

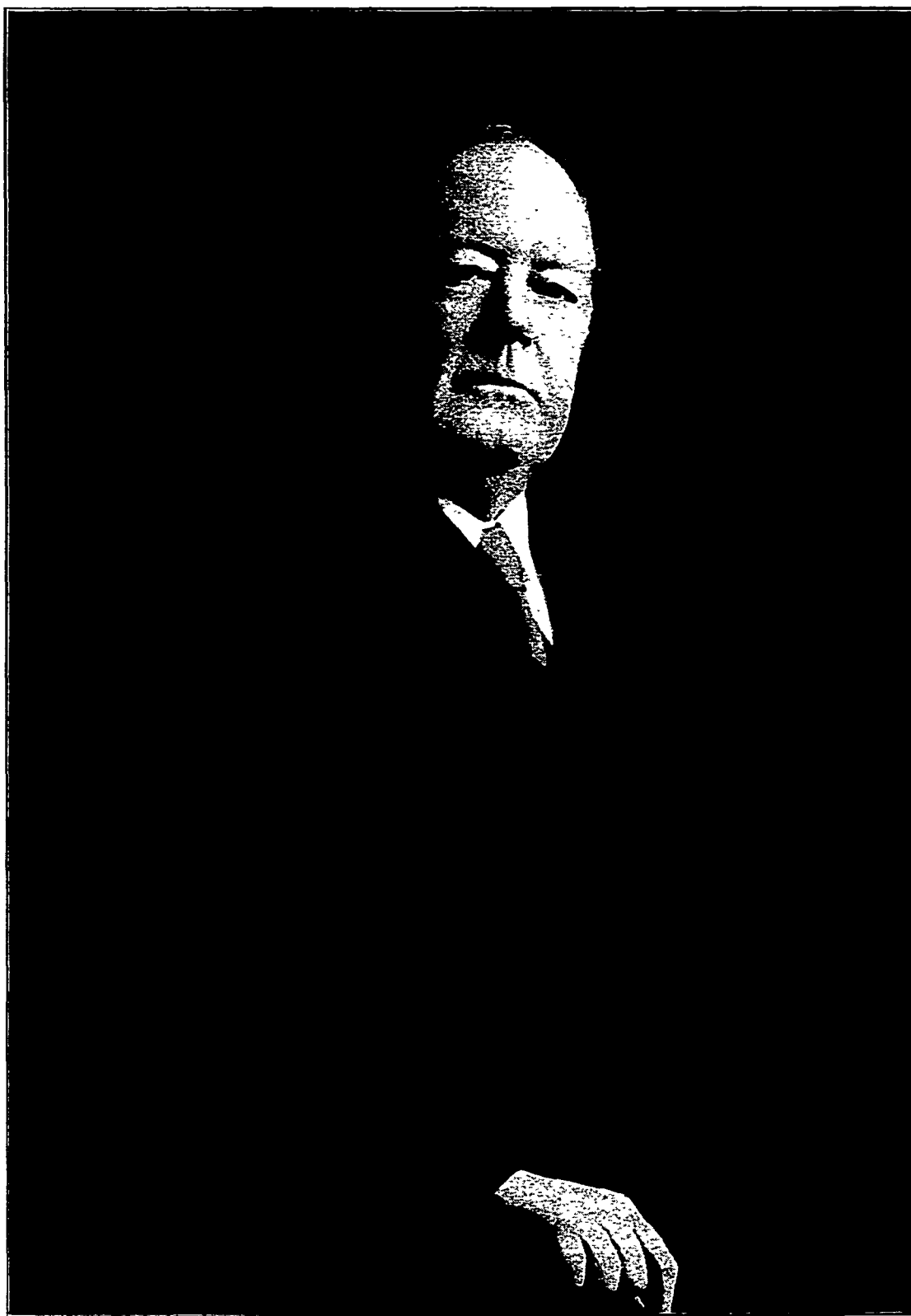
# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE,  
LÆTARE MEDALIST, 1914.

## Laetare Medalist, 1914.

To the roster of distinguished men whose signal services to their country and their Faith have merited the bestowal of the Laetare Medal, there is this year added the name of one who occupies a unique and commanding position of national honor and trust. The recipient of the Thirty-first Laetare Medal, awarded annually by the Faculty of the University, to a lay-Catholic particularly "distinguished in a meritorious field of beneficent endeavor," presides over the mightiest tribunal in the world, and thereby "holds a position of dignity and importance not second to that of the presidency itself." Catholics throughout the length and breadth of the United States, will recognize and acclaim the peculiarly appropriate bestowal of this adaptation of the Papal Golden Rose upon Edward Douglass White, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

The distinguished Southerner, whose eminent attainments in Constitutional jurisprudence have won for him the highest appointment within the keeping of the Chief Executive and Senate of the United States, was born in La Fourche, Louisiana, upon November 3, 1845, and reared in the Catholic faith of which he is such an unswerving and faithful adherent. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War, he

enlisted in the Confederate Army, and served therein until the cessation of hostilities. Admitted to the Louisiana Bar in 1868, he won such an exalted place in public esteem that he was made United States Senator from Louisiana in 1891. In 1894 his juristic attainments received substantial recognition in his appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by President Cleveland. In 1910 he was made Chief Justice by President Taft, with the unanimous concurrence of the Senate. As associate justice for sixteen years and the Chief Justice for four years, he has participated in some of the greatest cases ever presented before the Supreme Court.

To enumerate the sterling virtues that have conduced to his success as soldier, senator, and jurist, would be but to recapitulate all the requisites for an honorable career in any field of endeavor. Chief Justice White's life, deeds and attainments constitute an eloquent refutation of the ancient calumny which held that true Catholicism and perfect patriotism are incompatible. It is singularly fitting that this year's award of the medal should make his the thirty-first name upon that scroll of eminent Catholics, headed by John Gilmary Shea, whose courage, patriotism and unflinching devotion have left their country and their creed better for their having lived.

### Parker's Last Opportunity.

ANDREW SCHREYER.

"Well, Parker," snapped Ryan, "this time it's final. You've had every chance in the world, to make good in this profession, but you failed. I guess you weren't cut out for a detective. How about a job digging ditches or brakeman on the Vandalia line?"

This was too much for Parker. His eyes sought the floor and he fairly winced under this slashing sarcasm. There was some truth in Ryan's words. He had given him every possible opportunity to make a success of this profession. Parker was on the verge of replying in the same sarcastic tone as he was addressed, but suddenly refrained. Many thoughts flashed through his mind. He remembered his wife and children.

"If I lose my job now," he mused, "what

will become of them? I must not lose it!

Ryan moved impatiently, waiting for a reply. He saw that Parker was deeply troubled.

"Well?" he said finally, "got anything to say?"

"Nothing, Mr. Ryan," stammered Parker.

"I realize all you have done for me, and I don't deserve any more. But you know it's hard for a man to lose his job. I was hoping that perhaps you'd give me another trial."

Parker touched the proper chord when he mentioned the children. He recalled now the new suits which he thought of getting for his children. How much different the Easter season would be for Parker's home! The contrast appealed to him, for at heart Ryan was not hard or cruel. His profession made him appear sterner than he really was.

"I'll tell you, Parker, I decided to grant you this favor. It's left to you now to make the best of it. I have a problem on which you can work. Listen now while I explain it to you.

"On a fire-escape on Wabash Avenue, there was staged early this morning a desperate struggle between policeman Barry and two men whose criminal records it is believed are very long. Barry noticed the men prowling about the place opposite the National Bank, but made no effort to get them till they started up the fire-escape. Then a warm battle ensued, but the men finally got away. When Barry saw it was impossible to get them he flashed his light upon them, thereby obtaining a good view of them. He is of the opinion that one of them was "Sneaky" Barber. Now what I want you to do is to see Barry as soon as possible and obtain all the information you can. Don't fear to tell him under what circumstances you are taking up the case. If you get that man Barber, you'll be fixed for life. You know he's a rather tough customer and may hang around these parts for some time."

Parker thanked the chief warmly and promised to do his level best. He recalled now several of the cases in which he had failed. He would handle this one in an entirely different manner, he thought to himself.

"Don't go about it," suggested Ryan, "as blindly as you did about the five thousand dollar gem mesh bag. Remember the incident, don't you?"

"I think I do," replied Parker; "the Pingville robbery?"

"Yes, that's it exactly. You remember when the police of Pingville sent notice to all pawnbrokers to watch for that gold bag studded with diamonds and sapphires? It belonged to a certain Miss Clinton. You'll admit you didn't handle that in the right manner, otherwise old Camper would never have located it before you did."

"Yes, I'll have to admit that. It was certainly an easy thing when you think about it. I hope to profit by that mistake and this time I'll use other methods."

The next morning Parker set out to interview policeman Barry and get the necessary particulars.

"It was really strange," began Barry. "I thought I had those fellows covered, but then you know it isn't an easy task to handle such men. You see it was about half-past four

when it happened, so I couldn't make out their figures as well as I'd have liked to at the time. I didn't think of the search-light in my pocket till they were fifteen or more yards away. As for my pistol, it was empty. I only wish I'd had a bullet or two—I'd have soon stopped them."

The men talked with each other for a long time and when Parker thought he had sufficient information to begin his work, he thanked Barry and departed.

"I don't think they'll molest this neighborhood for several days," muttered Parker to himself as he walked back to the office. "I guess I'll prowl around Milton Street. Seems there's been considerable disturbance in that vicinity during the last two weeks. You can't tell where those fellows'll turn up next. Still, I don't think it a bad idea to try it once or twice. I'll just put on my flannel shirt and old suit and pry about the place as a rustic. Maybe they'll try some of their tricks on me."

Such were the thoughts that flitted through his brain. When he reached the office he revealed his plans and at the same time obtained several hints from Ryan. That very night he visited Milton Street, but with little success. This he continued for several nights and returned each time with no information. It was a six-block walk from the office to Milton Street. His wife's sister lived somewhere between these two points, and so he decided to drop in and see her.

"I just heard over the 'phone that my brother Sam was seriously injured and that I and the maid are wanted immediately. I wish you'd keep an eye on the house. Those Foley boys always insist on playing rough games and using the place as they please, whenever I'm gone. I may be away for two days, so if you pass here I'd like to have you watch a little."

"Why, yes. I can do that easily," assented Parker. "You see I intend to walk between Milton Street and this place on business. It won't be out of my way, and so I'll be glad to do it."

Parker did as he promised. About ten o'clock his limbs began to grow weary and he sought rest on the doorstep of his sister-in-law's house. Shortly afterwards he heard the telephone ring. He hesitated whether or not to answer, but with the thought that it might be Mrs. Blake, he finally entered the house.

"Hello."

"Who is this?"

"Mr.—Blake?"

"Well, I thought you worked nights?"

"I do, but my wife got word that her brother is dangerously ill and I came home to accompany her. She has meanwhile departed. I'm going on the next car. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Parker chuckled as he hung up the receiver:

"Mr. Blake! Some fib I pulled off. I wonder who that could have been?" he muttered.

"I would have told him who I am, but he aroused my suspicion when he said he thought I worked nights. If that fellow's up to any trick I'm with him. I'll sleep here tonight."

Not long afterwards he heard some one mumbling on the outside and then the window began slightly to rattle.

"Evidently they're coming in," he whispered. "Well, I'll surprise them."

With these thoughts he crept noiselessly to the window where the men were already entering. As quickly as a flash, he jerked one of them into the room and pounced upon him. The burglar muttered a curse as Parker slipped the handcuffs on him. The second man fled. He didn't believe in taking any more risks as he had had several narrow escapes during the week.

Parker at once took his prisoner to the station. Later he learned that the news regarding Sam's illness was not true. It was but the plot of these men to rob the house. On the following day Parker's capture was identified as "Sneaky" Barber.

"Well, Parker," said Ryan as he reached for his hand, "how in the world did you do it?"

"Don't know, unless it was an accident," replied Parker.

"Accident or no accident you got your man. As for that ditch digger's job which I suggested, I guess you had better leave that alone and stay with me."

### We Remember.

Oh, Erin, thy faith we shall never forget,

Tho' far from thy shores we may be.

Thy courage and virtue remain with us yet

In our homes far away o'er the sea.

Tho' time has passed on and our ways grown apart,

Never think we've forgotten, or will.

What lessons you taught were engraved in the heart

And remain in the depths of it still.

A. L. McD.

### The Law of the Yukon.

JOHN J. HEARN, '14.

"Well, what is it?" Bernard C. McCullough addressed the two men who had called upon him at his rooms.

"Very sorry, sir," answered one, "but I have a warrant here for your arrest."

"For my what?"

"Your arrest."

"But man alive, what for?"

The warrant was then read off, and was to the effect that McCullough was to be arrested for stealing \$15,000 from the Great Eastern Bank of which he was the cashier.

In no time he found himself occupying a Scotland Yard cell, and there it was that a few days later, the father, who had been called up from his country estate, found his boy "Mac," the pride of his heart.

The case was set for three weeks later and everything that could be done was done but to no avail. The circumstantial evidence was too much, and McCullough, bewildered, protesting his innocence, was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

\* \* \*

At best the Yukon in '98 was a wild and terrible country. It called but to the fearless and the strong; the weak and spineless, it crushed under foot.

Among the thousands who rushed to the gold fields was a quiet, gray-haired, young-old man, who seemed to know but few, and about whom those few knew nothing.

It was ten years now since that day when McCullough had been sent to the prison life and four since the death of the broken-hearted father. Despite Mac's plea of innocence and the most earnest efforts of the father, none of the ignominy resting on the young man's shoulders could be lifted. The evidence was overwhelming. Once light had showed for a moment but everything had again turned dark with the sudden death of the secretary of the president of the Great Eastern Bank. Rumor there was that Engle had been murdered, but nothing could be proved, and so, although the father by selling out paid back the \$15,000, the son had to serve out his sentence. When the latter was almost finished the old gentleman had died of a broken heart, though all the time

believing in his boy's innocence. On being admitted once more to freedom and fresh air, McCullough, taking the little that was left of his father's estate, crossed over to Canada and three years later found himself in Dawson, the center of all the feverish search for gold. The gay young fellow of other days had become a close-mouthed man who strictly minded his own business and who had the reputation of strictly enforcing the same from others as far as he was concerned.

Time went by. As yet Fortune had not smiled on Bernard or "Mac," as he was still known,—though his name was now McEver and not McCullough. The year 1900 proved to be for him but a year of moderate prosperity and he was living on the hill over Dawson in a very modest log-cabin. Some months since he had given up prospecting for gold, convinced that his ignorance in the matter would always work against him, and was now satisfied with his share in "The Golden Mine" restaurant—this share he had bought cheaply from an old-timer who had suddenly struck it rich, and was "going out." He was making a living, was unknown, and satisfied, though still wondering who had stolen the \$15,000.

About this period the great corporations were buying up or stealing the claims of the miners and the swindles, which formed the basis of some present-day fortunes, took place. Prominent among these corporations was the Walton Company, said to be owned for the most part by English interests.

There came a day in December, when into "The Golden-Mine" restaurant walked a very prosperous-looking individual whom everybody seemed to fear, named Fanninghurst. Mac happened to be behind the counter at the time, and in the newcomer recognized his old employer, president of the Great Eastern Bank. Mac now remembered having heard that his old bank was a heavy shareholder in the Walton Company which had done such recent swindling in the gold mines, notably in the case of "Jake" Gleason's rich "strike" which had been jumped whilst Jake had been on his way to Dawson to register. It was even said that the Registry office was in league with the Company and that a company agent was allowed in at any time, whereas the other miners had to take their turn and line up at the office.

Fanninghurst spent his time between Dawson and the Company's interests which were scat-

tered within a hundred mile radius. All the time Mac watched him, as he always ate at "The Golden Mine," it being the best in Dawson, but the magnate did not recognize in the owner of the restaurant, his one-time cashier, Bernard McCullough. Some six months later Dawson was electrified with the news of "Jake" Gleason's second rich strike and hard upon that came the news that "Mac" McEver was a half-owner in the new-found mine as he had staked "Jake" after the latter had been robbed and cleaned out by the Company. Excitement was rife as to whether or not "Jake" would lose this second strike also, but it appeared that McEver had attended to the registering and that their claim was whole proof in every way.

Amid the congratulations of their friends, for "Mac," though a silent man, was known to be always ready to give a meal to a hungry man, and consequently popular, Jake and McEver were not surprised to find Mr. James Fanninghurst calling upon them. He wished to buy out "Lode Number two," as "Jake" called the mine, and felt sure that there would be no difficulty in coming to satisfactory terms, even though—ahem—Mr. Gleason and he had had a slight difficulty some time previous.

At first "Jake" objected strenuously, and mentioned that the only satisfactory terms he could arrive at with Fanninghurst would be the sound thrashing of the latter. However, Mac argued with him and convinced his partner that if they could get a good price for the mine it would be just as well to make sure of that as mines could not be relied upon, and even the best might "pan out" anytime. And so it was settled that McEver was to conduct the whole business and sell if a good enough price was offered. Gleason did not trust himself to be around, for, as he sagely observed, "Murder will out, and murder sure would happen if that Fanninghurst party tried any of his monkeyshines on me a second time; I know that guy, all right, I do. Don't you take your eyes off of him, Mac."

It was about nine o'clock when Fanninghurst reached McEver's or McCullough's cabin on the hill. The last fifteen months had changed Dawson greatly. Civilization was beginning its irresistible march on the settlement, and the magnate realized that the days of swindle, of "golden opportunity," as he called it, were fast disappearing.

"If I can put this deal through, I'll pack up and go back to England," thought he. "I've almost salted enough away now to make me independent for life."

McCullough received his guest with his usual quiet manner and bade him be seated.

"Of course, Mr. McEver, you have the proper papers to the mine and all that?"

"Yes,"

"Well, now what would you consider a fair price for your holdings and that of your partner?"

"I talked the matter over with Jake, and he and I agreed that \$500,000 would satisfy us, although we realize that the mine is worth much more than that," replied McEver.

"Ye-e-es, I see. Well, I'll just take these papers home with me, if you don't mind, and there I'll have a chance to look them over and I will give you an answer tomorrow night."

"Oh no, you wont. There will be no swindling or dirty work in this business, Fanninghurst, and understand that or there will be trouble."

"Why, you d—d blackguard, what do you mean? I'll sue you for slander, sir. I'll—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You know you're a blackguard yourself, and a swindler. You don't recognize me, do you? Well, I'm Mac McCullough, the man against whom you testified a good many years ago. And you knew I was innocent, my record was good. How about Engle, eh? He was your secretary and was into your books pretty deep, eh? It was only the day before yesterday that I learned the shareholders had caught you up in market speculation and that you had been forced to resign the bank, that you were sent out here by a gang of financiers—robbers is their right name—and that they were using the bank's name to give respectability to their work. Now you know who took that \$15,000, d—n you, and out with it quick or you're a dead man," and McEver drew a revolver on the so-called magnate.

\* \* \*

The next morning the *Dawson Gazette* found space on its front page for the following story, under the headlines: "Another Double Murder."

"Mac McEver, the popular restaurant owner, and James Fanninghurst, the man who swindled Jake Gleason out of his first strike, were both found dead in McEver's cabin on the hill this morning by Gleason, who had gone up to

see his partner. Fanninghurst, according to Gleason, went up to the cabin last night to buy the "Lode Number Two" from McEver. A row must have followed as both men are dead and two revolvers were on the floor. The theory is that there was a quarrel and that one covered the other, but that peace was restored and that they started signing papers when both now drew and shot each other dead. This theory seems the more probable as on the table was found a paper saying: "I, James Fanninghurst, do hereby declare that, being in debt at the time, did—" but evidently the row then occurred as the ink-bottle was evidently spilled with the writing of the word "did" because the ink stains the rest of the paper. Up to the present it is more or less of a mystery. The funeral will be—"

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### The Comedy of Errors.

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EDWARD A. ROACH, '15.

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The Comedy of Errors should be, and generally is, placed first in the list of Shakespeare's pure comedies, not only on account of its logical development, but also because of the period of its origin. It is simply a comedy of situation, and its entire action is of the most external kind wherein human purpose is almost entirely removed. The characters are all represented as being controlled by chance and always seem to be doing something which is ridiculous and entirely different from what they are really doing. As the name suggests, the entire drama is one continual succession of comical situations, arising from certain natural resemblances between the characters.

It is very easy to see that in a plot like that of the Comedy of Errors there is very little opportunity for character delineation, as character rests upon the internal nature of the person, which nature is shown by his actions, and if blind chance is the predominant note, the character of the players has little to do with their destiny. In this case he is determined from without and not from within, and consequently, his enforced actions become but a slight indication of the nature of a character. However, we don't mean to be so critical as to say that there is not some manifestation of character and action independent of external powers, as there is, even though it be super-



ficial and very inadequate. This is not a great fault, I presume, as we are concerned with the ridiculous situations in which the characters of the comedy are traced.

There are three movements in the drama, though the first and last are very short,—the one being more of an introduction and the other a hasty conclusion. The first movement tells of the disruption of the family of Aegeon and gives the serious background of the action. The second movement shows the "errors" which are rendered possible by the separation of Aegeon's family. In this part are the comic situations from which the title is derived and which form the greater portion of the drama. The mistake of the two pairs of twins springs from their previous separation. The third part gives us the mutual recognition of parents and children, and the restoration of all the members of the disrupted family. After all sorts of mistakes and difficulties are worked into the play we see them quickly change from confusions to happy reunions, and to a grand conclusion.

The first movement, as mentioned, is short and the purpose is explanatory rather than dramatic. It narrates the tale about Aegeon and the separation from his wife, one of his sons and one of his servants by an accident in the form of a shipwreck. Many years elapse and the twins grow up ignorant of their parents. The family of Aegeon is cut in two by the shipwreck, but he decides to send the remaining son and his servant to look for the lost brother. But they, too, disappear. We also learn that the mother does the same thing to the other children and the same misfortune happens to them. After presenting us with this short prologue, Shakespeare is ready to proceed to the second movement, where the main action is contained.

The second movement shows the mistakes which arise from a double natural resemblance, and the consequences of taking one person for another. These consequences seem to be carried too far as we become confused and do not know where we stand. The Ephesian Antipholus, one of the twin brothers, is presented as a man of high standing in business, social and civil activities. He is a friend of the ruler and influential with all. Now, into this situation is introduced a personage who resembles him and is everywhere taken for him and who proves to be the other brother, the Syracusan Antipholus.

This resemblance throws the whole community into disorder.

To introduce more complications the same circumstances occur with the two servants and the consequent entanglements can easily be seen.

The confusion does not end here, but is extended to the family of the two twins, one of whom is not married, only the Ephesian Antipholus having a wife. The Syracusan being a stranger knows nothing of her and thinks it a joke at first but can not convince the lady that he is not her husband. She finally gets him home to dinner, where he meets her sister, and he takes a liking to her sister, which helps matters none. To cap the climax the real husband comes home and finds he is locked out and another man in his place and consequently goes away in a rage. The same phase is reflected in low life in the affair of Dromio and the kitchen queen.

Other complications follow, but it is not necessary to give them all in detail. The two brothers figure again in an affair with a goldsmith who has been hired by the Ephesian to make a gold chain. The bill is presented to the Syracusan and what follows can be inferred from the circumstances.

The Duke, who is the highest representative of the state is introduced and he brings Aegeon, to execution for violation of the law. All the parties rush forward with their grievances and present their cases to the ruler who after hearing them is unable to solve their difficulties.

In the third movement we see the restoration of the family. The father recognizes his son; the mother is found in the Abbess; Aegeon is pardoned; and all the members of the family are again united.

With this analysis of the play we can see that it is a comedy of situation, in which natural resemblance is the predominant force and accident the secondary force.

Just where Shakespeare derived his material for the plot of this comedy is not known for a certainty, but it is the general opinion of critics that the "Menaechmi" of Plautus, afforded him most of his plot. In the "Menaechmi" there is the same general mingling of characters resulting from mistaken identity, and it is in this way that it resembles the "Comedy of Errors." Anyhow, whether it was borrowed from Plautus or not, the "Comedy of Errors" stands forth as the first of Shakespeare's pure comedies.

### The College Grafter.

B. W.

Bill Hawkins had once been at college, but whether as a student or under-janitor, or in some intermediary capacity, he never told. At present he was recuperating in Hot Springs, for he was nearly worn out after a strenuous season of bill-posting for the Ringling Brothers.

It was in a restaurant in Hot Springs that Bill met his old colleague Jim Fisher, who had helped him pull off many a good "drag" at the souvenir stands in the large cities during carnival time. They had separated some months before, for both had well-founded apprehensions that if they were found together in any of the Eastern cities—where their trade had been plied—things might not run over-smoothly. Hence Bill had been obliged to provide, by more undignified labor, for the wants of his inner man.

"Hot Springs has got a college, ain't it, Jim?" was Bill's first serious utterance after the pair had sallied out into the street and succeeded in lighting, behind a sheltering signboard, Jim's treat to Pittsburg stogies.

"Don't know," said Jim, "I just dropped into the village yesterday; I hadn't been outside the shack till just now."

"Believe it has," said Bill, paying no attention to Jim's explanation, "and d'you know I'm going to have more ballast when I leave this joint than when I came in yesterday; you know I always was an adept at enticin' people to buy at first sight, and knowing the needs of them college students, I'm goin' up there tomorrow and tempt 'em with some ponies:—oh, well, you wont know what that means, not bein' a college man yourself. You see ponies is necessary paraphernalia to every good student. Ponies is not animals, Jim, but books; answer books, problems worked out, Latin and Greek translated, and so on. You see, all I have to do is to write a little note and sign my name with a few D. D.'s, A. B.'s—them we call degrees, Jim—and send you with it to the Publishing house, and you gives it to one of the green assistant clerks. You see Profs can get them things without no suspicion bein' aroused, and you swear, if they ask any question, that Professor Junius Antonius Virgilius Hawkins, D. D., B. S., Ph. B., is one of the new

Profs up at the college, and that you're his clerk. You can't get more than ten of a kind, for they might get wise, but we will put up one of each kind in a sealed package, open up a post-card and gum stand and show the first student who gets off the train, and he'll do the advertising;—you'd know that, Jim, if you'd studied any psychology, or observed human nature. Now we ain't going to work no miracle, Jim, nor make them ten copies provide for the crying needs of fourteen hundred students, but them first ten packages is to serve for appetizers, so to speak. All the rest is to contain patent medicine pamphlets of the same size which can be got free for the askin'. The guy what comes first is to tell the rest to ask for "drawing material," for some of them Profs might be around buying post-cards or gum. There won't be no fear of them boobs openin' the packages, 'cause they're too busy gettin' settled in their new rooms and writin' home to Dad and Jabe. Jimmie, d'you remember, way back in the dim past, when we had a home too?" (for Bill was tender when his boyhood was brought back forcibly to his memory). But Jim had no time to answer, for Bill was voluble, and continued where he had left off, before the tender memories came.

"I tell you, Jimmie, them thousand Liver pill booklets will be gone in less than two hours, and so will Professor Hawkins and his clerk—gone with the remaining gum and postcards—gone north to old Chi. What d'you say, James? Half the profit is yours if you will be my clerk, the clerk of Professor J. A. V. Hawkins, D. D., B. S., Ph. B.?"

Again Jimmie didn't have time for utterance, for strong hands were laid on their shoulders, and shining bracelets soon ornamented their wrists, and Messrs. Hawkins and Fisher, wanted in Boston, were waiting for the patrol wagon.

### The Mystery of Winter.

When you're walking thro' the snowdrifts,  
On a clear and moonlit night,  
And the air is crisp and biting  
And your heart with joy is light,  
You would think the shadows, fairies,  
And the wind that's cold and sharp,  
As it rushes past the pine-trees,  
Seems to play some mystic harp.  
Then it seems that life's so pleasant,  
That there could be naught but joys,  
It reminds one of the wonderland  
Of little girls and boys.

LOUIS KEIFER.



## You Can't Get Away From It.\*

WILLIAM J. MOONEY.

"Hello, Tom, I hear you are going to leave us today for a few weeks' visit in the country."

"Yes, Bob, I am sick and tired of this society stuff, it doesn't get you anything. I want to get some place where there are no dances, no cafés, no clubs, no theatres, a place where the horses scare at automobiles; a place where one feels out of place in good clothes. That's a real vacation. Of course, I'll miss the big times at Newport and our little dinner parties here, but I guess I'll live through one summer without them."

"But, Tom, your folks are going to open their cottage at Newport this year, aren't they?"

"Sure they are. Mother and sister leave tomorrow and are anxious that I join them, but little Tommie is off that stuff this year. I've taken out a membership in the Quiet Life Club and it's good-bye to the bright lights until fall."

"Well, good-bye, old man, and good luck to you. Now don't fall in love with some country Miss, and settle down on a farm."

"No such luck, Bob. So long."

At two forty-five Tom Evans was seated in the day coach of a suburban train. His suitcase was on a rack above him and he settled back in his seat confident that three months of good rest was ahead of him. His destination was Macy Center, a little burg as he called it, where his aunt and uncle lived. They had often invited him to visit them, but the idea of visiting in the country had always seemed like a joke to Tom until this summer. Now he was glad he had relatives that lived on a farm because, after all, the only place to spend a real quiet, healthy vacation was in the country.

While Tom Evans was speeding towards Macy Center there was a great deal of excitement going on at the Ezra Evans farm. What should they do to entertain their city cousin? Of course cousin Tom would find it dull on the farm because he had been used to the excitement of the city, and they must try as best they could to make his stay with them as pleasant and enjoyable as possible.

Edna, the eldest daughter, was arranging

\* With apologies to Gouverneur Morris.

a list of couples to be invited over that night to a barn dance. Jane, the younger daughter, insisted that she be allowed to invite some friends over the next afternoon to meet her city cousin, and she planned that they could all go to the grove in the rear of the farm and have a real country picnic. Jack, the son and a young man of about Tom's age, was to take his cousin to a stag party the next night, to be given at a nearby farm. And from the way the last few stag parties had ended he was sure Tom would be in the best of spirits. Of course father and mother must have their turn. They would take their nephew to the church social to be given Sunday evening. In fact, the motto of the Evans family was "Keep Tom busy and don't let him get lonesome for the city."

Tom's train arrived at Macy Center about six o'clock in the evening. And when he alighted from the train he was met by the whole family who had motored over from their farm to meet him. Tom, of course, was much surprised to note the citified air about his cousins. And what impressed him most was the dress of his cousins, Edna and Jane. He had expected to find them dressed in gingham and wearing sunbonnets on their heads, but instead they looked as if they had just left a Fifth Avenue dressmaker. There was, of course, the usual questions to be asked regarding the health of his mother and father, and while they were still at the depot, Cousin Edna confided to him some of the festivities to be given in his honor. He was mystified. Dances, stag parties, picnics, socials, automobile trips—why these were the very things he wanted to get away from. Poor Tom tried to explain that he had come for a rest but they laughed that off as a joke and insisted that before he went back to the city he would see some real country life. And he was beginning to think he would. What was he to do? He must think quickly. He wanted rest, but from the looks of the program arranged for him in Macy Center, he would never get it there. His mind was made up. He would stay one night but tomorrow he would be called back to the city on business. Tom excused himself for a minute and went into the telegraph office and sent the following message to Bob:

"Get two of the boys and fix up a party for tomorrow night. Make it Rectors. Will be home at noon. Things too lively here. I want a rest. Tom."

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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—The early talking machines, uncanny though they were, incited the normal tympanic membrane to insurrection. Today our well-modulated Victrola-

**Phonographs and Poetry.** las have eliminated the uncouthness of sound, but there is still something queer about a box which sings and sings without comprehending or relishing a single note. It is as if the tongueless skull of a dead singer were haunted with the melodies of its lifetime. It is our belief, however, that these ghostlike machines have done us an eminent service. Thousands upon thousands have spread over the markets and desert places of the land. The varied, ever-lovable melodies given by noted singers, the notorious ragtime, Sousa's marches—all these have resurrected that temporarily dormant instinct for song. Contemporaneously, there have come innumerable maidens, and youths too, who strive to repeat on instruments, the successes of the phonograph. It is certain, at all events, that there has been an upheaval of interest in melody. Just as certainly as we have come back to music, so surely have we returned to its most ethereal form, poetry. Some years back, poetry and poets were rare birds. Today, every magazine is feverishly searching for both. Noyes, Masefield, MacKaye, Cawein—these real poets, who rely for their success upon something more than dialect, are coming into a wide popular reading. Francis Thompson, little noticed in his lifetime, is now eagerly perused. There

has been an enormous increase in editions of verse-collections. Side by side, too, in the windows of our book shops, can be seen the latest novels, and poems by Whitman, Burns, or Longfellow. There can be no doubt on the matter: we are recovering our poetic taste, and, wonder of wonders, we owe much of it to that prosaic and scientific gentleman, Thomas Edison.

## Gold and Blue Serenaders.

Discarding the lace and ruffles that until last year were stereotyped features of every production, the Philopatrians donned red suits, paper collars and a copious veneer of lamp-black, and presented on St. Patrick's day, a minstrel show as delightful as it was original. The songs were uniformly well rendered, the jokes, with one or two possible exceptions, apt and pointed, and the whole performance superior to the time-honored vicissitudes of some English or Scottish knight. The "Garden of Mirth and Melody," as this original production was called, afforded ample opportunity for the young men participating to show their ability as black-faced comedians, and that they succeeded well, no one of the audience will deny. Everett A. Blackman, as interlocutor, carried off his rôle with a *savoir faire* that would have done credit to one Albert G. Fields. The comedians, James P. Smith, Francis W. Branen, Saul Williams and Lawrence McIlwee, wonderfully and fearfully attired, in an amazing combination of orange, green and white silks, responded to the queries of the gentleman in the middle of the "festive arc" with an ingenuousness and *éclat* that provoked the risibles of their appreciative auditors. The individual songs were excellently rendered, Barrett J. Anderson being entitled to special mention for his rendition of that premature classic—in these days of transient glory—"Moonlight Bay." "When Maple Leaves are Falling" illustrated in true "movie" style, and also sung by Mr. Anderson, well deserved the encore it received. The Meteor Trio, composed of Emil J. Fritch, Louis P. Chemidlin and Cornelius G. McCarthy, did some clever tumbling and parallel bar work, that was enthusiastically applauded. Leon P. Maguire's reading "When Ireland's Dream Comes True," delivered in military attire, not only elicited the feminine verdict that "he was too cute for

anything," but won the hearty good will of every home-ruler who witnessed the little chap's very clever work. "Pickles for Two," a dialect sketch suggestive of Weber and Fields, was good throughout and held the interest of the audience. The grand finale, "Dixie Days" and "I Love the Whole United States," by the cadet chorus, was a fitting and climactic termination of a most entertaining performance. The boys deserved far better support than they were accorded, many seats being empty, and more than half of the remainder being occupied by down-town guests. The scenery, specially imported for the occasion, was beautiful, the finest, in fact, we have seen upon the local stage. The illuminations, which included a spot and flood light, greatly enhanced the brilliancy of the setting and costumes. Much of the success of the production must be attributed to Mr. Earl Dickens, who labored long and earnestly in devising plots and plans and coaching the boys. Mr. Dickens' initial appearance as playwright and librettist, conduces to the belief that there unfolds before him a great future in the field of scene and symphony. To the thirty young men who participated goes the assurance that the verdict of a critical audience proclaims "The Gold and Blue Serenaders" a most successful band of minstrels.

#### Zoellner String Quartet.

The Zoellner String Quartet which appeared in Washington Hall Wednesday evening, presented a well-selected and pleasing program. The selections were all of a classical nature, but such was the rare talent of the members of this excellent concert company, that all, save the inevitable few, were charmed by each and every number. The surpassing merit of the ensemble numbers earned for them great applause, and while the average college audience prefers a wider range and greater variety in concert selections, the fact that those of most Catholic tastes were loudest in applauding, speaks eloquently for the success scored by the Zoellner String Quartet.

#### Peace Oratorical Contest.

The Annual Peace Oratorical Contest, held in Washington hall Wednesday afternoon, brought out only three candidates for forensic honors on behalf of world peace. John Felix

Hynes, speaking on the "Futility of War," was accorded first place, and wins therewith the distinction of representing the University at the State Peace Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis, on March 20th. Mr. Hynes eloquently described the misery, suffering and social chaos entailed by every war, and demonstrated conclusively the criminal futility of civilized powers engaging in armed conflicts when every social and ethical deterrent is so strikingly apparent to those who esteem human life and property above arrogance and greed. Walter L. Clements, who chose as his theme, "The Modern Forces of Peace," won second place. Mr. Clements treated clearly and carefully the economic, social and religious agencies that are becoming annually more insistent in their demands for world-wide amity. International tribunals and arbitration, together with a growing consciousness of the inhumanity of war, he declared, pointed a way to the solution of the problem of increasing militarism. J. Clovis Smith took third place with an oration entitled "The Unreasonableness of War."

#### Kentucky Club.

That Kentucky is well represented at Notre Dame was made evident last Wednesday evening when the Kentucky boys assembled to organize a Kentucky Club. Brief talks were made by the different members who agreed that there is something about the old state which has a tug at the heart of every Kentuckian. Then they proceeded to organize and elect officers. Walter Clements was unanimously elected Colonel; Gerald Clements was elected Revenue Collector (that position corresponding to vice-president, treasurer and secretary. Twyman Mattingly was unanimously chosen minstrelman to sing the praises of the Blue Grass State, and the things for which she is famous. Charles Haydon was elected sergeant-at-arms (some, however, prefer calling the sergeant "Still House Watch"). Committees were then named, such as the committee on Kentucky news and committee on entertainment. It was even suggested that there be a committee on chewing when the fact was revealed that many of the Kentuckians "chaw the Burley weed." The object of the club is to show hospitality to all Kentuckians, to promote the interest of Notre Dame in Kentucky and Kentucky at Notre Dame.

### Book Reviews.

"Lives of the Saints," Butler.—This book is a compilation from the author's larger and well-known work, which is the most authentic and readable of the Shorter lives of the Saints in English. This smaller volume will be welcomed by the average reader, for it presents the biography of each subject in a popular form. It will be admirable, too, for the sick room; it is light and the type is large enough to read without straining the eyesight. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, 50 cents.

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That old-time favorite with our young people, Father Finn, has taken up his pen again and given them a story that may be truly described as an ideal book for young folks. What a pity that his pen has been unused for so long. May the "Fairy of the Snows" be the first of a new series of stories that will end only with the life of the author. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cents.

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"The Silence of Sebastian," A. T. Sadlier.—A new story by this strong Catholic author is always welcome. Perhaps none of her former books has captivated so many readers as the latest product of her pen, "The Silence of Sebastian," published by the Ave Maria Press. The writer has heard the story praised very highly by young men who read it. The surest indication of the pleasure they derive from the perusal of the book was the fact that a number purchased copies to give to friends for Christmas remembrance. Price, \$1.25.

### Society Notes.

#### HOLY CROSS-BROWNSON DEBATE.

The Holy Cross-Brownson debate, held Thursday evening, March 12, resulted in a well-earned victory for the former.

The question: "Resolved that Indiana should adopt the Initiative and Referendum," is a comprehensive one capable of bringing forth all the argumentative powers of the debaters. Each side showed a knowledge of this wide subject and the facts were well marshalled and ably presented.

The contest in determining this title was undoubtedly one of the most gratifying exhibitions of preparatory debating ever witnessed

at Notre Dame. Messrs. Butler, Early and Thole, who represented Holy Cross, made a very creditable showing. They had a better grasp of the question than their opponents and were superior and forcible both in argument and oratory. The Brownson debaters, Messrs. Wildman, Carroll, and Duffy, performed their work well and all these young men give promise of creditable performances in the future. The judges of the evening were, Fathers Davis and Hagerty, and Brother Marcellinus.

#### THE BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

An extemporaneous debate, "Resolved, that Intercollegiate Athletics Create More Evil than Good," was the feature of the regular Sunday evening (March 15) concourse of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society. Bro. Hugh, P. Duffy and H. Wildman, served as judges and decided in favor of the affirmative side by a vote of two to one. The affirmative was composed of Messrs. L. Carroll and W. Henry; the negative of J. Lawler and D. L. Duffy. The debate was hotly contested, and, after the decision, was thrown open to a ten-minute discussion of the house. The members became so engrossed over the subject that the discussion extended over the ten-minute limit and out into the hall. Brother Hugh was elected an honorary member of the society. Arrangements were made for having a group picture of the society taken soon. The next outside debate will probably be at Valparaiso. Debates with Culver and Winona are practically assured.

#### BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its interesting meeting Sunday evening. After setting April 5th as the date on which to hold the annual smoker of the Society, all new and unfinished business was disposed of and the remainder of the evening was devoted to a varied program of recitations, a welcomed divergence from debating. Mr. G. L. Clements a member last year, rejoined the Society and opened the program with a pleasing recitation "Jim's Defense," which was well received by the audience.

Mr. L. Carroll contributed a novel travesty on the motion picture business entitled, "I've Seen It at the Moving Picture Show." A dramatic selection, "The Death of Robespierre" was Mr. C. J. Hayden's topic. He did this splendid, old masterpiece full justice both as to interpretation and execution.

## CIVIL ENGINEERING.

A brief, though well-balanced program was presented at the meeting of the Civil Engineering Society Sunday evening. Mr. Gloeckner opened the program with a paper on "The Development of Waterway Transportation and its Relation to Commerce." This subject has been discussed before all of the engineering societies of two continents and is of great economical value. The speaker referred to the development of this type of transportation in Europe and then compared it to the conditions existing in this country. He quoted statistics at length to show how much more important was this problem than that of our "vanishing merchant marine." His views were favorably commented upon by the Director who pointed out the vast field that lay before the engineer in this respect.

Mr. Cline held the society spell-bound with a short talk upon "A Freshman's views of a Senior Civil Engineer." His vitriolic accusations of lack of dignity were more than offset by his gracefully eulogistic references to vocal ability.

Mr. Cavanaugh presented with the question, a firm conviction, an artistic drawing, and an able discussion. The latter touched in places with delicate humor. The difficulty lay with the propulsion of boasts by means of atmospheric pressure artificially produced. As usual, Mr. Cavanaugh carried off the honors of the evening.

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 Personals.
 

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—Nathan H. Silver (old student) is in the employ of Pierson, Roeding and Company, Colman Building, Seattle, Washington.

—Fabian Johnson (E. E. '12) of the Dodge Manufacturing Company, Mishawaka, Indiana, spent Sunday with friends at Notre Dame.

—Governor S. V. Stewart of Montana, and Congressman Charles E. Pickett of Waterloo, Iowa, visited the University during the week.

—Elmo Funk (C. E. '11) enjoyed a few days with the old-timers last Monday. Elmo is City Engineer at Anderson, Indiana, and is a busy man these early spring days.

—Earl Reeder, a popular student of two years ago, was at the University recently. Earl is now on the staff of the Grand Rapids *Herald*, and is forging to the front in journalistic circles.

—A letter from Alvaro San Pedro (M. E.

'13) gives us the news of his employment, under the Cuban Government, in the Department of Highways, Province of Pinar de el Rio. "Pete" is evidently making good in professional work.

—Wales Finnegan (Short E. E. '10), a prominent figure in Varsity Basketball, visited friends at the University last week. Wales holds a responsible position with the Saskatchewan Light and Power Company, being located at Regina, Saskatchewan.

—Mr. G. Marcille of Sorin hall has been called home by the sad news of the death of his father who passed away at their home in Rochester, New York, on March 9th. The University offers profound condolence to Gilbert and the other members of the family.

—Mr. John Gerenda, well-remembered as a student here a few years ago, is to receive subdeaconship on March 22d, deaconship on April 19th and ordination to the holy priesthood on June 16th. He has been adopted for the diocese of Cleveland in which city the ordinations will take place. This excellent young man will have the prayers and good wishes of all who knew him.

—Reverend Francisco Marin, O. P., for several years a beloved member of the University, is about to set out from the Dominican College at Rosaryville, Ponchatoula, Louisiana, to attend the Provincial Chapter of his Order in Manila, P. I. On the eve of his departure he sends special greetings to his friends at the University, and needless to say these are gladly received and cordially returned. Those who knew Father Marin can never forget his amiability and his unostentatious virtue.

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 Obituary.
 

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## BRO. TITUS.

We regret to announce the death of Brother Titus, who for twenty-six years was a faithful worker at the University in various capacities. Brother Titus died Tuesday last at the Community house, Notre Dame. *R. I. P.*

## REV. WILLIAM O'CONNOR.

We note the sad death of a prominent alumnus the Rev. William O'Connor (A. B. '01) which occurred at Hampton, Ohio, on February 15. Father O'Connor was in the twelfth year of his priesthood, and his death is a great loss to the parish of Hampton as well as to the Alumni Association. *R. I. P.*

## Local News.

—The green neckwear is hung away until next year.

—L. P. Harl, '16, of St. Joseph's hall, was called to his home in Owensboro, Kentucky, by the death of his sister.

—William J. Donovan, '15, Brownson hall, was one of the speakers at the Hibernian Banquet given at the Elk's temple in South Bend last Sunday night.

—Father Cavanaugh was the speaker on the Catholic Lecture Course in Kalamazoo, March 15. On St. Patrick's day he delivered an address in Peru, Indiana.

—The Sophomore journalists are getting good experience for future reporting of court proceedings by attending and reporting the law school's moot-court conducted by Judge G. A. Farabaugh.

—Brother Alphonsus sighted the first robins of the season March 10. Usually they are seen in this district about a week earlier, but the long period of snow seemed to warn them to stay away a little longer.

—A son, Melville Campbell Harper, was born to Coach and Mrs. J. C. Harper, March 5th. This means that the Coach will have to devote all his spare time at home toward keeping this coming athlete in training.

—A banquet was given March 3 at the Oliver hotel to the eight Monogram men of the basketball squad. There were speeches by the coach and players. Joe Kenney '15 was elected captain of next year's quintet.

—A big touring car got stuck in the mud near St. Mary's lake last Sunday, and it was only after the valiant services rendered by several students that the rescue of the half-submerged car and chauffeur was effected.

—The Knights of Columbus held a business meeting Tuesday night in the council chambers. A committee was appointed to arrange for the first degree which will be exemplified very soon. A number of applications for membership were received.

—The last of the semi-finals for the choosing of the debating team was held last Saturday and Monday evenings. Of the speakers on Saturday evening, Emmet Lenihan and Eugene O'Connell took first and second places, respectively, while on Monday evening William

Galvin and Emmett Walter were successful.

—The presence of such famous men as those who were with us last week attracted more than mere local interest. Notre Dame gets a liberal portion of noted people each year, and every student should welcome the opportunity to see and hear them.

—Rev. Father Hudson has received a letter from Mr. A. L. Morrison of Santa Fé, New Mexico, stating that he possesses an old and very much worn volume of Shakespeare which contains the signature of General Meagher. The volume is to be received by the University as a gift from Mr. Morrison.

—Julius, the faithful custodian of Sorin hall's third floor for the past five years, has returned to service after a leave of absence of several months. He spent the time visiting home folks in Hungary. Julius brought back with him a life partner, and from all appearances is about the happiest man in the United States.

—Father Foik, librarian of the University, has just received autographed photographs of two famous engineers. One is a likeness of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific railroad and an engineer of international repute, the other of Ralph Modjeske, noted bridge constructor. The pictures will be hung in the Engineers' Library.

—Ducking Freshmen in the lake has been a somewhat neglected feature of this year's happenings around the University. Perhaps it is because the first year men are not so fresh as in former years, or it may be that the upper classmen have not been energetic enough to perform the act. However, one Freshman was given a surprise bath in the Natatorium St. Patrick's day by a group of zealous Sophomores celebrating, perhaps, in honor of Erin's Saint.

—The big event celebrating the feast of St. Thomas, patron of philosophers, was the banquet served in the Junior refectory St. Thomas' Day. The guests were the Junior and Senior students who hope sometime to have an A. B., Ph. B. or a Litt. B. tacked to their names. The sumptuous banquet was served under the excellent supervision of Brother Florian. Father Schumacher in a short speech announced to the men that Mr. Henry Dockweiler of Los Angeles, California, would donate a gold medal each year to be bestowed upon some Senior writing the best essay on a given



philosophical subject. It will be conferred for the first time at the Commencement exercises in June.

—St. Edward's Hall basketball team defeated the Holy Cross ninims in a fast, snappy game, by a score of 8 to 4.

—Barrett Anderson was the star performer in the Philopatrian play. In his rôle of German comedian he was perhaps the best.

### Athletic Notes.

It is not because we feared to "scoop" the Journalists that we have withheld the publication of the baseball and football schedules so long, but because the Sword Presentation exercises crowded the Athletic Notes out of last week's issue. We take pleasure now in presenting them herewith. The names on both schedules are so well-known that abbreviated comment will suffice:

#### BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Apr. 11—Olivet College at Notre Dame  
 Apr. 13—University of Michigan at Notre Dame  
 Apr. 16—Western State Normal at Notre Dame  
 Apr. 18—Armour Institute at Notre Dame  
 Apr. 23—Bethany College at Notre Dame  
 Apr. 25—Ohio Wesleyan University at Notre Dame  
 May 2—Michigan Agricultural Col. at Notre Dame  
 May 6—Arkansas University at Notre Dame  
 May 7—Arkansas University at Notre Dame  
 May 8—Chinese University at Notre Dame  
 May 11—West Virginia Wesleyan at Morgantown  
 May 12—Georgetown University at Washington  
 May 13—Army at West Point.  
 May 14—Princeton University at Princeton, N. J.  
 May 15—Catholic University at Washington  
 May 16—Navy at Annapolis, Maryland  
 May 20—St. Viator's College at Notre Dame  
 May 23—Beloit College at Notre Dame  
 May 26—Lake Forest College at Notre Dame  
 May 29—Wabash College at Notre Dame  
 May 30—Wabash College at Notre Dame  
 June 4—Michigan Agricultural Col. at East Lansing  
 June 5—University of Michigan at Ann Arbor  
 June 6—University of Michigan at Ann Arbor

As usual, this schedule is featured by the Eastern trip, which this year will include visits to West Virginia, Georgetown, Army, Princeton, Catholic University and Navy. This line-up, though hard, can not but be satisfying to the Notre Dame fan, because not only are the names of Georgetown and Princeton included, but an opportunity will be afforded to even up the board with West-Point and Annapolis. A better assortment of home games has not been given us for several

years. Cartier Field will see this spring the choice of Western college nines, including Michigan, the Michigan Aggies, Arkansas and the Chinese invaders from Hawaii. Altogether fifteen of the twenty-five scheduled games will be played on the home diamond.

#### FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 3—Alma College at Notre Dame  
 Oct. 10—Freshmen vs. Varsity  
 Oct. 17—Yale at New Haven  
 Oct. 24—South Dakota at Sioux City, Iowa  
 Oct. 31—Haskell Indians at Notre Dame  
 Nov. 7—Army at West Point  
 Nov. 14—Carlisle at Chicago  
 Nov. 26—Syracuse University at Syracuse

The schedule in football given above will take second place to none in the country, and is undoubtedly the best ever arranged for a Gold and Blue eleven. It will also undoubtedly prove the hardest. With but two minor games to prepare for Yale, and giving the New Haven team the handicap of playing on their own grounds, the Varsity will find their hands full when they enter the new Yale stadium next October 17th. One week later, our warriors will meet the Coyotes at Sioux Falls, Iowa, just two thousand miles west of New Haven. With the Dakotans playing as they did on Cartier Field last fall, this game, too, will be one well worth seeing. A week later our eleven will play on the home grounds. Haskell, a new opponent, will be the visitor. This game will be the hardest of the home schedule, for the Southern Indians, like Carlisle, always put forth a fast, fighting team. Last year they threw a serious scare into the Nebraska camp, and Nebraska was a contender for western honors. On November 7th, we make our second appearance at West Point. The Army showed in its game against the Navy, that they have learned a lesson from us; that they, too, are masters of the forward pass; and thus being impervious to surprises, will give us even a harder battle than they did last year. A week later Carlisle will be met in Chicago. Many consider that this will be the hardest game of the year. We are not in a position to dispute such as do so because Carlisle's past record forbids. The season will close with Syracuse at Syracuse.

#### PREPS CAPTURE MEET.

The fast prep track team downed the South Bend High School in an exceptionally interesting track meet last Saturday afternoon, 53 to

46. The local men had not forgotten last year's defeat at the hands of the South Benders and they were out for revenge. Led by Capt. Fritch and the incomparable Bergman, the locals took an early lead and were never headed. As was expected "Bergie" carried off the forty and two-twenty, making Varsity time in both events. "Little Dutch" sprang a surprise with a leap of 20 feet 2 inches in the broad jump which was good for second place. Fritch was but a single point behind Bergman, taking easy firsts in both hurdles and third in the forty-yard dash and the broad jump. The local men scored a slam in the quarter, McDonough leading the way with a mark of :58 seconds. Gaupel also captured a first by putting the shot 36 feet 6 inches. O'Shea and Taffe also placed in two events.

For South Bend, Sweeney, Andrews and Martin were the individual stars. Sweeney captured both the mile and the half. Andrus scored in the high jump, the pole vault and the shot put, while Martin took first in the broad jump, and third in both hurdle races. The relay was not run, as the locals had already captured enough points to win the meet, even though they should lose the race. Summary:

40-yard dash—Bergman, N. D., first; Leisure, S. B., second; Fritch, N. D., third. Time, 0:04 4-5.

Mile run—Sweeney, S. B., first; Moon, S. B., second; Meehan, N. D., third. Time—5:15.

High jump—Andrus, S. B., first; Martin, S. B., second; Shea, N. D., third. Height—5 ft. 4 inches.

40-yard low hurdles—Fritch, N. D., first; Taffe, N. D., second; Martin, S. B., third. Time—0:05 3-5.

Pole vault—Scott, S. B., Andrus, S. B., Garfield, S. B., tied for first. Height—10 feet.

220-yard dash—Bergman, N. D., first; O'Shea, N. D., second; Leisure, S. B., third. Time—0:25.

Shot put—Gaupel, N. D., first; Morales, N. D., second; Andrus, S. B., third. Distance—36 feet 6 in.

440-yard dash—McDonough, N. D., first; Barrett, N. D., second; Lockard, N. D., third. Time—0:58.

40-yard high hurdles—Fritch, N. D., first; Taffe, N. D., and Martin, S. B., tied for second. Time—0:06.

Broad jump—Martin, S. B., first; Bergman, N. D., second; Fritch, N. D., third. Distance—20 feet 6 in.

Half mile—Sweeney, S. B., first; Kelley, S. B., second; Fritch, N. D., third. Distance—20 feet 6 in.

Starter—Henehan (Notre Dame).

### Safety Valve.

When the Irish and the Germans lined up for a baseball game on the 17th, the Germans had an O'Flynn on their team and it broke up the game.

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It was a curious coincidence that in last Tuesday's

minstrel show, Mr. Blackman was the only white man in the crowd—he was the interlocutor.

\*\*\*

Rag time Havlin visited St. Joseph school in town and told the children that if they studied hard they would some day become famous like himself.

\*\*\*

### ECHOES FROM TUESDAY'S PLAY.

*South Bend in ribbons*—My, that boy has a lovely voice!  
*South Bend in more ribbons*—Yes, he has. But I don't believe his face is as cute as his voice, do you?

\*\*\*

### LITTLE BO PEEP (*Up to Date*).

BY FREMONT FITZ.

Poor little Bo Peep  
Has lost her sheep  
And she worries her dimples away.  
For she, fearful declares  
"Mongst the Bulls and the Bears  
They gambol on Wall Street today."

\*\*\*

### AS GEORGE SCHUSTER WOULD WRITE IT.

Little Bo Peep  
Has lost her sheep,  
But the real cause of her trouble, as we see it, is  
that she has lost her "goat."

\*\*\*

### W. HENRY.

Little Stub Flynn, he lost his grin,  
And didn't know where he could find it;  
A duty was due, that's why he was blue,  
So he sat down and started to grind it.

\*\*\*

### APOLOGIES TO M. PETER YERNS.

Little Bo Peep sh'lostersheep,  
Undsh'don'tknowwheretofind'erm  
Soshe'll let'emaloneuntiltheycomehome  
Withth'littleailswaggin'behind'em

\*\*\*

### A LA G. BLOUNT.

Dis little gal, Bo Peep, war a most calamitous pusson.  
She dun had de misfo'tune to lose dem wooly sheeps  
o' hern, couldn't find dem nowhere. Yo, Deacon  
Rufus, dun foun' her cryin' her poor eyes out'n her  
haid, an' said: "Looky hayer, Missy, yo' jes let dem  
dar sheeps a-lone, an' dey'll cum home, mebbby, an' sho'  
as I'm bohn dey'll hab dem dar tails o' theirn right  
behind dem."

\*\*\*

Little Bo Peep  
Please do not weep,  
Cause we haven't been a callin'  
For we can't get away  
Neither night nor day  
Oh, the effects of Lent are appallin'

\*\*\*

### AS JOE GARGEN WOULD—AH—SAY.

Miss Peep seems to have—ah—lost her sheep,  
They've gone astray, so to speak, as it were;  
Yet I'll jolly well venture to predict,  
That they'll return more or less shortly, with their  
little scuts of fur.