

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 6, 1915.

No. 22.

Remembrance.

I SHOULD not know thy brow in after years
If time had turned thy locks to silver white:
I might mistake those witching, childish eyes
If they should lose their playfulness and light.

But though a hundred years had rolled away,
And I should meet thee treading time's slow aisle,
However changed thy youthful form might be
I think that I should know thee by thy smile.

J. C.

The War and World Peace.*

BY J. CLOVIS SMITH.

A FEW months ago the world was preparing to celebrate a great centenary of peace. It was thought that we were entering upon a new era, and to millions in Europe and America, a great war seemed utterly impossible. But at the very moment when advocates of peace were hailing the millennium, a pistol shot on the Balkan hills convulsed the peoples of three continents. Within a month the ancient battlegrounds of Europe shook beneath the tread of armed millions. Men viewed the flames of Rheims and Louvain, and turned away disheartened. Seizing on the occasion, Militarists have proclaimed that this gigantic struggle, coming at the end of forty years of protest against war, has demonstrated forever the impossibility of permanent peace. And at this moment the gravest question that faces every American is, Must we accept their judgment?

If we retain the militaristic theories of the past fifty years, we must admit that war is inevitable. It has been an age of industrial

* Winning Breen Medal Oration, delivered at the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis, Feb. 27th. Mr. Smith took second place.

activity. Ample raw materials, accessible markets and safe means of transportation spell national wealth and prosperity. To secure these, the great European powers have thought that vast possessions are essential, and that to-day, with no more worlds to discover, the sole means of obtaining territory is by war and conquest. In this theory, war is bound to come, and hence it is the necessary policy of a prudent nation to develop great armaments in time of peace.

But this logic has not appealed to advocates of friendship and justice among nations. To their protests it has been answered that the great moral force of mighty armaments will in itself preserve a nation from attack, because the weak must respect the strong, and that if a nation is to be a guardian of liberty and justice, it must have the power to check aspiring wrong-doers. On these pretexts the countries now at war spent twenty billion dollars in thirteen years,—a sum fifty times the cost of the Panama Canal, and one-seventh of their total wealth. All this military activity had its effect, and as each prime minister perceived his neighbors making warlike preparations he warned his countrymen that their business interests, even their lives, were endangered. As a result, "adequate armaments for self-defense" became the master passion of every people.

These justifications of military power were all outgrowths of one central principle, that among sovereignties, "Might makes Right." Acting on this belief, England, in the past fifteen years, has multiplied her navy by three, Germany has levied an extra five hundred million dollars a year as a war tax, and Russia had doubled her army. They made Europe a storehouse of powder, a soldier's camp, and their own ambitions kindled the inevitable flame. This war, this terrible slaughter, is but the logical result of false principles, and the greatest benefit from it will be to make men

realize for all time the awful consequences and the eternal falsity of such principles.

These doctrines have not been refuted by their consequences alone. The parent theories are as false as the offspring. When militarists declared that armaments are a necessary pillar of commercial prosperity, they blinded themselves to actual facts. Has a military power so strong that it has successfully opposed the united onslaughts of three great world-powers, made the national credit of Germany any stronger than that of little Norway with practically no army at all? Three years ago, German three per cent bonds were rated at 82, while Norwegian three-and-a-half per cents were placed at 102. Now, the disparity is even greater. Did a navy more powerful than those of her two nearest rivals combined, protect English trade from the aggression of German mercantile activity? Evidently not, as each succeeding year Germany has secured a larger share of the world's commerce at England's expense. Where, then, is the boasted control of armaments over national commerce—wherein are they the measure of national prosperity? How much will the conquest of Belgium relieve the crushing burdens of debt imposed on the German peasant? What will it avail the dying English soldier to know that he gave up his life, not that a great principle might be preserved but that Britannia might still be mistress of the seas? And is there any solace in that title when he realizes the inexorable truth that balances are not struck between single nations, and that just as the might of Europe overthrew French imperialism at Waterloo, as it is now turned to crush German militarism, so it will one day combine to conquer British navalism.

England and Germany and every other power pleads that armaments are necessary for self-defense. But the Englishman forgets that his navy is the chief cause of German militarism; the German forgets that fear of his army has given birth to the military power of France and Russia; each one forgets that if all were unarmed, there could be no war. They are eager to build up armaments; yet bygone ages stand as a perpetual warning, that for the weak, armaments are no protection against the strong—that for the strong, they are no security against an alliance of the weak. They overlook the one mighty truth, that real security can come only when a concert

of powers has limited or abolished armaments, and made war impossible. So long as each plays the African savage, it must fight or die. It is for them to lift their national character from a plane which as individuals they despise; to lay down their arms and live in keeping with those qualities which distinguish them from savages and beasts,—their civilization and their reason. Humanity can never mount high while nations live by the law of the club; men can never grow to the full stature of reasonable beings, so long as nations unseat justice to enthrone might.

Such is the false theory on which European militarists have builded for half a century, and only by looking at the consequences can we understand the terrible crime perpetrated on humanity. Measured in money, the disruption of European industry, the loss of human capital, and the amount of material wealth spent on the war itself, have reached the huge total of seventeen billion dollars. And some losses cannot be reckoned in dollars. For centuries, the art of France and Belgium has lifted men of all peoples to dreams of better things; now it is a target for shot and shell.

On the other side of the page there is written a tale of human suffering that a century has not paralleled. Before the war, the thought and effort of civilization were devoted to the conservation of human life. One life was counted of limitless value. Now, things are valued only for their power of destroying life. Within six months, the blood of three million men has literally soaked the fields of Europe. Think of it!—Already three million sacrificed, and other millions on the altar. Those untombed dead were the flower of Europe's manhood, the destined fathers of her next generation, and by their loss the race is weakened; they were the leaders of Europe's literary, social, and scientific life, and by the destruction of their genius, human progress is set back a century.

Yet in all the darkness of the present, one hope remains. At the end of this war, we can have permanent peace if we honestly want it. We have an opportunity incomparably greater than any which has yet presented itself. Those gigantic armaments that have effectively prevented peace for two generations, are being destroyed by their own might, and, what is of supreme importance, the beliefs

that fostered them are losing caste. Furthermore, financial experts tell us that the war's cost will leave no room for future military expenditures; that every penny of conquerors and conquered will be needed to pay the interest on the war debt, to rebuild industries, and buy bread. Under such conditions, peace is eminently possible, and today, for the first time in history, statesmen think of it as practical and necessary.

They have given us a plan of peace dictated by these considerations. There will be a supreme tribunal, such as our own United States Supreme Court, not for the mere purpose of arbitration, but to render final and effective judgments. The principles of justice that apply between man and man will be applied to nations, hence so-called "just wars" in defense of all-compelling rights will no longer be necessary. Since we seek, not peace at any price but peace through righteous arms, if need be, there must be an international police to enforce the decrees of the court. All other armaments must be abandoned. This plan will restore to the peoples of Europe seven-eighths of their annual income, to the United States two hundred and fifty millions a year, and will strike off forever the shackles of militarism.

Peace is possible, but it is possible only on condition that we want it. For there is a higher authority than the written law, and that authority is the tongue of nations; there is a stronger force than the mandate of kings, and that force is the will of the people. No Almighty power, no new voice from the clouds, will establish world peace; it is for the men and women of the present to determine what the future shall be. And though all Europe is at war the fact remains that the sentiment in favor of peace is growing every day. One of our leading war correspondents writes: "I have heard everywhere in Germany—as I have been hearing everywhere in England and from America—as far as it is humanly possible, this must be the last war." One of England's foremost magazines declares that "Never again must we have to face the possibility of such an awful calamity."

But let us look beyond the present to the day of peace, and consider what must be the thoughts of those who survive. Ask the broken Belgian soldier, limping homeward to his ruined farm, with the fruits, the

ambitions, the hopes of a lifetime destroyed,—ask him if he wants peace—a peace that will last. Ask the widowed German mother, stifling her sorrow to heed the calls of her children for bread,—ask her if she wants her little ones to follow their father's footsteps to the field of carnage. Ask the French maiden, whose life's happiness lies buried in her lover's grave,—ask her if war is an "economic necessity." Ask, and from the lips of those who must fight and suffer and die, will come a mighty "No,"—will come a demand that lasting peace be the highest law of nations. As an English statesman exclaims: "Whatever may be said of the ruling and privileged classes it is certain that the common people are ready for peace."

What answer shall we in America give to these millions when they call on us for aid? Shall we multiply our army and navy, though reason tells us that this war will leave no nation strong enough to attack us? If we blind ourselves to the awful testimony across the seas, if we stubbornly cling to a theory that has deluged Europe in blood and tears, no power on earth can save us from a similar fate. Cynics may tell us that we shall always have war, but they said the same of duelling and negro slavery,—and it was false. At this moment, there is a great personal responsibility resting on every one of us, to demand that our government take steps toward world peace, and when the war ends, with her peoples weakened, exhausted and oppressed by debt, Europe will be ready to join us. Then, if our heads are clear, our hearts brave, and our aims high, we may yet write humanity and Christianity into a law of nations; we may turn the passion of patriotic sacrifice to a greatness that is not stained with blood. Twice in history has the world come to a parting of the ways: we gave it democracy, let us lead it to peace.

Meeting.

Softly the shadows sink to sleep
Out over the purple plain,
And a silver sail sweeps shoreward
Across the murmuring main.

A loving voice I soon shall hear,
And out of the silent gloam,
Two wistful eyes will beam on me
For Philly's is coming home.

R. Q.

Easy Money.

BY DANIEL QUINLAN.

Sammy Kearns was known among his friends as a full-blooded sportsman. Sammy himself admitted with becoming modesty that he was in touch with all the latest games and devices, and declared with emphasis that the men who could "slip anything over" on him were very scarce. Naturally, like all good sporting men, Kearns habitually carried a well-stuffed wallet with which it was his custom to back his opinions on various subjects.

It was a fine Autumn day that Sammy, in search of some excitement to cool his sporting blood, boarded an interurban to spend the day in the metropolis, some fifty miles distant.

The day in the city passed very smoothly—too smoothly for Mr. Kearns. He wanted some real manly recreation, but had to satisfy himself by watching the movies. About four o'clock in the afternoon he threw himself resentfully into a seat in the smoker of the car on his return trip.

The first ten miles passed without incident when a young man finally entered. He was a good-looking young fellow with a clear complexion and friendly brown eyes. A gray suit of the latest cut gave him an air of prosperity that was further enhanced by a diamond stickpin and a similarly bejeweled ring.

He dropped his six feet of young manhood into the seat beside Sammy; and in the course of a few moments the two men were engaged in conversation. Before they had spent five minutes together, Sammy had turned the discussion to his favorite topic.

"I'll tell you one thing," said he, "no one ever got any change out of me without earning it. I know all the tricks these fellows use and I can handle a few of them myself. Anything a fellow rakes in using them is good legitimate profit to my way of thinking. If a man is boob enough to let another stick him, why he ought to get stung now and then. It will teach him a lesson that will repay him for whatever he loses."

"That's the way I feel about it," agreed the stranger. "Now seeing you are on the inside, I'll show you something I have here. It's an old trick and you probably know it. Here's a padlock and key. Of course you

can't open it although this is the proper key."

"Oh, not even a regular boob will bet he can open that. That trick is so old, it's got whiskers. My grandfather showed me that one when I was a small boy. Where is the spring?"

The young man obligingly showed the spring to Sammy.

"Here," he explained, "is your spring," pointing to an innocent looking screw at the base of the lock. "Turn the screw twice to the right, back once to the left and press—there you are. Done with a finger nail." The lock flew open.

"It's all right," said Sam, "only the trick is so simple, I don't believe you could get the most hopeless nut to part with a nickel on his ability to do it."

The stranger agreed to this and returned the lock to his pocket, whereupon the conversation drifted into other channels. A few minutes later the young man arrived at his station; and once more Sammy was left alone.

This lack of companionship did not last long, however. At the next stop a lanky youth, unmistakably a farmer—every inch of him from the tips of his heavy shoes to the crown of his dirty soft brown hat—entered the smoker. He took the seat recently vacated, and with the usual talkativeness of his kind, soon had Kearns in a conversation. His talk pleased Sammy exceedingly. This farmer seemed to be as well versed in the latest catchtricks as Sam himself, and Kearns became greatly interested in what his new seat-mate had to say.

"And b'gosh," declared the gentleman from the farm, "I've got a little article here that I'll bet by hickory no man can open. Here's the key to 'er too."

Sammy nearly fell out of his seat. The rural gentleman had brought forth a lock that was an exact reproduction of the one to whose intricacies Kearns had just been introduced. But he quickly recovered himself and inquired calmly enough how much the farmer had to bet.

"I'll bet yuh fifty dollars she can't be opened," snapped the farmer. And to show his good intentions he produced a roll of money about four inches in diameter.

"It's a shame," thought Sam, "to take his money away from him like this. Might know it would be a farmer that would spring such stuff. Well, the idiot has got a lot of change

there. I'll just take a little of it and he'll know better the next time."

Aloud he said: "Yes, I'll double you. I'll bet a hundred I can open it in five minutes."

Sam showed his sincerity by pulling out his faithful wallet and shaking a hundred dollars under the farmer's nose.

"Good enough. I'll cover the hundred. I hate to take your money, though."

"Don't waste your sympathy." The confidence of both men was running high.

Across the aisle sat a middle-aged, brown-moustached gentleman, whose interest in the proceedings showed plainly in his ruddy features. He was accordingly brought into service as stakeholder; and after the money was placed in his hands, Sammy took the lock.

"I suppose I might just as well open this right away," thought Sam. "I'll just earn my money quickly without any fooling about it."

So he immediately settled down to work. He could already feel the hundred dollars in his hands. He turned the screw twice to the left and once to the right. Then he pushed.

"Oh, Lord!" breathed Sammy.

The lock refused to open. Sam could not understand. It certainly was the same as the one the young fellow had shown him but a half hour before. He tried it by turning the screw in the opposite direction. No results. A cold chill played tag with Sammy's vertebrae. There was something wrong. In desperation he tried the key. The lock was immovable. He still had two minutes left. He tugged and pulled fiercely at the lock. Then he alternately used the key and turned the screw. His painful and fruitless efforts were finally stopped by the stakeholder's announcement that time was up.

"You fellows are crooks," he shouted in a rage, as he saw the stakeholder hand his good American currency to the "farmer." "That lock can't be opened."

"Of course it can't grined the winner. "That was my bet and I win. What are you kicking about?" Mr. Kearns grew more furious.

"You're crooks," he repeated, "and I'll turn you over to the police."

"Oh no, you wouldn't do that," softly replied the other. "You were gambling as much as I was. You'll get yourself in trouble too. And you don't want to be the laughing stock of the town, do you?"

Sammy had to recognize the truth of this assertion; and was plunged into a state of

deepest gloom. He had not only lost one hundred dollars, but his pride in himself as a man who could not be "buncoed" was injured to the highest degree. He was indeed a saddened and humiliated man as he stepped off the car at the end of that eventful journey.

A few hours later three men were seated about a table in the Arlington hotel. One was a faultlessly dressed young fellow with a clear complexion and brown eyes. Seated opposite to him was a fellow whose attire was farmerish, but whose manner denoted considerable city experience. The third member of the party was a ruddy-faced man who wore a brownish moustache.

"Well," remarked the man in the rural attire, "thirty-three dollars, thirty-three cents, and a third. Not a bad day's work." He produced a roll of bills.

"No, agreed the other two, their hands palms up, stretched across the table.

"It was very obliging of Sam's friends to put us wise to his weakness," continued the man in charge of the money, a big grin covering his features. "They'll have the laugh on him now."

"And we'll have the money," finished the first gentleman. "Poor Sam! He could have opened that lock with dynamite. It was bolted tight in just three places. Well, that goes to prove what I said. You can't beat an honest man because it takes a crook to bite."

The Votary.

At twilight I shall go there
And she will come to me.
The whispering winds well blow there—
At La Raine on the sea.

The whispering breezes blow well
On La Raine from the sea.
The 'Gild-Holm-Ur' we know well:
My Love bides tryst with me.

Oh, I'll make of pines that grow there
A love-lodge by the sea;
The whispering winds well blow there,
On La Raine and on me.

The whispering breezes blow well.
Oh, life is fair and free,
The 'Gild-Holm-Ur' we know well;
The sighings of the sea.

With me alone will dwell there
Milady, Poesy.
The whispering winds blow well there,
Well whispering to me. *Myron Parrot.*

The Youngest Playwright.

JOHN N. RILEY.

On Board the Royal Japanese Mail S. S.
 "Kammimura," bound for Yokohama:
 10:30 P. M. August 24, 1914.

MISS PHYLLIS DUGAN.

14 Audabon Circle,
 Boston, Mass.

DEAR PHYL:—

It is four long months since I have sent you a letter, and I have not heard from you since I received the announcement of your engagement to Jack Kennedy, but I am quite sure that I shall find some letters from America at the Consulate upon my arrival in Yokohama, and among them will be one from you, and of course one from Jack, for you have both been so very kind and faithful to me that I know you will not desert me even in your new-found happiness. I have known ever since that memorable Class Day at the University that you and Jack would one day be happy together, and I can think of no two people who deserve it more, or to whom I could wish greater happiness than you both, for you have been the sister to me that I have always wanted, and Jack lived under the same roof with me through four years of "Prep" and four years at the University—God only knows how he stood it—and we wore each other's coats and ties during all that time.

But you know all this, Phyllis, and I haven't yet told you where I've been all this time. You knew that I intended to sail for San Francisco early in the summer, but somehow the thoughts of coming home, home to the scenes of some of the happiest hours of my life, and having only you and Jack to visit and talk to was more than I could bear. I suppose I was a coward, but when a man has given up, or rather has lost, all that is dear in life because he does what he believes to be right, it is hard to go back to the scene of the fight and have old explanations to make over again and receive the sympathy of a lot of spineless, would-be aristocrats. And then there's Marguerite. I would have had to meet her, and that would have been unbearable for us both. I cannot believe that she ever loved me when she could so easily, and for such a reason, have thrown me over. When you write, be

sure to tell me if she is well and happy, for I know she was not altogether to blame. I did want to come, though, and be in dear old Boston in time for the final rehearsals of the play, which, by the way, I consider my best effort until I finished a little Japanese play I've been writing in the intervening time.

I postponed my departure from one sailing to another, and had just about overcome my cowardice when who should visit me in my humble quarters but good Father Richie, who you will remember, gave the students' retreat the last year I was at the University and who, was, with your kind help, the direct cause of my conversion to the Faith. He had been to Tokio to confer with his superior, and on his way back to the interior had stopped off at Yokohama and visited the Consulate to see Jack Warring, who, you know, is an attaché there. Jack told him where to find me, and you can readily imagine my surprise and pleasure when he sauntered up the path to my bungalow and said he had called to see "the youngest of American playwrights." I found him the same patient, sweet-tempered man that I knew ten years ago, grown a little gray, to be sure, but his life of sacrifice and charity has only made him all the more of a saint. I unfolded my plans to him, and he evidently saw the troubled state of my mind and so asked me if I wouldn't go with him into the interior, where he was going to visit one of his old missions, and I consented. I believe I would have accepted any proposition at about that time. It took us from the middle of June to the seventeenth of July to cover the three hundred and fifty miles to our destination, for these little Japanese ponies, though rugged, are not very fast. The little mission is in the village of Kio Kianko on the Tsan Sio River, but the river is so swift running that travelling in these old sampams with their crude sails is even slower than the method we chose.

And now, Phyllis, I'm going to tell you of something wonderful that happened in this little inland town. You'll understand, I know, for you've always understood, and I know it will increase your happiness to know I'm the happiest man in the world this very night. We had not been in the town but a little over a week when the news came that Germany and France had declared war and that there was imminent danger of Japan being drawn into the affair. A few days later a caravan

arrived from Yokahama and with it came a little Japanese lady, with a nurse to Father Richie. It seems that she is the daughter of a Japanese naval officer who has never given up the traditions and religion of his fathers, though she has evidently done her best to modernize him. A few years ago she went to America with a party of Japanese students and spent two years at Vassar preparing to be a teacher and uplifter among her people. Her mother was alive then, but with her death she was called home, and since then has been under the strict hand of her father, who has made her assume the native dress and customs again, and has forbidden her to practice the Catholic religion, to which both she and her mother were converted by Father Richie when she was but a little girl. Well, it seems that Japan has been looking forward to this trouble for some time and her father has been at the capital on official business and had left her so long alone in the care of the nurse that she at last rebelled and fled, following the trail we had travelled till at last she found Father Richie, and the day she came, not knowing she was here, I very hastily walked into the room we choose to call our study, and there she was on her knees at his side, he had his hand raised in absolution over her, and she afterward told me that it was the first confession she had had a chance to make in three years, her father had guarded her so closely. Father Richie found a home for her in one of the Christian families in the town and she gave her time, all of it, to the poor, tending the little children, the sick and the aged, and I watched her day after day as she went about her work of mercy. So small and dainty, with such black hair and such tiny feet, and her queer broken English and funny little smile so fascinated me that I'm sure I do not need to tell you, Phyllis, that I fell in love with her. Yes, with a little Japanese girl, and now she's my little Japanese wife, for after a great deal of persuasion Father Richie consented to marry us and we started down the old Tsan Sio, in the most ancient old sampam you ever saw, on our honeymoon to the sea. Oh, the joy of it, but I cannot tell you, for words are weak at the most, but those sapphire days and those white nights drifting along that amber stream were made up of hours I shall never forget.

It took us something over a week to make the trip down to the coast. I was so happy

that I forgot to count the days, and there we boarded this old coasting steamer and in two days we shall be in Yokahama Harbor. How surprised Jack will be to see me, and a married man too. We shall spend some time there, and, if the war does not force us to change our plans, will arrive in San Francisco for the opening of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and then across the country to dear old New England. Rehearsals will then begin for my new Japanese play, and while I am working with the producers I know you will take care of my little Oriental wife, as you took care of me in those happy young days.

The oil in this sperm lamp is just about burnt out so I will have to say good-night and go and see if my little Japanese tea flower is safely tucked away from the frost, for there's quite a gale blowing on deck. I must turn in now, for we always get up to see the sun rise.

Remember me to your mother and father and to Jack.

With every good wish for health and happiness, I am, most sincerely,

KENDRICK AMES, Jr.,

"RICK."

Fourteen Audabon Circle,
Boston, Massachusetts,

November 25, 1914.

MR. KENDRICK AMES, JR.

c-o THE AMERICAN CONSULATE,
Yokahama, Japan.

DEAR OLD RICK:—

Your most surprising letter of August fourteenth only arrived yesterday, doubtless delayed by the war conditions which seem to be prevailing in almost every country of the world but our own. I wonder what the outcome of it all will be? I know that if you did not have your little Japanese tea flower to look after you would be in the midst of it, for I have not yet forgotten your stirring accounts in the *Transcript* of the Bulgarian War. My! what an adventurous and checkered life you have led, Rick. Jack says he wants the Germans to win, for he claims that the moment they start to lose, they will call in the help of the Turks, and then it will be a religious war, all Christianity against all paganism. It is terrible to think of, I know, for at times I can almost imagine a huge army of Christians from our own country going across the sea in defense

of the Faith that you have suffered so much for. At times I have visions of the Crusades being enacted over again, and it makes me shudder. What is your theory of it all?

But this is not telling you how very glad I am that you are at last happy, though I can scarcely believe it has all come about in the manner you wrote of. It all seems so very dream-like and wonderful. It sounds like one of your own short stories, and if I did not know you as well as I do, I would say it was fiction. No, Rick, I know it's all true, and you know how very happy it makes me. Jack had a letter from Jack Warring and it told us all about you and your bride. He says she is the most fascinating little doll he's ever seen, and now it is your turn to be surprised, when I tell you that I think so too, for I know her. Yes, Rick, she was at Vassar the last two years I was there. She is beautiful, I know, and we called her our Japanese doll, and I remember how she would laugh and lower her long lashes when we'd tell her how pretty she was. Of course none of us knew much about her, for she was very shy and bashful and studious. She will not remember me, but I can assure you that I am looking forward most keenly to seeing both of you before very long.

By that time we shall be married, and we plan to go to the opening of the Exposition by way of the Canal, that is, provided the war is not over in time to allow us to go abroad. We shall see you in Frisco of course, Rick, and oh what a jolly reunion it will be. What a time we will have, and then home across the country together, and all the parties and teas in Boston too. I know she'll enjoy them. Don't say you have no friends, Rick, for I feel almost certain that your own folks, in their pride, are just waiting for you to make the first move and will receive you both with open arms. Of course with the production of your play, and your marriage, the papers were filled with stories of your career, and one paper ran a whole page in the Sunday supplement with pictures and the whole story. It told all about your college life, your writings, the breaking of your engagement and why, your travels and finally your most romantic marriage. It called you a short-story writer, a dramatist, a playwright, a war correspondent, a globe-trotter, and about everything else on the calendar, but I suppose your publishers send you all that stuff and you already know all about it.

But your play, Rick, I can't tell you what a lesson it contains and how happily the public have received it: but then you know all that too. Everyone is talking about how perfectly the title fits it. "What Doth It Profit a Man?" is what is spread all over the bill-boards, and underneath it says, by Kendrick Ames, Jr. What I want to tell you most is about the opening night, for of course mother and dad and Jack and I went. The Boylston was just crowded to the doors. I never before saw such a crowd. We had the lower left hand box, and between the acts I busied myself looking about the house seeing whom I could find among your old friends. You will be surprised and happy to know that your father and mother were there with Marguerite, though they sat far back in the auditorium, and I guess you know why. Your father applauded generously, as though he could not help himself, but your mother, in the intense parts and when the applause would break out after each act, only bowed her head and held her handkerchief to her eyes, and I know she was thinking of you, Rick, way off there in Japan, for the play I can plainly see, is woven about your own life, and how you have been disinherited. Marguerite sat like a stone image all through the performance, but I know she had to fight hard not to give way. Her parents and her pride have ruined her life. Both the play and the acting were beyond my powers of description and of course you know what success it is having. I'm sure we shall see very little of you when you do come home, for you will be in such demand that you'll need a dozen representatives. People are already looking forward to the production of your new Japanese play. I have a sneaking suspicion that it is the story of your Japanese love. Am I right? I suppose you are the bold American hero and that your little Hio Li San is the maid of old Japan who does exactly as she has done for you.

Jack had a letter from Warring the other day and he said you and Mrs. Ames—doesn't that sound funny?—had collected a chest of wonderful old Japanese ware which you are sending us as a wedding gift. I know Jack shouldn't have told me, but it was just too good to keep, and so I'm going to thank both of you with all my heart before it comes, for though I know I'm going to get it, it will be a revelation at the least.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. How I wish

you could both be here. But I suppose you will dine on pheasant with honey sauce, or some such dish, and then go for a jinricksha ride through the gardens and parks of Yokahama and be so happy that you'll forget that every good American is supposed to feast on turkey on that day. Never mind, Rick, you'll be with us next year.

Under separate covers Jack and I are sending two little Christmas gifts for you and Mrs. Ames. I know yours will please you and I hope she will like my selection, for it is what all the girls are wearing here. Now you will say I'm trying to make your little Japanese flower vain like American girls, but I'll bet you'll say yourself that she'll look ever so charming in the wonderful new frocks you'll find the women wearing when you land in Frisco, and we plan to be there to meet you too.

I know I need not tell you, Rick, how much we are all looking forward to seeing you and your dear little bride very soon. Of course I'll be a Mrs. by then myself, and we'll all come home to Boston together after the Exposition has been inspected to our satisfaction, and I know, Rick, that you will be received as you've never been received before, for it is only since you've been away, and they've seen your work and understood you, and your life and your work, that they have come to realize what a truly great man you are. Oh, I'm so proud of you.

Kiss dear little Hio Li San for me, Rick, and tell her that we are to be the best of friends, for I know I cannot but love her if you do.

Mother and father and Jack all send you their every good wish, and for myself I wish you all the happiness and good fortune in the world.

Write to us again soon, Rick, and remember that I am always,

Your sincere friend,

PHYLLIS DUGAN.

P. S. I have just had a phone call from Barbara Roach and she tells me that she called on your mother a few days ago, and from her conversation Barbara judged that they are ready to forgive and forget, Rick, if you will only come home, and bring your bride with you. I'm so glad for your sake, dear boy, so do come and make them happy too. She also told me that Marguerite is reported engaged to that Macklin fellow from Philadelphia.

Good luck, Rick,

P. D.

Woof! I'm a Bloodhound!

BY H. MCAULIFFE.

'Tis eight o'clock in South Bend! A myriad of ornamental street lights cast their reflection on the dark waters of the St. Joseph as it hurries past the agency for tin autos. Philadelphia is fast asleep by this time, but not South Bend—not by a Ford. Crowds of day dodgers are in Mike's, playfully tossing hamburgers and conversation about. Before they pass into Hullies' to smoke their nightly cigar, one man is seen to dig into a secret pocket of his coat and extract a small package of Sen Sen, that fragrant breath perfume. As it is Wednesday night, they stay in Hullies' longer than usual to discuss people, college bugs, movies and how long it seems since father wrote.

Thaddeus Doolittle and Ignatius Seymour have been roomies ever since school opened. Ignatius is very considerate toward Thaddeus. He wears his best clothes for him and helps him smoke his tobacco and keep his superfluous coin in circulation. But of late Thaddeus has had a suspicion of Ignatius that has caused him many a sleepless night. It had preyed upon his mind so badly that he had hired a famous sleuth by the name of Quitehot to ferret it out.

Thaddeus was in the habit of retiring early, and a week or so after he had put Quitehot on the trail he was rudely awakened by him and requested to take a walk.

When they arrived at Mike's they cautiously looked through the front window and discovered Ignatius wading into a half bushel of Bermuda onions in a manner that would make Rockefeller (or anybody else) green with liver trouble. They entered and confronted Ignatius. "Ye gods! et cetera. I'm discovered," said Ignatius.

"So!" said Thaddeus, "you are the villain who has been scenting up my room. Well this is where we break up housekeeping. You'll never warm your feet on my back again." So saying he left.

That night, in rooms far apart, Thaddeus and Ignatius, no longer two souls with but a single (double) bed, snored their separate solos. Hell hath no fury like an onion's breath.

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. MARCH 6, 1915. NO. 22

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—When the hard winter months begin to soften into the mild days of spring it is the most natural thing in the world for people to feel the call of the **A Word to the Wise.** springtime and to discard the heavy burdensome clothing of winter that has held them in bondage for so long a time. There is something in the very air that makes one want to move more freely and to be unhampered in all one's actions. Hence, we find students on the campus in their shirt sleeves, bare-headed, and wearing tennis shoes, although these days of change in weather are without doubt the most dangerous of all the year, as far as sickness is concerned, and the hospitals and infirmaries are filled with sufferers many of whom are paying the penalty of indiscretion. It is a very unwise practice to throw off one's overcoat and put on light clothing at the first change in the weather. There is always dampness in the air and frost in the ground, and many of the diseases that last long and are always severe are contracted at such times. If you have been guilty of hastiness on this ground, mortify yourself for a few weeks and save yourself from serious trouble later on. Take off those tennis shoes and that summer underwear and wait till the warm days are come to stay. A little indiscretion now may lay you up for the entire springtime and spoil all your plans.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell's Farewell.

With a lecture on the ever-popular subject of "Rome the Eternal," Mr. Hugh O'Donnell closed his present program last Wednesday night. If the speaker had nothing but his eloquent, truly poetic tongue, he could sway the most stony audience in the land. But his pictures are always artistic, apt, and interesting. Although every one of us has seen whole galleries of pictorial representations on the city of the Popes and Caesars, yet it is generally admitted that some of Mr. O'Donnell's slides are unequalled. There is one field, however, in which he is not so successful, and that is the important one of the motion picture. A few fragmentary glimpses of fragmentary ruins do not suffice for the complete success of the modern travelogue. We expect to see Mr. O'Donnell institute improvements in this respect, and it is with this hope that we bid him farewell—till next year. The series has been highly entertaining, instructive and varied. qualities of which we shall remain deeply appreciative.

Ernest Gamble Concert Company.

The concert which Mr. Ernest Gamble's company provided on last Saturday evening was distinguished and entertaining, but could scarcely be termed unique. A singer gifted with such a voice as Mr. Gamble's should adopt a more appealing repertoire. We have nothing in poetry so well-known and eternally declaimed as "Danny Deever" and "Old English Ballads." The pianiste, Miss Aline Kuhn, was the stellar attraction of the company. Although her selections comprised chiefly Beethoven and Liszt, the audience was held entranced. Higher than this there is no praise for a virtuoso. Perhaps the Finale from Lucia di Lammermoor achieved the foremost recognition among her efforts. Miss Verna Page, violinist, was accorded merited appreciation for her several effective violin solos. Schubert's "Ave Maria" was probably the most popular. It may be said for the Gamble Company in general that they are musicians of real quality and consequently of exceptional merit. But an element of distinction should likewise be infused into their selections.

Death of Brother Gerard.

The death of Brother Gerard, which occurred at Notre Dame on February 24, 1915, brought deep sadness to the Faculty and students of the University. For over thirty years this good religious had labored ardently and silently at his daily task of instructing the students in music, and of so meek and retiring a disposition was this great soul that we seemed scarcely to know that he moved among us until "one morn we missed him on the customed hill," and we felt that a spirit of gentleness and sweetness had gone out of our daily lives. His funeral took place on February 26, when the Office of the Dead was chanted in Sacred Heart church followed by a Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated by Reverend John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University, with Reverend Fathers Walsh and Schumacher acting as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was delivered by Reverend Father Charles O'Donnell who spoke as follows:

He asked life of thee: and thou hast given him length of days forever and forever.—Ps. xx., 5.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—A solemn joy guards the death of the just. For it is folly to mourn their entrance into life. In this world, obscurity, sacrifice, labor is their lot. Then comes a day when they enter into their rest, when God gives to His beloved—sleep.

Such a life as this was Brother Gerard's, and such, too, was his death. It is more than thirty-one years since he entered Notre Dame, and, we are reliably assured, not once in all that time did he leave the grounds. But not only was his life hidden from the world, it was hidden even within the college precincts. He contrived to miss the worldliness even of our little world.

His life was one of sacrifice. You and I knew Brother Gerard only as an old man whose eyes were dim and whose fingers not too sure, upon the keys. But there was a day when as a young man he could look forward to a future as bright with temporal prospects as that which confronts any student before me. His musical talent was recognized on all sides. The conservatories of Europe were ready to hail him as a rising star. Fame, wealth, position, power,—do you think it was no sacrifice for the young man to give these up (leaving his native land, the Fatherland) and dedicate his genius to the humble task of instructing youth in the elements of musical education? Do you think it was regarded as a small thing by God?

His life was one of toil, of absolute and unremitting devotion to duty. Early and late he was at his post, doing his work with unhurried precision and with a gentle considerateness for the interests of others. Of more intimate virtues I forbear to speak. But I

consider that his love of obscurity, his spirit of sacrifice, his devotion to duty, in some way render him a public and illustrious figure in the life of Notre Dame.

Yet this unique man was, after all, but the typical Christian. He was simply, though sternly, logical. Life is a pilgrimage. We have here no lasting city. Soon does this little day which we call life pass, and eternal years break upon the soul. The supreme question is not what about this life, but what about the next life. And this, I should say, is the lesson of Brother Gerard's long and noble days among us, that he literally lost the whole world to gain his own soul. In that he was but the logical Christian,—a pilgrim, an exile, God's true musician who

'all his life keeps here

An alien ear,

Homesick for harpings of eternity.'

You and I, my friends, can learn from his life to put into our own a little more of the logic of the Cross. May he rest in peace!

Obituary.

REV. C. A. DELAHUNTY.

We regret to announce the death of Rev. Cornelius A. Delahunty who passed away on Wednesday, March 3rd, after a long illness. Fr. Delahunty as a young man labored in a parish in Oregon, but on account of ill health he was forced to retire, and in 1876 he came to Notre Dame where he remained until his death. He was born in the County Clare, Ireland, in 1830. All at Notre Dame who knew the departed Father esteemed and loved him, and the large number of priests that assisted at the Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated in Sacred Heart church last Friday, is ample testimony of the many friends he had made. We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul.

The State Oratorical Contest.

We are reprinting, elsewhere in this issue, the oration with which J. Clovis Smith, winner in last year's Breen Medal Contest, represented Notre Dame at the State Oratorical Contest, held annually at Indianapolis. The "jinx" which has been presiding over our forensic endeavors during a half dozen years was malevolently present again on this occasion. After Mr. Smith had won an easy first on manuscript, his delivery markings degenerated so far that he lost by one tiny point to Mr. Cox of Earlham College. Mr. Smith deserves nothing but the highest praise for his great efforts and thanks for his energy in upholding the dignity of his Alma Mater.

Personals.

—Father Hayes of Fort Wayne visited the University several days this week.

—W. Redden (B. S. A., '14) is working in the office of Donaldson & Meier, one of the largest architectural firms in Detroit.

—Edward F. Peil (Ex-'14) spent several days at Notre Dame last week renewing old acquaintances. "Ed's" latest addition is on his upper lip.

—Mr. Bernard Bogey, of St. Louis, Mo., a former student of St. Edward's, Carroll and Walsh Halls, visited the University several days last week. Mr. Bogey gave a talk to the minims of St. Edward's.

—Victor Hillman (Ex-'15) was at the University Saturday and Sunday. "Vic" is married and resides in Chicago where he is chemist for a photographic supply company.

—James V. Robbins (LL. B., '14) has passed the Bar examination and has been admitted to practice in New Mexico. His address is 702 Mills Building, El Paso, Texas.

—E. J. Baader (B. S. A. E., '13) is employed by V. T. Ritter, Architect of Huntington, W. Va., and has the superintendence of the building of a \$60,000 grade school at Chilicothe, Ohio.

—Mr. Isidore Dockweiler, father of Tom and Henry, has moved his law offices to 733-740 Van Nuys Building, Southwest Corner of Seventh and Spring Streets, Los Angeles, California.

—Henry E. Taylor (Student '92-'97) paid a visit to the University last week and met many of his old friends. Henry is at present the Chicago Branch Manager of the Gibney Tire and Rubber Co., with offices at 1712 Michigan Avenue.

—Byron V. Kanaley, president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, and Warren Cartier, treasurer, called at the University a short time ago to arrange some business matters. The advent of Byron and Warren usually brings the Commencement spirit, and not a few of the Alumni here at Notre Dame began to consult their calendars to find out just how far away Commencement was.

—The long-felt and oft-expressed desire of the Faculty and old students of the University was gratified during the past week when

there arrived at the University a superb bust of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, formerly Professor of English Literature at Notre Dame, and now American Minister to Denmark. The bust is from the atelier of Frieberg and bears in every detail the stamp of exquisite artistic spirit and masterly technique. This bit of art will be treasured, not only as a speaking likeness of an eminent man of letters, but more particularly as a souvenir of delightful intercourse in the days that are gone and of loyal friendship through many vicissitudes since.

Society Notes.

BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

In the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held Sunday evening, February 28, the affirmative and negative teams of the society debated the question of compulsory arbitration for the purpose of having members assigned to the respective places they will hold in the Holy Cross debate. They have been arranged in the following order: affirmative, J. P. Doyle, F. J. Vurpillat, and E. Dundon; negative, W. A. Curley, J. P. Sheehan, and G. F. Windoffer. Thereafter a literary program was arranged for Sunday evening, March 7. Everybody interested is invited to be present for this program.

Local News.

—Add these to your list of things to soak: The Spring Prophet; Wildman's Dome.

—The Notre Dame Rifle Club won second place in a meet held at Fort Wayne last week.

—It was a fake report that Ralph Lathrop went home to get married. Ralph is still with us.

—The various class officers are urged to have their pictures taken for the DOME at once.

—A class in Business Barometrics has been formed, and is being instructed by Rev. Father William Bolger.

—The Brownson Hall Debating Teams will have two debates with Holy Cross Hall teams. Each hall will furnish an affirmative and a negative team.

—The first robins on the campus were sighted February 13. Other species of spring birds, including the blue birds and song sparrows, have also been seen.

—Judging from the reports of several Notre Dame students who have dined lately at St. Mary's, the domestic science classes of that institution are making fine progress.

—Track men from Notre Dame will be sent to compete in the Drake Relay Games at Des Moines, April 17, and in the Pennsylvania Relay Games at Philadelphia, April 24.

—Professor Alonzo left Tuesday for New York and sailed to-day for Panama where he has accepted an important position as interpreter for the United States government.

—Next Friday night, Lucius B. Andrews, general superintendent of the I. and M. Co., will talk on "The Regulation of Electrical Railways and Telephones." All are invited.

—Reverend Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., has gone to make his annual visit to the Holy Cross Missions. While at New Orleans he will deliver the dedicatory sermon at St. Vincent de Paul's Church.

—After attending Mr. O'Donnell's illustrated lecture on Africa, we are much in favor of the much-derided organizations for "Sending Socks to the Lulus and Knitting Knickerbockers for the naked Numidian."

—Mr. Hamilton Holt, editor of the *Independent* (N. Y.) and one of the most prominent peace advocates in America, will lecture to the University on "The Great War and Peace" at five o'clock on March 9th.

—On Thursday evening, March 11, a swimming team from Notre Dame will compete with the South Bend Y. M. C. A. team in the natatorium of the Association building. The Notre Dame team consists of Carleton (capt.), Coker, Sears, Vogel, Bergman, Kiernan.

—Timothy Patrick Galvin gave the principal address before the Ancient Order of Hibernians in South Bend at their celebration in honor of the birthday of Robert Emmet. The subject of Mr. Galvin's eloquent speech was "Robert Emmet." Other Notre Dame talent appearing upon the program consisted of violin selections by Arthur R. Carmody, a vocal solo by James W. Foley, with Mr. Steven Emmet Burns as accompanist.

—The Electrical Engineers Club recently enjoyed two lectures on technical subjects by men prominent in their profession. On the evening of February 26, Clifford Kennedy, of the Indiana and Michigan Electric Co.,

discussed at length the equipment and maintenance of a modern steam power plant, taking the South Bend station of the I. and M. Co. as an example.

—Last Friday evening, Arthur Nichles, a co-worker of Mr. Kennedy's, presented a highly interesting talk on "High Tension Transmission and Transformers," which was enjoyed by a large and unusually attentive audience. Both lectures evidenced long and careful preparation, and the fact that these prominent engineers are willing to address the students here speaks well for Notre Dame as an engineering school.

—The Brownson Hockey Club that had disbanded when the first warm weather set in, have come together again believing that you can't believe in signs. Yesterday's snow-storm started winter all over again, and sweaters were pulled out of trunks where they had been placed for the summer, while B. V. D's were put quietly back to rest for a few weeks. If the ice freeze sufficiently to hold Ignatius Krine, students will be treated to one of the best hockey games ever witnessed on St. Mary's lake.

—The faculty and students of Brownson Hall were given a treat on last Thursday evening when Doctor Wilfrid Ward gave several vocal selections in the main parlor. His skill as a pianist was marvelled at by all who attended, and his voice, though not so strong as when he was a young man, was sweet and pleasing. The French and Italian selections were well chosen, and the English ballads rendered in his inimitable way seemed to be most popular. "The program was all too short," is our only criticism, and we hope, some time to hear Dr. Ward perform again.

—A letter from the American Legation in Copenhagen signed by Maurice Francis Egan, is on display on the bulletin board in the Journalism room. It concerns the shipping of a bust by Frieberg, the famous Scandinavian sculptor, to the Art Department of the University. It will be a valuable addition to the already large collection of art masterpieces now in the Main Building. Frieberg's work is recognized throughout Europe. He has been decorated by the Kings of Sweden and Denmark. The letter is addressed to Rev. Father Cavanaugh, who was a student in the class-room of the famous diplomat while he was a professor at Notre Dame.

VII.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

JOSEPH PLISKA

We have to deal this week with Mr. Pliska of Chicago, Illinois. We call him Mister because of his high forehead which commands reverence even from our pen. It may not be altogether true that Joe ties a string around his forehead each morning to keep from going down his back when he starts to wash his face, but we still maintain that he has a brow like Gibraltar, not that it's made of the same material, but simply because it's impressive and causes all that meet him to stop and wonder and admire. Joe is a model sort of fellow, though it is reported of him that he once skived down town and that on another occasion there was cigarette smoke in his room, but both of these cases were easily explained when Joe was brought upon the Brussels. He is given much to walking in his sleep, and has proved conclusively that he dressed in his sleep and went to town, not waking up until Hullie handed him a raffle ticket on a Ford. Had it been any other kind of car he might not have come to consciousness then, but a Ford was too much; and as for the charge of smoke in his room, why, "Wasn't Willie Case seen coming out of my room just a minute or two before, and do you expect me to prefect Walshites? Do you think I'm Deak Jones, just because I comb my hair with the towel?" And so, dear reader, all efforts to mix Joe up in trouble have proved useless. He is one of the best football players Notre Dame has had in recent years, and no opposing team has been able to find out at sight whether or not Joe was wearing a headgear when he plunged against them. At West Point he pulled down the forward passes that were thrown to him as easily as he would pull down an umbrella in town when the prefect had passed. His wish-bone never dropped down causing his legs to bend out at the knees, neither did he ever swallow a hoop. He is well built and straight, wears Paris garters, and O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels.* All in all, it's hard to beat Joe as a good fellow and a student. His head generates bare facts and he can hand them out in an argument with ease. We are sorry we are losing him this year.

* We receive a certain sum from these concerns for mentioning them.

Football Schedule—1915.

Alma at Notre Dame.....	October 2
Haskell Indians at Notre Dame.....	October 9
University of Nebraska at Lincoln.....	October 23
University of South Dakota at N. D.....	October 30
Army at West Point.....	November 6
Creighton University at Omaha.....	November 13
University of Texas at Austin.....	November 25
Rice Institute at Houston.....	November 27

Athletic Notes.

VARSITY LOSES TRACK MEET.

In the first foreign invasion of the season, the Gold and Blue squad met with disastrous results, losing by a score of 61 to 16. With Miller on the injured list, Coach Rockne had no one on whom to rely in the high jump, and the runs, and a wooden track, 14 laps to the mile, put the locals at a big disadvantage, after their training on the earth floor of the gym. Nevertheless, the men ran splendid races, both McDonald and Waage, doing the best time of their careers in the half mile and mile, respectively. The time of the latter, 4:26 4-5, was remarkably fast, and at the finish, the Varsity miler was but a scant distance behind, after a terrific sprint to catch Carroll.

The pole vault was a slain for Michigan, as the locals were not used to the changed conditions necessitated by the wooden floor, the height being less than was reached in the recent I. A. C. meet.

Notre Dame, as usual took the dash—Hardy beating the renowned Capt. Smith of the Wolverines, who is credited with being one of the best dash men in the West. The distance, 35 yards, was too short to really test the men, however, as Bergman, equally as fast as the others, was forced to take third.

In the shot put, Bachman led the way with a heave of 43 ft., 3-4 inch, while Keefe was third.

Considering the circumstances, the defeat was not nearly so bad as the score looks, and when the Maize and Blue appears on Cartier Field, May 8th, a different result may be looked for. Capt. Rockne has a practically green team, but by that date, the men will be in good shape, and their constant improvement affords hope for a successful result.

To-day, the team from Madison appears on the local track. Not much is known of the visitors, but as the Badgers are usually

represented by strong teams in every sport, an exciting contest may be looked for. The summaries:

Thirty-five-yard dash—Preliminaries, first heat: Hardy, Notre Dame, first; O'Brien, Michigan, second—time, 0:04 1-5. Second heat: Smith, Michigan, first; Bergman, Notre Dame, second—time, 0:04 2-5. Final heat: Hardy, Notre Dame, first; Smith, Michigan, second; Bergman, Notre Dame, third—time, 0:04 1-5.

Shot put—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Cross, Michigan, second; Keefe, Notre Dame, third—distance, 43 feet $\frac{3}{4}$ inch.

Forty-yard high hurdles—Corbin, Michigan, first; Catlett, Michigan, second; Kirkland, Notre Dame, third—time, 0:06.

Eight hundred and eighty yard run—Ufer, Michigan, first; Fox, Michigan, second; Donnelly, Michigan, third—time, 2:00 3-5.

Four hundred and forty-yard dash—Burby, Michigan, first; John, Michigan, second; Huntington, Michigan, third—time, 0:53 4-5.

One-mile run—Carroll, Michigan, first; Waage, Notre Dame, second; Grauman, Michigan, third—time, 4:26 4-5.

High jump—Waterbury, Michigan, first; Berray, Michigan, and Corbin, Michigan tied for second—height, 5-foot 8 inches.

Pole vault—Wilson, Michigan, first; Cross, Michigan, second; Kessler, Michigan, third—height, 11 feet, 2 inches.

Relay race—Won by Michigan (Fontan, Robinson, O'Brien, Smith); Notre Dame (Bergman, Welsh, Henehan, Hardy)—time, 1:54 1-5.

BASEBALL.

Baseball practice is now in full swing, and every night the gym resounds to the crack of the bat—a welcome sound to the fans. The squad has been increased by new arrivals until it now comprises over forty men. No attempt has been made as yet to fix the men in any definite positions; for the next week or so, it will be sufficient to take the kinks out of arms and legs, and harden the hands for the stings to come. Even at this early date, however, the way some of the newcomers are handling themselves, indicates that there will be a strong fight for berths on the squad, and that the team itself will present a formidable line up. Within a week or two Coach Harper has promised to announce what is expected to be the hardest schedule in years.

Bill Ferguson, the checker champion, has of late developed into an athlete of prominence. He is reported to have equalled John Bayle's time in the mile without being even winded.

INTERHALL BASKETBALL

Last Sunday proved another lucky day for the Brownsonites, when they successfully maintained their lead by defeating the Sorin quintet in a hard fought and closely played game. Sorin began the play in good style and got away fast throughout the entire contest, while Brownson played below form until the last few minutes, when the team began to play in harmony and eventually cinched the contest. The final score was Brownson, 26; Sorin, 23. For the winners, Matthews and Ellis both scored five baskets, Murphy contributed two and McKenna one. For Sorin, Walsh led with four baskets to his credit, followed by McDonald and Slackford with three each, and Pliska obtained two, besides a foul. This game leaves the championship still unwon, as Brownson and Corby are still tied for first place.

CORBY BOWS TO WALSH.

The Pin Knights from the Southwest corner of the campus took Corby Hall into camp last Saturday morning in the first bowling tournament of the season. At the end of the third game the Walshites led by 115 pins, making a total of 2404 to Corby's 2289. H. Busch was high man, bowling 216 in the third game and also had high average of 192 for three games. The score was as follows:

WALSH	TOTALS			
Berchem	119	158	165	440
Browne	168	141	169	478
Soldani	151	146	161	458
F. Farley	152	173	127	452
Busch	216	190	170	576
Totals	804	808	792	2404
CORBY	TOTALS			
Reuss	162	181	196	539
Miller	161	177	143	481
Cassidy	113	103	138	354
Waters	123	124	158	405
Centlivre	154	171	155	510
Totals	713	756	820	2289

Hardy Busch copped off the two prizes for bowling last week. A meal-ticket donated by Mike Calnon for high score went to him, the score being 210. A humidor of tobacco given by George Hull also went to Hardy for an average of 192.5 for ten games. The prize this week is another meal-ticket from "Mike's" and a \$150 Briar pipe given by "Jimmie and Goat"

Safety Valve.

DEAR VALVE EDITOR:—

I want to congratulate you on the VALVE of last week. It was the best I ever read. Very truly,

R. S.

DEAR EDITOR:—

The VALVE of last week was the best ever and I am enclosing "two bits" to show my appreciation. Buy a cigar if you don't smoke and if you do, buy a bull dog or a policeman, or something to keep yourself quiet. Sincerely,

J. P.

The scientist who discovered, last week, how to make food out of straw did nothing original. Boarding schools knew the trick years ago. All one has to do is to eat the straw.

Keep things in order in your pockets and don't be handing teachers raffle tickets from Hullies instead of excuses for absence from the Director of Studies.

And many a fellow when he is called on in class looks like a fifteen year old boy telling the Railroad conductor that he is just past six.

Joe Gargen and Joseph John Kane visited the University last week and called on their many friends in Sorin Hall.

A CURIOSITY.

We stop upon the street and stare
And wonder who cut Wildman's hair.

TO BOYLE OR NOT TO BOYLE.

John, little John, my Jo John

Isla speaks ill of thee.

She says (it can't be so, John)

You Elda on your knee,

But I don't care a rap, dear,

I know its only con;

She can't sit on your lap, dear,

You've none to sit upon.

DEAR MUTHER:—

This hear scool has washuntuns birthday just like we usta hav at podunk every yeer but they aint got no sellubrashun like old squir rabbin usta make with his whit whiskers these hear fokes dont no as ther ever was anie hatchet of washuntun. So they nevr sez nothin about it and there wasnt no washuntuns cherrys for diner and george mighta ben the worstes lire what ever lived as fur as thes fokes no and they aint even spoke that peece

"washuntun said "I hope to dye
if i ever told no lie."

mugs rian said he were lik washuntun when he com to collekt my radiator wrent, but he dont luk lik no washuntun he luks like a citee boy from baraboo and he tawks so fast as you cant tel wher his tong is in his mowth, he put the money what i give him in his pocket and he sez i wud be the savyeer of my contree-

men some day which i hope to be. Muther we had much agin for brekfust and i tuk to plates and water sez "go as fur as ye lik, and thats jus what he sez he did and i sez I dont care fur no buns after al that much so he give me more much. At super I give ten cens for deesert and I got for dishes of proons and I cat them al and brown teers was commin down my cheeks when i finished. martee Henihan wants me to run races after super but the pèsky litle panse he give me woudent keep no mesketers of so i sez i wont run till you giv me the wrest of them panse, and he sez, there aint no rest he sez. Muther gud by for now as it has started to sno and rane tell jessy i look at her fotygraf every day and weap.

your coledge sun,

BIL.

WHO'S ZOO AT NOTRE DAME.

The first species we have to record is a large shaggy-haired wild-eyed kind of thing that seeks its dwelling always on the edge of some lake or river preferably in boat houses and when once having made a den starts out inspecting the nearby country. Sometimes this species penetrates mathematic classes and stays for hours at a time, at other times it will insinuate itself into metaphysics and will speak freely with inmates. It is tame and can be hitched to carts without any trouble and made to draw food from the kitchen to the dining-room. It is called Petrus Yernsus.

Some people have been unable to see the humor in this joke, but we think it is uproariously funny:

Two men were riding in a Hill Street Car sitting opposite each other. When one had looked for some minutes at the other he suddenly exclaimed: "Hello" the other replied, "Hello." That's all.

SOME NERVE.

Infirmarian:—"Young man, you have a fever of 104, what have you been doing?"

Student (*excited*):—"Why—er—I've been reading the SAFETY VALVE."

"You know me, Al, I'm the fellow who eats pie off the palm of his hand and who laughs at the manners of other people."

PESTS.

The fellow who wants you to lend him your pipe till he smokes some tobacco he just borrowed.

The guy who is always asking if you are going to use your rain coat when it begins to pour.

The fellow who tells you at table that you took the piece of meat off the plate that he wanted.

The man who carries no life insurance, yet insists on eating peas with his knife.

The gink who tries to impress on you that he's doing his best, but that every one is down on him.

The fellow who wants you to examine the pimple on his face and see whether or not you think he has smallpox.

The poor dub who should have got 90% in exam, but who was soaked by the teacher for nothing.