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**Notre Dame Scholastic**

· DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

Vol. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY - 9, 1915.

No. 14.



MOST REVEREND PATRICK W. RIORDAN, D. D.

ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO

BORN, AUGUST 27, 1841

ORDAINED, JUNE 10, 1865

CONSECRATED, SEPT. 16, 1883

ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO, 1884

DIED, DECEMBER 27, 1914

## The Death of Archbishop Riordan.

**W**HEN the sad news of the death of the Most Reverend Patrick W. Riordan, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco, came to us on Sunday December 27th, it brought double sorrow to every member of the University of Notre Dame. Everywhere throughout the country this strong, vigorous patriarch was looked up to as a pillar of the Church, as a pioneer who had withstood the storms and tempests and had borne the burden and the heat while sowing the seeds of the gospel in the far West; and the whole Catholic Church mourned him; but here at Notre Dame he was loved not only as a great churchman but as a son and a brother, for it was within these hallowed walls that his younger days were spent, and his character was moulded by the long-since departed saints who made the Notre Dame of to-day possible. It was at these wells of knowledge that he slaked his thirst when a young man; it was in the silence of the little log chapel that he prayed and looked with mystic eyes into those future days when he should ascend the altar of God; it was through the pathless wood of those years that he roamed in silent meditation, dreaming of the days that were to be; and even when an old man with his work practically done and all his dreams realized, he would wander back again to these scenes of his boyhood to live over again in spirit what he always called the happiest days of his life.

The life of Archbishop Riordan, though a simple one, was full of daily labors which wrought potently for good, and his name will go down in the history of the Church in this country, as the great Archbishop of the far West.

He was born on August 27, 1841, at Chatham, New Brunswick, but was brought to Chicago when a boy of seven where his parents decided to make their home. Soon after he entered St. Mary's of the Lake, the first Catholic institution of higher education in Chicago, founded by the Rt. Rev. William Quarter, D. D., the first bishop of that city. He studied there until the year 1855 when he entered the University of Notre Dame. What eventful years these were, how full of graces and blessings one can realize only from the

words of the great Archbishop. He declared, when speaking to the seminarians at Notre Dame in after years, concerning the nocturnal adoration that took place monthly in the Seminary, and which he faithfully attended, that he owed his vocation to the hours spent there before the Blessed Sacrament. He never spoke of Father Granger without tears in his eyes and in his voice, for he looked up to him as the most human and at the same time the most saintly priest he had ever known. In the year 1858 he was sent to Rome to attend the College of the Propaganda, and when the American College opened, he was among the first twelve students to be enrolled. He left Rome on account of bad health and entered the Holy Ghost College of Paris, believing the climate of France more invigorating to his worn-out constitution. From Holy Ghost College he went to Belgium where he entered the University of Louvain, and after receiving his doctors degree was ordained on June 10th 1865.

On returning to America he was appointed to the chair of Sacred Sciences at St. Mary's of the Lake, in Chicago, and after a short stay there he was called upon to take up the burdens of a pastor at Woodstock, Illinois, and soon after at St. Mary's Church in Joliet. Then he was made pastor of St. James' Church, in Chicago, and the monument of his labors is still to be seen in the beautiful Church of St. James which he built and paid for in those days of hardship and want. Our own Bishop Dwenger of Fort Wayne officiated at the dedication of this church and Archbishop Spalding of Peoria, who is in a special way connected with the University of Notre Dame and loved by all the members, preached the sermon of the occasion.

Shortly after the completion of St. James' Church, Father Riordan received news that he was to be consecrated titular bishop of Cablesa and coadjutor of San Francisco with the right of succession to the Most Rev. Joseph S. Alemany. His consecration took place in Chicago, Sept 16, 1883, at which Archbishop Feehan officiated, being assisted by Bishop McCloskey of Louisville and Bishop Chatard of Vincennes.

The young Bishop took up his duties immediately and lifted the heavy burden that the now feeble Archbishop Alemany was struggling under. How faithfully he fulfilled

his mission, how generously he devoted himself to his flock, can be best learned from the way he was esteemed by his senior prelate. Knowing that God had at last sent a laborer into the vineyard who was equal to the task of directing and guiding a large province, Archbishop Alemany resigned in 1884 and the entire burden of administration descended upon the young Archbishop.

The labors of Archbishop Riordan in the See of San Francisco would fill a volume. No one who has not lived through that period, that has not seen the changes wrought and the almost miraculous deeds performed, can appreciate the harrowing toil it required. Parishes had to be divided and subdivided to permit the people and priest to come into close touch, for the population of the far West was increasing day by day, and the old order had outgrown its usefulness. Then, too, bigotry was not altogether absent in that section of the country. Many of the settlers had little use for the Catholic religion, and it required patient teaching and strong love to lead them to the light of faith. But the success met with was greater than had been anticipated. Men of all professions and of all trades flocked into the true fold, a new cathedral was erected, a diocesan seminary was built and San Francisco took her place among the leading Catholic cities of the country.

During this transformation of the dioceses, however, Archbishop Riordan had grown old. Time had silvered his locks and toil had drawn furrows in his brow, but neither time nor toil could change the youthful heart within him. Just as he was about to cease from his labors, to see the diocese that he had so thoroughly organized run itself, one of the most severe trials of his entire ministry occurred.

While on his way East in 1906, the Archbishop received word of the great earthquake and fire that had just occurred in San Francisco, and without hesitating a moment, as many a man at his age might have done, he returned to his city and his flock. He had left it only a few days before, a beautiful smiling city sleeping in the sun. He had marvelled at the prosperity, the industry, the peace, and the faith that flourished there. He had admired the white temples that seemed to raise their stately spires aloft to God in prayer, the myriad worshippers that bowed their heads

in thanksgiving before the Master, the school where innocent lips were taught to lisp their prayers. On his return he found the vision vanished. Ruin and destruction stalked naked through the streets, desolation and sorrow cried from every quarter, starvation and want turned eyes to him for pity. His whole life's work was almost blotted out in a single night. A large number of churches and schools were utterly destroyed, several others were so badly damaged they could not be repaired, and the houses and stores of many of his best parishioners were entirely ruined. A less hopeful man would have faltered, a less religious would have turned away. But with the simple faith and strong will that had characterized him in all his undertakings he set to work to build up again what had been destroyed. It mattered not that he was a man past sixty-five years of age, that the task was enormous, and that younger hands might have been called upon. He rode from parish to parish encouraging and instructing the people, he celebrated Mass in the open air or in a tent, and there was no work too insignificant or too menial for him if it helped his suffering people or repaired what had been destroyed. To-day San Francisco is greater than it ever was before. All the destroyed buildings have been replaced by greater ones; numerous improvements have been made in every department, and a stronger people who have been chastened and purified by trial live and labor there.

But the great Archbishop is at rest. Wrapped in the purple robes of his ministry, and mourned by a sorrowing people whose guide and father he had been, he was borne to his tomb on Thursday week to rest among his flock. The white spires of the city that pierce the blue of the heaven are his monument, the prayers of innocent lips that breathe his name are the flowers that cover his grave, and his winding sheet is the white love and tender remembrance that live in the hearts of a grateful and generous people.

And we at Notre Dame have lost a friend and brother; one who had imbibed the spirit of the early days; who had lived in intimacy with the founders and who modeled his life after them. His name will be long remembered in the prayers of professors and students, and his many virtues will be held up before the students of this generation for imitation. *May he rest in peace!*

## Bobby.

BY JACOB ECKEL.

Already the band was playing for the first act of the John B. Jones "Mammoth Three Ring Circus." The hasty talk and the equally hasty rustle of clothes, told that the performers were making their quick change from street clothes to costumes. At one end of the tent could be seen the trapeze performers, while at the entrance to the main tent the clowns were gathered, waiting for their cue to enter.

Billy White and his wife May, known on the billboards as the "Flying Le Claires," were waiting for their act. White was sitting on the ground smoking a cigarette, while Mrs. White, with a bathrobe over her stage attire, sat near him on a trunk. Nearby, their little four-year old child was amusing himself by erecting buildings of dizzy height, with his blocks.

Mlle. Riretta, who just finished her act as "Neptune's Daughter," came into the tent and stopped for a little gossip. She was feeling very happy, because Jim Travers, the treasurer of the show, had become very intimate of late and she had promised to see him after her act.

The call for the trapeze performers was announced, and as the "Le Claires" jumped to their feet, the mother asked Mlle. Riretta to take care of little Bobby, while they worked. Mlle. Riretta replied, "Certainly, he is no trouble at all."

One of the largest crowds of the season was gathered under the big top. Since early morning the roads leading to Attica, had been crowded with farmers driving to town, to witness the much advertised circus.

The side-shows had reaped a harvest, as the rustics were anxious to see the "Cardiff Giant," "Prof. Le Grew Liquid Air," the "Human Skeleton," and the many other ten-cent attractions.

For a few minutes Mlle. Riretta carefully watched little Bobby, as to have him leave the tent would subject the Whites to a severe reprimand from the manager. Then Jim came in and she lost all interest in the care of the child.

At the highest point in the big top, the Whites were performing the wonderful feats. Far below they could see the sea of upturned faces.

The majority were smiling faces, while some especially a few women, showed traces of fear for the performers.

Mrs. White had just finished a daring leap from the trapeze into the outstretched arms of her husband, and as she stood on the little platform wiping the perspiration from her hand she noticed that the crowd had suddenly shifted their gaze to the entrance of the performers' tent.

The band was playing for the chariot races. Mrs. White, looking in the direction of the entrance, saw a little child toddling along in the path of the chariots. Her heart seemed to stop. It was her own little son Bobby. She turned to her husband and cried, "Billy! Look! Bobby is going to be run down by the chariots!" White looked and what he saw made him motionless with fright. He could hear the chariots come rumbling along, yet he was powerless to move.

From their high perch the Whites could see a woman frantically calling to the little fellow, but Bobby wanted to be carried, so he waited there with outstretched arms for the woman to come to him. The woman rushed over to his side, picked him up in her arms, then made a dash for the side of the track. She was not altogether successful as the wheel of the chariot struck her and she fell unconscious. Little Bobby was thrown free, and was uninjured, save for a few scratches.

With a sigh of relief for her baby, the mother slid down from the platform, and hurried to the unconscious form, while White, who was close behind, took his son from the arms of a spectator, and hurried with him into the other tent.

Mlle. Riretta regained consciousness some time later, and as she saw Mrs. White sitting beside her, she begged forgiveness for allowing the youngster to get into such a perilous position. She said that Jim came in to talk, and that the child had been forgotten.

The doctors said that she would never act again, and Jim, who had witnessed the accident, agreed with them. The John B. Jones' show lost their diving girl, but Jim Travers gained a plucky wife.

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DID YOU GET IT?

Of all the jokes I ever knew  
I count this one the best—

"I went home for the holidays  
To get a two weeks' rest."

## Varsity Verse.

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

I've a New Year's resolution that I made the other  
day  
And I think that I shall keep it for a while.  
I am never more to frown, no matter what may come  
to pass  
I'll just look up at the dogon thing and smile.  
  
If they tell me that the earth has ceased to go around  
the sun  
It won't worry me a continental bit.  
And I'll bear up like a stoic and just smile a  
happy smile  
When I'm told my sister Lizzy threw a fit.  
  
But of course if I am going to a show in old South  
Ben'd  
I'll be justified in breaking with my fist  
Every crazy resolution, if the prefect says to me  
Beat it home, my boy, you're on the dinky list.

R. S.

WHY?

Why are vacation days so short,  
And why the year so long?  
Why was I torn from her side  
No more to hear her song?  
  
Why must I come to study things  
Not half so fair as she?  
One can not love commercial law  
Or plane geometry.  
  
Why did I come? ah, just because  
My daddy bade me go.  
And as I turned to state my claim  
I thought I felt his toe.

D. F.

1914.

The waves we dared, together fared,  
And were to each as brothers;  
But now, Old Year, we're parting here,  
And I go on with others.  
  
All fancy free, I sailed with thee  
Through fair and cloudy weather;  
And oh my heart is loth to part,  
For we've been long together.  
  
Farewell, farewell, a long farewell,  
But leave me not a-grieving,  
For see, Old Year, I'll still be near;  
My heart with you I'm leaving.

A. L. McD.

## The Mystery of No. 11.

BY PAUL V. DUFFY.

On the night of August 13, 1849, the clock on the government building had just chimed out on the still night air the hour of twelve A. M. As the last stroke gave echo and died, two men, each heavily masked and one carrying a small valise, dashed out of an old and dilapidated structure on a side street in the densely tenanted district of lower London. The night was a typical London night. A heavy fog overhung the city obscuring all objects, even at arm's length, from view. The streets lay deserted, but for an occasional weary laborer returning from his place of toil, or the whirl of a joy-rider's party, the siren-horn emitting shrieks like the wail of a lost soul in agony; and the street lamps gave out a blurred and wavering light. The masked men hurried down the street, hailed a cab at the intersection of Lang and Broad streets and climbed in. The taller man entered first followed by the man with the valise.

"Drive to the Bradstreet Hotel, quickly," he called to the driver, and at the crack of the whip the cab sped down the street and was swiftly enveloped in the fog.

Fifteen minutes later the night clerk at the Bradstreet was aroused from his dozing by a rough voice demanding lodging for the night. The clerk sleepily called a bell-boy.

"Show the gentlemen to room 13," he ordered, at the same time shoving the register across the counter to the men who before now had removed the masks, but had kept their hats pulled well down over their eyes and their faces averted from the clerk. The taller of the two signed Guido Harburg, the other nervously caught up the pen and scratched rather than wrote Jonathan Black. Both registered from New York City. Following the boy they made their way to the room assigned, while the clerk wearily closed the ledger and returned to the realm of dreams.

The morning of August 14th, Jameson Ridgely, the famous detective of Scotland Yards, entered his office in high spirits. He was greatly elated over the successful conclusion of the De Argyle case in which he had worked unintermittingly for four months unravelling a diabolical plot of mystery and crime almost

without parallel in the annals of police affairs. He stopped to affectionately pat the back of his faithful dog, Jip, before opening the morning newspaper. Glancing hurriedly over the first page his eye was arrested by the heading in large black type: "Murder at the Bradstreet."

From what could be learned by the newspaper reporter, a Mr. James Sanborn, a traveling salesman for a large jewelry establishment, had registered at the Bradstreet Hotel two nights before and had been assigned to room No. 11. Mr. Sanborn, it appears, was an eccentric man. He carried a large amount of jewelry which he refused to put into the hotel safe, preferring to keep it in his room over night. He gave word on the second night of his stay to be called at five A. M. the next morning. When the boy rapped at his door the next morning he received no response. After an hour had elapsed without any reply from the inside, the door was forced. Mr. Sanborn's dead body, fully dressed, lay on the floor. A glass containing poison stood on a stand near the bed. He had been dead since one o'clock A. M. It may have been suicide, but the jewels were gone.

Ridgely laid down the paper and stood musing, his hands in his pockets. Just then the door of his office opened and a messenger handed him a telegram. It was from the Prefect of Police and read as follows:

"You have been engaged in the Bradstreet case. Come at once."

Folding the telegram, he picked up his hat and coat and left the office.

When he arrived at police headquarters he was met by two sergeants and together they proceeded to the Bradstreet Hotel. Upon reaching the hotel they were shown up to room 11, and they began an investigation of the premises. He learned that the door and windows were found fastened, except the window nearest to room 13. There was a door leading from room 11 to room 13, but it was locked, the clerk being the only person holding a key to that door. However, there was a keyhole in the door between rooms 11 and 13, through which everything that happened in one room could be seen by anyone in the room adjacent. This hole had formally been sealed up but was now open, the paraffin or wax having been removed with a knife. Having made these observations Ridgely entered room 13.

"Who occupies this room?" he inquired of the manager of the hotel.

"Two men occupied it last night, but left about four o'clock this morning in order to catch a train," the manager explained.

"Their names please."

"Jonathan Black and Guido Harburg," the manager answered, after a moment's consultation of the register.

Ridgely made a few more inquiries concerning the occupants of room 13 and re-entered room 11. Walking over to the window, which he found unlocked, he raised it and looked out. There was a narrow ledging running between the windows of the building on the outside. A cool-headed man could walk from window to window. He closed the window and jotted down a few brief notes in a note-book, and was preparing to leave when his restless eye fell on the waste-basket in the corner. Crossing over to it he emptied its contents on the floor and examined each piece. A letter torn in minute fragments he gathered up and patched together. Calling the sergeants he read as follows:

DEAR JAMES:—

I enclose a little of that medicine which we were speaking of the other day. This is all I have on hand at present but it is enough for one dose. Hoping it will relieve you, I am

Your friend,

JOHN S. MANETTE.

Placing the fragments of the letter in his wallet, Ridgely, in company with the officers, took a cab to 5118 Southampton Street.

The cab drew up in front of a large stone house on a fashionable street. "Is Mr. Manette in?" inquired Ridgely of the maid who answered the bell, handing her his card. After several minutes the maid returned and seated the three visitors in the library. They had just been seated when the door opened and Manette stepped into the room.

He was an elderly man and, undoubtedly, a man of refinement and culture. Ridgely made known the reason of their visit, showing him the letter and explaining the particulars of the case.

Mr. Manette denied having written the letter. "It is a clever forgery," he said, "I have known Mr. James Sanborn for years. We were good friends. The last time I saw him was last Thursday, August 13th, when we met



on the train on our way from New York. He complained at the time of unusually severe headaches and late attacks of extreme nervousness. I told him that I often suffered from the same causes, but that I had a solution which I always kept on hand, and I promised to send him some when I reached home. Upon arriving home I found that I had none in the house, but I intended to send him some as soon as I could procure a supply. I knew nothing of his death until I read of it in the paper about fifteen minutes before you gentlemen called, at which time I was preparing to go over to the hotel and offer my services."

"Did anyone overhear your conversation on the train?" asked the detective, who seemed satisfied with this explanation.

"Yes," responded Manette, "the only passengers of our coach besides ourselves were two men who sat a few seats back of us. They must have heard our conversation as we spoke loud enough to be heard in any part of the car."

"Can you describe the men?"

"Only in so far that one was so much taller than the other as to make them appear conspicuous when together. I noticed that they left the train at the same time we did."

Thanking Mr. Manette, Ridgely arose to leave. "I will accompany you to the hotel, and perhaps I can be of some service," Manette said.

At the hotel, Detective Ridgely put the clerk through an examination as to the appearance of Jonathan Black and Guido Harburg. He then telegraphed this description to all parts of London. It was late when the detective and officers left the hotel.

"We know our men, now, it will be an easy matter to get them," said Ridgely, turning up his coat collar to keep out the cold wind and drizzle which was now falling. Turning abruptly down a side street the men collided with a small boy carrying a heavy valise. Attracted by so small a boy having such a load, Ridgely paused to question him.

"Where are you going with that heavy load?" Ridgely began.

"I'm carrying it to the station for a man," said the boy.

"Let me help you carry it," offered Ridgely.

"Naw," the boy protested, "the man told me not to let it out of my hands," and pulling it closer to him he exposed one end of the

valise, on which Ridgely's quick eye caught the initials, H. G.

After the boy was out of hearing, Ridgely proposed following him. At the station the boy went direct to the waiting-room where a man stepped up to him, took the valise and flipped him a coin. The boy ran away happy. Another man approached and the two started for a train, when Ridgely and the officers, with drawn revolvers, stepped in front of them.

"You're under arrest," Ridgely shouted. Harburg drew his revolver, but too late. In a moment the captives were handcuffed and seated in a cab.

The grim walls of the tombs prison, dark against the horizon, loomed ominous in the distance. Ridgely's eyes rested there for a moment and then sought those of his prisoners sitting sullen and silent beside him.

"A good day's work," remarked Jameson Ridgely, flicking the ash from a long-extinct cigar.

"The result is worth it," nonchalantly replied the officers.

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### A Question of Politics.

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BY EMMETT G. LENIHAN.

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Seated around a table in the back room of "Joe's" saloon were the remaining cogs of Bill Keefe's once powerful political machine. There was a time when Keefe's word was law in Den-dale. Politicians obeyed his slightest command, no question was considered by the city officials without his consent, and even state senators had been known to seek his approval of certain measures before voting for them.

But all that was changed after the November election. Aroused by many well-grounded suspicions and charges of graft, several business men organized a Citizen's League and carried on such a strenuous campaign that Keefe had barely been able to return five members out of twelve to the city council. Young Felton, the much sneered at "college lawyer," proved to be a surprising reformer and won the mayoralty election by an overwhelming majority. This stopped all chances for graft, for with seven men behind him the new mayor kept rigorous watch over the movements of the dismembered machine, and conducted a clean, business-like administration.

"Big Bill" Keefe, with a huge, black cigar tucked in one corner of his mouth, glowered at the four around him. His usual bland countenance was contracted into a frown which was reflected on the faces of all the others. Jim Donovan, alderman from the seventh ward, which was the gang's stronghold, sat stolidly across the table, drawing rings in the spilled beer, while "Heavy" Thornton watched him contemplatively. At the other end of the table was Henry Harwood, a tall, thin, cadaverous looking individual. Harwood was of great use to Keefe as it was not generally known that he was a member of the machine. He now sat tilted back in his chair, gazing abstractedly through a fog of smoke at the multi-colored ceiling. The fifth member of the group was Chester Arnold, a young lawyer, bright and enthusiastic, who had been taken up by Keefe because of the latter's old friendship for his father. Despite his youth Arnold had proved to be one of the most important factors in the machine's success, and had pulled it out of many tight holes by his quick work.

The frown finally disappeared from the young man's face and he said with a grin, "Well, if we're here only to attend the funeral obsequies, let's get them over with and leave."

"You know damn well why we're here," snapped Keefe. "That little nest egg still lies in the treasury and we can't get our hands on it. Every plan we've tried to get that million dollars into circulation has failed. We won't have many more chances, so it's up to us to succeed this time."

"I guess we'd better collect the dues to pay our membership to the Down and Out Club right now," observed Harwood grimly.

"I think we still have got a chance," replied Arnold soberly. "I've been thinking this thing over and I believe we've passed up right along the easiest way out of it."

"Well, spit it out," said Keefe as the other paused.

Arnold took a silver cigarette case from his pocket, extracted one of the thin white cylinders, and lighted it before replying. "It's the initiative and referendum. Ever since the people got these measures they've been worked for the best. The new street lighting system was installed, the sewage was improved and greatly extended, inspection of schools and factories was provided for,—all these by

the direct vote of the people. They have implicit confidence in direct legislation, and will vote for anything that looks plausible.

"My plan is this. We'll draw up a bill providing that the one million dollars now in the city treasury be used to improve the roads, chiefly Locust drive. This is sure to arouse the interest of the automobile crowd. Part of the money will go to build a municipal playground near Twelfth street. We can swing Donovan's and Thornton's wards easy, and this playground stunt ought to make a lot of these charity workers and humanitarian guys sit up and take notice."

"I don't believe we can fool the people when they're voting directly on the bill, Chet," said Donovan.

"Why, they're doing it every day. They disguised that headlight law in South Dakota so that it was blocked. The brewery interests defeated every law initiated in Missouri for two successive elections, and the mining corporations held up the eight-hour law in Colorado for nearly twenty years. Why, they passed such a fool transportation law in Oregon that even the State Supreme court couldn't understand it."

"Yeah, that sounds all right, but where do we come in on this plan of yours?" asked Keefe.

"I'm coming to that in just a minute. I can get old John McKenzie to initiate the bill. He's so respectable that he doesn't even know how to spell the word graft. This law will place all control in the hands of a committee, composed of Keefe, Harwood, and our enterprising young mayor. The people know mighty well, Bill, that there isn't a man in the country knows any more about road building than you do, and with Harwood, who is supposed to be a citizen's man, and Felton on the committee they'll think you haven't got a chance to get away with anything."

"This thing is about as clear as mud to me," said "Heavy," shifting slowly around in his chair. "I don't see where we're going to make a pile out of that law."

"Don't get in a hurry," replied Arnold, turning toward him. "There will be a little clause in the bill, stating that the committee shall have the power to block all approaches while the highway is in process of construction and shall exercise complete control over all transit and means of transportation."



"I'm beginning to see a little light," observed Harwood, leaning forward.

Arnold turned to him eagerly. "The Central Traction Line has been trying for the last ten years to run their tracks along that highway clear through to Newton. They'll pay two million dollars for the franchise, and as they carry baggage and express, this clause will give the committee the power to let them come through."

"Great Scot, son, you've hit it," roared Keefe, jumping from his chair and slapping Arnold on the back. "If we can get this by the people, we've got them by the throat. We'll sell the Central a franchise for ninety-nine years, and then fade out of politics and Dendale forever."

"Yes, and she's legal, every bit of it. That bill is ironclad, and there isn't a single loophole where they can catch us up."

"Then I guess the only thing left for us to do is to get things started right away," said Keefe, reaching for his hat. "We'll meet in my office to-morrow and make plans to put the bill over at this next special election."

In a few weeks, the campaign was on in full swing. A host of literature was scattered broadcast throughout the city urging the passage of the new construction bill. On every billboard were posted placards on which were printed in huge black type cogent reasons for the need of a municipal playground and the improvement of the highways. From the top of the City Hall a large streamer swayed in the wind displaying in glaring letters the magic words, "Vote for Bill 493."

Even the *Herald* came out in flaming headlines in favor of the proposed measure, while in the editorial columns Old Doc. Watson himself praised the men behind the bill whose municipal patriotism and philanthropy had made these great improvements possible. Keefe was interviewed incessantly on the subject, but to all reporters he gave the same answer. He didn't know anything about it; but if the people wanted the bill and made him a member of the committee he was willing to serve them to the best of his ability. Which should have been enough in itself to make them suspicious. Mayor Felton congratulated him upon his stand and stated that if the bill passed he would do his best to insure the success of the work.

Finally the day of the election came round.

The great interest aroused in Bill 493 brought out the largest crowd that had ever voted at a municipal election. The streets were thronged with voters on their way to the polls. Gay old gentlemen paraded the sidewalks in Prince Alberts, the G. A. R. appeared in their Decoration Day uniforms, resplendent with brass buttons and gold braid, while silk-clad ladies rubbed elbows intimately with the begrimed and dirty laborers from the seventh ward. The large majority of ladies did not want to go into those stuffy little booths where they hurried you so and wouldn't give you time to think how you wanted to vote, but the Woman's League had printed resolutions in favor of Bill 493 and they must do their duty as American citizens and cherished defenders of equal suffrage.

Keefe and three of his satellites were again seated in the back room of "Joe's" saloon waiting for "Heavy" Thornton when the news was brought that the bill had been passed almost without opposition. A broad smile appeared on the face of the big boss.

"It wasn't even a good battle," grunted Donovan. "This is the easiest way of making money I ever saw."

"I'm going to begin to look up an investment for my share of that two million to-morrow," grinned Arnold.

Just then a loud knock was heard outside. Without waiting for a summons, the door was yanked open and "Heavy" Thornton burst into the room. The look on his face made them all turn pale. Perspiration was rolling from his forehead, his jaw sagged down, and his small eyes fairly popped from his head. Finally Arnold recovered enough to say, "Well, what's the matter? Don't stand there like a big boob. Say something."

"We're ruined," gasped Thornton, sinking into a chair. "Vice-president Shenstone of the Central shot himself this afternoon, leaving a written confession that he had stolen nearly all of the company's funds, invested them, and lost everything. All the common stock was watered to the limit and the whole corporation has gone smash!"

An ominous silence greeted these destructive words. Harwood, who had started up when "Heavy" entered, dropped back weakly.

"I'm cured," groaned Keefe. "To think that I have been in politics twenty-five years and will now have to work gratis for the city."

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic  
Notre Dame, Indiana

XLVIII. JANUARY 9, 1915. NO. 13.

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—Too many students returning from a pleasant Christmas vacation find it difficult to forget the scenes and occurrences of the past and to settle down immediately to hard work. They dream

*Get Started.* about the splendid time they have had during the holidays, write letters to every one they chanced to meet while at home, and before they are able fully to realize it a month or more has gone by and they find themselves far behind in their classes. They may, then, start to work in earnest and strive to make up for the time they have squandered, but it is a difficult uphill fight and most often discourages the ordinary college student so that he gives up altogether. A good start and an ordinary amount of work done every day, is worth more than all the "plugging" and grinding one does when one has fallen behind. To do our work thoroughly, it is necessary to have it equally divided, for a young person can stand only a certain amount of mental strain without having his nerves affected by it. A boy, therefore, who spends his time in writing letters to persons he has met during the vacation, and whom he may never meet again, who dreams away his study hours, who has his mind miles away from the class he is attending, is sure to be uncomfortable before many days. No one can be happy who is not doing, or trying his best to do, the work he came to college to accomplish. Get started, then, at once, and give your recreation days to thinking of your friends, if you wish to enjoy the school year. A week or two wasted now will keep you in misery till June.

## Important Notice.

By a vote of the Faculty the permission to anticipate the Christmas holidays hitherto granted to students living in southern, western and southwestern states, and other students having long distances to go to their homes, is to be withheld for the future. Accordingly, next Christmas no student will be permitted to leave the University until the time fixed for the beginning of the Christmas vacation.

Announcement is made thus early in order to prepare students who have hitherto enjoyed special privilege to understand the new ruling which will be rigidly enforced. Parents also are requested to note this announcement in order to avoid requesting special concessions which cannot be granted.

## "The Rosary."

Where is the play of yesteryear? If the inevitable had not deposited that awe-inspiring event, vacation, immediately on top of it the presentation of the "Rosary" by the Notre Dame Dramatic Club would long ago have been folded up and put in everybody's vest pocket. As it is we still face the cross.

The gentleman who wrote the drama was evidently sentimental. His imagination pictured a garden of languorous, gigantic roses and a serpent built to match. To satiate his pen, a mixture of strong piety and equally violent heathenism was an absolute necessity. The good woman enjoyed a ruined sister, and the pathetic compromise of both needed pungent dressing a la humor. And such humor! Innocuous puns on "salmon" may be in good taste, but they are scarcely savory. Moreover, we must not forget Father Kelly, who is a rather fleshy and amiable gentleman and at the same time one of those pricelessly rare birds, a miracle-worker. In short, we may concede that the playwright meant well, but it is certain that he was never intended for anything more dangerous than the purveyance of dime-melodrama.

Enough of the play: let's have our fling at the actors. One noticeable thing was that all were unknown quantities, scarcely any having been previously employed even as stage-

hands. Another fact is that they did well, astoundingly well, despite the circumstance that somebody forgot to print programs, and that the visitors were very cordially seated in the gallery. Last but not least of the prominent qualities of the presentation was the acting of Prof. Drury in the rôle of Father Kelly. Having played this part professionally, the Professor possessed undoubted ability and perfect sympathy with the character's idiosyncracies. That subtle atmosphere which so effectively divides the real priest from his histrionic imitator was here almost completely abstracted.

Father Kelly having been disposed of, we shall consider the ladies first. The old landmarks of the school believed that the passing of Cecil Birder had crowned the funeral of fair femininity (*i. e.*, the Notre Dame variety) with a tombstone. Nevertheless, it is safe to say that Mr. Emmet Lenihan donated to the dual rôle of Vera Wilton and Alice Marsh a Cecilian pulchritude and a Birderesque charm. There was a slight lapse in costuming, a few gestures reminiscent of the Living Wage, and crural motion of a sort not generally adopted by the eternal feminine; but the acting as a whole was really laudable and promising. This was especially true in the "heavy" parts.

Lesura Watkins, the chicle-loving, Tolstoyian servant to Mrs. Wilton, was merely Mr. Wilmer Finch in disguise. In some respects this was the most difficult character in the drama, and Mr. Finch's unflinching success in not laughing at jokes made him perhaps the most admirable and delightful actor among the females.

Mr. Edmonson's nether limbs were unfortunately too lengthy for his skirt and he lacked nearly every quality of appearance likely to despatch an adoring gentleman to Ireland. Nevertheless, his reading of Kathleen O'Connor was in other respects very good and clever.

To descend to the realm of lowly manhood, Bruce Wilton, as characterized by Mr. John O'Donnell requires primary consideration because of the numerous desperate things he nearly did and of the perfect way in which he made the attempt. Mr. O'Donnell could have been slightly more natural and facile in the earlier scenes, but was very effective in the climactic situations.

John Urban Riley of vaudeville fame lent his characteristic sangfroid to the interpretation of Kenward Wright, the dastardly villain. The character is probably the weakest and most conventional in the entire play, and it is unnecessary to say more of Mr. Riley's acting beyond that he well-nigh concentrated interest upon himself whenever he graced the stage. Perhaps a less shady rôle would have shown him even to greater advantage.

Charley Harrow, the blasé, love-stricken admirer of Kathleen, was ably presented by Mr. Timothy Patrick Galvin. Of course it is unnecessary to state that after his trip to the old sod Tim was ever so much better than before. One entertaining point in his acting was the unique method of *looking* a segar.

Mr. J. Clovis Smith, in the rôle of "Skeeter" alias Lee Martin, was sufficiently pugnacious to represent the humorous prize-fighter to distinct advantage. Perhaps it would have been worth while metamorphosing "Skeeter" into some more puny appellation, seeing that Mr. Smith's Liliputian figure gave no basis for that simile. It is also necessary to state that J. Clovis was not responsible for the jests he perpetrated, those having been born right in the manuscript long, long ago. His presentation was impeccable, his voice being exceptionally clear and strong.

To recapitulate: the play was a decided and indisputable success despite the playwright's efforts. Of no actor, at least among the amateurs, can it be said that he stood forth supreme and stellar. Every characterization was uniformly good, every actor individually pleasing. The play must be classed with the successes of Notre Dame stage-craft, though its lines were melodramatic and crude.

Finally, praise is due Professor Drury for his thorough and devoted efforts to achieve perfection in his company. Considering the short time allotted for preparation, the results were surprisingly complete. Brother Cyprian also deserves every variety of laudation for the exceptional and esthetic settings he provided. Seldom has the scenery been handled to better advantage. In conclusion, thanks must be gratefully proffered to Miss Josephine Decker of South Bend whose harmonious voice furnished the delectable rendition of "The Rosary."

### Death of the Rev. Joseph Quinlan, C. S. C.

Early in the holidays there occurred at Notre Dame a funeral marked by circumstances not altogether common. It was that of the Rev. Joseph Quinlan, C. S. C., a seminarian with the order of diaconate. The Solemn High Requiem Mass was sung by the Rev. James Quinlan, C. S. C., brother of the deceased, while another brother, the Rev. Michael Quinlan, C. S. C., and the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., a relative also, were deacon and subdeacon, respectively. Among the mourners were Mr. Quinlan's sister, a nun of the Sisters of Mercy, and two aunts, Sisters of the Holy Cross. The funeral occurred on the day set for the young man's first Mass.

Mr. Quinlan was born in Rockford, Ill., in 1890, entered the minim department of this University at an early age, and on finishing there went to Holy Cross Seminary. He was graduated in 1911, with the degree of A. B., having won honors in oratory and classics. His academic career was continued with marked success at Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C., where it would, normally, have been concluded with ordination next June. On account of the condition of Mr. Quinlan's health, however, the time of his ordination was advanced half a year. But as the day approached, it became more and more evident to solicitous eyes that that consummation was never to be. And the prevision was true. Other oils than those of ordination were laid upon his hands; "pontifical Death," no human pontiff, accepted him as consecrated to Heaven. He died in full possession of his faculties and fully resigned, surrounded by his devoted brothers in religion, December 15, 1914.

After solemn services at Holy Cross College, the body was brought to Notre Dame where at the Requiem Mass the President of the University, the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., spoke comforting and thoughtful words of eulogy. Mourning there was, but with chastened sorrow. Mr. Quinlan was buried on the day when probably he would have said his first Mass, but little charge of incompleteness is to be made against a life which closed like his, clasping no chalice but Christ Himself, and *Introibo* uttered at the gates of Paradise.

### Hugh O'Donnell Talks on Ireland.

The sons of Erin, as well as a large number of other nationalities, gathered eagerly together on Saturday, December thirteenth, to hear and see what Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, Notre Dame Alumnus and travel-lecturer, had been impressed with during his recent sojourn in the Emerald Isle. Ireland, the land of saints, and poets and scholars; Ireland whose history is so tragic, and whose sons have been scattered like seeds on the wind of fate, is a subject for anyone to treat sympathetically and majestically. To say that Mr. O'Donnell accomplished this is to render him but a portion of his merited praise. Perhaps his pictures are not so perfect as those of the past-master Newman, who has entertained us so frequently in former years. But the eloquence of the speaker, the charm of his phrase and the poetry of his description, more than compensated for the defects of his pictures. We have only words of praise and hopeful expectation. He has satisfied us completely as to his ability and charm.

### Personals.

—Francis Maher (student of '13-'14) has accepted a position in the main office of the Indianapolis Light and Heat Company.

—Leroy Keach (LL. B., '09, Track Captain, '08) has been the recipient of many congratulations lately. He is the proud father of a new daughter.

—"Gus" Dorais, our last year's All-American, continues his advance in football. It is said on good authority that he is to be Wisconsin's 1915 coach.

—Two of 1913's grads are making good in Moline, Ill. They are "Pete" Meersman, who is practising law, and Harry ("Chief") Tierney, a chemist.

—James Cahill (LL. B., '14) is waking up Peru, Illinois, by selling all the natives insurance. It is said he even sold fire insurances to the Peru fire department.

—Marion Sullivan (student '12-'13-'14) has entered the Indiana Dental College in Indianapolis. "Sully" says he's "pulling" at Indiana, but will continue to "pull" for Notre Dame.

—"Digit" Kane '14 will go to Springfield,

Ill., in the near future to accept a State position. All those who know "Nig" are sure he will make good. All those who do not know him refer to 1914 DOME.

—Leo Welch (student, '11-'12-'13) was married Thursday morning to Katherine Breen of Marion, Ohio. They will live in Indianapolis, where Leo is engaged in the real estate business with his father.

—A pleasant incident of the vacation was the visit of John Duffy, popular athlete of a few years ago, who is now a prosperous farmer according to the modern methods. John is a loyal N. D. man and he deserves the prosperity.

—Señor Manuel Mora, celebrated tenor of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, was a visitor at the University last month. It will be remembered that he gave a recital at Notre Dame three years ago and he had very pleasant recollections of his former visit here.

—Lou Salmon (C. E., '05), probably the most famous football player in the history of Notre Dame, wired Coach Harper at Syracuse after the game: "Congratulations for you and team on their victory. Lou Salmon, '05." The telegram was dated Massena, New York.

—Luke Kelly has re-entered the Notre Dame Law School and will finish his course this year. We welcome "Luke" with a glad hand. He was captain of the Notre Dame football team in 1911, coached the Christian Brothers' team, and for the past season was coach of the Holy Cross squad.

—Professor Charlemagne Koehler, former Professor of Elocution at Notre Dame, is now director of the Essanay Film Company in Detroit and resides at the Oriental Hotel in that city. The students will soon have an opportunity to see the good-natured "Prof." in a movie at the Auditorium Theatre in South Bend.

—On Thanksgiving morning John E. McLaughlin, Short Mechanical '10, was married to Miss Beulah Betchel at Swanton, Ohio, the bride's home. The best man was James E. Sanford of this year's Senior class. "Mac" holds an excellent position with the Owens' Machine Co., of Toledo, and his future address will be 3115 Scottwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

—Byron V. Kanaley (A. B., '04) writes as follows in a letter received last month:

I returned yesterday morning from a Thanksgiving visit to my home in the east and I saw the Notre

Dame - Syracuse Game Thursday. Notre Dame won an easy victory. Our team clearly outclassed Syracuse, and the score might just as well have been forty to nothing as twenty to nothing. I never saw a better behaved team and none that won more favorable comment than ours. A large dinner was given at the Yate's Hotel after the game by a number of Syracuse friends of Notre Dame, and former students, headed by Pete Dwyer, George Kelly and Eddie McGuire. Every member of the team was at the dinner, which in itself is remarkable, inasmuch as it was for all of them the last game of the season. I heard a great many favorable comments upon the behavior of our boys, before, during and after the game. I was Toastmaster of this dinner, by the way, and I had a very pleasant task as the boys of our team seem to be good responders to toasts.

### Obituary.

#### MR. JOHN F. MCCARTHY.

The death is announced of Mr. John F. McCarthy of Lynn, Mass., who passed away December 8th. The deceased was a Christian gentleman of lofty character and beautiful life, and he had many warm friends among the faculty of the University. To the bereaved family, we extend condolences and assurances of prayerful remembrance. *R. I. P.*

#### JOSEPH DIXON.

On Saturday, December 5, Joseph T. Dixon (1911) died at his home in Connellsville, Pennsylvania, and the sad news was received here some days later. Joseph was an ideal type of man and he will be remembered in the prayers of his many friends at Notre Dame.

### Society Notes.

#### HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The program given on New Year's Eve by the Holy Cross Literary Society was of a considerably higher quality than usual. The opening numbers, a violin and piano selection by Messrs. F. Remmes and Weidner, was exceptionally well done; Mr. J. Kelly's essay, "Other People's New Years" combined fine humor with good thought; and Mr. Coyle won well-deserved applause by his vocal solo rendered with piano and cello accompaniment. Mr. Strahan's oration, "A Retrospect," suggested some of the more serious thoughts on the passing year, after which Mr. MacGregor read some humorous verse. When Mr. MacGregor had finished, any doubts the audience might have held, as to where the old year was going,



had completely vanished. Mr. MacGregor's number was one of the best of the evening. Mr. Brown then sang a series of German songs, and the way they were rendered and the manner in which they were received is a cogent reason for Mr. Brown appearing more often in the future. The feature of the evening was a miniature minstrel show, the following members taking part:—Holderith, F. Remmes, Glückert, Duffy, Dwyer, Boland, Coyle (Middle Man), Dolan and E. Kelly (End Men). Mr. Lyons closed the regular program by an oration that evidenced real strength and power. Mr. Lyon's appeal was that his hearers prepare themselves well that in after life they might fight every battle necessary for Holy Church. Then on request short talks were given by Fathers Irving, McGinn, and O'Donnell.

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One of the features of the Yuletide social season was a Christmas party in room 201 Sorin Hall, given in honor of Herbert Kelley. Messrs. Eichenlaub, Carmody and Mills were the hosts. The novel feature of the party was a Christmas tree which appeared during the night and was lighted for Mr. Kelley when he awoke the following morning. The tree was loaded with presents for Mr. Kelley, who was remembered by President Wilson, Kubelik, the Faculty, "Hullie" and "Mike," General Meagher and many other notables. The little celebration was only another indication that Mr. Kelley is to be the "lion" of all the society events during the coming winter.

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Father Bolger who will again have charge of debating at Notre Dame, announces that the question for debate this year will be: "Resolved: That employers and employees should be compelled to settle disputes affecting the public welfare through legally constituted boards of arbitration (constitutionality waived)." The schedule of intercollegiate debates has not yet been completed but several men will be selected to represent the University in intercollegiate contests. Indiana University has withdrawn from the triangular debating league, composed of Wabash College, Indiana and Notre Dame, but this will not interfere with Notre Dame relations with Wabash. Negotiations for debates with St. Viator's College and the University of Rochester are now pending and other debates may be

arranged. A meeting will be held in the Sorin Law Room on Monday evening, January 11th at seven-thirty and not only all those who expect to enter the try-outs but also all those who desire to know the conditions of the competition are requested to attend.

### Local News.

—A Happy New Year to all!

—Six new students are registered in Brownson Hall since the holidays. Several Brownsonites have removed to Corby and Walsh Halls.

—We are glad to have "Chick" Somers of Springfield, O., back with us. On account of illness "Chick" did not get to return last September.

—There are a number of students who take advantage of Home-Seekers' rates each year about holiday time. They make the trip, but never seem to take up any claims.

—Mr. Hugh O'Donnell's travel talk this evening will be of special interest and profit. The subject is "South American Ports." The lecture has been highly praised wherever it has been given.

—The friends of Chas. W. Call, of Brownson Hall, were grieved to learn of the death of his mother, which occurred Christmas morning at the Call home in Jackson, Michigan. Mrs. Call was a very talented musician.

—Edward Mann, who so successfully gave some folk dances in the Students' Vaudeville, received many offers to perform on the Orpheum circuit during the holidays. Athletic prowess is not Notre Dame's only attribute.

—Our sympathy is extended to Dominic, the faithful Notre Dame gardener, whose son was killed in one of the battles of the European war. He also lost a son-in-law in one of the battles against the Russians.

—Father Cavanaugh conferred the degree of doctor of laws upon James E. Watson of Rushville, Indiana, by sending him his diploma. The degree was formally conferred by the University at last year's Commencement Exercises.

—Professor J. M. Cooney attended the American Conference of Teachers of Journalism held at Columbia and New York Universities, December 29 to January 1. Thirty-five



universities were represented, Professor Cooney being the delegate from Notre Dame.

—The Rev. George McNamara, C. S. C., has returned to us from Kalamazoo where he has been engaged in teaching for the last few months. Every one is glad to see Fr. McNamara's genial countenance again. He throws a ray of sunshine over the campus.

—The year 1915 was ushered in by many people in many different ways but certainly not more auspiciously than by the sumptuous nine-o'clock dinner of the students of St. Joseph's Hall. The recreation room with its numerous pennants and its elaborate decorations presented a scene of unexcelled coziness. At five minutes to nine Brother Florian was invited in and as his glance fell upon the centre table luxuriously set for the fifteen who awaited him, he was overcome with joy and emotion. During the course of the meal the history of the Hall was vividly related by Brother Florian who held the seat of honor. Toasts were ably proposed by M. J. Phelan, and responded to by H. A. Cook, C. E. Biggers, J. H. Sylvestre, T. J. Kelly and W. C. Andres. Those present were amused by J. Rudolph Farrell's "bits" of Jewish dialect. Then followed a splendid piano solo by H. R. Parker, who later accompanied the St. Joseph Quartet, Messrs. Ed Sylvestre, J. F. Delph, Ed Reynolds and A. Coyle. At the close of the evening Brother Florian passed the cigars and the year 1914 wafted away with the smoke of the Havanas.

#### THE MOST EXCITING DAY OF VACATION. (*Bona fide reports.*)

Louie Keifer—Escapes being arrested along with the other prominent men of Terre Haute.

Joe Stack—Forgets for five minutes that he is art editor of the DOME.

Jim Riddle—Acts for the movies that will be given at the LaSalle.

"Bishop" Hayes—Freezes his face on Christmas Day.

John McShane—(Refuses to tell).

"Art" Hunter—Delivers eighty-four special delivery letters.

Joe Pliska—Visits in Fort Wayne and makes a decided hit among the fairer sex (see Steve Burns for particulars.)

"Art" and "Mike" Carmody—(Not back in time for report to reach printer).

"Tim" Galvin—Sleeps.

Kerndt Healy—Tears open his thumb.

Emmett Lenihan—Starts a moustache.

"Ed." Bott—Loses one.

"Bob" Roach—(1.) Learns the Muscatine Trot, a very intricate dance which he will demonstrate at the Senior Ball. (2.) Extra Special. Takes his girl out riding in another man's car, thinking it's his own. Terrible consequences.

George Schuster—Drives a bob-sled party through the crowded streets of Lancaster.

J. Clovis. Smith—Receives a long-sought photograph of a village belle.

"Jim" Sanford—Continues his reading of "David Copperfield."

Emmett Walter—Dances the minuet at Mr. Carmel, Illinois.

#### Athletic Notes.

On Wednesday night, December 16th, the Varsity played its second game of the season, defeating the Arkansas Aggies by a score of 29-10. The game was fairly fast, and all the men showed up well. Capt. Kenny, of the regulars, led in the scoring with three baskets, while Daley, at right guard, rang up three more during the half he played.

#### Line-up and summary:

NOTRE DAME, 29.		ARKANSAS, 10.
Kenny, Capt.	Forward	Bethune
Grady,	Forward	Allsopp
Mills	Center	Hammond
Kirkland	Guard	Loony
Kelleher	Guard	Williams

Substitutions—Fitzgerald for Kenny; Cassidy for Grady; Ward for Mills; Baujan for Kirkland; Daley for Kelleher; Scott for Allsopp.

Goals—Kenny, 3; Mills, 2; Ward 2; Kirkland, 2; Kelleher, 2; Daley, 3; Bethune, 1; Scott, 1; Hammond, 2.

Free throws—Mills, 2; Fitzgerald, 1; Bethune, 1; Hammond, 1.

Referee—Metzler, South Bend.

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Coach Harper has recently announced the dates of the annual Eastern trip of the baseball squad. Six games will be played in all, beginning Monday, the tenth of May, and continuing all during the week. The first contest is scheduled at Ithaca against Cornell, and then Colgate, Fordham, Princeton, Georgetown and the Navy will be met in the order named.

Of the teams met last year, two are not listed, West Point and the Catholic University, while Cornell will be met this year for the first time on the diamond. Fordham was defeated by the Varsity two years ago, by a 6-3 score, after a hair-raising ninth inning finish, but was not met last year. It is perhaps the hardest trip a Notre Dame team has ever taken, and will call for an exceptionally strong pitching staff. Berger and Sheehan are both capable of splendid box-work when going right, and two more men should be developed from the candidates. Practice will begin next month in the Gym, and Coach Harper expects the largest squad in Notre Dame history to answer his call. The remainder of the schedule will be announced later.

#### THE FEDERALS WIN.

An "unattached" organization known as the "Sorin Federals" defeated the recently organized "Day Dodgers" in the first basketball game of the season by a score of 34 to 19. Both teams showed real class and the game was exciting from start to finish. "Jack" Culligan proved that his athletic talent was not confined to football by caging six baskets in the first half and by playing a dashing game at all times. "Moke" Kelly played in his old Varsity style while Cofall, Stack and Bush all did excellent work. For the "Day Dodgers" Wolf, Vaughn and Edgren all did good work but the real show was a young fellow named Kelly who played guard during the last half. Kelly played as though he deserved the name and looks like a comer. "Jimmy" Foley changed the South Bender's line-up so often that the reporter couldn't get all the names, but we think the line-up was something like this: Sorin Federals; Kelly and Culligan, forwards; Cofall, Centre; Stack and Bush, guards. Day Students: Wolf and Edgren, forwards; Maguire, Nolan and Cunningham, Centres; Vaughn, Rausch and Kelly, guards.

#### Safety Valve.

##### WHAT WE HEARD AT HOME.

"My, how tall you've grown!"  
 "What does 'Shoot up the butter' mean?"  
 "Did you play Yale this year?"  
 "Is that what they teach you at Notre Dame?"  
 "Why do you ask for seconds, Francis?"  
 "Where did you get that habit of putting fruit in your pocket?"  
 "Is Mr. Eichenlaub the president?"

##### AT THE BASKETBALL GAME.

"John, why do they all try to get the ball and just as soon as they get it, throw it away again?"

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Eat plenty but don't come back full.

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##### THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT.

Points missed by coming back late.  
 Pinkerton Cavanaugh's future.  
 The deafening noise in German class.  
 The hours we spent with her, dear heart.

\*\*\*

Cheer up, fellows, only fifty more weeks till Christmas.

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Why did Hamlet Julius Caesar?\*

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##### SOME COACH.

Lancing Michigan may be a difficult operation and Wheeling West Virginia may be greater, but it seems to me Al. Cochon China has it on the world.

\*\*\*

1st Student:—"What did you get for Christmas, Jack?"

2nd Student:—"My father gave me the report card that was sent home after last exams, all done up in cotton."

\*\*\*

There's a Shepherd, a Butler, a Cook, a Miller, a Roche, a Hoop, a Gunlock, a Horn, a Temple and several other things in Carroll Hall not to mention Susen.

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1st Student:—"No, Tom, put that cigar back in your pocket. I made a resolution not to smoke any more."

2nd Student:—"Here, take it. You can smoke it next week."

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##### A SAD DEPARTURE.

Jack going away for two years to school, bids good-bye to all the folks. He walks on the dusty road, hesitates a while, and remembers he has not bid adieu to Bessie. Jack goes back to the house and sees Bessie standing alone under the old apple tree, where he had sat many a hot summer day. Then he goes up to the house, thinking of the many times he and Bessie had walked home together, down the long lane and over the fields. After coming to the apple tree again, where Bessie is still resting herself, Jack endeavoring to console her says:—"Good 'bye, Bessie, I am going far away"—at the same time patting her on the head. But Bessie only answered:

"Moo, moo," and kept on eating grass.

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##### EASILY PLEASED.

My heart goes out to scrambled eggs  
 And steak with onions too;  
 And all my soul in anguish begs  
 For meat instead of stew.  
 And if my wish were gratified  
 And I for steak were booked  
 I think I would be satisfied  
 Providing it were cooked.

\* Passed by the Censor.