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The Path of Life.

JACOB G. GEIGER, '14.

I DARE not ask the reason why
The path is long and steep;
If only I may mount on high
Above the chasms deep.

I know that danger's lurking near
As up the road I fare.

I ask for strength, I do not fear—
Each one his cross must bear.

I know not what may lie before,
I do not ask to see;
I know but this and nothing more:
The path leads on to Thee.

Ancestors.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.



AMONG other advantages possessed by Adam and Eve over their less favored progeny must be listed the circumstances that permitted them to come into existence without ancestors. Not that this is the total of undesirable inheritances from which fate left them free. Far be it from such! They entered the struggle for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" unhampered by innumerable other things, such as hand-me-down wearing apparel, automatic pianos, and a nice discernment in apples. But what are these non-essentials in comparison with the beneficent workings of the kind providence that eliminated ancestors from their scheme of existence?

Certain it is that Adam, after the genus

Pyrus incident, was deprived of the solace that would have been his had he been able to remark that Eve's retributory curiosity was directly inherited from a long and unworthy line of snooping, prying, inconsequential forebears. And Eve, for her part, was forever debarred from retorting amiably that Adam's penchant for blame-shifting was bequeathed him by a lantern-jawed, low-browed fossil, whose forte was the bullying and nagging of defenseless women.

What material for a good old-fashioned domestic debate remains after the ancestral element has been abstracted, is a matter for a micrologist to determine. But we'll hazard the opinion that a verbal sparring match with allusions to inherited weaknesses barred, would be as exciting as a lecture on the fourth dimension. Not that any one is really responsible for his lineal predecessors. Like the names we are handed and the infantile nudes which decorate the family album, the matter of ancestors has been perpetrated ere we could protest. But that trivial consideration does not deter the neighbors if they, vulgarly speaking, "have got anything on us." By systems of induction and deduction that would make the best efforts of Marcus Aurelius look like a patent medicine testimonial, they can prove conclusively and beyond the shadow of a reasonable doubt, that you are directly responsible for the fact that your great-grandfather was a horse thief. More candidates for public office have been defeated by their ancestors than by the breweries and steel trust combined. When a candidate aspires to an office of public distrust, he must straightway set about to prove that a paternal ancestor did not exhibit cowardice at the battle of Tours, that a maternal grand aunt did not insult the Duke of Wellington, and that the progenitor of a third cousin did not, as alleged, make a

practice of scalding blind men to hear them howl. Having successfully refuted these calumnies, having ruined the reputation of his opponent, and having corrupted every voter in the district, said candidate will rest secure in the assurance of victory. And unless the liquor interests proceed to bribe the election officials to run in a dark horse, he will enjoy the spoils in peace. But we digress.

Ancestors, then, we are led to assume, must have devoted every waking hour to the arduous and onerous task of getting their descendants "in Dutch," and ruining their chances of ever amounting to anything. If Willie scandalizes the neighborhood, plays hookey, and lies with awe-inspiring facility, Mrs. Jones regrets audibly and at short intervals, that "Willyum" takes after his father's folks. If, however, Willie, the unregenerate, does possess a redeeming trait, mother makes it known, albeit with proper modesty, that said virtue is distinctly an acquisition from the —'s (insert *her* family name.)

In either event, however, Jones Senior is shorn of the satisfaction that should be his in being the *pater* and *genitor* of Willie.

Played four ways from the ace, or both ends against the middle, the ancestor game has an Australian boomerang faded a city block. It always returns, no matter how directed, to land on one's medulla oblongata.

If some worthy, labeled Jones, scaled the ramparts of Granada several centuries ago, say nothing about it. For hardly will you have chanted the first paean of praise before somebody else will prove that he was boosted over by force, that he was drunk when he did it, and that the time he did not spend scaling ramparts he employed in the pleasant diversion of beating his wife.

If you have four bales of credentials to prove that a forefather brought the good news to Ghent, your neighbors can produce five more to establish their contention that he had to be let out of jail to perform the feat, and would never have accomplished it anyhow if his horse had not run away with him. If you can show an unbroken descent on the paternal side from Charlemagne the Great, it will somehow leak out, that your maternal forebears are directly traceable to Nero and Lucretia Borgia. And if you desist exhausted and despairing, and declare that your forefathers were a bunch of fore-flushers with a cranial index of one

cubic centimeter, your acquaintances will travel forty miles to concur in the sentiment and suggest that you should have said millimeter.

The only way to escape the stigma of having ancestors is to pretend that you are proud of them. This is accomplished by employing an expert draftsman to prepare a plate of multi-colored patches and hieroglyphics known as a coat of arms. This emblem of heraldry should combine every color in the spectrum, with a few that are not, to lend distinction to the whole.

A favorite setting is a pink knight on a purple plain, surrounded by yellow stars, with his foot on the green throat of a conquered enemy. In the middle foreground should stand a heliotrope horse limned against the scarlet rays of a setting sun—the color scheme of which must be atrocious. Under this should appear the inscription:

Ook-glob zookty oof. bing umph!

which translated freely means "We eat 'em alive." This proud proof of ancient antediluvial superiority is calculated to show that your ancestors, besides being color blind and addicted to cannibalism, were people of some consequence.

Supplement this by the sword that Alexander the Great presented to the twin brother of your triply great grandfather for valor at Thermopolae, or the silk toga that another illustrious predecessor swiped from William the Conqueror, and your case is complete.

Be proud of your ancestors, and the great American public—discovered by P. T. Barnum—will believe the tacit implication that they are worth being proud of.

As has been elsewhere remarked, we had no hand in the selection of our ancestors. Presumably if we had, we wouldn't have to sneak out into a ten acre field to tell the curious of our own family what happened to grandfather and whether or not the verdict was really just. It would be a very simple matter. The pale, stunted, asthmatic young man, with the apologetic expression and thick glasses, always likes to imagine that his ancestors were fearless giants, at whose mere mention thousands trembled and even kings grew pale. The awkward, shambling, thick-witted wight would fain believe that his lineal predecessors out-Chesterfielded Chesterfield in grace, wit, and courtly bearing. The snub-nosed, aenemic

hop girl clad in flimsy cotton can visualize in those of her relatives who have gone before, persons of unearthly beauty, incomparable grace, and irreproachable manners. As a matter of fact, the intellectual paragon may tread hard upon a mental nonentity, the veritable Adonis may be succeeded by a human gargoyle; the hero may breed the craven, and the orator the mute.

It requires no strain upon the imagination to conceive of our progenitors as a mighty mixed lot. They are so today, will be tomorrow, so why not also yesterday?

Two thousand years ago the forefathers of prince and peasant alike, were skin-clad barbarians roaming the gloomy fastnesses of the Rhine. The aristocrat of today may be descended from one who cringed beneath the lash of the Roman overseer; and the man who delves in sewers may own the same blood as the prince who ordered the scourging performed.

Fate seems to enjoy aggrandizing the elect of one generation that it may ridicule their offspring in the next. It seems to delight in raising the meek, even as it has humbled the mighty.

So no one has a corner on all the desirable ancestors. The neighbors resurrect the bad, while he himself may descant upon the good. One's ancestors may be a reproach, an excuse, or a benediction. But after the last word has been said, there remain enough of their virtues and vices, transmitted down through all the centuries, to keep both penitentiaries and Halls of Fame taxed to capacity.

The Clouds.

ERICH H. DE FRIES, '13.

In wonderment I gaze upon the sky
And watch the multi-colored cloud-shapes there,
Like ships upon the ocean floating by.

When raging storms the darkened world defy,
The boldest eagle dares not venture where
I gaze in wonderment upon the sky.

But when o'er azure seas the cloud-ships fly,
I think them very pleasure craft,—whene'er
I gaze in wonderment upon the sky.

Their misty sails the sunbeams glorify
With brilliant hues. They swim on summer air,
Like ships upon the ocean floating by.

The Brook.

HUGH V. LACY, '16.

ABOUT the mossy log in foamy play,
Hear it purl,
See it swirl,
Then away,
Sending tinkling murmurs after
Like the joyous rippling laughter
Of a girl.

My Greatest Play.

GEORGE P. SCHUSTER, '15.

When I first went into the motion-picture business it was with the intention of elevating the aesthetic and moral standards of the modern film. But I hadn't worked along that line very long when I ran out of cigars, and ever since my ideals have been more mercenary. For these reasons it happened that, on a certain June morning, I found myself habilitated in complete cowboy outfit. You see our system was this: my wife wrote the scenarios, and I and my company—my brother, our wives, the children, and the servants—acted them, and we sold the complete film to a wholesale concern.

The particular sketch we undertook that morning was a variation of the venerable story in which the western "bad man" abducts the charming daughter of the old cattle king, and the noble hero from the East effects the rescue. I was to be the villain, for which part nature has thoughtfully adapted me, and so, dressed in a bad imitation of Buffalo Bill or Kit Carson, I rode out of town upon my noble steed. The rest of the "company" were sent ahead in an auto to a farm, where they were to procure horses and other regalia and where the outdoor drama would be enacted.

It happened that upon this very morning the old farmer had gone to the station with hogs, and the new hired man absolutely refused to loan the horses, unless I could show satisfactory credentials.

"Well, I'm sorry, Hank" said I, "but I didn't expect this so I haven't got any references."

"I can't help it," replied Hank. "But there's a banker down there in Slabtown, and if you kin git him to give you a reference, I reckon it'll be all right."

"Yes," said I, "I've been in that bank before, and if it has to be I'll get a thousand references."

"One'll be enough," said he.

So in a considerable hurry, I turned my horse toward the peaceful village of Slabtown, noted for its sweet roses and its sweeter butter. Now some of the inhabitants of this delightful community had actually seen a moving picture exhibition, but none of them had beheld the manufacturers in action. Consequently, when I galloped down the street to the bank, the few wayfarers were somewhat astonished. It suddenly occurred to a wise youth that I might be one of those robbers they tell about—an incipient Jesse James on the rampage. When I halted before the bank, jumped from the horse, and rushed through the door, he initiated a campaign of yelling in which the words "murder," "robber," etc., predominated. However, I didn't notice this immediately, as I rushed to the cashier's window. At sight of my sombrero, grease, revolver, and belt, the girl there—darn these female cashiers anyway—shrieked and fainted. Seeing no one within, my innate chivalry at once compelled me to go to her aid. I hurried to the door and entered. Just as I bent over the girl a man rushed from the vault, dropped his papers, and threw himself violently upon me. I never relished that sort of proceeding, and so, with considerable speed, I relegated him into a prone position in a corner.

Suddenly the advertiser's cry of "murder" and "robbery" began to cause a second demonstration. A whole mob rushed through the door and faced me as I rose from beside the unconscious girl. There were old grey-bearded men with pitchforks, a couple of young fellows with shotguns, a constable with a forty-four Colt, and a few kids with stones. The whole mass was terribly agitated. The leader demanded my surrender "in the name of law," and a budding historian amplified this with "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

I began to consider how precarious my position was behind the counter of a bank, with an unconscious girl on the floor, and a dazed man in the corner. I realized all this in an instant, and folding my arms on my breast said:

"Gentlemen: I am in an unfortunate position. If you will allow me to explain to the proper official, I think I can satisfy you."

This declaration was greeted with hisses and

guffaws, seasoned with cries of "Lynch him!" I then inquired if there was a justice of the peace in the crowd. An elderly man who had just arrived pushed through the crowd and said,

"Yes, sir, right here, sir!" and then turning to the constable, added, "Bring him down to the office quick, Bill."

Abundantly guarded, I proceeded to the diminutive chamber of justice at the end of the street. The room could not hold many, but the windows and doors were effectively prevented from giving ventilation service. A very solemn mood prevailed. The justice immediately opened the court. I stated my story with the utmost clearness and candor, but convinced the audience of everything but my truthfulness. The hostile witnesses were then questioned. They told how I had galloped wildly down the street and rushed into the bank, and they gave poetic descriptions of my visage—which perspiration and dust had not benefited. Another related with a painful effort at veracity how I had drawn the revolver and pointed it at the young woman; another added the detail of my firing it at her, and then a committee was sent to find out whether she had been shot dead or not. However, she had revived by this time, but readily imagined that I had drawn the gun. That was enough. The grim old justice bound me over to trial in the next session, and I was conveyed to the county jail. But not for long.

Various imaginative tales of my record and crimes were going the rounds, and so that noon a body of zealous citizens decided that I must be lynched. They battered down the jail door; a few shots were exchanged with the weak-kneed constable, and I was in the hands of the mob. Wildly yelling they marched down the street towards a lofty elm. I did not care to die, but the worth of my opinion was just then considerably below par. However, just as they were getting the rope across a stout limb, an auto rushed down the street, stopped at the bank, and then came on towards the crowd.

I saw my brother, my wife, and—glory Hallelujah!—the old farmer. He had returned from the station and had scolded the hired man for his stupidity. Then, when I did not return, all became alarmed and proceeded to the village in the car.

The old farmer rushed into the midst of the crowd. Everyone there knew him. He looked

at me, the rope, and the multitude in dumb surprise. Then he turned to the leader and said:

"You durned fool! What are ye tryin' to do?"

"Got a bank-robber here, Silas! Tried to clean up the place this mornin' and assaulted a girl."

"Say!" replied the old man in deep-toned disgust. "I know this here feller. He's a movin' picter man. He's dressed up that way for the picter. I don't know what's been goin' on, but all's he wanted wuz references from the bank."

The men were dazed. The witnesses were brought forward and admitted the possibility of having been slightly mistaken. The crowd was willing to let me go, and some even apologized for the error.

"But say," remarked the old farmer when I had been cut loose, "ye certainly did look like one of them Jameses, by George!" and he laughed long and loud. We squared the deal by getting all parties to repeat the performance which made a rousing scenario.

Living Backward.

CHARLES E. DORAIS, '14.

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

Why not take heed of this poetic thought and discontinue that common practice of sighing reminiscently over our childhood days, and wishing and longing to go back and live them over again? Why not really "Let the dead past bury its dead," and live in the present, making it as full as possible, instead of longing for a renewal of bygone days?

This sighing and longing for the return of those happy hours of youth is a very unhealthy occupation. The return of the past is sought for various reasons. Some people wish to renew acquaintances with old times so that they may be enabled to correct faults which mature life and experience have shown them to be undesirable; others wish to renew the continual round of giddy pleasure which, for them, makes up the sum total of the happiness of youth; and still others desire to escape the position they now occupy in life. Would it not be much saner and wiser to stop day dreaming and, instead, begin to live in the present and improve it? This will do a deal more good than always harking back to the past, and would

change many a bore into a live personality who would not be a drag on the march of progress.

In looking back we are apt to forget the present with its value and possibilities, thereby losing many opportunities for pleasure and profit, which will be sighed over at leisure later on in the same manner as the past is now. Looking backward is not a very great incentive, either, to present ambitions. We are likely to fall into unobserved pitfalls or be crushed by some car of Moloch coming from the direction in which we should be looking.

The Bible, in the story of Lot's wife, furnishes us with an apt illustration of the dangers of looking back. In an analysis of the subject we will find that it is the glamor cast over the happenings of childhood days by old Father Time which makes the olden days look so rosy to us now. People have a tendency to forget all the unpleasant things and to remember only the pleasant ones when childhood days are thought of. But who, for instance, would wish to go back and renew relations with the slipper, wielded lustily in the hand of a stern parent? And after graduating from that period, scrape up acquaintance again with the old hickory stick? Can you not see it hanging there in its old familiar place behind the stove, ready at all times to assist the cause of righteousness? And, if calloused against the menaces of the aforesaid stick, can you not also remember all the other malignant forms of torture cunningly devised to impress us with the sad fact that our shortcomings were fully recognized and would be sternly acted on. Many of us wouldn't have to think hard to recall the many nights we were sent to bed supperless or else refused permission to step a foot out of the house until the household powers were satisfied that our evil ways were mended.

But the home was far from being the only source of unhappiness. The school came in for a big share of the burden, and the stick was also wielded there with excellent success. After a flogging, of course you would go home with a plaintive tale of the injustice of the teacher, which, strange to say, always failed to exact sympathy from those you expected it would touch most deeply. Instead of a haven of refuge and sympathy, the home usually proved the opposite, and hardly a flogging was received from the teacher but what it would be exactly duplicated at home, and for no other reason but that you had already gotten one at school.

It seemed as if all were in a contest to see who could deal out the most effective and abundant amount of punishment in a given time; and the competition was always a close one. O yes, those were the happy days of boyhood!

But ignoring these punishments completely, there were also the innumerable little duties to perform which proved very irksome and made childhood days little like a nation of perfect bliss. There was always the mountainous pile of wood to be reduced to stove-wood lengths, and you were tortured, scolded, and made miserable until you had mastered it. This wood had to be cut, put in the shed, and piled; and this always on a Saturday when you had an important engagement—either a ball game, a fight, a marble game, or a swimming tournament. There was also the lawn which seemed in area as large as the Sahara desert, but, far from being a desert, the grass on it would grow a foot or two over night, demanding the constant attention of yourself and the lawn mower.

'I think these few examples of the trials of childhood will be sufficient to show the casual observer that the boyhood days are far from being the fairyland of our dreams. Instead of "Distance lends enchantment," in this case it is "Time lends enchantment," and although boyhood days gave us many very pleasant reminiscences, they were not the days of perfect bliss which we sometimes imagine them.

So why not give up this living backwards, once and for all, and satisfy ourselves by a fair trial that the present is the time in which to live. There is no use in ignoring the process of evolution and trying to judge present standards by happenings of many years ago. The chances are that if we did have an opportunity to return and live over the bygone days we sigh for, we would not find our expectations realized and would probably make as bad a botch of those times as we did before, though perhaps in an entirely different manner.

Varsity Verse.

PANSY FOR THOUGHT.

WALTER L. CLEMENTS, '14.

If you were faring down a lonely way
Where brambles riot that no flowers grace,
What would you give to feel across your face
The honeyed breath of flower-laden May?

To know her hiding near you with a throng
Of flower fairies, perfume of the air,
To see the golden sunshine in her hair
And hear the rippling rapture of her song?

LAMENTATION IN B FLAT.

How hard I would have striven
Had I only been a-livin'
Back when Chaucer still was givin'
To the world his poetry;
Surely then I would have thriven
With no need of being driven
E'en of askin' your forgivin'
Me the verse I here set free.

Think of writing, unsurrounded
By those pesky, blame, confounded
Rules of spelling—so compounded
That no wonder sense is blurred.

Think how free and how unbounded
We would be—and how well grounded
If our spelling had unsounded
Depths of freedom for each word.

Verse would be a recreation
And a pleasing occupation
Undisturbed by execration
Or by something even worse.
Once the pen in operation
There would be no hesitation
But in steady undulation
Lines would shape themselves in verse.

B A.

DISILLUSION.

WILLIAM J. BURKE, '13.

O, mourn me not when life is gone,
Nor think I held earth something dear.
I only found this earth upon
A mortal home with passing cheer—
And toiling ever and anon.

Nor mark my grave, I pray. Forbear
A monument of stone to raise,—
Souls gone before have little care
For things of earth that mortals praise—
Just breathe a requiem in prayer!

FRIENDSHIP.

RALPH HAVLIN, '14.

To be honored and esteemed,
 To have counsel wisely taken,
 When in fault to be redeemed,
 When in trouble, unforsaken,—
 These are tokens of a friend.

A MYSTERY.

RAYMOND J. SIEBER, '13.

Full oft a single hour
 Or minute has the power
 To cloud a smiling sky—
 And who can tell me why?

Full oft a seeming speck
 May be a storm, and wreck
 And mar the brightest day;
 The reason—who can say?

A kindly word or kiss
 May change to smiling bliss
 The grief we felt but now—
 Who knoweth why, or how?

FRIENDSHIP.

VAL OF ALL TRADES.

In Sorin hall there lives a man,
 We know he's wondrous wise.
 Of every art he is a fan,
 And will be till he dies.
 At track he is a mighty boy,
 He wins most every time;
 In ten events he finds his joy
 And shows he is no lime.

He is a demon in the tank,
 A real old water dog;
 He's swum around where others sank
 Who thought he was a log.
 He plays the violin with grace
 And banishes all care.
 The "Movie" shows improved their pace
 When Valley played the Bear.

He c'en can run the code of Morse,
 A blacksmith he has been;
 At home with either key or horse,
 He's better than most men.

In every line he is a shark,
 He plays most every game.
 He'll pitch his tent in any park
 And win his way to fame.

A. N.

IF IT WASN'T FOR THE BOYS FROM NOTRE DAME.

F. M. GASSENSMITH.

I've just returned from C. U. where I cheered for
 U. N. D.,
 Where I watched the greatest team in all the land;
 In fact a classy baseball game looks better now to me,
 It's the real thing as the real folks understand.
 But, did you ever stop to think what would the big
 leagues do,
 If they hadn't men like Murray in the game?
 They'd surely be the slowest crowd this nation ever
 knew,
 If it wasn't for the boys from Notre Dame.

CHORUS.

How could this game of baseball
 Cause the crowds to surge and jam,
 If it wasn't for a Daniels,
 A Dubuc, or Birmingham.
 Reulbach, Cutshaw, and Pop Anson,
 Bescher, too,—they're all the same.
 You'd have no men like Rupert Mills
 To pound the ball beyond the hills,
 If it wasn't for the boys from Notre Dame.

You all know Harry Curtis, Billy Burke, and Bobby
 Lynch,

All noted men who've worn the blue and gold;
 "Speed" Kelly, "Rusty" Lathrop, and Capt. Farrell—
 it's a cinch

That they play the game as did the men of old.
 George Regan, Harry Newning, Carmody, and "Dolly"
 Gray,

Are other men that old N. D. can claim,
 Why half the fans of this great land would have no
 sport at all,

If it wasn't for the boys from Notre Dame.

CHORUS.

Where would you go for amusement;
 What would baseball man to you?
 If it wasn't for "Cy" Williams,
 Dolan, Kenny, Berger, too,
 Granfield, Duggan, and O'Connell?

Cotter, too, I'm proud to name,—
 I once heard Hughie Jennings say:
 "You couldn't play the game, today,
 If it wasn't for the boys from Notre Dame."

The Policeman.

JAMES A. CURRY, '13.

It is not more than justice that a few passing remarks be written about that "imperial impersonation of force and beauty," the policeman, better known as the "cop." Ever since the murder of Abel, "cops" have been a necessary adjunct to society. If Caesar had police protection, his life would have been prolonged. Marat might have lived to a ripe old age if there had been police to thwart his murderers.

Just what a policeman is we can not say. There seems to be a diversity of opinions. The best conception is that he is the guardian of the peace; still, many who have had intimate personal business with "cops" entertain entirely different views.

Formerly to be an officer necessitated being Irish. We do not know the reason why this was so. Perhaps it is because of the wonderful staying powers of the Celtic race. It is an admitted truth that an Irishman can stand a good beating while he is delivering a better one. As time went on, new conditions arose. The Irish gradually branched off into politics and became aldermen, council men, mayors, governors, and United States representatives and senators. Immigration flooded the country with new races. Cities took on a more cosmopolitan aspect, and it became necessary to put foreigners on the police force to meet the needs of the people. Now when we see a squad of police going on duty, we are sure to see in the ranks a Pole, a couple of Italians, a few Swedes, one or two Hebrews, and the rest Irish and Germans. It resembles a parade of all nations.

There are all kinds of "cops:" tall "cops," short "cops," thin "cops," and stout "cops." The thin "cops" are very rare. Each kind has its particular duties. The tall policemen, as a general rule, are located in the toughest localities. They are supposed to be capable of moving quickly and so avoiding danger. The short "cops" resemble messenger boys. They are placed in crowded districts to watch out for pick-pockets and sneak-thieves. The thin officers are retained for curiosities only. The fat "cops" are the most useful. They are employed as traffic officers and fitly so. To stop violators of the traffic laws it would be only necessary for one of these big men to step

in front of the offending vehicle. They are also used for decorative purposes. Every decent parade is graced by a platoon of the largest on the force.

There is one thing worthy of notice concerning the policeman. That is, he is a perfect information bureau. If you ever find yourself stranded in a strange city and you desire some special information, ask the first policeman you meet. He may answer you in a gruff manner, but do not let that unnerve you. Remember that he has a wonderful store of knowledge. Hand him a cheap cigar, repeat the question, and then listen.

There are many responsibilities upon the policeman's shoulders. He has the roughest element to handle, and, even though he may avoid the troublesome, still his uniform is an open invitation for a mix-up to many toughs. The "cop" deserves credit. His life is not an easy one. There are many who are ready to censure him for his faults and mistakes, but few to compliment him on his bravery. He often risks his life to save his fellowman. He receives little or no sympathy though he deserves a great deal. He seems officious to the unoffending, but when we consider his walk of life we can easily overlook this seeming weakness. He has a heart as big as the world of men over which he watches. We hear few stories of the underworld, but if we heard more we would soon find out that the big, gruff "cop" who stands on the corner, has more than once put the "down and outers" on their feet; has sent wayward girls, penitent and sorrowful, to their anxious parents; has corrected mischievous youths; has put crooks who wanted but one more chance to "make good," on the straight and narrow path—and all this without dragging the unoffending into court, and, consequently, without newspaper notoriety.

Though he may be the butt of many of our jokes, the "cop" is a man for all that, doing a man's work in a man's way. He deserves credit. We owe our safety to him. He asks our co-operation and our good will, and we should not be backward in giving him both.

Refuge.

Ah, blessed Breast where Jesus loved to rest
In evening's chilly hours,
Let me there cling, with my sweet Infant King,
Safe from the Tempter's powers. B. W

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WALTER CLEMENTS, '14	

—These are the days of bustle, joy, and glory. For the Preps the examination days came on with surprising suddenness despite close watching of the calendar. Then trunks were packed, the fast trains looked up, and the car to town caught on the run. For the past three days the college grounds and the refectories, especially, have known an unwonted calm and silence. The vivacious, noisy element has gone and only the solemnity remains behind. This evening sees the opening of the Senior Commencement and the solemn march of the closing hours of college life. During the days that follow, the Seniors; clad in impressive cap and gown and with expression hesitating between triumph and pathos, will march to the Commencement platform, breathe vows of high resolve, and receive the degrees that proclaim their fitness to carry on the world's work. Then, with the conclusion of the boat races and the last inning of the Alumni game, the Senior Commencement will come to a close. The men of 1913 will no longer be students of Notre Dame, but will be numbered among her loved and devoted Alumni. Next year, and the next, and for many years, they will return at this season to drink once more of the fountains of inspiration, and to feel the old ideals throb and pulse within them. With open arms Alma Mater will gather them to her and they will be doubly her sons.

—The Notre Dame council of the Knights of Columbus—which by the way is the only college council in the world—shows the spirit that deserves to win in Help the K. C. Building. the proposal to erect a K. C. building on the University campus. The purpose is to make the structure a creditable one to the University and to the Knights of Columbus. It will contain the regular lodge room and adjacent waiting rooms, offices, parlors, billiard rooms, bowling alleys, swimming pond, fully apportioned showers and baths—in a word all that an up-to-date, well-equipped club building requires. It will prove useful to the students as affording a splendid hall in which to hold their class dances, and as offering inviting smoking rooms and parlors in which to entertain their visiting friends. It should appeal to all the alumni and old students as giving them an opportunity to help in the erection of a building, according to their means and without undue burdens, which, when they return to the University, will afford them a place to meet and mingle. It should appeal to all—this K. C. building. We who want a well-equipped hall for our dances; we who want a neat, well-kept candy and fruit store and an inviting soda fountain, have in prospect just what will suit. We who want a building of this kind; who see the need of it, but could not till this minute think out how to realize it,—let us all give out of our littleness or out of our largeness, as the case may be; but by all means let us help in the erection of this vitally necessary club house. You graduates everywhere, you old students, you students of this year, you friends of Notre Dame all over the country and beyond, the spoke of opportunity swings round in the circle. Help generously all, and in a little while the K. C. college inn will be another glory added to our Notre Dame.

—Once again the University year book, the "Dome," has made its appearance, and we have been gladdened and filled with pardonable pride. Three great and worthy purposes are fulfilled by this yearly publication of the Senior class: it paints the infinite variety and charm of college life; it freshens the hearts of old alumni and brings them out of the ruts of the work-a-day world for an hour of refreshing reminiscence; and it links the current year,

with its success and joys, to all those that have gone before. The production of a "Dome" is no trivial affair. It is a mammoth undertaking that requires the last bit of mental energy, every spare moment—and many, indeed, that can ill be spared—and an unimagined amount of devotion and sacrifice. The results appear, as the pleasant days of May are bringing the school year to a close, in a handsome volume that records in picture and story the golden days of college life. Is the result worth all the endless trouble, worry, and hard work entailed? Most emphatically, it is! The "Dome" thus produced is a grand monument to the class that built it up in patience and perseverance, and it is, besides, a labor of love to the University that gave them of her best.

It is the ambition of each Senior class to surpass their predecessors in producing a year book equal to any that has gone before and superior in some few respects. The task has always been so well accomplished each year that succeeding classes seem threatened at the very outset with failure to achieve superiority. This year's "Dome" board have not feared failure. They have put the best of their talents and efforts into their book and have brought forth a publication that ranks high with the books of former years. The unique binding, the inspired dedication, the artistic make-up, and the literary value of the contents, all denote the high ideals, patient care, and entire devotion that made up the sure ingredients of their success. Men of the "Dome" board and of the Class of 1913, we congratulate you, and give you our hearty thanks.

—Noise is one of the bothersome features of city life. It is a disorder arising from disorder, and causes perhaps as much trouble and annoyance as the hurry and bustle of Noise. metropolitan affairs. To say that all noise can be done away with would be a statement of nonsense; but we can say that a great part of the uproar of the streets is unnecessary and may easily be abolished if municipal authorities take the proper action.

Some unthinking people appear to be of the opinion that the clamor and din of the city streets is the unavoidable result of a very busy age, and appear to glory in this seeming evidence of progress. A little consideration will convince anyone that this view is exaggerated, and that it really is so may be proved

by the experience of those cities which have given attention to the noise problem. Many of our American municipalities have prohibited such barbarous practices as opening cut-outs on automobiles and the blowing of locomotive whistles, while a smaller number have gone into the question to a greater extent and legislated against many of the lesser, but still annoying, noises. In some places, hospital districts, for instance, zones of quiet have been established, and the experience in such cases has amply justified the steps taken. It would be well if the anti-noise movement were more carefully and more generally considered. Who knows but that sometime we may have the noiseless city?

—Because the curriculum printed in the bulletin of the University of Illinois stipulates only that certain subjects be "taken," a "flunked" law student will "get away" with his degree. He pointed out that the subjects must be "taken"—not necessarily "passed." The council acquiesced, but 'tis whispered that the bulletin will be revised.

—Color-blind men will not be given jobs on the Chicago Detective force hereafter. Just imagine the embarrassing consequences of a plain clothes man not recognizing the "long green" when he saw it.

—A pacing hen beat the Erie express recently, and finished in a walk at that. Now the relatives of the man who won fame by starving to death on an Erie track while waiting to be run over, will probably tear down his tombstone.

The Journalists Feast and Make Merry.

Last Tuesday evening the Journalists enjoyed the most elaborate banquet of the scholastic year. The form of entertainment as well as the menu card was novel. The latter filled the space of the "most important news item" in a little souvenir publication, "The Journalist," which ably demonstrated the wit and wisdom of the class.

At frequent intervals throughout the feast, Mr. Ward Perrott sang several solos, aided by Mr. Art Carmody with his violin and Mr. Hicks at the piano.

When the last course was brought in, the toastmaster, Mr. Simon E. Twining, declared that the best wine should come first, thereby calling upon Rev. Father Cavanaugh, who

responded with a brilliant address in which charming humor was mingled with much sound advice. Professor Cooney next expressed his admiration for his class, and declared they had done excellent work during the past year. His speech was greeted with much applause. Mr. Keifer, Editor of the *Terre Haute Tribune*, related some of his experiences as a beginner in practical journalism. Mr. Fássey and Mr. Hutchinson of the *South Bend News and Tribune* respectively, spoke also of the need of an education in newspaper work. In turn Mr. Harry E. Scott, Mr. Hugh V. Lacey, and Mr. McBride were called upon, all of whom took advantage of the honor and spoke like experienced orators, convincing the visitors that the members of the class meant to work during their college days, so as to fit themselves to become able newspaper men and editors.

When the speech making was over with, Father Cavanaugh told the Journalists his intention of permitting them to publish a weekly paper during the next school session. This news was received amid much applause, for it gave the Journalists the greatest desire of their hearts. The banquet was considered so great a success that the Journalists voted unanimously to make it a yearly affair.

Oratorical Contests.

The annual oratorical contests were held in Washington hall, Friday afternoon and Monday evening, June 13th and 16th. Mr. George Schuster won the Sophomore contest Friday afternoon with an oration entitled "The Patriotism of American Catholics." Mr. Schuster treated the subject very capably, evincing a comprehensive knowledge of early American history. Emmett Lenihan received second place with his address on "Woman Suffrage."

Mr. Alfred Brown won first honors in the Junior contest speaking on "The Church and Divorce." Second place was awarded to Mr. William Galvin who treated "The Law's Delay." In the Freshman contest Jeremiah Hagerty was the winner with "Woman's Suffrage," as his inspiration. Mr. Timothy Galvin, who spoke on "Trade Unions versus Socialism" was awarded second place.

In the Preparatory contest Joseph S. Korbrynski was victorious. Mr. Korbrynski spoke on "Child Labor." The judges were Fathers Carrico, Bolger, and Carroll.

Preparatory Commencement.

The annual commencement exercises of the Preparatory Department were held in Washington hall Wednesday evening, June 11th, before a large gathering of relatives and friends of the graduates.

Following the opening number by the University orchestra, Thomas McHugh Laughlin delivered Patrick's Henry's immortal "Call to Arms" in a manner that evinced rare elocutionary talent and thorough training. A song by the University Quartet, composed of Messrs. Wasson, Yund, Curry, and Perrott, was much enjoyed, but the young gentlemen refused to respond to an encore.

The numerous evils and deplorable consequences of child labor were very comprehensively treated by Joseph S. Korbrynski. Mr. Korbrynski, after discussing the economic and sociological aspects of the industrial enslavement of children, concluded with an eloquent plea for a speedy amelioration of present revolting conditions.

A vocal number by Mr. Ward Perrott was so insistently applauded that he was forced to respond with an equally well received encore.

Mr. John Hynes, winner of the Barry Medal, delivered his prize-winning reading, "The Human Word." Mr. Hynes demonstrated his thorough mastery of the art in the interpretation of a theme whose strength and ready appeal held the closest attention of his audience. After a second selection by the orchestra, Father Cavanaugh conferred the medals and diplomas.

After the awarding of the coveted parchments, Mr. James O'Shaughnessy of Chicago gave the young graduates some very sound and practical advice. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who is well known as a journalist of international repute and a staunch friend of Notre Dame, delivered a clear and forceful address, emphasizing the supreme importance of honesty and perseverance as essentials to success. The man who stoops to petty practices, he stated; who has such a warped sense of perspective that he sacrifices ultimate distinction for present gain, is foredoomed to failure. But for the honest and the upright individual, there exists no such a thing as failure. Reverses, he declared, constitute, not defeat, but a training for victory, and he who would achieve success must learn to meet disappointments with equanimity.

Closing Exercises at St. Edward's.

The closing exercises of the Minim Department were held in St. Edward's hall on last Thursday morning. Solemn high mass was sung by the Reverend President, Father Cavanaugh, assisted by Fathers Carroll and Carrico as deacon and subdeacon. After mass the hall chapel, which has recently been beautifully remodelled and finished, was formally dedicated under the name of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. The awarding of premiums, department certificates, department medals, and class medals followed. The exercises closed with a speech of congratulation and advice from Fr. Cavanaugh.

DEPARTMENT MEDALS; FIRST HONORS.

Barrett Anderson, John Bowles, Harold Cannon, Robert Connolley, Paul Dixon, Theodore Figel, Walter Hebert, Gaston Hebert, Leon Maguire, John Muldoon, Mars McBride, John Railton, Robert Risch, Robert Stoll, William Sturdivant, John Holden, Theodore O'Connell, Lee Osborn.

RENEWALS

De Forest Stoll, Mitchell Newgrass.

SECOND HONOR; SILVER MEDAL.

Emmett Fletcher.

CLASS MEDALS.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Thomas R. Welch, Chicago, Ill.

Gold Medal for Composition, Geraldo Viso, Humacao, Porto Rico.

Gold Medal for Debating, Tyree Rivers Horn, Fort D. A. Russell, Wyo.

Gold Medal for Improvement in Piano, Ralph Sakanovsky, Chicago, Ill.

Entertainment for Father McNamara.

The students of Walsh Hall have always enjoyed an enviable reputation as entertainers, but never did they so well deserve it as on last Sunday night when they "got away" with a surprise entertainment and lunch in honor of their rector, Father MacNamara. The entertainment consisted of a vaudeville sketch which the Orpheum would be glad to get hold of, and a high class colored minstrel show. Outside talent in the persons of Messrs. Hicks, Carmody, and Perrott added much to the pleasure of the evening. Every number of the program was enjoyed, but, when all is said, the biggest "hit" of the evening was made by Mr. Wai Kai Woo of Walsh, who sang a Chinese song and played admirably on a Chinese musical (?) instrument called a *jen*.

The speakers were Fathers MacNamara, Cava-

naugh, Walsh, and Burke, and a goodly number of the students of the hall. Mr. John Denny was excellent in the part of toastmaster and introducer. The point made enthusiastically by each student speaking was that Father MacNamara was the prince of prefects and that to his kindly, sympathetic rule they owed a pleasant and successful year.

Personals.

—Dr. Arthur B. Eustace of Chicago, a student at Notre Dame some years ago, is another old boy who expects to be at the University for Commencement day.

—Grattan T. Stanford (Ph. B. '04) of Independence, Kansas, is spending the week-end with his brother, Frank, of Sorin hall. Grattan looks the same as ever and expects to remain for the Commencement exercises.

—Mr. William H. Moore, City Engineer of South Bend, participated in the examination of the Civil Engineering graduates this week. Mr. Moore expressed himself as well pleased with the ability displayed by the graduating engineers.

—On Wednesday evening, Mr. James O'Shaughnessy of Chicago, a prominent metropolitan journalist and a close friend of the University, was the principal speaker of the Preparatory Commencement and the guest of the Faculty.

—Mr. Jesse Harper, next year's Athletic Director, has been at the University for the past week, observing conditions and becoming acquainted with the students. Mr. Harper looks for much success in athletics at Notre Dame during the coming season.

—Cards have been received announcing the formation of the firm of Sapiro and Murphy for the general practice of law in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The junior member of the new firm is none other than our successful manager of athletics of last year, John P. Murphy. All success to our old manager.

—"Ed" Savord (LL. B. '12) writing from Sandusky, Ohio, says he intends to "skive" a few days from his legal practice and be on hand for the Alumni activities next week. "Ed" is "making good" in Sandusky. We will be glad to see him on the campus once more.

—The nuptials of Carole J. Schmidt (Short E. E. '11) of Tiffin, Ohio, and Miss Agnes

O'Connor, also of Tiffin, are announced for June 18th. The happy event is to take place in Tiffin, where Carole is prominent in business and social life. Congratulations and best wishes.

—Mr. Lucius B. Andrus (E. E. '10) General Superintendant of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company, assisted in the thesis examinations of the Senior Electrical and Mechanical Engineers during the past week. Mr. Andrews also delivered a most instructive lecture on power plant testing to the engineers on Friday morning.

—Another one of those happy June events occurred last Tuesday, the tenth, when Mr. Raymond Thomas Coffee (Ph. B. '10) of Greenfield, Iowa, and Miss Elizabeth Nields of Omaha, Nebraska, joined hands in marriage. Our Alumni, as a rule, after leaving the protecting influence of their college home, lose little time in establishing a home of their own. They do well in this and have always our congratulations and applause.

—From Waterbury, Connecticut, comes the glad news of the marriage of Bryan H. Tivnen, (Mus. B. '91; LL. B. '92;) and Miss Rosalind M. Brownell, of Waterbury. The ceremony was performed June 4th, in St. Margaret's Church, Waterbury, by the Rev. John J. Higgins of Mattoon, Illinois.

—Father M. Oswald, professor of Greek and Latin at the University, is, by this time, far out upon the Atlantic, bound for the *Vaterland* and a pleasant vacation in the country that gave him birth. As it is twenty years since he has seen his native Luxemburg and heard the sweet sound of his mother tongue—except in the class room, where it was not so sweet—we think he is richly deserving of the treat in store for him. His itinerary will comprise many of the most famous cities of Germany, and the last part of his land journey will be down the beautiful Rhine Valley.

—The following is the telegram of regrets received on the evening of the Journalists' banquet from Dr. Max Pam, the founder of Notre Dame School of Journalism:

Returned too late to-day to come out this evening; am keenly disappointed, as I wanted to meet the first class in the school of journalism and join with you and them in felicitating an institution which, in my judgment will in time contribute very materially to the development and maintenance of integrity and efficiency in the profession of journalism. I will try to be with you the end of the week. MAX PAM.

Local News.

—Mr. Twyman Mattingly is one of the alumni booked for an after-dinner speech at the annual banquet at St. Xavier's College, Louisville. Congratulations, Twyman; not every alumnus is thus honored by the first school founded by the Xavieran Brothers in the United States.

—All's quiet and, perhaps, a little lonely around Carroll hall at present. The Preps have departed for home, some of them with diplomas under their arms, while others are still living in hopes. We will be glad to see them all return next year, whether college men or still Preps.

—The Seniors of English IV. having become "guests" of the University, Father Carroll's class does not seem altogether like its former self. The miscellaneous wit of Erich de Fries is missed—even if some say it is of the made-in-Germany variety. The quaint sayings of Blake, and the lovely lyrics of Edward Roach are wanting in these latter days of school.

—The following books belonging to the Apostolate library are missing: "In Treaty with Honor" (Crowley), "Greifenstein" (Crawford), "Via Dolorosa" (N. C. C.), "Harry Dee" (Finn), "Philip's Restitution" (Reid), "Heroine of the Strait," (Crowley), "Whispering Smith" (Spearman). Brother Alphonsus will be grateful if these books are returned to him.

—Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! The *Dome* has been out a week. We have all had our first laugh, and, fortunately, everybody has laughed *with* and not *at* everyone else. Not even the chronic kickers have yet been heard to say that they did their money's worth, and now that the work is consummated, the editors and contributors look back on their days of labor with a feeling of pride and elation. Dedicated to our own Judge Howard, the year book is a bond that will link together for time to come the hearts of all the Notre Dame men of the big year of '13.

—One of the pieces of verse that appeared in the Prep number of the *Scholastic* of last May merited the good fortune of being reproduced in a recent number of the *Sacred Heart Review* of Boston. The verse referred to was entitled "Why I Love," and was written by Mr. Henry Simon of the B. English class. It is an unfailing sign of merit when productions of this sort draw outside recognition and ap-

preciation. There was much more in the Prep SCHOLASTIC fully as worthy of quotation as Mr. Simon's verse. We look forward with great expectations to what the Preps, thus encouraged, will prouduce next year.

—In a recent letter the military authorities at Washington City offered a splendid opportunity for summer camping to all students over seventeen years of age who are physically qualified and properly recommended. If they wish to take advantage of the offer, they will be obliged to attend camp during the full period of encampment, which will extend from July 7 to August 15. During this time they must render themselves subservient to military discipline. Each individual will bear the expenses of equipment (about \$5.00 per man), transportation to and from camp, and subsistence which will amount to something like \$1.75 a week. One of these camps will be held at Gettysburg National Park, and the other at the Presidio of Monterey, California. Here is an opporutnity for a good cheap summer outing and at the same time active military instruction.

A Retrospect.

With the Alumni game of next Monday closing the Notre Dame baseball season of 1912-13, we look back with satisfaction over the long list of hard-fought contests at home and abroad, in which the team struggled to uphold the honor and reputation of the Gold and Blue. They succeeded splendidly, and to them all honor is due. The record of seventeen games won, three lost, and one tied, stamps the aggregation as one of the best ever representing the college—fully as good as the famous squad of '08 and easily the equal of any college team in the country. The Eastern trip, on which six of the leading schools of that section were played, proved this to be no idle boast. After the Fordham game the New York papers declared that Notre Dame had one of the best college teams of the year, while at Colgate the general opinion was that our boys had the edge on almost all the Eastern teams.

To the team as a team belongs the credit for this splendid record. Many games sparkled with individual play, but to the team work, and above all to the aggressive fighting spirit that seldom failed to get the jump on opponents in the first inning, the wonderful success is due.

One of the main sources of the team's strength

lay in its pitching department. In Kelly and Lathrop Notre Dame had a pair of pitchers rarely if ever equalled in college circles. Kelly pitched eight of this season's games without meeting a single defeat, his best performance being against St. Viator's to whom he allowed neither hit nor run. Besides his splendid twirling ability, "Herb" wielded a mighty war club, getting on an average two or more hits in each game. Lathrop occupied the mound in seven games and has six victories to his credit. His great speed and fast-breaking curves gave him a splendid strike-out record of from eight to twelve men in each game.

Berger and Sheehan completed the pitching staff. Berger's performance against Colgate, when he let down the heavy-hitting Maroons with three hits, shows his calibre, while Sheehan won a great pitching duel against Beloit, champion of Wisconsin.

Never before has Notre Dame been so well fortified in the catching department as this year. Other years have produced star catchers, but this season we had two—equal in merit and each big league material. Gray did the back-stopping the first part of the season and showed a great improvement over last year, especially in his pegging. "Dolly," moreover, had the happy faculty of producing a hit just when most needed. On the trip Kenny did most of the receiving; he caught also in the Wabash and Chinese games. His work was commented upon favorably by several Eastern critics, while his playing at home was often sensational.

The Notre Dame infield played a fast and snappy game throughout the season, and though errors were often made, they were mostly because the men went after everything in sight. Captain Farrell at first base fielded his position well, but it was as a collector of singles, doubles, and home runs that "Cy" shone brightest. His heavy hitting was a great factor in every victory. No small share of the fighting spirit of the team was caused by the peppery, never-say-die character of its leader.

Newning at second was the only new man in the inner defense, and he fully lived up to the standard set by the others. Harry's one-handed stops and his snap underhand throws featured many contests. His hitting was timely, especially the home run clouts which came invariably with men on the bases.

The short stop position was filled in most

acceptable fashion by "Happy" O'Connell, who covered a tremendous lot of ground, and cut down numberless drives that looked like sure-enough hits. "Happy" was a terror to opposing catchers, his base-stealing being a scientific exhibition of just how the art should be practised. He has already been drafted to the professional ranks, having signed with Grand Rapids a week ago.

Granfield, at the hot corner, was one of the best and most consistent players on the team. His fielding was almost perfect, his base-stealing a fine art, and his hitting a source of joy to the fans. "Granny" also graduates to a higher class; Manager Tinker of Cincinnati has had the good luck of having signed up our peerless third sacker.

A trio of fast, heavy-hitting outfielders gave the Gold and Blue a great advantage. Regan in left, the veteran of the three, played the best game of his life this year. His fielding, shoe-string catches, and long throws, were all superb, and his big stick was often the lever that pried off a victory. Besides this, his speedy work on the paths and great knowledge of inside baseball made him almost invaluable.

Duggan and Mills, in centre and right field respectively, both played a good game. "Eddie's" speed was much in evidence in his fielding and base-running, while "Rupe's" ability to pole out circuit drives gave him the position of clean-up-man in the batting order. Carmody did good work as substitute, filling in excellently whenever called upon.

The team's great record was due to its teamwork, and this was largely the result of "Si" Williams' coaching. "Si," himself last year's captain, knew the men thoroughly, and understood how to draw out the best in each one, to smooth out difficulties, and to get everyone working in harmony. The dissension which so often marks college athletics was entirely absent. The team's performance this season says the last word, and says it emphatically, on "Si's" ability as a baseball coach.

Manager Cotter fulfilled the high expectations of the students and the players that he would prove a most efficient manager. Of course, "Bill" had to be a little severe sometimes on those Carrollites who tried to get away with Spalding's official spheroids, but outside of that his genial handling of the team at home and the comfort and excellent treatment they

received on the trip through his efforts attested his thorough success in a difficult position.

And so another successful season has come to a close; our Gold and Blue players won praise throughout the country; they played the game clean and fair, and won only because they were superior to the teams they encountered. The wise selections of the big leagues have left our team sadly depleted, and we will have to play the Alumni game largely on our nerve.

Athletic Notes.

FINISH OF VARSITY SEASON.

In the last intercollegiate contest of the season, the Varsity took St. Viators into camp by a score of 16 to 0. To cap the season properly "Herb" Kelly performed the rare feat of holding his opponents hitless and runless. Only four men reached first, three on passes and one on an error, but none of these got past the initial station. Besides this, nineteen of the visitors disturbed the atmosphere in a vain attempt to reach Kelly's curves.

The Alumni-Varsity game Monday will present the old line-up for the last time, one of the best aggregations of college players ever got together. Either Kelly or Lathrop will do the pitching against the old Gold and Blue veterans, many of whom hold a high place in baseball circles today, and the Varsity will do its best to reverse the three-two decision of last year in favor of the Alumni.

ST. VIATORS	R	H	P	A	E
Gartland, ss.	0	0	5	2	1
Martell, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Lawler, 3b.	0	0	1	2	1
Kekich, 1b.	0	0	7	0	2
Kelly, 2b.	0	0	5	2	2
Sullivan, c.	0	0	3	1	0
Donnelly, c.	0	0	0	2	0
Leinan, cf.	0	0	2	1	0
Gearon, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Whyrocki, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Dunn, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Total	0	0	24	13	6
NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Regan, lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Newning, 2b.	1	0	0	3	0
Farrell, ss.	4	3	1	2	0
Mills, 1b.	3	3	6	0	0
Duggan, cf.	3	2	0	0	0
Gtaylor, rf.	1	2	1	0	0
Carmody, 3b.	1	1	0	0	1
Kenny, c.	0	2	19	0	0
Kelly, p.	2	2	0	0	0
Totals	16	15	27	5	1

St. Viators 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
 Notre Dame 0 2 3 3 0 1 1 4 *—16

Stolen bases—Mills, 3; Duggan, 2; Kenny, Farrell, Regan. Two-base hits—Farrell. Three-base hits—Duggan, Gray. Home runs—Kelly, Farrell. Struck out—by Whyrocki, 3; by Dunn, 1; by Kelly, 19. Bases on balls—Off Whyrocki, 3; off Dunn, 1; off Kelly, 3. Sacrifice hits—Mills, Carmody. Left on bases—St. Viators, 5; Notre Dame, 6. Time of game, 2:10. Umpire Coffey.

CONFERENCE MEET.

Illinois University won the annual Conference Meet held last Saturday at Madison, Wis. The weather was cold, and this prevented any record-breaking performances. Notre Dame had entries in only two events, the relay race and the shot-put. In the first the team composed of Henahan, Birder, Rockne, and Plant took fourth place, the Illinois Champion quartet leading at the tape with Wisconsin second and Missouri third. Eichenlaub drew fourth in the shot put with a heave of 40 feet 3 1-2 inches.

SORIN PUTS WALSH OUT OF THE RUNNING.

In an unexciting game of seven innings played last Sunday morning, Sorin got its first victory of the season by a 3 to 1 decision over Walsh. The game was tied up to the seventh, when, with one man on base, Voelkers put a home run slam back to the fence. The defeat was hard on Walsh who had prospects before the game, and doubly hard to have it come from the cellar champions.

Batteries: Cauty and Books for Walsh; San Pedro and Arias for Sorin.

CORBY WINS CHAMPIONSHIP FOR SORIN.

In a game that was all thrills Corby defeated Brownson and cinched the pennant on last Sunday afternoon. The game was such as the fans delight in, being an old-fashioned slugging match with the score never stable for an inning. Towards the close Brownson weakened a little and Corby got the big side of a 10-8 score.

Batteries: Crilley and Mottz for Brownson. Sotomayor-McGladigan, and Fitzgerald-Benzberg for Corby.

Safety Valve.

We'll have lots of oratory for a few days and then a rest.

One hopes the Domesters who scouted for signatures all week secured the names of the literati who carve

their initials on every vacant post.

The worthy gentleman who makes that high grade of butter on the Brownson side is our dean of churnalism; yet by a strange oversight he was not invited to the press club banquet!

THE JUNIOR PROM.

Promptly at eight-thirty post meridian, the Junior prom proceeded. Mr. Harry Newning led the grand march and never looked handsomer. The band discoursed sweet music over the entire Quadrangle from the front steps of Sorin hall, and the University Quartette rendered the old favorite "Home, Sweet Home." Mr. Hines was prepared to render the "Human Word" until the cooler heads prevailed. Mr. John Fordyce, however, was unavoidably absent having to write another editorial showing the absurdity of relegating the orchestra to the left side of the stage. Promptly at the pre-arranged time Mr. John Carroll pulled the unseen cord and one whole load of June clover was let fall upon the dancers, which made everybody fresh and happy. People who saw the Rose Fall at the Military Ball say the Clover Drop was decidedly superior owing largely to Mr. John Carroll's cleverness in handling the rope. At midnight a delicious (or delicate or appetizing, or dainty) lunch was served, following which the dancers accompanied the dances to the front door. Everybody voted the juniors capital entertainers and much thanks are being showered on those who worked so faithfully to make the affair one grand success.

Speaking of the "Store with a Conscience" reminds one to ask—What kind of a Conscience?

We have heard a few wallops here and there, but the Consensus of opinion indicates that the Dome makers have erected high, and on wide foundations. Congratulations without any con.

The K. C. at N. D. are trying to erect a \$50,000 B. You may not be Able to give \$5,000. Then give \$500 or \$50 or \$5. Every little Helps sum. Dig down and Dig up. Do not Leave without Leaving. Do not Go without Giving. Help Boost the Building.

THE CLASS POEM.

I think of good times we all had together
 Skiving to town and back again in all kinds of weather.
 I think of Vale and Havlin and Erich de Fries,
 Red Sheehy and "Happy" and fellows like these.
 I think of the cavalry tramping I hear
 When the Entire Student Body takes stairs to the rear.
 I think of the Seniors full capped and full gowned
 When proceeding in circle the Quadrangle round.
 I'll think of the Dome and our Sapient Weakly.
 With stale cabbage wit—and that putting it meekly.
 I'll think of Joe Walsh so wise and so solemn,
 Coming round to get dope for his Personal Column.
 I'll think of debating and "fundamentally wrong,"
 As Mr. S. Twining has insisted so long.
 I'll think,—but this minute I quit or I'll feel
 I have stolen some thunder from Thomas O'Neill.