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## Spring.

FRANK C. STANFORD, '13.

WHEN the March winds go, and the robin sings,  
And the zephyrs breathe on the budding trees,  
And the smoke from the chimney floats in rings,  
And the air is filled with the hum of bees;  
When the clouds break up and the snows are gone,—  
To the northward sent by the southern breeze,—  
And the sun shines bright at the break of dawn,  
And the dews lie thick on the grassy leas;  
Then do we feel that it's good to live,  
Then do we hearken when wild birds sing.  
In our soul wells up the desire to give  
All praise and thanks to the God of Spring.

## Popular Sentiment and Purer Citizenship: The Right Road to Peace.\*

WILLIAM J. MILROY, '13.

N nature there are heights and depths. But the heights are always before us; lighted by day, set with eternal lamps by night, always inspiring the human race upward, guiding and giving courage. A few high ideas stand out on the horizon of human conduct like huge impenetrable mountains. The sunshine of popular favor may color the mountain with splendor; the warring winds of doctrines may rage round its foot; or the darkness of ignorance and evil may hide the view;—but it remains unmoved, serene, and unchangeable. Such are the ideas of Truth and Justice. Such, too, is the idea of Universal Peace.

It was written that negro slavery should perish; and the handwriting has appeared on

the walls of history that War shall pass away. It *shall* pass away. But are we doing our full share in the cause? We lament bloodshed and glorify peace, but our navies strengthen, our arsenals improve, newer weapons are invented, the world's wars storm on, and we do not prevent them; in Europe, as if to deride the Hague; below our own southern boundary, as if to mock all our vaunted efforts towards the rule of reason. Despite all opposition, it seems that the sinews of war are growing harder, and that we are failing in our mission. For years economists and statesmen, clergy and poets have been pleading for peace,—but they have pleaded in an unknown tongue. They have dressed peace in a gorgeous garment of rhetoric; they have woven a tissue of fancy, not a chain of strength. We must begin all over. We must appeal to the man, not to the nation; to the present, not to the future; by deed, not by word.

Peace among nations is a problem of humanity. How shall governments live in harmony? How are their quarrels to be adjusted? How is Right always to triumph over Evil? This is not a time to think of rhetoric, to draw pictures of ruinous war, or of white-robed peace. It is a time for action, not description. We have tried to swell the ranks of peace by an argument from the fallen nations of history. Such a reveille rouses no soldiers. This gospel of world-peace, as we have thus far preached it, is too general, too distant, to thrill the souls of men. It can inspire no high purpose; it can warm to no heroic achievement. It is cold and dead. We must now make the personal appeal. We must create a living flesh and blood sentiment among the people. Call on each man's individual conscience and honor to stand for peace and genuine progress; call

\* Oration delivered in the State Peace Contest at Valparaiso, April 5.

on every citizen to revere his country's laws.

Mighty problems can not be solved with a transit, an equation, or a compass. Universal Peace can never be established by a proclamation. It must grow out of the people's will. Laws may be enacted; but unless they are supported by the conscience of a patriotic people those laws are vain. Now our people must be reborn unto peace; the national conscience must be repurified. And how? Let history and the science of right government be taught with enthusiasm to the children of our schools and colleges; give Christianity a living meaning to the youth in the class-rooms of this nation; teach in the home, in the church, in the newspaper a more perfect citizenship, and the new era will arise.

For years men have written and spoken for peace. They have called on the Prince of Peace; they have also made the question one of finance. And yet we seem no nearer. Why do our representatives in Congress appropriate millions every year for a greater navy? Because they *do* represent us. Because we have not yet the right sentiment for peace. Why is Universal Peace not a serious reality to the average citizen? something immediate and vital? Why does it all seem to apply to a millennium future rather than to the burning present? Because we have not fired the people's blood, but have talked over their heads; we have failed to create a lasting and living sentiment against war, as once we did create against slavery. There is a vague unformed popular sentiment; but it is confused, ignorant, and uncertain. It will not stand in a storm. To secure peace we first must prepare the way. All laws ultimately rest on the people's will. It must be so with international peace.

Through the earnest ministry of our public schools, through a truthful, enlightened press, through the union of all the conflicting peace societies, and through the compelling power of all religious sects combined, we can burn indelibly into the popular conscience the brand of universal peace.

Reason and sentiment are the dynamos of the universe. Either is a tremendous force. Here we shall join the two. Long ago civilization saw the reason for international peace. Long ago the world was convinced of the political economy of arbitration. All the reasons are admitted, but the sentiment has not yet

blossomed. The people must not only be convinced; they must feel. This is our task: to rouse enthusiasm. With the great sweep of sentiment behind it, peace can grow, in a single generation, from an unattainable ideal to an inevitable law.

We shall build upon the rocks of deeper sentiment and purer citizenship. We shall build in the present. Pessimism cries out: "Reform at home before you go abroad." Pessimism asserts that peace among nations can never flourish, can never bear a meaning, till peace at home has been prepared. They tell us that while the officers of our government, public trusts, are used for private gain; while immense corporations employ the finest legal talent to defeat the people's will; while the conflict between Socialism and organized society is still unsolved; while the warfare between Capital and Labor, with all its unhallowed slaughter, is raging, the rich growing richer and poverty getting poorer at the very door of plenty; while outraged Labor in pitiable frenzy strikes down innocent lives, teaching the horrible example of dynamiting; while the American home is broken and defiled by divorce,—we can not hope to build upon this crumbling foundation of sand a lasting temple of universal peace. All our efforts would fail, and with this discord and bleeding warfare at home, for us to boast of international peace would be a hideous mockery, like a candle sputtering in the sun!

Indeed there are these giant problems at home; and indeed perfect citizenship would make war impossible. But the other truth is that international peace will be a part-solution of these domestic problems; and the new international citizenship will perfect our national citizenship. We can not wait till the millennium for peace; instead we will first remove warfare, the greatest obstacle to human happiness, and then gradually find remedies for all the other difficulties at home.

Having circled the earth with the great bond of peace, having taught in the homes and schools and churches of the nation a nobler citizenship, a deeper sentiment for international peace, and a truer humanity, we shall be ready to send out the call for the new army of peace to right the wrongs of society.

Ours is the blood of a hundred peoples; the first republic of men, and the only republic with a future as well as a past. No matter what

Scepticism and the nerveless apostles of Pessimism predict, we know we can go forward. We know we can build, upon the foundation of a popular sentiment wide and deep, the giant structure of world-union. We know we can, through the same deep sentiment for a purer citizenship, at length quiet the discord at home. Indeed there are evils to fight, honesty and enlightenment to spread; indeed the right road to complete peace lies not only in declaring peace among nations, but in levying war upon the forces of Evil at home. When we have leagued the world in peace, then we shall issue the proclamation for volunteers to join the new army of Peace fighting for humanity's cause.

Half a century ago in the dark days of the nation's peril, when the call was made for volunteers, how they poured into the ranks! From prairie, from city they rushed, ready for the long march and fasts, ready for the conflict's burden, and danger, ready and willing to give up for their country every thing that is dear, even their lives. But that conflict still wages. Freedom is not yet won. Our nation is still young, and the fight against evil is not ending but beginning. Avarice, corruption, ignorance and error are always in the field and armed. These are the nation's enemies; and here shall be the nation's battlefields.

We will then send out the call for the new army of Peace. Men will respond. They will enlist under the banner of a higher civilization and progress. The liberty-loving youth will take up the bitter struggle. As liberty and union, our dearest treasures, were each bought with blood, so they must be preserved with sacrifice. Patriots of peace will come as came the patriots of war. A nation that is not founded on the tears, and hardships, and sacrifices of her men, can not long endure; and this is not merely a land to live in, but a land to live for.

We shall send out the call. Men will achieve mighty plans for the betterment of the race. Patriotism will construct where it used to destroy. It will build Panama canals between the classes of society; it will reclaim countless acres of wasted human lives. Loyalty to country will be of the intellect and heart, not merely of the sword,—of love not of passion. It will elevate mankind, not grovel among the slain. The army of new blood will take the field. Its enemies are Greed, Lawlessness, and Dishonesty,

whether of Capital or of Labor, whether of predatory wealth or of predatory poverty. Pessimism and indolence can hinder, but this is the day of optimism. The forces of Right, when they learn their strength, are mightier than the powers of Evil.

We shall send out the call. The young volunteer of the new era of freedom in the war against Evil will take up the burden joyfully as David went forth singing to meet the giant Goliath. He will ask: "Who is this Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?" He will hail oppression, and challenge the giant: "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield; but I come to thee with the armor of justice, and in the name of the Lord God of Hosts whom thou hast defied. The Lord will deliver thee into my hands, for it is His battle."

We shall sound the trumpet for volunteers. Our cause is not alone of the present; we are battling for the future centuries; against war's needless agony, against the barren tears of posterity's children. Come, come unto the new army under the old flag! Her trinity of colors will then signify the trinity of time, calling on the past and its sufferings for hope and guidance in our great cause of progress; lending courage and light to the present; and inspiring her followers on to a future republic ruled by Justice and Peace!

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### Earthly Fickleness.

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ANDREW J. SCHREYER, '13.

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WHEN the sun beams brightest,  
 There are shadows still;  
 When our hearts are lightest,  
 Others groan with ill.  
 When night clouds have vanished,  
 Dawn and light appear,  
 After sins are banished,  
 Come the words of cheer.

'Neath the fairest roses,  
 Sharpest thorns oft grow;  
 Here a calm reposes,  
 There the storm-winds blow.  
 Earth is but our dwelling,—  
 Heaven is our goal,  
 There no grief repelling  
 Tries the weary soul.

## A College Hero.

MARK L. DUNCAN, '15.

A stranger to the town, a stranger to the college, and a stranger to all that prevails in college life, Our Hero entered upon the scene. His entrance cue had been given when the conductor called the college town, and from that very moment life took on a busy aspect for him. As he came down the steps of the car, one could easily read "Freshman" in every line of his make-up. His head was graced by the typical Freshman near-brimless hat, the crown of which was encircled by a band of colors which would have irritated the bulls at a Mexican *plaza del toro*. They were his beloved high-school colors. His tie was of the same material and hues, and his collar was of the latest fashion. His checker-board suit showed creases still warm from the iron, and his trousers were rolled well above the high-water mark, in order that his hose, done in the same brilliant shades that individualized his hat-band and tie, might be admired about his spindle shanks. He carried a suitcase—a brand new creation of imitation alligator-skin, guaranteed to perish the first time it and rain came together.

Staring blindly about the station and at the strange faces, Our Hero seemed lost to the world. Edging his way about he spied a cab-driver. He fished inside his pocket and extracted a big note-book, out of which he read the address of his future landlady.

"Well, roll in, youngster," said the cabby, and Our Hero "rolled in," taking his alligator case with him, and they rumbled off to the given address.

He was very eager to go over on the campus where he must register in one of the buildings. Two college men, probably Sophomores, met him on a path, and with feigned seriousness one of them exclaimed:

"Well, well! I suppose you're new down here, aren't you?"

"Yes, I just got in," Our Hero replied, "and I'm going to register. Can you tell me the way?"

"Sure!" replied the other fellow. "But all the new men have a little directory. We're selling them, and they're only twenty-five cents apiece. You simply can't get lost when you have one. All the best Freshmen have them, so I'm sure *you* want one." The sales-

man slipped the pamphlet into Our Hero's pocket and held out his palm with a, "Drop in two bits, old man." When the youth had smilingly complied, the two Sophomores ran off with a yell. Our Hero had purchased a track meet program of last April!

Our Hero was anxious to see how the town looked after dark when the lights were turned on, so that evening he sauntered down toward the blaze of lights which graced the main street of the town. A mob of students were congregated on a corner and one of them exclaimed:

"Ah, see what approacheth! One of the scum-of-the-earth—a Freshman!" The words were hardly spoken when Our Hero, not aware of any contemplated violence, was seized by the mob.

"Give him a coat of green paint!" yelled one.

"No, let's give him a bath and get the green off!" cried another.

Our Hero, in spite of his opposition, was carried perforce to a nearby fountain erected for the convenience of all dumb brutes desirous of aqua-pura, and with an inharmonious count of one, two, three, interspersed with some blood-curdling yells, the mob cast him upon the untroubled waters of the basin with a terrific splash. There issued therefrom a guttural cry, and very soon after the audible chatter of molars.

Our Hero's discomfiture only added to the zeal of these mild hazers who, pulling him forth from his delightful bath-tub, escorted him down the street where, in the midst of an animated war-dance, the unfortunate was deprived of a portion of his necessary garments and was gaily bestriped with his prized high school colors. His persecutors caught him up and were carrying him toward the lights of the city when His Highness, the Town Cop, suddenly appeared. A scattering of Sophomores left Our Hero alone before the cop, and his safety was assured.

Some nine months later, the June number of the college paper, had the following report:

"Daniel Jones—better known to us as "Our Hero,"—led the Freshman class with all honors in scholarship, athletics, and social activities. He has been elected Sophomore class leader for next year, and for reasons which are well-known about college, there promises to be plenty of near-hazing reciprocity when Dan leads his valiant band of Sophs against next year's Freshmen."

## Varsity Verse

### My Star.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

O STAR of my life, thou art hid from my view,  
 And in darkness I wander alone.  
 The wild clouds of night are adrift 'twixt us two,  
 As they march to the wind's monotone.  
 Though the lights of my life are so faint and so few,  
 Thou art shining somewhere in the sky.  
 Whate'er thou wilt bid me, I'll follow it through,  
 Nor question the whither or why.

### Some Old Roads.

CHARLES J. FLYNN, '14.

The roads of old, how fair they gleamed!  
 How long each winding way was deemed;  
 In days gone by how wondrous high  
 Their little hills and houses seemed.

The village road that used to drop  
 Its daisies at the blacksmith shop,  
 And leave some trace of rustic grace  
 To tempt the busiest eye to stop;

All these renew their olden spell,  
 With rocky cliffs and sunny dell,  
 With purling brook and grassy nook,—  
 They bordered childhood's country well.

And we who near them used to dwell  
 Can but the same sweet story tell,—  
 That on them went glad-eyed Content;  
 And bounding Mirth whom none could quell.

### Lucetta.

JOHN R. DUNDON, '14.

I want free life and general "per,"  
 And I sigh for the maiden down in the city;  
 The touch of her hand so tapered and pretty,  
 The mellay of curls on the dearest of heads,  
 The dances and parties and hay-rides and  
 "spreads,"  
 The great white way and my gentle dove,  
 And dash and pleasure and life and love  
 And you, Lucetta.

### Always Morning Somewhere.

J. ALLAN HEISER, '13.

YOU may think that your path is the darkest,  
 When plodding along in this life,  
 You may feel that your lot is the hardest  
 When battling 'gainst odds in the strife;  
 You may think that the shadows are deepest  
 That darken your future with care,  
 But remember this thought, let it cheer you,—  
 "'Tis always bright morning somewhere."

### Two Views of Life.

ANDREW J. SCHREYER, '13.

Above, the clouds are frowning,  
 Beneath, the brooks complain;  
 The birds sing always sadly,  
 And barren is the plain.  
 The winds are ever wailing,  
 The ocean billows moan;  
 Why, e'en the flowers are weeping,—  
 When hearts are grieved and lone.

Ah no, the clouds are fleeing,  
 The brooks sing merry strains;  
 The birds are chirping gaily,  
 And flowers adorn the plains;  
 The winds resound with laughter,  
 While billows chant their lay;  
 And tears on flowers are dewdrops,—  
 When hearts are light and gay.

### Rest.

JAMES R. STACK, '13.

Let me rest near the tiny brook,  
 Where the rippling waters play,  
 And there in a shady nook  
 List to the thrush's lay.

Let me rest till twilight fades  
 In this paradise of mine,  
 Where the willows cast their shades,  
 Down near the myrtle vine.

## Falstaff.

ALFRED J. BROWN, '14.

Shakespeare is a master character painter. Hamlet and Othello are studied and admired by all critics. These creations, we feel, are men of flesh and blood, beings of strength and weakness, success and failure, as other men are. This skill in making characters is one weighty reason why Shakespeare deserves his place in the eternal halls of fame. There is another character, one distinct from heroes of the type above mentioned, upon whom the poet exerted his greatest energy and best talent; a character, which, though occupying a different sphere and possessing qualities that are far from heroic, is nevertheless as great an achievement in character building as any the poet has made. This character is Sir John Falstaff.

Falstaff, in *King Henry Fourth*, is a companion of the prince. His office is to furnish amusement for the prince and humor for the play. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* he is the chief character and the victim of the pranks of the jolly wives.

A conception of Sir John's appearance and much of his character is learned from two passages of *King Henry IV*. The first is Falstaff's own words, when with mock ceremony he impersonates the king and examines into the conduct of the young prince:

"And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name. A goodly portly man, i' faith and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff; if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff. Keep him with thee, the rest banish."

This is Falstaff's conception of his own appearance. The world, however, has a different idea of the man. "Dost thou speak like a king?" the young prince replies sarcastically. "Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father." Then we have a picture more true to Falstaff himself; however, to find him as

he really is we must take the happy medium between the two extreme representations.

The prince says: "Swearest thou, ungracious boy! Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou are violently carried away from grace. There is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of an old, fat man—a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that roasted Mannington ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villainy? Wherein villainous, but in all things? Wherein worthy but in nothing?"

This picture of Falstaff as drawn by the prince, although somewhat exaggerated, bears particles of truth. The question naturally suggests itself, Why did the young prince choose such a man for his companion? The young Henry was not lewd, dissolute, or bad at heart. He was sometimes rash and boisterous, but he never descended to the depths that might well be expected of a youth who gathered such companions about him. What was the redeeming characteristic of Falstaff? It was the wit and humor with which he spiced all that he did and said. The prince was not vulgar, but he could tolerate vulgarity if it were lightened by a touch of wit.

Falstaff is proud of his wit. He is vain of his accomplishment. His companionship with the prince depends upon his ability to furnish humor. He blunders purposely into queer situations that he may invite an attack, and then, when his hearers come down upon him, display his facility in extricating himself from difficulties. His feats of dodging are amusing, and he indulges in them frequently. An example is seen in the story of two men in buckram who fought with him. These, in the course of his talk, grow to eleven. One minute he declares the night so dark that he could not see his hand, and in the next instant he tells the color of their clothes. The prince then states simply that these two men were himself and a companion. "What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?" the prince then asks.

Falstaff here seems cornered, but this is what he desired. He answers:

"By the Lord, I knew you as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward by instinct."

The same instinct for dodging is displayed in the scene where Falstaff rails at the hostess for being proprietor of a house where his pockets are picked. He also rails at the prince for saying his ring is copper. The prince comes in, and Sir John again is seemingly cornered, but he uses his clever tactics to mislead the listeners, and when they have caught on, he cleverly leads them off on another false scent.

In the battle scene at Shrewsbury, on being assailed by Douglas, he falls down as if dead. In this condition he sees Hotspur fall. Then he shows his ability to turn events to his advantage. He jumps up, stabs the dead Hotspur in the thigh, puts the body upon his shoulders and goes to the prince to claim the honor of a valiant conquest. He meets the prince and his brother John. Here is what follows:

*Falstaff.* There is Percy! If your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next. Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why Percy I killed, and myself saw thee dead.

*Falstaff.* Didst thou!—Lord, Lord! I grant you, I was down and out of breath and so was he, but we both rose in an instant and fought a long hour by the Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword."

In *The Merry Wives*, Falstaff is captivated by the charms of the two "Wives" and is made the victim of their pranks for his punishment. He undergoes no development. We see him in his grossness and profligacy with little of his old time wit and humor.

In closing it might be said that Falstaff is a complex character, bad yet not base, vulgar, yet in some ways refined, a wit yet not a wit, a braggart and a liar yet he does not seem either, a good-natured, fat, puffing villain.

### The Cross.

RAYMOND J. SIEBER, '13.

I KNOW of a sign and its meaning,—  
I learned it a long time ago  
When prayers were said in the evening  
And the fires were smouldering low.

I treasure that sign as my dearest  
Deep down in my innermost soul,  
And I see it at every moment  
As it stood once on Calvary's knoll.

Some day in the very near future  
That grand mystic sign shall be shown,  
When the solemn white portals of Heaven  
Reveal me the cross I have known.

### Religious Difficulties.

WILLIAM J. REDDEN, '13.

"Grace, I love you and I want your hand in marriage. Don't say no!" Thus Harry McDonough put the old, old question to Grace Hamilton and awaited, tremulous, for an answer.

"You—you know very well, Harry McDonough, that we could not get married even if I—if—I did love you. Our religious beliefs are so different, and it seems that you don't care to change yours, and I certainly won't change mine. We could never live happily together under those circumstances. Every time the subject came up there would be endless arguments between us; you know the rest." This was Grace's answer. And this was what made the world a gloomy place for Harry.

They had known each other since school days, years ago. Then Grace could always count on a loyal subject to carry her books, to keep the candy treasury replenished, and to send her yearly the most gorgeous valentine on the market.

Harry was now the assistant cashier of the local commercial bank and had been saving his money for a home where he hoped to have Grace preside.

The matter of religion was discussed quite freely during the evenings that followed the rejected proposal. "I'd gladly do anything for you, Grace," said Harry in one of these heart-talks, "but it would simply be impossible for me to substitute your religion for mine

I had hoped that my arguments would finally convince you that my form of worship is the true one." In her answer Grace was brief. She had well-formed opinions on many subjects. Her long experience as a school-teacher made her a dangerous foe in argument. She quieted him for the present with this: "Harry, for years I have allowed myself to think much of you. I am indeed sorry we can not reach a happy conclusion of this very important subject. It is quite clear to me that I could never conscientiously practise your religion. I have tried hard to show you clearly wherein your form of worship is at fault. Strange you can't see it that way!"

The same subject was often introduced during the next few weeks, but apparently, very little progress was made either way. Harry then received a promotion in business which took him permanently to a neighboring city. Here he made a rather close study of Grace's religion, without mentioning it in his letters to her. At home the young lady had been paying several sly visits to Harry's church, had found that his form of worship and hers didn't differ enough to make a commotion about, and had finally decided to become a convert and to live happily ever afterwards.

One morning Harry joyfully wrote this note to Grace: "Get ready for the wedding. Love never fails to find a way. I joined your church this morning."

On the same day he received from Grace the following: "Come at once. Love has conquered. I was admitted as a member of your church yesterday."

### At Twilight.

ANDREW J. SCHREYER, '13.

WHEN the evening shadows lengthen,  
 And the sombre pall of night  
 Settles over hill and valley,  
 Shutting out the glaring light;  
 In that quiet hour of gloaming,  
 Love stirs strong in every breast,—  
 Mothers pardon erring children,  
 And by them are oft caressed.

And when life's fair day is waning,—  
 Ere eternal night appears;  
 God forgives his wayward children,  
 And with love dispels their fears.

### The Effects of Spring.

FRANK R. MOONEY, '13.

CHILL Winter's sped, glad spring is here,  
 Bright shines the noonday sun.  
 By Nature crowned, a king am I,  
 Today my reign's begun.

The flowers nod their heads to me,  
 Their hues delight my eye;  
 On carpets velvet green I tread;  
 No prince more blest than I.

My castles, built by fairy hands  
 Of sunset's lingering rays,  
 All lightly hang in evening's skies  
 Where day goes out ablaze.

My ships are clouds, with sails all set,  
 Afloat on azure seas,  
 And airy dreams, the freight they bear,  
 Borne on by summer's breeze.

### A Run for Nothing.

HARRY M. NEWNING, '14.

Tea had been served in the hall of Penton Lodge, and most of the house party had gone to dress for dinner. Only Hugh was left to finish his tea, and, incidentally, his chat with Edith Penton, the daughter of the proprietor.

The Meadowthrope Hunt races on the morrow was the occasion of the gathering of all the guests except Hugh, who had just put in an appearance and was on the most momentous quest of his life.

Hugh Westerly, who had spent most of his youth in England, was now forty-four years old, and that fact was just dawning upon him. He knew well enough that it was not the difference between English and American manners which caused this sudden consciousness. The real reason was Edith Penton herself, the daughter of his father's old friend. Edith with her splendid youthfulness and beauty was only twenty-four.

"I suppose," continued Hugh, "that your brother Dick will ride his own horse, Harvester, in the Challenge Cup?"

"No, poor Dick is out West on important business and can not get back. He wired me to find another rider for Harvester, but I'm



afraid I can't get one. All the good men have mounts in the race. I tried to get Stanley Borden, but he has promised to ride Mr. Bardbury's horse. You know, Harvester is considered a bad horse in a steeple chase."

Stanley Borden was a member of the Meadowthroe Hunt Club and his reputation as a steeple chase rider was an admirable one. Hugh had met Stanley frequently during the past season at social affairs where often Edith was present also.

When it was announced the next morning that Hugh had arranged to ride Harvester, everyone was greatly surprised. Most of the young people did not know that he had ridden any races in England. For his own part, he had the pleasant duty of riding for Edith, who naturally was very much interested in the outcome of the race, and would undoubtedly be pleased if her brother's horse took the cup. Hugh was determined to show Stanley Borden that he was yet to be reckoned with as a steeple-chase rider.

The six entries in the race included the very best horses in the country. When the starter dropped his flag the horses flew over the soft turf like a flock of swallows.

Hugh got away about fourth, a position which suited him well. J. E. W. led the way by a couple of lengths. Billy B and Lightfoot were close seconds. Harvester was running alone at fourth place. The other two brought up the rear.

All the horses were taking their fences well, but now they approached a natural "in and out," a barrier formed by a grassy lane running between two post and rail fences.

J. E. W. took the jumps splendidly in his stride and he was followed over by Billy B. Lightfoot, however, balked at the second leap, and another horse refused altogether at the first. This left the way clear for Bess, the horse Stanley was riding. Harvester rushed at the obstacles and just managed to get over without a fall.

The rest of the barriers were comparatively easy until they reached "Liverpool," an awe-inspiring leap for untrained riders and for badly schooled horses. J. E. W. skimmed it like a bird, but Billy B would have none of it. Bess and Harvester were now on equal terms. The two horses went at it with a big leap. They rose as one horse and sailed splendidly over the obstacle and landed safely on the

other side. The race was now on in earnest.

J. E. W., well in the lead, set the pace, while Bess and Harvester fought it out together. Gradually the two lessened the lead, for the leader could not endure his own pace.

It was the critical point in the race. A little extra speed might mean victory, while a disagreement between horse and rider might spell defeat. J. E. W. was tiring rapidly and had to give his lead to the other two who were still on equal terms.

The last barrier was cleared and the home stretch, three quarters of a mile away, lay before them. The turf was smooth and hard and both horses were trained to stand the strain.

It seemed to Hugh that he could never wear down the short lead of the dun in front of him. But as he gained inch by inch, confidence returned to him, and soon the horses were running nose and nose. He was conscious of the cries of many throats and, waving of handkerchiefs, hats, and parasols. He still had strength to keep his seat and just enough to shove his horse forward as he passed the winning post. But it was not until he was riding back to the judges' stand that he was certain of his victory.

Hugh hurried through his toilet with the eagerness of a boy, in his anxiety to see Edith Penton. When he found her, she was talking to Stanley Borden. Borden held out his hand in sincere congratulation.

"You rode a wonderful race," he said. Edith also extended her hand.

"It was splendid," she said. "And just to show you how much I appreciate you winning for me, I'm going to tell you a secret: Stanley and I are to announce our engagement tonight."

Hugh did not stay for the festivities at Penton Lodge that night. He pleaded in excuse a telephone message calling him back to the city on the very first train out.

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### The Dawn.

THE dark, cold night is past;  
The gorgeous light of day  
In the East is spreading fast,  
Driving the mists away.

With the rising of the sun  
Another day is born,—  
A newer hope begun  
In the freshness of the morn.

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## Board of Editors.

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—Promiscuous osculation is but lightly esteemed within the staid confines of South Norwalk, Connecticut. In fact, so lightly that the city council has drafted an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to indulge in love making in public. Reverting to that classic "saw" about love laughing at locksmiths, we wonder how much sardonic laughter will be elicited from Cupid by city ordinances.

—China Town, according to latest advices from San Francisco, is in a state of seige. Tong wars are resulting in daily murders and the chief of police has decided to permit none of the Celstials to leave the quarter. It is hoped that, by barring out tourists and causing a cessation of business, the wealthy Orientals may be prevailed upon to cease harboring Tong "gun men."

—Congress is being afforded an opportunity to hear both sides of the suffrage question. Close upon the cavalry parade and classic posing of the "pros" comes a determined protest from the "antis." Among the prominent women lending their efforts to the defeat of suffrage are Kate Douglas Wiggin and Molly Elliott Sewall.

—Charges of misconduct, lodged against Superintendent S. L. Heeter of the Pittsburgh Public Schools, have resulted in sixty thousand school children striking. The authorities have decided to treat the youthful "unionists" as

truants. The ethical side of the conduct controversy may be the actual cause of the strike, but having been young once ourselves we opine, that in the juvenile mind at least, there are other and weightier reasons.

—Joy riding and a penchant for "marrying on a wager" have led Adeline Millsbaugh into the divorce court. Adeline's inability to take a dare caused her to wed a young man who accompanied her upon an auto ride. The young man, who was but nineteen years of age, has not been seen since. Possibily some solicitous friends have incarcerated him in an institution for the mentally deficient. Assuming such to be the case, it only remains to remark that it is too bad he went alone.

—And the "supernaturally gifted Egyptian seer," whose astral self roams the universe in painstaking search of easy marks, is again with us. James Ryan, whose alleged crystal gazing performances convinced two Chicago women that they did not want \$26,500 as badly as he did, has been apprehended in Cheyenne. If we have any word of criticism for a man whose subliminal self can earn \$26,500 between two Sundays, what can be said of the species whose gullibility enables such "mystic" parasites to thrive.

—Dr. Clarence John Blake, Harvard's renowned otologist, says that the world of tomorrow will be soundless. What, we rise to inquire, will become of the soap box orator, the college cheer leader, and the chronic yodeler? An order of things that will eliminate these three shatterers of primordial silence, will indeed be "passing strange."

—Since the recent revolution in China, the progressives, who are now at the head of the government, have been making a persistent effort to uproot the opium industry and traffic in that country. Already the educated classes have joined forces with the administration, and combined efforts of government officials and educators should, in the course of a generation, produce results that will benefit the inhabitants of China physically and mentally and, perhaps, morally. There is one menace, however, that threatens to bring this promised good to naught; and

that is the greed of the moneyed interests of England. The English have \$50,000,000 tied up in the opium trade; they are loathe to lose that money, and are demanding that China either allow the trade to go on or indemnify them for their loss. While it betrays a want of humanitarianism to attempt to force the continuance of so odious a practice, the Chinese government should pay the indemnity—if no other avenue of escape offers—even though unjust, rather than allow the continued use of the drug. For just as long as the opium trade is permitted, just so long is China bound to be a backward nation.

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**Carnegie Institute of Washington Favors  
University Library.**

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The University librarian has just received notice from the secretary of the Carnegie Institute of Washington, to the effect that our library has been put on their Omnia List and will receive a full set of the publications of the Institution. This list will include not only future publications but also those already gotten out in the Institution's ten years of activity. The Carnegie Institute is devoted to higher research work in the fields of science and education. It has already produced some four hundred valuable volumes. These will prove a practical and welcome addition to the resources already at hand for extended work in research.

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**Book Reviews.**

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**COME RACK! COME ROPE!—Benson.**

Readers have pronounced this the best of Benson's novels. It is an historical romance of England at the time of Queen Elizabeth, and presents that period of religious revolution in its true lights and shadows. The hero and heroine of the tale are creations that must win the admiration and sympathy of every reader. Two lovers, who are Catholics, separate by mutual consent, in order that the hero may leave England to study for the priesthood and eventually return to his native country, where the law prohibits the presence of priests, making it an offense punishable at first by banishment and, on returning, by death. The heroine consecrates her life to pious work and to harboring and directing priests in their journeying over the country. In this work she proves

herself a marvel of discretion, and only once is her house invaded by the officers of the law in pursuit of a fugitive priest; but he is the one who of all others the heroine naturally desires to see safe—her former lover, Robin, whose apostate father is the magistrate that enters the house to search for the fugitive, not knowing that it is his own son. Robin is taken to the jail, where he is racked most terribly, but he proves himself equal to every torture and will confess nothing. He is accused of complicity in a plot to kill the queen, but of this he is innocent. His connection with the plotters, and his presence at the castle when Mary, Queen of Scots, was a prisoner, are circumstances that lead to his condemnation and death on the scaffold. The last two chapters, describing his imprisonment and death, are very dramatic. Dodd Mead & Co. Price, \$1.48.

**THE GOLDEN ROSE—Fraser and Stahlman.**

This is undoubtedly one of the finest novels that have been published within the last twenty years. It is a book that, if given as a gift, the fortunate one to receive it will be sure always to retain it and to reread it. There are descriptive passages in the narrative so fine that the reader has a perfect picture of the scenes that are depicted. The story is one of unusual interest, and the author succeeds in preventing the reader from guessing what the dénouement will be. A number of very dramatic scenes are introduced, the authoress in this feature of her novel seems to have followed the example of her famous brother, F. Marion Crawford. There is a solidity in the romance that will appeal to the cultivated reader, many of the reflective passages being worthy of quotation. The characters, both principal and subordinate, are drawn with wonderful fidelity to nature, and will long linger in memory as types of personalities found among the nobility of Europe. Francis Strange, the strongest character in the story, unlike the other characters, is an Englishman. The great lesson of the story is the mystery and necessity of suffering in every human life. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$1.48.

**A CHILD'S RULE OF LIFE—Benson.**

This is a child's book that would prove interesting and useful in every Catholic home. It has the double merit of presentation and content, for it combines the story-book charm of rime and picture with the lessons of good conduct and piety that every mother feels daily the duty

of impressing on her children. The importance of this kind of children's books is seen in the fact that Robert Hugh Benson thought it well worth his while to let his grown up readers wait while he got out this little book for the children. The book has twenty-five pages of verse and illustrations. The type is large and easily readable by children. The many illustrations, which were made by Gabriel Pippet, are simple and familiar.—Longmans, Green, and Company. Paper, 40 cts.; cloth 75 cts.

### Officers' Banquet.

The annual banquet of the commissioned officers of the Notre Dame cadet regiment was held at the Oliver hotel last Sunday evening. Twenty cadet officers were present in dress uniforms. Capt. R. R. Stogsdall and Sergeant George A. Campbell were the guests of the officers. Between courses, Captain Stogsdall discussed various phases of military training, the essentials of which have been so thoroughly inculcated in the cadets of the local regiment. After the café noir and Havanas, the officers proceeded to the Orpheum.

### Society Notes.

#### BROWNSON LITERARY.

The final debating preliminary for selecting a representative team for the interhall debates took place last Wednesday evening in Brownson reading room. The question, "Resolved, That the Initiative and Referendum should be incorporated into our state governments," was defended on the affirmative by Messrs. Donovan, Prolatowski, Somers, and Carroll, and on the negative by Messrs. Byrnes, Denny, and Clements. Professors Cooley and Hughes and Mr. Herbert Keefe acted as judges. They decided that the speakers ranked as follows: Byrnes, first; Donovan, second; Denny, third; and Carroll, fourth. The first three men will defend the society in debate against all that accept their challenge.

#### HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

A lively piano solo by Mr. Norckauer opened the program of the meeting on Sunday evening, April 20th. An oratorical selection, "The American Indian," was recited by Mr. Coyle. In a carefully prepared and interesting speech Mr. F. Butler spoke on "The Merits of Marion

Crawford, Novelist." Mr. Donald MacGregor mingled wit with wisdom in his "Few Words of Advice." Mr. Rea recited "The House Not Built with Hands." "The Merits of Stevenson, Novelist," was the subject of a highly interesting paper by Mr. Kabryznski. The impromptu speeches by Messrs. Stack, Hagerty, and Miner, were the best given before the society this year.

### Personals.

—Leo C. McElroy (A. B. '10) of Bridgeport, Connecticut, spent a few days at Notre Dame last week. Leo is engaged in the auto sales business and reports much success.

—Our jovial old friend, "Jim" Nolan, (LL. B. '12) is enjoying a visit with the boys at the University. "Judge" is looking well, and says his practice in Indianapolis is keeping him going.

—Stephen Herr (C. E. '10) of Chatsworth, Illinois, enjoyed a brief visit during the week with his brother Jesse of Sorin hall. "Steve" is connected with the Citizens' National Bank of Chatsworth.

—"Rupe" Donovan (LL. B. '08) of Chicago spent a few hours with the old boys at Notre Dame on Saturday last. "Rupe" has a large legal practice in Chicago, with offices in the First National Bank Building.

—A letter from Daniel R. Foley, LL. B. '11, tells of success with a large legal practice in Deerfield, Michigan. Incidentally, "Dan" was recently elected Commissioner of the Circuit court. A good word for all at Notre Dame closes the letter.

—Colonel William Hoynes of the University Law School, represented Notre Dame at the installation of Rev. George R. Grose, D. D., as President of DePauw University. The ceremony took place in Greencastle, Indiana, on last Wednesday.

—Congratulations to Mr. A. D. McDonald on his recent appointment to the office of vice-president and controller of the Southern Pacific Railroad. "Andy" is a one-time Notre Dame baseball and football star. We join with his other friends in wishing him continued success in the railroad business.

—Harry V. Garvey enjoyed a brief visit with friends at the University during the week. Harry, who is one of the '09 men, is an estimat-

ing engineer with the National Import Company, of Baltimore, Maryland, and is at present on a business trip through the Middle West.

—Prominent in the recent Mayoralty election in San Diego, California, was Mr. James D. Barry (A. B. '97), who is spoken of very highly by the San Diego papers in connection with the election of Charles F. O'Neill. Mr. Barry was prominent in Eastern civic activities up to a few years ago when he removed to San Diego. Since then he has been associated with the reform party which was victorious in the last fight.

—Assistant District Attorney John R. Voigt, of Chicago, was prominent in prosecuting the first case to be disposed of under the new copyright laws relative to the pirating of plays. The decision, which was rendered in the Federal Court of Chicago last week, is of note as it establishes an important precedent and assures the validity of a questioned law. Mr. Voigt's work in the case is deserving of commendation. John is one of the grads of whom we are most proud. He finished in law in '05.

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### Calendar.

Sunday, April 27—Singing Quartet Practice after Mass.  
Walsh vs. Brownson in baseball, 9:30 a. m.  
Knights of Columbus, Second and Third Degree Initiation and Banquet.  
Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.  
Wednesday—Opening of May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.  
Thursday—Ascension Thursday—First Communion  
St. Joseph vs. Sorin in baseball.  
Ottawa Champions vs. Varsity in baseball, here.  
First Friday Confessions.  
Friday—First Friday.  
Second Game with Ottawa.  
Saturday—Third game with Ottawa.

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### Local News.

—The Freshmen have their banquet at the Hotel Mishawaka today at 6:30 p. m. Some of the members of the Faculty have been invited and several interesting speeches are anticipated.

—A Civil Service examination for the position of postal clerk in the Notre Dame Post Office will be held at Notre Dame on the tenth of May. For full particulars inquire of the Notre Dame postmaster.

—Tonight the Philopatians will visit the Auditorium and be entertained by Al Field's Minstrels—the troupe that guarantees a laugh

a minute. This treat is a substitution for the annual trolley ride to St. Joe.

—Jerome Wildgen of Sorin hall was recently called home on account of the sickness of his mother and will likely be absent the remainder of the year. His departure is a great loss to the University quartet in which he sings second bass.

—After their day's outing last Tuesday, the Journalists reported that they had a "great time" despite the fact that they were driven in early on account of the down-pour. Indoor, baseball, feasting, and after-dinner talks were the order of the day.

—It is enough to make us weep! For despite the fact that we have been giving since Christmas free advertising space to the coming clinch between the Brownson and Holy Cross debaters, the fat is in the fire, the game is *ausgespielt*, the debate is off.

—Sunday afternoon, Holy Cross won from the Walsh baseball aggregation by the score of 11 to 6. Malone, Marky, and Canty did the pitching work for Walsh. Becker and Remmis were on the firing line for H. C. The game proved that Holy Cross has some players that are mighty handy with their bats.

—The painters' strike in Chicago has not extended its influence this far anyhow. The men with the white overalls and the big brushes have been very busy around the University ever since the weather permitted outdoor work. A decided improvement in the appearance of some of the buildings is the result.

—The Dujarié students have been working hard to improve the appearance of the island near their hall. All the underbrush has disappeared from it, sod has been laid where it was wanting, and a rustic bridge is in the course of construction. A pleasant, cool retreat it will be when the hot days come.

—There is a great deal of excitement among the Journalists at present, for they are actually making plans in the direction of the publication of a real newspaper under the direction of the school of journalism. This means the devoting of a lot of time and energy on their part, nevertheless, they expect to surprise and gratify us before long.

—In a short practice game played recently between Sorin hall and Brownson, Brownson came out winner by a big score. This gave the Brownsonites great expectations of winning

the championship, but the men of staid old Sorin smile knowingly as much as to say that they were just bating the youngsters. Which side has the right "dope" remains yet to be seen.

—There will be an important meeting of the Senior Preps next Monday night in the Walsh hall class room. Plans for a banquet will be the principal business to be discussed. To make this banquet a success it is necessary that every prep man show up and bring his enthusiasm along with him.

—Thursday, the big interhall struggle for the championship began with the game between Sorin and Corby, an account of which occurs in the athletic column of this issue. Arias has been chosen to captain the Sorin team, and he is making every effort to win the championship for his hall. The captains of the other hall teams are as follows: Bartel, captain for St. Joe; S. D. Newning for Walsh; Cahill for Corby; and Nowers for Brownson.

—The Holy Cross baseball team did not cover itself with as much honor when it played South Bend high school as when it played with the "Gutter Snipes." The final score was, Holy Cross hall, 2; South Bend High, 7. Allen, the second baseman, for S. B. H., made four hits out of four times at bat. Both the hitting and the fielding of Margraf was a feature. Batteries—for Holy Cross, Schreyer and Becker; for South Bend High, Cassidy and Kirby.

—The month of May will witness remarkable activities of a journalistic nature in connection with the publication of the SCHOLASTIC. There will be three special issues in May. On the 10th of the month the Journalists will demonstrate the skill they have acquired in producing clever "write ups." On the 17th the Preps will give proofs that they are the coming editorial board; and on the 24th the resolution adopted at last year's meeting of the Alumni to put out yearly an Alumni number will be carried into effect.

—Last Tuesday afternoon, the Corby hall baseball team beat the Kamm Shellinger team to the tune of 17 to 2. Each of the three Corby pitchers tried his hand in the game. They are Ed Roach, Fitzgerald, and Sotomayor. The pitching of Fitzgerald was a decided feature of the game, for he kept the Brewers down without a hit in seven innings. Rockne and Finnegan showed up well with their sticks,

both batting at the 500 mark. Dorais did splendid work at second.

—Don't forget to be in readiness for the "Soph's" cotillion. A novel and delightful flower effect is promised which will please the sensibilities of the most aesthetic. Fischer has submitted a pleasing program which contains all the latest musical hits. According to the arrangement of the committee, the music and dance will continue until one o'clock. At two-thirty a Hill Street car will run out to the University for the benefit of the students attending the ball. The fare will be twenty-five cents, so be sure that after paying for cab, flowers, etc., you have "two bits" to bring you home.

—Though, as everybody knows, "The Law" is a mistress that brooks no rival, still the Junior Lawyers have decided that they, too, should have a night off once in a long while to "trip the light fantastic" and be as debonair as the proverbial "Soph." It is something unusual for any of the law students to give a dance as a class, but the LL. B. men of '14 have obtained the Faculty's permission to give their ball, on the evening of May 21, at American hall. President of the class, Poynt Downing, has appointed the following men as a committee: Edward Larney, Frank Hogan, James Curry, James Robins, Frank Hayes, Fred Gushurst, Dan Skelly, Timothy Downey, and Arthur Ryan. They promise us a college dance in the strict sense of the word.

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#### Athletic Notes.

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NOTRE DAME, 24; EARLHAM, 1.

Aided by the poor support given to the Earlham pitchers, the Varsity pounded Evans and Sanders unmercifully last Saturday for a 24 to 1 victory over the downstate team. Sixteen hits, including three home runs and as many doubles, marked the Gold and Blue slugging bee. Dolan and Mills tallied two of the circuit drives in the sixth inning, scoring runners before them, while Farrell performed the same office in the second round.

Nervousness and lack of practice were the demoralizing influences in the Earlham play. Evans opened on the mound for the visitors and limited the Varsity to seven hits in four innings, but inexcusable errors enabled Notre Dame to register eleven runs. Sanders was more ineffective during the next two sessions,

blowing up completely in the sixth, however, when twelve batters faced him.

Sheehan pitched a tight game for Notre Dame, fanning nine of the Earlhamites and holding them to three hits, two of which were obtained in the last inning. A pass and a wild heave that gave Doggett a free ride, contributed to the score in that round. Keifer was substituted for Gray in the final inning and handled himself well back of the bat.

Granfield took the batting honors for the day with a perfect percentage on four safeties and a pass out of five attempts. Farrell, Dolan, and Mills were the other slugging heroes of the day.

The finished manner in which the Varsity accepted all chances both in the field and at bat was one of the pretty features of the rather dull contest. It is no mistake to say that the team is fully fifty per cent stronger at present than it was at this stage of the season last year, and this because of the all-round ability of the squad in the departments of hitting and fielding. Batting strength is not confined to any single member of the team, thanks to the stress placed upon the necessity of hitting practice by Coach Williams, and the pitching department is strong enough to compare favorably with that of any of the college teams that will be encountered during the season.

Thorough respect, personal and professional, for Williams has instilled a splendid spirit into the squad, and the maintenance of that spirit throughout the season can not fail to make the year a banner one in Notre Dame baseball history. Defeat will probably be encountered in some of the games before the end of the year, but unless conditions change it will be only the fortune of the game, and naught but credit will be gained through the reverses.

NOTRE DAME (24)	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	4	1	0	0	0
Dolan, cf.	2	2	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	4	3	7	0	0
Mills, rf.	2	3	1	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	4	4	0	2	0
Duggan, lf.	1	0	1	0	0
Newning, 2b.	3	1	1	1	0
Gray, c.	2	1	7	0	0
Sheehan, p.	2	1	0	1	0
Keifer, c.	0	0	3	0	0
Totals	24	16	21	4	0
EARLHAM (1)	R	H	P	A	E
Vickery, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Brubaker, 3b.	0	0	3	3	1
Bogue, c.	0	0	8	2	2

Beard, 1b.	1	1	3	0	2
Williams, ss.	0	0	0	0	5
Doggett, rf.	0	0	2	0	2
Fisher, 2b.	0	1	0	0	0
Stanley, lf.	0	1	0	0	0
Evans, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Sanders, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	3	18	8	12

Home runs—Farrell, Dolan, Mills. Two base hits—Mills, Granfield, Gray. Struck out—By Sheehan, 9; by Evans, 4; by Sanders, 3. Bases on balls—Off Sheehan, 3; off Evans, 5; off Sanders, 4. Wild pitch—Evans, Sanders. Hit batsman—Gray, Doggett. Umpire—Coffey. Time of game, 2 hours 5 min.

#### RELAY TEAM OFF TO PHILADELPHIA.

The Notre Dame representation in the Pennsylvania relay games today departed for Philadelphia last Thursday. Wasson, Plant, Pritchard, Henehan, and Birder comprised the Gold and Blue entry list. Wasson is slated for participation in the 100-yard dash and the broad jump and in several special events, while the other four compose the relay team to compete in the one-mile relay championship race.

#### TRACK MEET WITH CULVER.

On last Saturday an aggregation of our interhall stars, under the captaincy of "Mike Dougherty, dropped off at Culver to see what the Black Horse Riders could do out of the saddle. The meet that followed resulted in a tie score of 61 to 61. All of the men speak with enthusiasm of the splendid treatment they received from the men of Culver. It is this spirit of modern knightliness in opponents, coupled with true sportsmanship, that makes a trip of competition a matter of pleasant memories.

#### SORIN LOSES PITCHER'S BATTLE.

In the first of the interhall baseball games Sorin lost to Corby last Thursday morning by a score of 5 to 4. For six innings San Pedro kept the Corbyites from connecting, striking out two in each inning. In the seventh, a combination of hits and errors enabled them to tie the score, but more heavy hitting in the eighth gave Corby a three run lead. Sorin rallied in their half of the eighth and came within one run of again tying the score. Each side registered but five hits. The feature of the game was the pitching of San Pedro, who, besides allowing but five hits, struck out seventeen Corby batters. Sotomayor, who pitched for Corby, was also in good shape and got nine strike-outs to his credit. Rowan carried off the batting honors of the day with a single and a home run.

## ARKANSAS LOSES OPENER.

The opening of the Arkansas series Thursday, April 24, witnessed a performance that exceeded the wildest dream of the most optimistic when the Varsity defeated its strongest rival, 17 to 3.

Exhibiting better ability in every department of the game, Captain Farrell's band achieved the verdict over the Razorbacks in the first meeting of the three game series through sheer merit. Weakness in the twirling department for Arkansas contributed in a measure to the one-sided score by permitting an excessive number of safe hits, but the polished manner in which the hits were turned into runs proved that the scores were not entirely the result of flukes.

Kelly made his initial formal appearance for the 1913 season in the contest and was even more effective than in the opening battle last year. Ten strike-outs was the record hung up by the crack southpaw, while one earned run on three hits offered further evidence of his control. At bat the pitcher again corralled honored for the day by connecting safely on four occasions, making everyone of his hits count for runs.

Coach Bezdeck was unfortunate in his choice of pitchers for the opening game. Hart was selected to begin the fray, but speedy solution of his delivery rendered him ineffective after the third inning. The tallying of four runs in the sixth finally resulted in the substitution of Bush with two men on base. Lacking warming up practice the beginner was fortunate in holding the further tallies of the session to three, but his liberality coupled with errors added five in the next two sessions.

Flashes of fielding form together with long distance clouting that was offset by the work of the Varsity outfielders gave proof of the real caliber of the visitors and promised interesting battles in the last two games. Norcott made a brilliant catch of Dolan's foul fly in the seventh and Geren guarded the territory back of home plate in big league fashion. Mills, Dolan, and Regan assisted in squelching the Razorbacks by spectacular work in the outfield during the battle.

A heavy downpour Friday morning followed by a steady drizzle prevented the Varsity and the Southerners from getting together in the second scheduled match of the season.

ARKANSAS UNIVERSITY	R	H	P	A	E
Norcott, lf. ....	0	0	4	0	1
Achenbach, cf. ....	0	0	2	0	0
Buckley, 3b. ....	1	0	2	2	1
Stout, 2b. ....	1	2	2	0	0
Geren, c. ....	0	0	5	0	1
Milwee, ss. ....	0	0	2	1	4
Smith, 1b. ....	0	0	4	0	0
Horton, rf. ....	1	1	3	0	0
Hart, p. ....	0	0	0	0	0
Bush, p. ....	0	0	0	0	0

Total .....	3	3	24	3	7
NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss. ....	1	1	0	1	0
Dolan, cf. ....	1	1	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b. ....	1	2	11	1	0
Mills, rf. ....	1	2	0	1	0
Granfield, 3b. ....	2	2	0	4	1
Regan, lf. ....	3	2	1	0	0
Newning, 2b. ....	2	2	1	2	0
Gray, c. ....	2	0	11	1	0
Kelly, p. ....	4	4	2	3	0

Totals .....	17	16	27	13	1
Arkansas.....	0	1	0	0	0
Notre Dame .....	0	0	1	2	2

Three base hits—Dolan, Newning, Kelly. Home run—Mills. Sacrifice hit—Stout. Sacrifice fly—Geren, Newning. Stolen bases—Norcott, Stout, Regan (3), Newning (2), O'Connell, Granfield. Struck out—by Hart, 2; by Bush, 2; by Kelly, 10. Bases on balls—Off Hart, 1, off Bush, 2; off Kelly 1. Wild pitch—Bush. Hit batsman—Hart, Regan, O'Connell, Granfield. Umpire—Coffey. Time of game—2:05.

## BEZDECK COMPLIMENTS N. D.

No tribute to the University of Notre Dame could have been couched in a happier vein, or more enthusiastically received than that which was paid to the school, the student body, and the players, by Coach Hugo Bezdeck of the Arkansas, baseball team. Friday noon Mr. Bezdeck's great popularity with Notre Dame students was attested by the immediate and prolonged applause which greeted his appearance in the refectory. After the conclusion of the meal the demand for a speech became so insistent that our genial visitor acceded to the request. In the course of his remarks, he took occasion to compliment the institution upon its hospitable reception of visitors, the high grade of sportsmanship manifested at athletic contests, and its enviable reputation throughout all sections of the country. This tribute to the University, coming as it does from one conversant with educational institutions throughout the United States, is particularly esteemed. Coach Bezdeck was accorded an ovation at the conclusion of his talk.