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## Flights of Fancy.

JOHN T. BURNS, '13.

LEAVE me to lie on the Scottish heath,  
And take my books away;  
And outstretched there, 'neath the blue above,  
My fancy in flight with the Spanish dove,  
A thousand years I'll live in a day—  
A thousand—a day—O the heath!

I'll travel in thought through infinite space,  
A comet I'll have for a mount;  
And speeding far, outstripping the night,  
Onward and onward shall be my flight  
To the haunts of the Rajah Count—  
A thousand—a day—O the heath!

## Some North American Missions.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13.



HERE are few accounts in history as dramatic, and none more so, as those of the Jesuit missionaries to North America. Never was there greater self-sacrifice, more zealous effort, nor higher ideals than exemplified by these pioneers of civilization and religion. Actuated by the highest and most unselfish of motives, they gave up a peaceful, contented life amid the culture and refinement of France and took in exchange a life in the forest, a life exposed to the sufferings of cold and hunger and open to the attacks of wild beasts and of men often more cruel and savage. At first, they frequently received from those for whose salvation they had made these sacrifices, not kindness and gratitude, but hate and per-

secution. But they persevered in their work, suffering all hardships, tortures and even death without a word of complaint, until at length they won first the respect and finally the love and devotion of the red man.

The number of the Jesuits in North America previous to 1666, the year in which Fathers Allouez and Marquette appear on the scene, was relatively small and their labors were, for the most part, confined to Canada, the shores of Lake Huron and the Iroquois country in New York state. It was left for the later bands of missionaries to explore the West and open up the Mississippi valley.

Small as was their number it contained a remarkable percentage of truly great men and a consideration of their numerical strength makes the results of their work all the more notable. They included men like Le Jeune, Brébeuf, Garnier, Chaumonot, Chabanel, Jogues and Du Peron, most of whom suffered martyrdom in complying with the duties they had voluntarily assumed. The record of their labors is contained in the Jesuit "Relations" which are compilations of long and detailed reports sent by each priest to his superior and forwarded to France where they were published.

The lives of two of these men are especially interesting, that of Father Le Jeune, one of the first superiors of the Jesuits in America, and that of Father Jogues who had the most arduous task of all, that of converting the Iroquois.

It was April, 1632, that Father Le Jeune, accompanied by Father De Noué, and a lay brother named Gilbert, sailed from Havre, France, filled with joy, as he said, at the prospect of a living or a dying martyrdom in the New World. They arrived at the scene of their future labors on July 5, 1632, and began the work of conversion at once. At first but little progress was made, owing to the difficulties

of learning the Indian language, a difficulty which seemed in the beginning almost insurmountable. Though the priests were intent upon mastering the tongue and maintained, whenever possible, an animated discourse of broken words and pantomime with the natives, it is doubtful whether they would have made much progress were it not for the services of an Indian called Pierre. He had been converted, sent to France for an education and had returned shortly before Le Jeune's arrival. With his aid the missionaries learned a little of the language—enough to translate the Our Father, Hail Mary and Creed into broken Algonquin. Then as the season grew milder and bands of Indians began to encamp in the neighborhood, Le Jeune would gather little groups of children and teach them to recite these prayers.

This same year Champlain arrived to resume command at Quebec and with him came four more Jesuits—Brébeuf, Masse, Daniel and Davost. Entrusting the work of the mission to his assistants, Father Le Jeune decided to accompany a band of the Montagnais on their winter hunt, for the double purpose of making converts and of increasing his proficiency in the language.

Aside from the severities and privations always encountered on such excursions there was one difficulty of which the priest was most distrustful. This was the "medicine-man" or sorcerer of the tribe and a brother of Pierre. These medicine men, as a class, were opposed to the Jesuits whom they considered as dangerous competitors in the practice of magic. So Le Jeune was sure that he had one avowed enemy in the party with which he was to spend the winter, but he determined to carry out his plans.

Accordingly Le Jeune embarked late in October with about twenty Indians, men, women, and children. He was the only Frenchman of the party. His troubles began at the very first encampment where the apostate Pierre quarreled with the missionary, and so threatening an attitude did he assume towards him that the priest thought it best to pass the night in the neighboring woods at some distance from the camp.

The long journeys through the forest, each day, all members of the party bearing heavy loads, were exhausting enough, but were not to be compared with the discomforts and miseries Le Jeune had to put up with by night.

When day began to decline the party stopped to encamp. Burdens were thrown down and sledges unladen. Then while the men shoveled a space in the snow, the squaws, with knives and hatchets, cut long poles which were planted on top of the wall of snow. On these poles were spread sheets of birch bark and a bear-skin was hung for a door. The bare ground within was covered with spruce boughs.

Here, in this space some thirteen feet square, a fire of pine-knots would be built, around which nineteen savages were packed. The wigwam was often filled with fumes so dense and stifling that the throats and nostrils of the inmates seemed on fire, while tears streamed from their eyes. When game proved scarce the entire party was in danger of starvation, as the scanty supplies they carried were soon depleted.

This miserable existence lasted about five months when the return march was begun. At length, early in April, Le Jeune after a voyage full of hardship, returned to the little convent at Quebec where he was given a joyous welcome by his companions.

The attention of the Jesuits from this time was directed first towards the Hurons and then to the Iroquois. Father Isaac Jogues was destined to be the chief apostle of the latter tribe, probably the most cruel and warlike of all the North American Indians.

Isaac Jogues has been characterized as indomitable and irrepressible and his history warrants the assertion. In the year 1642 Jogues first came in contact with the Iroquois. Thirty-two years had passed since Champlain had first attacked this tribe. For over a generation they had nursed their wrath against the French and at length their hour had come. Armed with guns supplied by the Dutch traders seven or eight hundred Mohawks set out for Canada. Early in August, 1642, they came upon twelve Huron canoes capturing them all. Four Frenchmen were among the captives, one of them being Father Jogues. The priest began at once to baptize the captives and prepare them for death. Seeing one of the Frenchmen tortured he broke from his guards and rushed to his friends. But the Iroquois turned on him, beat him with their fists and war-clubs till he was senseless, and, when he revived, lacerated his fingers with their teeth.

Then began the march to the Mohawk village. Even Jogues, though his hands were in a frightful condition and his body covered

with bruises was forced to stagger on under a heavy load. As they approached the town the inhabitants issued forth armed with sticks or iron rods and formed a double line. Then the captives were forced to run the gauntlet single file. A repetition of these cruelties occurred in each town through which the prisoners were led.

As Jogues showed no disposition to escape he was allowed, after a time, considerable liberty. He went from town to town, giving absolution to the Christian captives and converting and baptizing the heathens.

In the summer of the year following his capture Jogues went, with a fishing party, to the vicinity of Fort Orange. Here he learned that a defeated war party of the Iroquois blamed him for their misfortunes and it had been decided to put him to death. A Dutchman, named Van Curler, came to his rescue, smuggled him on board a vessel despite the watchfulness of the savages. He was taken to the Director General, Kieft, who received him kindly, gave him clothes and a passage on a vessel about to sail. But Father Jogues made only a short stay in Europe returning to America with the spring. He again went among the Iroquois and was treacherously murdered in 1646.

The nation that killed Father Jogues was destined to do still greater harm to the Jesuits. It was the guns and tomahawks of the Iroquois that later destroyed the Huron missions and destroyed the results of years of labor and privation. Once the Huron tribes had been scattered the Jesuits turned their eyes westward to the Mississippi valley.

### The Wrong Suitcase.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

It was the week before Christmas and the students of Baldwin were leaving for their respective homes in anticipation of a two weeks' rest and a little relaxation from college discipline. Chick had packed and repacked his suitcase a dozen times during the previous week "to make sure," as he said, "to forget nothing." His room-mate, Bill Stanley, left for his home in Chicago the day before and invited him to spend a few days with him before leaving for his home in Leddick, a small village in Illinois which no one ever heard of till Chick entered Baldwin as a "Freshy."

The day was the twenty-second of December and Bill Stanley sank leisurely into a Morris chair to enjoy a quiet smoke and await his friend whom he was expecting every minute. Sis was becoming impatient and insisted that the dinner would be cold were they to wait any longer. But Bill's wishes took priority, and when mother said they'd wait a little longer, Sis stamped her foot and sarcastically remarked: "Of course, Will's word is law now for two weeks, the dear boy." She added even more sarcastically, "We never see him much except at vacation. I wish the holidays were over. You bet he's got to walk the chalk line at school." Bill left his cigar in the ash tray and jumped up.

"Now see here, Nell, there's no use—" But the door bell broke off further quarrelling.

"There's Chick now," Bill shouted and rushed to the door.

At dinner the topic of conversation turned to railroad trains, especially late trains, and it was the consensus of opinion,—with the exception of one,—that the Wabash running to Leddick was the slowest of any of the roads. Here Bill interrupted the conversation and turning to Chick said:

"I've been wondering since you came in,—and I hope you won't think me interfering in your affairs, but why haven't you a suitcase?"

"Suitcase?" exclaimed Chick, his eyes turning and his face wearing a puzzled look, "why—a—a—didn't I bring one in?"

"Not that I saw," answered Bill, and turning to his sister he asked: "Nell, did you notice whether or not Chick had a suitcase when he came in?"

Before Nell could reply Chick arose from the table and excusing himself said, "I know now; I left it at the corner cigar store. Just my luck!"

Bill arose from the table and called to Nell for their hats and they both left the dinner table and went straight to the cigar store. The clerk remembered seeing Chick lay the suitcase down, but knew nothing of its whereabouts now. To Chick the situation was annoying and he wondered how he would explain to his folks at home, but Bill could not suppress a smile.

"There's an old adage which says, 'They never come back,' and I guess it will hold true. You can't leave suitcases lying around in Chicago, Chick; there are too many people

who need them. I'm sorry, old boy, but let's go to the station and I'll report it to the police. Though Chicago's police seldom catch anything unless it's contagious, they may prove an exception today. At least let's hope so."

At the station they stated their case to the desk sergeant and he in turn commissioned two detectives "to scour the neighborhood and arrest the first person carrying a suitcase labelled with a diamond shape stamp on which was a large red letter 'B.'" The boys returned home again, Chick placing great confidence in the police, but Bill, knowing them better, only sighed, "Chick, they never come back." Orders were left at the station to notify them should the lost suitcase be found. When Chick expressed a desire to visit his sister who was residing in Chicago the two boys left the house, but only after Bill had been warned that Chick's sister must know nothing of his misfortune. When they returned home a few hours later Nell met them at the door and her pretty blue eyes sparkled and bespoke good news.

"Boys, I've welcome news for you, I'm sure. A detective called an hour after you left and wants to see you immediately at the station. They've found your suitcase, Chick, and arrested the thief."

"Welcome news it surely is, thank you," answered the owner of the stolen suitcase and turning to Bill he remarked triumphantly, "There, didn't I tell you the police would do it?" Bill was silent for a moment and inclined to be skeptical.

"Well, it wont hurt to go to the station and see; it'll only take a few minutes anyway."

"*It wont hurt to go to the station and see?*" repeated Nell, "why of course it wont, don't you suppose Chick wants his suitcase?"

"Of course he *wants* it, but whether or not he *gets* it is another thing. Well, come along, Chick." Once more they entered the station, Chick in high spirits and Bill,—well, though he wished his friend good luck, yet he doubted even in the face of evidence.

"Here, Murray, bring these lads their suitcase," the desk sergeant shouted to a detective as the boys advanced to his desk. Murray was puffing away on a clear Havana and congratulating himself in bringing his case to such a speedy and successful close.

"Certainly," he answered, "this way boys."

He led them to a small anteroom in which five or six lazy policemen were lounging on

several benches; opening a door at one end of the room he laid a suitcase before the boys. Sure enough there was the large diamond stamp with the red letter "B." Bill felt that Chick was triumphant when he saw this and reluctantly admitted to himself that the Chicago police were not so bad after all.

"There, sonny," said the detective smiling and a little boastfully, "is your suitcase."

Chick's face which a moment before was one of hope was now blank with disappointment.

"Why—a—a,—that's not my suitcase," he faltered.

"What? Not yours?" blustered the detective, "well, whose in blazes is it then?"

All the police in the room joined in a merry burst of laughter, and one big Irishman slapped his leg and shouted, "Well that's one on you, Murray, sure."

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Bill, addressing the detective, "may we see your prisoner and then perhaps we will be able to tell you whose suitcase it is?"

Murray knew he was baffled, and he was mad, because he would now be the object of ridicule for his fellow workers.

"Yes, come along with me," he said sullenly and led the boys downstairs to the cells.

"Jim O'Ryan!" ejaculated Bill and Chick in unison as they beheld a classmate of theirs in cell No. 4891. Bill broke out into a loud laugh, Chick's face brightened up a little when he saw through it all, and Jim asked for explanations and received them.

It was found out that he was the unfortunate victim of a mistake. Scarcely four hours ago he was about to board a train for St. Louis, his home, when he was arrested as a thief and hurried off to jail. He explained to his captor—the unfortunate Murray,—that he was a student of Baldwin College and he was only making connections in Chicago.

"Yes, connecting other people's suitcases. I arrest you on suspicion. Tell your tale to the judge in the morning," Murray had told him, and he was hustled to the station without further delay. Needless to say, Jim O'Ryan was released, and the three students left the jail together, Bill composing an air of his own and singing tantalizingly, "They never come back."

Sunday morning Chick boarded a Wabash train for Leddick with a new suitcase containing six handkerchiefs, a holy water font, given him by a friend, and a set of collar buttons.

## Varsity Verse.

WHEN SPRING IS COME.

WHEN Spring is come, on every breeze  
 The scent of blossoms from the trees  
 Is borne, and fills the dancing air  
 With fragrance, while the meadows wear  
 Flowers filled with nectar for the bees.  
 A heart were difficult to please  
 That would not thrill with joy at these  
 Reaffirmations of God's care,  
 When Spring is come.

Be glad, my friend, make haste to seize  
 The joys of Spring. When chill blasts freeze,  
 And all the earth in Winter's snare  
 Is caught, where then, O where  
 Wilt thou find pleasures such as these,  
 When Spring is come?

S. E. T.

AD CULICEM.

Have you no fear, you little gnat,  
 That you are not a pleasure?  
 A-buzzing round my scattered locks,  
 A bald-head's only treasure.

When I am buried in deep thought  
 About my work tomorrow  
 You come to me quite unannounced  
 To add unto my sorrow.

You try to get a rise from me,  
 You naughty little creature,  
 To bite, to hide, to bite again,—  
 Is this your only feature?

My hands are sore from slapping you—  
 My thoughts, I say, are bloody.

Now take a hint and you'll be wise:  
 Please keep without my study.

E. J. H.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

O early Moon! do other eyes  
 Now look at thee 'neath other skies,  
 And true hearts know thy soft beams shine  
 On one who loves, yet doth not pine?  
 O common bond 'twixt them and me,  
 How close are fond hearts drawn through thee!  
 What tides of love swell in each breast  
 When drawn by thy pale shining crest!

B. E.

TWO TYPES.

Perhaps you've met (I have) that man,  
 Who's really sorry life ever began:  
 He thinks that pleasure is nonsense and folly.  
 Avers all things make him melancholy:

Today he's sad,  
 Tomorrow mad,  
 In short, to add,  
 He's never glad.

Oh! such a pitiful one, I insist,  
 Is simply what you call a "pessimist."

Opposed to him, at the extreme,  
 Is he with happiness indeed his theme:  
 Says, "Life, I know, we wont be long together,  
 But let's be pleasant, even in cloudy weather."

He's always gay,  
 And if you say,  
 "Things all look gray,"  
 He'll go away.

Oh! this one—if good judgment I've not missed—  
 Is truly what we call an "optimist." H. J. D.

## Poe—A Master of Technique.

JOHN C. KELLEY, '13.

In the introduction to the story of "The Premature Burial," Poe says, "There are certain themes of which the interest is so all-absorbing but which are too entirely horrible for the purposes of legitimate fiction. These the mere romanticist must eschew if he does not wish to offend or to disgust. They are with propriety handled only when the severity and majesty of truth sanctify and sustain them." The themes that Poe referred to are those that give us a literary or aesthetic terror. Poe knew well that in every person there is at least

a little of the scandal-monger. The great avidity with which the reports of murders are read testify to this fact. Even those who affect to be disgusted are not without a liking for such themes. When a crowded theatre catches afire and the audience is panic-stricken, we thank our lucky stars that we were not present. Yet in our easy-chairs we linger "with a thrill of pleasurable pain" over the newspaper account of a horrible catastrophe.

Poe tells us that "as inventions, we should

regard them with simple abhorrence." I know not whether to accept this last opinion. It is mostly as a writer of the ghostly and the preternatural story that Poe is known. His poetry is regarded by many critics as poor in quality and it is meager in quantity. Poe's literary criticism was not of a high order, for he regarded Longfellow as a minor poet and he exalted names that are now forgotten. Poe's humorous stories fail to be humorous. He had no humor, or only a ghostly humor. "The Spectacles," "The Devil in the Belfry," "Never Bet the Devil Your Head" are all futile attempts at the humorous. The place that Poe holds in American literature is due to his success in writing stories of the evil and the horrible.

Poe worked outside the usual realm of fiction. Most stories deal with situations that occur in our world, but of course they are idealized. Poe's best stories deal with the supernatural, and he idealizes pain and evil. Some one has described a good short-story as a tale that deals with situations that the reader has often lingered over in fancy. One would have to have a weird imagination to linger over any of Poe's tales. He himself tells us that as inventions we should abhor them. Abhorrent as their themes are, the masterly manner in which the stories are worked out gives them an impelling interest.

A single effect or impression on the reader is the aim that Poe had in writing each story. He tried to be original always. In his "Philosophy of Composition" he tells us his way of writing a story. "I say to myself 'Of the innumerable effects or impressions of which the heart, the intellect or the soul is susceptible, what one shall I on the present occasion select?' Having chosen a novel, and secondly, a vivid effect, I consider whether it can be best wrought by incident or tone—whether by ordinary incident and peculiar tone or by peculiarity both of incident and tone, afterwards looking about me (or rather within me) for such combination of event or tone as shall best aid me in the construction of the effect." This is an interesting explanation that gives us a good insight into his works. We can judge what we found when he looked within if we consider for a moment his temperament and education. He was easily excitable, had a very vivid imagination and was melancholic. Misfortune oppressed him and drove him to the excessive use of alcohol and opium. He was educated

in England and traveled a great deal. Poe loved the sea.

Each one of Poe's stories has its own peculiar terror. "William Wilson" is said to be the story of his early years. It is a story of a conscience that will not be stilled. "The Masque of the Red Death" is a tale of a flight from death. "The Descent into a Maelstrom" gives an impression of death by suffocation. "The Pit and the Pendulum" tells the horrors of death by anticipation. "The Assignation" is a story of two deaths by poisoning. "The Oblong Box" is the story of the aversion toward anything dead. The horrors of a living death are depicted in "The Premature Burial." "The Fall of the House of Usher" has about it a sense of the inevitable. "The MS. Found in a Bottle" has a sense of the supernatural. "The Black Cat," "The Cask of the Amon-tillado," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "Thou Art the Man," have an atmosphere of the criminal world about them.

The art of Poe lies in his masterly technique. He studied his plots carefully. In his "Philosophy of Composition" he tells us that he kept the denouement of a plot always in view. "It is only with the denouement constantly in view that we can give the denouement an indispensable air of consequence or causation by making the incidents, and especially the tone, at all points tend to the development of the intention." In "The Pit and the Pendulum" we see the prisoner pushed toward the well, and we feel that all is over with him. He escapes as narrowly from this form of death as from the others. The current of the maelstrom seems to have its victims within its irresistible grasp. The prince appears to have escaped the red death. The black cat is apparently done away with. Each one of these endings seems to be the aim of all the preceding incidents of the story.

The tone of these stories is that of the preternatural and the spectral. There seems to be something futile in the prince's endeavors to lock out the red death from his retreat in the abbey. The pause in the dance at the stroke of the clock forebodes the impending doom. When the masked spirit enters the gay ballroom, we are sure that it brings an evil message. We feel that no material ship could live in the whirlpool described in the "MS. Found in a Bottle." The gloom of the House of Usher presages its destined fall.

The author seldom says that a superhuman power will enter into the incidents. He makes us feel it.

The incidents are only such as give action to the plot. In the "Black Cat" his love of the cat turns quickly into hatred and hatred into cruelty. The appearance of a white gibbet on the cat's breast leads to the murder of his wife and his own arrest. In "The Pit and the Pendulum" the incidents develop the plot quickly: the descent into the pit, the survey of the pit, the descent of the pendulum and finally the rescue of the prisoner. In the "Descent into the Maelstrom" a watch of the boatmen stops and misleads them in regard to the time of day. The tide catches the boat in its current and the little craft is hurled into the whirlpool. In "The Red Death" the prince flees from the plague; he holds a masquerade. A messenger enters and brings destruction to all. Never does an incident retard the development of a plot. Each has its part to do in producing the action.

Poe was original in theme as well as in language and tone. He had few predecessors in the telling of gruesome stories and none of them treated the themes that he did. Poe dealt with the improbable and oftentimes with the impossible. The time at which he wrote was accustomed perhaps to stories of that kind. These of his stories that will live longest will probably be those in which he frankly says that there is an influence operating which is something more than human power. "The Premature Burial" and "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," will be neglected as the ravings of an overburdened mind.

The introductions to the stories are usually short. Such explanations as seem necessary are given, so that the reader may be put in touch with the main character of the story and the story's setting. The conclusions are very brief. The climax is usually very near to the close of the story. Characters are subordinate to incidents. There is very little dialogue in his stories.

In the choice of specific words lies the power of his description. Every word had its part to do in producing the general effect. The description of the judges in the "Pit and the Pendulum" gives us a good idea of how cruel they could be. The prisoner in describing their lips says: "They appeared to me white and thin even to grotesqueness; thin with

the intensity of their expression of firmness, of immovable resolution, of stern contempt of human torture. I saw them writhe with a deadly locution." These words render one specific idea—that of unrelenting cruelty. The depth of his descent is thus vividly described:

"Then comes a sudden sense of motionlessness, as if those who bore me had outrun in their descent the limits of the limitless." The unearthly silence of the pit is driven home to our minds by these words: "Then silence, and stillness, and night were the universe." The pendulum "hissed as it swung through the air." It swung so close that it seemed "to fan me with its acrid breath. The odor of the sharp steel forced itself into my nostrils." We shudder as we read these words at the proximity of death. The spectral ship in "The MS. Found in a Bottle" was of a "deep, dingy black." The day that the House of Usher fell was "a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens." The country was "a singularly dreary tract of country." The House of Usher is "melancholy." In the "Mask of the Red Death" there is an ebony clock. "And when the hour was to be stricken there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound that was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical." The appearance of the masked stranger produced a feeling "of disapprobation and surprise—then finally of terror, of horror and of disgust." Each qualifying word adds a definite, characteristic quality to the main idea. Nothing is left vague and undetermined.

Notwithstanding the originality of theme and language, the careful working out of plots, the singleness of impression, Poe's stories lack a very desirable quality: We look in vain for any of the spirituality that casts an ennobling influence over the life of man. There is in these stories only a grim realism or a degrading ghostliness. Poe has missed the beautiful and the good.

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If the eye did not transform the sun's energy, the world would not be filled with light; if the soul does not transform the divine impulses it can not become luminous with truth and love. The darkness will give way, only when we receive into ourselves and reflect the heavenly effulgence.—*Spalding.*



## An "End of the World" Novel.

EDWARD A. ROACH, '13.

In passing judgment upon "Lord of the World" by Father Robert Hugh Benson, my distinctions will not be entirely appreciative as parts of his narrative call for adverse opinions. The shortcomings, however, are like a grain of sand on the seashore in comparison with the commendable qualities.

"I am perfectly aware that this is a terribly sensational book and open to innumerable criticisms on that account, as well as many others; but I did not know how else to express these principles (and which I passionately believe to be true) except by producing their lines to a sensational point. I have tried, however, not to scream unduly loud, and to retain, as far as possible, reverence and consideration for the opinions of other people. Whether I have succeeded in that attempt is quite another matter." I am quoting this preface of the author for a purpose, namely, that you will be better disposed to accept my criticism. Since the author himself confesses that his book is open to criticism, it will be easier for me to express mine at various points in my paper.

The title of the novel is not suggestive of the plot, but is more of a fantastic nature and intended to excite curiosity. One completes nearly half of the narrative before the meaning of the title even suggests itself. This of course is nothing notable, but it is one of many little tricks, we might say, by means of which the interest is kept at a desired pitch.

The purpose of the book is not merely to entertain, but moreover is designed to set forth special views and principles of doctrine. In order to effect this the author chooses as the time for his novel some period of the future when progress has wrought many and wonderful results. For instance, all travel of this age is entirely by the air route. Flying machines termed "volars" are the means of transportation and similar inventions contrived by man, all tend to make one feel one is reading of an age of wonders. But I intend to treat of this part later. As I said above, the author wishes to advocate a doctrine of reform, and it is the soundness of these doctrines he wishes to inculcate, that I would classify his work among

the philosophical novels. When I term it a philosophical composition I mean to imply that it possesses a religious and also an historical character. When one reflects on the amount of information in a book of this kind the work connected with the collecting and editing of it seems very great. The more merit for the author, therefore, lies in the fact that there hovers about the volume no atmosphere of laboriousness. The entire novel is replete with facts and minute details.

The scene of the story is England and the surrounding country. Though the chief action hovers there, at times it is transferred to other cities, such as Rome and Jerusalem. It is not until near the end though that any of the story refers to these places. The story opens with the character, Oliver Brand, seated in his study looking out the window. His thoughts are occupied with the events of the past month. He appears extremely content with himself and the world, and why shouldn't he? The Masons are gradually undermining the Catholic religion, and it would be only a matter of time before they would be entirely successful. He was a Mason and believed in Pantheism and that "God" was the developing sum of created life, and impersonal Unity was the essence of His being. Competition then was the great heresy that set men one against another and delayed all progress; for to his mind, progress lay in the merging of the individual in the family, of the family in the commonwealth, of the commonwealth in the continent and of the continent in the world. Finally, the world itself at any moment was no more than the mood of personal life. It was, in fact, a union of earthly fortunes, an abandonment of individualism on the one side, and of supernaturalism on the other. It was treason to appeal from God immanent to God transcendent—there was no transcendent. God, so far as He could be known, was man. This was Brand's belief, and was also the basic thought upon which the book is constructed, or rather the thought predominating throughout.

In the first chapter are also introduced the characters of Oliver Brand's wife and his mother. His wife is naturally in sympathy with his religious belief; however, his mother although a fallen-away Catholic, is not in accord with him. This disparity of creed



does not affect the trend of the book, but is introduced for a reason which we will discover later on in our treatise. So much for their religious beliefs.

Next comes the accident of one of the "volars" and the ushering in of Father Percy Franklin, who later becomes one of the principal characters. In the second chapter we become acquainted with the character of Father Francis who also appears on numerous occasions in the course of the narrative. The characters I have just enumerated will suffice for the present. As I mentioned earlier in my criticism, the novel treats of the struggle between "Humanity" and Catholicism. At first the new religion, known as "Humanity," was without a leader, but the expectation existed that a man would soon be found who would direct this communist movement and unite its varied forces more closely. And it is with this expected leader and his actions that the first part of the novel treats.

As the story proceeds, conditions gradually grow worse. The Humanitarian religion steadily gains adherents and its height is reached when Felsenburgh appears. Felsenburgh is their expected leader, and upon his arrival is immediately recognized and hailed as the Son of Man,—Reincarnated God,—their long-desired God-Man. He is received with great reverence and enthusiasm and his name is in everybody's mouth. In recognition of his marvelous achievements he is proclaimed Emperor of Europe and is invested with supreme power and the right of final veto of any measure. All of this involved the stupendous force of Socialism directed by a brilliant individual. Of course Felsenburgh accepts the offer and at once begins the work of drawing up laws and passing various bills, the contents of which will aid materially in the extermination of the Catholics. The most important bill passed is the Worship Bill which commanded all Catholics to join in their service or else be punished. Felsenburgh's first act of violence is in the form of an attack upon the Abbey at Rome, and as a result of which Rome is almost completely destroyed.

All this time the author pictures the cause of the Catholics gradually weakening. Each day Catholics deny their faith and join the ranks of the Masons. Among those who deserted their faith was Father Francis, whom I mentioned earlier. Along with Father Franklin

were about fifty other priests whose faith had also left them. It may be well to mention here that Father Francis and his fellow deserters later joined the cause of Humanity and were instrumental in the construction of the ritual of the new religion, Father Francis acting as their "ceremonarius."

The climax of the story is reached when the Holy Father is killed, and in his place Father Percy Franklin is created Pope of Rome. After the destruction of Rome the Holy Father takes up his residence in Nazareth, remaining "incognito." His whereabouts are discovered and plans to destroy him are at once conceived. The book ends with this victory and the end of the world.

With regard to the various characters I do not intend to describe each one, but will make a statement including all. I will say that Father Benson's characters are made to act in accordance with the times, and, as a whole, are natural. He portrays them more vividly by means of the antithesis which he introduces here and there. His description is excellent in certain passages, some of which I would like to give in full. In parts the description borders on the dramatic. However, they are always in harmony with the action and never overdone.

His style is different from other authors I have read, and as a whole is clear and original. In places I encountered passages which required two or three readings to get the real meaning. Some of his sentences were a source of great displeasure owing to their length and ambiguity. However, in conclusion I would say that Father Benson is a writer who shows himself to be a deep student of character and has a keen insight into man and his actions. He impressed me as being a deep scholar and a man of deep learning. The manner in which he handled such a difficult subject and the skill with which he worked it up certainly suffice as a commendation.

"The Lord of the World" is not so hopeful in its outlook as to make one deeply enthusiastic, to be sure. Yet it attempts to present a condition which is conceivable, and therefore artistic, if not strikingly probable.

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THE Cross was planted along the Mississippi, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, long before a church was built in any of the Atlantic cities.—*Clarke.*

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—With the passing of winter the class crews have reorganized and begun preparations for the annual regatta of Commencement week. Heretofore, the class crews have offered a brilliant finish to the athletic games

**To the Oars, Ye Class-Men!** of the year and have been attended with an enthusiasm unrivalled by that of any other sport. The regatta stands alone as an inter-class contest and gives splendid proof of the quality of well-organized class spirit. What class spirit means to campus life is well enough understood, and the depth of one's spirit is measured only by the manner in which one supports the undertakings of one's class. On regatta day each class of the college will be represented by a crew, and each crew, in turn, will reflect the spirit of the class. A class which witnesses the regatta and sees its crew take victory from the contest will have reason enough to rejoice, while any man who stands idly by seeing his crew go down in defeat feeling that he could put more strength and greater speed into an oar may be well satisfied that there is much lacking in his nature to make him a real college man. He will have lacked class spirit, and it is a fair wager that he will lack spirit in everything else. The veteran crews of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes have already been a fair example to the lower

classes, and it is certain that the spirit of the regatta will not soon die down. But neither the crews nor the regatta, nor, indeed, anything else of student function exists of itself. It must have the spirit and support of every man who has reason to be interested. Healthy enthusiasm is not dead at Notre Dame, and it is the part of every loyal class man to keep it alive—to get out and help his crew.

—The Faculty has announced that beginning with the next school year there will be four scholastic terms, each one to be followed by

an examination. The present bi-monthly, **Change in Examination Program.** five-examination system has worked out well in practice, but there have been certain objections to it which will cease to exist when the new plan goes into operation.

Frequent examinations have helped much in making Notre Dame education successful, and therefore that arrangement will be continued. The first and last terms, however, have always been too short to permit the professors and students to cover their work properly. Either too little matter was covered, or too much had to be crowded in for the time given. When two sessions are six weeks, and three are eight, the course is with difficulty accommodated to them. Next year, however, there can be no trouble of this kind. The four terms will be practically equal, and everything should run on smoothly. One feature of the plan which will doubtless appeal to the hard-pressed student is that it abolishes the examination bugbear at Christmas time.

—For the third time in a quarter of a century Ireland is battling for Home Rule. The dreams of Grattan, O'Connell, and Parnell are about to be realized, for the **Home Rule for Ireland.** strength of the present movement augurs its success.

The "Government," which is in the hands of the Liberals, has "made virtue of necessity," and is now championing the wishes of its ally—the Irish Nationalist party. The bill that the Liberal Premier, Mr. Asquith, offers to Parliament is the most generous of any yet presented. To be sure it does not provide for national independence, but it does the next best thing in establishing a relation between Ireland and England

that is in some respects freer than that existing between a state and the national government of the United States.

Under the provisions of this latest bill the transference of authority will be accomplished by a gradual process; so that the changed conditions will not, at the outset, present too great difficulties to the new government, and perhaps thereby injure the Irish nation or present cause for criticism of Irish statesmen. The generosity of the present bill has awakened enthusiasm among Irish leaders, for, under the proposed arrangement Ireland not only secures local government in those things which concern her most, but also retains her former representation in the English parliament.

Once Ireland has obtained Home Rule the eyes of the world will be watching the efforts of her statesmen. With relations between Ireland and England being adjusted the former will be left to fight out her own destiny. She will be protected from foreign interference by the jealous arm of England, yet that arm shall never again be raised to discipline Irish subjects. The native police and militia will enforce Irish laws and the hand of tyranny shall be seen no more in Ireland. There are some who doubt the ability of the Irish to rule themselves, but we, the descendants of Irish parents, and witnesses of Irish political capacity, have no fears. We feel that Ireland has some lessons to teach the world. Even as in the fifth century the "Land of Erin" taught the peoples of Europe, so too now in the twentieth century she is to be an example to civilization. Never shall socialism find harbor there; yet we feel, and know, that one of the first problems considered by an Irish Parliament will be the relief of poverty in Ireland.

—To maintain the dignity he thought suited to the newly created office of President of the United States, Washington introduced the ceremonies almost of a European court. With Jefferson, however, these ceremonies were abolished,

**Conserving the Dignity of the Office.** and presidents have since aimed—especially in election times—at convincing even the "meanest man" in the United States that the President looks upon him as his equal. The unfortunate side of this is that in order to be convincing the President has sometimes thought it neces-

sary to descend to the plane of the "meanest man." Americans today would not like to have their President maintain a court; it is opposed to democracy. But there is a certain respectable amount of dignity attached to the office and this should be preserved. Following private citizens around the country for the purpose of answering charges against the administration—especially when the danger of getting the worst of it is considerable—is assuredly subversive to this dignity. One wishes our presidents would cultivate the quiet dignity of staying at home and let their record and their friends speak up for them.

—Newspaper paragraphers have called every rhetorical resource at their command to quicken feeling over the fate of the ill-starred steamship *Titanic* that now

**The Nameless Ones.** lies two miles deep in the ocean. Where facts

failed fancy supplied a store of incidents and the world has read a pathetic story. We note, however, that the lost and the saved about whom the newspapers are concerned, whose names appear in solemn rows are all first and second cabin passengers. There is only a belated message about the nameless ones down in the steerage. The anxious hearts at home that beat, the eager eyes that scan—beat and scan in vain. There is but a scant record of their fate. Of the large number of them—about 750 in all—only a comparative few—some 200—were saved. The rest, with small account taken of their going, went down with the ship. They went down as a matter of course. Surely they must have, when some of those in the first class did, who paid three or four thousand dollars for the trip across. The unknown dead, the European peasant class, seeking a livelihood in these Western shores—how should our morning dailies know? Of what concern is it to the hurrying world? Bankers, financiers, railroad men, politicians, men much written about for their position or for their wealth—these must come first when ears are most ready to listen. Later on, when the excitement is over and the disaster in part forgotten, the names of the now nameless will appear. Meantime, the waters of the Atlantic will settle over the gorgeous but ill-fated ship, and the nameless and the named will lie down together without any human distinctions in their yeasty graves.

**Mr. Arthur Kachel in "The Music Master."**

Tuesday afternoon Mr. Arthur Kachel gave a reading of "The Music Master," the play in which David Warfield starred. Mr. Kachel is professor of public speaking in the South Bend High School and a former pupil of Leland T. Powers who appeared here not long ago. As Father Cavanaugh predicted, Mr. Kachel now shares the popularity of his former teacher. His stage presence, his voice and gestures marked his work as notably artistic. In his power to sound the emotions Mr. Kachel is especially effective. "The Music Master" is a strong play and one calculated to arouse interest even when not so perfectly presented as on Tuesday. It is a plea for the true family life, set in the story of a father's suffering and love. It has a variety of characters and dramatic situations, but the reader proved himself equal to even the most difficult scenes. Mr. Kachel was most enjoyable, and we sincerely hope he will favor us with more such entertainments in the future.

**One of Ye Eds Wins First Place.**

Last Saturday night, in Washington hall, the final test for the Varsity debating teams was held. Eight aspirants for this honor, who had been successful in the eliminating processes which preceded the finals, put up a close and interesting fight for the coveted positions on the team. The entries were: S. E. Twining, Emmet Lenihan, William Milroy, Peter Meersman, John Burns, William Fish, James Stack and William Cusack. They finished in the order named. Messrs. Milroy, Cusack, Lenihan and Stack argued the affirmative side of the question, and Messrs. Burns, Meersman, Twining and Fish the negative. All the speeches gave evidence of careful preparation and study of the question and were delivered with finish. Many of the debaters had experience in former contests, and the competition between the veterans and the new men made the debate all the more enjoyable. It might be added that the veterans did not have everything their own way. As Notre Dame is to engage in a triangular debate with Wabash and Indiana Universities this year, two teams have been selected. One team, consisting of Messrs. Milroy, Meersman and

Twining, will uphold the negative side of the question against Indiana at Bloomington on May 24th, while the other, composed of Messrs. Lenihan, Burns and Fish, will argue the affirmative side against Wabash at Notre Dame on the same date. The question selected for debate this year is "Resolved: That the federal government should be given exclusive control over corporations engaged in interstate commerce—constitutionality granted." The judges of the finals Saturday night were: Hon. Andrew Anderson, Hon. Francis Lambert, and Mr. Frank L. Sims. Col. William Hoynes, K. S. G., acted as chairman.

**Society Notes.****THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS INITIATION.**

Notre Dame Council, Knights of Columbus, will present thirty-one candidates for the second and third degrees at the American Hall, Sunday, April 21 at 1:30 p. m. Following the custom all members of this council and other councils with the candidates will meet at 10:00 a. m. in St. Patrick's Hall, South Bend, to attend mass celebrated at 10:30 a. m. by Rev. John F. DeGroote, C. S. C., at St. Patrick's church. The initiation will take place at 1:30 p. m. and a banquet will be given the candidates in the Oliver at 7:30 p. m. Banquet tickets, \$1.25.

If the members of this council and other councils will state their intention of attending either initiation or banquet to the committee it will be greatly appreciated. Mr. Neiser and team of Fort Wayne will work the degrees. The committee is as follows: Corby, James Nolan; St. Joseph, James Sanford; Sorin, Father Lavin and Leo Condon; Brownson, G. Massey; Walsh, Father Quinlan and E. Howard.

**HOLY CROSS LITERARY.**

The Holy Cross Literary Society convened for its regular bi-weekly meeting on Easter Sunday evening. Mr. Heiser displayed his abilities in that beloved elocutionary antique which we have heard on occasion, "The Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight." Mr. F. Brown's story of "Smith's Revenge" was not so sensational as the title would imply, but was interesting and well accepted. Due praise must be accorded Mr. Kroll for his number, because in him the society has found another much sought for vocal soloist. Mr. Kehoe appeared as a disciple of the Muses and accredited himself

well. Mr. Haggerty upheld his reputation as the humorist of the society in his paper "Modernized Fables," in which members present were characterized as Greek and Roman mythological heroes. A few impromptu speeches by Messrs. T. Burke, Fanelli and Dolan brought the program to a close.

#### CIVIL ENGINEERING.

This week's meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held as usual on Wednesday night. The program of the evening differed from the usual procedure at these meetings in that it consisted exclusively of a general discussion of the question, "Does the Sanitary Engineer do more good for humanity than the Hydraulic Engineer?" Mr. Bracho started the discussion and took the affirmative; he was followed by Mr. Shannon on the negative. The question was then open for the consideration of the society as a whole. It may be said that the members were not slow to take advantage of the opportunity afforded them for expressing their views upon the subject. A full hour and a half was spent in argument without the lapse of a single dull moment. The chief argument advanced in favor of the sanitary engineer was that by disposing of sewage from cities and waste from industrial plants he performed a service of incalculable value to mankind; those who espoused the cause of the hydraulic engineer immediately asserted that in the disposal of sewage the sanitary engineer was dependent upon the hydraulic engineer for the water which carries away the sewage for him. And so the discussion seemed to show that the duties of hydraulic and sanitary engineers are closely inter-related, making it difficult to say which performs the greater service to humanity.

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#### Personals.

—Professor Frank Kimball of Howe Military School, Howe, Indiana, visited the University during the week.

—George Moran (student '05-'06) is employed by the Armour Fertilizer Works at Chrome, New Jersey.

—Mr. Henry May (student '07), former instructor in gymnastics here, is located in Chicago. Henry is counting on a visit to the University before June.

—Albert Feeney, Indianapolis, writes that the managerial duties of the Feeney Furniture

Company occupy all his time at the present, but that he expects to be able to witness the work of Notre Dame in the Conference meet.

—Tom Healy of Corby Hall has recently gone through the severe experience of an operation for mastoid processes. He is now, thank God! out of danger. Old students will remember his father, Mr. M. F. Healy of Fort Dodge, Iowa.

—"Mechanical Appliance Company, C. A. Paetschow, H. V. Garvey, Drafting, Designing and Automobile Accessories, Minneapolis, Minn." Harry is an '07 Short Mechanical man, and has a good deal more of the "pep" that made the above card possible. Keep it up, Harry!

—Mr. Filadelfo Baca, Assistant Superintendent in the Department of Education, Santa Fé, New Mexico, asks for a copy of our catalogue. He writes, "As I was a student in Notre Dame in '84 and '85, I feel a great deal of interest in your institution." You find 'em everywhere and they always make good.

—Mr. D. B. Shourds (Short Arch. '11) has been dragged into the limelight a good deal in Terre Haute recently. Perhaps his most notable triumph was an address on "The City Beautiful" delivered before the Civic League of Terre Haute, which has been exhaustively reported in the local papers with immense credit to this popular alumnus. The SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations.

—The Fort Wayne *News* contains an amusing cartoon representing the return of Mr. John Eggeman from the hospital after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. As recently noted in these columns, John had a narrow escape. Word has just come that Paul McGannon was operated on for appendicitis on Easter Sunday morning. He is now resting easily. Paul Martin is convalescing from an attack of pneumonia.

—We note that Senator Hones of Washington, in a speech reported in the *Congressional Record*, quotes a letter written by Colonel Hoynes, K. S. G., whom he describes as Dean of the Law School of one of the oldest colleges in one of the oldest states in the Union. Needless to say, the Colonel's letter is a strong one and reflects the character of the man as well as his rhetoric. We quote a typical sentence: "I should dislike to have it appear in my life record that prejudice mastered my reason in the interest of vague rumor and irremediable injustice."

### Calendar.

Sunday, April 21—Walsh vs. Brownson in baseball.  
Knights of Columbus' initiation.  
Tuesday, April 23—Varsity vs. University of Kentucky in baseball here.  
Dr. James J. Walsh, Lecture, 5:00 p. m.  
Wednesday, April 24—Varsity vs. University of Arkansas in baseball, here.  
Dr. James J. Walsh, Lecture, 2:45 p. m.  
The Plectrio, Instrumentalists, 7:30 p. m.  
Thursday, April 25—Varsity vs. University of Arkansas in baseball, here.  
Friday, April 26—Varsity vs. University of Arkansas in baseball, here.  
Saturday, April 27—Corby vs. Sorin in baseball.  
April 27—Pennsylvania relay at Philadelphia.

### Local News.

—Next year but four examinations will be given at the University.

—The interhall baseball schedule is out and the first game is to be played tomorrow.

—The prep athletic association is progressing splendidly say those who have the movement at heart.

—Ben Lange and his Senior crew have already made their appearance on lake St. Joseph. The other crews will be out this week.

—Father Hagerty "chaperoned" a jolly crowd of Carrollites who saw the pictures of the Passion Play at the Oliver Wednesday evening.

—The hedges on either side of the avenue have been pulled up in order to prevent the drifting of the snow on the sidewalks during the winter season.

—The steam engine was set to work last Saturday clearing part of the grove between St. Joseph and Corby halls. Half a dozen large trees were pulled out by the roots.

—At a meeting of the St. Joseph hall Athletic Association Wednesday evening, Eugene Kane was elected to lead the St. Joseph baseball team to the interhall championship.

—Doctor James J. Walsh of New York will address the students at five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, April 23rd, and again at two-forty-five on Wednesday afternoon, April 24th.

—Thursday morning the students' mass was celebrated for those who lost their lives in the ill-fated *Titanic*. Father O'Donnell spoke briefly on the lessons taught us by the

disaster, and recommended those who went down with the ship to the prayers of all.

—The bulletin issued by the University for this quarter contains three papers, descriptive of Notre Dame, by Arthur M. Evans, Staff Correspondent of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, and three papers by Dr. John Talbot Smith, also dealing with life at Notre Dame.

—Last Sunday was a day that will long be remembered by Carrollites as one of the brightest in their baseball history. Not only did the first team defeat the Walsh Chicks by an 8 to 3 score, but two other Carroll teams won victories. The team captained by E. Blackman defeated the Minim Specials 10 to 5, and the Bonny Belles won over the Golden Eagles of South Bend in the most exciting game of the afternoon. The contest lasted twelve innings and was only decided by H. McNichol's daring steal home, making the score 10 to 9 in favor of the Bonny Belles.

—The following schedule for the interhall teams, passed upon by the Athletic Board, was given out Wednesday. It includes a series of two games with each hall running up until June 15th. This method was tried with no great success in basketball, but let the teams push on and complete their schedules this spring. Schedule:

Brownson vs. Walsh, April 21.  
Corby vs. Sorin, April 27.  
Brownson vs. St. Joseph, April 28  
Corby vs. Walsh, May 2.  
St. Joseph vs. Sorin, May 5.  
Brownson vs. Corby, May 9.  
Walsh vs. Sorin, May 12.  
Walsh vs. St. Joseph, May 16.  
Brownson vs. Sorin, May 19.  
Corby vs. St. Joseph, May 23.

### Athletic Notes.

#### WABASH WALLOPED.

Extremes in pitchers met in the first game of the series with Wabash last Friday, and the Varsity profited. Twelve to nothing was the final score of the contest. Lambert, the twirler sent to the fore by Coach Harper, was exceedingly liberal in his distribution of bingles, while Kelly of the Varsity, was woefully stingy. A further reason for the victory is the support given the gold and blue pitcher by his mates. The third was a wild session, every man in the lineup taking a turn at the firing line. Delay in starting the game caused by the muddy

condition of the field forced Umpire Goeckel to call the farcical contest at the end of the sixth inning.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	O	E
O'Connell, ss. ....	2	1	0	3	0
Farrell, 1b. ....	2	2	7	1	0
Dolan, rf. ....	2	1	1	0	0
Williams, cf. ....	1	0	1	0	0
Granfield, 3b. ....	1	2	0	1	0
Duggan, lf. ....	1	1	0	0	0
Arnfield, 2b. ....	1	2	5	0	0
Gray, c. ....	1	1	4	1	2
Kelly, p. ....	1	1	0	4	0

Totals 12 11 18 10 2

Wabash	R	H	P	O	E
Williams, 2b. ....	0	2	1	0	0
Lambert, 3b. ....	0	0	1	1	0
Huffine, c. ....	0	0	5	0	1
Sweet, cf. ....	0	0	1	0	0
Glover, 1b. ....	0	0	4	0	1
Hill, ss. ....	0	0	1	1	0
O'Neill, rf. ....	0	0	0	0	0
Eglin, lf. ....	0	1	0	0	0
H. Lambert, p. ....	0	1	0	1	0
Howard, 1b. ....	0	0	1	0	1

Total 0 2 15 4 3

Three base hits—O'Connell, Granfield. Two base hits—Granfield, Duggan, Arnfield, Kelly. Base on balls—Off Kelly, 1; off Lambert, 4. Struck out—By Kelly, 4; by Lambert, 2. Double plays—H. Lambert to Glover to Lambert. Umpire—Goeckel. Time of game—1 hour 15 minutes.

Wabash .....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Notre Dame .....	1	0	8	0	3	*—12

#### WABASH WALLOPS.

Displaying a brand of baseball which would have drawn censure upon a "prep" school team, the Varsity engaged Wabash in the second game of the series with the Little Giants last Saturday and gave the game to the visitors by the score of 5 to 3. An agreement to call the contest at four o'clock to enable the down-state squad to catch a train deprived Wabash of credit for three runs tallied in their half of the sixth inning, the count reverting to the even inning.

Excessive confidence in the Varsity is the principal reason for the defeat. Wabash drew blood in the opening round and a repetition of Friday's success was indicated by the scoring of three runs in Notre Dame's half of the session, but Watt tightened after the first ascension and Dolan and Arnfield were the only men able to connect safely in the four succeeding innings. Dolan proved the wisdom of his elevation to the Varsity by obtaining two of the three safeties secured by the team.

The fielding of the squad in the contest is evidence that Coach Smith's task of selecting the regular team is by no means complete.

Wabash	R	H	P	A	E
Williams, 2b. ....	0	1	0	3	0
Lambert, 1b. ....	1	0	1	0	0
Huffine, c. ....	0	0	4	0	0
Sweet, cf. ....	0	2	1	0	0
H. Lambert, lf. ....	0	0	0	0	0
Hill, ss. ....	1	1	1	0	0
Eglin, rf. ....	2	1	2	0	0
Howard 1b. ....	1	1	6	1	1
Watt, p. ....	0	2	0	0	0
Total	5	8	15	4	1

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss. ....	1	0	1	2	2
Farrell, 1b. ....	0	0	8	0	0
Dolan, rf. ....	1	2	0	0	0
Williams, cf. ....	1	0	0	0	0
Granfield, 3b. ....	0	0	0	2	0
Duggan, lf. ....	0	0	1	0	1
Arnfield, 2b. ....	0	1	1	1	0
Gray, c. ....	0	0	4	1	0
Mehlem, p. ....	0	0	0	2	0
Total	3	3	15	8	3

Wabash .....	1	1	3	0	0—5
Notre Dame .....	3	0	0	0	0—3

Struck out—By Watt, 3; by Mehlem, 4. Bases on balls—Off Watt, 2; Off Mehlem, 2. Two base hit—Dolan. Hit by pitched ball—Howard. Wild pitch—Mehlem. Umpire—Goeckel. Time of game, 1 hour 15 minutes.

#### GRAND RAPIDS SCORES SHUT OUT.

Grand Rapids retaliated in convincing fashion for the three defeats handed the Central leaguers by the Varsity early in the practice season when they administered a 6 to 0 trouncing to Notre Dame last Monday. Dolan again broke into the limelight with two safeties out of three times at bat, maintaining his record as a star slugger. Essick and Lindsey, two of the shining lights on the Grand Rapids twirling staff, were given their initial workouts, and the Varsity proved easy prey. More poor fielding aided the victors in attaining their ends.

Grand Rapids	R	H	P	A	E
Craven, rf. ....	1	1	2	0	0
Kroy, lf. ....	1	2	1	0	0
Thomas, 1b. ....	1	1	9	0	1
Lejeune, cf. ....	0	0	3	0	0
Parker, 2b. ....	0	1	0	1	0
Hadley, ss. ....	0	0	0	4	0
Barkwell, 3b. ....	2	1	1	0	0
Weeks, c. ....	0	0	4	1	0
Essick, p. ....	0	1	1	1	0
Lindsey, p. ....	0	0	0	2	0
Koehler, ss. ....	1	1	0	0	0
Total	6	8	21	9	1

\*Batted for Essick in sixth.



Notre Dame					
O'Connell, ss.	0	0	3	1	1
Campbell, 1b.	0	0	8	1	1
Dolan, rf.	0	2	0	0	1
Williams, rf.	0	0	3	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	0	0	0	3	0
Carmody, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Newning, 2b.	0	1	1	1	1
Guppy, c.	0	0	4	2	0
Berger, p.	0	1	1	3	0
Gray, c.	0	0	0	1	1
Wells, p.	0	0	0	0	0

Total	0	4	21	12	5
Grand Rapids	0	0	1	0	2
Notre Dame	0	0	0	0	0

Struck out—By Essick, 3; by Berger, 3. Bases on balls—Off Lindsey, 1; off Berger, 2. Home runs—Thomas. Two base hits—Barkwell, Dolan, Newning. Hit by pitched ball—Gray. Umpire,—Hamilton. Time of game—1 hour 30 minutes.

THE LEAGUERS WIN AGAIN.

The annual spring recreation day gave the Varsity another opportunity to engage Grand Rapids in battle, and while the exhibition was of better class than any of those of the preceding week, the visiting leaguers won, 4 to 1. Sheehan worked on the mound for Notre Dame during the first five innings and suffered only one bad round, the second, when four safeties tallied three runs. Regan took up the burden after the fifth and held the victors hitless during his incumbency. O'Connell's triple at the opening of the contest, followed by Dolan's drive to center field scored the lone tally of the Varsity.

Grand Rapids	R	H	P	A	E
Craven, rf.	1	1	2	0	0
Kroy, lf.	0	1	0	0	0
Schmick, 1b.	0	1	12	0	0
Lejeune, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Koehler, 2b.	1	1	2	4	0
Hadley, ss.	0	0	1	3	0
Barkwell, 3b.	1	1	2	3	0
Weeks, c.	1	1	1	0	0
Martin, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Myers, p.	0	0	0	0	0

Total	4	6	21	12	0
Notre Dame					
O'Connell, ss.	1	1	0	3	1
Campbell, rb.	0	1	7	0	0
Dolan, rf.	0	2	1	0	0
Williams, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	0	0	1	1	1
M. Carmody, lf.	0	0	2	0	0
A. Carmody, 2b.	0	1	2	3	0
Gray, c.	0	0	7	0	0
Sheehan, p.	0	1	0	0	0
Regan, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Guppy, c.	0	0	0	0	0
Total	1	6	21	7	2

Grand Rapids	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	—4
Notre Dame	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Struck out—By Sheehan, 4; by Regan, 2. Three base hits—Craven, O'Connell. Double plays—Barkwell to Schmick, Campbell to Granfield. Hit by pitched ball—Hadley. Umpire—Cotter. Time of game, 1 hour 30 minutes.

SOUTH BEND WINS.

The second exhibition game with the South Bend team of the Central league furnished a lot of thrills without much baseball. South Bend took the contest, 9 to 8, by pounding Mehlem unmercifully in the ninth inning when four runs were scored. Arnfield made a brilliant effort to retrieve the game in the Varsity's half of the round by pelting the sphere to the uttermost limits of the field, scoring "Mike" Carmody but his example was not followed by succeeding batters.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	0	1	4	1	2
Farrell 1b.	2	1	10	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	1	0	3	2	0
Williams, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Dolan, rf.	0	3	0	0	0
Carmody, lf.	2	3	3	0	0
Arnfield, 2b.	1	1	4	2	0
Gray, c.	1	1	3	0	0
Bergman, p.	1	1	0	6	1
*A. Carmody	0	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, p.	0	0	0	0	0
†Duggan	0	0	0	0	0

Total	8	11	27	11	3
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\*Batted for Bergman in sixth.  
†Batted for Sheehan in ninth.

South Bend.					
Donahue, lf.	1	2	1	0	0
Nepso, ss.	2	2	4	2	0
Haddock, cf.	2	1	1	0	0
Shock, 2b.	1	2	4	2	2
Schaefer, 1b.	1	1	10	1	0
Arndt, 3b.	0	1	0	0	0
Werntz, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Harris, c.	1	2	6	2	0
Davison, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Peterson, p.	0	0	1	0	0
Willery, p.	0	0	0	1	1
*Jackle	1	1	0	0	0

Total	9	13	27	9	3
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\*Batted for Haddock in ninth.

Struck out—By Bergman, 1; by Sheehan, 1; by Davison, 1; by Peterson, 1; by Willery, 1. Bases on balls—Off Peterson, 1; off Willery, 1. Home run—Arnfield. Double plays—O'Connell to Arnfield to Farrell. Umpire—Hamilton. Time of game—2 hours. Score by innings.

South Bend	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	—9
Notre Dame	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	2	2	—8