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Rain Clouds.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '13.

UNDER the sky that is lowly bending,
Down here on earth I watching stand,
While up from the West sail slow clouds sending
Drops of rain to the thirsty land.

The trees rejoice, and the rain cloud passes
Over the greening fields of grain.
The swaying leaves and the tufted grasses
Bow their thanks to the gentle rain.

Be thankful, Earth, that clouds of heaven
Send to your bosom the fresh'ning rain;
Be thankful, Earth, when that boon is given
That the good sun warms your heart again.

Modern Magazine Fiction.

THOMAS F. O'NEIL, '13.



IN the multitude of writings that make up modern magazine fiction the varied aims are so confusing and the tendencies so diversified, that to attempt to adequately describe this branch of literature in all its various aspects would be a vast and almost impossible undertaking. Some general characteristics have, however, been noted, and in the criticism which records them, all sorts of opinions are expressed. Nearly all unite in disparaging the attempts of the modern littérateur. One criticises the literary, another the ethical side of an author's production. In all the expressions of the critical world, is seen that inevitable tendency of man to belittle that with which he is familiar.

It must be said, in justice to some of the better modern writers, that the almost universal note

of pessimism that pervades the criticisms which deal with literary work is due to the policy of publishers and magazine editors in allowing nearly anything to be printed. This opening of the field of "literature" to almost anyone who has a working knowledge of grammar has resulted in a commercialism to which the literary evils of our magazines may be directly attributed. The demand which the advertising department makes for circulation finds expression in a lowered standard for the inner pages. Popular taste must be satisfied.

Of course this criticism does not apply to all magazines. The tendency noted is shown in its greatest effects in the so-called popular magazines, and applies in gradually lessening degrees to the others along the line until the "magazine of good literature" is reached. Here it is that we find the better grade of our modern magazine fiction. In volume it is not nearly so great as that turned out by the "cheap" magazines, yet in literary worth it excels.

Between the lowest class of modern magazines and the highest, there exists a form of periodical that, according to literary or ethical standards, is difficult to classify. Perhaps the reader will recognize it when he is told that almost any one of the monthlies in its class may be purchased for fifteen cents. In the pages of these periodicals may be found at once the finest and the basest examples of modern fiction—regarded from the viewpoint of ethics or of literature. To consider and examine conditions as represented in this class of magazines is really to study what might be called the average character of the modern magazine. The fiction of these periodicals may be divided according to form into two classes—serial novels and short-stories. A word about the former.

Celebrated novelists are well paid for serial work. As a rule, this is of little merit. Seriousness is lacking and the stories are highly feminized. The characters are either millionaires or fortune hunters; and the plots and incidents that are used in the different stories are of such uniform tone that some apply to the "artists" who are responsible for such work the name of "smart set novelists." Occasionally, however, some one of these writers departs from the customary rut and attempts something different. But because of his haste in writing, and of the desire to write something that will be light enough to be popular, he changes only in minor details for the something different and inserts some novel scene or atmosphere. As a result the effort is wasted on something which the intelligent critic would call nonsense.

One must not be led to believe from this that all the serialized stories are worthless. When we look back and review the novels that have appeared in serial form we will find that some of them are of genuine worth. A few of Winston Churchill's novels first appeared in this form, and now another, which from a literary viewpoint stands high, is running in a magazine that is not deserving of it.

The most kindly things that may be said about the fiction of the representative modern magazine are earned solely by the short-story writers. In this department of literature no one will deny that the magazine is pre-eminent. It is the logical place for the short-story as it is only there that the author can hope to receive good prices for his work.

The vast opportunities that the American magazines offer to short-story writers have drawn many into this department of literary work. Sharp competition has resulted, and because of this, and the fact that the high prices paid for stories have attracted many of our best literary men to the short-story field, the editors of the better magazines have ample choice of good stories. A magazine such as *Scribner's*, which combines literature with entertainment, has among its contributors some of the finest short-story writers of both England and America.

In the lists of contributors to the more conservative and literary popular magazines, the names of Kipling, Chesterton and Van Dyke stand out prominently. These three men are deserving of mention because of the in-

dividuality and merit of their writing. It would not be true to say that they are the only ones; for we have hosts of men and women writing stories today who, some time ago, would have been considered leaders. But now on account of the progress and development of the art of short-story writing these persons look up to Kipling, Van Dyke and Chesterton, who are undoubtedly the leaders of short fiction in English and represent its best tendencies. All three, besides being masters of technique and representatives of various schools, are ethically normal. Unlike some of their literary brethren—both critical authorities and fiction writers—they are not Socialists. They are opposed to the un-Christian realistic school which considers man to be nothing more than a highly developed animal. Of these three men the one most noted for style is Henry Van Dyke. In treatment his stories are idealistic, sometimes allegorical; but in the moral which these allegories teach the tales are realistic. The other two mentioned—Kipling and Chesterton—belong broadly to what is known as the journalistic school.

Journalized is the term that critics of the short-story apply to those tales which are told in a direct and realistic manner and in which plot and incident are of first importance. Though sometimes used as a reproach, the term in its present accepted usage denotes a class of fiction that is recognized by critics as valuable. For all general purposes then the name serves to indicate a form of realistic writing that has been taught by modern journalism. In this, plot and movement are the prime factors. When one adds to these a charm of style, masterpieces result.

Modern newspaper reporting has, therefore, been a help to realism. It has emphasized the necessity of that vital force—action; yet it has also demonstrated through the popular magazine that finish and a literary quality are not so evident as they were, and that in the case of the "gripping" story they are often entirely lacking. Of course such a tendency is to be deplored, but when one considers that it is only an evil circumstance attendant upon a desirable force he can understand that this dross will soon be gone and that the metal will be all the purer and brighter because of the introduction of the new ingredient.

As far as literature is concerned, and considering the fiction of the magazines as made

up primarily of short stories, the outlook for the future is very bright. In an ethical light, however, there is altogether too much trifling with morality. Too little regard is entertained for religion and all that is dependent upon it. Though the short story is not the place in which writers seek to teach new doctrine, it can be influenced by and show the attitude of an author. In such a light, therefore, it may indirectly shape the minds of people. Thus it happens that, perhaps unintentionally on the part of the authors, but certainly in fact, a great many of our short stories bear traces of the evil teachings that are part of some present-day doctrines. We may be sure, however, that this movement, as a movement in short-story writing, will not spread. The nature of the short story forbids it. Not being lengthy enough this species of literature can not contain an adequate exposition of any momentous principles. The likelihood of this evil force increasing is therefore improbable.

The real danger which menaces the short story and the fiction of magazines lies in the rapidly growing opinion among writers that to achieve success popular favor must be courted. Because of the prevalence of this belief many of the productions of really capable authors are lacking in individuality; they are too mechanical and too apparently artificial. As a destroyer of the personal element, which has always been one of the most charming qualities in literature, this belief is injuring the work of many able men. If a little more individuality were cultivated by some writers, and the trashiness and evil eliminated from the "popular" magazines, we could have a body of periodical literature of which we might well be proud. It is the presence of these undesirable features that gives an evil tone to that magazine fiction which possesses many estimable qualities, and which, with a certain amount of elimination and a little retouching, would be truly valuable, both from a moral and a literary point of view.

Crotalus Giganteus.

THOMAS A. J. DOCKWEILER, '12.

One of the queerest experiences I have ever undergone happened to me last April just about a year ago. With three young men I was on my way back to Azusa from the

West Fork of the San Gabriel River. We were on foot, and to avoid constant fording of the still swollen torrent—an inconvenience and delay which a route along the bottom of the river's gorge necessitated—we had taken the trail on the mountain that forms the northern wall of the San Gabriel's cañon. The day was more like summer than spring. A hot sun glaring in a cloudless sky made travelling under heavy packs anything but pleasant. To add to our discomfiture the trail which we followed was in such bad condition, resulting from disuse and neglect, that it was only a little better than no trail at all. Noon found us at a place high on a projecting spur of the mountains where the trail branched off in two directions. While stopping for consultation as to which branch we should take it was suggested that before proceeding further we should eat our lunch. The suggestion was put into immediate effect, and having disposed of our meal we decided to rest awhile before continuing our tramp. I remember that just before I stretched out on the dusty slope to the left of the trail I asked one of my companions to look at his watch and give me the time. It was forty-six minutes past twelve o'clock. I was now suffering from a severe headache brought on by the intense heat, and since there was no shade near by I endeavored to shield my head from the direct rays of the sun by placing my hat over my face. Presently I had fallen asleep.

The next thing of which I have any distinct recollection is that when I seemed to have awakened none of the boys were in sight. There was a note beside me saying that disliking to arouse me from my nap they had gone on ahead by the trail leading downwards (the other trail ascended) and would await me at its lowest point. About a half hour later saw me in one of the most picturesque cañons I have ever seen. Set as it was between two towering moss-covered ramparts in such a fashion that the sunlight never penetrated into it directly, and filled with dark, thickly grown trees shading huge ferns which formed so dense a mass that a little stream winding among them was almost hidden from view, the place had all the appearances of a veritable abode of goblins or something of the sort. All this time I had been descending the trail, but now the latter after crossing the stream began to double back and ascend the other side.

Here then was where I should have met the boys. Where were they? As yet I had neither seen nor heard anything of them. Were they playing a trick on me, or had they failed to stop here as they said they would in the note, and had continued on? Suddenly the pleasant quiet of the glen was rent by a sound so strange, so weird, so frightful, and so unexpected that I was not only at a loss to account for it but also had neither the courage to advance to investigate, nor the power to retreat, though, to say the least, I was very frightened. For what seemed to me to be several minutes the ravine vibrated with the awful noise which greatly resembled the rattle of a rattlesnake, except that it was very much louder. Taking courage when quiet was again restored by assuring myself—though not however as strongly as I wished—that what had just taken place was very probably an attempt of my companions to frighten me, I took a step forward. Scarcely had I done so when the stone walls again echoed that awful sound. This time it was much nearer and louder. Fear seized me: I could not move. A rustling among the ferns in front of me drew my attention. In another moment I saw a large, flat, yellow-gray head about the size of a football and raised almost a yard from the ground, glide towards me. One look was enough. It was the head of a giant rattlesnake. I turned and fled. How I managed to do so I do not know. I ran till I was wellnigh exhausted and then—well, then one of the boys poured a canteen of water on my head and told me that in his opinion one o'clock was time to be moving.

The Loafer.

JAY L. LEE, '12.

A MAN who wishes for naught but ease
Is fooling his life away.
For there's never a pleasure like that which comes
At the end of a working day.

When a wealthy scion goes down the street
In an automobile for fun,
And a questioner says, "Who is that man?"
The answer is "Gotrocks' son."

Now wouldn't you rather be So-and-so,
And be known for your own true self,
Than to live in ease and be dubbed a leech
Who depends upon some one else?

Escape and Reform.

JESSE J. HERR, '13.

Like all the towns and cities of the Union, Sherwood, Michigan, had its poor and neglected, and the most unfortunate of the distressed was the Cardiff family, consisting of three—a mother, a son and a daughter.

The son, Walter Cardiff, was driven nearly mad when the young lady whom he loved refused to marry him on account of his shiftlessness and poverty. He left his home and went to Wells, Nevada, where he remained for two years. He accumulated considerable wealth and felt sure that he could now win the young lady, Ida Kern.

When he arrived home he learned of her engagement to another, which so angered him that he determined, while intoxicated, to kill Miss Kern. When about to leave the saloon in which he had become drunk he showed a revolver to the bar-keeper and explained the use to which he intended to put it. The bar-keeper notified officer Hall, who followed Cardiff. The policeman overtook him on the Northwestern tracks, and while attempting to arrest him, he was shot by the despondent man. The murderer fled west on the tracks until he reached a bridge about three miles outside the city; he remained here until he boarded a fast-moving freight train at about eleven o'clock that night. At one o'clock the freight train which he had boarded struck another train near Morton, Michigan. Seven cars were telescoped into one another, not occupying over the length of two cars.

Meanwhile the people of Sherwood were searching the country round; they were telephoning and telegraphing the entire state, but no trace of the criminal could be found. Then it occurred to them that he must have boarded the swift-moving freight train, yet that seemed unlikely.

At eleven o'clock the following morning a telegram was received at Sherwood, stating that the body of the criminal had been found under the wreckage. The individual could not be recognized, as the head and upper portion of the body were crushed. However, a large quantity of cartridges fitting the revolver shown in the saloon were found; the cowboy

belt and a photograph of Miss Kern, taken three years before, gave sufficient evidence that Cardiff had met his fate in the wreck instead of meeting it at the hands of a mob prepared to lynch him.

The mutilated body, together with the different objects of identification, were picked up; the undertaker of Morton did the best he could to put the mangled body into something like a human form, and then sent it to the mother in Sherwood. She could recognize the belt as it was the only portion of his clothing in good condition. The body itself was beyond recognition.

Four years had now passed. The murder and the criminal were long forgotten. One evening the mother received a letter written by a priest, Father Harrison of Silver City, Utah. The letter contained the story of the murder as told by Walter Cardiff on his deathbed. The priest wrote to the mother that after Walter had killed the policeman he boarded a freight near a bridge; he climbed into a box car and there met a tramp. With his revolver he forced him to exchange clothes and to remain seated in a corner of the car. Walter was standing in the doorway when the two trains collided. Fortunately he was thrown into a large pool of water near the tracks. He escaped from here unnoticed and boarded a Santa Fé train and continued riding until he reached Silver City. Here he obtained employment immediately, worked diligently and honestly, and made such amends as he could for the crime he had committed. He invested his money with a friend, who was seeking a patent on a brick-making machine. They received the patent and a year later sold it for \$50,000. Walter received \$20,000 for financing it.

The son left the money to the priest to be sent to his mother as soon as she was found. The mother answered the letter immediately, and three weeks later received a draft for the money left her.

"THE history of knowledge," says Goethe, "is a great fugue, in which the voices of the nations, one after the other, are heard." America's day has not yet come. Let us so love and strive that when the time-spirit shall draw the stop for us on the great organ, a note may break forth to which the whole world will listen and be thankful.

Varsity Verse.

POOR DOLLY!

HELLO, little girl with the freckled nose,
Where's the doll with the broken toes?
Why do you cry so woefully, dear?
I've hurt your poor little heart, I fear.

She's broken her head and her leg and her arm?
And she's gone away to grandfather's farm?
Be thankful, dear, that she didn't die
And leave you forever; now, please don't cry!

Come, sweetheart, let's go to the candy shop;
Dolly'll come back with a skip and a hop,
For she'll have a new head and a leg and an arm
And then we'll see that she comes to no harm!

C. J. C.

HEART FAILURE.

"Bring in a piece of verse next time,
Twelve lines in length, no less, no more,"
In English III's a daily chime,
And this is what we hear galore:

"Not bad for you there, Mister Burns."
"Is this your own?" addressed to Lee.
"Well hardly so, it's more like Curr'n's,"
"Quite so," is rippled merrily.

"Your meter's poor, your rime is bad,
Your spelling's surely wrong for 'sect,'
But otherwise," he then will add,
"It is grammatic'ly correct."

One day a student of our class
Received a "4" for all his cares;
The shock was great, so great, alas,
We recommend him to your prayers.

W. J. B.

GIRLS.

A girl with titian hair,
With eyes of velvet blue,
With skin both soft and fair:
Most surely would be true
To you.

A girl with golden hair,
With eyes of purest blue,
A heart she'd love to share:
Most surely would be true
To you.

A girl with long, dark hair,
And eyes of nut-brown hue—
A perfect sparkling pair:
Most surely would be true
To you.

Why!—girls with any hair,
And eyes of any hue;
Whose heart with you they'd share:
Most surely would be true,
To you.

W. R. T.

"Lorna Doone."

EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12.

As you pass through the rough and mountainous land of Exmoor, over the quaint stone bridge which crosses the Bagworthy, you finally come to a white house set back somewhat from the road, the home of the author of "Lorna Doone." And if you enter by the old-fashioned gate, you will meet an old man engaged in his farm work. This is Richard Blackmore, the novelist, who has fascinated many readers with the romance of John Ridd. If you care to question him about this famous masterpiece, he will tell you of his inability to account for the love of this book, considering, as he does, that it is about his third best production. Only by chance, will he say, that it lived, for, after a poor sale, some London publisher recognized something in the story, and from that day dates its success. What is that something? Merely the simple tale of two lovers who are beset with difficulties, painted with rich coloring. An intense emotion and yet naturalness not always found in stories is evident here and enthalls the reader. Let us analyze at some length the different parts of the novel and see wherein the merit lies. Let us speak of the plot, the characters, the realism, the description and unity of the novel.

Simplicity is the one feature which characterizes the plot. Briefly put, it is the story of John Ridd and Lorna Doone meeting accidentally by a waterfall upon the Doone farm and forming a mutual attachment for each other. This mutual affection ripens into deep love when both have matured, but here is where the difficulties begin. John's father has been slain by the Doones and he tries to bring Lorna from her lawless parents. He succeeds, and later she goes to London to receive some property due her and there remains for one year. Love must have its way, however, and she returns to John's home, is promised in marriage, is shot at the altar by a disappointed lover, nearly dies, and finally recovers to live happily afterwards.

Many wonder how so few facts suffice a man to write a big volume. They are both right and wrong. The plot is simple and told in a few words. What are those incidents apparently slowing the tale? There, critics,

you have a point in your favor. Consider carefully again. You read about a fight between some boys at the beginning of the story and you saw a carriage of a noble lady pass by with maid, babe and mother. You also saw the bandits carrying a child across one of their saddles, and you hated the Doones. Did you connect Lorna with this babe? It is safe to say that neither you nor half the readers of the book have done so. Herein lies the purpose of this seeming drag. The hero stops and relates incidents, but it is all for the good of the story. Events which are accorded to be of the least importance turn out to be most needed in the conclusion.

Again what is the necessity of so much relation to the life on the farm? Why does John refer so often to the plowing and the animals? Why should a snow-storm occupy so great a space, while we are looking for the plot to go on? Why should Farmer Stowe and his daughters be introduced when we know that none shall wed our hero? Why is John Fry so often before the reader? All these and many other queries can be justly asked and as justly answered. All tend to some end. A remark, a gesture hardly caught at the time, will appear again fraught with meaning. The plea then that there is artificiality or design in the plot is not to be heard. The story is told in a very effective manner and reflects the genius of the writer. Surely he can be classed with Scott or Fielding in this respect, for it takes nothing short of an artist to weld an array of facts into an interesting story.

In character alone the author has established his claim to distinction, for, were the plot weaker than it is, the different types would carry the story through. To say that the character portrayals are quaint is not to give the sense at all. Everything is essentially English and of the rural stamp. The characters have a charm about them such as we do not find in those from London. And we might add that when Blackmore attempts anything out of his own Exmoor, he is outside his clime. He knows the place, the people, their customs, their faults, their virtues and their life. Why should he not have given us the real? He can not afford to supply us with the tinsel or glitter of imaginary characters because he is too sincere. The jealous neighbor, the lazy farm-hand, the villainous Doones—all are truly given with a little polish

to take off the rough. The author has admitted that he touched up his hero somewhat, and we can infer the like in the other characters. Type portrayal and description are both good in "Lorna Doone." About the latter we will say something later, but at present we will consider the principal characters, both male and female.

In the first place we need not look for subtle character analysis. The best we can say for them is that they are true to life, cast in heroic mold and consistent throughout. It was not necessary to give much time to the types. Blackmore wrote as he knew them to be and trusted they would suffice. Perhaps only their external appearance coupled with what he knew of their inner life gave him the assurance that they would be natural. He was not a Shakespeare. John Ridd is not a Hamlet nor Carver Doone, an Iago. Lorna is not a Juliet or Anna a Francesca. They merely charm and captivate us; what more should we ask?

John Ridd is the type of farmer whom Blackmore likes to portray. To say he is irresistible would be mildly considering the man. Gentleness, modesty, purity of heart, and reverence never found a better resting-place than in this simple farmer of Exmoor. He is human in spite of criticism; he has a personality and a soul truly natural. His slowness to wrath seems to be the one fault with him—just as with Hamlet—when his father has been murdered by the Doones, he can not get the will power to avenge. He dallies his time in courting Lorna, the love of his young days, and only finally, when aided by the king's spy, Stickle, does he move. In his preparations for action appears that same lack of push against his deadly enemies. We can excuse this slowness of anger upon the ground that he had an intense love for man and animal alike. The care of horses and other brutes around the farm is his lasting thought. Do you recall the great snow storm which lasted three days and of John's search for the lambs in the pasture? Remember how tenderly he carried them in his arms by pairs to the barn until all were rescued. This is an evidence which might account for his inability to rove about.

John is so good and everything goes so well that we are sometimes inclined to think him artificial. As one writer says, when he thinks,

he is human; when he acts, the giant appears. His sense of superiority over all is somewhat repugnant. The sister fears him when he puts on a commanding tone, and even his mother must bow to him. Nothing is better than his opinion. We are amused to see the way Anna used his love for Lorna as a means for Tom and herself. Think of the two attacks upon the Doones, the first of which was humorous, his audience before Lord Jeffreys, his wrestling bouts, his adventures about Doone valley, something painted seems to be the effect. In spite of the deadly peril in courting Lorna, in spite of bullets, traps or ambushes, he is always safe. If he gets into a tight place the *deus ex machina* is brought into use. When the trap bag was sprung by the Doones, and men fell, he escaped. When he delivered the audacious reply to Carver Doone and the latter fired upon him, he easily dodged the bullets which splintered the rock and a log beside him. When Kirke's "Lambs" were about to hang him, we can not feel that he is going to die. Lorna must be married and John must live. He does, for his friend, Captain Stickle, appears just in time to save him. These would seem to show up against him, but, strange to relate, he is fascinating. There is something in him which charms us. It may be the love he has for Lorna; it may be his humanity. Whatever it is, we follow him upon his every step, grieve when he grieves and exult at his success. Let us say perhaps it is the person in which the story is told. As the hero is directly the narrator, much more vividness is secured.

Somewhat different and perhaps a more human character is the person of Tom Faygus, highwayman and lover of Anna Ridd. There is something which tears at the heart when we see him struggling against his former practices. Hunted all about, robbing only the rich and giving his booty to the poor, he is far more agreeable than the Doones. His love for Anna is not so broadly developed as that of John for Lorna, but it is as true. Mrs. Ridd may feel reluctant to give her daughter to this daring robber, but the aftermath shows us that the two were born for each other. There are no soliloquies when Tom begins to think humanely, but his frequent visits to the king for pardon silently indicate the trend of his thought. And he is more natural than his brother-in-law. When the farmers waylay

him as he is returning from London, he assumes the character of a royal spy bent upon the same purpose. He bids them test their guns to see that they are reliable and then, having all at his mercy, dashes away from the fooled tillers of the soil.

Carver Doone is the villain, and truly no darker dyed criminal has been better depicted. What he can not and does not dare to do need not be mentioned. We meet him first in his murderous attempts upon John's life and his cunning to coerce Lorna to marry him. We see him finally trying to kill her at the altar. John has met him before time and time again, and why does he not finish him then and there? His final ending in the black marsh is not bad enough for a character of this stamp.

It has been said that Blackmore is not so good in his lady characters. This seems especially true in the case of Lorna. Continues the writer: "She has a love for John, but outside of that the mind's eye can not see her." Certainly she has not brought anything contagious from the robbers, and she seems to know her place in the Ridd household. There might be something in her affection for John that is not natural, and her shallowness in other respects might further emphasize this. Again the year's stay in London without ever writing him is the reverse of the intense love she formerly bore him. Why does she not marry him? Enough time has elapsed for such to occur.

Far better are the characters of Anna and Lizzie Ridd and Ruth Huchaback. They are always jealous of one another in their love affairs and bow before John. Anna's love for Faygus is better worked out by the author, and the happy union must follow. Ruth comes into the light as a serious contender for John's hand, is coldly received and as gently exits as she entered. Her father is overdrawn as is Jeffreys or any other character he did not know well.

Now for a word or two on description. In this respect the story is very strong. The setting is the English wilds around Exmoor and the writer is one of that region. Here it follows that the vivid and felicitous descriptions are no great tax upon the author and moreover possess the quality of accuracy. The minuteness to detail is also evident in the description. Blackmore loved plants, and in his chase after them often traversed the

rough hills and streams bordering upon Doone Valley. We can see ourselves upon the mountains, smell the gardens, rest upon the heathered side of the road and become lost in the snow storm. His impression of everything is real. Hence comes the question: Is "Lorna Doone" a realistic or idealistic novel? In the first place we must say that it possesses features of both, for real characters do some ideal things.

In background, in facts of true life, in history, in event, it is very true, but in an effort to embellish comes a tendency to realism. A simple historical romance, then, is what we would call it. Historical because the very events about which the story winds are recorded in the accounts of the times. Lord Jeffreys, the political butcher, the minor insurrections, the hatred of James and the Papacy, the lawless life of the Doones, are on the lips of every folk in that region.

It is certainly possessed of the Exmoor atmosphere. The fidelity to nature, delineation, the adherence to small details, the accurate knowledge of people, their customs, the failure in portraying outside characters from London and the success in painting those of the vicinity of the story would lead one to say that it was more than impressionism. As for idealism it may appear in some of the characters, but such is not the general rule. If events are related historically and characters are truly chosen, there is no ground for idealism. The Doones are the murderous gang they always were, and butcher Jeffreys is natural. We are not taken to great heights in order to recognize what is before us. Indeed, Blackmore has told the story in a way to make the realists ashamed of themselves. There are faults no doubt in the novel, but these are swept aside by the impetus of the narrative. The romance is charming and enhancing despite the over-strenuous style. The episodes we may forget, but the impression is always there. Glance at the real pictures of Doone Valley, the Church of Oore, Bagworthy and the Black Pool at the foot of the falls. Don't you recognize the description?

In conclusion we will dwell briefly upon the merits of the book. There is no attempt made at finery or tinsel. The true story of a simple town like Exmoor is truly described by one of the parish. That it took so long for this book to become popular can not be

counted against it. Reed and Trallope had killed the seed sown by Blackmore. If "Lorna Doone" had been published some time later in the Romantic period it would be immortal. English scenery and life abound in it, but Americans are struck by its reality. So may any book of like nature appeal.

The Girl He Left Behind Him.

EDMUND G. STEIS, '15.

Among the thickly wooded foothills just outside a western city, the people of wealth had built their homes. While not the most pretentious, one of the coziest and most attractive amongst them was that of a young man who lived alone except for his two servants.

On one of those cool nights peculiar to a western summer, this young man was sitting before the fire that blazed cheerfully in the broad open fireplace in the room he called his den. And as he sat there, idly contemplating the fantastic figures formed by the smoke as it whirled up the chimney, his mind wandered back to that town in one of the eastern states which he had left when his college days were over.

He had not been back there since he had left it eight years ago; in fact there was no reason to go back, for shortly after he had answered the call of the West his father failed in health, and father and mother were now living up in the mountains not more than fifty miles away. As he sat there thinking of the old home he wondered how the fellows were that he used to know, and if they had prospered as well as he.

Then there came to his mind a vision of that jolly, bright-eyed girl who would rather ride a horse bare-back than sit in the finest carriage ever made, who would rather skate than dance, who detested parties, who loved dogs and hated cats, who could whistle better than he, whom some prim ladies called a tomboy, but whom his mother called a mighty fine girl, who was as pure and wholesome as a mountain spring, and whose heart was as tender as that of a dove—little Jane, the sweetheart of his schooldays. It had been five years since he had heard from her. He had been pretty busy and had written seldom at first and finally not at all.

He felt a little ashamed of it now, but as

he reflected he smiled, for he remembered how the other fellows who at that time had more money than he, took her to shows while he took her walking; they brought candy one night; he came the next and helped eat it. She surely must have thought a lot of him, for 'of gold and silver he had none,' but that never made any difference with Jane; she liked you or she didn't, and the amount of money you had to spend did not enter into the consideration.

He began to wonder then if she were married yet and if so what kind of a fellow her husband was, and whether or not he was good to her. He felt that he had not done the proper thing as far as writing was concerned and wondered if she would answer if he should write—but no, he couldn't do that, for she might be married.

He sat before the fire for a while longer, then rose and going to a desk, wrote a long letter to an old chum of his back in the home town. A few days later he received a long letter in return and part of it said that the little Jane he used to know was still single, that for some reason or other she had turned down several offers that were considered good by her friends and that she often asked about him.

After he had twice read the letter he rang for his servant and told him to run out the machine at once because he had to catch the flyer East and had but forty minutes in which to pack some clothes and get to the station.

Rest in Heaven.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '14.

SHOULD sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasure at its birth
Fade, like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth;
There's rest for thee in heaven.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,—
There's rest for thee in heaven.

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—The results of the library since January 1 have been very gratifying. The halls that had the largest number of readers were Brownson, Holy Cross and St. Joseph. In former years Sorin hall made a better showing, and Walsh hall had many more readers last year. Corby hall is rather indifferent in the matter of reading.

The books that were most popular were those of Frank Spearman. Certain novels of other authors were also equally as much read. Even habitual readers of the popular magazine stories would read the more interesting stories in the Apostolate Library and of course got an excellent mental and moral tonic from their reading.

The library affords a very good opportunity to judge of the various tastes of its readers. It has been observed that students who are talented will select the best books and read them with appreciation. The hardest class to get interested in the books, are the readers of the cheap-story magazines and the lighter kind of cheap novel. Such readers may take a book occasionally, but usually return to the reading matter that unfortunately has been their favorite kind from early years.

Perhaps the greatest boon that can come to any young man is to form a correct taste for reading. More precious than any collegiate

training, and surely more productive of culture than any other means save the association with cultured elders, is the reading of good literature. Place a good library at the disposal of any bright boy and his education is assured. And this advantage the Apostolate Library offers to any of our students.

Unfortunately there seems to exist a certain prejudice against authors who are Catholics. They are usually thought to be both inferior and uninteresting. But that such is not the case may easily be found from the perusal of any work from such writers as Ayscough, Benson, Sheehan, Harland and many others. It is high time to break through the gloom that surrounds our best Catholic authors and view their work in the sunlight of true appreciation.

—Critics who regard rhetoric as an art almost lost, are not far from being correct. Certainly the outlook on this particular field is not encouraging. We can glance over a list of political speakers, and if it were necessary to point out the orators, we would have some difficulty. So few measure up to the specifications with which the past has provided us, that, in considering the vast field afforded by political life, only a small number of our public men could be put in the class of orators or "near" orators.

Oratory in its strictest and most correct sense is an art exercised by a man whose personality is shown in his speaking and who, through the personal element, reaches the hearts of men. The orator, therefore, possesses a certain indefinable power, a combination of pleasing forces, which, coupled with a fluency of speech and soundness of thought, enable him to convince and persuade. It would not be just to say that because this power is not very noticeable in our public men of today, they are therefore mentally inferior to their predecessors. It may be that the occasion for oratory is not nearly so great today as it was in previous times, and in consequence few have attempted to develop the true oratorical quality. The fact, however, that there is so much speech making proves that there is a field for orators. Let us hope that some worthy men will soon occupy this field. If we can not have a Webster, a Grady will do; if not a Grady, let us at least create the ideal of elegance in oratorical expression.

—Language is thought in words. If the idea be important and the language perfect, an effective thought is produced. Expression is not the clothing, it is the blood of a thought. **More English for Lawyers.** Many sentiments have been felt by all people; one day a master puts them into perfect arrangement—and that expression then becomes their essence.

If a man expects to gain any worldly distinction, let him look to bettering his language. Let him care how to convey to others his own ideas, bringing forth his usefulness and not, like an unworked mine, leaving it undiscovered.

These cautions apply most forcibly to students of law. We have been long observing their deficiency. If a college degree were a condition of entrance to our law schools, it is likely no censure would be demanded. But usually high-school graduates are accepted. Coming from their fledgling course, they skim through one year's college English, and then forget, very industriously, all they learned.

An examination of the compositions of Junior and Senior lawyers is an unanswerable argument in favor of further English work. The rudiments are unknown; grammatical and rhetorical errors are used as spices. There is commonly little precision, and never the least elegance. In wandering from the point at issue, our law students are most skilled, and in this indeed they display much originality.

We appeal for attention to the Freshmen. Stick to your English all through your law course. Don't think you need not study your native language, rather be convinced you need not study French or German nearly so much. It may become tiresome, but weariness now is less painful than vain regrets in the future.

—We have gently remonstrated with the students on many occasions because of their attitude toward athletics. We have urged our readers to take more interest in intellectual pursuits, such as debating and oratory. We have always attempted in our feeble way to show what we believe to be the proper attitude on the student's part toward the interests of Alma Mater. And we have been rewarded by the slurs of the benighted and the concurrence of the discriminating. In one particular,

at least, all our rhetoric has been in vain; all our carefully worded invectives have stirred to neither resentment nor to agreement, and were we by nature less insistent, we might be discouraged. What pains us most is that many of our leading citizens, who should have been most susceptible, have remained unmoved. Slang seems to be as prevalent as ever.

The person who permits himself the use of the vile parlance not only renders himself inconversant with the beauties of his mother tongue, but lessens his power to think clearly. His cognitive processes are necessarily in the most chaotic condition, lacking, as they do, the cohering force of orderly language. Because his vocabulary is very limited, his conversation does not extend beyond the use of a few general terms, such as "O you kid," "some bear," "rough stuff," and so on, and so on. These are his categories, and he divides his little world among them with very little discrimination. How grossly inaccurate, how pitifully crude, how pathetically idiotic his judgments are, we believe is evident without our emphasizing it further. Therefore, we raise our voice in protest again. Let us not cry in the wilderness in vain.

Program for Commencement.

The Collegiate Commencement Exercises this year will begin on Saturday evening, June 15th, and conclude on the evening of Monday, June 17th. The order of exercises is given below:

Saturday, June 15—Opening of Commencement Exercises in Washington hall.
Address by Max Pam, LL. D., 8:00 p. m.

Sunday, June 16—Solemn Pontifical Mass, 8:00 a. m.
Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. Francis W. Howard, Secretary of the Catholic Educational Association.
4:30 p. m.—Business Meeting of the Alumni Ass'n
6:30 p. m. Lawn Concert by University Band
7:00—Banquet of Alumni Association.

Monday, June 17—8:00 a. m. Solemn Requiem mass for deceased members of Alumni Ass'n
10:00 a. m.—Bachelor Orations in Washington Hall.
1:00 p. m.—Boat Races and Swimming Exhibitions on St. Joseph Lake.
3:00 p. m.—Varsity vs. Alumni in baseball in Cartier Field.
6:30 p. m.—Lawn Concert by University Band.
8:00 p. m.—Final Exercises in Washington Hall.
Address by the Right Rev. Thomas J. Hickey, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Rochester

Corby Honors Its Rector.

Appreciation of true worth was the keynote struck by the speakers at the Corby festivities last Wednesday evening. The occasion was the presentation, by the boys of Corby, of a magnificent loving cup to Father Farley. Corby "rec" room, where the festivities took place, was transformed into a bower of beauty. Peter Meersman presided over the doings of the evening which began with Father Farley's entrance amid prolonged applause. Following the address of welcome by Mr. Meersman, Martin Heyl reviewed the success of Corby on the gridiron. A humorous "Corby Alphabet" and "A Toast to Notre Dame," by Father O'Donnell, received more than a passing mark. Basil Soisson won over again the basketball victories "of us bunch of students, as one might say." The gay and the serious were mingled in a short address by Father Irving. The speech of presentation by Peter Meersman was concluded at the falling of a Notre Dame banner from a niche, disclosing to view the practical expression of Corby's feeling for Father Farley. Banked in flowers the full beauty of the cup was revealed by an artistic lighting arrangement. This part of the program came as a complete surprise to the rector of Corby, but with characteristic spirit he responded modestly to the demonstration. Then "Corby Spirit" walked at the words of Frank Hogan; and "from the side lines," as he said, came the remarks of Father Schumacher, witty and cordial. Father Doremus in a few words made plain that he is proud to be in Corby.

As distinguished guests there were present: The Right Rev. Dennis O'Dougherty, D. D., the Rev. Thomas Hughes, D. D.; President Cavanaugh, Vice-President Walsh, Father McGarry, Father Marin, O. P., and Father O'Connor. From these the chairman of the evening called on Bishop O'Dougherty, who had already caught the Corby spirit, and for the concluding words, Father Cavanaugh. Songs by "Jimmie" Wasson, "Johnnie" Mehlem and George Lynch were scattered liberally throughout the program. Corby's own Orchestra—the Carmodys and James Nolan—was a prominent feature of the good time; while, "eats," "smokes," and dancing, were the anti-climaxes to Corby's fête for Father Farley.

Closing of the May Devotions.

On Friday evening of last week, the month of May devotions were concluded with the procession around the church in which were present a large number of priests and seminarians carrying lighted candles. During the procession the choir sang the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Following the procession the closing sermon of the month was preached with especial effectiveness. After Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, all present in the church sang the hymn of thanksgiving, "Holy God." The President of the University officiated, assisted by Rev. M. J. Walsh and Rev. M. A. Schumacher.

Preparatory Oratorical Contest.

On Tuesday at 5:00 p. m. five Preparatory students competed in Washington Hall for the prize of ten dollars for the best oration in the annual preparatory contest. The five contestants were the survivors of a long list of tryouts and semi-finals. Jeremiah J. Hagerty of Holy Cross hall received the unanimous decision of the judges for first place with the oration "The Church vs. Socialism." John B. Denny, Walsh hall, received second place with the oration "Joan d'Arc." The other contestants finished in this order: Casimir J. Lisewski, "The Modern Newspaper;" Hugo Monnig, "Our Merchant Marine;" Joseph S. Kobrzynski, "Christian Education." The judges were the Rev. M. A. Schumacher, Rev. C. J. Hagerty, Prof. James Hines.

The K. C. in Closing Program.

A very enthusiastic session on the evening of May 31 brought the social term of the local council of the Knights of Columbus to a close. The council rooms were completely filled with knights and guests who answered the summons of the entertainment committee. Over one hundred and twenty-five men of the University were present to enjoy the program arranged especially for the track, baseball and debating teams. The University orchestra and glee club furnished music which was greeted with a thorough appreciation. Many speeches by members of the athletic teams enlivened the evening, and words from the victorious

debaters crowned the oratorical efforts. A splendid array of refreshments found the usual favor. The character of the program reflected well the spirit of the Notre Dame knights. It was enjoyable in every way, lively, refined and enthusiastic, and as the last meeting of the year it offered an apt culmination to the official and social business of the council which has done much both for itself and the University.

Important Notices.

SENIOR EXAMINATIONS.

COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS.

Monday, June 10—8:15 a. m., Latin; 10:15 a. m. History; 2:00 p. m., English.

Tuesday, June 11—8:15 a. m., Economics and Greek; 2:00 p. m., Philosophy.

COLLEGES OF ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE.

The examinations will be arranged by the Deans of the Departments.

COLLEGE OF LAW.

Examinations will begin on Saturday, June 8, at 8:30 a. m.

All senior examinations must be concluded by the evening of June 12.

PREPARATORY EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations in the Preparatory Department will be held on Wednesday, June 12, and Friday, June 14, at the regular hours and in the rooms in which the classes are ordinarily taught.

COLLEGIATE EXAMINATIONS.

June 18, 1912—Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 p. m. and 2:45 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:00 p. m. will be examined at 7:30 p. m.

June 19, 1912—Classes taught at 9:00 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:00 a. m. respectively.

EXAMINATIONS OF CONDITIONED STUDENTS.

One or two examination marks under 70 in a year class or one examination mark under 70 in a term class will condition a student. Such condition can be removed at the time specified below. Failure to remove condition at the stated time will necessitate the student's taking up in a regular class the work in which he was conditioned.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Tuesday, September 10—English, 2:00 p. m., room 21; History, 4:00 p. m., room 21.

Wednesday, September 11—Mathematics, 8:00 a. m., room 9; Language, 10:00 a. m., room 16; Science, 2:00 p. m., room 42.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

Tuesday, September 17—English, 2:00 p. m., room 12; History and Economics, 4:00 p. m., room 12.

Wednesday, September 18—Mathematics, 8:00 a. m., room 63; Language, 10:00 a. m., room 12; Science, 2:00 p. m., Science Hall; Philosophy, 4:00 p. m.

Personals.

—Visiting at the University this week are the Right Rev. Dennis O'Dougherty, D. D., and the Rev. Thomas Hughes, D. D. Bishop O'Dougherty is on his way to his new diocese in the Philippine Islands from Salamanca, Spain, where he was in charge of the Irish College.

—Mr. John Landers, whose son Douglas attended the University fourteen years ago, entered his grandson in St. Edward's hall recently.

—Francis E. Quish (Commercial '11) of Dexter, Michigan, enjoyed a visit with the Corbyites this week. "Shorty" is connected with his father's business in Grand Rapids.

—Mr. Thomas D. Mott (LL. B. '95), San Juan, Porto Rico, was a most welcome visitor to his Alma Mater last Thursday. We are hoping Mr. Mott will be with us for Commencement.

—The Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, Very Rev. Gilbert Français, C. S. C., and the Assistant-General, Rev. M. M. McGarry, C. S. C., are at the University where they arrived last week from Washington, D. C.

—Leo Gregory Christian (student '06-'07) was graduated from the medical school of St. Louis University May 31st. He will probably serve as interne in one of the hospitals of St. Louis before taking up the practice of his new profession.

—The Hon. Patrick J. Goulding (B. S. '86, LL. B. '86) Enid, Oklahoma, is a candidate for Congress at large from the state of Oklahoma. Mr. Goulding has become one of the recognized leaders of the new state. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him success.

—We have received the announcement of the approaching marriage of Miss Lillian Keating of Harvard, Illinois, to Mr. Paul J. Donovan (LL. B. '10). The marriage will take place in St. Joseph's Church, Harvard, on June 19th. This favorite alumnus and his bride have the best wishes of all at the University.

—Mr. Richard B. Wilson (Ph. C. '08) and his bride, Miss Mildred Lorig, visited the University this week on their wedding tour. The marriage took place Tuesday, May 28, at the Church of the Precious Blood, Chicago,

where Mr. Wilson holds a position with the Jos. D. Ryerson & Sons' Iron and Steel Co. Congratulations!

—Our William Helmkamp (B. S. in Arch. '11) was recently united in marriage to Miss Mamie Bruskoetter at Ft. Jennings, O. Congratulations and years of felicity to Will and his bride.

—Robert Shenk (M. E. '11) was the guest of the University Thursday and Friday. "Bobbie" was on his way to Chicago where he is to be located permanently in the offices of the General Fire Extinguishing Co. He has given us the "honor bright" that he will be back to see the Juniors "lick" the Seniors at the Commencement regatta.

—Judge Ben B. Lindsey recently won an impressive victory in the Colorado elections, receiving more than twice as many votes as his nearest competitor for the office of Juvenile Judge. It is remembered, of course, that Judge Lindsey was really the creator of this Court and has done more to popularize it than any person who has held a similar position.

Obituary.

Mr. Arthur D. Walsh, Sorin Hall, of this year's graduating class, received the sad news of the death of his mother on May 30 at her home in Halifax, New Brunswick. To Arthur and his family the SCHOLASTIC extends the sympathy of the entire University. *R. I. P.*

Calendar.

Monday, June 10—Senior Examinations.
Preparatory Elocution Contest, 4:30 p. m.
Collegiate Elocution Contest, 7:30 p. m.
Tuesday, June 11—Senior Examinations.
Freshman Oratorical Contest, 4:30 p. m.
Sophomore Oratorical Contest, 7:30 p. m.
Junior Oratorical Contest, 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday, June 12—Senior Examinations.
Preparatory Examinations.
Thursday, June 13—Preparatory Commencement,
7:30 p. m. in Washington Hall. Address
Right Rev. Dennis O'Dougherty, D. D., Bishop
of Zambanga, Philippine Islands.
Friday, June 14—Preparatory Examinations.
Saturday, June 15—Opening of Collegiate Commence't

Local News.

—Examinations for the Seniors will be held on Monday and Tuesday.

—It will scarcely be considered news to

announce that a Hill car ran off the track Wednesday.

—The Varsity beat Wabash 6 to 2 at Wabash Thursday. A detailed account of the game will be given in our next issue.

—Tomorrow (Corpus Christi) the procession of the Blessed Sacrament will move around the front lawn after the solemn high mass.

—There is to be a game between the Faculty and the Senior class in the near future. Neither date nor line-up is given out at this writing.

—This coming week will witness the beginning of the end, when the preps go home. Prep commencement will be held Thursday evening.

—We are pleased to announce that Bishop O'Dougherty who is visiting at the University will give the closing address at the Preparatory Commencement.

—The Carroll hall boys returned from their military outing Thursday after four days of real soldier life. Without exception they report a most enjoyable outing.

—Last Thursday the Catholic students went to Confession for the last first Friday of the school year. On Friday a large number received Holy Communion.

—Tomorrow afternoon Corby and Walsh will play off their postponed contest from Thursday. The game will mean much in determining the interhall championship.

—We have been observing the crews on St. Joseph's lake for the last week or so, but we failed to see a great deal of the Juniors. Don't rest on your laurels yet, Juniors.

—With today's game Varsity baseball is over except the Alumni battle. The interhall schedule is nearly finished also. Prep Exams. and Commencement will occupy us this week.

—The date of the Junior Oratorical Contest has been changed from Wednesday afternoon to Tuesday evening at 7:30 p. m. The Sophomore contest will be held at the same hour.

—Prof. Worden's drawing class has a very creditable art display on the second floor, before the office of the Director of Studies. The work speaks well for the art department.

—Last Monday and Friday the band favored us with the near-Commencement outdoor concerts. These concerts, coming in the cool of the evening when everybody is in a listening mood, are most enjoyable.

—The boat crews will put in their final

BELOIT SUCCUMBS.

Beloit college provided the Varsity with an opportunity to pit their batting eye against a big leaguer in the person of George Fusick, who has already been signed up by the Chicago National league team, and the zest with which they entered into the fray resulted in fifteen bingles and eight runs. Kelly, who is not yet a big leaguer, twirled for Notre Dame and limited the Wisconsin team to five bingles and one run. Aside from the fact that the visiting mound artist was tagged for a place higher up, the game was without exciting moments. The opening round was utilized by the Varsity to begin its onslaught, and a pass to O'Connell, followed by singles credited to Farrell, Williams and Granfield, resulted in sufficient tallies to cinch the score. Every inning thereafter the gold and blue broke into the hit column, excepting the fifth. Williams featured in the hitting, as he did in the St. Viateur game, with three bingles. Summary:

Beloit College	R	H	P	A	E
Sleep, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Pearsall, 1b.	0	0	10	0	0
Hyslop, 2b.	0	0	1	1	0
Fusick, p.	0	0	0	5	1
Cook, rf.	1	1	1	0	0
Funk, c.	0	1	10	0	1
D. Williams, ss.	0	1	1	5	3
Murphy, 3b	0	1	1	1	0
C. Williams, cf.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	1	5	24	12	5
Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	1	3	1	2	0
Farrell, 1b.	1	2	7	1	0
Granfield, 3b.	2	1	0	0	0
Williams, cf.	1	3	2	0	0
Dolan, rf.	0	2	3	0	0
Regan, lf.	2	2	1	0	0
Arnfield, 3b.	0	0	6	0	2
Guppy, c.	0	0	5	3	0
Kelly, p.	1	2	2	3	0
Totals	8	15	27	9	2

Beloit College 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1
 Notre Dame 2 0 1 0 0 1 1 3 *—8
 Two-base hits—Cook, Murphy, Kelly, Farrell, Williams. Struck out—By Kelly, 5; by Fusick, 6. Bases on Balls—Off Kelly, 4; off Fusick, 3. Wild pitch—Fusick. Umpire—Hamilton. Time of game, 1:50.

CORBY FINDS ST. JOSEPH EASY.

St. Joseph proved an easy victim for Corby in the interhall baseball game staged Tuesday, the champions upholding their title by a victory 13 to 0. Inability to connect with the offerings of Roach, who pitched a superb game,

added to weak sessions on the part of the Saints' twirler worked the downfall of the challengers. Five hits were obtained by the Corby following in the second round, one of these, a two-bagger and a pair of errors by the St. Joseph fielders, permitted seven of the braves to complete the circuit.

Corby 0 7 0 2 0 0 2 2 0—13 13 1
 St. Joseph's 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 3 3
 Batteries—Roach and Bensberg; Boland, Kane and Bartel. Three base hit—Bensberg. Two-base hits—Roach. Struck out—By Roach, 8; by Boland, 4; by Kane, 4. Bases on balls—Off Roach, 2; off Boland, 3; off Kane, 1. Umpire, Dolan.

SORIN DEFEATS BROWNSON.

Sorin stock in the interhall league at Notre Dame took another jump Wednesday when the Sorinites administered a defeat to Brownson. Nine to seven was the final score of the battle. San Pedro performed on the hilltop for the students, and, with the exception of the first and fourth rounds, kept the Brownson men in subjection at all stages of the game. Score:

Sorin 1 2 0 0 0 0 3 0 3—9 7 3
 Brownson 2 0 0 3 0 1 0 0 1—7 10 2
 Two-base hits—Furlong (2), Devitt, Stepler. Struck out—By San Pedro, 10; by McQuade, 8. Bases on balls—Off San Pedro, 2; off McQuade, 5.

CORBY WINS EASILY.

Corby won over Brownson last Sunday 8-0 in a listless, one-sided game. Roach, who pitched for Corby, held the Brownson men to four scattered hits and struck out thirteen men. Score by innings:

Brownson 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0 4 6
 Corby 1 1 0 2 1 1 0 2 0—8 7 1
 Batteries—Roach and Bensberg; Ryan and Casey. Three-base hits—Hines, Bensberg. Struck out—By Roach, 13; by Ryan, 8. Bases on balls—Off Ryan, 5. Umpire, Gray.

SORIN LOSES TO WALSH.

Walsh and Sorin had a hard battle Sunday afternoon attempting to get the decision in the tie of some weeks ago. Walsh won out nicely 7-4. Canty, who pitched for Walsh, struck out 13 Sorinites. San Pedro held up pretty well, putting six of the Walsh boys to the bad.

Walsh 0 0 0 0 0 4 1 0 2—7 13 1
 Sorin 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0—4 6 1
 Batteries—For Sorin, San Pedro and Arias; for Walsh, Canty, Ryan and Brooke. Struck out—By Canty, 10; by Ryan, 1; by San Pedro, 7. Bases on balls—Off Canty, 3; off San Pedro, 3; off Ryan, 1. Hit by pitched ball—San Pedro, Brooke, Newton. Umpire, Arnfield.