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HON. SAMUEL M. RALSTON,
GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF INDIANA.

Advice to the Careworn.

A. L. McDONOUGH.

LIFE is mixed with joy and sorrow;
Pleasure now and pain tomorrow.
Bear the pain as half the measure,
And the other half the pleasure.

If the trials of life are riling,
Don't be angry. Keep a-smiling.
If they're hard, don't fret and tarry;
You're not given more to carry
Than you've shoulders fit to bear it.
Though the garment chafe you, wear it.

Have your fun while breath is in you;
Taste the pleasures of life's menu;
Disregard the care and sickness;
Disregard the awful bigness
Of the ills with which you're worried.
They will yet by time be hurried
To a place where all such sorrows
Are o'ercome by golden morrows.
While you're living, still be merry
Death may come, but never worry.

Memorial Day Address.

BY HON. SAMUEL M. RALSTON.



ESTEEM it a very great honor to greet you on this occasion. There is an uplift in this event. It is seldom that one is afforded the opportunity to address a meeting held in honor of American soldiers, living and dead, under the auspices of a great American educational institution.

I like Notre Dame for several reasons: I like her for the work she is doing in equipping young men to perform the duties of sturdy citizenship. I like her for her patriotism and unbending Americanism. She has ever been active in cultivating in her student body a love of country and that country the Republic of the United States.

I am not speaking at random. I have the warrant of history for what I am saying. When the good Father Sorin was at the head of this institution he maintained that religion and education should go together, since they are both essential to a proper appreciation of the

blessings enjoyed by citizens of this government. Recognizing keenly these blessings himself, he could not endure indifference thereto by those with whom he was associated; even though they were bound to him by the ties of blood.

This was made to appear very emphatically in the case of one of his nephews. Two of them were connected with him in the work of Notre Dame. Upon discovering that one was cultivating a love for things French rather than for things American, he addressed him tenderly yet firmly thus: "My dear son, France is for the French, America is for Americans. I have engaged your passage to Europe."

Equally splendid was the intense Americanism of Father Joseph C. Carrier, who in his early years was a part of this institution and who in later life gained fame as a scientist. I quote a paragraph, giving his experience following the war on a visit to Napoleon III, and illustrating strikingly his attachment to this country and her institutions:

"On my arrival at the entrance to the palace," says Father Carrier, "I was met by one of the guards who demanded to know my business. 'I wish to see the Emperor,' said I. 'Are you a soldier?' asked the guard. 'Greater than that,' I responded. 'Perhaps you are a lieutenant?' 'Greater than that,' said I. 'Can it be that you are a general?' 'Greater than that,' said I, drawing myself up to my full height. 'Are you a prince?' questioned the guard. 'Greater than that,' I again replied. 'Surely you are not a king,' said the mystified guardian of the palace. 'Ah! far greater than that,' I replied. 'Pray, then, who are you?' asked the much puzzled man. Looking him in the face, I answered with all the dignity at my command, 'I am an American citizen!' It is needless to say that I was soon piloted into the private apartments of His Majesty."

With such a flaming spirit of patriotism dominating and springing from this institution, it is not surprising that there went from professors' chairs in these halls seven priests as chaplains, on the side of the Union, into our great Civil War; or that one of the cadet officers organized a company of volunteers that went to the front and made a gallant record.

I cannot pause to discuss the individual services of these good men, but it should be noted that while in the service of their country,

two of them contracted diseases from which they died; and that another of them, Father Corby, was the moving spirit in an event preserved in art and extolled in history. Whether in the peaceful pursuits of life or under the hazards of war, he always had a luminous conception of his duty, and moved forward grandly to the consummation of the work before him.

Upon going to the front in 1862, Father Corby was made Chaplain of the famous Irish Brigade of New York. For three years he served them in this capacity in the principal battles by the Army of the Potomac under McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade and Grant. It was at Gettysburg where he figured so conspicuously in the event of such great historical significance. The event occurred on the second day of the awful battle fought there—the World's record-breaking battle.

General Lee undertook on the second day of this contest to take and occupy "Round Top." When shot and shell were flying the thickest and the thunders of the cannon were shaking the earth, General Hancock was ordered to make a move to check the advance of the enemy toward the point of their ambition. The situation became at once critical and depressing. Every man felt that tremendous consequences would follow Hancock's movement. Father Corby's brigade was a part of the division that was to be thrown into the awful struggle, and naturally he felt deeply the religious obligation resting upon him.

But he was not to be overcome. He hastily began a ceremony authorized by his faith, but which was never before given in this country, so far as history records. He announced to the men just before they moved into battle his intention to give absolution, stating that all could receive it by sincerely becoming contrite and by confessing their sins when the opportunity was offered.

In this connection he reminded them that his Church "refuses christian burial to the soldier who turns his back upon the foe or deserts his flag." When every man was on his knees, with his head bowed, the good Father repeated the words of general absolution. Sitting on his horse with his head uncovered and bowed, surrounded by army officers, Hancock, the superb, heard the words of Father Corby as he spoke from a great rock near by. The picture was a sublime one.

Man's richest vocabulary becomes but poverty when he attempts to describe it. Aside from the saving of the Union and its possibilities, Notre Dame should regard this episode as the most precious legacy coming to her out of the war.

When considering the important part Notre Dame had in the war of the Rebellion, honorable mention should always be made of two of the professors in her law school—Colonel William Hoynes and Judge Timothy E. Howard. They were both privates in the war. They were both wounded, "wearing their wounds like stars," and they both emerged from the fearful conflict with higher conceptions of civic duties.

I have known Colonel Hoynes as a genial and brilliant man, with the ability to think along straight lines on big questions, but I have not had the good fortune to know him so well as I have his noble comrade-in-arms, Judge Howard.

Judge Howard has often been tested by the public and no flaw has ever been found in his citizenship. Perhaps it was in the Legislature of his state he first attracted the widest attention. While serving his constituents as a lawmaker every measure of public merit had his unqualified support. He worked intelligently and tirelessly in his efforts to give Indianapolis her present charter. The capital city of Indiana owes him a debt she can never liquidate; and yet he has been compensated therefor a thousand times by the approval of his own conscience, for what he accomplished in giving that city a law broad and flexible enough for honest and efficient officials to give her the kind of government she is entitled to enjoy.

His decisions as a Judge of the Supreme Court were always on the right side of moral questions, and through them he sought to protect the home and strengthen the bonds of society. His white locks but reflect the virtues of his life. So we speak quite truthfully in saying that Colonel Hoynes and Judge Howard have added materially to the fame of Notre Dame.

And you will permit me in this connection to congratulate this institution and those who guard its welfare, upon the interest they take in the exercises of this day. Notre Dame has the distinction of being the only educational institution of our state that has connected

with it a post of the Grand Army of the Republic. I have the honor to have in my possession for the purposes of this occasion the petition addressed to the Department of Indiana, Grand Army of the Republic, for a charter for a Post at Notre Dame.

The petition is signed by ten persons, priests and brothers of the University. It was dated August 11, 1897, and headed by Father William Corby. The charter bears the date of October 5th in the same year.

Commenting upon this charter the mustering officer, Edwin Nicar, said in part:

"The muster of this post at the great Catholic University of Notre Dame is a distinctive and most honorable event, and one that adds to the glorious record of the grand Army of the Republic. The membership is composed exclusively of priests and brothers connected with the University, who are without exception very enthusiastic over their affiliation with the good organization which contains so many of their comrades."

I am told that there are but four members of this post now living and that they are showing the weight of years. Time is no respecter of persons. The good and the virtuous are as powerless to check the onward sweep of the years as are the vicious and worthless. But there is this difference; those who have lived splendidly will die victoriously. Not so with those who live to no purpose. He who serves his country well will leave an inheritance to his countrymen. We have all been blessed by those composing Notre Dame Post, No. 569.

This is in truth a Memorial Day—a day having superior claims upon our affections. We have set it apart both by custom and by law, that we may honor Union soldiers living and pay tribute to the memory of Union soldiers who have gone before. We can cheer the living and strew flowers in memory of the dead, but we are powerless to compensate either for their contribution to liberty and civilization.

But while we cannot compensate the heroes who have fought our battles, or the men who have wrought the victories of peace in public and private life, we can continue to receive from these public benefactors lessons in citizenship that will enable us to add substantially to the possibilities and perpetuity of this republic. Every citizen, worthy of the name, has a duty to perform. He cannot shift this

duty to some one else and still lay claim to respectability. The integrity of the flag was maintained by workers not by shirkers. Selfish or indifferent citizens add nothing to, but detract from its virtue and its glory. The patriot, not the parasite, is its real defender and the champion of the things for which it stands.

Different men in different ways contribute to the public welfare. We should all be prophets in the sense that we should try to discover the dangers that menace our country's institutions. Jefferson sought to serve his nation well by warning it against slavery. He saw with the eye of prophecy the demoralizing and blighting effect the bondage of the African would have upon American society and American civilization. This was why he inveighed against it in his first draft of the Declaration of American Independence, characterizing it as a crime against the liberties of a people and condemning George III for his participation in its "execrable commerce." And while this attack upon slavery was not allowed to remain in the Declaration of Independence, and its elimination therefrom greatly distressed him, Jefferson never ceased to oppose human slavery and to insist upon its overthrow. Out of the depths of his soul he exclaimed:

"What a stupendous, what an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, strifes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellowmen a bondage one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose."

Barring the Saviour of man, no gentler and kindlier soul ever walked this earth than the immortal emancipator, Abraham Lincoln. His love of human liberty was a passion. It dominated his whole life. His hatred of human shackles, which bound freemen as well as slaves, was known of heaven and of all men. Had he lived with Jefferson he too would have opposed striking out the reference to slavery in the Declaration of Independence. He confirmed the wisdom of Jefferson's outcry against slavery when he declared that this nation could not live half free and half slave; and subsequent events confirmed his judgment. Slavery has been abolished and the nation

still lives, through the sacrifices of the men who wore the blue.

In searching for a standard by which to square our lives, we should not forget that some things have been accomplished and said in this country that are beyond the power of man to improve upon. The establishment of republican government—of liberty regulated by law—by our revolutionary fathers and the result of the war between the states will ever be, I verily believe, the crest of civilization. There is nothing beyond these of worldly achievement.

When the Fathers brought forth this nation, they did it in support of the affirmation that all men are created equal. Not equal of course as determined by the tape line. Not equal in gray matter; but equal in their right to feed themselves upon the bread earned with their own hands; equal in their right to a fair opportunity to get on in the world unimpeded by the greed of man through the perversion of the functions of government—equal before the law. And it must be in harmony with this conception of what is right between man and man that this government will overcome its difficulties in the future, both internal and external.

Lincoln recognized the soundness of the principle upon which our nation is builded and consequently he never attempted out of all his wisdom to improve upon it; but, on the other hand, he ratified it. "Fourscore and seven years ago," he declared at Gettysburg, "our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." That was his way of saying, without meaning hostility to property interests, that the man is above the dollar, and that the girl is above the spindle, and that the home is above selfish commerce. That was his way of saying that heroic men died for justice and fair play on the greatest battlefield of all the centuries; and his voice will be heard ringing on and on down the ages, challenging the nations and rallying all believers in equality and lovers of liberty to the support of the government "of the people, by the people, and for the people."

In following Lincoln we are not called upon to enter on a mad and indiscriminate crusade against property. All well-balanced people recognize that wealth is desirable and that hatred for it breeds anarchy. No great project

looking to the progress of society can be promulgated without it, and it is therefore the duty of individuals and of nations to seek an honest accumulation of the material things of this world. Wealth is one of God's great dispensations, and properly to acquire and properly to use it are in keeping with the moral law as with the law of economics.

But let us speak truthfully. Unfortunately for us, as a people, we have gone too far at times in eliminating the moral element from the methods we have adopted in this country in the acquisition of riches. In witness of this statement I call attention to the disclosures now being made in the investigations of one of our great railroad properties—disclosures that are discreditable alike to the dead and the living. The time has come for the rehabilitation of ourselves as a nation with some old-fashioned notions of common honesty. There is something more important in this life than the things represented by the dollar sign; and the man with the speculative and acquisitive turn of mind, who regards wealth as an end rather than as a means, who fails to see beyond his contemplated gains the broader, deeper, interests of the individual and the home—that foundation and fibre of our national life—is a real hindrance to society.

Now it is just this failure to respect their rights and the relation they sustain to the nation that has brought upon us a debased commercialism, and at times has practically taken the government that cost us so much from the control of the people. If then, we would correct some of the wrongs now upon us and avoid still more serious ones, we must stand in our local communities and in the nation for justice, for the enforcement of law and the maintenance of order. These are the things for which our battles were fought. These are the things that must be secured, else our battles were fought in vain.

If those who have died for American liberty could speak to us today, I feel assured they would plead with us to give less attention to their deeds of heroism and more attention to methods for the avoidance of war in the future. Prevention is better than cure in this as in other directions. No man knows the value of peace so well as he who has gone to war to maintain the rights of his countrymen; and no man desires so much as he to see the flags of war and destruction forever furled and the world

conquered to the ways of peace.

It is a sign of progress toward national righteousness, that more countries are today advocating a world peace than at any other time in the history of the world. Near the borders of our own nation today is a tribunal, seeking a way to avert war and secure honorable peace between this government and Mexico. The foreign members of this tribunal it is true, are referred to sometimes in derision, as the A, B, C, Mediators; but such a reference springs from either ignorance or prejudice. Two members of that body represent the governments of Chile and Argentina, and are fitted by the experience of their countries for the great work they have so creditably undertaken.

On the top of the Andes Mountains, more than fourteen thousand feet above sea level, there stands a statue called the "Christ of the Andes," a symbol of peace and unity among the nations of the world. A few years ago Chile and Argentina were on the verge of war. Each country was reaching its very limits in preparation for the deadly conflict. They both had their armies ready to march and their ships ready to put out to sea, when the better angels of their national life persuaded them to pause and to submit their differences to an impartial tribunal. Its finding was so satisfactory to both parties, that war was declared off and peace restored; and the statue of the "Christ of the Andes" was placed in its present position in commemoration of that peace. The statue itself, standing on the top of the mountain, representing the Christ with outstretched hands blessing the people of all the world, was cast from the bronze of old cannon. What had been an instrument of destruction was converted into a symbol of love and a guarantee of universal peace. On the base of this monument is inscribed these words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentinians and Chilians break the peace to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

If this inscription is the language of A, B, C, Mediators, may God hasten the day when their numbers will be multiplied and the brotherhood of man everywhere recognized.

"ONE never thoroughly realizes his mortality so long as his mother lives."

Varsity Verse.

AN INTRUDER.

Plump, blushing beauty of the flowery tribe,
I would of your enticing breath imbibe.
How soul-enchanting is your boon divine
Who givest such return for breath of mine.
But ouch! my nose! hath it been nipt by thee?
Alas! that you should harbor there a bee.

H. GLUCKERS.

A BITE.

The leafy boughs above which cast the shade,
And downy grass below, on this I lay.
And in my hand I held a fishing rod—
The fishes would not bite; I 'gan to nod.
I fell asleep and saw a pleasant sight—
A sudden jerk, I jumped, and had a bite
(Upon my ear by a mosquito).

B. A.

INTERRED.

Across the campus drew the draped bier,
The mourners leading on, but shed no tear.
And soft arose the deep low sounding dirge,
And earth and coffin in the darkness merge.
A final farewell requiem is heard.
The Walsh Hall Spirit is at last interred.

P. H. SAVAGE.

IN JUNE.

I sing of bugs and bats and crawly things
That nightly in my sanctum buzz and croon,
Of little green mosquitoes, hot from hell
And elephantine June bugs singing low.
I would I had of hands at least a score
That I might swat with unabating zeal
These denizens of night that drive me mad.
But, as I have for use each passing day
Just two small hands, with which to pound and swat,
I must resign me to my gruesome fate
And let the carrion chew me, inch by inch.

E. R. McB.

JUNE.

From willow shade, where waters gleam,
A little boat glides down the stream.
A song of love sounds soft and low,
Their boat drifts on, stars faintly glow.
Above them is the sweet pale moon,
And all the world is young—in June.

J. F. MEYER.

THE EPICURES.

They talk of pies and things that mother made,
And after dinner, lying in the shade,
They cuss the cooks and cuss the grub they eat.
They talk of feasts with wine and finest meat,
But after all is said the bunch still hikes
At evening to it's two-bit meal at Mike's.

R. V.

Nancy Ann.

D. E. HILGARTNER, '17.

With a pedigree as long as one of her legs, "Nancy Ann's name was "head-lined" on a "dope-sheet" published secretly by an enterprising "bookie." Such chicanery was common and looked upon as very disinteresting news if it was exposed by a reform paper. This racing form flaunted the euphonious name "Straight Stuff," and the tips it imparted were guaranteed "hot from the stables."

"Laughing Larry," as the young bookie was popularly known, inherited a large patrimony from his father, who was one of the greatest race-track gamblers the "sport of kings" had ever known. With the money, was his father's shrewdness and sagacity. A short time after the death of his parent and his graduation from an eastern university, the law of heredity revealed itself and he soon established himself as a bookie.

Larry always had in mind the future and, when disquieting reports began to emanate from the "Capitol," he ignored the rest of his clique who declared the rumors the annual invention of the "opposition." The bookie knew that Pimlico was one of the few large tracks that "played" the entire season without civic interference. Brighton Beach, for years looked upon as impeccable, was not permitted to open, and the presence of the governor's militia emphasized the executive's ruling. With these sombre thoughts in mind, Larry reviewed his private books that same evening, and to his surprise found he was several thousand less ahead of the game than he generally believed. "Well he soliloquized, if this track's going to be closed by a mob of cranks up at the Capitol, it's up to me to pull something big and drive away with a wagon load of coin."

Larry was quick to act. When he sent his "copy" for the next day's edition of "Straight Stuff," it contained a complete resumé of Nancy Ann's life, past and present. In fact, this horse was confidentially advised to the public as an easy winner over the other entries in the great mile, Patriot's Day. Other "forms" had an acquired habit of "holding-up" their issues under a pretense of later information, but in reality their influence did not extend beyond their doorstep, and the delayed sheets were

only flimsy pretexts to grab Larry's "feature." The young bookie really tipped to the best of his natural born ability. It is only those who are familiar with the percentage system by which a bookie arranges his odds on the "black-board" that can realize his security in this apparently foolish act.

Larry's little plan was simple. Although Nancy Ann did win a majority of the races in which she was entered, the odds were always near even money and sometimes "on the other side." Obviously this depended on whether she was running against a poor or a strong field. And because of her numerous victories her time was well known to all about the track. Her owner, "Norb" Kenneally, a young blood and a great finder of Laughing Larry, owned and managed the "Morning Glory" Stables. He was suffering a run of bad luck. Nancy Ann was his only horse that could win enough "to pay for her oats," as he expressed it. The expenses surrounding a stable of fifteen fillies, five jockies and a stable-boy for each "pony," can not be earned very long by one horse.

The morning mail had contained an alarming number of bills. After partaking of a light lunch at his hotel, young Kenneally left for the track. It was early and the stands were dotted only here and there with spectators. Nevertheless, several bookies were perched on their stools ready to take bets. As Norb stood idly looking down the lane of booths, he recognized Larry's familiar checkered suit. Sauntering down to where the bookie was seated, Kenneally asked him, "Well, how do they look today, Larry?"

"Just a bunch of hack pushers, Norb. Not a good race billed for the afternoon. Say, if you haven't anything on for tonight come over to the National and we'll go out and feed together. What do you say?"

Kenneally stepped aside for a few minutes to give room to a group of young sports who were anxious to lay a bet. Larry took their money and gave them their stubs; then he repeated his question. "What do you say, Norb, old boy, can you meet me at eight?"

"Why yes, Larry, I'll be there at eight."

"All right, and we can go over to the "Rienzie" and have a swell dinner."

The waiter had just placed two slender glasses before the young men, and with a deft motion of his hand opened the dark colored

bottle and poured a light golden liquid into the waiting receptacles.

"Was the dinner satisfactory?" he inquired in an unctuous voice. The serious expression that darkened Larry's handsome features turned to one of contentment as he glanced at the silver tray before him and picked a bill from amongst the silver. "That's all, I guess," he replied and waved the waiter away.

"Now," Larry began again, "you see, Norb, that's all we can do, and believe me, when I say I can get a 'painter' that can fix up the little boy who looks so much like Nancy Ann. It's all in our favor, for no one can remember that little fillie who has failed to place since she was registered a month ago. Say, pallie, after that mob reads my dope they'll flock to the booth to get their coin on Nancy. She'll be the favorite and when your jockey gets the one my artist is going to decorate, he can let her out just as much as he wants to, because she can't place, let alone beat the bunch that'll be buckin' the real Nancy Ann. I can't figure it any other way," he ended with an enthusiastic gesture.

"Now, Casey, get out your outfit and paint all the funny marks Nancy Ann's got on that nag in the stall beside her," instructed Larry. Then he added, "If you do a good job and we can put this over, I'll give you a century note."

Casey winked knowingly and with a short, "I got cha!" began to work while the guileless and unsuspecting two-year old munched oats out of the feed box before her.

At a quarter to two Kenneally met his head stable-boy at the door and pointed to the young fillie that had been painted indetical to Nancy Ann. "See, I've changed Nancy Ann's stall," he said. Outside in his booth Larry and his assistants were taking all the money that the surging crowds could place before them. The other bookies were puzzled that Larry could give such live odds. They knew, however, from experience that he was a very wise young man and that he probably had some "inside information." Because they were doubtful they did not increase their odds. Consequently the vast majority of bets on the favorite were placed at Larry's booth as he had figured.

Adjoining the Morning Glory Stables were those of Colonel Watterson; back of which, in supreme secrecy, rubbers, touts and stable-boys, shot "craps" throughout the day. Eddie,

Norb's stable boy was no exception, of course, and at three o'clock he threw down the dice in deep disgust. Realizing the time, he ran to Nancy Ann's stall, completely unmindful of what his employer had told him an hour ago. With the saddle and bridle on in record time, he led the horse to the weighing platform where the angry jockey grabbed the reins from his hands and strongly intimated that he might be looking for a new job tomorrow because of his tardiness.

"They're off!" the shrill cry was yelled in chorus by the thousands of spectators. When Larry and Norb below the stands heard the roar they knew the race had started. The bookie gave a few instructions to his assistants and then both of them went up to Kenneally's box. One glance at the closely grouped horses as they swept around the track and they realized the disastrous mistake that had been made by the stable-boy. The real Nancy Ann was leading, and the jockey was holding her in for the final lap. Men and women who bet on the favorite screamed for joy and waved their tickets in the air. Hats and empty candy boxes were thrown by wild-eyed persons who were watching tensely the increasing lead of Nancy on the field. In another second Nancy Ann crossed the wire winning by a length ahead of her nearest rival, May Queen.

Friends of young Kenneally overwhelmed him with congratulations which he was forced to accept with all the enthusiasm of a genuine winner. Others who bet on May Queen cursed him bitterly for a lucky fool. Inwardly Norb was raving with anger that the irony of fate was not content with losing his entire savings of the season and the sums he had borrowed but should continue to harass him in such a cruel manner. Larry was "seeing red" as he later expressed it, and as soon as he saw Nancy Ann swing ahead on the home stretch he ran for the nearest exit and stumbled blindly down the stairs in a fit of despondency. Wild thoughts of how he would meet the notes he signed the night before so he could have enough money with which to accept the bets, surged through his distorted mind as he walked towards the Morning Glory Stables. He dropped limply on a bench in the harness room, and then he sat with his back stooped and head resting in his hands until a big booming voice disturbed his temporary zone of quiet.

"Are you the owner of Nancy Ann, sir?"

If you're Norb Kenneally,—” slowly looking at the speaker Larry recognized the rotund form of the millionaire turfsmen, “Silver Top” Jones of New York.

“I’ve followed this horse for two seasons now and after seeing her beat the best in the country this afternoon I’ve decided that I want Nancy Ann.” He resumed in a blunt fashion for which he was noted, “I’ll give you a hundred thousand,—” here he looked sharply at Larry who was staring dazedly at him—“damn’d if I believe you are the owner, but—”

Before he had finished the sentence Norb who had finally succeeded in eluding temporarily his friends, approached through the open doorway and startled the big sportsman by coolly remarking, “I think I’ll accept that offer. Wouldn’t you, Larry?”

The Message of the Flowers.

FRANK W. HOLSLAG.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-one thirty millions of people divided for what both believed to be a just cause, and declared war against each other.

At the first shot of the mustered armies, the wealth, the wills and the hearts of a whole nation of people were thrown into the greatest civil conflict that the world has ever known. Hillsides which but a few weeks before, basked in the white robe of blooming daisies were now burnt with the thick, black smoke of war; and sunlit streams that once danced onward with a crystal blue, now ran red with the sacred blood of a country’s martyrs.

Faithful horses traced to tilling plows or drawing some contented old couple to their beloved church grew frenzied in the powder-laden air and became the trampling steeds of war.

Shaded arbors where young lovers once roamed now became the weeping places of broken-hearted girls. In many country homes the hot tears of a mother’s love fell upon the upturned face of her boy as she sobbingly pressed him to her heart with one long, last embrace; and aged fathers grasped the old gate-post for support as they sadly waved a brave “good-bye” to the idol of their hearts as he looked back for the last time from the turn of the country road.

This was the first call, the first appeal, to

which all those true young hearts responded so nobly, and God forbid my treading on your heart-strings by leading you through all the gloomy years that followed.

We have but to think of the red clay hills, of Georgia, the banks of the Chickahominy or the woods of Tennessee, and Memory, with her never-fading picture, reels before us all the misery of those prison camps, all the valor of those pressing lines of infantry, all the heroism of those mad cavalry charges and the plunge and thunder of the fearless artillery as those men swept into the battle’s roar with duty in their hearts and death in their hands.

The din of the conflict ceases, and from out the murky background of this scene of carnage we see the lonesome, broken homes, and the remnants of shattered dreams.

I say, we need only to think of these places and we hear the forlorn wail of the mother, the moan of the widow, the sigh of the sweetheart and the low, plaintive whine of the melancholy orphan.

The silent tents have faded from the starlit battlefield. The charging war-horse no longer fights the spume-flecked rein, and the dauntless heroes have gone to their great reward.

Would that we could call them all back to honor, love and cherish them for their noble sacrifice. But that can never be, or they would have eased the aching hearts of the loved ones who prayed, and wept, and waited for their return in days gone by.

Fifty summers have passed since they went to their last, long sleep. Fifty times have the hills been white with the daisies’ bloom, and so ’twill be forever, till we meet them in “The Great Beyond” in that spirit world where no one knows what sorrow means, and where immortal life will be one long, sweet dream.

May—the fairest month of all the year—has warmed the earth where sleep our beloved dead, and from the very bosom of their honored tomb they sent to us their heralds (the beautiful flowers) whose message has always been condolence and love.

The virgin month has left us, but ere she did so, we, in commemoration, gathered these silent beauties and went forth into the valleys, the hills and the woods strewing them on every patriot’s grave whether mounted with brazen cannon, with iron star, or with wooden cross, so that each in turn might know of the honor, sympathy, gratitude and love we bear him.

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—Tuesday, June 2, marked the 74th anniversary of the birth of the Most Reverend John Lancaster Spalding, Archbishop Spalding's D. D., Titular Archbishop of Scitopolis, and for many years past Bishop of the diocese of Peoria.

The influence of this illustrious scholar is clearly marked on this generation. In an age of sordid utilitarianism, his has been as the voice of Idealism crying in the wilderness. His lofty message has been proclaimed in book and sermon and lecture, and it has penetrated into recesses never before reached by Catholic speech. He is admired by all citizens irrespective of national or religious divisions for his transcendent genius. He is venerated for the lofty example his noble life has afforded. He is loved for the exquisite beauty of his character, his amiability, his kindness and the perennial charm of his every word and action. God was good to the American church when He sent us the great Archbishop Spalding, and nowhere is the benignity of Providence more appreciated than at Notre Dame, whose faithful and constant friend Archbishop Spalding has always been. May the Lord preserve him and give him strength and length of days!

—Some of us have perhaps forgotten the little library which Brother Alphonsus and his assistants have so tenderly reared and nurtured in Brownson hall.

The Apostolate Library. The Apostolate Library is the fruit of a great idea—to guide the fiction read-

ing of young men aright by placing the best before them, and to provide all who crave or need a good religious book with an opportunity to procure it. It can not indeed be said that the influence of this collection has as yet permeated the whole University, owing to the fact that one can not place the books before the eyes of all; but the good done has been widespread in its effects, especially for the two junior halls. Really good fiction must be moral because true beauty can not develop in a refuse heap. This is one of the ideas Brother Alphonsus has strictly adhered to, and accordingly much of the library is composed of Catholic fiction. Indeed, one who is wont to scoff at the productions of Christian novelists, will be surprised at the quantity and quality represented here. There is an earnest desire that these books should have a wider circulation. Surely any one who finds time to deal in imaginative lore ought to pay these shelves a visit. After that, he will be a friend. A good work, too, needs men who will aid in broadening its effects. If you have come to know and love these volumes, speak to your friends of them, and convince them into giving them a trial.

Book Review.

"PRIESTLY PRACTICE." By the Rev. Arthur B. O'Neill, C. S. C., 8 mo. Price, \$1.00. University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

We gladly join our voice to the chorus of praise of this noble volume written chiefly for priests by an American priest. Practical in its topics, entertaining and vigorous in its treatment of them, pitched in lofty tone, full of sweet reasonableness and persuasive with both unction and logic, it is long since we have read so satisfactory a book of essays for the clergy.

Father O'Neill's ideal of priestly work and conduct is at once lofty and practical. His exhortations have the quality of a good priestly sermon. The point of view they present is inevitably common sense, and the code of conduct urged is as high as the sublime vocation of the priest demands and at the same time so practicable as to be within the reach of good will everywhere. We cordially recommend this splendid volume to our friends of the clergy everywhere.

Important Notices.**SENIOR EXAMINATIONS.****COLLEGE OF ARTS AND LETTERS.**

Monday, June 8—8:15 a. m., Greek; 11:10 a. m., Latin; 3:40 p. m., Political Science.

Tuesday, June 9—10:15 a. m., Philosophy, Science Hall; 3:40 p. m., English.

Wednesday, June 10—8:15 a. m., Greek; 11:10 a. m., Latin; 3:40 p. m., History.

COLLEGES OF ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE.

The examinations will be arranged by the Deans of the Departments.

COLLEGE OF LAW.

Written examination Monday, June 8, 8:30 a. m.

Oral examination Wednesday, June 10, 8:30 a. m.

PREPARATORY EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations in the Preparatory Department will be held on Wednesday, June 10, and Friday, June 12, at the regular hours and in the rooms in which the classes are ordinarily taught.

COLLEGIATE EXAMINATIONS.

June 16—Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 1:15 p. m. and 2:55 p. m. will be examined at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:00 p. m. will be examined at 7:30 p. m.

June 17—Classes taught at 9:05 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8:00 a. m. and 10:00 a. m. respectively.

EXAMINATIONS OF CONDITIONED STUDENTS.

One or two examination marks under 70 in a year class or one examination mark under 70 in a term class will condition a student. Such condition can be removed at the time specified below. Failure to remove conditions at the stated time will necessitate the student's taking up in a regular class the work in which he was conditioned.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Tuesday, September 8—English, 2:00 p. m., room 221; History, 4:00 p. m., room 221.

Wednesday, September 9—Mathematics, 8:00 a. m., room 118; Language, 10:00 a. m., room 118; Science, 2:00 p. m., room 227.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

Tuesday, September 15—English, 2:00 p. m., room 117; History and Economics, 4:00 p. m. room 117.

Wednesday, September 16—Mathematics, 8:00 a. m., room 117; Language, 10:00 a. m., room 117; Science, 2:00 p. m., Science Hall; Philosophy, 4:00 p. m., room 117.

* *

Classes in the Preparatory School resume September 10. Classes in the Colleges resume September 17.

Class Oratoricals.

A whole week of oratorical contests has been inciting Professor Koehler to an unprecedented bustle and driving possible judges into all manner of hiding-places.

The Freshman oratorical was first, five men competing. Eugene D. O'Connell was first with an oration on "The Initiative and Referendum." Second place was awarded to Mr. Lyons, third to Mr. Haydon, fourth to Mr. Driscoll and fifth to Mr. Tomazewski.

Last Tuesday afternoon, the Junior Oratorical contest took place in Washington Hall. The judges Fathers McGinn, Foik and O'Leary, rendered their decision as follows: Mr. Smith, first; Mr. Schuster, second; Mr. Kuscynski, third, and Mr. Dolan, fourth. "A Practical View of International Peace" was the subject of the victorious oration. Mr. Smith laid especial emphasis on the unreasonableness of war, and the power of the schools to aid the Peace movement. His delivery was far above the average seen in college oratory, and he is to be congratulated upon his work. Mr. Schuster spoke on "The Logical Outcome of Hume's Philosophy" showing the decay of morals resultant upon a view of pleasure as the ultimate end. This speech was excellently written, but was not delivered in Mr. Schuster's best style. Mr. Kuscynski discoursed on "Saint Augustine—Sinner and Saint," while Mr. Dolan gave "The Decay of Principles."

The Sophomore oratorical succeeded, being fought out between Mr. Timothy P. Galvin and Mr. Tywman S. Mattingly. Mr. Galvin was successful, the oration being on the subject of the "Initiative and Referendum."

The Junior Prom.

The most brilliant function of Notre Dame's social season was the Junior Prom given in Place hall Wednesday evening, June third. Seventy couples attended the affair. The grand march was led by Robert Roach of Muscatine, Iowa, president of the class, with Miss Helen Hagedorn of South Bend. The ball-room was decorated as a summer-garden with large boughs of blossoms banking the walls, while the pink shaded wall-lights were banked with wistaria. The balcony was hung

with garlands of roses and Notre Dame blankets, and behind the balustrade decked with roses was situated the Wheeler and Seymour orchestra of Michigan City, which played the program of twenty-one dances. Lawn swings entwined with flowers completed the garden effect. A large floral piece with the class numerals "15" in pink lights occupied one end of the room. The white leather programs were embossed with a blue and gold "N. D. 1915." Refreshments were served in the dining-room throughout the evening. The Prom committee included Mark Duncan, chairman; James Sanford; Albert Kuhle, Norman Bartholomew, Keith Jones, Clovis Smith, Edward Gushurst, Joseph Stack, Stephen Burns and Joseph Pliska.

Obituary.

Albert King, of Corby hall, has the sympathy of the Faculty and Students in the death of his father, who passed away at his home in Chicago, May 29. The deceased was an excellent christian man, whose good life was a fit preparation for a happy death. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Gertrude Gannon to Edward Yockey, '99, of Milwaukee. The ceremony was performed June first. Congratulations and good wishes.

—Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Conchin Ferris to Robert L. Saley, (A. B. '08) at Hampton, Iowa, June first. Bob was a leader in his day and is remembered with immense respect.

—The Catholic Actors Guild of America was recently organized in New York City under the inspiration of Dr. John Talbot Smith of the University. We note that the secretary is William E. Cotter, LL. B. '13.

—"Tom" Cleary, student at the University 1908-'11, is to be ordained to the holy priesthood, Sunday, June 7th, in the cathedral of Peoria. Father Cleary will be attached to Bishop Dunne's diocese. His friends congratulate him and wish him a most auspicious beginning of his priestly work.

—Mr. James D. Barry (A. B. '97), is at present practising law in San Diego, California,

and is one of the leading attorneys of that city. A speech delivered by him a short time ago on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of St. Joseph's hall and quoted in the *Southern Cross* is full of common sense and high Catholic ideals.

Local News.

—The Sophomores have decided to pay for their Cotillion.

—Who said Strawberry shortcake? We know several persons who did not.

—A plenitude of gold medals was showered upon our track men at the Indiana-Purdue meet.

—May devotions were closed very beautifully last Monday night with the annual sermon by Father Hudson.

—A strange look of sadness is creeping over the countenance of Joe Walsh. It is rumored that he is in training for the Valedictory.

—The Junior Ball takes precedence over all others, says an impartial observer. Not so, the Junior mentality, says Father Hagerty.

—FOUND—A sum of money between Corby hall and church. Loser may have same by calling upon Brother Alphonsus and identifying.

—The Minims of St. Mary's in their little white dresses made a very pretty picture for those who saw them inspect the University last Wednesday.

—We are all in complete agreement with the cablegram sent to John Redmond, M. P., by Father Cavanaugh on the occasion of the passing of Home Rule.

—We wish hereby to make evident that, although Walsh hall peacefully interred the SCHOLASTIC on Sunday last, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

—The baseball team left Wednesday evening for Lansing. When last seen they seemed fit to gobble up the Aggies and to masticate the Wolverines. We hope so.

—A letter from Emmett G. Lenihan, who is connected with the Redpath Lyceum for the summer, states that he is busily engaged in educating the natives of Montezuma, Georgia.

—Carroll hallers and other élite personages have been enjoying an encampment at Lawton, Michigan. A few stragglers, however, have returned somewhat suddenly and prematurely.

—The candidates for graduation in the

electrical engineering courses were subjected to a thesis examination last Tuesday. The interrogators were Messrs. L. P. Andros and W. P. Kennedy, both of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Company.

—The Carroll Hallers came back from Lawton and told us they caught frogs as large as full grown bull-dogs.

—Boat crews are unknown and unsung beings around here this spring. 'Tis strange that the beckon of Father Carroll alone could call such a pleasing and useful sport into existence. We are moved to quote: "Was this the face that launched the classmen's boats?"

—The Concert given by the local military band was favorably received by all fortunate enough to hear it. Some of the melodies were undoubtedly not composed for the local aggregation, and so may have been heard elsewhere, but the technique and spirit of their rendition was a distinct surprise.

—Memorial Day was fittingly observed here with a military reception of the Governor of Indiana, His Excellency Samuel Ralston, a parade in his honor and exercises in Washington hall. The selections by the band and the rendition of chosen patriotic and college melodies by the audience, were grouped round the finely delivered "Gettysburg Address," for which we extend congratulations to Twomey Clifford, and the address of the day by Governor Ralston, printed elsewhere in this issue.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 4; WABASH, 3.

It remained for the Little Giants, in the last home series of the year, to furnish the fans with the most spectacular contest seen on Cartier Field in many a day. For ten innings the honors were even, with both teams fighting grimly for every inch. Then came the eleventh, in which the Varsity swatsmiths started their second rally, which landed them on top. The first rally began in the last of the ninth, when Wabash had a lead of two runs, a big margin in such a game. But it was not the destined day for Wabash to break Notre Dame's unbroken list of victories in baseball, football, basketball—yes, even debating—that has extended over several years, to the growing discomfiture of the downstaters.

Beyond doubt, Kelly was the leading lumi-

nary of the contest, with Cy Farrell a close second. "Moke" it was who started the ninth inning attack that tied the score, then he went into the box without warming up, and held his foes hitless in the next two innings, fanning three. And in the eleventh, his double paved the way for the winning tally. Cy gathered his honors in the ninth, when he drove in the two runs to put the locals even. It was the most opportune hit we have seen this year, and our old first-sacker came clean in the time of need. It was a well-placed line drive over second base that made it easy for our two men on bases to score.

Notre Dame fired the opening run in the fifth, when Lathrop smashed a double just inside the right foul line. He stole third, and scored easily on Farrell's sacrifice fly. After two were down Wabash tied the score in the very next inning. Sweet singled, stole second, and scored on Kerns' single.

Up to the ninth, Charley Sheehan pitched great ball. In that inning Wabash started to sew up the contest. Nichols singled, and Kerns' bunted, and as Sheehan's peg to second went wild, both were safe. The next two men were infield outs, the runners advancing to second and third, however. Then Dale singled to score both.

Then the fun started. Kelly went to bat for Sheehan, and laid down a beautiful safe bunt. Lathrop grounded to the second baseman, who fumbled, and both men were safe. Duggan then forced "Lath," but Cy Farrell came across with a screaming double that cleaned the sacks, being caught himself while trying to stretch the drive into a three-sacker.

The eleventh opened with Kelly's double, and closed with Eddie Duggan's single, which scored "Moke." The visitors played a sharp fielding game, and tightened up wonderfully with men on bases as Notre Dame's total of eleven men stranded, testifies. Summary:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
Lathrop, lf.	1	1	3	0	0
Duggan, cf.	1	2	4	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	0	1	10	0	0
Bjoin, rf. 2b.	0	1	1	0	0
D. Newning, 3b.	0	2	4	2	0
Meyers, ss.	0	2	1	5	0
Kenny, 2b.	0	0	0	1	0
Pliska, rf.	0	0	0	0	0
Gray, c.	0	0	10	0	0
Sheehan, p.	0	2	0	1	1
Kelly, p.	2	2	2	1	0
Totals	4	13	33	10	1

WABASH	R	H	P	A	E
Finney, c.	0	0	8	2	0
Pfahl, 3b.	0	0	1	2	0
Sweet, cf.	1	1	3	0	0
Nichols, ss.	1	1	4	0	1
Kerns, lf.	1	1	3	0	0
Coffing, 2b.	0	1	1	3	1
Staags, rf.	0	0	4	0	0
Dale, 1b.	0	1	6	0	2
Sturgis, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	3	5*	30	9	4

*None out when winning run was scored.

Notre Dame	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	—4
Wabash	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	—3

Two base hits—Lathrop, Farrell, D. Newning, Kelly. Stolen bases—Meyers 3; Lathrop 2; Farrell, Pliska, D. Newning, Bjoin, Sweet. Sacrifice hits—Kenny, Lathrop. Sacrifice flies—Gray, Farrell. Double plays—Coffing to Nichols. Hits—Off Sheehan 5 in nine innings; off Kelly, none in 2 innings; off Sturgis, 13 in 11 innings. Struck out—By Sheehan 3; by Kelly, 3; by Sturgis, 5. Bases on balls—Off Sheehan, 2; off Sturgis, 4. Hit by pitcher—Sturgis. Passed balls—Gray 2. Left on bases—Notre Dame 11; Wabash 5. Umpire, Anderson. Time of game—2:10

SCARLET SWAMPED IN SECOND.

With Berger pitching the best brand of ball he has shown this season, and the Varsity stinging the pellet hard and frequently, the conquest of the Little Giants in the second set-to was an easy matter. The visitors played far below their standard of the previous day, making no fewer than six errors. In the left garden, however, Kerns put up a star performance accepting eight hard chances in errorless fashion, and robbing the Newnings, Duggan and Mills of sure-enough hits. "Zipper" Lathrop, also made several pretty catches.

The first inning looked as though the visitors might prove dangerous. The second and third batters singled, and a wild pitch let in a run. Sharp fielding killed further chances to score. In the seventh Wabash tallied again on a walk, a hit, and an error. Their final score came in the ninth on Pfahl's triple and a bad throw by Gray.

Notre Dame put the game on ice in the very first inning. A pass, four hits, two errors, with a couple of wild pitches and a few stolen bases netted the locals five runs. In the next inning Mills got life on an error; stole second, and came home on Harry Newning's drive. Two more tallies came in the third on two hits and a brace of errors.

The fifth and sixth each produced two runs.

Gray drew a pass, promptly stole second and third and counted on Berger's sacrifice fly. Then Newning singled, pilfered the next two sacks and tallied on Duggan's single. The next two scores were made on a hit by Mills, an error, a pass to Dee Newning, and Gray's single. The third of the day.

Governor Samuel Ralston and his party saw a part of the game. "Rusty" Lathrop, last year's Varsity mound artist and now with the White Sox, was also a visitor. The score:

NOTRE DAME	R	H	P	A	E
H. Newning, 3b.	2	1	2	3	0
Duggan, cf.	1	1	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b.	1	2	13	0	0
Mills, 2b.	3	2	1	2	0
D. Newning, rf.	1	1	0	0	1
Lathrop, lf.	1	1	1	0	0
Meyers, ss.	0	0	2	4	0
Gray, c.	2	3	7	3	1
Berger, p.	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	12	12	27	13	2

WABASH	R	H	P	A	E
Finney, c.	1	1	3	0	0
Pfahl, 3b.	2	3	0	1	1
Sweet, c. 2b.	0	1	3	0	0
Nichols, ss.	0	0	4	1	2
Kerns, lf.	0	1	8	0	0
Coffing, 2b. p.	0	0	1	2	0
Staags, rf. cf.	0	1	0	0	1
Dale, 1b.	0	0	5	0	1
Kisler, p. rf.	0	0	0	2	1
Totals	3	7	24	6	6

Notre Dame	5	1	2	0	2	2	0	0	*—12
Wabash	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1—3

Summary—Two-base hits—Gray, Kerns. Three-bas hit—Pfahl. Sacrifice flies—D. Newning, Berger. Stolen bases—Gray 3; Mills 3; H. Newning 2; D. Newning, Meyers, Farrell, Staags. Double play—Coffing to Nichols to Finney. Hits—Off Berger 7 in 9 innings; off Kisler, 9 in 5 innings; off Coffing, 3 in 3 innings. Bases on balls—Off Kisler 4; off Berger 3; off Coffing 1. Hit by pitcher—By Berger 2; by Kisler 1. Wild pitch—Berger. Passed balls—Finney 2; Gray 1. Left on bases—Notre Dame 6; Wabash 10. Struck out—By Berger, 3; by Coffing, 1. Umpire—Anderson. Time of game—1:40.

PURDUE CAPTURES TRIANGULAR MEET.

In the first meeting of the newly-formed triangle, held at Lafayette, Purdue came out on top with 74 1-2 points; Notre Dame second with 62, and Indiana far in the rear with 13 counts. The Boilermakers were very strong in the hurdles and in the distance events, while Notre Dame counted in the dashes and the weight numbers. Bergman and Rockne garnered 11 points each, while Eichenlaub,

with firsts in the shot put and the discus had ten to his credit. "Dutch" romped away with the dashes in great style, and should be a sure point winner at the Western Conference Meet, today. "Rock" captured the broad jump, and pulled second in the shot put and pole vault.

The day had several surprises. Bartholomew showed the result of his long and faithful training by covering the mile in 4:38, but two seconds behind Schmedl, the Purdue star. Mills, drafted from the baseball squad, surprised his friends by a 5 feet 8 inch high jump, which tied him for first. Welsh, another dark horse, negotiated the quarter in 51 3-5—very good time considering that this is the first year "Mickey" has been at track work. The relay race was the most exciting event of the day. It went to Notre Dame by a close margin.

On the whole, the team performed splendidly, and equalled the best hopes of the local fans. Today eight men are entered in the Conference meet which is being held on Marshall Field, Chicago, and the Gold and Blue, although not expecting to top the strong teams of Leland Stanford, California, Washington and Chicago, ought to pick up a fair total. Summary of the Triangular meet:

120-yard high hurdles—Bancker, Purdue, first; Fye, Purdue, second; Stinchfield, Purdue, third. Time—0:16 1-5.

100-yard dash—Bergman, Notre Dame, first; East, Purdue, second; Newning, Notre Dame, third; Daniel, Indiana, fourth. Time—0:10.

Mile run—Schmedl, Purdue, first; Laporte, Purdue, second; Bartholomew, Notre Dame, third; Wallace, Indiana, fourth. Time—4:36.

440-yard dash—East, Purdue, first; Birder, Notre Dame, second; Henihan, Notre Dame, third; Welch, Notre Dame, fourth. Time—0:50 3-5.

220-yard dash—Bergman, Notre Dame, first; Newning, Notre Dame, second; Daniel, Indiana, third; Roudebush, Purdue, fourth. Time—0:22 1-5.

220-yard low hurdles—Bancker, Purdue, first; Oliphant, Purdue, second; Larkin, Notre Dame, third; Erhart, Indiana, fourth. Time—0:26 1-5.

880-yard run—Schmedl, Purdue, first; Plant, Notre Dame, second; Campbell, Purdue, third; Mann, Purdue, fourth. Time—2:01 3-5.

Two-mile run—Carter, Purdue, first; Klippel, Purdue, second; Miller, Notre Dame, third; Costello, Notre Dame, fourth. Time 10:28 1-5.

Pole vault—Phelps, Purdue, first; Rockne, Notre Dame, second; Wicks, Indiana, third; Stahl, Purdue, fourth. Height—12 feet 3 inches.

Putting shot—Eichenlaub, Notre Dame, first; Rockne, Notre Dame, second; Aldrich, Purdue, third; Travener, Indiana, fourth. Distance—39 feet 11 3-4 inches.

High jump—Mills, Notre Dame, tied for first at 5 feet 8 inches.

Broad jump—Rockne, Notre Dame, first and Bergman, Notre Dame, fourth. Distance—21 feet 6 in.

Relay race—Won by Notre Dame. Purdue, second.

HOLY CROSS HALL DEFEATS CHICAGO TEAM.

The champion baseball team of Holy Trinity parish, Chicago, was defeated twice by the Seminary team last week. Both games were close, being won by a margin of one score, and the last game was a thriller. Holy Cross Hall came in to bat in the eighth inning with the score eight to one against them, and proceeded to pound the visiting pitcher in all directions till they had him soaring. Several times the coach tried to steady him by going on to the diamond and whispering instructions into his ear, but no sooner would he reach the bench than some Seminarian would wallop a ball away out into the rain and start around the circuit. The game ended in the last of the ninth when some sturdy youth on the home team drove a long liner into left field and three pair of legs crossed the plate in quick succession making the score 9 to 8. It was too bad to whip the Chicago team twice, but "there's some things that's got to be stood for," as Mr. Caesar said when Mrs. Caesar went through his pockets.

INTERHALL BASEBALL.

STANDING OF LEAGUE (June 4, 1914).

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Corby	5	1	.833
Sorin	3	3	.500
St. Joseph's	3	3	.500
Walsh	2	4	.333
Brownson	1	3	.250

SORIN, 4; WALSH, 3.

"Slim" Walsh again proved a hoodoo for Walsh hall, and Sorin took a 5-3 victory from the Southsiders in a well-played game last Saturday. The tall twirler held his opponents in check until his team-mates had piled up enough scores to win when he loosened up. Walsh secured four hits and Sorin six. Kowalski pitched a steady game for his team, but was not the equal of Sorin's wonderful twirler.

Walsh	0 0 0 0 0 0 2	1-3
Sorin	0 0 2 0 0 0 3	*-5

Batteries—Kowalski and Leuty; O'Donnell and Walsh.

CORBY, 8; ST. JOSEPH, 3.

What was looked upon as the decisive game in the interhall struggle was won by Corby last

Thursday. The St. Joseph's team, which was tied with Corby for the lead, blew up behind Jimmie Boland, and though the latter had a shade on Fitzgerald in the pitching, Corby took the game easily, 8 to 3. St. Joseph touched "Fitz" for thirteen hits, but stupid work on the bases cut off chances to score in almost every inning. Corby on the other hand made the errors of the St. Joseph team count for runs, and despite St. Joseph's early lead, the Braves had the game sewed up after the fourth.

Corby 1 0 0 3 2 0 0 1 1—8
 St. Joseph's 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—3
 Batteries—Fitzgerald and Keifer; Boland and Beckman.

SORIN, 7; ST. JOSEPH'S, 2.

"Slim" Walsh pitched Sorin to another victory and into a tie for second place in the league race last Sunday when St. Joseph's, with a weakened line-up, was defeated by the Bookies, 7-2. "Slim" looked better Sunday than he has at any time this year. He had slow balls, fast balls, curves and smoke, and he mixed them so well that "Jimmie" Boland's men secured but five hits and fifteen went down on strikes before the giant Sorinite. Captain Boland had pitched a game for the Southwesterns on Saturday and LaJoie, Conboy and Ward were out of the game on account of injuries. Irving was in the box for Bro. Florian's boys, and the southpaw held the Bookies in check until the eighth inning when hits and good base running netted five runs for Sorin. Kane and O'Donnell starred for St. Joe, the latter's steal of home being a clever piece of work. Aside from the pitching of Walsh, the all-round playing of Elward and the clever catching of McGloock McLaughlin who caught his first, game of the season, were the features. "Shorty" seems to have entirely recovered from the injury to his hand which he sustained while working out with the Varsity in the early spring.

St. Joseph's 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—2
 Sorin 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 5 0—7
 Batteries—Irving and Beckman; Walsh and McLaughlin.

The game between Brownson and Corby, which was scheduled for Thursday was postponed on account of rain. Corby has two more games and must win one of these before she can consider the pennant won. Brownson will probably send Crilly into the box against the Braves and make a desperate effort to prolong the struggle for the championship.

Safety Valve.

AT THE ORATORICAL CONTESTS.

AUDITOR—I must have come into the wrong hall, this sounds like a debate on Initiative and Referendum.

REWARD OF MERIT.

TOMMY GLYNN (to some Brownson hallers)—If you study hard like me, maybe you'll be permitted to go to camp next year.

We wonder what kind of a dance the Junior Prom was? All the Juniors were lame the next day.

SOPHOMORE (to Junior)—You didn't have much bunting in the dance hall last night.

JUNIOR (enthusiastically)—No, but you should have seen the three base hits.

NO COME BACK.

PREFECT OF DISCIPLINE (to Freshman)—Your professors are continually complaining about you, John. Why don't you study for your classes.

JOHN—You see, it's this way, Father. As soon as I leave school my father is going to put me to work, and if I don't get in a good time during these four years I'll never get it.

CORBY HALLER (looking toward Walsh)—Why are all those buzzards flying around Walsh hall?

SORINITE—They are after the Walsh hall spirit.

BARTHOLOMEW (returning at night from Purdue)—Gee, fellows! I surprised all our team and I even surprised the Purdue team.

ST. JOE HALLERS (sitting up in bed)—What did you do, Bart?

BART—I got third in the mile.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

1ST WALSHITE—Let's write something fierce about the Scholastic.

2ND WALSHITE—(Taking his pen) "That yellow sheet called the —" Say, how do you spell Scholastic?

1ST WALSHITE—S-h-o-l—C-h-o-L—aw, let's bury the blame thing on the campus.

INDIANAPOLIS RACES.

A number of boys who have been ailing during the last few weeks asked the President of the University if they might go to see a specialist at Indianapolis.

One man in the engineering class is drawing a dam for his thesis. Many another student could supply him with myriad models at this time of the year when the mosquitoes are so bad.

We know Corby won the Military Drill, but where, tell us, did all the members of that Company get black shoes? We've missed our shoes since Sunday.

Strange bedfellows acquaint a man with miseries,