

~ The ~
Notre Dame Scholastic

· DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·
P. A. A.

VOL. XLVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 25, 1914.

No. 25.



MONSIGNOR ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

Suffering in Ireland, 1641-1750.



S a preface to this paper it may be well to give some idea of the state of Ireland leading up to the year 1641. With that in view I will mention only in outline the chief facts. It will be remembered that in 1641 the Irish, irritated and continually aggravated by the impositions and unfair dealing of the men who were to rule the island, rose in revolt under Rogan O'Moore and Sir Phelim O'Neill. The insurrection was unorganized in its attacks on and seizure of garrisons until the following year when the leading men of every city, town and county, including the Catholic nobility and prelates, met in national convention at Kilkenny, 1642, and formed into a Confederation. They bound themselves "by solemn oath never to sheathe their swords until they saw their religion free, their kingdom constitutionally independent, and they themselves in possession of their natural and inalienable rights." In compliance with a request of the Confederation the bishops and clergy met in a national synod at Kilkenny, 1642, and unanimously resolved: "That, whereas the Catholics of Ireland have taken up arms in defense of their religion, for the preservation of the king, the security of their own lives, possessions, and liberties, we, on behalf of the Catholics, declare these proceedings the most just and lawful."

An oath was drawn up and administered to the members of the Confederation, binding them to bear true faith and allegiance to King Charles, to defend their prerogatives, estates and rights, to uphold the fundamental law of Ireland, to maintain the free exercise of the Roman Catholic faith and religion, and to obey and ratify all orders and decrees made and to be made by the supreme council of the Confederate Catholics of the island concerning the public cause. A general assembly of the Confederates met the same year, 1642, and elected a supreme council and invested it with the authority of an executive gov. All Ireland but Dublin fell into their hands. The king appointed Ormond to negotiate with them. An armistice of two years was made at the end of which time Charles, needing troops and money, sent Earl Glamorgan to negotiate peace. He met the supreme council in 1645 and

made a treaty by which Catholics were granted freedom of worship, permitted to take possession of all the churches not actually in the hands of the established church and secured the enjoyment of many valuable civil, political and social rights. The Puritans hearing of this, Charles to escape odium, denied the articles in an address to Parliament. Ormond imprisoned Glamorgan and himself drew up another treaty satisfying the laymen but denying what the clergy demanded. The clergy, the Papal nuncio, Rinuccini, and a bulk of the laymen were indignant that such a treaty was agreed to by the supreme council.

This caused a split in the Confederation. Owen O'Neill, leader of the Old Irish Catholics and clergy won a great victory over the Scottish leader Monro, and in 1646 declared war on the supreme council. The same year a national synod declared that all and each of the Confederate Catholics who should adhere to the peace of the Thirty Articles should be regarded as perjurers, and that the fathers would demand unrestricted freedom of worship. In another decree those adhering to the peace were declared excommunicated and the peace null and void. In 1647 this was ratified by the General Assembly. Another peace was made between the council and Lord Inchiquin, and also declared void and its acceptance forbidden under censure by some bishops. Yet some said the censure did not bind—hence a split in the clergy. In 1649 a treaty was agreed to between Ormond and the General Assembly; but the same year Charles died and Cromwell landed in Ireland to subjugate it.

After a short siege, he took Drogheda by storm, and thousands, including priests, monks citizens and soldiers, were put to the sword. And the fate of Drogheda was the fate of every city and town that did not surrender at the first summons of the Puritan tyrant, who, holding the Bible in one hand, slaughtered innocent victims with the other. Limerick was taken in 1651, and Cromwell declared confiscated nearly all the lands belonging to Catholics in Ireland and divided them among his soldiers and the adventurers. Two thousand were transported to the West Indies and many thousands more, chiefly women, to the American colonies. The rest were shut up in the province of Connaught. And all Catholics who after May 1, 1654, were on the eastern side of the Shannon, were liable to the penalty of death. Around the borders

of Connaught were planted British settlements of men long trained in military service. Though Cromwell's slaughter of the inhabitants of the towns he took was in accord with the laws of war of that day, he gave another excuse, saying: "I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon these barbarous wretches who have immersed their hands in so much innocent blood and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future."

Charles II. had been supported by Catholic Ireland and had promised to go there. But having placed himself in the hands of his father's murderers, he broke every promise and gave up the principles he formerly held. He condemned the peace made with Ireland, denied having given his concurrence to the treaty and declared it to be of no effect. The unprecedented success of Cromwell's arms had now transformed the country into one frightful scene of carnage and dissolution; villages became a mass of ruins, towns and cities were plundered, in short, the kingdom from end to end assumed the awful appearance rather of a region of death than of a land intended by nature for the residence and happiness of human beings. The fury of the storm was particularly directed against the altars and priesthood of the country. Churches were everywhere demolished, convents converted into garrisons for the soldiers of Cromwell. The clergy were forced to take refuge in the morasses of the country or in the rocks and caverns of the mountains.

But yet a few words about the law of 1653 giving the County of Clare and Province of Connaught to the Irish. After the law fathers must transplant themselves in two months; Catholic women married to English Protestants might stay on condition of becoming Protestants; boys and girls of fourteen and twelve, in Protestant service might stay if they were brought up Protestant. All who had in any way aided the enemies of Parliament must cross the Shannon. Of this going out from home, Dalton (Vol. II.) says: "All should go, the sick the infirm, the aged, the paralytic, the blue-eyed daughter of four years or that other with full face and flaxen hair, the grand-sire whose eyes were dim with years and who tottered feebly along, the widow whose husband or children had fallen in battle, the wife whose soldier husband had quitted Ireland and sought for a home in happier lands. It was the exodus of a nation. They left the

fertile plains of Tipperary and Limerick and Meath for Connaught, with its bogs and rocks and heather-clad hills. They were going to a province where they had not a house to shelter them or a friend to welcome them; and they were leaving their own homes and fields—homes made sacred by many recollections of joy and sorrow, laughter and tears. But regrets were futile and tears and entreaties vain; their homes and fields were wanted for the stranger, and across the Shannon they must go. Irish soldiers went abroad, to Spain chiefly, also to France, Austria and Venice—40,000 had left in a short time. Priests were commanded to leave Ireland in twenty days. Whoever concealed one was liable to death, and whoever knew of a hiding-place and did not give information was to have his ears amputated and to be whipped. Many went to Spain, many who were caught were put to death, others sent to Barbadoes. But others lived on among their enemies, disguised as ploughmen and shepherds, and ministered to the poor Catholics around them. Of those who did not cross the Shannon, some were put to death, many old men and women left to starve, while the young were hunted as men hunt down game and were put on board ship and sold as slaves into the Barbadoes. Of those who were sent to the West Indian planters, their beauty was their ruin, and in that land of the tropics they lived as in a prison, their faith banned, their race and nation derided, their virtue outraged. Such was Cromwell's plan of settlement. But even in his own day its failure appeared and the barriers he had raised were already being broken down. In spite of all laws the English planters took Irish tenants, employed Irish servants, married Irish wives, learned their customs, spoke their tongue, embraced their faith, and in the next generation the sons of Cromwellian troopers fought against the Protestant William and in favor of the Catholic James.

In 1658 Cromwell died and Charles II. in 1660 made solemn entry into London. The Puritans who were in possession of the lands of Catholics began now to represent them as fomenters of dissension, disturbers of the public peace, subjects of a foreign potentate and incapable of loyalty to the crown. To correct these misrepresentations a number of the Catholic leaders met in Dublin in 1661 and drew up a Remonstrance addressed to

the king in which they declared their loyalty. This was lauded by the laity but condemned by the clergy and prelates as containing disrespectful sentiments to the Holy See and propositions already condemned by Paul V. and Innocent X. Lord Ormond effected this to split the laymen and clergy. In a synod in 1665 the Remonstrance was unanimously condemned and another drawn up. The number of priests in Ireland in 1665 was about 2000, and there were but three bishops out of 28 that resided there in 1650. In May 1670 Lord Berkeley became viceroy, and during the two years of his office the Catholics enjoyed a season of comparative exemption from persecution. But Ormond, replaced by Buckingham, was again restored to power and universal terror and shedding of blood began. The Puritans were in power, the Declaration of Indulgence to dissenters granted in 1670 was revoked, and the Test Act again enforced. Those refusing to take the oath of supremacy, to deny Transubstantiation, and to receive the Sacrament according to the rite of the Established Church were declared incapable of holding either civil or military office. Catholics were forbidden to live in towns; bishops and others exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction under the Pope were exiled; converts were dissolved, all priests banished, and Catholic chapels were closed. Some bishops were put to death. Such frightful scenes continued until 1685 when James II. replaced Charles II. on the English throne.

The Catholics hoped for right dealing and were not disappointed. James was a Catholic and declared himself. He sent Lord Clarendon as viceroy to Ireland in 1686, with instructions to grant freedom of worship to Catholics; to remove or disregard their civil disabilities; and to admit them equally with Protestants to offices of state. Protestant soldiers were removed and Catholics appointed to fill their places. Protestants were alarmed and feared that Talbot was about to urge the repeal of the Act of Settlement. But James was driven from the throne in 1688 and passed over to France. The Irish fought with James, but their hopes were blasted by the Battle of Boyne in 1690. James quitted Ireland; the Irish fighting for their cause as well as his were decisively defeated at Aughrim in 1691; and the capitulation of Limerick in 1692 made the authority of William supreme over the island.

By the treaty of Limerick it was expressly stipulated that Catholics should be obliged to take only the oath binding them "to bear faithful and true allegiance to their majesties William and Mary," and yet in the year following an oath was drawn up and presented for their acceptance in which they were called upon to deny the dogma of Transubstantiation and to declare that the invocation of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice, the mass as now used in the Church of Rome, are damnable and idolatrous." An oath of abjuration said that no foreign prince or prelate "hath any jurisdiction, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within the realm."

The treaty of Limerick was shamefully disregarded. By act of Parliament in 1695 anyone known to have sent his child to the Continent to be brought up in the Catholic faith was made incapable of prosecuting suit at law, of receiving any legacy or deed of gift, and was condemned to forfeit all his goods and chattels and all his hereditaments, rents, annuities, offices and estates of freehold. A Protestant heiress who married a Catholic was punished by loss of her inheritance. In 1697 an act required all archbishops, bishops, vicar-generals, deans, Jesuits, monks, friars and all Catholics having jurisdiction, to quit the kingdom, and return subjected them to penalties of high treason. From 1696 to 1699 over 900 priests were banished and those who remained had to hide in caves and in the mountains. Again over a million acres were added to the eleven millions already confiscated. William died in 1702 and Queen Anne opened up one of the darkest epochs in Ireland's history.

In an enactment signed by the Queen in 1703 steps were taken "to prevent Popish priests from coming into the country," and it declared guilty of high treason and subject to its penalties all who should harbor, relieve, conceal or entertain Catholic priests, and those neglecting to enforce the law were liable to a fine of 100 pounds. In 1704 a bill to prevent the further growth of "Popery" was passed. A summary of it is thus given by the Protestant historian Killen:

"It provides that any persuading a Protestant to embrace Popery and every such pervert (!) shall incur the penalty of praemunire; that is, if the eldest son of a Popish landlord conforms to the Established Church, the father shall hold the estate only as a tenant for life, whilst the

son shall be proprietor in fee; that the orphan children of Popish parents shall be intrusted to Protestant guardians and brought up in the Protestant religion; that any Papist undertaking such guardianship shall be liable to a penalty of 500 pounds; that no Papist shall be at liberty to purchase lands for a longer term than 31 years; that a Papist who has inherited from a Protestant any estate, tenement or hereditament in fee and who does not conform to the Established Church, shall not be entitled to continue in the enjoyment of the property; that a Papist who is the owner of a freehold shall not have the power to bequeath it to his eldest son; that at his death it shall be split up in equal portions among all his male children; but that the law of primogeniture shall be maintained should the eldest son, within three months after his father's death, produce a certificate from the Protestant bishop of the diocese, stating that he belongs to the Church established by law; that no Papist shall be capable of voting at an election for a member of parliament until he has taken the oath of allegiance and abjuration; and that all persons assembling at St. Patrick's Purgatory, Lough Derg, shall incur a fine of ten shillings each, and in default of payment receive a public whipping." It is easy to see what hardships, what persecutions and what vicious temptations such an enactment must have brought on Catholic Ireland.

Public informers or spies and an unfeeling magistracy were needed to carry out the law; hence Parliament declared those who informed were doing an honorable service, and that the magistrates who neglected to execute the laws were betrayers of the liberties of the kingdom. The registration of priests ordered in 1704 showed 1080 in all Ireland, and a law gave twenty pounds a year to any priest who apostatized.

In 1709 a reward of fifty pounds was offered for conviction of any bishop or other dignitary exercising jurisdiction, and twenty for every regular; the money to be levied on the Catholics of the county in which the individual was detected. Then Catholic schoolmasters, ushers, or private tutors were subjected to the same penalties as the proscribed ecclesiastics. In 1710 those priests who had conformed to the law of registration were ordered to present themselves at the session of the Irish Parliament and take the oath of abjuration under

penalty of transportation for life, and of high treason if they returned. Out of 1080 registered, thirty-three yielded and took the oath. The others remained firm. John V. king of Portugal received praise from Pope Clement XI. for his kindness, affection and support given to the exiled priests who went to him.

Anne died in 1714, and the penal code of her time was thus described by Edmund Burke: "It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

George I. succeeded Anne in England and promised better things; but the enemies of Catholics were not slow in causing trouble. In 1715 the Scotch rose in revolt in favor of the Pretender (son of James II.), and while the Catholics took no part in the quarrel they were as violently persecuted as if they had. Catholic nobles were hurried to prison; churches and chapels were closed, priests were seized and the usual offer made to informers. To the credit of the times be it said that these priest catchers were generally Jews. George I. died in 1727 and was succeeded by his son George II.

In the early part of his reign, a law was framed depriving the Catholics of the privilege of voting for members of Parliament or for the magistrate of any city or corporate town; and they were also forbidden to practise as barrister. Such laws led some of the nobility and prominent Irish Catholics to declare themselves Protestants while at heart most were firm and some retained priests in their homes.

In 1733 another act was formed disqualifying any convert to Protestantism from practising in the courts of law who should allow his Catholic wife to educate her children in the Catholic faith. In 1743 a rumor of an intended French invasion furnished another pretext for fresh persecutions, and so violent was the feeling against Catholics that one member of the privy council advocated an indiscriminate massacre of the whole body. Churches were again closed; the officers were vigilant. Driven from their churches, the priests would gather the faithful about them on some green hillside or in a secluded nook of a valley and there on a rude altar of stone in the temple of nature, says Alzog, offer up the sacrifice to Nature's God.

The Terrors of War, or Between the Lines.

HUGH V. LACEY.

Oh the sentry fires were gleaming
 And the troopers loudly dreaming
 (For the U. S. had been plunged in bitter war)
 When I dodged the dozing pickets
 Stationed in amongst the thickets.
 (Oh, I'd often been a-soldiering before.
 Stunts like this I'd very often pulled before.)

I'd piped off a hacienda
 Chuck-a-block with fairest blend a'
 Mexick damsels, like I'd never seen before.
 One amongst them caught my eye so
 That I couldn't pass her by, so
 My guitar and I went strumming at her door.
 Yep, we both went gaily strumming at her door

"Senorita, ah, so neata,
 With your dainty, twinkling feeta,
 Eyes so deep and velvet-soft, my heart's afire.
 Said old Sherman, 'War is hellish.'
 That may be the fact, but, well, Ish
 Ga Bible, if you'll love me, Sherm's a liar.
 Yes, that blooming croaking mummy is a liar."

But I ceased my strumming when a
 Wrinkled, physic-phased duenna
 Poked her head out screaming loudly "Vas is schloos?"
 Quickly through the spiny cacti
 Pologizing freely, backed I.
 Tell the truth, I wasn't feeling much jocose.
 Believe I even was a tiny bit morose.

Coming back, I past the sentry
 Who was such a perfect gent he
 Was snoozing out a good old lusty snore.
 The warships in the offing
 Started gatling guns a-coughing,
 And the movie battery was all set for war.
 The camera men were set prepared for war.

The day was slowly dawning
 When I crept beneath my awning
 And the sun was hot enough to simmer tar.
 The drums began to rattle.
 Much too drowsy for a battle,
 I just dreamed I strummed once more on my guitar.

"Senorita, ah, so neata,
 With your dainty twinkling feeta,
 Eyes so deep and velvet-soft, my heart's alight;
 You yourself are nifty, fina,
 But duenna—Poland China!
 "Buenos noches"—when I think of her—"Good night!"

The Emancipation of Posterity.

B. A.

At eight o'clock Reginald Bartholomew Harding was expected by parental authority to be in bed. Ten minutes past that hour found the hope of the family still up, and what was worse, leaning out of the window. He was thinking deeply, and a bed was no place to think. His last and greatest plan was on his mind, and he was not yet satisfied with it. And it was a great plan; no less than to give to posterity a record of his own age; an age, which, in all probability, he would be the center and ornament.

The idea had originated in his history class. During one of his rare intervals of complete wakefulness, he heard the professor explain the value of the Rosetta stone and the Babylonian excavations; what use they were to historians and how knowledge of early history was obtained chiefly from such discovered records. At first Reginald was not much impressed. But then a thought flashed into his mind of the future historians. What would they do in the years to come unless there were some records to dig up? How could they ever know of the brilliant life that scintillated at Cassopolis in the year of grace, 1914, if some traces of it were not conveniently buried. Certainly something should be done. The Egyptians were more considerate in these matters. They not only carved letters on stone, and buried cups and the like, but even built young mountains over them for protection. Whereas at present, not the slightest activity was evident along these lines. To make certain, he questioned the Brother, and was solemnly assured that no such interments were known.

Going home that evening, Reginald Bartholomew formed his plan. If society was recreant in its duty, he, at least, would take care that posterity should not be defrauded. He would see to it that some fitting remembrance of his times be buried for future archæological societies, and that this wonderful age should not be entirely forgotten in the years to come.

Hence it was that he thought so long and so profoundly. The thing was not as simple as it appeared. In the first place, what was he to bury? The Egyptians buried cups or vases. This, to him, was impracticable, for there were only nine cups in the house, and one would be

too readily missed; and as for the vase on the parlor table, it would be little short of sacrilege to take that. He might do as the Persians did, carve something on a stone, but this was a little too arduous even for Reginald's enthusiasm. Evidently he must do something original; something that would be novel, and moreover reflect the spirit of the age. His mind wandered over all the possibilities, but none seemed satisfactory or attainable. The coal scuttle was not representative enough, and his father's high hat was locked away. Disappointed he was turning away, when his eye caught sight of a dark object leaning against the shed. Instantly his face cleared. "Just what I want," he announced to himself. "It's the very thing." With grateful heart and cheerfully he went to bed.

The abandoned wheelbarrow that had once served faithfully in the garden, was now Reginald Bartholomew's exclusive property. He had earned it by carrying a half ton of coal to the cellar, and its fate rested entirely in his hands. He determined to sacrifice it to posterity. He hated to lose the wheel. He might get another somewhere and be able to make a cart with them. But he heroically put down this temptation as base and unworthy. It would not be representative if all the parts were not present. The wheel could represent the iron works. True, it was wood, but it had an iron hoop, and besides one can't be too particular. The handles would do for the cigar factory; they were rounded, and pointy at the ends, and careful historians would readily understand the allusion. The rest of the wheelbarrow would give a general idea of the prosperity of the place, and he could get a few artificial flowers to show the culture and refinement that were prevalent. There were some in the vase on the parlor table and a few would not be missed. All and all, it was a good idea. As good as the Egyptian's at least, and perhaps a trifle better. After all, a vase or stone could not mean much to an ordinary man, whereas a wheelbarrow spoke whole volumes. Certainly he was doing the right thing.

The next point to consider was the place of interment. It must be a hill—they always excavated on hills,—and the country must be wild. There was but one such spot, right across from the old creamery on the other bank of Riley's Creek. He would find some con-

venient spot there and dig a hole about six feet deep. This would probably be deep enough and would not cause too much trouble to the future archaeologist. A day or two later, Reginald made a preliminary survey of the ground and settled on the exact spot. It looked much like some of the pictures in his history. The success of the thing was assured, and posterity was saved.

The final details of the plan were now made out. He would leave the house after the rest were in bed, taking with him the artificial flowers. A spade from the woodshed would be concealed outside the gate. He would softly take the wheelbarrow from the yard, pick up the spade and proceed to the spot. It seemed romantic as he thought over it during Algebra; almost like some of the stories he had read. Perhaps later he would tell of it to his admiring schoolmates, and be elected to the presidency of the "Literary Society." He might even get the medal for history—he was rudely interrupted by being sent to the board. His inability to disentangle the Binomial Theorem caused him little anguish, for he felt that he was superior to such things. An historical career was his ambition.

The night of nights came around and everything was ready. He had the two blushing roses from the parlor. The spade was hidden out in the weeds, and he had even scratched on a board his name and age. Some doubts as to the validity of this last arose in his mind, but he trusted that it would be well. As nine o'clock struck, he slipped softly down the stairs and out into the yard. It was as dark as the most ardent conspirator could desire. Reginald Bartholomew moved cautiously to where the wheelbarrow lay and carefully moved it out of the yard. It gave numerous outrageous squeaks, and seemed reluctant to start on its fatal journey. By dint of careful persuasion, however, it was gotten to a safe distance. Everything being collected, the expedition started on its way.

But how different was this way from what it had been that morning. The road seemed to have added to its collection an entirely new assortment of bumps and ruts. They lay every way, and no matter how he turned, Reginald was always striking them. Moreover, there were all sorts of queer rustling things in the hedges. Dark shadowy figures loomed up over his shoulders, and weird noises were swept to

his ears from across the fields. He thought he heard some one scream, and then a peal of wild mocking laughter made his blood run cold. Through all these horrors, Reginald plunged on. His spirits were sinking, and he wished himself home. But he thought of posterity. No, he wouldn't fail the future ages, come what might. The wild laugh was again swept to him, this time from the rear. Yes, he would go on, nay more, he would go quickly. And suiting the action to the thought he went. Breathlessly he arrived at Riley's Creek.

For a few minutes he rested and listened. But nothing disturbing him he proceeded to look for the marked spot. But in the dark most places look alike, and he finally decided that for historical purposes they were so. The ground at his feet being soft he commenced to dig. It was easy shoveling, and his spirits rose. He even whistled as he worked and wished that the fellows could see him at his daring task, so cool and unconcerned. He laughed at his fright on the road. Of course it was an owl or some night bird that had caused those noises. He was a ninny to run off that way. Well, he'd go home in good order, just to show what he could do. He'd be rather tired anyway after shoveling and would stroll slowly through the trees enjoying the night air. In fact he was feeling tired already. Perhaps he had better not make the hole so deep. Six feet was an extravagant depth; three would do just as well. All that was really necessary was to have it underground. Besides it was of no use to overwork himself and ruin his health. Moderation above all things was needful. Yes, three feet would be plenty. He might even be deep enough now. He pulled the wheelbarrow over to see how it fitted. Heavens! he hadn't thought that the wheelbarrow was so big. Why it needed twice as much room, not to speak of depth. Slowly Reginald went back to work. But the ground seemed harder now and twice as heavy. Fate was certainly against him. His strength, too, was failing him. He felt his muscles growing weak and his head felt queer. Perhaps he would get too weak to walk home, if he kept on, and might have to stay there all night. He shuddered at the thought and of the parental greeting that would result. No, he must go before it was too late. It would be hard on posterity, of course; but then he would not forget. Later he would do something, but now—the

wheelbarrow slipped over the side of the bank. He made no effort to stop it. Slowly it slid down and a soft splash told of its fate.

The wise old owl that lived in the big elm must have winked as he saw the figure of a boy speed frantically up the road with a spade in one hand and some flowers in the other. And no doubt he would have winked again had he peeped through a certain window with his all-seeing eye, and seen a tousled head deep in a pile of coverlets.

Such is Life.

LOUIS KEIFER.

A young man but very big, dressed in the height of fashion, carrying a light walking stick on one arm and a very pretty, stylishly dressed young lady on the other, entered the Philadelphia. The two took seats near the middle of the place and were the object of everyone's gaze. To the fellows, the young man was apparently rich and to the young ladies he was particularly handsome besides being a free spender.

When they had finished they sauntered up to the door, and as the fellow started to pay the bill he unconsciously dropped a twenty dollar bill from his roll, and as a newsboy recovered it and handed it back to him, he commended the boy's honesty and handed him a "ten." Three N. D. fellows then fell in a faint, and the rest stared open-mouthed as they went out.

From the "Philly" they went to the Oliver for supper and the young man again attracted considerable attention from the other patrons by the lavish supper he ordered and attention from the waiters by the size of his tips. After supper he took the girl to the depot in a taxi and as he left her while the train was starting to pull out, said:

"I'm sorry you couldn't have stayed a while, but I know it would be dead here for you, and I haven't any way of entertaining you the way you're used to back in the East, but if you ever come through here again be sure to let me know and I'll do all in my power to help you while away the time." Then before he could say good-bye or she could answer the train started and was gaining speed so that he had to run for the door and hurry off the back platform.

That night he went back to his hall bedroom

and to his room-mate who was a clerk in a hardware store.

"Well," he said, "I got away with it all right and it only cost me ten dollars. I have given the clothes back to that Notre Dame fellow and the money back to the boss, but I nearly lost another ten I gave to a newsie; for I had a hard time taking it away from him again. But ten dollars isn't so much—only a week's pay, and I couldn't afford to let her know I wasn't rich, for you know that's that old girl of mine who married that rich fellow and he died and left her first option on the mint. Gee, she was lucky she didn't get me, for now she gets everything she wants, but I certainly fooled her with the stage effects, and now she thinks I'm rich too, but of course she didn't think I had so very much because she kept saying 'when you get up where I am,' and though I did my best I couldn't make the hit I wanted to.

"Cheer up, old man," said his roomy, "you're not in her class anyway, so why worry about her. Maybe she ain't so happy with all her money as you are."

"Happy! Would you be happy if you had all you could spend? This high living I broke into today has nearly spoiled me; but I'm going to try all the harder now to pile up some money. It is great to be rich for even a day."

In a cheap rooming house in Chicago, the girl who had spent the day in South Bend the day before, sat on the side of a rickety bed sobbing to herself:

"Why didn't I tell him I hadn't a cent, and that the clothes were my sister's, and how I was fooled by that travelling man who told me he was rich and had nothing and how I had written to all my old friends telling them of my wealth? Why didn't I tell him? He would have let me share his wealth and now I would be the mistress of a great mansion with scads of money to spend instead of being penniless in a strange city. But maybe he would turn from me if he found me out for now he has wealth and position and I have nothing. Ah, well, I must make out somehow. By getting a job I can live anyway as well as I've been used to."

The author of this story is an avowed romanticist; so this story can not end unhappily, and it does not, for a few months later both got a job in the same bakery in LaPorte.

Varsity Verse.

ON SEA AND LAND.

The wind o'er the troubled waters blew
And groaned as it bellied the distant sail.
The ship on its foamy highway flew,
Impelled by the might of the sweeping gale.
The ship on the ragged rim of sky,—
I stood on the cliff and watched it by.

The swirl of wind down the city street,
In ribald joy and wild delight,
Took a boisterous fling at a maiden sweet.
My neighbor whispered a soft, "Good Night!"
But it wasn't night at all, and I—
Looked out on the teamsters passing by.

H. V. L.

THE PEST.

I had it often when a boy,
But, gee, it's here again,
An' bet your life it's wurser now,
Than ever it was then

It's always comin' roun' the place
Where I'm supposed to stay,
An' dogged if it don't remain
Until I go away.

At first it comes up roun' my desk
An' slyly says to me:
Oh, John, just look out there at whut
A pretty day it be.

An' if it don't get me with that
Quick as a flash 'twill say,
'Why no one but a boob would work
On such a pretty day."

Folks tell me that my will should be
Much stronger, and it's true,
But they forget my blamed old will
Has got spring fever too.

S. T. M.

HEAVE HO.—A TRIOLET.

A collar-button I lost today.
Would I were out on a choppy sea!
I'm sorry it went on its hateful way.
This collar-button I lost today.
I swallowed the thing, that's why—and say,
I need it badly now—ah me,
A collar button I lost today.
Would I were out on a choppy sea!

L. H.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

VOL. XLVII. APRIL 25, 1914. NO. 25

Board of Editors.

WILLIAM M. GALVIN, '14	JOSEPH M. WALSH, '14
WALTER CLEMENTS, '14	GEORGE SCHUSTER, '15
ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15	HUGH V. LACEY, '16
MARK DUNCAN, '15	CLOVIS SMITH, '15
TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16.	

—An excellent example of bad journalism is the story circulated in many of the leading dailies this week, concerning a row between Mexican and American students at Notre Dame University. It was reported that when the American fleet started for Vera Cruz, the American students at the University threw several of the Mexican boys into the St. Joseph River. Most reports of this kind have at least a grain of truth for their origin, but this one is absolutely false and has not even a semblance of veracity. The Mexicans and Americans are on the most friendly terms at Notre Dame. They live in the same halls, play on the same baseball and football teams, mix freely in all competitions and are all treated alike. There was not and there is not at the present time the slightest unfriendliness between them. We can conceive how some funnel-head reporter could have made up such a story thinking it clever, but it is beyond our comprehension how any newspaper of standing could publish such a report without verifying it.

—Spring, long-awaited, has arrived at last; the spring examinations are over; and we have started on the last quarter of the school year.

The Spirit of Spring. There exists among the students a rather general impression that this last quarter is supposed to be a season of indolence. Many think that the time for serious work has passed and that now they can settle down to eight weeks of unadulterated joy. This spirit is undoubtedly natural, for

who has not experienced his annual siege of "spring fever?" And where could the temptation to desert studies for a walk through the woods or a glimpse of the baseball men be greater than here at Notre Dame, where nature has once more burst forth in unparalleled beauty? It is natural and it is well that everyone should go out to enjoy the fresh air, but there is only one man who can afford to make his school work a secondary consideration even now, and he is the man who has completed a full year's work. This should be a time for an inventory, for tomorrow it will be too late. The Senior should ask himself, what part of the work he mapped out for himself four years ago is still incomplete. The undergraduate should likewise look over his plans for 1913-14. If the work he set out to accomplish is finished, then he may claim the reward of indolence, if he will. But if the work is not yet completed, and this applies to the most of us, then this is the time for action. This is the last chance for the Senior, and it is the last lap of this year's race for all of us. Do not overestimate the value of a stroll around the lake; for the satisfaction that will come from earnest work is far more valuable.

Monsignor Benson on the Papacy.

But a few times in the course of the entire year are Faculty and students afforded the opportunity of attending such a splendid lecture as was delivered by Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, the celebrated English novelist and lecturer, in Washington hall Saturday evening. Preceded by a world-wide reputation as writer and Catholic apologist, Monsignor Benson appeared here before an audience keenly expectant as well as acutely critical. To realize the liberal appraisal of anticipation is to register the highest in possible attainment, and Father Benson certainly achieved that goal when he won the enthusiastic applause of many who had measured their critical standards in accordance with his excellent novels. It had been rumored about the campus that the distinguished English visitor would make "Spiritism" the theme of his discourse, and this impression prevailed until he had appeared upon the stage. After Father Cavanaugh's felicitously phrased introduction, however, Mgr. Benson announced that he had elected to discuss the Papacy.

Father Benson's address was remarkable for

the same facility of expression, cogency of reasoning, and forcefulness of phrasing, that have so characterized his novels and essays. He treated the question of Papal authority and infallibility from the viewpoint of a convert. By apt illustration, he demonstrated the necessity of some central and supreme authority. By citing the opinions of clergymen of various denominations upon religious questions, he proved that nowhere outside the Catholic Church is there any unanimity of opinion, unity of authority or concerted endeavor. He emphasized the significant incongruity of having any matter of faith or belief interpreted a score of ways by as many different creeds. He stressed the absurdity of a hundred sects, each proclaiming itself the true Church of God. He demonstrated with clinching logic the fact that one, and only one, must of necessity be right, and the others accordingly wrong. In the matter of the authority of the Pope, he cited Scriptural authority to prove his point, overthrowing in half a dozen sentences the absurd argument that the Greek words do not permit of the Catholic interpretation of papal authority—Christ did not speak in Greek. Monsignor Benson made out an impregnable case for Papal jurisdiction, citing and refuting the most plausible arguments of all ages against the real supremacy of Christ's Vicar at Rome. He is a pleasing and powerful speaker, his reasoning being flawless and his presentation of fact lucid and unmistakable. He held the undivided attention of his audience throughout, sustaining interest rather by the charm of a magnetic personality and a virile argument than by rhetorical artifice or forensic sensationalism. Notre Dame is signally honored by having been included in the itinerary of this brilliant novelist, lecturer and essayist, in his visit to the United States.

Dr. John Talbot Smith on Present-day Letters.

The Reverend Dr. John Talbot Smith, well-known novelist, dramatic critic and litterateur, inaugurated his series of lectures before the Arts and Letters department with an address on "The Associated Press," delivered in Washington hall Tuesday afternoon. An acknowledged authority upon all matters pertaining to literature, Father Smith has found time to make a critical study of the great federation of newspaper men and publishers, whose great news-

distributing organization is known in America as the Associated Press. While not properly to be included within the domain of literature, it came in for severe criticism as illustrative of but one of the phases of popular apathy, which Father Smith is treating in the present series of lectures. The keynote of the series, as Father Smith emphasized in his initial address, is the proposition that the widespread and culpable public lethargy is permitting, without protest, the dissemination through the newspapers, novels and plays of the day of materialistic, atheistic and immoral doctrines. Under the guise of "secularization," he declared, the public press has crowded out religion, and we must look for expression of the latter only in the publications of the various religious sects. We are surfeited with crime, scandal and all manner of sensationalism, but the higher and saner subjects, particularly those relating to religion and religious affairs, are relegated to the rear as imperilling the newspaper's altruistic non-partisanship in "sectarian matters." Ostensibly the press merely refuses to concern itself with religious differences; actually it preaches the poisonous doctrines of twentieth century materialism. Dr. Smith gave point to his argument by frequent citation of apt and startling facts, which served the dual purpose of substantiating his arguments and awakening his auditors to the menacing aggression of an "owned" and arbitrary press organization. He shed interesting light on the "Gorky" hoax of malodorous memory; upon the New York *Sun's* sensational and true arraignment of the Associated Press' subsidized suppression of Korean atrocities; upon the cooked up scandals involving King Alphonso of Spain and the Queen Mother. Father Smith is an interesting talker, a master of irony and dry humor, an authority upon the matter in hand, and a controversialist of renown. His happy faculty of illumining his discourse with the precise incident necessary to clinch his point adds greatly to the interest of the audience, and contributes in no small degree to his effectiveness in exposition. He paid glowing tribute to the loyal initiative of the German Catholics, when they rendered futile all of Bismarck's machinations aimed at the "secularization" of the German press. For the deplorable conditions which obtain in our own country, he declared, no one is more blameworthy than the smugly complacent

American citizen, who has witnessed with fatuous indifference the capture and deliberate prostitution of our much-vaunted "right of free speech."

The novel, as the second factor in the materialistic conspiracy was discussed in his second lecture, delivered on Wednesday afternoon. Here again we find a concerted refusal of editors and publishers to publish anything that bears the impress of religious thought or teaching. Reviewing briefly the plots of various "best sellers" of the present decade, Father Smith stressed the fact that only salacious settings, or questionable themes assure a ready reception and success. He traced the development of the "problem" plot through the Zola, Balzac, and others of the French school, into the English era, when a majority of all risqué writings emanated from English or American authors. He lauded the few really great writers who have achieved well-merited distinction, without perverting their genius by pandering to a depraved public taste. Father Smith's other lectures will be eagerly awaited by all who have been so fortunate as to hear his address upon the Associated Press, and the Modern Novel.

Father O'Hara and the Minimum Wage Law.

Rev. Father E. V. O'Hara of Portland, Oregon, prominently identified with the organization of the Celebrated "Oregon System" and introduced by Father McGinn as the author of the Oregon Minimum Wage Law, addressed the History and Economics classes in the Administration Building Wednesday afternoon. Father O'Hara outlined briefly and succinctly the salient features of that much-discussed measure. He refuted many of the conventional arguments in favor of a minimum wage for women, declaring that it was a slander upon virtuous womanhood to allege that low wages and vice went hand in hand. He declared that the specious ground for action has everywhere failed of results, while ethical and humanitarian arguments have achieved the desired goal. He treated in some detail the popular fallacies respecting the "free contract" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, and demonstrated the necessity for a sane and practical interpretation thereof. Assuming that women have an ethical right to a living wage, he explained, it was the first duty of the Com-

mission of Industrial Welfare to determine the practical minimum of women's wages. The steps by which a fair and adequate minimum wage was legally established were carefully elaborated, and it was shown how a careful treatment of such a measure robs it of many of its purely imaginary terrors.

Personals.

—Ray Guppy, a catcher on the Varsity baseball team three years ago, has signed to play with Dallas. Another league player from old N. D.!

—Dr. McMahon of New York City delivered an eloquent sermon at the students' mass last Sunday morning. Dr. McMahon was for several years president of the Catholic Summer School of Lake Champlain.

—Miss Ella Burke and Mr. John B. Kanaley (A. B. '09) were united in marriage in Boston, Massachusetts, April 15. John is practicing law in Chicago and is the President of the Chicago Notre Dame Club.

—It is gratifying to know that F. H. Usera (LL. B. '13) was the only one of fifteen candidates who successfully passed the bar examination at Porto Rico. He is now a junior partner in a firm in Ponce and is doing exceedingly well.

—Dr. John Talbot Smith is with us again and his lectures are as full of interest as ever. No lecturer who comes to us seems to have Dr. Smith's facility for stirring up discussion among the students on various topics, and as a result causing them to read for themselves the many phases of different subjects. Anyone who has attended one of the lectures will not fail to come back for the others. Next week the days set for his talks are Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at three o'clock.

—A dignified and solemn ceremony last Sunday proved the devotion of the people of St. Bride's parish to the memory of the lamented Father Timothy D. O'Sullivan. An exquisite Celtic cross, devised by the genius of Thomas A. O'Shaughnessy, was unveiled in the presence of Bishop Rhode, a large assembly of priests and a multitude of grateful people. An appropriate and eloquent sermon was preached by Father D. J. Riordan. No more beautiful or fitting monument could have been reared to the memory of this noble priest and alumnus of Notre Dame.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His Omnipotence, has seen fit to call to her reward the sister of our friends and classmates, James and Thomas Curry, and

WHEREAS, The members of the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred Fourteen, Notre Dame University, and members of the Faculty, deeply sympathize with Thomas and James, and

WHEREAS, We deeply sympathize with the members of the bereaved family, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED, That we extend to Thomas and James, and members of their bereaved family, our heartfelt sympathy, that we have a mass said in the Sorin Hall Chapel to be attended by the students of Sorin hall, for the repose of the soul of the departed, and be it further

RESOLVED, That we have these resolutions printed in the SCHOLASTIC, and send a copy to the bereaved family.

CHARLES DORAIS	HARRY NEWNING
TIMOTHY DOWNEY	JOHN CARROLL
FRED GUSHURST	JOHN HYNES

Local News.

—The lake looks pretty good. Have you been in swimming yet?

—The Philopatrian Society will hold its annual banquet at the Oliver Hotel on Wednesday evening, April 29th.

—Another game has been arranged for the football schedule of next fall. Rose Polly will play the Varsity on the local gridiron, October tenth.

—The debate with St. Viator's team will be held May 12. Notre Dame will send her affirmative team to Kankakee, while St. Viator's comes to Notre Dame. On May 15, the triangular debate with Wabash College and Purdue University will be held.

—The first extensive field operations of the year took place Thursday morning when about two hours were given over to real work under the direction of Majors Derrick and Gushurst. Battalion was stationed and attacked, sentinels posted and the entire operations of war on a limited scale were seen "in toto."

—The Seniors held a meeting Tuesday night in Sorin hall. It was a "sob session" for each man was taxed the sum of one dollar in long green or hard cash, in order to make up the deficit of the recent Senior Ball. Those who went to the ball know that it's worth the extra dollar; but those who didn't say —*†! And the Senior class pins are expected soon.

—Much notoriety of the negative sort was given the University when several of the big dailies published reports that Mexican students here had been thrown into the river by some American students. There was absolutely no truth in the statements, for no feeling of ill-will exists against the Mexican students at Notre Dame.

—Last Sunday the members of the football squad were given an unexpected work-out. A large bunch of hoboes had gathered around the kitchen and refectories expecting an extra big hand-out, and it was deemed advisable that the braves of the gridiron should chase them to the woods. The men deserve great credit for having deserted their sumptuous dinner for a few minutes to perform the duty for their University. The South Bend authorities had requested that the bums be given a cold reception.

—Among the photographs recently received for the Engineers' Library are those of Mr. J. Frank Allen, Professor of Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mr. W. D. Pence, a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission; Mr. George W. Kirtledge, chief engineer of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad; Mr. Howard Kelly, vice-President of the Grand Trunk Railway System; and Mr. William McNab, principal assistant engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway.

—Former dances are forgotten and all interest is now centered upon the Annual Sophomore Cotillion which will occur in Place Hall on the evening of May 6. The Sophomores are enthusiastic boosters and promise to make their dance a big success. The Finance committee is made up of the officers of the class—Louis Keifer, president; Raymond McAdams, vice-president; Wilmer Finch, secretary; and Joseph Flynn, treasurer. The other committees and their chairmen are: Program, Hugh V. Lacey; Music, S. Twyman Mattingly; Decoration, Simon Rudolph; Refreshments, Eugene R. McBride; and Advertising, Rudolph Kelly.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 6; WESTERN NORMAL, 1.

Notre Dame got five hits; Western Normal, nine. The Varsity made four errors and the visitors three. Yet the above score is perfectly accurate. Can you figure it out?

It was simply a case of the little luck god being ashamed of his treatment of the locals in the Michigan tilt, and making up for it. Right nobly he did, but nevertheless, the local rooters are lying awake nights trying to figure out just how many games the Varsity can win if it keeps up this five-hits a game clip. Despite today's bobble, most of which were on hard chances, the locals look great in the field, performing with a speed and snap that is major league class. But good fielding alone can't win games, and it is hoped that the team soon recovers or acquires a batting streak.

Newning and Meyers were the two bright luminaries with the willow. Harry showed that he is rounding into old-time form by pounding out two long drives to left center, each ticketed for three sacks. The Chief was a good second with a single and a lusty double to his credit. Bergman accounted for the other bingle with a double to left, and besides stole two bases. Joe Kenny played a splendid game behind the bat, catching two men off base, and fielding bunts perfectly.

For the Normalites, Korb pitched a great game, and, with better support, would have made the locals go the limit. Fourteen strikeouts stand to the left hander's credit, and this, with Sisler's twelve three days before, shows that the Varsity has no special aptitude for Southpaws.

The visitors broke the ice in the first inning. After Parker had flied out, Walsh was safe at first when Farrell failed to get Newning's poor throw. Corbot advanced his teammate to the middle station by a single through the box, but Walsh was forced at third when the next batter grounded to Newning. McIntosh then drove one over third to score Corbot. Wilbur fanned.

Notre Dame failed to connect in their half, but the score was tied in the second session. Mills reached first safely on an error by the shortstop, and went to second on Meyers' sacrifice. Rupe then proceeded to steal third, from whence he scored on a passed ball. The next session, after two were out, Bergman was hit and went to first. As stealing second is a fine art with "Dutch" he reached that station a moment later, and then went all the way home when Miller dropped Elward's pop fly.

The fourth saw Newning begin his deadly work. Mills fanned, but Chief Meyers was right on the job with a two-base clout. After

Duggan had drawn a pass, Harry met one of Korb's fast ones squarely, and brought both men in, scoring himself on Kenny's ground smash to second.

Notre Dame garnered its last tally in the sixth. Meyers led off with his second hit, and Newning opportunely banged out his second three-sacker. No more hits being forthcoming, the little Texan died at third. In the seventh Bergman with a double and a successful steal, negotiated the hot corner, but only to watch Korb whiff three of his comrades. Sheehan, who went into the box for the locals in the fifth, served up a variety of curves that were only solved twice in his five inning-session.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Bergman, lf.....	3	1	1	2	0	0
Lathrop, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Elward, rf.....	3	0	0	2	0	1
Farrell, 1b.....	4	0	0	8	0	1
Mills, 2b.....	4	1	0	4	0	1
Meyers, ss.....	3	2	2	1	3	0
Duggan, cf.....	2	1	0	1	0	0
Pliska, cf.....	1	0	0	1	0	0
H. Newning, 3b.....	4	1	2	3	0	1
Kenny, c.....	2	0	0	5	5	0
Berger, p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Sheehan, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
M. Carmody*.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	30	6	5	27	9	4

WESTERN NORMAL	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Barker, cf.....	5	0	1	1	0	0
Walsh, lf.....	4	0	2	0	0	0
Corbot, 2b.....	4	1	1	0	4	0
Miller, 1b.....	4	0	1	8	0	1
McIntosh, 3b.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Wilbur, ss.....	4	0	0	1	0	2
Chilson, rf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hutchins, c.....	4	0	3	13	2	0
Korb, p.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.....	37	1	9	24	7	3

*Batter for Berger in the fourth inning.

Notre Dame.....	0	1	1	3	0	1	0	0	*—6
Western Normal.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1

Two base hits—Meyers, Bergman, Walsh (2). Three base hits—H. Newning (2). Stolen bases—Bergman (2), Elward, McIntosh. Sacrifice hits—Meyers, Kenny. Hits—Off Berger, 7 in 4 innings; off Sheehan, 2 in 5 innings; off Korb, 5 in 8 innings. Struck out—By Korb, 14; by Berger, 1; by Sheehan 3. Bases on balls—Off Korb, 1. Hit by pitcher—By Korb, 1; Left on bases, Notre Dame, 4; Western Normal, 8. Passed ball—Hutchins. Umpire—Anderson. Time of game—one hour 35 minutes.

ARMOUR BOWS BEFORE KELLY.

With the wind blowing a near gale and playing all sorts of antics with fly balls, the Packers'

aggregation lost a dull and uninteresting game last Saturday by a 5 to 1 score. Kelly, in the box for the Gold and Blue for five innings, allowed but one bingle, and Berger, who took his place in the remaining rounds, was touched for a double by the first man to face him, but gave no further safeties. Despite the tricky air currents that were a great bother to the fielders (not to mention the spectators), Notre Dame's defense worked flawlessly, the one black mark being easily excusable. The visitors, on the other hand, were credited with five errors, most of which played an important part in the Varsity's scoring. As usual, the locals' hits were few and far between. On Saturday, however, this was not due so much to lack of hard drives, but the wind carried sure-enough hits right to the hands of waiting fielders, or else beyond the foul-lines. Newning and Mills each drove a tremendous clout to the left field fence, beyond the dead lines, but which ordinarily would have been good for the circuit. Lathrop, who played his first full game for the Varsity, accepted three difficult chances in splendid fashion, and in addition punched out a nice two-sack wallop. His presence seems to strengthen a rather weak hitting outfield. Pliska also drove out a clean double.

All Notre Dame's scoring was done in the first two innings before their opponents had settled down. In the first session, Pliska grounded to second base, but got all the way around to that station, when Katzinter heaved the ball away over first. Gray bunted, and another wild throw, to third, made the men safe on both corners. A high fly, which two outfielders let drop between them, was Farrell's contribution, Pliska scoring. Gray brought in the second run a moment later when Mills flied to Hook who dropped the ball. The latter's peg to third got Farrell. Meyers produced a sacrifice that put Mills on second, but Harry Newning fanned.

In the next act three more tallies were pushed across the plate. Lathrop began it with a double. This reception seemed to disturb Carver as he walked the next two men. This in turn must have reacted on his battery partner, as he immediately let two pitched balls get away from him, that counted two runs. Then Pliska found an out-curve to his liking and smashed it to left, scoring Kelly. Gray was hit by a pitched ball, but both he and Pliska were nipped off second, after seven men had

vainly tried to run down the former on an attempted steal. Mills flied out.

The Windy City bunch secured their solitary tally in the sixth. Berger put his first pitch squarely over the plate, and some seconds later Herman was resting on second. Carver's grounder got away from "Cy" at first and Herman went to third. Trinkhouse drove a hot one at Meyers, but the "Chief" nailed Herman at the plate. After Katzinter was retired at first, via shortstop, Berger passed Baskill to fill the bases, and then issued another free ticket to Bruce that forced in a run. The latter was so overjoyed that he strolled off first base, whereupon, "Dolly" quietly took the ball from his mitt, and got it to Farrell a few seconds before Bruce knew the trouble.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Pliska, cf.	5	1	1	0	0	0
Gray, c.	3	1	0	11	1	0
Farrell, 1b.	2	0	1	10	1	1
Mills, 2b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Meyers, ss.	3	0	1	1	4	0
H. Newning, 3b.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Lathrop, lf.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Kenny, rf.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Kelly, p.	0	1	0	0	0	0
Berger, p.	1	0	1	0	3	0

Totals 27 5 5 27 13 1

ARMOUR INSTITUTE	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Trinkhouse, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Katzinter, 2b.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Baskill, 1b.	3	0	0	10	0	0
Bruce, 3b.	3	0	0	2	2	1
Hill, c.	3	0	0	7	0	0
Hook, cf.	2	0	0	1	1	1
Sullivan, ss.	3	0	1	1	2	0
Herman, c.	3	0	1	1	8	0
Carver, p.	3	1	0	0	0	2

Totals 28 1 2 24 8 5

Notre Dame 2 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 *—5
 Armour Institute 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—1
 Sacrifice hits—Meyers, Kenny, Berger. Stolen bases—Gray (2), Farrell, Meyers, Lathrop, Kenny, Berger, Trinkhouse, Carver. Two base hits—Pliska, Farrell, Lathrop, Herman. Struck out—By Kelly, 5; by Berger, 4; by Carver, 6. Bases on balls—Off Kelly, 1; Off Berger, 4; off Carver, 4. Hit by pitcher, By Carver, 3. Hits—Off Kelly, 1 in 5 innings; off Berger, 1 in four innings; off Carver 5 in 9 innings. Passed balls—Hill (2). Left on bases—Notre Dame, 8; Armour, 5. Time of game, 2 hours 10 minutes. Umpire—Anderson.

INTERHALL BASEBALL.

The interhall schedule framers have announced the 1914 baseball chart. Five teams are entered in the race and each team will

meet every other team twice, making a total of twenty games. The interest in the race this year should be even greater than usual as the Frank Mayr silver cup is to go to the team winning the interhall championship. Each hall is already at work trying to find men to fill the weak places on the teams. "Jake" Kline has been elected captain of the Brownson team and has a large number of candidates who are showing lots of "pep." Father Farley is looking for a reliable twirler and has been trying out "Deak" Jones, Dorwin and "Ernie" Burke. Walsh and St. Joseph are well fortified with batteries, the work of Hayes and Brooks for Walsh, and of Kane, Stack and Beckman for St. Joseph being well remembered by all who followed last year's race. The loss of Sam Newning who has made the Varsity is a serious blow to Sorin but the Bookies are not disheartened, for they believe that "Slim" Walsh, the Federal League star, will prove the most reliable hurler in the interhall league. The schedule follows:

- April 23—Walsh vs Sorin;
- April 26—St. Joseph vs. Brownson;
- April 30—Corby vs. Walsh;
- May 3—Sorin vs. Brownson;
- May 7—St. Joseph vs. Corby in the morning;
Walsh vs. Brownson, in the afternoon;
- May 10—Sorin vs. St. Joseph;
- May 14—Corby vs. Sorin;
- May 17—Walsh vs. St. Joseph, in the morning;
Corby vs. Brownson in the afternoon;
- May 21—Sorin vs. Corby;
- May 24—Walsh vs. Brownson;
- May 28—Sorin vs. Walsh in the morning;
St. Joseph vs. Corby, in the afternoon;
- May 31—St. Joseph vs. Sorin;
- June 4—Brownson vs. Corby;
- June 7—St. Joseph vs. Walsh;
- June 11—Brownson vs. St. Joseph in the morning;
Walsh vs. Corby in the afternoon;
- June 14—Brownson vs. Sorin.

Safety Valve.

POPULAR SONGS.

You've got your father's big bone head.
The Profs. in the classes all miss you.

It is surprising what a large number of Aunts were taken sick just before Easter. A call on the long distance phone by the President cured most of them immediately.

CHEERFUL THOUGHT.

In a little while it will be September again, and we'll have a whole year of work before us.

THEY CONTINUE TO COME.

The hats brought back by the students after their

Easter vacation are the worst ever. Some have feathers in them; others bone."

And a large number of fellows who admitted during the winter they were good baseball players are not doing much to prove it.

Walsh Haller—Thank goodness, Lent is over. I can smoke in public again.

WHY STUDENTS GO TO CHICAGO DURING THE BASEBALL SEASON.

First reason, to bury a grandmother;

Second, to have a specialist examine their eyes;

Third, to act as best man at the wedding of an old pal;

Fourth, to sign some papers regarding the will of an aunt who died intestate;

Fifth, to be present at the profession of a cousin who has entered the convent.

It was pathetic to see some of the Sorin haller at the Easter Ball trying to be formal while they were sitting on the tails of their evening suit.

The Freshmen journalists are to have a baseball team. Durbin, being the oldest member of the class, will do the pitching. Sholem, being next oldest, will catch and O'Connell, third oldest, will play first, and so on down the line till all the positions are filled. A new way to pick a team.

Minim (at the Michigan-N. D. game)—Wouldn't it be great if Notre Dame would get six home runs.

BIG WAR TALK.

Marines take Cascara! Twelve dead.

Huerta El, did all our navy go?

Corby Haller:—I'd be glad to go to war if I was a Walsh haller and had nothing to do.

NAVY SHELLS VERA CRUZ.

We always knew that Mexico was full of nuts but can't understand what pleasure our navy takes in shelling them.*

UNDAUNTED.

War may be hell, father, but you forget I've lived two years in Sorin hall.

Nor do we consider every few hundred pages bound in green cloth and printed by the University press, a book.†

CLEVAH!

Villa may claim that he's Huerta lot, and Huerta may claim that he's Villafied, but if they insist on shooting our Jackies, they'll be both Yankee Navy beans.

*We made this up ourselves and consider it a joke.

†This is a boost.