

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 17, 1913.

No. 32.

The Fading Light.

PATRICK T. QUINLAN.

THE sphere which gives to earth its light,
Without whose warmth all things would die,
Is sinking low and bringing night
And twinkling stars to fill the sky.

'Tis fading low behind the hill,
While nature greets its fair repose
By keeping all her servants still
And sending perfume from the rose.

Vocational Education for the Negro.

MATTHEW A. COYLE.

DESPITE the full personal freedom purchased for the negro at the cost of the Civil War, and the equality of franchise given him by the Fifteenth Amendment, he has not succeeded in attaining even a small part of the social or commercial equality that is so readily accorded to all foreigners of European extraction when they become citizens of our country. The highest degree of this social equality, of course, the negro will never attain. The proud Caucasian race—the aristocracy of the earth—will never consent to mingling its purer blood with that of the Ethiopian, debased by centuries of barbarism and servility. But it is altogether possible for the negro to work out his economic salvation, to become the equal of the white man in the business and political world, and to occupy a place of respectability and credit in the pages of our history.

In the half-century that has elapsed since the Civil War made the sudden—and demoraliz-

ing—change in the negro's status, he has signally failed to add those mental, moral, and commercial cubits to his stature that enthusiastic abolitionists predicted. The negro, with a few striking exceptions, has remained morally and mentally a child—like his remote ancestors of the African wilds and his forefathers of bondage. He has been even a greater cause of anxiety since the War than before it. Feared and despised in the South, he is treated with contempt and taken advantage of in the North. It can not be denied that he has not, in general, deserved better treatment than he has received. Primitive passions uncontrolled have made him a menace to morality; an inherent inclination for laziness, gambling, and drunkenness have rendered him an economic problem. The low esteem in which he is held and the ill-treatment he receives is, for the greater part, not undeserved. But it is his misfortune rather than his fault that this is so. The negro in freedom has had a much harder "row to hoe" than those he toiled over in old plantation days. And it is with shame that we acknowledge that a large part of the blame rests upon us, his white brethren and his keepers as truly now as in the days of his bondage. Slavery kept him a child—ignorant of self-reliance, unschooled to self-control, and irresponsible to any law save the overseer's whip. We made him free and turned him out to shift for himself. Fifty years' experience have convinced us of our folly and our cruelty. The negro must work out his salvation, but we must direct him and help him. The one and only efficacious means of accomplishing this lies in education and the manual training school.

The world has witnessed many movements for the betterment of mankind, but none that are more prominent than that of Hampton Institute. Hampton Institute, the seed from which Tuskegee Institute sprung, is a great

school for the vocational training of the young negro. Like Tuskegee it depends largely on the generosity of its friends for its maintenance. It differs from Tuskegee in that white teachers form a part of the faculty. The education that the negro receives enables him to live a respectable, clean life, making him a unit in his community, whereas before he was a mere cipher. Nevertheless these institutions, despite the great work that is being accomplished by them, have often felt the stress of financial embarrassment. If vocational education is the only hope of the negro, as is universally acknowledged, institutions like Hampton and Tuskegee should be encouraged and generously assisted. Some say that education will never subdue the evil tendencies of the negro. This is a false idea. It has been satisfactorily proven, not only by these institutions, but also by state reformatories like Elmira, Jackson, and Marquette, that sound mental training, together with manual labor, has never failed to reform the negro desirous of reformation. Dr. Booker T. Washington, in an address before the Tuskegee Negro Conference, was quoted by the magazines a short time ago as having challenged his hearers to show instances of crime committed by negro graduates of educational institutions.

The history of the establishment and development of Tuskegee Institute is marvelous. Dr. Booker T. Washington, the founder, received his training at Hampton. In early life he realized the great need of education as the only means whereby the future of the negro could be brightened. The institution was established in 1880 under many and serious difficulties. It was founded for the vocational training of the negro. Since that day it has been, together with Hampton, a powerful factor for good among the negro people. Tuskegee's motto is "Self-Help," and it constantly impresses this idea upon its students. A few years ago Tuskegee celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday. Several thousands of negroes from all parts of the country were gathered there to investigate its condition and success. A special investigation showed that, in addition to its eight hundred and eighty-eight graduates, six thousand students who were unable to complete their course had been helped to such a degree that they were earning good salaries and keeping their families in a comfortable condition. An investigation of the different vo-

cations pursued by Tuskegee graduates show that several thousand of them have entered into the different manual industries throughout the South, and are now carpenters, printers, plumbers, painters, and machinists, and a goodly number have filled the positions of lawyer, dentist, and physician. About five hundred have entered the ministry and over two thousand are engaged in teaching. Careful inquiry also showed that only ten per cent of their graduates were unsuccessful, and, as far as could be determined, no graduate had yet been found guilty of any crime.

When other institutions like Hampton and Tuskegee make their appearance and help to carry on the great work for uplifting and educating the negro race, then and then only can we expect to find the negro rise above the conditions that have so long held him down. It is only then that he will become self-reliant, self-respecting, and regardful of social morality.

Facts About Fish.

BY A. LOBSTER.

Most any follower of custom and prejudice might easily be convinced that we fish don't amount to much. Well, that's just where such people fool themselves. Of course there may be a few old crabs among us, but you'll find them, to some extent, in every community. You may think that fish are ignorant—all suckers, as it were. Well, you're wrong again. We have our schools just the same as you have. Nor are there any truant-officers or prefects needed to keep us there, as is the case with you. Imagine an old cat-fish or a little kitten-fish, facing five hundred lines. That would drive even an old salt-herring to drink. At our schools we don't favor the use of the rod very much,—we prefer seiner methods. Sometimes a young salt-herring gets fresh, then someone gets a line on him and he is pulled up for it; or some young shrimp gets in bad and is caught and canned. A good many of our promising young fish are very bright, especially the shiners, the sunnies, and the electric-rays. We sometimes bring both red-horses and sea-horses to our schools, but we know nothing about ponies.

Occasionally there is a fish-ball or concert with music galore. There's not a fish in the deep that isn't familiar with scales from his

minnow-hood. The quartets are somewhat one-sided as they are made up for the most part of bass singers. Nearly all of our fish singers use the C scale; occasionally you'll find some flats in the crowd. The most popular musical selection is, "How the Old Crab Got the Hook Worm," by Gar. The best dancers are the skates. Above all other selections they prefer the "Blue Danube." The leading feature of the last ball was a dance by Crusty Clam and Miss Jellyfish. Pretty soft for Crusty! These functions are usually peaceful until the crabs start crabbing with the crawfish; the trouble usually ends with the crawfish backing off.

I don't suppose you ever heard of the clam-oyster war. Well, that was the most watery affair in all the annals of sea-fighting. It was brought on by a family feud between the

oyster clan and the clam crowd, which, in turn had arisen from a bitter dispute as to whether the clam or the oyster was the favorite with chorus girls. I was just a sardine then, but I have often heard the old fishes and fishesses talk about it. They had a whole army of swordfish lined up on each side. Behind them stood the carps—each with a pike. In the extreme rear was a large body of cavalry—the famous red horse troop. They marched, counter-marched, wheeled, dove, and dodged among the rocks and fissures until the Tritons blew their horns and old Neptune called time.

When it comes to deeds of daring and bloodshed, there is not, in all the annals of the briny deep, a fish worthy the name, that has not left a tail behind him.

DONALD P. MACGREGOR.

Prep Verse.

WHY I LOVE.

HENRY A. SIMON.

I LOVE the birds
That sing so sweet.
I love the fields
Where lambkins bleat.
I love the brook,
The glist'ning snow,
The rose that blooms
Where zephyrs blow.
I love the earth
And sky above—
It's all from God—
That's why I love.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

HENRY P. SUSAN.

Grim sorrow has turned many a man
Quite prematurely gray;
An ash cart, too, the trick will do
Upon a windy day.

APOLOGIA.

DONALD P. MACGREGOR.

Have patience with us, reader dear,
We know our work is rough;
But when we reach our college year,
We may have better stuff.

BROKE, BROKE, BROKE.

WILLIAM E. BERGFELD.

BROKE, broke, broke,
I am broke—not a cent can I see!
And it's well that my tongue doesn't utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy
That he always has plenty of fish.
O well for the sailor lad
That he makes all the coin he could wish.
And the old greenbacks go on
In the way they have gone for years;
And O for the touch of my Ingersoll
That I pawned with many tears.
Broke, broke, broke!
Not a ray of hope can I see!
But the tender touch of a dollar that's gone
Will never come back to me.

HIS MARATHON.

GEORGE P. WILSON.

A track man who did lots of braggin'
Said he'd run twenty miles without laggin';
Hardly two miles were made
When he started to fade,
And they carried him home in a waggin.

To Notre Dame.

PATRICK J. GALLAGHER.

O Notre Dame, thy treasured name
To each and every heart is dear;
'Tis here that men prepare for fame
And face the world without a fear.

Thy men are found from coast to coast
In all the highest ranks of fame,
And all of them can proudly boast
Of time well spent at Notre Dame,

The dearest place man ever knew;
Where nature's rarest charms are found;
Where all man's hopes are built anew
And love enchants the very ground.

In after years when with the tide
We enter on life's mighty sea,
Those mem'ries fond will still provide
A solace sweet to you and me.

A HOOSIER RUBAIYAT.

FREDERICK T. MAHAFFEY.

To love is sweet,
But, ah! 'tis bitter
To love a girl
And then not gitter.

BALLAD OF THE SKIVER AND HIS PREFECT.

RUSSELL J. BURNS

Into the town the skiver went,
Not broke, but badly bent.
Into the town the skiver came,
Haunted by fear—not shame.
But the girls they were not blind to him,
The slot-machines were kind to him,
The prefect had a mind to him,
When into the town he came.

SUMMER JOYS.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

Oh, I long for the breeze of a bright summer day,
When the air is so pure and birds sing so fair,
When the sea is so calm and there's joy everywhere
And I sit with my book in a boat on the bay.

A "TOUGH KID."

ANDREW MOYNIHAN.

He'll never say "Please" when he's anxious to have
You do him a favor or two,
He'll pass you each day with a grin or a frown
And never say "How do you do?"
And when on the campus it's "Throw it, you gink,
Or I'll plaster you one on the bean!
Don't think you can pass out the giggle to me,
I've been there myself and I seen."

In class when he's asked by the Prof to recite
He'll stare at the ceiling and laugh;
His look would near scare a hyena to death,
And frighten the life from a calf.
He's placid, however, and doesn't believe
There's room to advance or improve,
He'll tell you he thinks he's as meek as a lamb
And gentle and sweet as a dove.

THE LAST BUN.

JAMES P. SMITH.

I heard an awful roar
As the buns passed the door,
Through a mob.
There would not have been a sound
Had the prefect been around
On the job.

I gave a guy a dime
If he'd rush the gang in time
For my share.
Well he got my bun all right,
But he surely had to fight
Like a bear.

A MOURNER.

JOSEPH J. THOLE.

Her lips were red as roses,
Her eyes were heaven's blue;
Her smiles were fresh as flowers
Just kissed by morning dew.

Her hair was long and wavy,
Each strand a thread of gold.
Her heart a jeweled casket
That treasured love untold.

But now that youth has withered,
A sigh supplants her laugh;
For sorrow there has written
Its living epitaph.

THWARTED AMBITION.

DONALD P. MACGREGOR.

When I became of age
I thought I'd grow a beard,
But mocked by every sage
The doggone thing was queered.

SAD TO SAY.

GEORGE P. WILSON.

There was a young lady from Streeter
Who was thin as a half-starved msukeeter,
She fell in a fright
Through the gas-pipe one night
And we went to the meter to meet her.

The Sanctuary Lamp.

DONALD P. MACGREGOR.

What matters if evenings are dreary,
What matters if pillars are damp,
Or what if our spirits are weary,
When under the Sacrament lamp.

For present upon our rude altar
Is dwelling the Saviour of men.
He's bidding us never to falter,
And calls us again and again.

A Western Münchhausen.

JOSEPH J. THOLE.

The cattle were grazing leisurely over the vast, undulating plains that were richly carpeted with the fragrant summer grasses. The cows nearby were vigorously scything the juicy blades with their raspy tongues, only pausing now and then to disturb a tribe of tantalizing flies that settled on the backs and shoulders of their huge prey and returned with the same regularity with which they were driven off. The cattle in the distance faded from the eye with the stretching endless plain that met the horizon ever so many miles away.

"Daredevil" Sam and Jim Farlo, both cowboys on the Elk Horn Ranch, dismounted from their "brons" on a small hill where they could easily keep an eye on their stock. Toward the right wing of the herd were Bill Hampton and Jack Higmon. Both were riding "lady fashion" while they talked and let their ponies feed on the rich grass.

"Jack," said Bill, "let's ride over to 'Dary' and Jim. I betcha their tellin' stories. If they're not, we'll get 'em started."

"I'm on," returned Jack throwing his foot into the stirrup.

So off they raced, and sure enough, when they reached the other group "Daredevil" Sam had a story well begun. They tied their ponies Western fashion by throwing the reins on the ground, and then they increased "Daredevil's" audience and vanity simultaneously. After they had seated themselves upon the soft grass, "Daredevil" Sam continued with his story.

"As I was saying, I was a beggar and as hungry as a coyote. I never had any predictions as to my future from any one versed

in palmistry, so I wasn't looking for any fortune. But that day was a red-letter day in my life. As I walked along one of the streets that morning I saw this sign: 'Twenty-five dollars and the best bay mare in the county given to the one who will ride her to a finish.' Well, you know that twenty-five dollars looked so large and suspicious to me that I read, re-read, and re-re-read that sign before I was convinced that it really meant what it said." Here "Daredevil" sucked hard at the end of his pipe, which was threatening to go out, then continued his line of talk:

"I begged a bite to eat that morning, and in the afternoon I went out to the grounds to try my luck at the twenty-five 'bucks'. Of course, every one thought that I was just making a light thing of it. The owner of the buckner looked at me with indignation and said: 'You tattered exile, you wanta git a good start to the next village, eh? Say, if you get on that mare's back, you'll git killed.'

"If there's any dying to be done, I'll do it," I replied.

"They brought the pony out, blindfolded, and saddled her. In the meantime I pulled off my old tattered coat and hat. I had on but one suspender and the bottom of my trousers were as even as the toothed side of a buck-saw. A pinching shoe imprisoned one foot and an old boot the other.

"The pony scented my old clothes the moment I approached her. I took hold of the horn, put my foot into the stirrup, and in one bound I was nervously sitting behind two straight and dangerous-looking ears. They took the blindfold from her wild eyes, but she stood there like a statue. Well, sir, I never thought there was any 'lectricity in that boot of mine till I rubbed it into her side."

"Daredevil" Sam grinned as he hit the bowl of his pipe against his boot heel and proceeded.

"I don't know what I looked like when that devilish buckner tore into one of her bucking streaks, but I felt as if I was above the highest cloud and in the mighty hands of some fierce giant who was trying his best to shake my head from my shoulders. Man, I never had such a churning in all my life. The owner told me that she bucked for only seven minutes. Well, I thought I was riding dragons for an hour. But the twenty-five bucks and the little bay mare were mine when I again put foot upon the earth."

"So you stuck to 'er, eh?" asked Jack after a relaxation of interest and suspense.

"Yes, I stayed with her, and just as luck would have it, the County Fair races were coming off within a couple of weeks. I took the money and bought me some "duds" and a second-hand set of harness. I obtained an old rattle-trap of a cart from a farmer who gave it to me for the taking. The way the wheels wobbled and rattled brought me to the conclusion that it had seen many a Hallowe'en night.

"I started training and when time came for the races I had the little mare in perfect condition. There was five hundred dollars up for the winner and I was out for it. On the day of the races I was refused entrance on account of the old cart, but after pleading with the officials for some time I was finally allowed to enter. Boys, when I came on the track it was ridiculous. The trails those cart wheels made would have broken a snake's back if he ever tried to follow them. I was the laughing stock of the grand stand."

"Where are the other two wheels of your waggon?" asked one of the drivers as I got into line for the first heat.

"Left them at home," I replied, 'to save axle grease.'

"You ought to have a couple of draft horses to pull that load around," shouted another.

"Say, there'll be plenty of draft on the horse that's able to make me ride in his dust, friend," I answered.

"The first heat I came in second, but the second and third I showed them the way around the track."

"How'd your old cart hang out?" asked Bill as he cleverly rolled a cigarette with one hand.

"I was just going to tell you," "Daredevil" said evasively, "when I was just half way around the track the last heat I saw the wheels were coming apart so I hung to the seat. Just as I went under the wire both wheels gave way and down I went. By the departed snakes, each of those wheels wandered in four directions at once. The lad in second ran over me with his rubber tired cart but I managed to dodge the rest. After getting off the track I immediately blanketed my sweating mare and before I had time to get to the barn I was offered five hundred for her. But I couldn't see it for dust."

"Well, why didn't you stick to the race-

track, if there was such easy pickin's, in it," demanded Bill in disgust.

"Oh, I did for a while. For about three months I was the only thing on the track. I took in the state races and gathered up all the loose coin in circulation. My little mare, you know, could trot just as fast as she could pace, and was as good under the saddle as she was between the shafts. She kept gettin' faster and faster, and the offers I got for her were bigger after every race. At the end of the season I went to the World's Fair in Chicago and made Dan Patch look like a plough horse. When it was all over I started back West, ridin' my little mare, and had forty thousand dollars I meant to buy a ranch with."

"Well, what became of the money and the fast mare?" asked Jack.

"Oh, I dropped all the money one night in a crooked poker game in Denver," replied "Daredevil" carelessly as he took up the reins. The cattle were beginning to scatter too far and pleasure had to give way to business.

"And what about the mare?"

"She stepped into a badger hole and broke her leg and I had to shoot her. That was ten miles from here towards Panchita. I walked on up here to the ranch intending to borrow a horse, but 'the boss' was busy roundin' up and he begged me to stay and help him out, and I've been here ever since. Jim was here and he remembers it."

"Yes," said Jim, snapping off blades of grass with his long cattle whip, "them last words of Sam is gospel truth, all right. I remember when he came on foot, all right, though he looked as if he'd walked mor'en ten miles. I recollect them ragged clothes, too, and the boot and the shoe he introduced in the first chapter, but the running mare, and the forty thousand, I—hello, if that dad blamed old steer ain't tryin' to lead a stampede across the border! I'll tan *his* hide for *him*!" And he was off like the wind to straighten out something far more important than "Daredevil's" romancings.

Stars.

HARRY A. SIMON.

The stars unto the poet's mystic sight

Are grazing sheep that herd in fields of blue.

The moon that bids the setting sun adieu,

Their shepherd is and guards them through the night.

Life's Destiny.

JOSEPH J. THOLE.

The murm'ring stream glides down its course,
Expanding more and more
Until it has a river's force
At some great ocean's door.

Thus Life floats down the stream of Time
To Death's unbounded sea;
Then meets that ocean's door sublime—
The great Eternity.

Circus Day.

CHARLES GREGORY.

It was very seldom that Josh Bicker indulged in the frivolity of taking in a circus. But he had promised his young offspring, that if they would re-plant all the corn the crows had pulled out he would take them to the first circus that came along.

That was three months ago and he had forgotten, or almost forgotten, his promise. But the children had not. They had not forgotten either that tomorrow was circus day in town. So they assailed him in a body when he came up from the field where he had been fitting the ground for the fall wheat.

At first he scowled, and then, as he looked out across the level field of waving corn, fifty odd acres, and thought of how the little backs must have ached to plant in all those hills,—for the crows had been very numerous and very industrious—his heart softened and he grinned through the grime on his face, and said:

"Wall now, I promised ye and I'll stick to it, by gum. You just run on in an' tell yer Ma to get ready to go to the circus tomorrow."

With cheers and shouts the children ran in to tell their mother the glad news. She was as much interested as they and quite as happy.

In the morning there was a hustle and bustle such as the Dicker place had not seen for many and many a day. Everything was thought to be ready. The great heavy plow team was hitched to the spring wagon. The father and the boys were dressed in their best, with boiled shirts and stiff collars that caused them vexation which they did not in the least try to conceal. Mrs. Dicker and the two girls were elaborate

in blue, pink, and checkered gingham that stood out with starch like the old-time hoop skirts. As I said before, everything was thought to be ready, but, of course, as is always the case when a farmer is going anywhere, the buggy had to be greased at the last minute.

"Oscar, get me that pail of grease on the shelf behind the horses," said Josh.

Well, Oscar got the grease all right,—in the neck. He had just got hold of the pail when the box he was standing on slipped and he fell to the ground while the pail of grease came down bottom side up on his head. His father said nothing,—he was a slow-thinking man and couldn't readily come at the words to express his disgust and dismay. But his mother, resourceful as mothers always are, hustled Oscar into the house, scrubbed him, fitted him out anew, and had him out again before his father had the buggy greased.

The ride to town was long, hot, and dusty. The team was far too heavy to trot and so walked every step of the way. We need not follow the Dickers through the entire day. Let it suffice to say that Lizzie lost her quarter and bawled until another was given her, that Josh had a quarrel with the ticket man respecting the age of Josh, Jr., and that they all enjoyed the show very much in spite of the heat.

It was a tired group that left the show grounds for town and they were scattered all along the way. When Josh got the team out, Oscar was nowhere to be found.

"Wall, I'll be durned!" exclaimed Josh. "Now I suppose we'll have to wait for him."

They waited long and patiently, but no Oscar showed up. Finally Josh set out in search of him. About ten minutes later along came Oscar.

"Oscar Dicker, where have you been?" cried his mother.

"Oh, I bin coming along. Where's Pa?"

"He's out looking for you. I bet you'll get it when he gets back. Now you go find him."

So Oscar started out, but he had hardly passed from sight when his father came up from the other way. He was promptly sent out again after Oscar and after a hot chase landed him and they went home.

"Wall, that's the goll durndest day I ever spent," said Josh as he finished milking his last cow at ten-thirty.

Nature's Lesson.

JOSEPH. J. THOLE.

Oh, God thou need'st no hired praise,
 The world or man need never raise
 The crucifix, the Victor's sign,
 To show thou art a God divine.
 Thy praise is loud in nature's sphere,—
 From bird-songs ringing sweet and clear,
 From flowers kissed by morning dew,
 From lakes that mirror heaven's blue.
 The stars and planets of the sky
 Are clear-writ volumes that imply
 That Thou art All—creation's King
 Who wrought the world and everything.

Colorado Cassidy.

WILLIAM G. FRAWLEY.

With the third sharp report from the top of the hill, a vague, bluish haze was observable to the left of the old Moro wall. A score of little naked brown men, noting this faint cloud of smoke, began to move noiselessly through the tangled underbrush, toward the spot where "Colorado Cassidy was making his last stand. Occasionally one cautiously crawled to the open and took a quick shot at that portion of the crumbled wall which sheltered the last survivors of the unfortunate detachment of Company B.

All day they had crouched in the shelter of the decaying masonry. Outside, the moving forms of the besiegers were momentarily visible, as they gathered in preparation for the rush.

Whenever a tawny form was outlined against the green background, a Krag would bark, and then the two khaki clad figures behind the walls would utter an earnest hope that Davie Jones' host had been increased by another recruit.

But five miles away five companies of troops, tired of inactivity, made fruitless guesses as to the whereabouts of Milner's detachment of Company B.

But Milner would never report. His mutilated body reposed beside Haver's lifeless form, scarcely a hundred yards down the almost hidden trail. And Howard, further back, stared with blank eyes into the sky, the blood gathered into a clot about his almost severed head. Harrington died behind the wall, and a sudden choking, gurgling sound had just acquainted

Cassidy with the fact that Mason was taken, too.

But the blood-shot, fevered eyes never wavered, and the scratched and powder-stained hands did not tremble as they operated the trusty Krag. And of the fifteen little brown men that had left the protection of the thick bushes of the trail, six had fallen before the quick eye and quick trigger of the auburn-haired volunteer from Colorado Cliffs.

Again silence settled upon the field, broken only by the humming of tropical insects. And the khaki-clad figure flapped his hat and cursed as he waited for the last act of the tragedy, played to an audience that would never applaud.

He was surprised to find that he could face his doom without a tremor, as if he were only a spectator. He thought first of all of the company, the tattered, torn, tired company that but six months before had paraded so proudly through the cheering crowds that lined the Denver streets. He thought of the little old woman that had cried as the train pulled out, and yet had been able to smile bravely with a true maternal pride in her only son. He remembered a girl, too, and speculated about the hereafter. But these recollections never clouded the issue, and when he saw a brown arm and shoulder outlined against the trees the old Krag roared again.

There was a shriek from the dying native, and Cassidy's baked lips twisted into a smile. He counted over his supply of shells.

"Three!" he muttered grimly. "Well, when they're gone, it will be 'cashin' in' for me." His face was white, through its mask of tan, but it was set with the firm resolution of a brave man, looking unafraid upon death.

A shrill chatter as of a monkey disturbed the quiet, and at this agreed signal there appeared sudden swarms of dancing, screeching, monkey-like men. There were three reports in quick succession as the besiegers stormed the old wall. Three sub-chieftains leading the attack fell on the outside of the enclosure, and the first two over had their skulls crushed with the butt of a Krag.

As the auburn haired figure fell, shot and gashed in a score of places, there fluttered from his open shirt a little silk American flag.

And Katherine Hennessy, back in Denver, never knew that her parting gift was pinned by a group of monkey-faced Moros to the blood soaked shirt of hard-drinking, hard-fighting, hard-dying Colorado Cassidy.

Keeping the Cream of Your Reading.

ALOYSIUS I. STRICKFADEN.

"Reading," Bacon says, "maketh the full man." Therefore one should read a little every day. By reading political, social, and classical literature one can more easily carry on an intelligent conversation or write a satisfactory essay or an interesting letter. There will be no need of hesitating or blundering, for one will have confidence in himself when conversing with others, because he will have a practical knowledge of his subject. Reading consists in assimilating all that is noteworthy in a book or paper. To do this there must be a clear understanding and a careful noting of the facts one would remember. These should be stored in a special notebook, and later committed to memory by frequent review. When reading, especially in the class-room and at lectures, a notebook should not be lacking to your equipment.

To take notes in an unsystematic manner so that they would have to be thrown aside later, would be a waste of time. Therefore the notebook should have its proper divisions. Place quotations that pertain to one subject under one division, those that relate to another under another heading. Always when taking notes one should note the name of the author of the article and the volume of the magazine, or, if a book, its title and page. For example, a portion of the notebook could be headed "Historical Facts," and a sample entry might read as follows:

"Printing invented by John Gutenberg, in 1438 A. D. From Kearney's Compendium of History, page 665."

It would be very advantageous to memorize an item or two from such a notebook every day. Moreover re-read, every six weeks or so, that which has been memorized. This will not only develop the memory, but will be of great assistance when preparing English and History duties.

Every Catholic should have a special notebook for spiritual subjects. This notebook should be maintained in the same manner as the other. Quotations of this kind will always prove valuable to a practical Catholic. Especially will the importance be realized when one is called upon to defend his Faith.

A Supplication.

MATTHEW A. COYLE.

Lift, O Lord, my heart to Thee,
Fetters break which fasten me;
Thou art all my heart desires—
Cleanse me from iniquity.

Skivers.

THOMAS J. HANIFIN.

"Jimmie" Bret, the red-headed officer boy of the Johnson Gas Company, approached "the boss" with pallid countenance, trembling legs, and a yellow slip of paper. The stenographer anxiously looked up from her typewriter to watch the outcome. "Jimmie" had his speech well prepared, so, that "the boss" might not conceive unjust suspicions. But somehow, at the critical moment, his tongue got sadly twisted.

"Jimmie" stammered profusely, but Johnson understood this much:

"Please sir, I want to be excused this afternoon." The yellow note furnished the supplementary explanation. "Dear Mr. Johnson," it read, "will you kindly excuse James this afternoon, because I have to attend a funeral and I need him to take care of the baby in my absence. Oblige, Mrs. Bret."

Miss Singer, the stenographer, a coy miss of nineteen, smiled knowingly after "Jimmie" as he departed for home. "Jack" Newton, the cashier, muttered under his breath about the luck of some people. He also complained savagely of the excessive heat in the office and of gas companies in general. Jimmie left at one-fifteen. At two the telephone rang and "Jack" brightened up like magic and hastened to answer the call.

"Hello! Is this the Johnson Gas Company?" inquired a small boy's voice. "Yes. Is there anything we can do for you?" Jack answered with outward calm, but inwardly he was patting Jimmie on the back for his loyalty, for the voice was the voice of a certain red-headed office boy.

"Why, yes. Mother wants you to send your collector out. She wants to pay her gas bill," answered the youth.

"Name and address, please?"

"P. T. Foy, 168 Dodge St., of course. What else? And hurry up too, if you want to see Tilman unwind himself."

"P. T. Foy? Of course!" The bill that had been paid to him that very morning when he and Jimmie were coming down together. And "the boss" knew nothing about it yet. Well, trust an office boy to see the possibilities of a case! "Jimmie" was a wonder! The regular collector was out of town, so it was only natural that "Jack" should be sent out to collect the already-paid Foy bill. Many injunctions to "hurry back" accompanied his departure. And he left with such speed as promised a quick return—unless unforeseen contingencies arose. Jack felt a premonition that they were due for an appearance.

For awhile nothing was heard in the room but the rapid click of the typewriter keys and the scratch of Mr. Johnson's pen. Suddenly the noise of the typewriter ceased and a repressed cry came from its direction. Johnson quickly turned around and saw his remaining employee holding her head in both hands.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired in alarm.

"My head feels as if it was about to burst," feebly answered Miss Singer. "The heat is dreadful. It is bothering me so much that I fear I will have to return home for the rest of the day."

"Well, if you're feeling that bad, you'd better go home. Be here in the morning though," said Johnson.

When the office clock struck three-thirty, it reminded Johnson that "Jack" should have been back an hour before. Left alone in his office on this hot June afternoon, "the boss's" irritability got the best of him. "I might as well go home, too," he growled to himself, "seeing that everybody else has deserted the place." Putting his words into action, he locked his desk, cash-drawer, and safe and left the office.

The clock on the old church tower struck three forty-five when Johnson boarded a crowded car. He growled inwardly at the unusual necessity of hanging onto the steps a good three hours before the evening rush.

"They say that it's going to be the best game of the season," some one was saying. Almost immediately Johnson brightened up. A good ball game was a rare treat for him. He hadn't seen one in years. Why not?"

It was the third inning when he arrived.

Neither team had yet scored. From the first inning the game was a pitchers' battle. Tilman was pitching for Stanton, the home team. Melvin was on the mound for Brighton. The game was full of excitement, plays which kept the grand-stand crowd and the "bleachers" constantly on their feet and shouting themselves hoarse with enthusiasm. Until the ninth inning neither side scored.

Brighton, in their half, by a few hits, dove-tailed with as many errors, succeeded in scoring four runs. Many of the "fans" discouraged by the work of the home team, left the grounds thinking the game was lost. If Johnson had felt blue in his office, he was doubly so now on account of the lost game. As he left the stand a gust of wind blew his hat off. It rolled in front of a young couple who were evidently as much taken up with each other as with the game. The young man saw the fallen hat and picked it up. Johnson hurried forward to recover it, but gasped with astonishment as he recognized "Jack" Newton and Miss Singer. With a curt nod to "Jack" he took his hat and walked off, red of face and ruffled in temper. Seeing a noisy crowd of youngsters at the gate, he stopped to investigate the cause of the shouting. Again a new trial was added to his share, for he saw his office-boy, "Jimmie" Bret, with bleeding nose, ruffled hair, and muddy clothing, valiantly upholding the honor of his team against an equally disreputable-looking opposition fan.

The next morning the following advertisement appeared in the Stanton *Journal*: "Wanted, A stenographer, a cashier, and an office-boy. Apply at the Johnson Gas Co."

Prep Wisdom.

GEORGE SAN PEDRO.

A collegiate student is an important person, but it takes a "prep" to make one.

Think twice before you do most things, but think four times before you skiye.

The road to heaven is full of obstacles, but not near so much as the road to town—without "per."

If you want to make the personal acquaintance of the Prefect of Discipline, pull off something.

Keeping off the delinquent list may be a lonesome job, but keeping on it is more so.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLVI.

MAY 17, 1913.

No. 32.

Prep Board of Editors.

Literary.

William Frawley, Eng. C	Russell J. Burns, Eng. C
Fred Mahaffey, Eng. C	Joseph Thole, Eng. B
Donald MacGregor, Eng. B	Matthew A. Coyle, Eng. B
James Smith, Eng. B	Charles Gregory, Eng. B
Thomas Hanifin, Eng. B	Henry A. Simon, Eng. B
Patrick Quinlan, Eng. B	Henry P. Susen, Eng. B
Patrick Gallagher, Eng. B	William Bergfeld, Eng. B
George P. Wilson, Eng. A	George San Pedro, Eng. B
Andrew Moynihan, Eng. A	

Editorial

Matthew Coyle; Thomas A. Hanifin; Francis T. Butler	Arthur J. Bergman
<i>Athletics</i>	William D. Case.
<i>Locals and Personals</i>	

—The Preparatory students of Notre Dame submit this SCHOLASTIC of preparatory talent to the Faculty and the college men of the University. We have looked forward with enthusiasm for this opportunity and have worked hard to present this issue as a product of our literary ability. It is a fair showing of prep talent and we hope it will merit your approval. Although novices in English prose and verse we have endeavored by patient effort and careful attention to detail to make up for the lack of that perfection which comes only with college years and experience. It is a pleasure for us to present this number to you, and we hope, if it is deemed a success, to repeat it from year to year, improving on the presentation through experience and the suggestions of interested readers.

—Next Monday the baseball team begins its struggle in foreign territory. Win or lose, it would be a pleasant trip for the men did not our local city press with a strange manifestation of loyalty send its big league story ahead of them in all

the Eastern papers. Just because some lean and hungry Cassius needed a few dollars for a column or so of windy speculation, the local papers received his story of three "Notre Dame stars" signed up with big leagues on "semi-official information." If the city press were anxious for the truth, there need not be any such ocean-wide phrase as "semi-official information." The University athletic authorities could give a direct statement which would prevent a grave injustice that all manner of post-mortem journalistic explanations will never explain. We do not repine so much when our enemies suspect, misstate, and do so with malicious intent; but we at least expect those nearer not to manifest a too great eagerness to believe a wrong about us and to toot it over the wide acres of the earth. None of the three men mentioned in the story has signed up with any big or small league. They could secure positions, have been asked to take positions, and perhaps will take positions in major ball teams later on. Now they are not in any sense professional ball players. We do not expect this will make good the injury done, but we make it as a matter of explanation.

Members of the athletic board and students of the school feel keenly the injury done to as splendid a team, taken all in all, as ever represented Notre Dame. They feel it the more, coming as it does from a press representing a city that has never patronized any form of athletic games at the University. If the people of the city are indifferent to our games, then why should the press that represents them seem so pointedly eager to publish matters of no moment to them? We try not to interfere with South Bend's progress or good name. We are well wishers and neighbors and we try to make it appear so. We would feel even more inclined if we noted less eagerness in the local press to accept whatever any needy adventurer advances as "goods on Notre Dame."

—Human character is very complicated. It engraves upon man certain marks of personality which affect all his actions; it is that will power, whether weak or strong, that governs his innermost thoughts; it is the outward expression of man himself. Each one is the sculptor of his own character, the artisan

who shapes and forms his own destiny. Character is not acquired by mere residence at a seat of learning, but by the constant pursuit of those ideals which lift man above and apart from the commonplace.

The world naturally looks to our colleges and universities as institutions which are the dominant factors in character molding and which inspire youths with the higher and nobler purposes of life. From our colleges we expect finished men—men whose speech conveys weight, whose personal bearing makes a favorable impression upon other men. Highly developed character does not enter one's soul full grown. It is the product of years of training and of passions restrained. Hence, the seed of an ennobled character is sown in the years that precede college life,—those of the preparatory course. It is within these formative years that the success or failure of one's future is presaged. Consequently when the day of graduation approaches the graduate must be a man of fixed convictions, a man of spiritual as well as mental acquirements, a man who is able to cope successfully with life's varied trials.

—The "ponies" in the possession of the students of the Philadelphia Central High School were recently confiscated by the heads of the language department. Cicero henceforth will have only broken utterances and Virgil will sing the Fall of Troy in lame, and halting fashion.

—Even if the expenses of the United Charities organization do amount to fifty-three percent of the funds that it handles, the good that it accomplished in seeking out and relieving distress, and likewise in protecting citizens against fraudulent pretenders, is more than sufficient excuse for its being.

—Henceforth the members of the Wichita police force will have to be able to do the 100-yard dash in 16 flat or else join the ranks of leisurely strolling civilians. A desperate effort this, to give law the victory in its race against crime.

—The direct route is not always the most advisable. So, at least, concluded the absent-minded professor who walked through one of Chicago's largest plate-glass windows in an effort to catch a passing car. Erich, beware!

—"Joe" Jaegersberger may be fast company in the Vanderbilt cup races, but when his contestant is an enraged father and the prize an heiress-daughter, "Joe" invariably comes out a poor second.

—No more roller skating on the streets of Chicago; no more young victims sacrificed to the Juggernaut. Chicago has done well.

Pentecost.

The solemn high mass of Pentecost Sunday was sung by Rev. Father Maguire, assisted by Fathers Irving and Carrico. Father Thomas Burke preached an eloquent sermon on the virtue of Charity. He divided men into three great classes: those who go through life with no higher moral purpose than to acquire wealth and esteem, and follow the ancient standard of morality that "might makes right;" those that are virtuous and christianlike in their dealings with their fellow-men, but only that they may gain earthly glory; and finally those whose eye is single and who are actuated by supernatural faith and love. The first two classes avail nothing; their actions are based on false principles, because they lack a supernatural motive. Spiritual wisdom teaches us to cast our lot with the third class, so that the treasures we lay up may be incorruptible.

May Devotions.

Thou hast created Her, O Lord, so that we may know Thee, was the text of Father McNamara's sermon of last Wednesday evening. He exhorted us to honor the Blessed Virgin, because God, whose justice and wisdom are infinite, has loved, praised, and honored her. She was given to us as our mother at the foot of the cross on which our God died for us. The tenderest filial affection and the deepest reverence should be the special marks of our devotion to Mary, God's Mother and ours.

Personals.

—Father Cavanaugh sailed from Queens-town on the tenth of this month. His steamer, the *Adriatic*, is expected to reach New York today or tomorrow. Father Cavanaugh will remain in New York to confer the Lætare Medal on Mr. Charles Herbermann, this year's recipient of that honor.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clements, of Owensboro, Kentucky, spent a day this week at the University with their son, Gerald, of Brownson.

—John P. Sweeny (C. E. '12) is in the engineering department of the Grand Trunk Railway Co. and is located at Biggor, Saskatchewan.

—Vitus Jones and "Divvy" Devine ran up to witness our game with the Chinese last Tuesday, and both stayed for supper at the Faculty table. Call again, boys, you're welcome.

—Another of the "old boys" who holds an excellent position with the Automatic Telephone Co. is Lawrence M. Antoine (M. E. E. '04.) Lawrence represents the Company in Buenos Aires.

—Father Walsh, the acting president of the University in Father Cavanaugh's absence, left Thursday evening for New York where he will meet and welcome Father Cavanaugh and Father Burns on their return from abroad.

—Frederick L. Baer (M. E. E. '03) spent a few days with his friends at the University during the week. Since his graduation, Mr. Baer has represented the Automatic Telephone Company in California, and he is now on his way to represent the same company in Australia.

Calendar.

Sunday, May 18—Trinity Sunday.

St. Joseph vs. Walsh in baseball, 3:00 p. m.

Monday—Colgate University vs. Notre Dame in baseball at Hamilton, New York.

Carroll Eucharistic League.

Tuesday—Penn. State College vs. Notre Dame in baseball at State College, Pa.

Wednesday—Navy vs. Notre Dame in baseball at Annapolis, Maryland.

Philopatrian Society.

May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Civil Engineering Society, 8:00 p. m.

Junior Law Dance, American Hall, 9:00 p. m.

Thursday—Feast of Corpus Christi.

Solemn High Mass and procession, 8 a. m.

Catholic University vs. Notre Dame in baseball at Washington, D. C.

Rifle practice at the outdoor range, 7:30 a. m.

Brownson vs. Sorin, 2:30 p. m.

Preliminaries in elocution, Washington hall 7:30 p. m.

Friday—Fordham vs. Notre Dame at New York city.

Saturday—Army vs. Notre Dame at West Point

I. A. C. vs. Notre Dame in track, Cartier Field, 2:30 p. m.

May Devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Local News.

—Congratulations, Journalists, your number of the SCHOLASTIC was excellent. The news section was especially well handled and all the "stories" written up with skill and interest. You deserve most praise, perhaps, for the literary part of the issue. Evidently you do not belong to that school of journalists that considers a good literary style a non-essential in newspaper work. We admit we were well pleased and we ask you to come again.

—All books from the University library are to be returned by June first.

—The porch of the Main Building was improved in appearances a hundred percent by the carpenters and painters.

—In connection with the boat races during Commencement week it is proposed to have inter-class swimming races also.

—The crews are practising daily on St. Joseph's Lake, and everything is rapidly getting in readiness for the Commencement regatta.

—The large urns and fountains that add grace to the grounds are overflowing now—not with water but with green flowers and graceful trailing plants.

—Brother Hugh has a large band of men working at the construction of a new gridiron in Cartier field. By the progress of the work, it should be ready for the contests next fall.

—Father Carroll, assisted by Fathers Foik and Doremus, sang the solemn high mass of Pentecost Sunday at St. Edward's hall. The minim choir performed its part of the service very creditably.

—Scorning to take a dare, three Corbyites, a few evenings ago, jumped into the lake with all their clothes on. If those valiant heroes think that the lake is the best place for them we shall admit that they are the best judges.

—The annual interhall track meet for the Studebaker trophy will be held in Cartier Field on May 28. Sorin will be handicapped by the loss of Erich DeFries, but will still have a good chance to win. The "bookies" name Corby as second favorite.

—Several of Brother Florian's favorite pen-nants have mysteriously disappeared from St. Joseph's rec room during the past week. Since their disappearance Bro. Florian has watched the rec room vigilantly every night. He'll

catch the pennant fancier yet, for Brother's collection is large and it will take many repeated trips to carry it away.

—Several straw hats made their appearance at last Tuesday's game. They came near putting a hoodoo on the game, for, as every one knows, straw hats ahead of the season have a subtle attraction for rain. It's well that there were not more of them.

—The minims went to St. Joe Farm last Wednesday for their yearly picnic. Baseball games, digging out wood-chucks, and exploring the forest primeval were some of the day's pleasures. "What makes the gypsy life a life with pleasure laden?" "Eating out-doors," say the minims.

—The Sorin tennis court is progressing. Who would have thought that the staid seniors and the bookish juniors would have found that much time and energy to spare. Only Corby has resisted the attractions of tennis. Is it that they disdain the gentle game, or that they are too enamoured of indoor baseball to change their line of sport?

—The Corbyites still lead the social world. Last Wednesday evening they were entertained in their rec room by "Professor" Otto Giegler, pianist and interpreter of the old masters, and Leroy Archibald, a minstrel show. When "Archie" got his share of the collection that was taken up, he "skipped" at once before any "hard-up" could recall his laundry bill and his contribution.

—The Carroll Juniors defeated the South Bend Eighth Grade School in an interesting and lively track meet held last Wednesday afternoon in the University gym. The Carrollites got away with 52 points, while the visitors had to be content with 38. The feature of the meet was the brilliant work of the relay team whose runners almost lapped their opponents. The team was composed of Bergfeld, Marion, Butler, McIlwee, and Williams.

—The competitive drill for the purpose of ascertaining the best company and also the best drilled individual will be held on the twenty-seventh of May. The winning team will receive a banner and junior permissions until the end of school. The winner in the individual competition will receive a gold medal, the second best a silver medal, and the third a bronze medal. All the companies are pretty evenly matched and a close contest is expected.

—Our baseball team leaves today on its

Eastern circuit. We feel justified in thinking that it is the best of the West going up against the best of the East. On this trip our team will play the Army and the Navy representatives for the first time, and will even up matters with the Catholic University of Washington for the defeat of last year. It would be a sure thing under any circumstances, but it looks doubly easy now that Detroit has called in first-baseman Pipp; the Catholic U's crack professional player.

—Despite the fact that his countrymen were defeated by the Varsity, Mr. Wai Kai Woo is still smiling. He has no reason to be ashamed of the showing that his team made, for they gave us by far the best game of the season. The Chinese players played the game without giving up or objecting to decisions. They are intelligent young men, well educated, and gentlemanly in their conduct. It was noted by some that they even thought it proper to knock the mud from their shoes before entering the gym after the game.

—A few days ago "Mail pouch," student at the world's university, self-appointed inspector of highways and observer of cities, above all a genius at pipe carving, paid us his annual visit. At present his habitat is a sheltered nook on the river bank where each night he foregathers with a group of kindred spirits around a glowing wood fire. In the sunshining part of the day he visits the college grounds and tells "tales of the road" to interested listeners the while he embellishes their pipe bowls with monograms and quaint carvings. He is a bird of passage and soon will depart; but the decorated and sweetened pipes will earn him a welcome again.

—Last Thursday the Minim crack baseball team went to Kalamazoo to battle for honors with the boys of Barbour hall, Nazareth Academy. The trip will stand apart in the mind of every St. Edward youngster for three distinct reasons: First, the royal reception given the team by the Barbour hall boys, which in part consisted of a band concert and all kinds of good things to eat; Second, the weather which was splendid for spring wheat but N. G. for baseball; Third, the fact that Tyree Rivers Horn made the entire journey both ways including the stay of five hours without losing any of his money or possessions. The Minims will long keep choice memories of Nazareth, the Sisters, and the boys.

Athletic Notes.

NORTHWESTERN BADLY BEATEN.

The gold and blue track season opened last Saturday with a victory over Northwestern College of Naperville, Ill. The final score, 96 to 30, shows that there was little of the zest that comes from close competition, but the event furnished a good work-out in preparation for the dual meet against the I. A. C. next Saturday. No records were broken, the time in most of the events being rather slow; but this was due in great part to a chill wind that stiffened the muscles of the performers. Summary:

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Pritchard, Notre Dame; Doescher, Northwestern, second; Boshardt, Northwestern, third. Time, :16 4-5.

100-yard dash—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Newning, Notre Dame, second; Rilling, Northwestern, third. Time, :10 3-5.

High jump—Won by DeFries, Notre Dame; Hood, Notre Dame, second; Miller, Northwestern, third. Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Two-mile run—Won by Schlueter, Northwestern; Gibson, Notre Dame, second; Bacigalupo, Notre Dame, third. Time, 10:16.

Shot-put—Won by Eichenlaub, Notre Dame; O'Neill, Notre Dame, second; Strothman, Northwestern, third. Distance, 40 feet, 3 1-2 inches.

880-yard run—Won by Plant, Notre Dame; Lequerica, Notre Dame, second; Gamertsfelder, Northwestern, third. Time, 2:15 3-5.

Hammer throw—Won by Stevenson, Notre Dame; O'Neill, Notre Dame, second; Brunner, Northwestern, third. Distance, 136 feet, 4 inches.

440-yard dash—Won by Birder, Notre Dame; Henahan, Notre Dame, second; Ferner, Northwestern, third. Time, :54.

Broad jump—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Hood, Notre Dame, second; Miller, Northwestern, third. Distance, 21 feet 4 1-2 inches.

220-yard dash—Wasson and Newning, both of Notre Dame, tied for first; Rilling, Northwestern, third. Time, :24 4-5.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Plant, Notre Dame; Doescher, Northwestern, second; Boshardt, Northwestern, third. Time, :27 4-5.

Discus throw—Won by Eichenlaub, Notre Dame; O'Neill, Notre Dame, second; Strothman, Northwestern, third. Distance, 119 feet 11 inches.

Mile run—Won by Schlueter, Northwestern; Miller, Notre Dame, second; Bacigalupo, Notre Dame, third. Time, 4:53.

Pole vault—Won by DeFries, Notre Dame; Miller, Northwestern, second; Henahan, Notre Dame, third. Height, 10 feet 6 inches.

Notre Dame, 96; Northwestern, 30.

VARSITY DEFEATS STRONG CHINESE TEAM.

There landed on our midst, last Tuesday, a

group of Chinese students who had mastered our national game and were bent on showing Coach William's boys how it should be played. Previous to their arrival, they had given very convincing demonstrations to twenty-five of the largest colleges in the West, winning every game. Among the victims were St. Mary's College of Oakland, which had previously defeated four of the Pacific Coast League teams in pre-season games, Leland Stanford, Brigham Young University, Kansas Aggies, University of Missouri, Iowa State, South Dakota, and the University of Minnesota. It lay with the Gold and Blue to play some high-class ball, and they certainly did it. The Chinese team lost by a score of 5 to 1.

To one "Rusty" Lathrop must go a great share of the credit for the victory. Our big, six-foot twirler was declared by the visitors to be the best college pitcher they have played against on their three trips to the United States. His pitching was phenomenal, considering the disadvantages of a light rain and a wet ball. Not a man walked, only three hits, and each one a single, were gathered off his delivery, and fifteen of the opponents went down by the strike-out route. Besides this, the big hurler furnished a timely double in the second that brought in a run.

Lathrop was given effective support at the bat and in the field. Although three errors were chalked up against "Cy" Farrell's men, these were due mainly to the bad weather conditions. On the other hand, Dolan and Newning stopped several wicked wallops that looked like sure-enough hits.

Regan led the batting attack, with three singles to his credit. Granfield poled out a single and a triple, Farrell getting another triple in the seventh. Of course Mills contributed his customary home run—this time in the second inning, sending Farrell home ahead of him. We aver that if Rupert keeps up his custom, the Eastern trip will brand him with a positively notorious reputation.

The visitors put up a splendid defensive game, their two errors being excusable. Ayau, at shortstop, covered a wonderful amount of ground, stopping two drives almost back of third base, and throwing the runners out at first. Captain Kan Yen, at the initial sack, played a pretty game, saving a lot of wild throws.

After all is said, the Chinese certainly deserve

great praise for the brand of ball they produced. They form the pick of the three big schools at Honolulu—Oahu College, Hawaii College, and San Louis College—and without doubt they put up the cleverest, fastest game of ball seen here this year.

CHINESE	R	H	P	A	E
Ayau, ss.	0	0	3	4	0
En Sue cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Kan Yen, 1b.	0	0	5	0	1
Akana, lf.	1	0	0	0	1
Tin, 3b.	0	0	3	2	0
Ah Lee, 2b.	0	2	2	2	0
Mark, c.	0	1	5	0	0
Apau, c.	0	0	0	3	0
Kingky, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Foster, 1b.	0	0	5	0	0

Totals 1 3 24 11 2

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
O'Connell, ss.	0	0	1	0	0
Dolan, cf.	0	0	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	2	1	9	0	1
Mills, rf.	1	1	2	0	0
Granfield, 3b.	0	2	0	1	1
Regan, lf.	2	3	0	0	0
Newning, 2b.	0	0	0	3	1
Kenny, c.	0	0	14	1	0
Lathrop, p.	0	1	0	4	0

Totals 5 8 27 9 3

Chinese 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0—1
Notre Dame 2 1 0 0 0 1 0 1 *—5

Stolen bases—Granfield, Regan. Two base hits—Lathrop. Three base hits—Farrell, Granfield. Home run—Mills. Struck out—By Lathrop, 15; by Apau, 4. Bases on balls—Off Apau, 2. Sacrifice hits—Apau, 2, Newning, Granfield. Left on bases—Chinese, 6; Notre Dame 5. Time of game, 1:35. Umpire—Coffey.

EIGHTH INNING RALLY WINS FOR WALSH.

Last Saturday afternoon the Walsh hall baseball team defeated the Studebaker nine of the South Bend Commercial league by a score of 6 to 5. When the Walsh men came to bat in the eighth the score was five to nothing against them. Then started one of those famous rallies for which Walsh has always been noted; the visitors could not stand the pace, hence they drew the small figure in the score.

Batteries: Walsh—Malone, Hayes, Brooke; Studebaker—Schaffer and De Roue.

Safety Valve.

We observe the Journalists headed it "Journalists' Safety Valve." For this relief much thanks.

That old dolphin, Dutch Lange, inquires about the

crews. Well, Mr. Bernard, there are some oarlocks busted as usual, the fellows are hollering about getting the best oars, and the Seniors expect they'll agree on a practice hour 'tween now and June. The dear old thesis-making Seniors!

Pitching a man into the lake is a classical example of crude humor.

Or crude justice.

And when two kids pegging at each other attract the attention of the Entire Student body from a baseball game it only proves the national pastime is somewhat tame for the bellicose homo.

Mr. Jesse James Herr spent a few days at home some weeks ago doing very special thinking on his Thesis. Jesse is confident it will be about the best bit of work turned in to Father Walsh in many years. We congratulate Father Walsh on this promising young man, and hope Jesse will be one Grand Success after he shall have passed through the portals of his Alma Mater.

And now it is reported on "semi-official information" that the entire Sorin hall baseball team is signed up with the Cubs. Come on ye sleuths of the South Ben Trib. Expose 'em!

We also learned from last week's *Scholastic* that Torrey of Wisconsin track team will be allowed to take another examination in order to get eligibile. We would never have known that only for the Journalists. And we were so worried about it too.

Some of the handball devotees have started the rumor that the director is losing steadily—*Local News*. Then, at all events, the lynx-eyed scoopers of semi-official information will not say he's turned professional.

We still have the few traditional simps who hang around the gates of the Forbidden Palace and make the rest of us blush to own them as N. D. men.

"The editor gets what he wants from his helpers," asserts Mr. J. Louis Kiley in last week's leader. Gratuitous assertions, these! Ask Tom O'Neil, pro-tem editor for the Journalists, whether he got anything like what he wanted and if it was wrapped up in the right sort of packages.

Yes and if that Pine Tree concert club continues to meet under the *arbor coniferans* there'll soon be another tale of a *Lonesome Pine*.

—The Journalists tell us their first "dummy" appeared in their midst last week. If any more discover themselves it would be only decent on the part of the Journalists to hush it up. They ought to hang together better, we think.