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## Quietude.

CHARLES J. FLYNN.

HOW dear to hearts by hurtful noises scarred

The stillness of the many-leaved trees,  
The quiet of green hills, the million-starred

Tranquillity of night, the endless seas  
Of silence in deep wilds, where nature broods  
In large, serene, uninterrupted moods.

Oh, but to work as orchards work,—bring forth

Green bud, pink blossom, red fruit and yellow leaf  
As noiselessly as gold proclaims its worth,

Or as the pale blade turns to russet sheaf,  
Or splendid sun goes down the glowing west,  
Still as forgotten memories in the breast.

How without panting effort, painful word,

Comes the enchanting miracle of snow,  
Making a steeping ocean, none have heard

Its waves, its surf, its foam, its overflow;  
For unto every heart, all hot and wild,

It seems to say, "Oh, hush thee, hush, my child."

## Christ's Method of Teaching.

FRANCIS BUTLER.



THE office of the sacred ministry embraces in large part the service of unfolding to human intelligences the eternal truths of religion. To raise men's minds from earth to heaven, to prepare their hearts for the Divine influx of grace and to teach them self-restraint against the solicitations of passion, is the end of all religious instruction. Such in part was the mission of the Redeemer of mankind. With an eloquence that was truly divine, Christ, the Teacher, sent from on high, taught His hearers the real meaning of life and man's relationship with God. How He ac-

complished His task and the manner of the fulfillment of His mission are questions of deepest interest to us.

Man has devised set forms, precise methods and various systems of pedagogy to facilitate instruction in questions of religion. But human teaching, however, elaborate and embellished with studied rhetoric can never exercise a permanent influence on the general mass of the people. No matter how elevated or how dignified the thought to be conveyed, the effect intended is frequently lost on account of the profuse diction of the teacher. It is on the contrary, the simple and direct style that is the most effective in religious teaching.

A study of the Gospel narrative naturally prompts us to investigate the methods employed by our Divine Saviour for the conveyance of God's message to man. As the example of His life is our model, so also is His manner of instruction our pattern. At the outset of our study we are struck with the pithy style, the meditative words and phrases and the mystic sentences which fall from His divine lips. They are all clear, transparent, impressive, forceful. The wisdom and genius of the Speaker, indeed, arrest our attention; but it is rather the simplicity which we find throughout the Gospel narrative that most attracts us. So simple were His ethical discourses, so simple His kindly admonitions to the educated Pharisees, and so simple the words of encouragement to His apostles, that a child could readily understand them. All ambiguity, all circumlocution were foreign to His speech. His words were short, unadorned, and ringing in their clearness. Consider, for instance, His advice to the twelve apostles when sending them forth to preach to the whole world: "He that heareth you heareth Me." What a great precept is contained in these six brief words! How majestically they convey the idea; yet they are themselves utter sim-

plicity. How direct, how powerful they seem to us! He might have given the Twelve a lengthy exhortation or a prolonged instruction. But no, His words come full, strong, and pointed. They carried with them a spirit of zeal and of sacrifice, the more strongly set because of the calmness of the Speaker, the more permanently instilled on account of the simplicity of the Teacher.

Other teachers have made copious use of classical allusions and polished metaphor to enhance the brilliancy of their discourse. Christ's teaching, however, is devoid of all artifice; His thoughts are clothed in a natural garb; they are outwardly homely, inwardly freighted with all that ennobles. The more we reflect upon the Sermon on the Mount, the more beautiful seems this discourse on Christian ethics. It may be likened to a woodland flower!—commonplace when we first observe it, radiant when it is blossoming forth. Let us listen to Jesus, as He passes along the sea of Gallilee, addressing Himself to the religious mind of man. He says to "Simon, who is called Peter, and Andrew, his brother," who are on the point of casting their nets into the sea. "Come ye after Me, and I will make you to be fishers of men." Hardly had these few words fallen from His lips, when the two fishermen followed him. The imagery of this sentence bears out the meaning strongly. He descends to the most common of employments for figurative language, yet the words are fraught with the meaning of history, art and literature. We see the history of mankind written between these lines; and the oftener we weigh their signification the more mystic the more manifold are our thoughts. The sentence has contained food for thought for all preachers, for every teacher, for nineteen hundred years. Some humble priest from an unfrequented Basque village, some Bossuet flaming with sacred eloquence, alike have imbibed its grandeur, its beauty of imagery, its simplicity of expression; the one expressing it in homely speech, the other in polished metaphor. Though the manner of expression of the two differs widely, the central idea is prominent, clear, visible in both. The sentence has inspired man with love of truth, and he is everywhere making this truth manifest.

Our Lord's teaching is most illustrative, however, when we consider His admirable use of the parable. "The parable illustrates a

general truth by a special, fictitious case, clothed in the forms of a narrative, portraying the manner of human thought and action." The employment of the parable lies in the fact that it opens men's minds for the reception of greater doctrines. Curiosity is aroused, and the association of the two ideas contained in the parable take possession of the mind, the narrative and local element serving to assist the memory in retaining the abstract or doctrinal element. On all occasions Christ drew the subject-matter of his parables from the commonest things of life. Wherever He taught, He adapted the surroundings to His discourse. The ripening cornfields, the lily,—the principal theme of Hebrew poetry,—and the leaven, all alike serve as the imagery of the Master Teacher. The parables are harmonious in their simplicity, poetic in their rhythm, unctuous in their style, and appealing to the mind in their form. We feel the positiveness, the efficacy of teaching with parables as best calculated to convey clearly the articulate Word of God, when we study our Model Teacher. For it is recorded in St. Matthew's gospel "All these things Jesus spoke in parables to the multitude; and without parables He did not speak to them."

In conclusion, let us picture to ourselves, Christ speaking on the Mount. Worn by His forty days fasting in the desert, He appears before the multitude—His countenance radiant—an example of the ascetic teaching, which He strives to inculcate in the minds of His hearers. He has acquired conviction in His doctrine by His miracles; He has taken man's mind from earthly affairs, and now He presents in a comparatively brief sermon a system of ethics, the most sublime ever given to man. He speaks to them intimately, directly, and His hearers go away impressed with His eloquence and wisdom but above all with His simplicity of speech.

#### Pastel—A Triolet.

HUGH V. LACEY, '15.

(A painted lady is passing by).

A woman scrubs on the stair.

From the long ago comes a baby cry.

(A painted lady is passing by).

A teardrop falls from the weary eye.

In a squalid home no child is there.

(A painted lady is passing by).

A woman scrubs on the stair.

## An Inundated Inspiration.

ARTHUR J. HAYES.

Whether the destiny that toppled Napoleon's empire at Waterloo and wrecked the Mohammedan's dream of a European conquest at Tours, ever concerns itself with the lesser kinds of living creatures, is a matter alluring in its subtle intricacies only to the recondite minds of a Metaphysic's class. The Kawasha moose had never heard of destiny, and owned a lesser concern in the career of the syncopated Corsican. Nevertheless, he cherished a deep-seated grievance, as he wended his way leisurely toward the unruffled waters of Saganaga Bay. For the "velvet" on his huge palmated antlers had already begun to itch and irritate, and myriad torturing deer flies fanned their speckled wings over the raw gash in his left shoulder, where Pierre Ledoux's illicit bullet had seared in futile flight a week before. To further augment his unrest of spirit, there stirred in his blood the insistent choler of the premature mating instinct.

Clashing carelessly through the cedar swamp, he strolled with much splashing and grunting to the point in the little bay where the cold water closed over the angry red streak in his coarse black coat. There, by happy coincidence, floated the largest, greenest and juiciest lily pads in the whole bay. The legions of deer flies having been routed, the great bull gave his undivided attention to the pads, thrusting his ugly head into the water up to his ears, and dragging forth whole yards of succulent, slimy stems. Splashing and threshing about the big animal moiled through the rising ooze of half an acre of placid pond, closely carpeted with the broad circular leaves. Occasionally he would pause and stand with head raised, the coarse black "bell" dripping steadily, but the pine-scented breeze from the ridge bore no message, and with a shake of the velvet antlers, he would resume his leisurely course across the pond.

Namekon Joe, shaggy and unkempt, would have qualified as a "low brow" in the least reputable strata of quadruped society. He had never heard of Occasionalism, fate or predestination, and his conception of correct ethics would have delighted the heart of a ward leader or a second-story artist. Nevertheless,

as he constitutes an indispensable cog in the machinations of which we speak, he merits at least transient attention. Like all other bears that range from the Mackenzie to the Rainy, Namekon Joe (so christened by the cook of the Diamond Hill outfit) was frankly a pilferer and a thief. No ant or chipmunk was too insignificant for him to claw after all morning; no cracked molasses jug contained so little of saccharine residue, but what he pawed and drooled over it for hours. No slop pile of decaying meat scraps, beans and flapjacks, was too malodorous to muck and slaver in for days together. With the morals of a weasel, the discriminating appetite of a pig, and the courage of a cornered rat, Namekon Joe, of all the creatures that haunt the needle carpeted stretches of the great North Woods, was best fitted to survive.

Yet his struggle for existence at this period of the year would have won the approval of a rabid Darwinian. Cruelty, cunning and caution, essential at other seasons of the year, are at a discount in August. The midsummer rains have beaten down and dissipated the reeking refuse heaps. Squirrels and birds and rabbits acquire concomitantly, an aggravating elusiveness. Hence the berry season must be depended upon to supply the layers of thick, yellow fat that make for long and contented hibernation.

But this year there had been no midsummer rains. The coppery sky and burning sun had withered and shriveled and blackened the young plants. The piles of putrid slop, instead of being soaked away by cooling, berry-ripening showers, had shrunk and resolved themselves, during the long, hot days into vile black powder. And the berries—the plump blueberry and blushing raspberry—had perished stillborn, or had dragged out brief sickly, existences, to wilt before ripening.

Namekon Joe's rank sides were gaunt and mangy, his scummy, red-rimmed eyes were bright with hunger, and his noiseless approach was eloquent of fierce, eager caution. Down in Saganaga Bay, a doe and fawn might be feeding, a turtle basking on a half-submerged log, or—as a last hope—a few frogs paddling about the rushes near the shore. A sound of splashing accelerated the old bear's progress, but the spectacle revealed through the thinning cedars only caused a greater flame of baffled rage in his little, pig-like eyes.

A truculent bull moose, wounded, fly-tortured,

and shoulder deep in lily pads, is the most convincing argument for temporary vegetarianism that a black bear has ever succumbed to. The gigantic bull, after one casual glance shoreward, did not stoop to take further notice of the newcomer. The latter, after sniffing the breeze from the ridge, started a velvet pawed detour of the little bay. Every now and then his attention would become riveted upon some spot in the rushes, a great paw would scoop up mud and water, and a startled frog, alighting dazedly upon the narrow sandy beach, would be snapped up before it could summon its faculties for the long leap to safety.

The afternoon lagged on. Slowly, carefully, the famished bear worked over every yard of shore line, always toward the westward, where a tongue of land curved southward into the big lake. The great bull grunted and thrashed restlessly about the pond, pausing occasionally to munch a pad, but more frequently to toss his velvet antlers, while sniffing and snorting his ennui and restiveness.

The western breeze from over the ridge died down, and all was silent save for the monotonous droning of flies, gnats and mosquitoes. Then a flurry of wind from over the lake darkened the water in zig-zagging streaks, started a thousand tiny waves dancing, and settled into a steady, cooling blow. The Kawasha bull lifted his shapeless nose for a moment, and sniffed the air, but dropped his head abruptly, as if satisfied that no danger threatened in that quarter. Namekon Joe also breathed eagerly lakeward, but his interest was more enduring. Something was borne landward that brought a new flame into his little, scum-crusted eyes. Loping out upon the little tongue of land, he stationed himself upon the extreme tip, and squatted upon his haunches, gazing intently across the lake. Far out upon its choppy heaving bosom, there rose and fell regularly a little white speck.

This white speck drew steadily nearer. A dead sucker it proved to be, seined, gaffed and thrown overboard, probably upon some one of the contiguous lakes half a hundred miles away. To the Kawasha bull, lover of buds and bark and resinous purity, this bloated, slime-covered, malodorous piece of decaying flesh was a thing to be shunned and abhorred. But to the mangy, red-eyed scavenger, seated expectantly out upon the point, it gave promise

of a meagre meal,—several pungent mouthfuls to fill the void left by many martyred frogs.

If an animal's repertoire of emotions includes heartfelt contempt, then the occasional glances bestowed by the great moose upon the patiently waiting bear, were wholesomely leavened with superior disdain. But in the meantime, the sodden corpse contained to be impelled by wind and wave toward the little bay. Anxiously the old bear calculated the distance and time of landing. The Namekon bull, irritated by the unhealthy stench from his companion, bellicosely annoyed by the unsavory scent from the lake, plowed out faster toward the point. Straight past the mangy sentinel's post, the dead fish was borne, fifty feet out into deep water. Namekon Joe preferred waiting to swimming. Debouching leisurely around the lagoon, he stationed himself at the most probable point of stranding by the putrified flotsam. Suddenly it floated inward, belly up, arsenic white, and trailing from its bloated sides, long strings of viscid slime. Its tainted transpiration smote offensively upon the nostrils of the Kawasha moose. It caught in a pad, swung slowly around, and came directly toward the spot where the ripples lapped against the coarse black hair of his towering shoulders. Some sudden obsession raised the glint of rage in his eyes. That this dead, rotten, slimy thing should thus bear down upon him, the vanquisher of many bulls, the unquestioned monarch of the Northern solitudes, was more than majesty could bear.

Rearing in a frenzy of futile rage, he threw his twelve hundred pounds upon the inanimate interloper. A cloven hoof dashed the pulpy mass in twain. A second stroke broke a severed portion into mealy fragments. Then there was a roar and splash from the beach. Namekon Joe, wantonly despoiled of his meal, had thrown discretion to the winds, and with red-rimmed eyes flaming, had plunged forward to avenge his loss, and garner what he could of the fragments that floated in the ooze-splattered pads. With an answering bellow of fury, the huge bull pivoted to face his antagonist. Ere he could rear to strike—velvet antlers are not to be trusted in battle—a great paw had slashed five ribbons of hide from his inflamed shoulder. Roaring with pain and rage, he brought both forefeet crashing down upon the black bear's head and neck. Blood dripped into the scum-crusted eyes, as Namekon Joe, standing erect,

sought to close claws or teeth about the loose throat above the swaying bell. But twelve hundred pounds of frenzied moose in five feet of water constitutes a handicap, that a grizzly would have failed to overcome. Again he was borne under with the crushing impact of the other's hoofs. The strangling, singing water roared loudly in his ears and burned raspingly in his throat. When his head again broke through the pads, Namckon Joe was seeking not vengeance, but safety.

.....  
Alicia May Farrington, had you dared to inquire, would have admitted a thorough conversance with the history of Napoleon, Charlemagne and Leibnitz. She would have further enlightened you upon the subject of Fate, Chance or Occasionalism, irrespective of how well-grounded in matters philosophical you might be, before making her acquaintance. Indeed, before recognizing her mission in life as the emancipation of suffering femininity, she had dallied with the Vashtian theory of subliminal Ego, and had read a paper before the Vedantas—Sutras cult upon "The Nesciential Necessity of Ultimate Actuality in Contemplation of Cyclical Cosmoplasticism." But that was before oppressed womanhood called her forth to a career. She wasn't sure about the career, but up here in the woods while Father talked white pine with cruisers and timber experts, and Mother struggled with the cacuminal ecstasies of hay fever, she was making her final decision.

Bob Seldon failed to enthuse over the career, merely because he did not figure in the new order of things. And Alicia had formerly been wont to assure him that his participation therein had mattered mightily. Bob hadn't even been very nice about it, grumbling continually, and thinking up all manner of perfectly horrid sarcastic remarks. But an agreement had finally been reached, to which Bob gave grudging assent.

Up in these wild places, she was to write her speech for the Equality Club's suffrage session. If it was enthusiastically received by press and public—the phrase was Alicia's—she would know that destiny had called her to higher things than soothing syrup. But if she did not achieve distinction in an hour, if some contemptible jealous wretch laughed—Bob was especially insistent upon this provision, having made arrangements for several such being present—

or if the reporters made fun of her, Bob was to be re-established as the dominant figure in a restored regime.

Hitherto she had lacked inspiration, but today, cosily ensconced in the bow of a canoe, with Pierre Ledoux paddling noiselessly in the rear, she knew that it had arrived. When they left the lodge landing, she had already established woman as a 'spoilt from a monitous bioplasm' and had deduced with Doctor Wiley, some vague proof that thereby she took a logical precedence over man. Hardly had they begun to pass the first pine-crested promontory, before she had dragged womankind up through the long, dark ages of tyranny, ignorance and oppression, to the glorious apex of thought and culture, from which they were to rule a sadly disordered world.

A seagull flitting overhead suggested the simile "the white wings of feminine attainment, beating triumphant over the troubled waters, of masculine despotism." Everything conduced to perfect success; note after note, hastily scribbled, fluttered to the bottom of the canoe. Feminism had achieved its goal. Bob, teaching a peroxide blond to swim in Atlantic City, little realized that as a figure in cosmic creation, he approximated an ungirdled cipher. And thus affairs moved on, embalmed in perfect tranquillity.

Pierre paddled silently toward Saganaga Bay. If deficient in the rudiments of philosophical thought, he at least knew all about Napoleon and his fateful rise. *Sacre bleu!* Had he not also been a Frenchman? had he not conquered everybody from Julius Caesar to Brian Boru? Between feathered strokes, the half-breed guide found time to speculate upon that Gallic gentleman's chances of victory, if pitted against the then illustrious Canadian, Tommy Burns.

Presently sounds of dire conflict began to issue from the little bay, and the stoical half-breed was mildly interested in the identity of the combatants. But Alicia was not aware that anything else was transpiring. When one is rescuing uncouneted millions of women from ages of brutal subjection, a universal cataclysm were an affair of little moment.

Unheralded by scent or sound, the little canoe swept abruptly around the promontory that enclosed the southern arc of the bay. Pierre saw and smiled. But Alicia, the triumphant emancipator, saw and—screamed! A



huge bulk with open mouth, glistening teeth, and red-rimmed, scum-crust-ed eyes, was bearing directly down upon her. Behind, a second and greater bulk, with a terrific spread of antlers, roared and bellowed as it crashed down towards the canoe. Namekon Joe was making a precipitate retreat. The Kawasha bull was pressing an advantage.

But the emancipator forgot that she had battered down all conceivable obstacles, that she had led womankind forth to a new and larger sphere. She even forgot that the direct descendant of a monitous bioplasm despises alike the courtesy and the protection of man. Uttering shrieks of abject terror, triumphant womanhood, rose, turned and precipitated itself upon the personification of masculine inferiority and tyrannical selfishness. The weight of his iniquities, combined with the load of feminine wrongs, proved a disastrous combination for the scandalized canoe. It did the only thing that a self-respecting canoe could do under the circumstances. It promptly capsized.

Despotic and unfeeling man went under gurgling oaths and protests. The emancipator of womankind, followed suit, emerging to utter brief, water-soaked and hardly triumphant battle cries. Repeatedly Pierre sought to disentangle himself, and make a systematic attempt to save his companion. Just as regularly, Alicia clawed and gouged his face imploring assistance with a fervor and abandon that would have belied a previous heroic, if purely imaginary career as a righter of feminine wrongs. Despite her struggles, however, Pierre finally succeeded in dragging her into shallow water. Dazedly, soggly, she staggered ashore.

Breathless, they confronted each other. Pierre's saturnine countenance was a network of scratches, and the water that dripped upon his shirt had assumed a crimson tint. Ooze covered his garments, and water slushed in his moccasins. Plastered upon his shining hair, was a sheet of soaked note paper, which blearily affirmed that "the white wings of feminine attainment beat triumphantly over the troubled waters of masculine despotism." Eddying slowly about a lily pad, another sheet bore the partially obliterated declaration that "in the most trying exigencies, the superiority of the female intellect over that of the male, is clearly and irrefutably established."

Once on dry land, Alicia's limbs collapsed

weakly under the weight of saturated clothing and soul-trying vicissitudes. Her elaborate coiffure was a sodden wreck and the ruins sent tiny rivulets down her neck. A lily stem was draped rakishly about her shoulders, the big waxen lily poised jauntily upon her left shoulder after the fashion of an epaulet. Her hands, she observed apathetically, were filled with mud and hair and cuticle.

In sudden astonishment she reflected that she could swim. She had learned at college,—and,—why, when she expected to, and was prepared, she had swum for whole minutes together! Why had she made such an absurd exhibition of herself! Why hadn't she mastered the situation.

"I caused the whole thing, didn't I?" she queried hysterically.

Pierre grunted assent.

"And screamed—and scratched—and nearly drowned you (in rising accents—?)"

"And acted like—like a fool (in crescendo) and—"

But the wreckage of a lost cause had overborne its erstwhile militant champion. The inspiration was gone, drowned, annihilated! Instead of acting like an emancipator, she reflected bitterly, she had acted like any other, weak, senseless, *inferior* woman. Precipitately, the quondam emancipator wept, for mother, and dad, and—Bob. The lily epaulet wept; so did Pierre's flannel shirt, and the paper that described the white wings of feminine attainment beating triumphantly over the troubled waters of masculine despotism. A career had perished, and the sombre, pine-clad hills seemed strangely hushed by the tragic manner of its taking off.

Meantime Bob had concluded a very successful swimming lesson, and was repairing with the peroxide blonde to a celebrated café. The Kawasha moose had described an arc and clattered ashore, still snorting with indignation. The bear in speedy emulation, paused only momentarily to scan the scene with little red-rimmed, pig-like eyes. They rested longest upon the bay. For there floated in fragments the meal for which he had waited in vain. And because the destiny that toppled Napoleon's dream of empire at Waterloo, had so decreed it, a sucker, defunct, slime-covered, bloated and malodorous, had wrecked a career; restored a fiancée, and ruined several square inches of perfectly good Chippewa cuticle.

## Love's Quarrel.

You were true:

But as I judged amiss  
You, with a burning kiss,  
Tossed my love's gift to thee  
Deep in the angry sea.

I was true:

But thought your action told  
Me of a love grown cold,  
Now both our hearts must share  
Ocean depths of despair.

JOHN U. RILEY.

## The Halfbreed.

FRANK W. HOLSLAG.

The hot August sun had descended behind the range west of the mining camp, and as the shadow of a tall peak crept slowly up the back of its crude jail, Murk Ponseler, crooked sheriff and king gambler of Del Rio County, rode up to that structure. The disgruntled expression of his sordid face was even more pronounced than usual, for he had been losing at gambling, and it told on every sour feature.

Entering the structure he placed a tin of water and a chunk of hard bread at a small hole in the cell door and left without so much as glancing at a forlorn creature sitting in an obscure corner on the cell floor.

It was a halfbreed whom Ponseler had brought in weeks before, and he in turn seemed entirely unaware of anyone having entered his miserable abode. His arms hung loosely over his bent-up knees, and with long hair drooping down about his bowed head, he sat gazing down between his moccasined feet in deep meditation.

A few hours later Ponseler and a prosperous looking stranger forced their way through the boisterous mob in "The Four Aces," and reaching the bar, pushed the stakes of a large bet toward the proprietor of the resort.

The stranger, with all the airs of a professional gambler, nodded to Ponseler and addressed the stakeholder:

"We're racing men for those stakes a week from today." They'll start in front of this place, round Scabby Rock a mile down the Prairie Trail and finish at the starting point. If either bettor fails to produce his man the stakes go over, do ya understand?"

As the proprietor nodded his head a satisfied gleam shot from the eyes of the sheriff, and ordering the drinks for the house he blurted out:

"The stranger here has made me a present of his roll, for I've got a breed down in the shambles that'll shake anything this side o'hell. I roped him about a month ago after he had about outrun the best bronk in the Ponseler string, and he was rocking with booze at that."

The next morning a piece of salt pork, a pan of rice, a chunk of bread and a tin of coffee were placed at the hole in the cell door, and calling the breed from the corner, the sheriff grimly said:

"Skeena!—you've been in here a month now, and I'm go'na give you a chance to get out—do you hear? I'm go'na give you a chance to get out. The day I roped you—up near the Measa—you did some fair running. So I've matched you against an unknown—do you hear?—against an unknown!" Eat this stuff, and make up your mind to run on Saturday, and to win! Or damn your hide, I'll keep you in here 'till I rake off enough on your chuck allowance to double the stake."

The halfbreed thought a moment. Then slowly raising his head he nodded in assent.

Every day of the following week Ponseler had him on the trail, and with the new food and training the breed soon became a wonder. All week long he stood the grind and abuse of his merciless trainer without even so much as an utterance.

It was the night before the race that he broke his silence for the first and only time. He asked the sheriff to arrange it for about sundown so that the heat would not affect him.

The great ball of fire had just sunk behind the range on Saturday evening when the runners stepped to the line scratched across the road in front of "The Four Aces," and at the shot of the gun they bounded away like a pair of wild elk. The halfbreed sprang to the lead from the start and as they bounded down the trail toward the sentries at Scabby Rock, many of the crowd climbed to the porch roofs of the few salons for a better view. They rounded the rock with the halfbreed still holding his short lead and as they came back up the trail the first shades of dusk began to enshroud the rugged mountains which rose up close behind the log-built camp. Onward they came! and as they neared the line the crowd parted

like a great human wedge that the runners might come between.

The halfbreed came steady and strong and as they neared the line he looked backward and watched his tired opponent trying to hold his position a few yards behind him.

It was easily seen that Ponseler's man had the race at his mercy, but to the great surprise of the crowd he deliberately slackened his pace when within a few feet of the line and let his opponent pass him. But it was only for an instant! For then, with a burst of speed that was marvelous, he dashed up the trail straight for the mountains and vanished into the darkness.

Twenty minutes later a frenzied cursing sheriff dug his spurs deep into the side of a pinto pony and dashed up the mountain, swearing vengeance. A week elapsed and he did not return. It was then that the posse went out.

They found his body at a place where a great limb hung close down over the narrow trail. It was lying face upward and stripped to the waist. A dagger had been driven straight through the front of the breast by a terrific blow from above.

The face was slashed and mutilated, and jammed down into a hole cut where the heart should have been there was a chunk of salt pork. A few days later a prospector came in who reported having passed a halfbreed on a pinto pony, headed straight for "The Hole in the Wall Country."

### Jay You Are.

My A, B, C's I've mastered well,  
I mind my P's and Q's,  
I always pay my C. O. D's,  
And also I. O. U's.

From A to Z in my own mind,  
I thought I was O. K.  
Because I'd never been N. G.  
And lived in U. S. A.

I'll tell U on the strict Q. T.  
How I so P. D. Q.  
Boarded the flying N. Y. C.  
And came to N. D. U.

Then on my way from old S. B.  
Aboard the H. St. car,  
A B. S. said, Y, I can C.  
What an E. Z. mark you are.

J. U. R.

### Name It, and Take It.

ARTHUR B. HUNTER.

At nine minutes of nine o'clock George ran down the office steps, jumped into a quivering taxi, and spoke excitedly to the chauffeur: "Ten bones if you get me to the first house on Goshen road within nine minutes."

"That's quite a ways, but I'll try, sir."

Conditions were ideal for speeding. Quiet June had given Fort Wayne another perfect day and the atmosphere was now laden with the perfumes of early summer. The route to be followed was up broad, smooth avenues. "Four miles in nine minutes—easy pickin'!" chuckled the driver under his breath. "It's a good thing I don't have to go through town." Then the car began to demand his whole attention as he increased his rate of adding to John D. Rockefeller's wealth.

When the car slowed down for the first turn, George yelled through the speaking tube, "You're doing fine, partner; if you make it in six minutes, I'll add another ten."

The driver fed another notch of gasoline and the car jumped into a speed of forty-five miles.

They passed the halfway mark in three minutes and ten seconds. Still no policeman had sighted them. Another quarter of a mile and the taxi shot through both guard gates of a railroad crossing, barely missing the caboose of a passing freight. Yet to George the wheels seemed to be turning more slowly. His breath came hard and his eyes were watching the hands of his Elgin, while his lips moved in a prayer for more speed. Why couldn't the maid have given him more details over the phone? Would Grace be dead when he got there?

With a jolt the car stopped; George handed the chauffeur a twenty and a five, took the terrace in a step and landed on one foot in the dining room. Thank Heavens, Grace was still alive. In fact she looked as well as ever, and claimed to feel even better than when George had left for work. Why, then, did she have the maid telephone that she, Grace, was dying?

Outside the chauffeur counted his "rake-off" and set out for his rendezvous there to have his accomplice call up another fool and repeat the trick with more or less success. George never recovered his money, but he did live to read of the capture and imprisonment of the swindler.



## Suited but not Suited.

JOSEPH STACK.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown took their six-year old son, George, to town and visited all the clothing stores there, including the second-hand shop, and in each place of business the following conversation would generally take place.

"Good afternoon."

"How do you do," grunted Mr. Brown.

"What can I do for you?"

"This boy wants a cheap school suit. One he can wear for best till these corduroys are through and then he will have to put the new suit on."

"Very well, how old are you, sonny?"

Then sonny proceeded to hide his face in his hand and wrap his mother's skirt around him so his mother had to take his part.

"Seven, but he is small for his age, for when a little fellow he was always sickly and never grewed fast."

"That's too bad. Here sonny try this nice brown suit on. There you are."

"Is it all wool?"

"Yes, and only costs seven-fifty."

"Oh, we never could pay that much for it, but if you will let us have it at six seventy-five we'll take it."

"No, I am sorry but I can't cut so much on stock goods, but will let you have it for seven."

"No, we will look at these others."

Then the clerk had to pull down every suit and put it on George and answer innumerable foolish questions.

"Well, John, I guess we had better take the first one, but it don't just suit me," said the man's wife.

"George, how do you like it?"

"Aw, gee, ma, I don't want that blame old suit, cause there ain't no buckles on the knees and there ain't no hip pockets like Jimmy Jones has, and where's a feller goin' to keep his knife?"

Finally the parents found another suit which had the requirements of the son, and the clerk started to wrap it up when the father stopped him by saying:

"Say, mister, don't you throw in suspenders?"

"Oh, yes, I'm glad you reminded me."

"Well, haven't you got pink ones with blue spots in 'em," came from the father.

"Oh, ma, Jimmie don't wear suspenders no more. Get me a belt like the other fellers wear."

This was settled and the bill paid when the parents were surprised by a yell from the back of the store.

"Oh, pop, here's a real Indian suit and you can have all the pennies I hid under the bed if you will buy it for me,"

In less time than it takes to tell it, Jimmie was ushered, rather roughly, from the store and when last seen had his father's red bandanna wiping the tears from his eyes.

## Hard Lines.

FRANK WELSH.

After waiting for about an hour for several fellows to leave, I walked into the office of the head prefect and asked him for a night permission.

"A night permission!" he said, "why you weren't up for morning prayer."

"Oh yes, I was, Father," said I.

"Well, you were down town yesterday afternoon," he said.

"I know, but I had to see the doctor," I answered.

"See the doctor?" he said, "well if you went to see the doctor you shouldn't be out tonight."

"Oh, I'm feeling all right, Father, and besides I have been down town at night only twice this year."

"Good! Good record, my boy—fine! Keep it up; you are doing wonderfully well," he replied laughingly.

"Come on, Father, let me go," I said in my most persuasive tones.

"Not a chance. Go up and study," he said.

"But I have all my lessons prepared, Father."

"Every one?" he asked.

"Well-er—that is, all but an English duty," I told him.

"Well," he finally answered, "if you go up and do your English duty—it is now eight o'clock—after you have finished your work you can go down until nine-thirty."

"Thank you, Father, very much," I said, and going up to my room I wrote my English duty and went to bed.

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TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16.

—The old Walsh hall spirit was again made manifest when on last Sunday morning the different military companies turned out for the competitive drill.

**The Walsh Hall Spirit.** The hardest workers in the school were there, the brightest and most intelligent students at the University, but the two companies from Walsh hall made no appearance. They were too big and too brainy to drill. "That sort of thing is all very well," they said, "for youngsters, but not for us who are men and who have our names on the Delinquent List." No one was in any way sorry that they failed to appear as they would most certainly have been bumping into one another in the drill, but it speaks badly for a crowd of grown boys who could not learn in a year what the Minims and Carrollites became rather proficient at, in the same time. One might be angry at the Walshites did they feel ashamed of their failure to appear on Sunday last, but for boys who laugh at such faults and think themselves clever one can have nothing but sympathy, and it would be actually cruel to say anything severe to them. They are punished enough by being the kind they are. To the others let us say that if they wish to have the true college spirit, the spirit that makes men, they should keep away as far as possible from the spirit of Walsh hall. It is the spirit of the small boy who knows ever so much more than his father, whose little ivory cranium can not be penetrated, and such a spirit is usually quelled in family circles by a session in the woodshed with father.

Debating has long been the intellectual sport of Notre Dame. Though the training is tedious and Brobdignagian, and the path of glory comparatively Liliputian, popularity and ambition have been steady and even progressive. Some two score orators were present for the opening lists, and enthusiasm was rife till the final selection. The work of the chosen six is now historic. In presenting it for judgment we beg the critic to remember that four of the men are amateurs, that, following in the wake of the splendid teams of former years, they of necessity appear somewhat of a make-shift aggregation. Nevertheless, our prestige has been upheld and debating brought upon a higher plane than ever before. Two unanimous victories in the Indiana-Wabash-Notre Dame triangle, and a division with St. Viator's demonstrates the admirable fighting qualities of this year's men.

The question debated by the triangle was: "Resolved, That Indiana should adopt the Initiative and Referendum." For the St. Viator's debates, the application of the measure was extended to the several states.

## THE AFFIRMATIVE.

The affirmative case for Notre Dame was reared and sustained by Messrs. O'Connell, Smith and Galvin. To the first was given the cardinal duty of proving the necessity of the Initiative and Referendum. His arraignment of present conditions and methods was thorough and convincing. He cited instance after instance of corruption, exposed antiquated mechanism and painted vividly the decay of representative honor. So successful was he that his auditors were frequently reminded of that other more famous O'Connell, and the Kankakee papers were impelled to declare him the shining light of the team.

The need for reform demonstrated, Mr. Smith proceeded to point out the aptness and virtues of the Initiative and Referendum. The principle of majority rule, a tenet of American political faith, the necessity of arousing the people, and the advantage of popular power were premises for his demonstration that the Initiative would be a true and good reform. With customary spirit, tempered and sharpened by his veteran experience, Mr. Smith drove home

his iron-shod points into even unwilling ears.

It remained for Mr. Galvin to demonstrate the practical success of the system in places where it has been tried. He did not appeal to the dim and rather useless testimony of Switzerland and New Zealand, but proceeded to our seventeen states, whose conditions are similar to those obtaining here, and built a case which is practically invulnerable. With the combination of sangfroid and dash, which made him first choice in this year's finals, Mr. Galvin has built up a reputation rarely equalled in debating circles.

The team's first battle was with St. Viator's on the latter's home ground. Messrs. Donovan, Hart and Lynch were the opponents. Mr. Donovan dealt syllogistically with the principle of specialization, Mr. Hart succeeded with an enthymemic speech devoted to the idea that the people refuse to tax themselves, while Mr. Lynch concluded with the philosophy of Edmund Burke on popular rule. The rebuttals were conducted at a safe distance from hand-to-hand encounter. The debate having been concluded, the judges, Hon. W. H. McSurely, Hon. J. H. Fitch, and Hon. R. E. Burke, all of the Chicago Superior Court, were requested to render a decision. Two voted for St. Viator's and the obsequies began.

Nothing daunted, our warriors returned home to prepare for the battle with Wabash College. Expectations were not left unfulfilled, for it must be admitted that, objectively at least, the case presented by Messrs. Goodbar, Clugston, and Moffet was superior to any opposed to Notre Dame teams this year. Mr. Goodbar emphasized strongly the lack of necessity for the Initiative and Referendum. Mr. Clugston followed with an exceptionally thorough speech on the representative principle, but was hampered greatly by faulty delivery. Mr. Moffet concluded well with the practical experience of the Initiative. Notre Dame's superiority was rendered certain in the rebuttals, in which Galvin excelled. The judges, Attorney Beverly Howe of Chicago, Judge V. W. Van Fleet of Elkhart, and P. E. Whitmer of the Goshen College faculty, were called upon for a decision. It was unanimous in favor of Notre Dame.

The record of the Affirmative team then is glorious with labor and achievement, albeit neutral-tinted with victory. They might have won two debates; but remember that our

football heroes scored only thirty-five against the Army. Accidents will happen.

#### THE NEGATIVE.

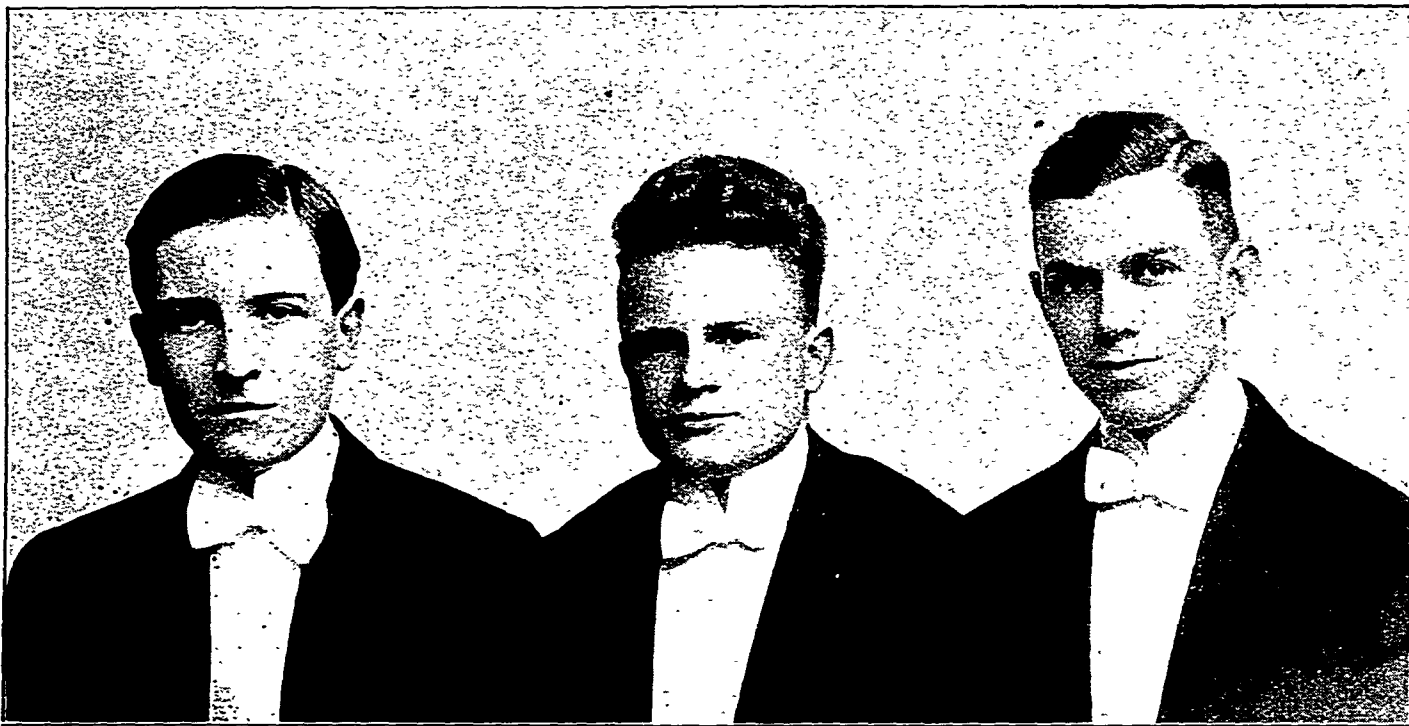
George P. Schuster, Frederick W. Gushurst, and Emmett G. Lenihan formed the team chosen to defend the negative side of the question for Notre Dame. Two unanimous victories are ample evidence of the skill with which they executed their task.

Schuster opened the negative argument with an earnest, convincing defense of the representative principle. This part of the argument was presented with the greatest eloquence because it represented the speaker's strong convictions on the subject. He pointed out the essential inconsistency between the representative form of government which was conceived by the founders of our nation to be the best form for America and the new theory of direct legislation. The speaker then admitted that abuses have crept into our state governments, but he denied that these abuses were due to any inherent defect in the representative principle; furthermore he contended that they were altogether contrary to this principle. To eradicate these abuses, reforms less radical than the Initiative and Referendum were proposed, chief among them being the short ballot.

Schuster presented his main speech in a style that was convincing rather than oratorical. His eloquence was designed to win decisions rather than the plaudits of his audience, though the latter were never lacking when he displayed his keen wit in rebuttal. Schuster was the star of the St. Mary's debate, for he combined logic, wit and sarcasm in a manner that even the ladies could not resist. His services to the team were of inestimable value, for he possessed the ability to refute his opponents so cleverly that they were completely disconcerted.

Gushurst continued the debate for the negative with an exposé of the theoretical fallacy of direct legislation. He opposed the creation of a new legislative body which would be unrestricted in every sense. He pointed out the great value of deliberation in law-making, and declared that this feature was absent from legislation under the Initiative and Referendum. He declared that in times of quiet direct legislation would lead to minority rule, while in times of excitement it would lead to dangerous legislation by majorities. The speech concluded

## Affirmative Team.



E. O'CONNELL

C. SMITH

T. GALVIN

with an eloquent appeal for the preservation of the old system of "checks and balances" and of "Constitutional safeguards."

Even his most ardent admirers were surprised at the power that Gushurst was able to display in his constructive argument. His speech was splendidly written and he delivered it in true legal style. Gushurst's work strongly suggested that of Meersman in last year's debates, and our football star was not an unworthy successor of the convincing Meersman. His work in rebuttal in the home debate was not up to his usual standard, but he proved his capability in this regard against Indiana. In the latter debate Gushurst's rebuttal was one of the strongest speeches of the evening.

The negative argument was completed by Lenihan, with a convincing speech on practical experience with the Initiative and Referendum. The speaker dwelt first upon the political corruption that has occurred in the practical operation of direct legislation, citing many forceful instances of his point. He then analyzed the results of popular votes upon laws in Oregon and elsewhere, pointing out the many difficulties that have confronted the voters and the altogether unsatisfactory results that have ensued. The negative points were then summed and placed before the judges in a concise and forcible manner.

Lenihan's speech showed the results of many hours of careful research work and thorough

study. His splendid work in oratory during the past winter renders it entirely unnecessary to commend his delivery. Suffice it to say that Lenihan's work was far superior to that of former years despite the fact that he had done so well in the Wabash debates in 1912 and 1913 that he is regarded at the Crawfordsville College as a true "Little Giant." Lenihan closed the rebuttal for the negative in all the debates, and he did his work so well that not one of his opponents was able to change the opinion that the negative star had left in the minds of the judges.

On May 12 the negative team debated at Notre Dame against Messrs. Dunne, Dillon and Smothers representing St. Viator's College. Mr. Dunne presented an exposition of the theory of popular rule. Mr. Dillon treated the practical experience with direct legislation, reading many testimonials of its success. Mr. Smothers closed the constructive argument with an assertion of the educational value of the Initiative and Referendum. The St. Viator's team presented their argument in syllogistic form. The superiority of the Notre Dame debaters was clearly evident in the rebuttals. The judges of the debate were Messrs. Rice, Legg and Sonnenschein, all prominent Attorneys in Illinois. They rendered a unanimous decision for Notre Dame.

Three days later the same men faced the Indiana University affirmative team at Bloomington. The Indiana debaters were Messrs.

Patrick, Briggs and Reed and they presented an exceptionally strong case. They proved stronger in rebuttal than any team that Notre Dame has met this year, and the issue of the debate was doubtful until the very end of the argument. Mr. Patrick opened the debate with a clever exposition of the theory of the Initiative and Referendum. Mr. Briggs followed with a discussion of the necessity of this reform. Mr. Reed closed the argument with the usual discussion of practice. The judges of the debate were Professor Robinson of Illinois University, Judge Quincy Myers of the Indiana Supreme Court and Mr. Moore, an attorney from Indianapolis. Their decision was unanimous in favor of Notre Dame.

In concluding this account it is only just that, without detracting in the least from the full measure of praise that is due to the debaters both for their excellence in argumentation and in oratory, credit should be given to the men who worked with the debaters and made possible the excellence that was attained. Father Bolger had constant supervision of the work; he aided the men in forming their briefs and he criticised their argumentation. His assistance was invaluable. Professor Koehler coached the men in delivery, and the finished style of speaking which our men displayed was undoubtedly due to his training. The excellent advice of Professor Koehler enabled our men to surpass their opponents in delivery in every debate. Praise is also due to Father

Foik for the excellent array of material he set before the debaters on the subject of the Initiative and Referendum. A more complete list of sources could not have been wished, and his earnestness is in no little way accountable for the thorough preparation with which our representatives entered the contests.

### Local News.

—The closing May devotions will be held Monday evening.

—Just a year ago occurred the Novitiate fire, and several students proved themselves real heroes.

—The first distribution of the 1914 "Dome" will take place Saturday, June 6th. Everybody will be poring over the long-looked-for edition.

—The Junior Prom will be given in Place hall next Wednesday evening. It will be the only social affair of the University before the festivities of Commencement week.

—The Civil Engineering students went to Lawton, Michigan, Wednesday and spent several days surveying in that locality. Professor Maurus accompanied the students.

—Most of the students have had the satisfaction of seeing themselves in action on the "movie" screen in South Bend during the past week. As soldier-boys the aggregation was hard to beat, although an un-soldierlike grin

### Negative Team.



G. SCHUSTER

F. GUSHURST

E. LENIHAN



appeared on several faces. When the college yells were given they could be heard from the audience at times if not from the screen.

—The Senior examinations will take place on the 8th, 9th and 10th of June.

—Students should work off their conditions if possible before the close of school instead of waiting for next September.

—We notice from this year's Decoration day program that the U. N. D. post of the G. A. R. is growing rather small, and that many of the old members are leaving us every year.

—James Sherlock, of Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri, is now in Mullaphy Hospital, St. Louis, to undergo an operation for mastoid. We trust he may soon be himself again.

—June 6th is the date which has been set for the annual inter-collegiate track and field tournament which will be held in Chicago on Staag Field. Notre Dame will enter a team.

—The last drill took place last Friday and a warm day it was for such strenuous exercise. The buglers were the only ones who seemed cool and they couldn't help it after all the blowing.

—The students who sit on the front lawn under the trees are warned to beware of poisonous spiders that nest in all the trees. Some think they were placed there purposely by the gardener.

—A class in International Law held its first session last Wednesday under the instruction of Colonel Hoynes of the Law School. The class is made up of Junior and Senior students in the college of History and Economics.

—Tuesday was the first sweltering day in May and the lake was dotted with devotees of the favorite aquatic sport. Professor Koehler was among the swimmers, and it is said that he was in the lake only three hours.

—There was great rejoicing over the passage of Home Rule Bill this week, but so far as we know the minims were the only ones to take time out to celebrate. They had a little banquet and recreation. We're all in favor of a banquet and recreation for the rest of the school.

—The collegiate and preparatory elocution and oratorical contests will begin Monday afternoon at four o'clock when the Freshmen oratorical will occur. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at the same hour will

occur the Junior, Sophomore, and Preparatory contests, respectively. On Friday evening at eight o'clock the Preparatory elocution contest will take place, and on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock the collegiate elocution contest will end the series.

—The competitive drill of the companies in the Notre Dame regiment was held Sunday morning, when the highest honors were awarded to Company B of Corby hall, commanded by Capt. Edward Gushurst. Each member of the team received a bronze medal. Competition was close between the winning company and Company F of Brownson hall, the latter losing by two-tenths of a percent. Individual competition followed the drill, and Edward Beckman, '16, of St. Joseph's hall was awarded the gold medal for first place; Russell Downey, '16, of Sorin hall won the silver medal for second place, and John Wittenberg of Brownson hall received the bronze medal for third place. The judges were Major George W. Freyer-muth, Captain C. B. Calvert, and Lieutenant Otto Dietl of the Indiana National Guard.

### Athletic Notes.

#### VARSVITY LOSES SLUGGING BEE.

One of the merriest swatfests seen on Cartier, Field for some time was staged last Saturday, and when the smoke cleared away, the verdict was 13 to 10 in favor of the boys from Beloit College, Wisconsin. It was a game to delight the hearts of the old-time fan, who revels in contests where there is plenty of hitting and run getting. Although the locals secured 15 bingles to their opponents 12, the latter's came at the opportune moment when hits meant runs. Then, too, the total of eight misplays chalked up to the Varsity's discredit played a great factor in the results. It was simply an off day, such as is likely to strike the best team at any time. The visitors took kindly to the offerings of both Berger and Sheehan, although both seemed to have plenty of "stuff." Incidentally, the contest furnished enough thrills for several games, the fans being constantly on an edge.

Each team scored one in the first, Beloit on a clean home run by Torschen, and Notre Dame on Duggan's bingle, steal, and Mill's drive to center. Beloit added four more in the next session, when Reiss singled over short, and Berger passed Shultz and hit Bunday. Tor-

schen brought in the first man on an infield drive that Harry Newning got his hands on, but could not hold, and Fusick cleaned the sacks with a sharp single over second that Duggan let slip through his legs.

In the fourth Beloit made the score 8 to 1, Meyer's fumbled Johnson's grounder, and Torschen singled safely. Klissett's sacrifice advanced the men, and Fusick's Texas leaguer filled the bases. Cook's single to right, and Hurn's double to left brought three runs across the plate.

In this same inning, the Varsity showed signs of waking up. Mills got four wide ones, and then Newning, Meyers, Bjoin, and Kenny produced a salvo of hits that brought the total up to 8 to 5. Two walks, two passed balls and an error right afterwards, however, increased the visitor's lead by two scores.

But the local warriors kept right on fighting and scored again in the fifth. Newning got to first on Hurn's error, reached second on Meyer's single, and tallied when Bjoin doubled. In the next inning Notre Dame counted twice. Bergman forced Sheehan at first after the latter had got there on an error. Duggan again produced a hit, which put the little left fielder on third. Farrell drove one at Bunday, which he booted, and "Dutch" reached home. Mills and Duggan scored when Newning sent a hot one down to short. This left the Gold and Blue team only two runs behind, and every one was cheering hard for them to close up the gap. However, Beloit refused to look at the matter that way, and proceeded to garner some more tallies. Cook singled to open the eighth, and scored on a succession of errors by Newning and Meyers.

In her half of the eighth, Notre Dame made a final stand. Bergman walked, pilfered the middle station, and got to third when the Beloit second baseman tried to pull the "hidden ball" stunt. When Duggan drove a high fly to the outfield, Bergman scored. Mills then came across with a single that went for a double on Johnson's wild peg. Newning doubled to score Mills, and thus brought the locals within one run of tying the score. Harry died on second, however, and the next two men were easy outs.

Beloit put the game on ice in the ninth, when an error, a triple and a single gave them two more runs. Although Gray reached 1st safely when he went in to bat for Kenny, neither Kelly nor Bergman were on the job with a wallop, and Notre Dame lost her last chance to score.

The game showed one thing, however, that the local warriors had not lost their batting eye. Bjoin led with four safeties to his credit, and Duggan collected three. Mills, Newning, and Meyers each collected a brace of bingles, some for extra bases. If the team keeps up this batting clip and reverts to its usual form in fielding, they should stand more than an even chance for the important contests with Michigan next week.

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Bergman, lf.	2	0	2	0	0
Duggan, cf.	2	3	0	0	1
Farrell, 1b.	0	0	6	1	0
Mills, 2b.	2	2	6	2	0
H. Newning, 3b.	2	2	1	2	2
Meyers, ss.	1	2	1	1	5
Bjoin, rf.	1	4	0	1	0
Kenny, c.	0	1	11	2	0
Berger, p.	0	0	2	0	0
Sheehan, p.	0	0	0	2	0
*Gray	0	1	0	0	0
†Kelly	0	0	0	0	0

Totals ..... 10 15 27 13 8

BELOIT	R	H	P	A	E
Johnson, cf. ss.	3	0	4	3	1
Torschen, 1b.	3	3	6	0	0
Klissett, 2b.	0	0	6	2	0
Fusick, cf. rf.	1	3	5	0	0
Cook, lf.	2	3	2	0	0
Hurn, 3b.	0	2	1	0	1
Riess, c.	1	1	1	0	0
Bunday, ss. rf.	1	0	2	0	3
Shultz, p.	2	0	0	2	0

Totals ..... 13 12 27 8 5

\*Batted for Kenny in the ninth.

†Batted for Sheehan in the ninth.

Beloit ..... 1 4 0 3 2 0 0 1 2—13

Notre Dame ..... 1 0 0 4 1 2 0 2 0—10

Summary: Two-base hits—Bjoin (2), Duggan, Newning, Hurn. Three-base hits—Meyers, Torschen. Home run—Torschen. Stolen bases—Duggan, Farrell, Newning, Bergman, Fusick. Sacrifice hits—Klissett, Riess. Sacrifice fly—Duggan. Double play, Klissett to Torschen. Hits—Off Berger, 8 in 3 2-3 innings; off Sheehan, 4 in 5 2-3 innings; off Shultz, 15 in 9 innings. Struck out—By Berger, 5; by Sheehan, 4; by Shultz, 1. Bases on balls—Off Berger, 1; off Sheehan, 3; off Shultz, 3. Hit by pitcher—By Berger, 1. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 9; Beloit, 11. Passed balls—Kenny, 2. Umpire, Anderson.

#### Varsity, 11; Lake Forest, 0.

Showing a reversal of form that was truly satisfying and amazing, the Varsity came back last Tuesday to give Lake Forest a most artistic trimming. This was mostly out of revenge for a defeat meted out by the visitors last year, when they caught the locals in the

midst of a slump similar to that of last Saturday, and got the decision over them. What made the score all the more satisfying is the fact that Lake Forest has already decisively trounced the Beloit squad, showing that the latter were extremely lucky to get away with last week's contest.

In sharp contrast to the ragged fielding of the previous game, the locals played errorless ball behind Kelly. And when it is considered that "Moke" gave the visitors only three hits, two of the extremely scratchy variety, it can be readily seen that they had plenty to do. Up to the sixth, not one of the visitors reached first base, and only twenty-nine men faced Kelly in the entire game. No passes were issued, and ten of the opponents went out on strikes. Meanwhile Kelly's teammates were making thirteen safe hits, and stealing a total of six bases. Mills was the big clouter, with three safeties in his game-bag, while Lathrop, Bjoin, and Dee Newning secured two each.

The Notre Dame aggregation got busy right off the reel. Farrell walked, after two were down, and then galloped around to third on Mill's long single to right. A double steal brought in the score. "Red" Newning, filling his brother's place at third most acceptably, led off the inning with a clean single. Meyers walked and Gray sacrificed the men along. Kelly hit through the box to score Newning, and then proceeded to pilfer the middle station. Lathrop dropped a Texas leaguer back of short, on which Meyers scored, and a moment later, Kelly counted on a double steal.

Mills kept up the good work in the next inning, when he opened with a neat single. Bjoin drove a hit down the third-base line, and Newning followed with a roller to the pitcher which resulted in Mill's death at third. A muff by the first baseman, a little later, let Bjoin in with a tally.

Things were then quiet until the seventh, when Notre Dame gathered in four more runs on two errors and four hits, one a double. Two additional counters were added in the next inning, when Mather fumbled Kelly's hit, and Lathrop beat out a slow one. Mills closed the scoring with a triple which cleaned the bases, Bjoin fanning to end the contest.

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lathrop, lf. ....	1	2	0	0	0
Duggan, cf. ....	1	0	5	0	0
Farrell, 1b. ....	2	1	5	1	0

Mills, 2b. ....	0	3	0	2	0
Bjoin, rf. ....	2	3	1	0	0
D. Newning, 3b. ....	2	2	1	0	0
Meyers, ss. ....	1	1	1	0	0
Gray, c. ....	0	1	13	1	0
Kelly, p. ....	2	1	1	3	0

Totals .....	11	13	27	7	0
LAKE FOREST	R	H	P	A	E
Dean, 1b. ....	0	0	8	0	2
Castogmind, 2b. ....	0	0	4	2	0
Grovers, cf. ....	0	0	1	0	0
E. Kruger, c. ....	0	1	6	2	0
Mather, ss. ....	0	0	1	2	1
R. Kruger, p. ....	0	1	0	4	0
Dunsmare, lf. ....	0	0	1	1	0
Buchart, 3b. ....	0	1	3	0	0
Thorpe* .....	0	0	0	0	0
Franagan, rf. ....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	0	3	24	11	3

\*Batted for Franagan in the ninth.

Notre Dame .....	1	3	1	0	0	0	4	2	*—11
Lake Forest .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Three base hits—Mills. Two base hit—Farrell. Stolen bases—Lathrop, 2; Kelly, 2; Mills, Farrell. Sacrifice hit—Gray. Sacrifice fly—Duggan. Struck out—By Kelly, 10; by R. Kruger, 3. Bases on balls—off R. Kruger, 3. Passed balls—E. Kruger, 2. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 6; Lake Forrest, 2. Umpire—Anderson. Time of game, 1:30.

### Safety Valve.

#### THE REAL STUDENTS.

Walsh Haller—You never seen us going to no drill inspection. We came here for to study lessons and not to drill ourselves to death. If the others hadn't went they'd know more about English and arithmetic and it don't matter what the prefects say.

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It's not the heat, it's the humidity (whatever that is).

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And it always happens that the fellows who sit on the steam pipes all winter will hand you this line now, "I can stand any amount of cold, but I can't stand the heat."

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It's not true that Russell Downey who got second in the competitive drill knew nothing about drill except how to skive it.

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We regret that Ray Eichenlaub's name was unintentionally omitted from the roll of honor in our last issue.

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John Phibbs of Carroll hall appeared in a baseball suit for the first time last Wednesday. He didn't know he could play, neither did any one else, till the coach told him he made the first team. He is playing his position by proxy.

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#### EXTRA.

Come down to St. Joe Lake and see the Sorin Hallers drown worms. They tell us they never expected to catch any fish but that the worms were a pest.