

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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No. 31.



## Personality in Journalism.

LOUIS J. KILEY, '13.

The editor is the soul of his newspaper. It is his personality, not that of his men, that is stamped on every page. His helpers write as he writes—he gets from them what he wants. Hence the responsibility of the editor's position. Not only is a paper a news-gatherer, but it is a commentator and a teacher. In the molding of public opinion how little it may take to turn the scale one way or the other, yet, how important may be the results. It is

the personality of the writer, as reflected in his paper, that produces this power, which is proportionate to the strength of that personality. The strong, magnetic man attracts more followers; hence, if he puts into his work the fulness of his personality, the greater will be his power and, consequently, the more responsible his position. For once obtained, this leadership may only too easily be used to misdirect the masses who follow it.

The decade immediately preceding the Civil War has been called the "golden age" of Journalism, primarily because of the quality of personal interest which is so evident in the papers of that time. It was the beginning of the modern newspaper, but it had not, as yet, become a great business enterprise. It was, accordingly, more fit to be an organ of editorial personality. As in many other ways, so also in this, New York was the scene of the greatest endeavors. There, the *Herald*, the *Sun*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times* were all fighting for supremacy. The editors of all these journals were decided in their views and fearless in their expression.

James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New York *Herald*, as early as 1835 took the following position as regards his paper's independence of outside influence: "We openly disdain all steel traps, all principle, as it is called—all party politics. . . . We shall support no party—be the organ of no faction or coterie. . . . If the *Herald* wants the mere expansion which so many papers possess, we shall try to make it up in industry, good taste, brevity, variety, point, and piquancy." The industry and energy of its editors soon became characteristic of every line in the *Herald*. It was first with the news, and presented it in a manner never before known. Bennett's aggressive ways shocked many, but the people liked his paper, and it soon out-distanced all others.

But there were other rising editors who were not to be overshadowed by any one man, however energetic. Among them was Horace Greeley, founder of the New York *Tribune*. Born in Amherst, N. H., February 3, 1811, of a poor family, with little chance of education excepting what he gleaned from his own readings, Greeley's rapid rise and enduring reputation is remarkable. At the present time, more than forty years since his death, Horace Greeley's name remains at the head of the roll of American journalists. A commentator speaking of his ability as a newspaper man says: "Successors may surpass him, as doubtless some of them have, in consistency and learning, but hardly in the chief essentials of a journalistic style; in the respect of high ideals, courage, intellectual force, and a personal magnetism which impel a man of letters to be a man of action, Horace Greeley was of heroic mold."

Many considered Greeley a fanatic and his policies too radical. However that may be, it is certain that he was sincere in every course

he pursued. He espoused whatever cause he thought right, regardless of adverse opinions or harsh criticisms. He not only advocated a cause he was supporting—he became its champion in every instance. Many a hard blow he struck with his pen, but he fought his battles for humanity, and the blows he gave and those he received have made him, as an admirer called him, "the epic figure of the American press."

Perhaps the difficulties he surmounted in his own private life gave him the courage and the strength to deal so fearlessly with great questions. When but fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a printer and four years later became a journeyman. He went to New York in August, 1831, with but ten dollars in his pocket, and in the next year set up a modest printing office, and in 1841 he issued the first number of the New York *Tribune*, which paper at the time of his death was valued at a million dollars. Neither political friends, nor his party, nor the causes he espoused, could hold him to a course of partisan loyalty contrary to his convictions.

Charles A. Dana is another whose name will ever be associated with what is highest and best in journalism in the United States. Dana's career differed from Greeley's in regard to early training, for, while the latter had no educational advantages, the former was a graduate of Harvard University. He worked on the *Tribune* some years, becoming managing editor in 1847. In 1868 he purchased an interest in the New York *Sun*, of which he was editor and chief proprietor until his death. So keen were his perceptions and so perfect a mastery of the English language did all his writing exhibit, that under his management the *Sun* became noted for the literary quality of its editorials, a reputation it has ever since sustained.

These were men of the old school. Since their time the newspaper has undergone considerable evolution. Modern inventions have inevitably and powerfully molded the course and character of journalism and increased the importance of its business side. Its scope has been enlarged and in some cases elevated. But, on the other hand, the competition for great circulations has bred sensationalism and a pandering to the taste for personal matter. There is a struggle for the unusual and spectacular which is frequently carried to excess, resulting in a lower grade of journalism. Hence

we have the growth of what is known as the "yellow journal" which makes much of its service to society in the disclosure of crime and in the reform of abuses in high places, but which is nothing more than a scheme of money-making by sensationalism.

It is true, however, that there still are editors who are free from this spirit and who are doing much to keep their profession on the same high plane it held years ago. Notable among them are William Nelson of the *Kansas City Star* and Henry Watterson of the *Louisville Courier Journal*—men who despise "press trickery," as the latter styles "yellow journalism," and who are always ready to lend their powerful support to every good cause.

In speaking on the subject of personality in journalism, the editor of *Collier's Weekly* made the following remark: "A newspaper in the long run can be no better, no braver, no more disinterested than its owner. If it remains a good newspaper, the owner is an essentially good man. If the owner lacks courage, or public spirit, or freedom from 'pull,' the newspaper, whether flagrantly or slyly, must inevitably cease to serve the truth."

#### As the Clock Struck Ten.

HARRY E. SCOTT, '16.

Jimmy Clancy, alias "Silent Jim," rushed into the back room of Rafferty's saloon; his eyes burned green like a cat's and fairly bulged from their sockets. Large purple veins stood out prominently over his red, dog-like face. He was breathing hard and the ragged shirt over his chest rose and fell rapidly as he staggered across the room.

He made straightway for the only occupant of the room, a girl who sat at a side table staring with melancholy eyes over a glass half filled with beer.

"Mag!" he called, shaking her violently. "Listen, kid! listen!" This last with a desperate raising of his voice. She turned toward him.

"Nothing doin'! I told you once dat from den on we were poifect strangers."

"But you don' understand, kid! You don' understand."

"Yes, I do. You promised me you was goin' to quit dope, an' you broke yer promise, didn't you?"

"But, kid, the coppers are on my trail now."

She was interested at the mention of the "coppers." They were a common enemy.

"Yes," he continued, "they got me spotted on that Chesterfield job. I got to duck till it all blows over—jest for a couple of days. So I wants you to put me wise to how things are go'n outside. See?" For a moment her lips curled in contempt, and then she said angrily:

"You been a-hangin' round with that dago dame the last week, haven't you? You steer clear of me till you need me to save you from the cooler, and then come around beggin' for help. Why don't you go to her?" She laughed a shrill, hysterical laugh that penetrated his calloused heart.

There followed a bitter, heated argument, and in a fit of rage he struck her across the forehead, leaving a blue imprint of his huge bare knuckle. Then he heard the gruff voice of the Sergeant in front of the saloon. He could tell that voice among a thousand. He had been dodging the man behind it for the last ten years.

Pulling his coat collar close around his neck and his torn hat over his eyes, he darted out the side door into the cold air of a December night and started down a narrow alley for "Death Hole," the old tenement that his pal, "Dago Bill," called home. Bill was serving a year in the "coop," so Jimmy thought the police were not likely to look for him there.

Hurrying through the alley, he suddenly turned and dodged into the back doorway of a dingy, filthy place called a drug store. He was shaking unsteadily and his face jerked and twitched spasmodically. He whispered something into the ear of the swarthy clerk, who hurriedly made up a package of morphine.

It was not until the clerk held out his hand for money that Jimmy realized he was "dead broke." He asked the clerk to "stand him off," but was told "nothin' doin'." He pleaded with him, whining like a dog, and then threatened but it was of no avail. So with curses on his lips, he hurried out into the dark shadows of the alley.

He had not gone far when he became aware of somebody following him—his criminal instinct told him that—and, without even looking around he started to run. His followers were also running, and before he had gone ten paces several shots were fired and he heard the bullets hit the ground about him. Suddenly

he felt the sting of pain in his side—they had “bagged” him at last. Summoning up all his strength, he kept on running until he thought he could go no farther. He staggered into a dark stairway and up the steps. As he heard his pursuers pass by the doorway he felt a great relief.

He climbed the three flights of stairs with effort, and, stumbling into a little room in the attic, fell upon the floor exhausted. He had been hurt worse than he had thought at first.

“Got me at last!” he mumbled with effort.

As the minutes wore away, he found it harder to breathe and his head was burning with fever. He was shaking from head to foot, mumbling to himself in a thick, heavy voice. The purple veins stood out more prominently on his brute-like face. He was talking incoherently, at times pleading for “dope.” “Come on! Be a sport! Just till tomorrow!” he pleaded. “Why I’ll have a million in cold cash in the morning. Sure!” He would scream loud, and then lie quiet for a few moments. He looked with wild eyes up through an open window at a starless heaven, and cursed and swore and cursed again, until finally each curse became fainter, less distinct than the one before it. It was a pitiable sight, the death struggles of this derelict, this wreck of a man.

Suddenly, as if by a miracle, his surroundings seemed to fade away. The noise of the tenement street below seemed to stop; there was a death-like stillness in the room. He seemed to see a figure outlined against the window of a little log cabin. He strained his eyes. It was that of an old woman, with snow white hair and wrinkled forehead, standing at a window with a lighted candle in her hand, peering out into the night as if looking and waiting for some one.

He raised himself upon one elbow and gazed at the figure. His wild-eyed stare changed. In its place came one of joy, happiness, content. For the first time he did not recognize the gruff voice of the Sergeant as that individual came tramping up the stairs. He was watching the figure too earnestly for that. Reaching forward with a trembling hand, in a pleading, unsteady voice he called, “Mother, Mother, Mother!” Then, with a sigh that mingled regret, joy, and sorrow, he fell back dead. Just then a clock in some high tower outside struck ten.

Way up in the woods of Maine in a log cabin,

sat an old couple. He was reading a city paper and she was darning. His countenance was stern, hard, and puritanic; hers was sweet, kind, and sorrowful. Outside the wind howled madly, and the snow fell thick upon the ground. Inside, on a mantel over a bright open fireplace, an old-fashioned clock slowly ticked the minutes away.

It was evident her thoughts were of things outside the little homely room. She kept glancing at a picture on the wall, and finally, picking up a lighted candle from the table, walked over to the window, standing for some time peering out into the night with strained eyes, looking for some one, waiting for some one. A look of longing came into her kind, wrinkled face. Finally she spoke, in a voice that mingled joy and sorrow.

“Why, Father!—I—thought I saw our Jim’s pale face against the window pane. I thought I heard his voice calling ‘Mother!’—just like that.”

He started with surprise at mention of the name, and let the paper slip from his toil-worn fingers. His hard, stern gaze faded and something moist trickled down his furrowed cheek. Then again his gaze became hard and stern, and in a tone filled with something like regret he said:

“No, Mother. That was only the snow beating against the window pane, and the wind a-howling outside.”

Just then the old-fashioned clock over the fireplace struck ten.

### A Child’s Perplexity.

HUGH V. LACEY, '16.

Went to Sunday School to-day  
The first time, Sis and me, and they  
Told us 'bout a thousand worlds  
That’s way up in the sky, maybe,  
And living there are lots of girls  
And boys like Sis and me.  
Worlds where maybe there’s a million  
Hundred folks and p'r'aps a trillion  
Growed-up souls to save, you see.  
I wonder now, if with those other  
Folks, would God have time to bother  
With such little, teentsie, weentsie  
Ones like we are, Sis and me?  
'Mongst those big souls, would He miss  
Little souls like me and Sis?

## All Life Is But a Song.

WILMER FINCH, '16.

ONE sunny day in gentle spring,  
I heard a little maiden sing,  
"All life is but a song."  
Each mellow note seemed so sublime,  
Full measured in its cadent rhyme.  
Its dying echoes seemed to ring  
On those glad lips when she did sing  
"All life is but a song."

One winter day, a glad Yuletide,  
A sad voice whispered by my side  
"All life is but a song."  
A creature passed, worn, pale, and thin,  
With wanton look and sickly grin.  
She fell—and as I clasped her hand  
She moaned—I could not understand—  
"All life is but a song."

## The Man that Couldn't Be Bought.

HARRY E. SCOTT, '16.

"Well, he can't be bought," folks always said of Jimmie Anderson, private investigator. And it was true, for Jimmie always held principles above his desire for fame; and it was to this that he owed his success. He was not the proverbial dime novel detective that could tell the color of the thief's eyes by the ashes of a half burned cigarette found the morning after the crime. He was practical and business-like in his investigations, taking it for certain that the criminal was a clever fellow and that he would do what any clever fellow would do under similar circumstances.

Despite his youth he had been successful in every case, and as yet did not know the taste of defeat. The police department frowned upon him with jealousy on account of his growing fame. He had beaten them in several investigations, and the papers had been using his success to ridicule the department, and especially the chief of police, Murphy, a dishonest politician who was reaping a harvest of graft during the new "reform" administration.

For the last two months, counterfeiters had been successfully working the entire city, playing with the police much as a cat plays with a wee, helpless mouse. Every day the papers printed columns of the daring of the

counterfeiters and of the inefficiency of the city force. It was with glaring headlines that they announced that Jimmie Anderson was on the case and that it was only a question of days until the criminals would be on their way to Sing Sing.

The much-discussed Jimmie was in appearance more like a star halfback of a Yale eleven than a sleuth. He was young, not yet thirty, fair-haired, broad-shouldered, and decidedly good looking. For weeks he would disappear from his club, going no one knew where. But he would appear again; and with his appearance would come the exposure of another crime.

Concerning the counterfeiting case, he was sure of one thing. The criminals were no ordinary crooks but a cleverly organized band, masters of their trade. He knew not why, but he could not enter this case with the earnestness that had marked his other efforts. Rather, he tried to make himself believe that he knew not why. But he could not. The reason was too obvious. He was in love—and for the first time. When a man falls in love he has little time for anything else—especially till the novelty wears off.

"Harry," he said to his friend at the club, "I'm going to get married."

His friend looked surprised, then chewing his cigar vigorously, shook Jimmie by the hand.

"Congratulations! Here's wishing you all the luck in the world. Who's the lucky girl?"

"She's the neatest, sweetest girl in all the world. She's a queen. Nothing fancy, mind you; just plain and pretty, with a smile that would melt the north pole. Blue eyes, golden hair, and—"

He would have continued his lover's rhapsody till morning had it not been for his friend.

"But what's her name, Jimmie? I'm aware of her charms if you fell for it."

"Her name—O yes, her name," and Jimmie shuffled uneasily in his chair. "You see, I don't know her name, that is, not yet, but I'm going to if—"

Harry interrupted with a laugh, and his two hundred and twenty pounds shook.

"Confound you! If you'll only stop laughing long enough I'll tell you all about her. You see she passes 42nd and Broadway every evening at five o'clock. I've watched her for a week, and as sure as the clock strikes five she comes along, blue tailored suit, brown high-shoes, neat blue hat with an impertinent red

feather, and a smile—Harry, that smile would make anybody want to desert the bachelor ranks. But she's in trouble. I can see it hidden in her eyes; behind the smile there is sorrow and I'm going to help her. Not only that, I'm going to marry her as sure as my name is Jimmie Anderson."

At five o'clock the next day Jimmie was standing on the corner of 42nd and Broadway, waiting for his vision of bliss to pass by. But she did not come. He waited till seven; yet it brought no sign of her. Like Don Quixote of old he made mountains of hills and decided that she was in trouble—perhaps in danger. The more he thought of it the more convinced was he that she needed him. So, needless to say he slept little that night but smoked and dreamed and feared.

He had paid little attention to the counterfeiting case, and when Mulligan, his friend and assistant, chided him about his neglect, he mumbled about being at work on a clue and expecting something to happen in a few days. It happened, but it was not the thing that he expected.

Five o'clock the next day found Jimmie, as usual, standing at the corner of 42d and Broadway, hoping that she would come, yet fearing that she would not. He waited for fifteen minutes, which seemed hours to him, and then in the jostling crowd he saw an impertinent little red feather, then a neat blue hat, and finally two blue eyes. But they were sad and worried eyes; he was sure that her face showed pain and weariness, that her smile was only forced. When she was almost in front of him he decided to speak to her, but something within kept saying "No." Her hand-bag was open and as she passed a card dropped to the sidewalk. He stooped and picked it up. On it was printed:

ANTONETTE GLOVER,

114 E. 10th Street.

That night the papers announced that Jimmie Anderson was working diligently on the counterfeiting case and that arrests were expected in a few days. He laughed to himself as he read the article.

The next day he decided to visit 114 E. 10th Street, just to see where she lived, to find out something about her. He could not put her from his mind. The very breezes of Central Park whispered "Antonette" in his ear. The purr of his motor, the roar of the elevated, spoke nothing but her name. When a great

man does anything he does it with his heart and soul; and being in love is no exception. He found the place. It was a typical East Side boarding house, three stories and an attic, with a brown-bricked front and a somewhat rickety stairway leading to dark dingy hallways. He found room 301 in the attic. The door was ajar and he could see that no one was in the room. As he stood there something told him to go in,—probably the goddess of romance. For a moment he lost all reason and entered. Love makes fools of us all and it seems the wiser the man, the greater the fool.

He found himself in a low-ceilinged skylight room; chairs and tables were overturned as if a struggle had taken place. In one corner was a long bench, some acids and chemicals, several moulds—and a set of counterfeiter's tools. For a moment he was dazed, his brain all awlirl, his hopes and dreams shattered.

"Antonette a crook!" was all he could say and that so low it could scarcely be heard. He was like a little boy first finding out there is no Santa Claus, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

Then came a struggle—a fight between the man and his better self. Should he arrest her? It was within his power, yet something held him back. He seemed to see her neat blue hat with its impertinent red feather, two blue eyes, and her smile. He stared around the room, then turned to go. For a minute he thought of his name, his honor, his principles. "Jimmie Anderson, the man that couldn't be bought," was what people always called him. The whole city was depending on him to bring criminals to justice, to right this wrong. But the struggle lasted only for a minute; and he slipped quietly from the room.

Jimmie called a taxi and hurried to his apartments. As he rode through the streets he sat staring out the window, paying no attention to anything outside. He was trying to realize that the first and only girl he had ever loved was a crook, a thief, a criminal. How he had been deceived! He retired to his study and ordered a large supply of scotch and soda. He also wrote a note:

ROOM 301:—I have got you spotted. I've got your number and could land you if—well, that is my business. Get! and get quick. If you're in town by tomorrow night it's twenty years as sure as I am, JIMMIE ANDERSON.

Jimmie kept to his rooms the next day, and the boys at the club said he was out to land the counterfeiters and would not be around for some time. Little did they realize how much Jimmie "was out" because of counterfeiters.

It was not until the third day after his adventure that he left his apartments. Then the first thing he did was to drive to 114 E. 10th Street. How peaceful the old brown-bricked structure seemed. No one would ever suspect the crimes it had housed. He found the landlady. She was an old Irish woman, gossipy and very agreeable. He asked her if Antonette Glover had room 301. She was willing enough to talk and told him all and more than he had asked.

"Sure she hasn't been with me these last three months, though she used to have the skylight room. Two min have had it lately,

but they wint night afore last, saying they'd be laving town." Jimmie felt as if he wanted to run away, to be alone, to think; but Mrs. Mulvaney was by no means through speaking.

"And it's a fine girl she is. You know she's an actress—in the chorus. Why I saw her last week, and she says she be joining the Merry Maiden's Company. Shure, it's a hit she'll be making too, for there niver was a more charmin' crature thin Maggy Clancy—you know that's her rale name."

Jimmie had heard enough. He thanked Mrs. Mulvaney and hurried to his club. He dropped in the first big leather chair he came to and sat in silence, smoking cigarettes. Finally, blowing rings of smoke towards the ceiling, he settled back in his chair and said to his friend:

"Harry! I wonder where the Merry Maidens are playing this week."

## Varsity Verse

### The Interview.

S. TWYMAN MATTINGLY, '16.

THEY sent me out for special news  
To fill up half a page,  
I had to interview a man  
Who should be in a cage:  
Trembling before his lion's den  
I heard his harsh "Come in!"  
I am no coward, but when I saw  
His bristling bulldog chin,  
His husky form, and piercing eye  
My courage quickly flew.  
He was a frenzied financier  
The people called him "Jew."  
However, he's as much a Mick  
As an O or Mac could be.  
I gave my card and plainly asked  
If he would talk to me.  
He knit his brow and gave a stare,  
Then with a rush and awful air  
He said: "I've got no words to waste,  
Nor any time to spare."  
I begged him for a brief remark  
To please the public ear.  
Swearing, he shook his fist at me,  
And yelled: "Get out of here!"  
"But Mister"—that was all I said,  
He took a strangle hold.

And threw me quickly out the door,  
And down the stairs I rolled.  
I slink back to the editor,  
Another scene ensues,—  
Who wonders that a would-be "scoop,"  
Should sometimes get the blues.

### When Summer Comes To Bat.

PAUL SAVAGE, '16.

WHEN the sun comes out jes nice an' hot  
An' melts off all the snow,  
Don't think it's spring and all that rot—  
That's all the poets know—  
Fer old King Winter, like as not,  
Will fool you if you crow.  
An' if you hear a feller say  
He's seen a robin red  
Why you jes' laugh an' go away  
An' don't mind what he's said,  
'Cause, as I say, that ain't the day,  
Or sign, that Winter's dead.  
But if you hear a feller yell  
"Let's play some two ol' cat,"  
An' then the kids all run pell-mell  
Without a coat or hat,  
Why, then's the time that you can tell  
That Summer's come to bat.

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HARRY E. SCOTT, '16	

—The journalists submit this number of the SCHOLASTIC in testimony of the fact that they have profited by their year's work at Notre Dame. The Max

**Our First Speech.** Pam School of Journalism was established only last Spring, and has this year been largely in the experimental stage. Already, however, such progress has been made as to place the new college of the university on a par with any other similar school in the country.

There has thus far been little opportunity for actual newspaper work in connection with the course, but, as freshmen, the students have not felt this a loss, and the need is to be filled next year by the publication of a newspaper. Moreover, it is generally agreed that too much emphasis should not be laid upon "shopwork" anyway,—since "details and specifications" vary in different offices,—and that the prospective journalist does better in his course of college preparation to ground himself solidly in English, History, Philosophy, Politics, Economics, and such other subjects as he can not master so easily after he enters an office.

The journalists are pleased with their year at the new school. They believe in their professors and in one another, and they intend, one and all to be back at Notre Dame next

year to watch and help the college that Dr. Pam has founded grow in numbers, strength, and influence for good.

—There is an old saying to the effect that one should not believe everything he sees in the newspapers. This reflects a popular attitude toward newspapers **Honor in Journalism.** which is partly justified; for in the past, and for that matter in the present, there have been and are some types of journalism which discredit honesty and straightforwardness by untruthfulness and dishonest methods. Reference is here made to "yellow journals" and all the unprincipled "sheets" that are published.

The tendency toward honesty and honorableness has, however, of late years been greater than ever before. Two great forces have helped to make the modern representative journals more trustworthy. One has been the desire of the people to have facts; and the other is the obligation under which the paper rests of serving the many and varied wishes of its subscribers. The former force has led the journalist to seek for the absolute truth; the latter, to a discrediting of the extreme partisanship which sometimes made a paper more of an appeal than a news medium.

The bettering of journalism is seen in the changes which have taken place in the great departments of news, editorials, and advertising. In the first department, that of news, the public expects an unbiased report of facts. In the second division, that of editorials, logical argument consistent with facts is demanded. And last of all, in the third department, where improvement is constantly progressing, advertising must be clean, truthful statements of honest men advertising honest wares or services.

In the news section many papers now lessen the attention formerly given to those events which are apt to have a bad influence on public morals. In editorials partisanship does not now go to the extremes which formerly it did. In advertising, the ads of "quack" doctors, of liquor companies, of patent medicine concerns, of loan sharks, and of dishonest financial schemes are rejected, although the maintaining of such a policy costs the paper thousands of dollars a year. The Philadelphia *North American* has proved that it loses annually 250,000 dollars because of rejected ad-



vertising. Such loss, however, is not borne by the paper, for what it loses on account of honorable methods it gains back in increased advertising efficiency, circulation, and prestige.

—Once more the A. P. A. has been dragged forth from the grave to which even Protestants of intelligence were anxious to consign it forever as a bolt upon  
**Something Up-to-Date?** American religious tolerance. This time the ghouls are two supposedly enlightened professors in the State University of Texas. In a book, "Both Sides of Public (?) Questions Briefly Debated," recently gotten out for them by Hinds, Noble, and Eldridge, the question is proposed and briefed: "Resolved, that the principles of the American Protective Association deserve the support of American citizens." This is a public question only among the fortunately few Americans to whose benighted intellects the elements of religious and historical knowledge have failed to penetrate. It may be that Professors Shurter and Taylor have just been playing Rip Van Winkle, and are living over again in blissful ignorance the days of ninety-one. Perhaps, some of our expert alienists will diagnose the case?

The much advertised "Singing Quartet" which practises each Sunday morning after mass appears to exist only on paper. If it's a "live" organization, let's hear from it.

Some of the local fishermen have been "caught with the goods," but still "Jake" Geiger has to show us how and when he caught three bass, one a five pounder, and the others three and two respectively.

"Settle Accounts, Seniors," is notice of a coming Commencement.

Different papers have signed up Mills, Lathrop, and Kelly with several of the big league nines. They're deserving of it, but we feel quite sure we haven't lost our stars.

### Mary Our Mother.

An eloquent sermon on the Blessed Virgin, under the title of "Mother," was delivered by Rev. Father Carroll, Wednesday evening. Of all the names by which we invoke Mary, Our Blessed Lady, none is more loving or more

universal than the simple name of Mother. It is a name that finds its strongest expression in the gloom of sorrow because it was begotten in sorrow. If we understand the meaning of an earthly mother's love we can appreciate the love of Mary, the Mother of God and of us all. Let us then especially during the month of May, which is devoted to her honor, give to her the full expression of our love that when the day comes for us to appear before that terrible tribunal of justice we may have Mary there as a friend to intercede for us.

### Chicago Notre Dame Men at Banquet.

The Notre Dame Alumni Club of Chicago held its annual banquet at the University Club, Saturday, May 3. Prominent among the alumni who attended were: F. H. McKeever, Frank Sexton, Colonel Hoynes, Father Walsh, and Brother Marcellinus of Fort Wayne. Lieutenant Governor O'Hara and Speaker McKinley of Illinois were also present and both gave addresses. Father Walsh spoke for the Faculty and William Cotter for the students. Mr. McKeever, President of the Chicago Alumni Association, acted as toastmaster. After the banquet all joined in singing the old Notre Dame songs and giving the well-known cheers.

### Sermon by Father McNamara.

Last Sunday Father McNamara delivered a sermon on "Charity in College Life." His examples were so familiar and convincing that all recognized the truth and philosophy in his statements. Father McNamara depicted college life with its trials and struggles and said that this is the time of life that a young man most needs help; it is likewise the time when he should most help others similarly situated and, perhaps, weaker. He urged the students not only to keep away from sin, but to make manly efforts to save others from it.

### Announcements.

#### PROFESSOR KOEHLER CALLS ORATORS.

Oratorical contests for freshmen, sophomore, junior and preparatory will be held some time between the twentieth and twenty-fifth of this month. All desiring to enter any one of these contests should hand in their names to Professor Koehler.

## BOOKS MISSING FROM APOSTOLATE.

The following books are unrecorded. Students having them are requested to return them either to the librarian in charge or to Brother Alphonsus. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Fox; "Whispering Smith," Spearman; "The Heroine of the Street," Crowley; "A Daughter of New France," Crowley; "The Disappearance of John Longworthy," Egan; and a volume of *The Lamp* for the year 1910.

## Notre Dame Peace Delegates in St. Louis.

The Notre Dame peace delegates had a highly enjoyable time during the few days that the convention met. Prior to the dates assigned for the meeting, Messrs. Larney and Breslin were kept busy delivering invitations of all sorts to representatives of our university. Shows, gardens, automobiles, in fact everything of interest in Saint Louis was described in these circulars. Andrew Carnegie also invited the energetic legates to attend his reception to the visiting members. This formality was anticipated and caused wonderment. How could Carnegie affiliate himself with a peace movement? The events of the Congress did not explain this question, but those in close touch with the iron-master imagine that the canny Scot will make up for the decreased cannon sales in some other way. All in all, the convention was up to expectations. The Associated Press had a full account of the doings but said not a word about our energetic confreres. This negligence is explained by the fact that the delegates did not attend. They lost no sleep over this, however, inasmuch as they knew they would not be sent. They enjoyed themselves in a happy manner in South Bend.

## News of the Colleges.

## BOOK DESTROYERS TO BE PUNISHED.

## Harvard Student Council Takes Drastic Action.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Harvard Student Council it was voted to recommend to the administrative board that any student caught in the act of mutilating a library book be expelled from the university.

Several complaints have recently come to the attention of the council that valuable reference and standard text-books have been so badly mutilated as to make them worthless.

## REDUCE NUMBER OF SUBJECTS FOR ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS.

Harvard and Princeton have declared for simpler tests in entrance examinations. The announcement was made during the meeting of the Schoolmasters' Association of New York and vicinity held April nineteenth in Mechanics' Institute in New York city. It was made known that instead of being examined in sixteen or seventeen subjects, only four would be used hereafter to test the fitness of students for entrance to these universities. The subjects now required are English, Latin or French or German, Mathematics, Physics or Chemistry, and History.

## ARE WE?

In an address at Washington University some time ago a certain speaker made this statement: "Some college graduates are like bass drums. A bass drum," he added, "makes much noise, but is composed of nothing covered with a sheepskin."

## STUDENTS ELECT FACULTY MEN TO MEMBERSHIP IN SOCIETY.

At a recent meeting of the Blackfriars—a student organization of the University of Chicago, devoted to presenting original comic opera—a new departure was made by electing to membership three of the faculty, in recognition of what they have done for several years in promoting the success of the organization. For this year six new plays have been submitted for competition.

## MARQUETTE ABSORBS PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Through the acquisition by Marquette University of the Wisconsin College of Physicians and Surgeons, there will be but one medical school in Milwaukee. The Milwaukee Medical College, which has been the medical department of Marquette University, has been leased for a term of years. The pharmaceutical and dental departments will be transferred to the Wisconsin College of Physicians and Surgeons, and all departments are to be reorganized.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS WILL EDUCATE  
HOUSEWIVES.

The University of Texas is preparing to send out on a tour of the state a "kitchen on wheels," for the purpose of teaching domestic economy, sanitary cooking, and showing the latest labor-saving culinary devices. While stops will be made in all sections of the state, the smaller towns will be given most attention. Lectures and demonstrations will be given en route.

## YALE CHANGES STROKE.

Entire Rowing System is now Thoroughly English.

Unless the blue humbles the crimson in the annual Yale-Harvard regatta at New London next June, rowing may be discontinued as an intercollegiate sport by Yale. That is the crisis which the Yale oarsmen face today. In this fight for life the Yale coaches have been hammering away at their men ever since last September. After five consecutive years of defeat at the hands of Harvard's brawny oarsmen, Yale has turned its back absolutely on American rowing methods, and, for the first time in the history of rowing at the New Haven institution, Yale has adopted the famous Oxford stroke, and in system, boat rigging, and coaches, is now thoroughly English.

## FORDHAM WINS NEW YORK INTERCOLLEGIATE.

Edwin S. Murphy Secures \$200 Prize.

The second annual intercollegiate contest in oratory, held a short time ago in the great hall of the College of the City of New York, resulted in a signal triumph for Fordham University, the only Catholic institution represented. Edwin S. Murphy, a member of the Junior class at Fordham, was the winner of the first prize of \$200, the second prize of \$100 going to W. D. Smith of Cornell. The other institutions competing were Colgate University, College of the City of New York, Columbia University, New York University, and St. Stephens's College.

The Contest was held under the auspices of the New York Peace Society, and it was required that all the speeches should deal with some phase of the general subject, "International Peace." Mr. Murphy's oration was entitled, "The End and the Means."

## OREGON CHANGES ADMITTANCE REGULATIONS.

The faculty of the University of Oregon has voted to add to the list of high school subjects accepted for admission to college several subjects which have recently come to the front in the present process of broadening the high school courses which has been going on all over the United States. Any standard course is to be accepted in fairness to those students who have devoted their time to the manual arts, domestic science, and the like.

## Society Notes.

## HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

A humorous program was given at the regular meeting of the Holy Cross Literary Society on Sunday evening, May 4. Mr. Heiser, president of the society, gave his inaugural address. A number of humorous stories were read. Mr. A. J. Brown spoke a funeral oration on "Melinda, the Seminary Cat." The second issue of "The Bugle," A Village Newspaper, appeared under the editorship of Messrs. Hagerty and Adrianson. Messrs. Milanowski and Walter Remmes entertained the members with songs and music. After the program, an animated business discussion took place.

## Personals.

—Carmo Dixon of Toledo, Ohio, visited friends at the University, Sunday, May 4.

—James Nolan (LL. B. '12) was with us for a few days last week, visiting his brother and many friends.

—Jean Dubuc, one time Varsity pitcher, and now with the Detroit Americans, visited the University Monday.

—Rev. Father Morrissey and Father Walsh attended the investiture of Monsigneur O'Brien of Kalamazoo during the week.

—Rev. Father Cavanaugh sailed from Europe Tuesday. He will be present at the conferring of the Lætare Medal upon Mr. Charles G. Herbermann of New York City.

—Dr. Edward Lee Green, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, is at present the guest of his friend and former pupil, Dr. Julius A. Nieuwland, professor of Botany.

—Anthony J. Brogan (Litt. B. '01) is now

engaged in journalistic work. He is president of the oldest Irish newspaper in the United States, the *Irish American* of New York city.

—Raymond J. Kinsella, student in Brownson this year, is at present working in the banking department of the Illinois State Auditor's office. He hopes to be here for Commencement.

—Fred L. Steers (LL. B. '10) announces the opening of an office for the general practice of law at 1350 First National Bank Building Chicago. Fred was a member of the track team during his three years at Notre Dame, and his friends here wish him success in his work.

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### Calendar.

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Sunday, May 11—Feast of Pentecost.

Sorin vs. Walsh, 1:30 p. m.

Brownson Literary Society, 7:30 p. m.

Monday—Carroll Eucharistic League, 7:30 p. m.

Tuesday—Chinese Univ. of Hawaii vs. Varsity, here.

Wednesday—May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Meeting of Philopatrians, 7:30 p. m.

Thursday—Philopatrian picnic.

Corby vs. Brownson, 1:30 p. m.

Friday—Triangular Debate, Notre Dame vs. Indiana University, Washington hall, 7:30 p. m.

Notre Dame vs. Wabash at Crawfordsville.

Saturday—Beloit College vs. Notre Dame here.

May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

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### Local News.

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#### HOPE AND

#### DISAPPOINTMENT.

—One night last week, at about eight-thirty o'clock, two brave Corbyites slunk stealthily toward a neighboring well, where, on the morning before, they had spotted a suspicious looking bottle hanging in a bucket filled with clear, cool water. Possessing themselves of the bottle without any interference, but having experienced all the tremors and excitement of a piratical adventure, they silently sought the privacy of their rooms. Temptation was great, however, and soon it overcame them. In the darkness of the night they trusted that a swig would be unnoticed. Each drew heartily from the contents of the suspicious looking bottle. Imagination, not even of the strongest kind, could make the fluid taste like anything but sulphur water.

—The Freshman and Sophomore crews have been practising on St. Joseph's Lake.

—Some of the handball devotees have started the rumor that the Director is losing steadily.

—The gardens on the Minims' Park have been planted, and this is but another reminder that Commencement is near.

—Marksmen selected from the Regiment will begin the outdoor practice at the I. N. G. range Thursday, May 15th.

—Corby's diamond is going to be "trued up" by the surveyors in a last despairing effort to make Knute Rockne's curves fit the field.

—It has been proposed that a competitive drill be held May 27th. Army officers will act as judges and a suitable trophy will be awarded the winning company.

—Professor Ackerman is busy painting new scenery for the stage in Washington hall. Commencement will be the first occasion on which the new settings will be used.

—The United Gas Workers of Mishawaka—alias South Bend High—with the exception of two outfielders—defeated the Corby Second team Sunday by the score of 6 to 4.

—"The Sorin Tennis Club wields the tools of ignorance daily. Its perspiring members point with pride to a dusty, gnawed-up rectangle arduously denuded of verdant vegetation." (Art Hayes, overheard by Local Editor.)

—The two Varsity debating teams will clash in a practice contest this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Messrs. Milroy, Smith, and Twinning are the affirmative speakers, while Messrs. Lenihan, Stack, and Meersman will be on the negative.

—Bernard J. Durch (A. B. '13) has accepted an appointment as third lieutenant in the Philippine Constabulary. Mr. Durch will sail June 28th on the transport *Manchuria*, stopping at Honolulu and various other points in the islands of the Pacific.

—Sunday morning Brownson and the Freshmen played a game on the Brownson diamond. Brownson won. "Cy" Moran and "Cork" Corcoran of the Freshman team contributed much towards Brownson's victory, "Cy" by his "wonderful" pitching and "Cork" by his "brilliant" base running.

—Harry Newning has organized a "Stump the Leader" team, and is practising in front of Walsh every night.

—Saturday afternoon at 3:30 the Walsh baseball team will play with the Studebaker team of the City Commercial League.

—Has any one noticed that Harper is now a salesman. Watch him dispose of papers, crackerjack, peanuts, and ice-cream cones.

—A dozen or more cases of some form of pleurisy are in the Infirmary. Those who contracted this were careless enough to lie about on the damp lawn.

—The meetings of the Indianapolis Club during the past two weeks have been turned into "fanning bees." Indianapolis now has a team above seventh place.

—The students from South Dakota, nine in number, have organized a ball club, and have challenged the Indiana boys to a game. The game is expected to take place in the near future.

—No, dear reader, the Corby baseball men are not trying to revive the old Chinese custom of taking off their shoes before entering the house. They are just saving the floor from being spiked.

—The Knights of Columbus held their regular bi-weekly meeting Tuesday night. Members were informed that there will be an initiation in the second and third degrees at Elkhart Sunday, May 18th.

—The third floor of Walsh has organized a swimming team which promises to be the best in the University. One of the special features of the swimming team is the high diving of John Boyle.

—Last Tuesday the Journalists turned out the first dummy of their new paper. It is a paper of four pages, containing a review of important general news of the week. The first issue will be out soon.

—The Notre Dame Press Club wishes to express its thankfulness to next year's *Dome* artist, Mr. Jacob R. Geiger, who so graciously consented to make the cover design and cartoon which appear in this number.

—There is certainly "class" to the new baseball caps and stockings! We thought an improvement in our nine impossible, but those monogrammed, dark-blue caps and the blue stockings surely add to the effect.

—In the new Journalist paper a Question Box is to be one of the features, but the editor requests that no questions be sent in that can not be answered from the "Child's Book of Knowledge," which, the Chicago *Examiner* says, is intended to raise parents to the mental plane of their children.

—The Pine Tree Concert Club that meets in front of Walsh hall has been strengthened by the addition of Wyi Kai Woo, soloist on the Chinese violin, and the Harmonic Quartet consisting of Loy Leuty, Harry Baujan, Harry Newning, and Ricardo Saravia. Concerts will be given nightly under the pine tree.

—A surprise was sprung on the Corbyites the other night, when they invited one of Bro. Hugh's helpers into the "rec" room. He expressed himself as interested in music and, when asked to play, proved to be a well-trained musician. He says that he is a graduate of the Leipzig University of Music, and since his graduation has played with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and later with Sousa and Creatore at Young's Pier, New Jersey.

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### Athletic Notes.

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#### NORTHWESTERN TODAY.

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#### OPENING OF SPRING TRACK SEASON.

After a long rest, the Varsity track squad will be seen in action again today against the team from Naperville. Last year, the Northwestern bunch were badly defeated by the Gold and Blue in a dual meet, and our boys hope to repeat the trick. The work in practice has been very encouraging to the team's supporters, and good time is expected in all events. Bensberg and Newning in the dashes, Henehan and Birder in the quarter, and Plant in the half-mile, should all prove big point getters. Plant has added a new event, the low hurdles, and if he succeeds here as well as he has in the distance events, five more points will be added to the total. Hood, Rockne, and Metzger will take care of the broad jump, with Hood and DeFries in the high. The pole vault is safe in the hands of the football contingent, Rockne, and Dorais, and Eichenlaub will take care of the weight events. Pritchard in the high hurdles, and Gibson, the two Millers, and Baci-

galupo in the mile and two mile round out the entry list. Of course, we expect the champion broad jumper of the Penn Relay Games, "Jim" Wasson, to add a few points in his special event. The next outdoor attraction will be the meet with the I. A. C. at Cartier field, to be held in the near future.

VARSIITY REPEATS.

MILL'S HOME RUN TAKES NERVE FROM THE LEAGUERS.

The second game of the Ottawa series went to the Gold and Blue by a score of 7 to 4. Until Mills got busy with his big stick in the eighth, the contest was as close as the most rabid rooter could wish.

In the opening session, with one down, Duggan drew a pass from Lill, the Canadian hurdler, and advanced to second when "Cy" Farrell was hit by a wild pitch. Mills then grounded to Harris and forced Farrell to second. Duggan reached third on the play and scored a moment later on a passed ball. An error by the second sacker put Granfield on, Mills counting another tally. Regan and Newning were easy outs.

The third inning produced another score, when Farrell and Regan each hit for two-bases. In the sixth, a succession of hits pushed the fourth run across the pan.

In their half of the inning, Shaughnessy's boys got busy and secured two scores on a combination of hits and errors. They added two more in the eighth, tying the score. Then a certain tall gentleman from New Jersey took a hand. "Rupe" landed on the second ball pitched for a beautiful drive to the left field fence, and made the circuit before the ball got back to the infield. This seemed to take the heart out of the visitors, and they gave up wholly when with two men on, Kenny's drive to right field netted two more runs.

Sheehan, though a trifle wild at times, pitched a fine game, allowing the Canadians only four hits:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	0	0	1	1	2
Duggan, cf.	1	0	4	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	1	1	9	0	1
Mills, rf.	2	1	1	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	1	0	1	1	0
Regan, lf.	2	2	3	0	1
Newning, 2b.	0	0	2	2	1
Kenny, c.	0	2	6	2	0
Sheehan, p.	0	1	0	3	0
Totals	7	7	27	9	5

OTTAWA	R	H	P	A	E
Harris, 2b.	0	0	2	2	1
Hoffman, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Shaughnessy, cf.	0	1	0	0	0
Dolan, 1b.	1	0	10	0	0
Robertson, 3b.	2	2	0	0	1
Callahan, lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Lage, c.	0	0	9	1	0
Strawbridge, ss.	0	0	2	1	0
Lill, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Ostermeyer, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Arnfield, ss.	0	0	1	2	1
*Rogers,	0	0	0	0	0
**Rowe, c.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	4	4	24	11	3

\*Batted for Strawbridge in the sixth inning.

\*\*Batted for Lill in the eighth inning.

Ottawa	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	—4
Notre Dame	2	0	1	0	0	1	0	3	*	—7

Two base hits—Farrell, Regan, Robertson. Home run—Mills. Sacrificè hits—Granfield, Hoffman, Lage, Sacrificès flie—Rogers. Double play—Ostermeyer to Arnfield to Dolan. Struck out—By Sheehan, 4; By Lill, 8. Bases on balls—Off Sheehan, 4; off Lill 3; off Ostermeyer, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Farrell Harris, Callahan. Wild pitch—Lill, Sheehan. Passed ball—Lage. Umpire—Coffey. Time of game, 1:45.

THIRD GAME ENDS IN TIE.

OTTAWA, AFTER LOSING TWO GAMES, HOLDS VARSITY IN SIX INNING CONTEST.

After two defeats, the Ottawa team came back Saturday, with a full determination to win. That they did not do so was due chiefly to the splendid twirling of Kelly and his effective work in the pinches. The only time that the visitors had a chance to score was in the fifth, when there were men on second and third with two out, but Callahan, the next man up, fell a victim to "Speed's" curves.

The efforts of the Gold and Blue were equally barren of results. Although out-hitting their opponents 7 to 3, bingles were lacking at opportune moments. In the first inning the bases were filled with none out, but a pop fly and two strike outs destroyed the hopes of the fans. With the score nothing up, the game was called after the sixth inning to let the Ottawa team make the train. Score:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	0	1	0	0	0
Duggan, cf.	0	2	0	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	0	1	9	1	2
Mills, rf.	0	1	0	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	0	1	0	4	0
Regan, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Newning, 2b.	0	0	2	1	0
Kenny, c.	0	0	6	2	0
Kelly, p.	0	1	1	2	0
Totals	0	7	18	10	2

OTTAWA	R	H	P	A	E
Harris, 2b.	0	0	2	0	0
Hoffman, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Shaughnessy, cf.	0	2	4	1	0
Dolan, 1b.	0	0	3	0	0
Robertson, 3b.	0	0	1	0	0
Rowem c.	0	0	6	1	0
Strawbridge, ss.	0	0	1	1	0
Ostermayer, p.	0	0	0	3	0

Totals	0	3	18	6	0
Ottawa	0	0	0	0	0
Notre Dame	0	0	0	0	0

Two base hits—Mills, Shaughnessy, Callahan. Stolen bases—Granfield. Struck out—By Kelly 6; by Ostermayer, 6. Bases on balls—Off Ostermayer 3. Umpire—Coffey. Time of game, 1:40.

VARSIITY CONQUERS W. and J.

The Washington and Jefferson team appeared "pepless" when they met Captain Farrell's speedy nine. Berger's curves seemed too much for the Pennsylvania men, for he allowed them but four hits. Captain Farrell fattened his batting average by getting two home runs and a single. The Gold and Blue might have added several more tallies had it not been that, toward the close of the game, the men tried trick base running in preparation for the Eastern trip.

WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON	R	H	P	A	E
Moser, 3b.	0	0	2	1	0
Cruikshank, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Bovill, rf.	1	1	0	0	0
Haymaker, 1b.-p.	0	1	3	1	0
Eaton, 2b.	0	0	2	2	1
Pierce, lf.	0	0	2	0	0
Schwab, c.	0	0	4	3	0
Goodwin, p.-ss.	0	1	2	3	3
Irwin, ss.	0	0	1	1	1
Heyman, 1b.	0	1	4	0	0
Westmaker, lf.	0	0	2	0	0

Totals	1	4	24	11	5
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NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	1	2	1	5	0
Duggan, cf.	2	1	3	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	2	3	13	0	1
Mills, rf.	1	1	0	1	0
Granfield, 3b.	0	0	0	0	0
Regan, lf.	0	2	1	0	0
Newning, 2b.	0	2	0	2	0
Gray, c.	2	2	8	0	0
Berger, p.	1	1	0	1	0

Totals	9	12	27	8	1
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Notre Dame	3	2	0	2	0	2	0	0	*—9
Washington and Jefferson	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Stolen bases—Mills, Gray, Regan (2), Newning. Two base hits—Duggan. Three-base hits—Gray,

Haymaker. Home runs—Farrell (2), O'Connell. Struck out—By Berger, 8; by Haymaker, 4. Bases on balls—Off Haymaker, 2. Sacrifice hits—O'Connell, Duggan. Left on bases—Washington and Jefferson, 3; Notre Dame, 5. Time of game—1:25. Umpire—Coffey.

WISCONSIN PREPARES FOR CONFERENCE MEET.  
Torrey Eligible.

The Drake Relay meet was the most disastrous affair that the Varsity track team has engaged in this year. Not only was the four mile relay race lost to Northwestern, but Irvin White, the star distance runner and the man who won the mile and two mile at the Indoor Conference meet, received an injury which may put him out of track work for the rest of the season.

The gloom cast over the camp by this accident was lightened somewhat by the announcement that Torrey, the Varsity sprinter, would be eligible to compete in the Conference meet in June. He had been ruled out by the faculty on account of his studies, but he will be given an opportunity to take another examination before the big meet.

Work is going on rapidly in remodelling the track at Camp Randall in preparation for the greatest track meet Wisconsin has ever had. Both the oval and straightaway are being widened and underdrained in one or two places. New pits have been constructed for the pole vault and high jump so that the spectators will be able to get a better view of these events.

WALSH DEFEATS CULVER.

SOLDIERS LOSE, 5 TO 1.

Last Monday the Walsh hall baseball team won their game at Culver. Byrne, with three singles to his credit, was the batting star of the game. Meyer played a brilliant game in the difficult short-stop position at Culver. At no time was Walsh in danger. Roach pitched a steady game, while his opponent, Rogers, weakened in the pinches.

Meyer was the only man to get a home run. The Walsh players, on their return, praised the excellent sportsmanship and treatment which they met at Culver. One of the Culver officers officiated. Score:

Culver	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
Walsh	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	3	0	—5	

EXCITING GAME GOES TO BRAVES.

One of the best games played in the Interhall league this year was that between Walsh and

Corby last Sunday afternoon. Walsh secured its runs in the early part of the game, getting four tallies in the first two innings. Sotomayor brought in the winning run in the ninth when Canty made a wild pitch.

Score by Innings.

Walsh .....	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4
Corby .....	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	1	1	—5

#### FIVE INNING GAME GOES TO BROWNSON.

Saint Joseph lost Thursday's game by the score of 11 to 5. Brownson hit freely in the latter part of the game, and this coupled with poor fielding on the part of St. Joseph gave the winners most of their runs. The batteries were for St. Joseph, Kane and Beckman; for Brownson, Krully and Mottz.

#### HORRORS!!!

#### CARROLL DEFEATS WALSH.

Wednesday the Walsh hall nine thought to frolic with the Carroll hall children. But, oh me, oh my! Carroll tramped on the toes of the Walshites to the extent of inflicting an eleven to eight defeat on the aspiring men from the southside. But list! It wasn't the Walsh Varsity at all; only the ineligible. Father McNamara disclaims all connection with the organization which has brought disgrace upon his house. No permissions for a week.

#### Journalists' Safety Valve.

#### WE SHOULD WORRY.

Rupe's some swatter;  
Well, I should say;  
And when the game  
Seems thrown away,  
If Rupe is up  
With bat in hand  
We should worry!

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ADVICE.

By Jaura Lean Jibby.

MY DEAR MISS JIBBY:—When calling on a young lady should a young man leave *much* before eleven o'clock?

WORRIED WILLIE.

No, Will, not unless it's too big to stick in your pocket.

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DEAR MISS JIB:—I am a young man of 62 and am going with a young lady of the same tender age. Do you think we are too young to marry? C. Q. D.

No, old man! Not if you ever expect to get hitched up at all. My motto is: "Work hard and marry young."

(Editor's note: We think Miss Jibby is all bawled

up on that. She meant to say, marry early and work hard.)

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DEAR MISS JIBBY:—When is the best time to eat breakfast?

STEVE.

In the morning, you boob, in the morning.

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DEAR MISS JIBBY:—I have been troubled with a red nose for some time. Could you tell me some way to get rid of it.

EDDIE.

Surest thing you know, Eddie, Cut it off.

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#### THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

Pork, pork, pork, pork!

The Turks have routed General Nyphzstyonih at Pliff, a small town about ten miles this side of Khrypsy, or about two and a half miles north of the river Sphlyf.

Luther Burbank is inventing a seedless prune.

If all the link sausage made during the year 1912 were strung together the line would reach around the world six and seven-eighth times.

3, 207, 600 seconds till Commencement.

The Preps get out their SCHOLASTIC next Saturday.

Honestly, Mr. Twining, when will the *Dome* be out?

\*\*\*

#### THEM WAS THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

In the days of Aristotle,

Did they drink booze from a bottle?

Yep.

In the days of Isabeller,

Were the papers ver' yeller?

Not ver'!

In the days of old Queen Anne

Did they rush the old hop can?

Certingly!

In the days of Chawles the First,

Did the hangman do his worst?

He did.

In the olden days of Noah.

Did it rain, or did it snoah?

It poahed!

In the days of Ananias,

Did they cut-truth on the bias?

It was ever thus.

\*\*\*

Diagram, showing the course of Erich Hans de Fries on his way to the refectory: \_\_\_\_\_

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#### VARSAITY VERSE, APRIL 5, 1913.

"Mileposts of life with outstretched arms  
That beckon you and me."

\*\*\*

Isaac Pflytsky (Old grad '54) dropped in last week to see the old place. "Ike" has just secured a responsible position with the Never-lean Tonic Company of Kokomo. Continued luck, "Ike." We knew you could do it.

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A vague rumor to the effect that the University has enlarged its pig yards has been going around the dining room for the last few days.