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## The Approach of Summer.

J. U. R.

THE call has come, Dame Nature is awake,  
And all in life seems to be born anew;  
The birds their pathless northern passage make,  
And forest sprites their sylvan ways pursue.

The singing brook thrums on its song of praise,  
By meadow, mystic dell and wooded hill;  
The lordly pines exultant paeans raise  
In place of winter wail forgot and still.

Deep in the moss-framed mirrors of the pools,  
Where wood-nymphs rustic vanity betray,  
I see broad smiling skies, the finny school,  
And sweet reflected blossoms of the May.

From hiding-place the timid crocus peeps;  
And bashful lilac follows half with fear;  
Thus all creation seems to rise from sleep,  
To loud proclaim sweet summer time is near.

## The Indian Village.

JOHN URBAN RILEY.



BETWEEN the grounds of the University and the St. Joseph River, on a path running almost due west from the Niles Road to the water's edge, is a clump of ragged cedars, in the center of which rises a smooth sodded mound topped by an ancient iron cross, corroded and leading toward the river as though weary in its task of marking for the world the graves of some of its forgotten children. Across the river can be seen the roofs and smoking factory chimneys of the city, and at a distance on the other side rises the shining dome of the

Main Building, surmounted by the statue of the Virgin. For Her it was that these forgotten children of the forest named their little log chapel, a replica of which now marks the spot within the University grounds, and called it the church of Our Lady of the Lake, for it stood on the shore of St. Mary's Lake.

These were the Pottawatomie Indians, whose great council was composed of five tribes each with its own chief, and whose territory comprised the greater part of Michigan and Indiana. They had early been visited by the Jesuit missionaries, but it remained for Father Desseille, a young Belgian, to establish a permanent parish and become to these simple Indians a guide and father. Of the tribe which lived upon the site where the University now stands, six hundred and fifty were converts to the faith, and under the care of the "Black Robe," whom they loved so well, they lived, happy and contented until in 1827, civilization, in the form of a government agent, came to the territory to negotiate with the chiefs for the purchase of the land. The few white settlers in the vicinity had already tricked the simple redmen out of much of their wealth, and the story is told of a trader in the nearby settlement, who, taking advantage of the Indian's love for shining pointed objects and their determination to have anything that appealed to them at any cost, sold them needles for the value of one dollar apiece. Cheap brandy and whiskey, brought in by the traders, worked havoc among the tribes, and all the chiefs excepting the sturdy Pokagon, were willing to part with at least part of their lands. He, however, held out as long as he could till, without his consent, the tribes contracted with the scheming agent to sell him for two hundred dollars as much land as he could cover with a buffalo hide. Unsuspectingly, this bargain appeared to them a fine trade till the treaty

was signed and the hide cut into strips as fine as shoe lacings and laid on the ground in a circle, which robbed them of acres of their best soil. Here the agent set up his store, sold his brandy and tricked the savages till they were forced either to sell the land to him or have it taken from them.

Father Deseille did all in his power to help Pokagon in his fight for justice, till worn out with worry and care, he contracted a strange fever. The only doctor in the vicinity was unable to help him, and realizing that his end was near he sent to the two nearest settlements for a priest to administer the last sacraments. The messenger returned with the sad news that one of his fellow-missionaries was afflicted with the same malady himself, while the other was off in the wilderness administering to his scattered flock. As death approached, the holy man seemed to gain strength. He called his few faithful followers about him and implored them to carry him to the tabernacle, and there, supported by his loving converts, he administered Viaticum to himself and died at the foot of the altar. The poor savages were now without guide or friend, and the government agent and white settlers swindled and defrauded them. Almost driven to the wall they were obliged to part with the last of their land for six hundred thousand dollars, which they never received, and sign a treaty giving the government practically absolute control over them. Pokagon would not sign unless the officials promised to send his tribe a religious to administer to them. Accordingly, the crafty agent sent a minister with his wife and children to convert the little chapel into a meeting-house, but the chief and a few of his trusty followers drove them away and demanded a "Black Robe" who could serve his tribe and the Great Spirit without being hampered with the care of a family.

This was finally granted, and Father Petit, a Frenchman of twenty-seven, came to the Pottawatomies to take up the work of his noble predecessor. He had hardly begun his labors, however, before the government officials began to oppress the tribe, till they were almost without a place to live. Under the pretense of preventing a clash between the Indians and whites, General Tipton was sent from Washington with troops to drive them from their homes to Missouri where they were to be placed on a reservation. The appearance

of the soldiers with rifles and cannon terrorized the poor, downtrodden reds, and as many as could, fled to the little church for protection, while others hid in the forest. But most of them, taken unawares and without a struggle, were herded into carts and prairie schooners by the abusive general and his men and started on their sorrowful journey. Families were separated, those who resisted were beaten, and so like the Acadians, they were driven from their homes and lands into exile. Those found in the woods were shot, and the few who gathered around the good priest in the little chapel were imprisoned there, where most of them died of fever. Poor Father Petit, young and frail, was broken-hearted at the sufferings of his people, but he remained with the unfortunate till the last of the sufferers had passed away, and then looking upon the desolate homes of his flocks, said, "I can do nothing now but erect a cross over their graves." This done, he started after the suffering tribe, determined to go into exile with them, but his frail body had already withstood untold misery, and he died on the way, in July 1839, a month after the departure of his outraged children of the forest.

The cross still stands; and in the summer, the wild vines flower out into wreaths and crowns twining themselves in confusion over the nameless mounds. The cedars stand sentinel over their resting-places, and each spring the tiny shoots of grass come up to retell the world of those who lie below. The river still rushes on, but its banks are now covered with the works of the white man, for the Pottawatomies have gone.

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#### "In Praise of the Press."

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Hats off to the work of the mighty newspaper!  
 The herald of Empires, the powerful shaper  
 Of thoughts and of customs that mould human history.  
 It penetrates deep in the dark hidden mystery  
 Of crime and corruption. It lets in the air  
 Of public exposure, and graft is laid bare.  
 Baseball and politics, warfare and dress  
 Come under the eye of the all-seeing press.  
 Though it frequently slanders and freedom misuses,  
 Such errors are mere individual abuses.  
 Our ideal press is a light in the steeple,  
 The sensitive pulse of the great common people.

C. J. H.

## Good for the Circuit.

PAUL FOGARTY.

Mrs. Pinkham's boarding house was situated in the quiet section of the "well-to-do-neighborhood" of the city. The house itself—a two-story brick structure—gave every appearance of a "well-to-do's" shelter. A great porch in the front adorned with a modern solid cement rail did not at all disguise the fact that the house had been without a porch for a half century. No amount of carpenter's, masons's or stone-cutter's craft could ever change the stately and dignified appearance of the "Pinkham Place." The neighborhood as said was comprised of the "well-to-do" but the only reason Mrs. Pinkham put her excellent cooking ability into commercial activity was that Mrs. Pinkham was not "well-to-do."

When her husband had died ten years before, the neighborhood suffered somewhat of a gossip shock to learn that he had died penniless. It was also a terrific jolt to the wife, for although John Pinkham had never in a single instance taken his better-half into his confidence regarding his business affairs, yet Mrs. Pinkham always regarded their financial position as equal to that of their neighbors and accordingly had formed habits and had lived in an atmosphere of comfort which their financial position warranted. Mrs. Pinkham was proud. She regarded wealth as a virtue—and always looked upon the rich as being almost celestial. It was her pride therefore and also because she considered their environment of the neighborhood ideal for the upbringing of her nine-year-old daughter that decided her to remain in the neighborhood and in the "Pinkham Place" at all costs. And so the "Pinkham Place" became the "Pinkham Boarding House."

## II.

"Dickey" O'Neil was a ball player and a good one. In fact the owner of the "Jays" had said that he would not trade "Dickey" for the whole "Bruin" team, which was a daring compliment to short-stop "Dickey" inasmuch as the "Bruins" were then giving the "Jays" a close rub for first place.

Richard Wendell O'Neil had come from a little town in central Indiana, where he attracted the notice of the "Jays'" chief-scout, who, upon seeing the fiery red head

cavort around the short-field territory, immediately offered that young gentleman two hundred dollars per month to ensack his restless energy in a "Jay" uniform.

"Dickey" of course accepted, he hadn't thought it possible for a ball player to get that amount, but the scout, who was an old-time "star" assured the youngster that if the latter made good he would draw double that amount before the season was over.

And "make good" he did. Before the first swing around the circuit was completed, every baseball writer in the league admitted they "had to hand it to 'Dickey.'" One critic avowed that "it was a blessing 'Dickey' had red hair," for it was the only clue they had during the game as to which infielder was "Dickey" so much ground did the latter cover.

Naturally aggressive, on the field he was a bantam in confidence. He could step to the plate and with the bases full, the score tied, two out and with twenty thousand raving fans yelling "Get a hit" invariably comply with their request.

When the team played at "home," it was the custom of the players to room at private homes, and to dine at favorite boarding-houses. Thus it came about that "Mrs. Pinkham's" was recommended to "Dickey" as a place of genuine "home-cooking" and "Dickey" possessed the Hoosier fondness for home-made food stuffs.

The cooking, therefore was sufficient inducement to dine at "Pinkham's," but when after dinner on the second day he was introduced to "Mrs. Pinkham's" daughter "Winnie," he suddenly became enthusiastic about the place, so much so that he was wont to linger upon the porch evenings when the rest of the boarders had gone and talk baseball to "Winnie," something he seldom did off the field.

"Winnie" was a type of girl he had never known before. Her great brown eyes and darker hair were to "Dickey" wondrous beauty—and he longed to tell her so. His aggressiveness, however, was confined to the playing-field.

"Winnie" had always been a loyal fan—and as most girls do, had regarded ball players, as a rare species of being of which every one read but few knew personally. Admiration for the "star" short-stop therefore was but natural. It was with a feeling of pride that she noted "Dickey's" popularity when they happened "down town."

Men went out of their way to tip their hats to Mr. O'Neil, while small boys would stand on the curb and in a tone of reverence greet their idol with "Nice hit to-day, Mr. O'Neil," or, "Hi there Mr. O'Neil." All this hero-worship for "Dickey" pleased "Winnie" immensely and it was with a smile of pride that she would look up to him as he appeared not to notice this idolatry.

### III.

The Dwights of England were one of the oldest and most respected families on the isle. The present generation of Dwights could trace their ancestors back to the time of the popularity of Paradise. There had been a Dwight in the court of Richard I., another in the army of Cromwell, Henry VII.'s favorite courtier was a Dwight, and all in all the Dwights had quite a call to fame.

Of the present family, Sinclair was the only unmarried member. His two sisters had married "titles" and had left him in sole possession of the great Dwight estate.

A queer chap was Sinclair Dwight. He was tall and exceedingly thin, though his head was large and round. His eyes a watery color were generally half concealed behind thick spectacles, which never satisfied Sinclair as to comfort, for he was continually touching the rims with his long thin fingers or pushing them close to his eyes.

In his own name Sinclair was immensely wealthy. Besides being Lord of the enormous Dwight estate and Manor House in Derkshire he also owned large tracts of land in Ireland. However, Sinclair cared little for social esteem and notwithstanding the pleading of his sisters had never entered their social sphere, whereupon they admitted that he was "queer."

Sinclair's one greatest hobby was to collect antique letters and tablets. Toward his collection which was pronounced the most valuable in all England, he annually spent thousands of dollars,—and when he had been satisfied that England offered no more food for his collection, he sailed to America.

Sinclair hated the noise and bustle of the city, and abhorred hotels and hotel life. Accordingly he secured a suite of rooms in a quiet but aristocratic section of the town in which he had decided to stop. His landlady he found was English and "knew of" the Dwights, whom she regarded very much the same as

we regard the Astors, Vanderbilt's, et al.

Concerning his board, she regretted that she did not serve meals but volunteered to arrange with the lady across the street whom she declared "kept a rather exclusive boarding-house."

She was as good as her word, and lost no time in enlightening the proprietor concerning Sinclair Dwight.

Opportunity would never suffer bruised knuckles from excessive contact with the panels of Mrs. Pinkham's door and that good woman saw her chance. She cared not a speck whether "Winnie" and "Dick" imagined they were in love or not, but she was concerned whether her daughter captivated the "blue-blood" Englishman, and lost no time in arranging an introduction. "Winnie" possessed her mother's love for the glittering and the story of the Dwight's aroused in the girl a feeling of awe when in the Englishman's presence. In comparison to "Dickey" she admitted that "Sinclair wasn't much to look at," but she remembered that the pictures of foreign nobility in the Sunday papers were not beauty prints. Mrs. Pinkham's powers of persuasion were strong and finally Winnie herself began to wonder whether a ball player was not a bit common. She became less and less affectionate during "Dickey's" calls and finally admitted to broken-hearted "Dickey" that there was "another" and that it was best that he cease his devotions. Dickey changed boarding houses the next day.

"Winnie" went to no more ball games, but instead took long walks in the woods or along the beach with Mr. Dwight. He told her about his most precious tablets and of the pre-historic associations connected with them. He explained the methods the Babylonians used in letter-writing—to all of which Winnie listened patiently. They never talked baseball, for once when Winnie brought up the question, Sinclair professed utter ignorance concerning the great national pastime and avowed it was all "tommy rot."

Soon she began to build castles in the air similar to the model which she imagined the Dwight castle to be. She saw herself in the queen's court, or as hostess in her own castle to the royalty. She imagined herself as the center of all the pomp and splendor of London's social functions. "Dreams now!" she reflected but a word would make them come true.

## IV.

The baseball season was drawing to a close. The "Jays" were still in first place but the "Bruins" who had been hanging on all summer were but a game behind. Then came the final and deciding series with the "Bruins." The whole city went baseball mad. Business men, professional men and even the clergy dispensed with their affairs on the afternoon of the fourth game. The "Jays" had won the first and then dropped the second and third game, due to ineffective pitching and a couple of glaring errors by their short-stop. "Dickey," so the papers said, had taken an awful slump lately both in batting and fielding. His playing was listless and he seemed to lack the old fire and dash that had made him famous. McGrew, the manager, was at a loss to account for the short-stop's slumps as were the rest of the players.

In the club house, after the third game which had been lost when Dickey permitted a fast ground ball to get past him, the players were bemoaning the loss of the game and incidentally placed the blame upon the short-stop, Dickey, who was dressing over in one corner of the room listened in silence, then Devlin the left-fielder, ventured that if Dickey would forget that "chicken" he wouldn't be throwing games away. Whereupon, for his trouble, Devlin stopped Dickey's fist with his jaw, the latter suggesting at the same time that care should be taken in speaking of his lady friends. No more was said about the "chicken"—at least in Dickey's hearing.

## V.

The umpire was announcing the batteries when they arrived. She had resisted until noon but when she saw the crowded cars and speeding automobiles all bound for the same place, she yielded to the desire to see the game, and phoned to Sinclair her desires. Of course, he consented. He had intended to spend the afternoon in research work but her tone was final and so he parted with twenty dollars by buying box-seats from a scalper for the paper had said that all seats had been sold at eleven o'clock.

Dickey was leaning against the side of the players' coop, as Walter, the first man up hit a foul ball which sailed straight for an open box adjoining the end of the coop. Automatically Dickey raised his left hand and caught the ball. Then hearing a roar of laughter

behind him, he turned and saw that the gentleman in the box had ducked his head below the rail when the ball was hit and was totally oblivious of the danger to which he left his lady friend exposed. Dickey did not join in the laughter, but tossing the ball back to the catcher, he went into the players dug-out. He had recognized her the instant he turned. And now had come his chance. So that was the man she was to marry! He muttered half aloud that it was exceedingly lucky that her husband possessed more money than he did sand. And the papers say they will tour Europe during their honeymoon. With that stiff!

It was a great day for the "Jays" the fans and for "Dickey." The latter brought the crowd to its feet again and again by his dare-devil stops and catches. He fielded ground balls with the speed of a rabbit. In the fourth he cut off a run by backing up Hyle, the second baseman. The latter had fumbled, but Dickey snatched up the ball with his bare hand and with the same motion heaved it to the plate. The crowd screamed its delight when after lining out a pretty single in the sixth he stole both second and third while the catcher held the ball. However, Dickey was not getting much assistance from his team-mates—and so when the "Jays" came to bat in the first of the ninth the game was still a scoreless tie. Collins, the first man up, singled, but was compelled to stay at first while the next two men struck out. Dickey was next up, and although it was with an air of confidence that he sauntered to the pan, there seemed but little chance for a score, for Powell, who followed Dickey, was a notoriously weak hitter. Dickey dug his spikes into the earth and waited. Henderson, the opposing pitcher sent the first with all his speed straight at Dickey, but the latter ducked just in time to keep from getting "beaned." It was Henderson's old trick by which he hoped to terrify young players, and as Dickey picked himself up and yelled something about "dirty stuff" to Henderson, the big pitcher merely grinned. Again he wound up. This time the ball came straight for the pan and shoulder high. Dickey swung with all his might. There was a sharp crack and ball and man were off together. High and far went the pellet and when Dickey rounded first base and saw the center fielder turn and watch the ball drop in the bleachers, he slowed up and completed the

circuit in a trot. Instantly, the field became a mad, surging mass. Men threw hats in the air or pounded each other on the back and it took the whole team with bats to protect Dickey from the joyous mob which seemed bent on using his suit as a souvenir. It was a half hour before the field could be cleared, and when the Bruins failed to score in their half of the ninth the noise again became deafening. It was with difficulty that Dickey succeeded in reaching the club house. And when he did reach the dressing room he was indeed a sorry spectacle. His suit was torn to shreds and even his cap was missing. This rough treatment he knew was the highest compliment the fans could give and he was happy.

As he was dressing a messenger handed him a note tied with a blue ribbon, whereupon he turned very red and thrust it in his pocket. In the reading room he tenderly untied the ribbon and read:

"DICKY—I'd much rather see America first—  
with you. WIN."

He wrote back

"WIN:—They say California is a pretty place—we train there next spring. DICK."

That night they signed the contract.

### The Italian Immigrant.

RICHARD D. DALEY.

I no lake dees beeg country,  
I tal you why, my frand;  
Here evera theeng ees noo to me,  
I canno undrstand.

I weesh I stay een Eetaly  
An' not come here to you,  
For evraboda laff at me  
An' no speek nice-a too.

To you, Signor, I musta tal  
"Bout man dey call da boss.  
I canno speek da Eengleesh wal,  
Eet mak' eem vera cross.

I canno help,—eet ees so strange  
Een dess grat beega lan'.  
Da talk, da peepul, all ees change  
Eeen your American.

But no, tank God, dere ees one theeng,  
Dat ees lake my country.  
Eet ess da mass, da priest who seeng,  
Jus' lake een Eetaly.

### Because a Boy Ran Away.

PAUL J. MEIFELD.

The first thing Billy Green knew, he was on a train headed for Perrydale, a small town in southern Illinois. He had never done anything so quickly before in his life, for Billy was an easy-going fellow of wealthy parentage, reared in luxury. True, fate had made him shift for himself early in life but he had never quite gotten over that slowness of movement inborn in the idle.

And he was a reporter, too. Somehow we always think of the followers of the newspaper profession as dashing young men of unsatisfiable energy; probably because most of them are. Billy was an exception, that's all. Many were the times when the city editor had wished to fire him—but he was too good.

So Billy was on the train speeding from the city to the country, with a ticket, his week's salary in advance and a small clipping. Ah, the clipping! That's what caused it all. Just to make sure he was right, Billy read it again (which was about the forty-seventh time).

#### NO ROMANCE IN COUNTRY.

A modern Don Quixote was picked up in Central Park by Officers Hill and Watkins last night about 10 o'clock. He gave his age as 16 years and his home as Perrydale, Ill. "There's nothing doing in the country," he said, "and I came to the city for the stuff like you read about." He was penniless.

Billy had not noticed the story until his attention was called to it by the managing editor, who had called him in his office only a few hours before.

"I am a country bred boy myself," the editor said after motioning his star reporter to a chair, "and have always resented any unfavorable remark concerning life in the small town or on the farm. Now, I believe that there is romance in the country as well as in the city. Here—" he handed him the clipping, "go down there and prove I'm right, prove that the kid was just too young and inexperienced really to see what was going on about him. Your salary will be sent to you. Take as long as you wish. But prove I'm right." And he turned to his desk.

Billy knew enough about editors not to ask any questions. He was so dazed he really hurried. And thus we find him on the train,



reading and re-reading his only guide.

The next week found Billy comfortably installed in a rooming house in Perrydale; that is, of course, as comfortable as anyone could be, living as he was, out of a suit-case and a hand-bag. He had made arrangements to take his meals at another private house about a square up the street. He did this in order to make the acquaintance of as many people as possible in the shortest length of time. He was a good mixer and he knew he could meet all the people in town if given half a chance. He was a good reporter and the managing editor knew he would unearth romance if it existed at all; at least, he had never failed on any assignment yet.

Just halfway—Billy had measured it by steps—between the rooming and the boarding house there lived a girl. She was a pretty girl—Billy had noticed that, too. He had first seen her the second day after his arrival in the little town and since that time she had been seated on the front porch as he passed to and from his meals; only once had she missed. Billy knew that she had noticed him, but she had refused to flirt. Nevertheless, the young man had been strangely attracted. He could not explain the attraction. Neither could he explain why, on the evening of the seventh day, he turned in at the house and walked straight up to the girl. He was really surprised at himself after he had made the turn and he wished he could turn back; but it was too late.

"Good evening," he said as he tipped his hat. "I am looking for romance; do you suppose there is any in this God-forsaken village?"

"That's a new one," the girl surprised him by saying. She remained seated.

"I beg your pardon. But I'm in earnest." He didn't know why, but he told the girl his reason for being in town. "Do you suppose I could be successful?" he finished.

"You seem to be doing your best," she answered with a half-smile, "But I rather like your nerve. Won't you sit down?"

"What do you call romance?" she asked as he seated himself.

"Oh, almost anything of a novel character." And then he told her of the boy who had caused it all.

"I remember the incident," the girl said when Billy had finished, "and I know the

boy. He is an orphan and lives with an old couple out at the edge of town, who treat him awfully mean. If all the stories are true that people tell, he surely is to be pitied. I'm afraid I had something to do with his running away, too, for I lent him a number of books recently. He used to come after our laundry, and in that way I became acquainted with him."

"That sounds pretty good: 'Sympathetic girl unconsciously encourages boy to run away by lending him books', and all that sort of thing. But I'm afraid it won't do. Know anything else?"

The girl smiled. "I'm afraid not. You see I've just returned from college, and so I'm not very well versed in the town gossip as yet. However, I did hear something about a marriage with a forty years' courtship connected with it: and—oh, yes, there's the haunted house."

"I do hate to pry into other people's affairs. What about the house?" It was reporter instinct.

"Oh, there's nothing to the story, I guess. I just heard an old negro woman speak of it. She says that groans may be heard near a little old cabin out here in the country. All the niggers are afraid, it seems. They say there are no windows in the building, and none of them will go near it. But no one pays any attention to them."

"It sounds interesting. When shall we investigate?"

"Why—er—what did you say?"

"When shall we investigate?"

"I've done it again! Mother says I never will be able to take care of myself!" and the girl really seemed distressed. "Why, here I've been chatting away with you as if I had known you all my life; and we've never even been introduced. Of course I won't go!"

"Couldn't I arrange a picnic or something in order to get near the place?"

"I'd rather go alone."

"Do you know, I nearly figured in a romance once," said the girl the next afternoon as the two sped along a dust-covered road in a rented automobile. It was early as yet but a lunch basket showed that the picnic suggestion had "stuck."

"That so? How was that?"

"Father had it all fixed that I should marry a son of one of his boyhood chums, a man I'd never seen."

"Is that right!" Billy displayed a sudden interest. "What was the fellow's name?"

The girl looked at him. "I thought you said you hated to pry into other people's affairs."

"I beg your pardon."

Silence reigned as they covered another mile. The girl seemed deep in thought and Billy did not disturb her. At last she said, as if voicing her whole train of thought at once:

"It must be awful to marry a man you've never seen—especially when you love another."

"So you're in love then?"

"I didn't say so. But here we are."

They drew up by the side of the road and left the machine. As they walked through the woods a certain coldness seemed to arise between them; perhaps both were thinking. At least, no word was spoken until they came within sight of a small, dilapidated log cabin, about a mile from the road. Then the girl pointing, said:

"There it is."

"It looks anything but romantic, doesn't it?" And as they drew nearer, "I don't hear anything of those wonderful groans. I'm afraid I'm doomed to remain in your village another week."

"Well, I told you it was just the superstitions of the negroes. They heard the wind through the trees or something like that."

By this time they reached the cabin and Billy circled it. No windows let in light and the place seemed damp—and foreboding. "No wonder the niggers didn't enter," he thought as he looked at the only entrance, a small, but heavy doorway at one end.

"I'm going in," said Billy to the girl as he removed his coat.

"Do," she answered, "and bring me back a nice piece of wood as a souvenir."

On the contrary, he took in the heaviest club he could find. As he opened the door, something inside began groaning. He stared fixedly for a moment and then turned back. His face was livid and his eyes bulged.

"Oh, what is it!" cried the girl, but she made no move forward.

The groans continued. They seemed to come from a human, but they were weak and denoted despair.

"Look!" said the man, as he drew the girl forward to the opening, his arm about her.

What a sight met their eyes! There in the gloom of the musty-smelling cabin, chained to a rusty iron bed, was a little old woman. She was sitting on the side of the bed staring at them wildly. Her feet were fettered securely.

They remained for a moment, silently gazing at the forlorn figure before them. "We must get her out of this," finally determined Billy; and then in a business tone: "I suppose they will let her stay at a hotel. And then to get the story."

"But she may be crazy," suggested the girl.

"Nonsense! There's a reason for this—and not a good one, either."

"She'll stay at our house then and together we'll get her strength back. See, she is trying to say something; she has lost her voice."

Billy looked at the girl beside him. A change had taken place. Her cheeks were flushed with excitement and her somewhat wan face had taken on a new light. He remembered now that she had had a sad expression before. She always had been pretty, but now she was beautiful.

When Billy returned with a doctor the girl's father was home; her mother was visiting a neighbor and knew nothing of the affair.

"Here he is, father," the girl began when Billy entered; this is Mr.—why, I don't—"

"Green—Billy Green."

"There are lots of Greens in the world, aren't there. At one time—"

"I believe it is rather a common name. Has your daughter told you of the woman?"

"Yes, but I haven't seen her yet. I'll go now. Make yourself at home."

"I'm afraid I have already," with a smile. The doctor and the girl had gone upstairs.

Billy looked about him. He was in a large, finely furnished room that readily denoted culture. The pictures on the walls, the books—

"Why, what is the matter, father?"

Billy saw the girl and her father descending the stairs. The man plainly was excited and paid no attention to his daughter.

"Why—er—it's—what did you say your name was?"

"Green—Billy Green."

"Not of Columbus, Ohio?"

"That's where I was born."

"H'm. Sit down, both of you, and let me tell you a story. Once upon a time there were



two boys who were friends, very good friends. They loved each other as brothers. They went through school together, working their way in college. And then they separated and went their different ways through life. But before doing so they each took a vow that, if possible, their children should marry and thus unite the families of such good friends. Each had one child; one a boy and one a girl. All went well until one of the men died and his wife and son disappeared. His wife is upstairs. The boy—why, who's this?"

A man, meanly dressed, minus coat and hat, had rushed into the house unannounced.

"Where's that woman, my crazy woman?" he yelled. "They said a young feller brought her here. She's crazy, y'understand? Where's—"

"Never mind, never mind," the girl's father interposed. "Who are you?"

"That don't make no difference. Where's my crazy—"

"She's not half as crazy as you are. You're name is Stephen Smith and you're a cousin to your crazy woman."

The man's face turned white, then red; then he smiled.

"So you know about it, do you? I allus thought it risky, but Mandy—"

He was interrupted as the host of this co-incidental party continued:

"Mr Green made a will shortly before his death—yes, your father, Mr. Green—leaving his fortune to his son provided he married the daughter of his friend. If he did not, the money was to go, after his wife's death, to her cousin, the only surviving relative. I think I see the whole story now. This cousin, who stands before you, kidnapped the mother and kept her out of sight."

"Then—then," stammered Billy.

"Yes, it is your mother upstairs."

Billy took the steps three at a time, but at the top the doctor stopped him.

"The woman is in a very weak condition," he said, "and demands absolute quiet. She has temporarily lost her voice. She'll get along all right, though, now." Billy returned to the group below.

"And who was this friend of my father's?" he asked.

"He," said the girl's father, "is me. And now sir," turning to the villain, "I'll tend to you."

The boy and the girl looked at each other.

The two men left the room just in time.

"And now about the little boy 'who caused it all,'" said Billy a half hour later. "What about him?"

"Let's adopt him," suggested the girl.

"It's a go. And now come with me to send a telegram."

"A telegram? What for?"

"To send in my resignation."

"Your resignation! Why?"

"If I remain with the Sun, I will have to prove that there is romance in the country, and --well do you want your name in the paper?"

### Varsity Verse.

#### PAST.

When I was young, the Gibson Girl,  
Had all the heads of men awhirl,  
With quiet grace and stately charm,  
She won our hearts, but did no harm.

#### PRESENT.

Today, Nell Brinkley's Modern Girl,  
Has empty head and bleached out curl,  
Her powdered face and manner vain,  
May please the eye but not the brain.

#### FUTURE.

Sometimes I wonder what's the end,  
Of all this crazy modern trend,  
'Twould be relief a girl to see,  
Like Grandma says she used to be.

JOHN U. RILEY.

#### BAHSTON RILEY, REALLY.

Do you know this young fellow named Riley?

He is tall, he is slender, he's lean.

He comes from the old town called "Bahston,"

Well known as the home of the bean.

Now Johnnie old boy is some singer,

His jokes make us hold our sides tight,

But, he shows to his best as a poet,

Just read and you'll see that we're right.

E. J. McOSKER.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

"As my cup is pure," the lily said,

Said the pupil, "Gay as I, and wise,"

Said the rose, "Yet true as I am red,"

And the violet said, "We are her eyes."

J. U. R.

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ERNEST BURKE

—It has only been two years since the Journalistic course has been inaugurated at Notre Dame, but already it has grown to be the most popular of all the courses taught at the University. Per-

**The School of Journalism.** haps the little room in which it is taught has nothing to do with its popularity, but again perhaps, and probably, it has. For we are all fond of that little room: it has a certain individuality about it, a certain happy-go-lucky air: in fact, it is an all-round good fellow; and invites one to "Come have a drink," not however, of the cup of Bacchus (never that) but of the cup of knowledge.

We have grown fond of that room, it holds so much good cheer in the form of intellectual stimuli. It knows the news from every part of the world, for daily fifty great newspapers throughout the country whisper their secrets in its ear. And, then, it is a patient little room. In spite of the bedlam raised by half a hundred not always studious boys, and the click of typewriters,—noise enough there to wake from their sleep the shades of bygone Danas and Greeleys, and, having waked them, again put them to sleep in utter content, for the future of the newspaper is assured.

That room is a great educator: it is shaping the minds and careers of many of the future

great (oh modest we). It is an unselfish little room. It gives out its knowledge impartially. All who come may read. It exacts only diligence and care. It supplies the knowledge and leaves to its habitués merely the task of assimilating what it offers. It makes no demands other than that those who go forth from its portals carry with them a high reverence for truth, a full measure of human kindness and an abiding faith in God.

—The unthinking public, the apathetic educator, and the individual whose destructive criticism is shallow-brained, all work their weary way with a

**The College Magazine.** rap here and a tap there to discourage

if possible the active workers of college journalism today. College journals welcome constructive criticism. But no one welcomes destructive criticism; it is worse than useless. College journals need and deserve encouragement; they deserve it from college authorities, from the student body, and from the alumni. There is no better advertisement for a college than a magazine that reflects credit upon the institution; there is no greater incentive to stimulate professors to perfect students in the study of English and to encourage them to "break into print," than that same college magazine: and, lastly, there is no better medium of uniting Alumni in loyalty to Alma Mater through links of news of the good old college, the whereabouts and doings of Alumni, the growth and plans of Alma Mater. So, let all of us help on the college magazine. Let us be boosters, sell your hammers and buy horns.

—"Tell me your company and I'll tell you who you are." This adage has a wealth of truth in it. The society man believes in it:

the business man knows the  
**Good Company.** truth of it, and the college professor is blind that does not daily see evidence of the wisdom in those words.

The company that a bank cashier keeps is known to the president of the bank, and with good reason. The young cashier with fast companions is easily tempted to take a quiet loan from the bank, cover it up by clever figuring, but ending always in detection and disgrace. The society man who has a daughter to protect, judges the young man calling at his

home by the company he keeps in "respectable cafés." The fond parent is quick to pass upon the moral worth of that young man if he sees him in company which is not of the best. And so it is even in college life, where, with the best efforts of college authorities, young men do get within the college walls whose previous record might be questioned. But the old motto, "Birds of a feather flock together" works wonderfully in keeping under one limelight "birds" of the same feather. Just as coyotes alone are cowards, but brave in packs, these college "birds of a feather" are courageous in united droves of discontent.

There is a cause back of everything. The discontented few are generally young men inert for their own betterment. To such might be addressed in the very latest style the advice: "Be a live wire, and you won't get stepped on. It's only the dead ones that are used for door-mats." Think it over: What company do you keep? Does it make you a happier man, or does it only add to your imaginary troubles? You have a chance to be happy and happy most of the time: your chance begins when you believe you have a chance. So if you are on the gloomy line, get a transfer; if you're inclined to grump and pine, get a transfer. Get off the track of doubt and gloom; get on the sunshine train—there's room—get a transfer.

—There is a habit common among young college men, much more dangerous than would seem on first thought, and which may lead to results extremely disastrous. It is the habit of  
**A Bad Habit.** "boobing" Freshmen. Young boys, and unsophisticated, just out of high school are tenderly confiding in their dispositions, and can easily be imposed upon. If, then, "pew rent" is collected, or a lad is forced to climb a tree and bark like a dog for fear of being immersed in the cold waters of the lake, or another is initiated into a fraud fraternity, or still another taken on a visit to town and scared so badly that he runs all the way home, it does not reflect discredit on the Freshmen, but rather on the upper classmen who betray their confidence. The evil results are seen not only at the time when the so-called jokes are perpetrated, but afterwards also. The young Freshman's trust in mankind is destroyed; his faith in the goodness of the world shaken, and at his feet his confidence in self lies shattered.

Thereafter, should he do a deed worthy of note, something that his dear ones would be pleased to hear—whether it be to "break into print" or distinguish himself in athletics, or to make the debating team, he can not send the good news home in print because shallow-minded practical jokers are continually referring to his early mistakes in the *Safety Valve*. The Freshman Journalist class of this year has nothing to complain of, but our cause is the cause of humanity. Hence it is that we, fighting to uphold the principles instilled by Alma Mater, make this protest against the senseless and barbarous custom of hazing Freshmen.

### The Freshman Journalists.

PAUL J. MIEFELD.

The current number of THE SCHOLASTIC is the work of the Freshman class in Journalism. How far we have advanced in the art of newspaper making since we entered the school last September may be fairly evidenced by this attempt. We feel as though we have learned much during the past eight months and we feel that the paper we offer the students of Notre Dame is one of which we may well be proud.

The course in Journalism is yet in its infancy, although it is by no means still an experiment; it has long since proved its worth and permanency. We are but the second class to enter into this particular line of endeavor and for that reason our membership has been unstable. Many students have entered the course and have fallen away; many entered late in the year; but we now number seventeen loyal and enthusiastic students who are in love with the work we have chosen. The personnel of the class follows: L. Berner, E. Burke, R. Daly, P. Duffy, C. Flynn, C. Hayden, J. Fogarty, C. Kowalski, J. McCarty, D. E. Hilgartner, E. McOsler, P. Miefeld, J. Riley, J. Miller, L. Van Thron, J. Sholem, and R. Sackley.

Our work this year has been far from exhaustive. In our regular class work we have striven to obtain the elements of the big newspaper "game." For the more practical side, we each have corresponded for Catholic weeklies, finding a wealth of interesting news of universal appeal in the everyday life of the University. Some of our number have especially distinguished themselves by their ex-

cellent work in feature stories. Reports on lectures and other special work have constituted the other features of the course.

Special talks on journalistic subjects by newspaper men of known ability have added new interest and life to the work. Such men as James Keeley, Harvey Woodruff and Slason Thompson, of the *Chicago Tribune*, Tom Daly, "The Dago Poet," Rev. J. T. Smith, of New York, Mr. Fasset, of the *South Bend News-Times*, and Francis O'Shaunessy, of the O'Shaunessy Advertising Agency of Chicago, have brought much inspiration to our class and undoubtedly have instilled in the members higher resolves and ambitions.

Realizing early the greater advantages accruing from a closer social relationship, we formed the "Pad and Pencil Club" in October, and since have enjoyed many entertaining and instructive programs. This portion of the work we have felt indispensable to our success as a class, and we hope it may continue in as pleasant a strain as it has heretofore. The officers of the club are: D. E. Hilgartner, president; C. Flynn, vice-president; E. J. McOsker, secretary; J. J. Miller, treasurer; L. Berner, reporter.

It must be remembered that the systematic training in college of young men for the newspaper field is a comparatively new venture. The course in no college is considered perfect; but we, the members of the Freshman class, intend to take the best advantage of the innovation and in so doing continue the record which Mr. Francis O'Shaunessy claimed for Notre Dame recently: that Notre Dame produced more of the better class of journalists than any other college in the country.

#### Win and Lose St. Viator Debate.

By a unanimous vote, Notre Dame debaters won the honors in the debate with St. Viator's College in Washington hall Tuesday evening, on the question: "Resolved that the Initiative and Referendum should be adopted by our several states." The well-balanced negative team of Notre Dame was composed of Messrs. George Schuster, Fred Gushurst, and Emmet Lenihan. Lenihan of Notre Dame and Dunn of the visitors were easily the stars of the contest.

On the same evening Notre Dame's affirmative team journeyed to St. Viator's College, Kankakee, Illinois, to debate upon the same

question, but lost by a vote of 2 to 1. The members of the teams were: Messrs. Eugene O'Connell, Clovis Smith, Timothy Galvin. St. Viator's—Messrs. Thomas Donovan, Charles Hart, and Thomas Lynch. The judges were: Hon. William H. McSurely, Hon. J. H. Fitch, Hon. R. E. Burke, all of the Superior Court, Chicago. Chairman—Hon. A. W. Doselm, Kankakee County Court Judge.

#### Triangular Debate.

The Triangular Debating League, composed of teams from Notre Dame University, Indiana University and Wabash College, held their third annual debates Friday evening at Notre Dame, Bloomington and Crawfordsville. Notre Dame's negative team met Indiana at Bloomington, the negative team from Wabash debated with the local affirmatives in Washington hall, while the Indiana negatives and the Wabash affirmatives tried conclusions at Crawfordsville. The subject of the debate was based on the Initiative and Referendum question. The men who upheld Notre Dame's side of the argument against Wabash were: Messrs. Timothy Galvin, J. Clovis Smith and Eugene O'Connell. Those who represented the University at Bloomington were: Messrs. George Schuster, Fred Gushurst, and Emmet Lenihan. Both Notre Dame teams won unanimously.

#### Society Notes.

##### BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society brought to a close a very successful season Sunday evening, with a program consisting of short impromptu addresses by the members apropos of the season's work and the benefits derived from it. Mr. Frank Holschlag read two short stories and an oration of his own composition. A committee, consisting of Messrs. L. Carroll, P. Duffy and J. Lawler, was instructed to draw up a resolution of thanks to the Rev. Father Walsh, critic for the society. Although the meeting marked the close of the regular season, a dinner at Haney's will be enjoyed by the society in the near future.

##### CIVIL ENGINEERS.

Through the efforts of Prof. M. J. McCue, Director of the Civil Engineering Society, the engineers were enabled to hear City Engineer Moore of South Bend lecture on "An Engineer-

ing Education" Thursday evening, May 7.

The speaker was introduced by Professor McCue who called attention to the importance of the engineer in modern life and in particular to the status of the American engineer in world-wide industrial activity. In beginning his address, the speaker sketched the field of engineering endeavor, and pointed out that, on account of the scope of the profession, it was vitally necessary for the engineer to specialize. In this place he warned his hearers against becoming narrow and pleaded for a type of education that would broaden the mind and still give that ability of concentration which marks the able engineer. To do this he recommended the study of mathematics and the regular reading of the technical journals. He went on to say that the engineer is the advance agent of prosperity and that he should be trained to express his thoughts clearly and forcibly. He closed by his repeating by admonitions and urged that the engineer must be above all honest and energetic. To better illustrate his point, he described the new water-works system now being installed in South Bend and noted some of the more intricate problems connected with it. At the end of the lecture opportunity was given to ask questions. Mr. Moore is a clear and concise speaker and a capable engineer. The Civil Engineering Society deeply appreciates the favor he has done them by his visit and are anxious to hear him again.

#### Personals.

—Dr. Walsh lectured to the students of the University in Washington hall Monday morning. He talked about the social organization of Stratford on Avon.

—The Rev. Anthony J. Walsh, rector of the Foreign Missions Seminary at Maryknoll, New York, visited the University last week and addressed the students on the need of Catholic priests and laymen as missionaries in China.

—Taking as his subject the "Oratory of Shakespeare," Dr. Harry L. Southwick, of Boston, delivered what was considered by many the "star" lecture of the year in Washington Hall Wednesday night. His impersonation of Shakespearian characters were remarkably realistic, sometimes taking the parts of three or more people, or a whole mob. Dr. Southwick is president of the Emerson College of Oratory at Boston, Massachusetts.

#### Obituary.

—The members of the Freshman journalist class and the Pad and Pencil Club, unite in their expression of grief and sorrow because of the death of the mother of E. J. McOskey, a class-mate and officer of the class society, who is chosen by God to bear this great misfortune.

It is the desire of the Club that this instrument be published in the SCHOLASTIC and that a copy be sent our "associate editor," who aided in the publication of this number.

#### Local News.

—Fred Brower received a gold medal for the championship of the Notre Dame Rifle Club. Silver and bronze medals also were awarded to James Robins and Clarence Derrick, respectively, as marksmen.

#### HOW WE STAND IN MAYR CUP RACE.

Hall	W	L	Pct
Corby	2	1	.666
St. Joseph	2	1	.666
Brownson	1	1	.500
Sorin	1	2	.333
Walsh	1	2	.333

—The official government inspection of the local regiment on Tuesday was minus the usual field maneuvers owing to the inclement weather. According to the inspector, Captain James P. Robinson, General Staff, U. S. A., a marked improvement was shown over the drilling of last year, when Captain Robinson made his first visit to Notre Dame.

—Notre Dame University was well represented at the Knights of Columbus annual convention held at Terre Haute, Indiana, on May 12. The delegates were Rev. Matthew Schumacher, S. C. S., state chaplain, Earl Dickens, Grand Knight of the Notre Dame council and Joseph Smith, a knight of this council replaced Professor Hines, who was unable to attend.

Professor McCue, who was present at a meeting of the executive committee on the improvement of the Niles road, promised the assistance of the engineering classes. The students will run lines and levels, and will make profiles of the road.

Brother Leo, superintendent of St. Joseph's Farm, has been influential in bringing about the project,



## Notre Dame Nine Invades the East.

JEROME J. SHOLEM.

Despite the injuries to three of Notre Dame's best Varsity players, the squad of fourteen Gold and Blue warriors boarded the Lake Shore train Sunday morning for their Eastern trip with as much fighting spirit as though they were leaving for Mexico. Coach Harper led his men through the East for a series of six daily battles. Scheduled to play West Virginia, Georgetown, Army, Catholic University, Princeton, and Navy, the Notre Dame nine was matched against the fastest baseball talent in the country.

It has been many years since a Gold and Blue baseball team has taken such an extensive and difficult trip. For the first time in the School's history, Princeton is included on the Notre Dame slate, and unusual interest centred about this tilt.

Not until Saturday night did Coach Harper finally settle upon his selection of the fourteen men for the trip. Those whom he took were: Captain Kelly, pitcher; Gray, catcher; Farrell, first base; Mills, second base; Meyers, short stop; Harry Newning, third base; Lathrop, left field; Duggan, center field; Pliska, right field; Bergman, utility; Dee Newning, utility; Sheehan and Berger, pitchers; Kenny, catcher.

The team spent Sunday in Pittsburg and left for Morganstown, West Virginia, Monday morning to meet the state university nine.

### VICTORIOUS IN OPENING BATTLE.

Snowed under by the heavy hitting of the Notre Dame team, West Virginia University fell before the visitors in a listless game Monday, 12 to 2. With only a single exception, every one of the invaders scored one or two runs, and each registered a hit or two. Pounding the ball for a homer, a triple and a double, Harry Newning played the game of his life by making three runs and three hits out of four times up. Berger, on the mound for Notre Dame, kept the nine hits of his opponents well sprinkled and incidentally set up a record of eleven strikeouts. After the third inning, West Virginia did not get a man farther than second base.

News reports of the initial Notre Dame victory were meagre. Not a single South Bend or Chicago paper contained the story. From

the pen of Joe Pliska, heavy hitting Varsity outfielder, comes the first account of the fray which reached Notre Dame.

"Morganstown is a little 'dinky' place," writes Joe. "I could not find a paper with the write-up, so I will tell you about the game myself. It started off like a real fight, and for the first two innings neither side put a man across the plate. The third inning rolled around. Harper says: 'Boys, we've got to start the ball game now. Get some fight into it.' And they did.

"The Virginia pitcher walked Newning. 'Dolly' Gray sent a clean hit to short right field, and Berger slammed the pill for three bags, and I brought him in on a sacrifice fly.

"In the same frame West Virginia came back and evened up the score, and for two more innings both pitchers settled down to air-tight ball.

"Things started to hum again in the sixth when Duggan and Farrell crossed the platter for the winning runs. From that time until the end of the game, we kept pounding their pitcher for hits that meant runs, and we wound up the scrap by clinching the victory with four more tallies in the ninth, making us an even dozen runs.

"The Gold and Blue gleaned thirteen hits off Barron, a tall southpaw, who will report to Clark Griffith at the end of the present college season. Seven of Notre Dame's hits were for extra bases. Berger pitched a great game, only wobbling in the third, when passes combined with lucky hits, gave West Virginia three runs.

"'Dolly' Gray broke the second finger on his right hand in the second inning. Kenny went in behind the bat and played the remainder of the game in great style.

"The size of the Gold and Blue players seemed to bring forth much admiration from the rooters: Score

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Pliska, rf. ....	1	1	1	0	0
Duggan, cf. ....	1	1	0	0	0
Farrell, 1b. ....	2	2	8	3	0
Mills, 2b. ....	1	2	1	2	0
Meyers, ss. ....	2	2	2	2	1
Bergman, lf. ....	0	0	0	0	0
Newning, 3b. ....	3	3	2	1	0
Gray, c. ....	1	1	9	3	0
Berger, p. ....	1	1	1	2	1
Totals .....	12	13	24	13	2

WEST VIRGINIA	R	H	P	A	E
Hersey, rf.	1	2	4	0	1
Casto, lf.	1	1	1	0	0
Leatherwood, 2b.	0	1	1	2	0
Simon, 1b.	0	2	10	0	0
Dille, 3b.	0	0	0	2	0
Smith, ss.	0	1	2	1	2
Ayers, cf.	0	1	2	0	0
Fiddler, c.	0	0	7	0	0
Barron, p.	1	1	0	0	0

Totals ..... 3 9 27 5 3  
 Notre Dame ..... 0 0 3 0 0 2 2 1 4—12  
 West Virginia ..... 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0—3  
 Two-base hits—Barron, Newning, Mills, Duggan.  
 Three-base hits—Berger, Newning, Mills. Home  
 run—Newning. Sacrifice hits—Duggan, Gray, Dille.  
 Sacrifice flies—Pliska, Berger. Stole bases—Duggan,  
 Bergman, Simon, Ayers. First base on errors—Notre  
 Dame, 3; West Virginia, 1. First base on balls—  
 Off Berger, 2; off Barron, 2. Struck out—By Berger,  
 11; by Barron, 7. Passed balls—Fidler, 3. Umpire—  
 Shally. Time—1:55.

#### Drop 4-1 Fight to Georgetown.

Errors and loose playing at crucial moments cost Notre Dame her first defeat of the trip when the Gold and Blue bowed to Georgetown University Tuesday afternoon 4 to 1. Captain Kelly and Captain Feinli battled for nine innings in a pitcher's duel, but the poor support given Kelly spelled defeat for Notre Dame.

Myers, at short stop, registered three "boners" unassisted, while Farrell and Newning each allowed costly throws to pass them.

Aside from the faulty playing of Harper's men, the teams were very evenly matched, Georgetown connecting for 6 hits and Notre Dame totaling five. Kelly had a shade the better advantage of Feinli on the mound, Kelly fanning seven opponents, and the later but one.

Newning played the star rôle at the bat, and secured the only counter on the Notre Dame side of the score.

The score:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lathrop, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Duggan, cf.	0	1	0	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	0	1	11	0	1
Mills, 2b.	0	0	3	2	0
Newning, 3b.	1	1	1	0	1
Meyers, ss.	0	1	1	6	3
Pliska, rf.	0	1	0	1	0
Kenny, c.	0	0	6	1	0
Kelly, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Bergman, cf.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	5	24	11	5

GEORGETOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Martin, ss.	0	0	2	3	1
Tormey, 1b.	0	0	12	0	1
Fury, rf.	1	1	4	0	0
McCarthy, cf.	1	2	3	0	0
Daley, 2b.	2	2	1	3	0
Shurgrue, 3b.	0	0	1	0	0
Connolly, lf.	0	1	0	0	0
Weems, c.	0	0	4	2	0
Feinli, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	4	6	27	9	2
Notre Dame	0	0	0	0	0
Georgetown	0	1	0	0	0

Bases on balls—Off Feinli, 1; off Kelly, 1. Struck out—By Feinli, 1; by Kelly, 7. Two base hit—Daley. Sacrifice fly—Feinli. Stolen base—Newning. Hit by pitcher—By Feinli, 2. Balk,—Kelly. Time, 1 hour 35 minutes.

#### Notre Dame Wallops Army.

Army suffered their second overwhelming defeat at the hands of a Notre Dame team this year, when Coach Harper's Gold and Blue trounced the West Pointers Thursday to the tune of 9 to 3. Playing errorless ball and batting like demons for seventeen hits, Notre Dame simply walked away with the game.

Pitcher Sheehan went the entire distance, striking out eight soldiers, and letting them down with seven sparse bingles. Sheehan also made a "rep" in the East for himself by poling four hits out of five trips to the plate. One a three bagger, one a double and two singles. The bright snappy fielding of the Notre Dame nine stood out in strong contrast to the ragged playing of the Army. At times the fielding was almost spectacular, Meyers and Newning figuring particularly in the circus stunts. Newning's fine stops and throws were a feature. Meyers was fast on the hard ground hits and had them in Farrell's mit before the runners were half way to first.

While Sheehan was pitching gilt edge ball on the Notre Dame mound, the Army twirler, Butts, was slugged without mercy to all parts of the diamond.

ARMY	R	H	P	A	E
Gerhardt, 3b.	1	1	1	1	1
Merrillit, cf.	2	2	0	0	0
Duggan, 2b.	0	0	4	2	3
Hobbs, rf.	2	2	2	0	0
Britton, 1b.	0	1	8	1	0
Milburn, c.	1	0	5	3	0
Bradley, lf.	0	1	3	0	0
Neyland, ss.	0	0	1	1	1
Butts, p.	0	0	1	5	1
Totals	3	7	27	33	6

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E	Law, ss.	0	0	1	2	1
Lathrop, lf.	3	3	1	0	0	Gill, 3b.	0	0	0	0	1
Duggan, cf.	0	1	0	0	0	Wall, c.	1	1	6	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	0	1	12	1	0	Deyo, p.	1	1	0	5	0
Mills, 2b.	1	2	4	2	0						
Newning, 3b.	1	2	1	4	0	Totals	4	6	27	14	4
Meyers, ss.	0	1	1	3	0	NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Pliska, rf.	1	1	0	0	0	Lathrop, lf.	0	0	3	0	0
Kenny, c.	1	1	8	2	0	Duggan, cf.	0	2	4	0	0
Sheehan, p.	2	4	0	4	0	Farrell, 1b.	0	0	10	0	1
*Berger	0	1	0	0	0	Mills, 2b.	0	0	2	0	0

Totals ..... 9 17 27 16 0

\*Batted for Pliska in ninth.

Army ..... 0 0 0 0 2 0 1 0—3

Notre Dame ..... 0 0 1 4 0 1 0 1 2—9

Stolen bases—Merrillat, Mills, Newning, Berger. Sacrifice hits—Duggan, Meyers, Bradley, Dunningan, Milburn. Two-base hits—Lathrop, Sheehan, Mills, Bradley. Double plays—Butts to Britton; Gerhardt to Dunningan to Britton. Strick out—By Butts, 4; by Sheehan, 8. Bases on balls—Off Butts, 4; off Sheehan, 2. Passed ball—Lenny. Time of game—an hour and forty five minutes. Umpires—Marshall and Wagner.

### Tigers Trim Notre Dame.

Notre Dame's inability to produce hits at the right time lost the game with Princeton Thursday, 4 to 1. Twice the Gold and Blue had the bases full, with no outs, but Deyo, the Tiger slabsman, tightened both times and shut off tallies. Notre Dame had nine men left on bases.

It was practically anyone's game until the eighth inning when Kelly entered the box for Notre Dame. The Princeton batsmen then proceeded to lay down three successful bunts in succession and two men scored.

The Gold and Blue scored the first counter. It was in the second inning when "Dutch" Bergman recovered his batting eye and swatted the pill for two bags. Kenny sacrificed him to third and he scored on the squeeze play, Berger hitting and landing safely on first when Rhoads muffed the throw.

Three of the Tiger's runs were earned on sacrifice hits. The game was slow and devoid of "pep." Notre Dame seemed to outplay Princeton, annexing eight hits off Deyo, while Berger and Kelly allowed but six. Princeton made four errors and Notre Dame two. Duggan poled a three bagger. Score.

PRINCETON	R	H	P	A	E
Hanks, lf.	1	0	1	0	0
Bolton, 2b.	1	1	1	5	0
Cook, cf.	0	2	2	0	0
Greene, rf.	0	0	2	0	0
Rhoades, 1b.	0	1	14	2	2

Law, ss.	0	0	1	2	1
Gill, 3b.	0	0	0	0	1
Wall, c.	1	1	6	0	0
Deyo, p.	1	1	0	5	0

Totals ..... 4 6 27 14 4

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

Totals ..... 1 8 24 11 2

Princeton ..... 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 2 \*—4

Notre Dame ..... 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Two base hits—Bergman, Wall. Three base hit—Duggan. Sacrifice fly—Greene. Sacrifice hits—Bergman, Kenny, Hanks, Bolton. Stolen bases—Lathrop, Newning, Cook. Double play—Berger to Farrell. Hit by Pitcher—By Berger, Wall. Wild pitch—Berger. Struck out—By Deyo, 3; by Berger, 2; by Kelly, 1. First base on balls—Off Deyo, 1; off Berger, 2. Hits—Off Berger, 4; off Kelly, 2. Time of game—1:40. Umpires—Conahan and Freeman.

### Catholic U. Easy for Varsity.

Notre Dame smothered Catholic University at Washington, Friday, winning 13 to 4. Three opposing hurlers could not stop the heavy artillery of the Western team. Lathrop led in the hitting with four safe drives in four opportunities. Score:

	R	H	E
Notre Dame	3	0	1 1 5 1 2 0 0—13
Catholic U.	0	0	2 0 2 0 0 0 0—4

Batteries—Kelly and Kenny; Johnson, Croker, Travers and Zachary.

### Results of Eastern Trip.

May 11—Notre Dame, 12; West Virginia, 3

May 12—Notre Dame, 1; Georgetown, 4

May 13—Notre Dame, 9; Army, 3

May 14—Notre Dame, 1; Princeton, 4

May 15—Notre Dame, 13; Catholic U., 4

Notre Dame visits Navy today.

### Brownson Wins Over Walsh.

The failure of Walsh Hall team to hit safely with the bases full, caused them to lose a hard-fought game Sunday to Brownson Hall. The score was 4 to 2. By an agreement the tilt was called in the seventh inning.