the banquet pictures of the presidents of the University and prominent teachers, groups of buildings, old scenes and haunts were thrown on the canvas, much to the pleasure of those present. An original idea was presented when two pages dressed in gold and blue handed round the programs. The entire performance reflects great credit on the Notre Dame Club of New York.

Society Notes.

THE EX-PHILOPATRIANS.

On Thursday evening of last week the ex-Philopatrians met at the Oliver hotel for their annual banquet. The committee on arrangements had a private dining-room decorated specially with University and hall pennants for the occasion. Mattes' orchestra rendered a select musical program during the banquet. Oratory followed the eating, and the O was fully equal to the E. William Cotter acted as toastmaster, and justified his frequent write-ups in the city press as an orator of some standing. Carl White spoke handsomely on "The Bunch as a Whole." Like ex-President Roosevelt and other notables who desire accuracy rather than fervidity, Carl used his manuscript. Jeremiah McCarthy spoke on "Pep," and gave some original side-lights on the significance of the word. In the "Tie that Binds," Ronald O'Neill proved himself a regular tie-binder. James V. Robins discoursed on "Famous Men" and carried the audience with that lingering smile of his. Cecil Birder's "Society Men" were quite prim and proper just like Cecil himself. Next the gentlemen who really "didn't expect to be called upon" delivered a few wise saws, following which the lights went out. With the output of the lights the orators "put." We should probably state that telegrams were received from all the European potentates during the evening.

SENIOR HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

Sunday night, April 23, a special meeting of the Senior Holy Cross Literary Society was held in honor of Father George O'Connor, whose feast-day it was. The decorations added much to the general effect, and were an inspiration to those participating in the program. The presence of Father O'Connor, moreover, induced everyone to do his best. The program was well prepared, possessing the necessary variety to please and entertain. The president, Mr. G. Strassner, opened the program with an address in which he expressed the society's purpose in honoring the worthy guest. The speaker said that the society appreciated Father O'Connor's devotion to the Seminarians, and wished to repay, in a small way, a debt of gratitude. Mr. A. J. Heiser's recitation of "Larry Shannon's Easter Offering" was well received. The audience anticipated something superb and was not disappointed when Mr. J. MacElhone rendered "Narcissus." A picture of our future lives was drawn when Mr. C. Brooks read an original paper entitled, "A Glimpse into the Future." Mr. J. Toth sang very acceptably the "Dream of Paradise." Everyone has heard of the marvelous bear hunts of our illustrious "Teddy," but no more thrilling bear story could be told than was the original story read by Mr. A. Brown. Father O'Connor made the closing remarks, expressing his gratitude and praising the good work accomplished by the society. Refreshments followed the conclusion of the formal program.

 Personals.

—Joe Donohue (student '08-'09) visited his brother, Will, of Sorin, last week.

—Mr. Albert A. Ruffing ('84-'85) is Grand Knight of the K. of C. Council at Bellevue, O.

—Carl Schöll (student '07-'09) is reported prospering in the real-estate business in Bröck, Saskatchewan, Canada.

—"Jim" Toohey (Short Course Electrical, '08) is spreading the electric lights of civilization in the "Maine woods."

—F. X. Cull (Ph. B. '08), now private secretary to Congressman Burton, of Ohio, writes from Washington that he is anxious to get back to Notre Dame for a visit with "the boys."

—Mr. Francis P. Kasper of Chicago and

Miss Genevieve Underhill were married in Chicago on April 26th. Congratulations and best wishes.

—James Redding (Litt. B. '10) sends his greetings from El Paso, Texas, to Notre Dame friends, and reports himself enjoying splendid health.

—George McCambridge (student 1898-1900) was visiting members of the faculty recently. He has changed his address from Morris, Ill., to Pasadena, Cal.

—"Jim" Foley, short-stop on Notre Dame's baseball team last year, has accepted a position as leather inspector with the Three K Shoe Company of Milford, Mass.

—Thomas Coady ('87-'91), Patrick Coady (LL. B. '92) and Edward Coady ('87-'90), were recent visitors at the University. "Ed" was a Notre Dame football star in his student days.

—The marriage is announced of Mr. Raymond A. McNally (student '05-'08) and Miss Mignon Marie Langan. The ceremony took place in Denver, Colorado, April 25th. At home 1617 East 23rd Avenue.

—Arthur S. Funk, professor of Chemistry and Physics at Notre Dame for several years, now engaged in the rubber business at Lacrosse, Wisconsin, was a visitor at the University Tuesday.

—R. A. Daly, representing the West Publishing Co., of St. Paul, delivered a series of lectures on "The Use of Law Books" to each of the three law classes last week. The lectures were particularly interesting.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Grace Kuykendall to Mr. John B. Tomlinson, a former student, on April 12th at Morgantown, Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson will be at home at Bütler, Arkansas. Good Wishes.

—Daniel T. Kelly (student '02-'04) is now prospering in the wool business at Trinidad, Col. Gross, Kelly and Co. is the firm's name. Mr. Kelly writes that he is looking forward to a visit to Notre Dame during Commencement week.

—The Rev. Matthew A. Schumacher, our Director of Studies, will deliver the sermon at the solemn high mass tomorrow, on the occasion of the joint initiation of the Notre Dame and South Bend Councils, K. of C. The Knights and candidates will attend in a body.

Calendar.

Sunday, April 30—K. of C. initiation and banquet at South Bend.
 Monday, May 1—Armour Institute at Notre Dame.
 Tuesday, May 2—Notre Dame vs. Loyola University at Chicago.
 Wednesday, May 3—Notre Dame vs. St. Viateurs at Kankakee, Ill.
 Thursday, May 4—Notre Dame vs. DePaul at Chicago
 First Friday Confessions.
 Friday, May 5—First Friday.
 Saturday, May 6—Track meet, Notre Dame vs. Earlham on Cartier Field.
 Notre Dame vs. Sacred Heart College at Prairie Du Chien.

Local Items.

—The new schedule of class hours went into effect today.

—Brownson hall baseball team defeated Winona Academy last Saturday by a score of 5 to 1, and Holy Cross hall on Thursday, 6 to 1.

—Painters have been at work decorating the porch of the Main Building with a spring coat of paint.

—The statue to Father Corby has been put in place. The unveiling will take place some time in May.

—Walsh hall baseball team suffered defeat at the hands of the local Tobasco club on Sunday. The score was 9-6.

—The first outdoor meet next Saturday should prove to be exciting as it is reported the visiting team has some fast men.

—The men of Old College have constructed a diving pier in St. Mary's lake. The work was directed by Joe Collins, assisted by George Lynch.

—Students not in the boat crews who take their daily dip in the lake will confer a favor by not interfering with the boats and by not loafing around the boat-house.

—The blaze at St. Mary's Academy last Sunday caused considerable excitement for a time. The fact that the damage was not more serious is a source of comfort to all of us.

—The young men under Brother Cyprian who are responsible for the stage decoration and fixings at Washington hall deserve sincere congratulations for their good work on all occasions.

—Martin, Philbrook, Fletcher and Wasson,

the men who represent us in the Eastern Inter-collegiate games at Philadelphia today, are expected to give a good account of themselves.

—The Varsity made its first appearance on Cartier field Thursday. The men who had been at work getting the field into condition deserve a great deal of credit as the diamond is in perfect shape.

—Corby baseball team succeeded in administering a defeat to the Staples-Hildebrand team of South Bend. The score was 9-5. Sotomayor was in the box for Corby and pitched a strong, heady game.

—Through the untiring efforts of Brother Phillip the lawn is again looking its prettiest. To the visitors at Notre Dame nothing makes a greater impression than the beauty of our grounds. Well may those responsible feel proud of the work.

—The presidents of the different classes will meet Thursday for the purpose of arranging an interclass baseball schedule. Some of the classes already are laying plans for a strong team. There should be great interest shown in this move by every man in the University.

—The carpenters and painters are busy at the boat house on Lake St. Joseph, getting the boats in shape for the Commencement regatta. Another feature will be added this year in the race between the seniors and juniors of the Law Department. Both classes boast of strong crews and the competition should be keen.

—It is with sincere regret that the SCHOLASTIC learned of the illness of Captain Stogsdall, who had been confined to bed with an abscess of the throat. Because of the examinations the Battalion has been able to drill but once this week. On the return of Capt. Stogsdall it is expected that extra drill periods will be in order so as to prepare for the coming inspection.

—The students in the department of electrical engineering are doing some important work in alternating current measurements. They are using the new Weston and Whitney dynamometer wattmeters and the latest types of Weston standard voltmeters which are accurate to within one-fifth of one per cent. The latter instruments have been added to the equipment this year.

—The shoot held by the Battalion resulted in another victory for Co. A with a score of 867; Co. B was second with a score of 835; Co. D followed with 821 and Co C with 818 was last. The individual high scores were: Cadet Serg. Cavanaugh, Co. B, 184; Cadet, 1st Serg. Johnson, Co. A, 180; Cadet Gurza, Co A, and Cadet O'Brien, Co. B, tied with 179. The highest possible individual score is 200. This shows good work on the part of the contestants. The next shoot will be held May 4th, with six men competing on each team.

Athletic Notes.

DEPAUW BLANKED.

The local baseball team in its second collegiate game of the season succeeded in shutting out the DePauw college men with a 12 to 0 score on Brownson field last Thursday. Heyl pitched the first six innings and was effective throughout, inducing eight men to go the strike-out route and allowing but four hits. Ryan then took up the task and held the visitors well in check. Quigley pulled off another of his spectacular throws in the fifth inning when he nabbed Overman's fly in center and doubled Tucker off first. Tom also starred in the base pilfering, having 5 to his credit. Farrell led in the hitting, getting 3 bingles. Score:

DePauw,	B	R	H	O	A	E
Tucker, c.....	4	0	0	9	2	4
Schladelman, ss.....	4	0	0	2	0	3
Adams, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	2	1
Patterson, rf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Johnson, 1b.....	3	0	0	8	0	0
Crouch, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	2	1
Thomas cf.....	4	0	3	2	0	0
Clark, lf.....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Overman, p.....	2	0	0	0	5	0
Totals.....	32	0	5	24	12	9
Notre Dame,	B	R	H	O	A	E
Connolly, 3b.....	3	1	0	0	1	2
Quigley, cf.....	3	5	1	2	1	0
Farrell, 1b.....	4	0	3	8	0	0
Williams, lf.....	5	0	1	3	0	0
Phillips, cf.....	5	0	1	1	1	0
Sherry, 2b.....	4	2	0	0	2	0
O'Connell, ss.....	3	0	1	4	1	1
Ulatowski, c.....	4	2	2	9	0	1
Heyl, p.....	3	1	1	0	2	0
Ryan, p.....	1	1	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	35	12	11	27	8	4
DePauw.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Notre Dame.....	1	2	1	4	1	1

Innings pitched—By Heyl, 6; by Ryan, 3. Hits—Off Heyl, 4; off Ryan, 1; off Overman, 11. Struck out—By Heyl, 8; Ryan, 1; Overman, 6. Stolen

bases—Crouch, Quigley, 5; Farrell, 2; Sherry, Ulatowski. Three base hits—Williams. Two base hits—Ulatowski. Bases on balls—Heyl, 1; Ryan, 1; Overman 4. Double play—Quigley to Farrell: Quigley to Sherry to Farrell. Umpire, Coffey.

ARKANSAS TAKES FIRST.

In the prettiest game of the local season, the Arkansas baseball team slipped over a 3-2 victory on Cartier Field Wednesday. The men from the South have one of the best college teams in the country this year as was the case last, and they showed to very good advantage in every kink of the game. Tompkins officiated on the mound for the visitors, and his foolers proved too much for the locals at times when a hit would have put the game on ice. An instance of this was in the fourth inning when Sherry was on third and Phillips on second with no one down, but three batters endeavored in vain to bring home scores. In the ninth inning the blond twirler pitched but ten balls in striking out three of the gold and blue men. In the eighth Williams reached third, but Tompkins tightened up again and "Cy" failed to score.

Notre Dame did her scoring in the seventh inning when Farrell hit one out behind short for a single. Farrell stole and O'Connell drew a pass. Heyl hit one to center and the bases were full. Connolly sacrificed allowing Farrell to score. Quigley proved equal to the occasion and hit a fast one through third scoring O'Connell. Heyl tried to score from second on the hit, but by a classy throw on the part of Davis he was cut off at the plate making the third out. Score:

NOTRE DAME.	R	H	O	A	E
Connolly, 3b.....	0	0	0	3	1
Quigley, cf.....	0	1	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b.....	1	1	10	1	0
Williams, lf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Phillips, rf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Sherry, 2b.....	0	0	3	2	0
O'Connell, ss.....	1	0	2	3	0
Ulatowski, c.....	0	0	10	1	0
Heyl, p.....	0	2	0	3	2
Totals.....	2	5	27	13	3
ARKANSAS.	R	H	O	A	E
Creekman, ss.....	1	1	2	4	1
Davis, lf.....	0	2	1	0	0
Wood, 1b.....	0	1	11	4	0
Smith 2b.....	0	1	1	3	1
Tompkins, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Cypert, 3b.....	1	2	0	0	1
Walsh, c.....	0	0	8	1	0
Young, rf.....	1	0	2	0	0
Saxe, cf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.....	3	7	27	12	3

Notre Dame.....0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2
Arkansas.....0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—3

Two base hit—Wood. Struck out—By Heyl 8; by Tompkins, 6. Bases on balls—Off Heyl, 3; off Tompkins, 2. Hits made off Heyl, 7; off Tompkins, 5. Hit by pitched ball, Quigley. Double play—O'Connell to Sherry to Farrell. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 3; Arkansas, 4. Time, 1:55. Umpire, Fitzpatrick.

LEAGUERS RUN UP LARGE SCORE.

In a very loosely played contest the South Bend team of the Central league defeated the Varsity last Friday by a 16 to 0 score. This is the largest score run up against a Notre Dame baseball team in years. Everybody seemed to be enjoying the terrors of an off day, for errors and wild pegs were pulled off on all sides. The batting eyes got badly dimmed from the excitement of chasing high flies and grabbing wild shoots, and as a result hitting was not very much in evidence.

ARKANSAS TAKES SECOND.

On Thursday afternoon the Arkansas travellers added another to their list of victories by taking the second game from the Varsity by the score of 4 to 2. "Red" Regan occupied the pivotal position and started off nicely. In the fifth he weakened, allowed three passes and a single which netted two counts to the gentlemen from the sunny South, making four runs all told. Phillips took the slab in the sixth and prevented further disaster. Perhaps if Phillips started in, things might have been different—but what's the use of talking. From yesterday's performance it would seem that the Varsity is not notably strong in the matter of batting. Two runs are not so multitudinous for nine innings, and Ulatowski has the glory of securing these.

In Varsity's half of the first Connolly walked, Quigley followed suit. The two sprinters pulled off a double steal a moment later and Connolly scored on Sherry's grounder to Smith. Williams popped out to Wood; Sherry stole second. A low throw from Smith to Cypert enabled Quigley to score.

In the second session Arkansas evened up matters. Smith went out Sherry to Farrell; Cypert tripled to left; Walsh followed with a lovely one to centre, sending his teammate home. Young struck out and Hinton flied to Quigley.

In the third Creekman sent a hot one past

Regan. Davis followed with a liner to Sherry who got Creekman, but was unable to complete the double play. Wood was hit by a pitched ball and Smith received a permit. Then Davis pulled off the sensation of the day by stealing home while Regan was winding up. In the bad fifth referred to, Creekman was out, O'Connell to Farrell. Davis drew a pass. Wood fouled to Farrell. Two out. Here Regan passed Smith and Cypert. Walsh singled to left, scoring Davis and Smith. This finished the scoring. The Arkansas series has served to bring out a lot of the old-time "pep" in the rooters. The score:

NOTRE DAME.	R	H	O	A	E
Connolly, 3b.....	1	0	0	1	0
Quigley, cf.....	1	0	4	0	0
Sherry, 2b.....	0	0	2	3	0
Williams, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Phillips, rf, p.....	0	0	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b.....	0	0	11	0	0
O'Connell, ss.....	0	0	2	1	0
Ulatowski, c.....	0	2	6	1	0
Regan, p.....	0	0	0	1	0
Arnfield, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Total	2	2	27	7	0

ARKANSAS.	R	H	O	A	E
Creekmore, ss.....	0	1	1	1	0
Davis, lf.....	2	0	2	0	0
Wood, 1b.....	1	0	9	0	0
Smith, 2b.....	0	1	2	1	0
Cypert, 3b.....	1	1	0	0	0
Walsh, c.....	0	3	9	2	0
Young, cf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Hinton, p.....	0	0	0	1	1
Saxe, rf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Total	4	6	27	5	1

Notre Dame.....2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—2
Arkansas.....0 1 1 0 2 0 0 0—4

Three base hit—Cypert. Struck out—By Regan, 3; by Phillips, 3; by Hinton, 8. Bases on balls—Off Regan, 5; off Phillips, 1; off Hinton, 2. Hits—Off Regan, 4; off Phillips, 2; off Hinton, 2. Hit by pitched ball—Phillips. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 3; Arkansas, 6. Time, 1:50. Umpire—Fitzpatrick.

THE FRESHMEN BEAT CULVER.

The freshmen took their annual journey to Culver Saturday and proved the superiors of the Military cinder-path artists, defeating them by a score of 65 to 57. Although the yearlings were handicapped by the absence of the stars, Fitzpatrick and Clippinger, they managed to scoop up a majority of the points, and had the meet well in hand before the final events were run. Summary:

120-yard high hurdles—Patterson, Culver, first; Lee, Culver, second; Larkin, freshmen, third. Time, 0:17 4-5.

100-yard dash—Mehlem, freshmen, and Broadhead, Culver, tied for first; Lee, Culver, third. Time, 10 2-5.

440-yard dash—Henahan, freshmen, first; Rochne, freshmen, second; Plant, freshmen, third. Time, 0:54 4-5.

220-yard dash—Broadhead, Culver, first; Mehlem freshmen, second; Stiles, Culver, third. Time, 0:23-3.

Discus—O'Neill, freshmen, first; Cox, Culver, second; Moore, Culver, third. Distance, 102 feet 8 inches.

Shot put—O'Neill, freshmen, first; Lee, Culver, second; Whitty, freshmen, third. Distance, 46 feet 6 inches.

High jump—Hood, freshmen, DeFries, freshmen, tied for first; Stiles, Culver, third. Height, 5 feet 5 3-4 inches.

220-yard hurdles—Lee, Culver, first; Larkin, freshmen, second; Patterson, Culver, third. Time, 0:29-1.

Pole vault—O'Neill, freshmen, first; Rochne, freshmen, and DeFries, freshmen, tied for second. Height, 11 feet.

Half mile run—Plant, freshmen, first; Burpee, Culver second; Ramsey, Culver, third. Time, 2:16.3.

Hammer throw—O'Neill, freshmen, first; Lee, Culver, second; Feeney, freshmen, third. Distance, 150 feet, 8 inches.

Broad-jump—Lee, Culver, first; Broadhead, Culver, second; Rochne, freshmen, third. Distance, 20 feet 2 inches.

Relay won by Culver—Men on winning team—Stiles, McFerrin, Lee and Broadhead.

BROWNSON WINS FROM SORIN.

In the first baseball match of the present season between Sorin and Brownson, the latter won by a score of 4 to 3. Sorin played good ball, but two costly errors in the early part of the game gave the Brownson team a lead which the older men were not able to overcome. The Sorins steadied down and did not allow any more tallies, but the three runs which they secured in the latter part of the game were not enough to bring home the bacon.

	R H E									
Brownson.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4 7 4
Sorin.....	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	—3 8 3

Safety Valve.

To prove to you that the long-eared are always with us, witness the exhibition of ten humans carrying another human on their shoulders across the lawn.

We had a communication from Walsh hall this week about a famous fire extinguisher over there,

signed,—“Comitte.” Oh you Walshes, get a Webster!

The time is now at hand when the bright guy will get in ahead of the prof. to write on the blackboard how many days more.

We have been commended for leaving a baseball game to fight a fire. Shucks! we can skip a class or skive a lecture for less.

The other day we read of a new style of football suit advertised by a St. Louis concern. And we have been trying to figure out ever since what St. Louis and football brought to mind. Perhaps you could help us.

A St. Mary's girl's idea of a dull afternoon is to have nothing to do but read the *Scholastic*. We will let that girl have the *Dome* too later on, just to punish her.

BROWNSON'S GORGEOUSLY EXPENSIVE CELEBRATION.

To show their appreciation of the team's efforts the students of Brownson hall flung to the breeze a banner consisting of a white sheet and inscribed in large black letters, “Brownson” on the flagtower in Cartier field.—*South Bend News*.

We notice the freshies have special hats with '14 marked in front. We suggest adding the flunks resulting from this week's intellectual class meet to complete the record.

Even in boating things are not on the square. The crew with the biggest pull wins every time.

In a harrowing race, however, the horse with the biggest drag loses.

The biped which sent us an unsigned note this week has perhaps as much native instinct as any other quadruped.

THE THREE TS
Arkansas train,
Arkansas traveller,
Arkansas team.

We pause to say that certain of our swimmers are not extravagant on tights.

Let us have a little more longitude in this matter.

And latitude.

We note the *Scholastic* announces that the senior ball (or sphere*) was a dignified affair. The suspension of These Columns last week caused the insertion of that announcement on the editorial page.

* A little variation of our usual joke.