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The Sanctuary Lamp.


FRANK M. HOLSLAG.

OUT from the darkness of the port of Souls
Constant as Time—thy feeble rays agleam
Beckon those mariners who "stand to" at sea,
Seeking a port, yet fearing that between.

Burn on! though dim—oh spark of sacred fire,
Guide in those souls aweary of life's sea;
Into this harbor of the heart's desire;
Be kind to them, as thou wast kind to me.

Here let them sweetly rest in incensed air
Where silver chimes prelude the vesper hour
Where ruby-lit, your rays dissolve each care
And every thought's a poem, and word's a flower.

Notre Dame's Oldest Living Student.

 OHN M. ARMSTRONG, believed to be the oldest Notre Dame student now living in Chicago, was born in that city, in November, 1842. In 1858, in the sixteenth year of his age, Mr. Armstrong became a student of Notre Dame, and there very soon attained a place of standing and promise as one of the leading young men of the University. He gave chief attention to architecture, engineering and drawing, and became an expert in every line of drawing,—portrait, landscape and mechanical. It was chiefly in these lines that he became eminent in after life.

In 1859 and 1860 there was a first-class Zouave military organization at the university patterned after the Ellsworth Zouaves of Chicago. The company was organized by William F. Lynch, an ambitious and enthusiastic young military gentleman then attending at Notre Dame. Young Lynch had been a member

of the Chicago Zouaves and had formed an unbounded admiration for Colonel Ellsworth, of whom he was also a warm personal friend.

The Notre Dame organization was named the Continental Cadets. Their commander was known to the Cadets as Capt. Lynch, and it is not too much to say that the admiration which Capt. Lynch entertained for Col. Ellsworth was not greater than that which every Cadet entertained for Capt. Lynch himself. The untimely death of Col. Ellsworth in Washington, in the first days of the war, fell like a pall upon the Continental Cadets and their gallant captain. Capt. Lynch himself afterwards became a colonel and a general in the swiftly following Civil War, but it is doubtful whether the sorrow for the gallant Ellsworth's death was ever lifted from the faithful heart of the loyal Lynch and his brave Cadets, nearly everyone of whom followed him into the awful conflict of that terrible war.

John M. Armstrong was First Lieutenant of the Continental Cadets. Military companies were rare in those days: they became common enough after the opening of 1861. The Cadets were consequently in request in all sections of northern Indiana and Illinois and in southern Michigan. Their fine drills and beautiful Continental uniforms were the talk of all the countryside, and they were undoubtedly very influential in fanning the military spirit that soon began to glow in every hamlet for a hundred miles around Notre Dame. Lieutenant Armstrong was a commanding figure in all these patriotic excursions. During the great war of 1861 many of the Cadets, besides their accomplished commander, reached to high ranks, as lieutenants, captains, majors, and colonels. In addition to his rank as brigadier-general, William F. Lynch exercised for a time the command of a major-general. Robert W. Healy, another Cadet, also reached

the rank of brigadier. General Healy had the honor of intimate friendship with General Grant. The two generals were neighbors before the war, General Grant being from Galena and General Healy from Elgin, Illinois.

The athletic games at Notre Dame when Lieutenant Armstrong was a student were somewhat different from those of the present day. The principal games were cricket, shinny or hockey, alley-ball, and what was then called baseball, besides a kind of football. Young Armstrong was an adept in all these exercises.



JOHN M. ARMSTRONG
Notre Dame's oldest living student.

Similar to a game was a spirited contest that existed those days for the increase of the number of the student body to two hundred. Father Sorin, then president, held out the promise that as soon as the attendance reached that greatly desired number, there would be a distinguished celebration at the University, with plays, music, speeches and banquets. Premiums were also awarded to those who brought their young friends to swell the attendance. Finally, not only was the coveted two hundred received, but even two hundred and thirty—"the glorious two hundred and thirty," as the little banner

had it—were proud to enroll themselves as students of the rapidly growing university. Then came the feasting and rejoicing. Night was turned into day. There was neither electricity nor kerosene in those days; nor had lighting by gas yet become a luxury at Notre Dame. But the master of ceremonies, Mr. John R. Dinnen, now the venerable Father Dinnen of LaFayette, Indiana, was equal to the occasion. He had a lighted taper placed in every pane of glass in the front of the main college building, and the old edifice shone resplendent over Brother Peter's flower garden in the front. There, in the garden, gathered every inmate of Notre Dame, from Father Sorin to the smallest minim. And then came the culminating glory of that evening. Father Sorin himself intoned the *Magnificat*; and surely never was the noble hymn sung with greater exultation of spirit and thankfulness to Almighty God who had done so great a work for His own honor and glory in this new world, given by the Christ-bearer for the salvation of mankind on this other side of the earth. That, indeed, was a happy evening for Notre Dame.

Besides their games and those measures taken to increase their numbers, a favorite amusement of the students was their long walks through the country "on Wednesday recreations,"—it was Wednesday those days and not Thursday as now. Those walks along the neighboring farms were incidentally of great moment in young Armstrong's history. He thus met the beautiful Miss Martha Talley, who became his wife. They were married by the good Father Granger, who united so many happy couples at Notre Dame. Mr Talley, the father of Mrs. Armstrong, had been a printer on John Wentworth's famous *Chicago Democrat*. When the venerable printer became desirous of relief from his strenuous employment, he settled down on his fine farm near Notre Dame. The love of the printer's art, however, had not vanished from his breast, and when Father Sorin established the *Ave Maria* Mr. Talley volunteered to superintend the type setting and press work. While the old printer was far from having Father Sorin's faith in the success of the infant periodical, yet he gave his faithful labor, day after day, until Our Lady's journal was fairly established and on a permanent footing.

After Mr. Armstrong's marriage he engaged

in the mercantile business in Chicago, at first as a member of the firm of McIntyre and Armstrong and afterwards by himself. Mr. Armstrong soon found a more congenial employment in the practice of his profession as an architect. In this he became eminent. The names of Hawkes and Armstrong, Tilley and Armstrong, and particularly Armstrong and Egan, were noted not only in Chicago but throughout the United States. Many most notable government and city structures were the work of the hands of John M. Armstrong, and Notre Dame has good cause to be proud of the record made in those years by the famous architect who took his first lessons at the feet of his Alma Mater.

But Mr. Armstrong was successful in other lines. From 1880 to 1882 he built the Florida Railroad, extending from Jacksonville to Tampa, and was also partner in many other railroad enterprises. He is at present engaged in operating what are known as the Netherland Gardens, near New Orleans, consisting of five thousand acres of rich reclaimed valley lands.

But it is as a promoter of the beauty and growth of his beloved Chicago that Mr. Armstrong has been most devoted. His is the original suggestion for the engineering feat for the establishment of the Interlake system by which Chicago receives its water from Lake Michigan. His proudest title, however, and that which he values most is his work in establishing Lincoln Park. He introduced the ordinance for this purpose when he was a member of the Common Council of the great city, and he is willing that his claim to a place in the nitch of fame should be his title as the Father of Lincoln Park. And we are glad to know that there is a movement now on foot for the erection of a shaft in Lincoln Park to commemorate the establishment of that great park by the Armstrong ordinance of March 14, 1864.

The Father of Lincoln Park, John M. Armstrong, the oldest Notre Dame resident of Chicago, has indeed lived an honorable and a useful life. His Alma Mater is proud of her distinguished son, and now looks back over his honored career as a bright chain which unites her early years of toil and trial with these latter years of mature development. Happy indeed the mother who can show such sons as examples of those who have learned their lessons of wisdom and virtue by hearkening to her voice. Such a son is the Notre Dame Continental Cadet, the Father of Lincoln Park, John M. Armstrong.

Varsity Verse.

BROKE, BROKE, BROKE.

Broke, broke, broke,

Came the cold, cruel words, you see.
And I would that my tongue might utter
The oaths that arise in me.

O well for the millionaire's son,
That he flouts in the world so gay.
O well for the workingman,
For he draws in his roll of pay.

To the pockets of him that hath
The dazzling coin is nigh—
But oh for the touch of a single bill
And the sound of a coin ere I die.

Broke, broke, broke.

To the last little cent you see.
And the bright little pile that was once my own
Will never come back to me.

P. H. S.

NOTRE DAME, 35; ARMY, 13.

Suppose that we do go to war,
To fight old Mexico.
We'll have some Army there, you bet.
Most every man will go.

Suppose that we are beaten first;
War is a doubtful game,
Have not a fear, we will be saved,
They'll send for Notre Dame.

W. F.

SONNETT TO A LOAFER.

Oh gosh! I want to lie here all the day,—
Here in the grass and watch the clouds that ply
Their lingering way 'cross hazy deeps of sky,
And feel the warming, lazy, trickly ray
Of sun spread over me,—and just to stay
And soak up Springtime, as through half-closed eye,
I glimpse the quirky chick-a-dees. scoot by,
And drowse me to the insect's cabaret.

Somewhere inside, a dull, sepulchral croak
Keeps dinning up this dismal threnody,—
"Get busy, Life, it ain't no passing joke."
But I can't seem to get a move on me.
I'm all prepared to stir myself, and then,—
I yawn, turn over, stretch,—and doze again.

H. V. L.

The Double Victory.

EDWARD GUSHURST.

Several of the coast cities including San Francisco, Oakland, Santa Cruz and Vallejo were in a great state of excitement on account of the circulation of counterfeit currency. This worthless money was such a perfect duplicate of United States greenbacks that even bank cashiers were unable to detect the substitute. When finally the fraud was discovered, it was learned that several thousand dollars worth of this worthless currency had been circulated. The counterfeit money consisted of ten and twenty dollar bills.

Detective Jennings, a currency expert, was given the case. When the detective saw the worthless paper, he admitted that the counterfeiters had made a rather neat job: it was the best imitation he had ever seen. Jennings worked hard and patiently in an endeavor to establish some clue to the situation; he travelled from city to city, keeping in touch with those places where the worthless paper had last been circulated. The detective, however, was unable to find a clue.

About a week had elapsed with no results when early one afternoon Jennings was standing at a cigar stand in the Union Depot. A customer approached and bought some cigars, paying for the same with a twenty dollar bill. After the purchaser had left the room, the detective asked the proprietor to see the bill.

He received it from the man, who asked "Does it look counterfeit?"

"Well, yes, I thought it did as it lay on the case."

Returning the note, Jennings, without a word hastened from the store in pursuit of the stranger. At last he said to himself, "I am on the trail. Now to arrange some means whereby I can get him with the goods."

Jennings learned that his victim had bought a ticket for Carson City and after arranging a disguise, he proceeded to do likewise. The detective followed his suspect into one of the coaches, and as there happened to be a vacant seat next to his, he took it. Taking a paper from his pocket he began reading.

Having ridden some little distance, the detective turned to the man by his side and said:

"The counterfeiters are sure making life

miserable for the people in Frisco. I see that several thousand dollars, worth of worthless currency has been circulated."

"Is that possible?" returned the other. "I hadn't heard of it."

"Haven't heard of it? Why, counterfeiters have been working in most all the neighboring cities. Do you mean to say that you live in Frisco and haven't heard about it?"

"No, my home is in Carson City. I have just been to the coast on a business trip."

"You know, since this scare has been going on, I have been 'leary' of taking paper money. I received a ten dollar bill this morning from the hotel clerk, and I have been afraid to spend it, lest it be counterfeit. Do you know anything about counterfeit money?"

"Well I have handled a little currency in my time, but I don't profess to be an expert."

Withdrawing a counterfeit ten dollar bill from his pocket, he handed it to the stranger and asked if the bill was good.

"Why, yes, as far as I can see, it feels like the real goods to me."

When Jennings heard these words he felt more confident of his man, because he knew the real counterfeiter would say it was good. He again leaned back in his seat and pretended to read.

The detective desired to have time to plan his campaign, he thought that the counterfeiter would jump at any chance to get rid of his worthless money, if some incentive were placed in his way. Jennings said to himself that if some fool trick were attempted and the victim would not be trapped, no one would be the wiser, and besides, he would still be on the right track.

Some little time before arriving at Sacramento. Jennings turned to the stranger and asked, "Are you engaged in business in Carson City?"

"Well, not exactly. I am with the Carpenter people. My name is Thornby."

And mine is Jennings. I am working for the Deen Jewelry Company of San Francisco. At present I am going to Sacramento."

"How long are you to be in Sacramento?"

"Only between trains, but while I am there a very strange transaction may take place. I have, in this satchel about five thousand dollars worth of jewelry to be delivered to the Turner Jewelry Company of Sacramento. When they ordered the jewels they made the most peculiar arrangement. Instead of my bringing the jewels to the store, they may meet me somewhere between the depot and the store, and relieve

me of my burden. I know none of their firm nor do they know me. This satchel will serve as identification for myself and I am to know them by what they say. Of course I don't expect this will happen, but the idea of the plan seems rather foolish."

"And what are to be the words of their representative?" asked Thornby.

"That is the funny part. This is what their representative will say: 'Your name is Smith and mine is Jones. Slip me that bag for five hundred bones.' And having said these words he hands me the money and I give him the satchel."

Thornby had been watching every movement that the detective made. He seemed also to notice that Jennings was in disguise, and when the latter had finished telling of the arrangement, he answered: "Queer, indeed; I never heard of the like before."

Jennings again leaned back thinking to himself that if Thornby was the counterfeiter for whom he was seeking, the latter would jump at the chance of sacrificing five hundred worthless dollars for five thousand dollars worth of jewels.

Arriving at Sacramento, Jennings bade Thornby good-day and started from the car. No sooner had Jennings left the car, when Thornby jumped from his seat saying: "Here's where I make my haul, or I miss my guess."

Detective Jennings had hardly left the depot when he was accosted with the words:

"Your name is Smith and mine is Jones, slip me that bag for five hundred bones." "I'm sorry old man," said the speaker, "but I ran off in such a hurry that I forgot the money, but just come along with me."

Although Thornby had appeared in a very neat disguise and had gone through the program as had been planned, Jennings was surprised when his suspected counterfeiter did not offer the required sum. Thinking that Thornby had run out of his counterfeit money and was now planning a robbery he decided he had enough evidence on Thornby to arrest him.

"Well, Thornby, are you planning a little hold-up stunt?" asked Jennings. "If you are, you may as well abandon it, for we have gone far enough."

"So you recognized me, did you? Well so did I recognize you the moment you entered the train in San Francisco and I didn't know how I could land you. When I return you to Carson

City I shall receive the reward of five thousand dollars offered for you. At present, however, we are on our way to Turner's to get a little more evidence against you. Move along lively or a piece of lead may tickle your backbone."

"On what authority must I move along?" asked Jennings.

Thornby, drawing back his coat, displayed a secret service badge.

"Seeing that is the case, Thornby, I guess I shall have to give up my idea of arresting you." So saying, Jennings also showed a badge similar to that worn by Thornby.

"Tell me," said Jennings, "where did you get that twenty-dollar bill with which you bought cigars before leaving Frisco? I examined it and found it to be counterfeit, and so I followed you and tried to play a little game to trap you. And what's more you fooled me when you bit."

"As for that bill, I gave a stranger two tens for it just before I bought the cigars."

The two detectives stood for some time talking over the incident which had just taken place, when suddenly Thornby on seeing a man turn the corner, whispered to Jennings.

"Here comes the fellow that gave me that note. Perhaps he will try the same stunt again. He won't recognize me in this disguise."

Jennings, withdrawing a twenty dollar bill from his pocket said to Thornby just before the stranger approached. "All I have is this twenty, have you got two tens?"

The stranger heard the words and quickly came to the rescue. Before Thornby had time to answer two new counterfeit notes were placed in Jennings's hand.

"This is the man I want," he said to Thornby and at the same time a pair of handcuffs were placed on the victim. All was done so quickly that the stranger did not realize he was trapped. Jennings searched the man and found a goodly supply of counterfeit currency. Both detectives started for the depot with their captive.

When they arrived the counterfeiter drew back his coat and showed a detective's star.

Ambiguity and Vacuity.

To bone-headed William O'Leary
I once propounded a theory.
He cogitated a minute.
Then all that he said,
As he rapped on his head,
Was, "There's certainly nothing in it." H. L.

Via Wire.

PATRICK H. DOLAN.

Sis hung up the phone. She skipped gaily into the parlör and stopped suddenly and smiled tantalizingly at her brother Will.

"Did you hear our conversation?" she asked, hiding her pretty figure behind the draping portiers showing only her beaming face encircled with locks of truant curls.

Will grunted. "Was that a conversation? It sounded more like a bargain sale chatter over a bit of ten-cent remnant lace reduced to nine. Go to your old pink tea and t ble gossip and maybe you'll hear how much Susan paid for her hat, how much of genuine messaline is in Mrs. Dwyer's new dress, and if you couldn't get the same kind of chiffon at the ten-cent store that Nell said she got from Paris. Gossip! Gossip! thy name is woman!"

Bill stopped and reached for his matches that lay before him and lit a fresh cigarette.

"Through?" asked Sis, who had meantime seated herself at the piano after removing her brother's slowly burning cigarette from the stool. Will said nothing.

"O you're a little bit peeved because mother and I have been invited out on your birthday to an evening's—"

"Tea that was made the day before," was her brother's aspersion.

"Pleasure at Mrs. Collin's," continued Sis, ignoring the interruption.

"But never mind, Will," she resumed, Wednesday evening, your birthday, you'll be—" and she teasingly played the first few bars of "All Alone."

Will left the room without another word. He returned an hour later. The folks had gone out. He chuckled to himself as he picked up the phone. "We'll see if I will be 'all alone' Wednesday evening. Tom Redden's got an awful cold and I'm going to make use of it."

"Normal, 6854, please." And then after a pause: "Yes, here it is," and he dropped the nickel. "Hello, Tom, is this you?—Well, this is "Chick" speaking," he calmly lied. "Don't sound like it, you say? Well, I've an awful cold, Tom, perhaps it don't. Your own voice is not so familiar either, but I know you've a cold, too. But the reason I called you up is this: You know Bill has a birthday

next week, and I was thinking it would be an excellent idea to give a surprise stag at his home and present him with some little token of the esteem the fellows all bear him. What do you say to it, Tom? Oh, don't mind that—his mother and his sister won't be home that night. My mother just called up his sister and they're-a-coming over here Wednesday for a pink tea affair. I can arrange with his governor all right, if you'll only help me to put it through. You see, we don't want Will to have an inkling of our plan. All right, Tom, see you tomorrow at the Annex at ten sharp. Good-bye."

And he hung up—but just for a second. "Now for "Chick," he *knows* Tom's got a cold; it ought to pan out fine." "Stewart 3146," and a moment later—"Hello, 'Chick,' this is Tom," and he coughed violently.

"I thought so?" came the consoling information over the wire, "I could tell your cough. How's your cold, Tom, any better?"

"Not much, 'Chick.' I just called up the grocer to give him tomorrow's order and he didn't recognize my voice." Evidence of assured success for his plan plainly made prevarication easy for Will now.

"—You say you'd recognize my voice if I was dumb?" answered Will to "Chick's" positive words, and then to himself. "Vivid imagination that boy's got, to take my voice for Tom's or else I'm some ventriloquist." He then resumed his conversation, laying aside all apprehensions as to the success of the little scheme. The pseudo-Tom then proceeded to lay his plans before "Chick." When the conversation ended, Bill hung up the receiver, and like another Hamlet exclaimed exultingly, "Now, vernom, to thy work."

His plot was well laid. Tom and "Chick" were to meet at the Annex of the Leland Hotel at ten o'clock on the morrow and make the final arrangements (Bill himself had just attended to the preliminary arrangements) for a stag at Will Cook's home, and the presentation of some befitting present as a token of their esteem for Will, and neither Tom nor "Chick" had said a word to each other about it.

"Hello, Tom," was "Chick's" greeting as the former came into the lobby. "You're five minutes late." Tom glanced at his watch.

"So I am, I believe we agreed on ten o'clock. Have a smoke," he said, handing "Chick" the cigarette case. The two then picked a com-

fortable corner in the lobby "to talk the matter over," as Tom put it.

"Before we decide what to buy Will, suppose we first go over and see his Dad because if the old man won't agree to the stag, well it's all off," said Tom, glancing out into the street.

"All right, let's go over right now—but wait, perhap's Will's at home," came as an afterthought to "Chick."

"Wont take long to find out," added Tom, stepping into a telephone booth at his left. "Coast is clear," he announced a minute later coming out.

There was no fear of Will being at home. Had they known it, they might have entered the cigar store across the street and found him attentive to their every movement.

"Now, Mr. Cook," said the boys to Will's father, shortly after they had exchanged greetings "What we want to know is, can we have a stag here on Will's birthday, you—"

"Ye'll bring no stag in here! What d'you take this house for, a hunting grounds?" interrupted the old man, with an imaginative picture in his mind of a slain beast decorating his parlor.

Both boys laughed (so did Will, but not loud enough to be heard; he had entered the house unseen by anyone).

"Chick," explained what they meant by stag. Will's father laughed, though the joke was at his expense, and not only gave his assent to the stag party but also agreed to furnish cigars for the occasion, so the deal was closed.

Wednesday evening came. The stag was proclaimed by all "a fitting tribute to Will's good fellowship." The latter holding a handsome watch and a glittering fob firmly, betrayed no signs whatsoever of discernment and closed the evening's festivities with the greatest piece of nerve that the mind of a rogue ever concocted.

"Fellows, I want to thank you all for this evening's pleasure, which I assure you was wholly a surprise to me, and most of all let me express my heartfelt gratitude for this loving token of your esteem for me," he glanced modestly at his watch and fob and continued, "I am wholly undeserving of it [no one knows that better than himself]. You fellows never should have done anything like this, but it's over now and can't be helped, but be assured, gentlemen, that I shall never forget any of you, nor this gift, which bespeaks your esteem for me, nor this, for me, happy day. I thank you"

Sam Ogden: Supreme.

JOHN F. HYNES, '14.

Sam Ogden cursed his luck as he sat gloomily on the station platform at Riserville. For the first time in years he had failed to get an order from the local hardware store. His failure was all the more bitter because a certain Miss Fanny Anderson representing a Chicago firm had invaded his territory the day before, and sold the local concern a large stock.

Sam, being a bachelor, had always boasted of woman's inferiority. Hitherto, his work had not been disputed, for there were no women handling hardware in the Missouri territory. In fact, that a woman should attempt to handle hardware in any territory seemed preposterous to Sam. Now, his well-known argument as to woman's inferiority was apparently shattered by one blow. Sam was thoroughly disgusted.

As the train came in, he fiercely picked up his bags and got on board. He met several brother drummers in the smoker. They had heard of Sam's overthrow at the hands of Miss Anderson. For years they had sat patiently and listened to Sam's harangues on the weaknesses and follies of womankind. Now a woman had actually beaten him in getting an order. The opportunity was too good to miss, so they began to chaff him as only drummers can.

"Hello Sam," said Pat O'Donnell, an old-timer, "what's this I hear about that Chicago firm' invading your territory?"

"Oh, just a little excursion by an agent of a shyster junk dealer," complained Sam.

"They must have a pretty good man, if he handled old Jim Mechem down at Riserville," volunteered Jake Goldberg, well-known among the drygoods men.

"Man?" asked Pat, "I thought that a woman did it?"

"Surely not," said Jake with a smile. "That can't be, can it Sam?"

"I guess it is," replied Sam, crestfallen. "But I still believe that no woman can compete with a man in the selling game, let alone in the hardware line."

The conversation with the expert guidance of Pat and Jake continued in the same channel. The more they talked of Sam's defeat at the hands of a woman, the more Sam argued that it was impossible for a woman to sell hardware.

Just outside of St. Louis, whither they were all bound, the train stopped at Kirkwood. A woman and a man were the only passengers that got on. After the train had started, the man went forward into the smoking car. The little group of drummers greeted him with hearty handshakes and shouts of joy, for he was George Evans, the best story-teller on the road. Pat and Jake, however, did not let him tell many of his stories. They cleverly steered the conversation around to Sam and his disappointment.

"What's this about Sam?" asked George.

"Well," began Pat, "you see, a certain Miss Anderson, representing a Chicago firm, stole one of Sam's best customers."

"I don't believe you need tell every one," exclaimed Sam.

"The mere fact that it was a woman," continued Pat, "is what hurts poor old Sam most. I would just like to be present when he meets that said Miss Anderson."

George turned toward Sam and asked, "What would you do if you met her?"

"I would give her a piece of my mind," said Sam.

"Well, I guess you will have a chance, for she got on with me at the last station and is now back in the chair-car," said George with a wink to the others. Sam turned pale and then red. At first the thought of meeting his woman rival frightened him and then he grew angry.

"All right," said Sam, determined, "let's see her."

With George leading the way, the little party passed back through the cars to the chair-car. George introduced all the drummers. Somehow, Sam couldn't find the words to bitterly attack Miss Anderson. She seemed too quiet and well-mannered to be his deadly competitor. Hastily excusing themselves, George and the others went back to the smoker, leaving Sam alone with Miss Anderson. He was too angry to make a very good travelling companion. But Miss Anderson was in a cheerful and talkative mood. Gradually Sam began to lose part of his bitterness toward the woman who had stolen his customer. The conversation drifted into "shop talk" on hardware, and Miss Anderson displayed such a thorough and technical knowledge of the business and trade that Sam's hatred was partly transformed into respect. He never thought that a woman could possibly know so much. But he was re-

solved that this would not prevent him from telling her what he thought of her.

The talk drifted around to families. Sam discovered that Miss Anderson was from the same county in Illinois that he was. She knew many people who were his friends. A common bond of interest sprang up between the two. All anger on Sam's part disappeared. Sam really was beginning to believe that some women knew a little, and perhaps one in a million could actually sell hardware.

Up in the smoker ahead the little group of drummers were laughing and joking. They seemed to think that the prize joke of the year was the bringing of Miss Anderson and Sam Ogden together. George vouched that Miss Anderson was able to take care of herself, while Pat and Jake thought that Sam would easily best her in the fight which they thought was going on.

Finally George said, "I'll bet you ten dollars that Miss Anderson gets the best of the argument."

"All right," responded Pat and Jake, each producing a five dollar bill. They started back through the cars to see how the expected fight was progressing and to determine the bet. When they reached the chair-car, instead of viewing an angry, distracted couple, they saw Miss Anderson gaily laughing at one of Sam's jokes.

"Well, fellows," exclaimed Sam, "we've decided our little trouble."

"Which one leaves the territory?" asked Pat.

"The family of Sam Ogden," began Sam, "still continues supreme in this territory. But Mrs. Ogden—to be," explained Sam pointing to Miss Anderson, "will be my right hand assistant."

George, Jake and Pat looked at one another in amazement. They never did settle who won the bet. However, today the family of Sam Ogden controls all the hardware between the Mississippi and the Missouri.

War.

A soldier grim raised the battle-cry,
On, on, to victory.

A woman sad, heaved a heavy sigh,
Yes, yes, to victory.

A grave new-made, with a woman nigh,
And, no, no victory.

KERNDT HEALY.

As It Happened.

When I first met Sue many years ago, I thought she was about the sweetest proposition in peaches I had ever seen, and I remember how my big hand with its bundle of baseball fingers covered her little mittens when we shook hands. I wanted to know her better so I went to a baseball fan that lived next door to Sue and told him my story. He had it before I was fairly started.

"I'll take her to the game next week," he said. "I think she knows the game, and you'll have to do things. Make a home run and she'll fall for you like cut grass."

I never practiced so hard since Hector was a pup as I did during that week. I remember the game as though it had been yesterday. I came up to bat all flushed and flurried for I knew she was watching me. I felt as though I were in the front parlor and that I should be bowing or worrying about my grammar. But, oh, if I ever did things in my life I did them in that game. And as I slid home with the winning run, I thought I could see the slender figure in white waving her score card over her head and shouting at the top of her voice. I got a home run, two three baggers, and a single and was walking on ozone.

I dressed in my glad rags that night, put on an electric blue tie, a stud that fairly talked, and went with my friend to see Sue. I knew she would embrace me as soon as I entered the door. I was thinking how I could best make little of the great work I had done, how I could treat myself as a black beetle and make her think my wonderful plays were of daily occurrence. But there was no need of it. I was scarcely inside the door when Sue broke out in her light violet voice. "Oh, Mr. Williams, what horrid stockings you had on today—a red one and a blue one—and how you chased that poor little fellow around the lot, it was simply horrid! Then for the first time I tumbled.

She knew nothing about baseball. Whenever I threw a swift one to third she thought I was trying to kill the little fellow over there to whom she had taken a fancy on account of his neatly fitting uniform. If there happened to be some one on first when I made a three-base hit she thought I was chasing the poor fellow

around the bases and when I slid home I was too clumsy to stay on my feet. She asked my friend more foolish questions than were asked in the recent war investigation. She wanted to know why my stockings weren't mates, why the pitcher went through so many contortions, and why that tall dark-complected fellow that looked like a gentleman yelled "slide, slide" at the top of his voice. She heard a man behind her talk of some one stealing second and she grabbed her pocket book and held it firmly; she wanted to know why they called that man the "Mumps," and why the mumps didn't have a baseball suit and a thing for his hand. She didn't understand how a man could throw balls and strikes with the same baseball and she wanted to know why the men didn't wash their suits and stop sitting in the dust with them.

The whole grandstand got next and began to kid my friend. An old fellow with his mouth full of false teeth who looked as though he hadn't had a bath since the flood told my friend he was beyond the breakers with the girl and had better swim in.

Well I saw that my baseball talent had gone democratic as far as Sue was concerned, so I switched right back to my minor theme and began to talk about the weather—about how nice the day was overhead and what a pity it was that we couldn't walk overhead, about the humidity being worse than the heat, etc. When the weather gave out Sue began in the sweetest tones to ask if I had read any of Boswell. I told her I had seen a few of his stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, but hadn't paid much attention to them. She said she had seen a real Rubens in Paris and blushed a bit when I asked her what horsepower it was. Then she broke into woman's rights, back watered through an article she had read on socialism and just about had my Angora when papa arrived and I was introduced. He was a medium sized man with a long-drawn face "who looked as though he didn't intend to meet many of us in the world to come." But he was a baseball fan and I was saved.

The Reason.

This verse is not the smoothest,
It lacks evenness and grace,
But we had to write a quatrain
To fill up this four-line space.

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—A simple, nameless grave in fragrant Provence received a few days ago the venerable frame of as sweet and pure a person as the nineteenth century knew. Frederick A. Mistral was a troubadour who somehow forgot to sing till he was deafened by the incessant rumble of commerce and then slew his sadness with melody. He was born more than eighty years ago, the son of a French Booz who had found his Ruth gleaning in the fields. From this beautiful, saintly mother he learned how sacred were the things of God and France, and how dear was Provence. Growing up, he tuned his lyre to the heavenly notes and made it sing in the dialect of his cradle. The world was charmed, and a band of youthful poets, abashed by the haste of noisy marts, looked to him for inspiration. The Nobel prize, the highest honor given a Continental writer, was awarded him: he accepted simply and kindly. A seat in the immortal Academy, the goal of every dreaming Frenchman, was proffered him; he refused because Paris and the Academy together could not produce a sunrise like those at home. During late years, no pilgrim or tourist has sauntered through Provence whose chief aim was not to see Mistral, a simple, religious, gifted peasant who cared not at all for homage. France was dear to him—France at whose bosom now slashes the sword of decay. Surely everything can not be stifled where that flower grew, surely death can not be the mother of such life. He reminds us of the Curé d'Ars, of St. Louis, of Napoleon—a France of glory and youth.

Rev. John Talbot Smith.

Continuing his series of lectures, Dr. John Talbot Smith addressed the Arts and Letters departments Saturday afternoon, giving a concise and comprehensive treatment of "The Drama." He discussed its history throughout the many centuries of its existence, describing the process of its growth, and its influence upon, as well as its reflection of, contemporary thought. Dr. Smith declared that the drama retains far more tenaciously than any other form of expression the religious note that was indeed the cornerstone of its being. After the old religious thought and expression had been effaced from all other literary forms, we may note in the drama its persistent and welcome presence.

On Monday afternoon, the theme dwelt upon was the Bias of History. The treatment of religious subjects by non-Catholic and materialistic historians is, as the speaker pointed out, sufficiently notorious to have recommended itself to the serious consideration of all exponents of elementary justice. With persistent, conscious and vindictive malice, historians have so colored historical facts as to make them reflect unfavorably upon Catholic thought and accomplishment. The great middle ages, when intellectual development probably reached its apex, are slurred over because the men and their deeds were inspired of and by Catholicism. This deliberate and wanton debauching of fact, declared the speaker, has transformed much so-called history into a crass fiction, a deceptive fabric of doubtful truths and pseudo facts. Yet the truth that will not down is laboring for recognition, and when it comes, as Dr. Smith remarked in conclusion, it will sound the death-knell of many widely read historical works.

The essay was the subject treated on Wednesday afternoon. Here again, Father Smith dissipated many popular fallacies. Besides emphasizing its legitimate importance as a vehicle of thought, he stressed its power as a disseminator of beliefs and theories not altogether consistent with fact or sound reasoning. Although considered by many as the concrete presentation of dispassionate and unbiased thought, the essay in reality, presents much that is impulsive, unsound and ill-considered, in the domain of thought.

Dr. E. V. O'Hara on Oregon History.

In an address before the History and Economics Courses Saturday afternoon, Rev. Dr. E. V. O'Hara of Portland, treated in his usual interesting fashion the early history of the great Western state. Those who had previously heard his talk upon the Minimum Wage Law, were all in attendance together with many who were to hear him for the first time. The tragic history of Dr. John McLaughlin, declared by Father O'Hara to be Oregon's greatest historical character, was treated at length. So also was the ridiculous, but widely credited historical myth about how Marcus Whitman saved Oregon for the United States. Father O'Hara is a rarely entertaining lecturer, and is probably in a better position to discuss the intimate details of Oregon's early history than any other living man.

Dr. Walsh on Scientific Fallibility.

Dr. Walsh is certainly one of the most welcome speakers that Notre Dame has occasion to welcome in the course of the school year. He invests scientific research with the charm of personal discovery, and garbs stern fact with the appeal of fiction. Whenever and wherever he talks, there is found a raptly attentive audience. Tuesday afternoon he discussed the realms opened to us by the telescope and the microscope. A wide span, truly, but covered by Dr. Walsh with his characteristic thoroughness. Yet the striking facts enumerated, served only to emphasize the strict confines within which Science must labor. The fact that the telescope reveals nebulous masses as mighty groupings of stars, only serves to accentuate the meagreness of our knowledge of things astronomical. The equally significant truth that much germ life is so minute as to baffle the finest microscope, only serves to show how far we have yet to progress in that direction. The great mysteries of organic life, of gravitation and matter itself, declared the speaker, gives the careless materialist much to account for, when he casually avers that science has cleared up all the mysteries of creation. What we do know serves only as an introduction to what we do not know. And until the latter is probed to its infinite depths, the position of the pseudo-scientific scoffer is ludicrously insecure.

Obituary.

MRS. QUAN.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Quan, mother of Henry Quan, who awards a medal and a monetary gift every year at the Commencement Exercises in memory of his departed father. The Quans have been for many years benefactors of the University, and we extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family and promise our prayers for the dear departed, who was a model Christian mother.
R. I. P.

The Philopatrian Banquet.

The regular annual banquet of the Philopatrian society was held Wednesday evening, April 29, in the Red room of the Oliver Hotel. Sixty odd Carrollites were transformed for an evening into veritable angels; their eyes sparkled, their faces were one beaming smile, and only when they started to mow down course after course did any one realize that they were the same boys who traverse the Carroll campus. The banquet room was one blaze of lights, the tables were artistically arranged, and the air was fragrant with flowers. But it was not flowers or lights that the little banqueters were seeking. It was something for the inner man, and they gave him one of the best times he ever had. Between the courses several songs were sung in chorus, and when the strains of Dixie filled the air, even the waiters forgot themselves and moved faster than usual and smiled a broad Southern smile at one another.

At the close of the dinner an artistically designed leather pocket-book was given to each member of the society. It bore his name and the seal of the society. Mr. Dickens the director of the Philopatians, as toastmaster of the evening, then introduced Mr. Blackman who responded to the toast "Our Society," telling of the actual work done by the members this year and of the many pleasant hours enjoyed by everyone. Mr. Barrett Anderson, of minstrel fame, sang a solo the chorus of which was taken up by all present until the walls fairly shook, and Father T. Burke responded to the toast, "Some Boys I Know." Steve Burns, the pianist for the "Gold and Blue Serenaders," was called up twice for piano solos, after which Bro. Marcellinus in his characteristic way spoke of the Philopatians of

other days, of the foundation of the society forty years before and the hope he held in the members of the present society if they were true to their standards. It is a real treat to hear Bro. Marcellinus talk, and especially so when his subject has to do with the early days of Notre Dame which he remembers so vividly.

Mr. Woodman, a celebrated artist and cartoonist, closed the evening program by a half-hour scintillating talk which he illustrated in crayon as he went along. A photograph of the banqueters was snapped by a photographer, and the big day was over. It was a most enjoyable evening from every point of view, and great credit is due to Mr. Earl Dickens, who is wholly responsible for the signal success of the evening.

Local News.

—Work on the new library is progressing very slowly.

—Why not get busy with crew practice? The lake is in shape if the shells are not.

—Have you written a letter home this week explaining why your bulletin marks are so low?

—Father Farley had his Corby hall team out for its first practice last Tuesday. They're showing up well.

—Meetings are being held in the various halls to practise the hymns which will be sung at the May devotions.

—The Carroll hallers have a new score-board erected on their baseball diamond. This is the true progressive spirit of the youngsters.

—Several members of the Rifle Club have been trying their eyes at the Rifle Range, and some of the marksmen are making exceptionally good scores.

—The call has been issued for room reservations for 1914-15. If you want the same old bed you had better get busy and pay the necessary fifteen dollars.

—Joe Kenny suffered the misfortune to have one of his fingers broken last Sunday. It was likewise Notre Dame's misfortune in having to lose a catcher of Joe's ability.

—We must admit that the leafy bowers about the lake are most enchanting at class time, but still we're paying tuition for every class even if we don't attend. We should try to get our money's worth out of all of them.

—One of Sorin hall's many baseball teams

defeated the Steve Girgacz team of South Bend last Saturday afternoon by a score of 8-4. "Curly" Nowers did good work in the box for the Sorinites.

—United States Senator Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana has accepted the invitation to deliver the commencement address on June 15th. Senator Ransdell is chairman of the Committee on Public Health and National Quarantine.

—There were no fatalities in the sham-battle fought by the Military men along the St. Joe River last Thursday. The most serious injury, however, was caused by "Chick" Somers of Sorin hall, getting into too close contact with some poison ivy. He will probably be pensioned.

—The Brownson hall Roughriders defeated the Sorin hall Lollypops in an exciting baseball game Sunday morning. The score was 14-12. The game was featured by the pitching and batting of "Marty" Henehan of Brownson and the fielding of "Hank" Frawley of the Lollypops.

—"Sam" Starbuck, director of athletics at Culver Military Academy, and well known at Notre Dame, was removed to Epworth hospital in South Bend last week and underwent an operation for appendicitis. It is the wish of Mr. Starbuck's friends here that he will have a speedy recovery.

—If any of the Seniors are delinquent in their college bills they had better make a thorough search for stray pennies and pay up to date. For the law is that those debtors will not be granted the coveted sheep-skins, and such a hold up wouldn't be a very pleasant way to end four years of hard labor.

—Bro. Alphonsus has several articles which have been found during the year and he would like to return them to their owners. Numbered among the articles are text-books, cuff-links, money, clothing, and a watch. If you have become separated from any of these articles, now is the time to become reunited.

—The three members of the Senior class who will deliver the bachelors' orations at Commencement and the valedictorian of the class have been chosen. The bachelors' orations this year fall to Martin E. Walter, Ph. B. '14; Charles E. Dorias, LL. B. '14, and William M. Galvin, Ph. B. '14, while Mr. Joseph M. Walsh, E. E. '14, has been chosen valedictorian.

—The Sophomore Cotillion next Wednesday night in Place hall is to be made a big event in Notre Dame's social season. The dance is for all students, whether Sophomores or not. Fischer's Orchestra from Kalamazoo will furnish the music and the Sophs guarantee twice the amount of good time that the price of the ticket calls for.

—The campus was the scene of some unusual excitement last Thursday when the "moving picture man" and a troupe of semi-professional actors and actresses arrived. Various pictures along the campus were taken including the military drills. The reels are being prepared as an advertising medium for South Bend and vicinity. The whole student body participated in a thrilling mob-scene cheering for the hero and inwardly rejoicing over the fair heroine who seemed to enjoy her experience at Notre Dame immensely. Perhaps this work will be an incentive for some of the local students to take to the "movie actor" profession. But at any rate we all intend to see ourselves on the screen when the films are shown in the Bend.

—Another Notre Dame Club was formed recently in Cincinnati. Chiefly through the efforts of Joe Huerkamp, '12, and E. McHugh, '12, the call for members brought together a splendid representation. The club is not so large as the largest—the attendance at the inaugural meeting was about thirty—but it is compact of loyalty and enthusiasm. It is a safe prediction that this new organization will serve the best interests of Alma Mater as well as the personal profit of the men who compose it. A good start was made when the following officers were elected: Honorary President, the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.; president, the Hon. Michael Burns, '86; vice-president, Robert Anderson, '08; secretary, Dr. Louis A. Brinker, '95; treasurer, Joseph Huerkamp, '12.

Society Notes.

CIVIL ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

The twelfth regular meeting of the Civil Engineering Society was held on Wednesday evening, April 29th. It was evident from the attendance that the spring weather had secured the strangle hold on some of the boys, but the old guard upheld traditions by indulging in a heated debate toward the end of the session.

Mr. Roach presented a paper entitled, "The

Debt of the World to Astronomy." In the development of his topic, he showed that nearly all of the activities of modern life are dependent in a measure upon the science of the astronomer. This is especially the case in navigation and in the calculation of time.

Mr. Cavanaugh having gone away, the society was deprived of his paper which would have added to the enjoyment of the evening.

The question of the formation of dew, which has been puzzling the agricultural experts of the country, was called up by the Director some time ago. He cast about for a man to discuss it. The logical victim would have been a damp and dreary Oregonian, but Conway was busy and Mr. Scott drew the short straw. He came well prepared and succeeded in silencing the opposition after a spirited debate.

It was announced that the first lecture of the course would be delivered on next Wednesday evening by a municipal engineer. All civil engineering students are requested to attend.

Athletic Notes.

VIRGINIANS DEFEATED.

Bethany College, from the Old Dominion, proved an easy victim, falling before the war club of ex-Capt. Farrell and his assistants, by an 8-3 score. The weather was more suitable for a gridiron contest than the staging of the national pastime, and this doubtless had an effect on the visitors from the South. The immediate and most potent cause of their defeat, however, was the rejuvenation of the Varsity swat smiths. They doubled their usual total of safeties, collecting an even dozen bingles. The most encouraging feature of the game was the fact that the men met the ball squarely, but five going down by the strike-out route.

The first inning proved disastrous to the Bethany lads, their fielding being of the sieve variety. Rodgers started the tragedy of errors, putting Bergman safe at first. "Dutch" moved on to second when the first baseman let the pitcher's throw get away from him. Lathrop singled to get on, and Farrell's triple sent both men across the rubber. Mills drove one to right, scoring Farrell, and went to second on Meyer's infield swat. Bjoin was out on a long fly, but Newning beat out another infield tap, filling the bags. Kenny fouled out, but

Sheehan was equal to the occasion with a nice single that scored Mills. Hughey's frightful peg to the infield let Meyers and Newning complete the circuit. Having batted around and scored six runs, the locals eased up and Bergman made the final out.

In the third Notre Dame tallied again, when Harry Newning walked, stole second, and came home on Kenny's drive to third that was too hot to handle.

The fourth saw Bethany break into the scoring column. After Batch had fanned, Rodgers drew a pass. With all the agility of an elephant, the bulky third-sacker of the visitors pilfered second. Then Harris came through with the necessary hit to send him home. Burgan then uncorked another safety, but the next two batters were easy outs.

The visitors put themselves out in the fifth, hitting two of their runners with batted balls. The sixth produced the locals' final tally on Farrell's fourth safety of the day and Mills' beautiful triple. "Rupe" went out at the plate attempting to score on Meyer's sacrifice fly.

Berger relieved Sheehan in the seventh, and the visitors proceeded to clout Heinie's fast ones for two runs. With one down, Smith singled. Hagey got in the way of a fast shoot and took first, being forced at second a moment later by Radcliffe's grounder. A long swat by Horan, that Lathrop almost reached after a hard try, brought both men in safely.

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Bergman, lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Lathrop, cf.	1	1	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	2	4	8	0	0
Mills, 2b	1	3	2	2	0
Meyers, ss.	1	1	2	0	1
Bjoin, rf.	0	0	2	0	0
H. Newning, 3b.	2	2	0	2	1
Kenny, c.	0	1	10	1	0
Sheehan, p.	0	1	0	0	0
Berger p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	8	13	*25	5	2

*Hagey and Radcliffe out; hit by batted balls.

BETHANY	R	H	P	A	E
Radcliffe, cf.	1	1	0	0	0
Horan, 2b.	0	1	1	0	0
Batch, 2b.	0	0	5	2	0
Rodgers, 3b.	1	0	0	0	0
Harris, p.	0	1	1	1	0
Burgan, c.	0	1	6	1	0
Farar, ss.	0	0	0	3	1
Smith, 1b.	1	1	8	0	1
Hagey, lf.	0	1	3	1	1
Totals	3	6	24	8	3

Notre Dame 6 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 *—8
 Bethany 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 0 0—3
 Two base hits—Farrell, Horan. Three base hits—Farrell, Mills. Stolen bases—H. Newning, 2; Mills, Rodgers. Sacrifice hits—Sheehan, Horan. Double play—Farar to Batch to Smith. Struck out—By Sheehan, 6; by Berger, 3; by Harris, 5. Bases on balls—Off Sheehan 1, off Harris, 2. Hit by pitcher—by Berger, 1. Hits—Off Sheehan, 4 in 6 innings; off Berger, 2 in 3 innings; off Harris, 13 in 8 innings. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 6; Bethany, 6. Umpire Anderson. Time of game, 1:30.

NOTRE DAME, 12; OHIO WESLEYAN, 0.

At last it has come. And we hope it will stay. What are we talking about? Why, nothing else than the Varsity's batting streak that has appeared in the past two games. Twenty-six safe swats, pretty evenly divided in two games, isn't bad, eh? The fourteen gathered off Mr. Roudebush last Saturday were good lusty drives, too—and the aforesaid gentleman has quite an assortment of curves and nice slow-balls. But it was all the same when the boys got going. Rupe Mills, who has lifted his batting average wonderfully of late, led the attack with three safe clouts, while Lathrop, Farrell, Harry Newning and Kelly were each credited with two apiece. "Moke's" speed and curves had the visitors at his mercy, not a man getting past second. At that, only four got on base at all, two on passes, one on an error, and one by the single lone hit to the Ohioans' credit. The Wesleyan lads, besides being weak with the willow, made ten bobbles in the field, putting their pitcher constantly in the hole. In bright contrast to this was the snappy fielding of the locals, and especially the brilliant work of Lathrop and Newning. In the seventh inning, the former came in from deep centre, and picked a Texas leaguer off his shoe tops, rolling over several times, but coming up with the ball in his hand. At third Harry made splendid stops of hard smashes, and nailed his man every time.

The second was Notre Dame's big round. Mills reached first on a poor peg by the short-stop, but he was forced at second when Meyers hit to the pitcher's box. The Chief made second on a bad throw, and went home when the visitors produced a succession of wild heaves, trying to get Bjoin, who finally rested on third. Newning beat out an infield tap, stole, and both men came home on Gray's single. The latter scored on Kelly's drive, making the total four. Bergman was out at first.

In the third Kelly fanned all three batters

to face him. Notre Dame scored another run when Chief Meyers walked, stole second, went to third on Bjoin's single, and scored when Littich fumbled Newning's drive.

Another counter was added in the fifth, when Lathrop beat out a hit to first, made third on Farrell's safety, and scored when Mills expressed a long fly to center. The locals tallied again in the next inning on Harry Newning's double, Gray's single, and the Red and Black's poor throw to first on Finegan's bunt.

"Zipper" Lathrop, just after his pretty catch, started Notre Dame's seventh with a clean single. The bases were filled when Mills singled and Duggan walked. Harry Newning's third hit of the day scored Lathrop and Mills.

Three men out in order on strike, was all the Buckeyes could do in the eighth, but the Gold and Blue raised its total with three more runs. "Moke" Kelly, in one of the prettiest plays of the game, laid down a perfect bunt when it was not expected and beat the ball to first by a safe margin. Finegan and Farrell followed with singles, and a sacrifice and a brace of errors score all three.

The line-up that Coach Harper used Saturday seems to be the best all-round team picked so far, and their appearance in the Michigan Aggies game today will please the fans.

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Bergman, lf.	0	0	0	0	0
Finegan, lf.	1	1	0	0	0
Lathrop, cf.	2	2	2	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	1	2	6	1	0
Mills, 2b.	1	1	0	1	0
Meyers, ss.	2	0	0	0	1
D. Newning, ss.	0	0	0	0	0
Bjoin, rf.	1	1	2	0	0
Duggan, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
H. Newning, 3b.	2	3	1	3	0
Gray, c.	1	1	13	0	0
Kelly, p.	1	2	2	1	0

Totals 36 12 13 27 6

OHIO WESLEYAN	R	H	P	A	E
Littich, 3b.	0	0	2	1	2
Needham, ss.	0	0	2	2	3
TouVelle, 2b.	0	0	0	5	1
Harris, rf.	0	0	1	0	0
Potts, cf.	0	1	1	0	0
Semans, 1b.	0	0	13	0	2
McRae, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Baker, c.	0	0	4	3	2
Roudebush, p.	0	0	0	3	0

Totals 0 1 24 14 10

Notre Dame 0 4 1 0 1 1 2 3 *—12
Ohio Wesleyan 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Summary—Two-base hits—Harry Newning. Stolen bases—Harry Newning, Meyers, Farrell, Bjoin. Sacrifice hits—Bergman, Meyers, Gray, Lathrop. Sacrifice fly—Mills. Struck out—By Kelly, 12; by Roudebush, 4. Bases on balls—Off Kelly, 2; off Roudebush, 2. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 6; Ohio Wesleyan, 4. Time of game—1:55. Umpire—Anderson.

WALSH DOWNS WALSH.

The interhall baseball season opened Sunday morning when Walsh and Sorin clashed on the Brownson diamond. The pennant winning southsiders struck a snag when they went up against a pitcher who was named after their own hall. (If "Slim" makes the Varsity next year we will say that the hall was named after him.) The slants of the elongated freshman were a complete mystery to the Walsh hallers, and it was not until late in the game that Campbell beat out a bunt and scored their first and only hit. "Slim" displayed a great mixture of curves and speed, and these, coupled with a deceptive delivery, enabled him to mow down twelve of the Walshites on strikes. With perfect support he would have scored a shutout. In addition to his excellent pitching, "Slim" contributed a double which drove in Sorin's second run.

Kowalski, another freshman, and one who has already demonstrated his prowess on the gridiron, was in the box for Walsh. He acquitted himself well and only the stellar work of his opponent prevented him from winning. Aside from the work of the pitchers, the feature of the game was the hitting of Havlin, who had a triple and a single to his credit. "Ducky" O'Donnell caught a good game for Sorin, while Campbell of Walsh played first-rate ball at short.

	R	H	E
Walsh	0	0	0
Sorin	0	0	0

Batteries: Kowalski and Brooks; Walsh and O'Donnell. Two base hit—Walsh. Three base hit—Havlin. Struck out—By Kowalski, 8; by Walsh, 12. Bases on balls—Off Kowalski, 4; off Walsh, 2. Umpires—Regan and Burke.

ST. JOE WINS IN THE NINTH.

In the most exciting game seen at Notre Dame this year, St. Joseph snatched a victory from Brownson Sunday afternoon by a hair-raising ninth-inning rally. "Joe" Flynn, the young southpaw, was in the box for Brownson, while "Jimmie" Boland, captain of the St. Joseph team and Varsity pitching candidate, worked for his team. Both men pitched excellent ball. In the second inning, long hits by each of the

pitchers scored a run for each team. Brownson brought in another in the third. In the fifth, Boland weakened, "Stubby" Flynn walked to start the inning, Glynn was safe on a bunt, advancing Flynn to second. Thorpe doubled down the right field foul-line and "Jake" Kline duplicated the drive on the other side of the field. Three runs resulted. Boland then steadied, and for the remaining innings he held his opponents with ease. Brownson looked like a winner at this point, but hard hitting by Kane brought in two runs for St. Joseph in the seventh. There was no more scoring until the ninth when Flynn, who had pitched an exceptionally strong game, weakened. Beckman, first up for St. Joseph, hit. Boland walked. Stack doubled, scoring Beckman. Boland was caught at the plate on LaJoie's tap to Thorpe. LaJoie stole second and Conboy broke up the game with a sharp drive just inside the base line.

Both teams played splendid ball, considering that it was the opening game of the season for each of them. The Brownson infield, Haydon, Mottz, Thorpe and Kline, is very fast, and the Brownson battery also looked good. The outfielders were a little weak at the bat, but this can probably be remedied by practice. For St. Joseph Boland and Kane were the stars. Boland pitched a strong game save for the fifth inning, and should not have been scored upon in the early innings. Beckman seemed unfamiliar with his pitcher and did not hold him up in the early innings. However, he showed his old-time form toward the end of the game. The St. Joseph infield is accurate, but perhaps a little slow, lacking in team work as yet. The St. Joseph outfield looked great. They fielded everything that came their way. Kane starred at the bat with three clean drives, while Stack and Conboy each made good with a solid blow in the ninth. Best of all, St. Joseph showed the old fighting spirit that characterized their football fight last year. We had begun to think the St. Joseph spirit was dead, but it displayed itself in mighty lively fashion on Sunday afternoon. The score:

	R	H	E
Brownson	0	1	1
St. Joseph	0	1	0

Batteries: Flynn and Morales; Boland and Beckman. Two base hits—Boland, Thorpe, Kline, Stack. Struck out—By Flynn, 4; by Boland, 11. Bases on balls—Off Flynn, 3; off Boland, 3. Umpires, Burke and Rohan.

Safety Valve.

George Blount—No, Father, I haven't got Spring fever, but I'm so happy during this weather that I can't work.

The other day we picked up a postal card from the floor of the Main Building. It was addressed to John McShane and read:

"John—

Waiting,

Nell."

We don't like to publish private correspondence, but if Nell waits for John as long as we waited for him to finish that half mile race in the gym, she'll be gray when he arrives.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

Buy one of the new derbies and look like a Yid.

ALL, ALL, ARE GONE; THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES
Goofie Welch

Fat Harper

Glen Herricks.

We think Frank Fox in Walsh is awfully nice. And we like the way Wallie Coker in Brownson smiles.*

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

Buy a fly-swatter at the news' stand.

THINGS WE ARE NOT TO BLAME FOR.

Art Hayes' vocabulary

Beauty Rohan's hips

Jake Geiger's mustache

The part in Peter Yern's hair

Rupe Mill's corduroy suit

Duggan's batting average

Maximillian Ziebold's name

Dummy Smith's taciturnity

The jokes in the *Midland Naturalist*

WATCHFUL WAITING.

There were sixty killed in a week in the Denver strike, and still our soldiers continue to move toward Mexico.

Some of the batting averages in the recent examinations were enough to send the men back to the minors.

A NEW APPLICATION.

The other day when the beefsteak was going around Bergman took only one piece, but Gray leaned over and whispered to him "play it safe" there might not be seconds.

Visitor (reading the printed list)—Surely, Father, you haven't that many students in your hall, have you?

Father McNamara—Why—no—that's the delinquent list.

*Of course they'll both get sore about it, but how can we help it.