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Verbum Caro Factum Est.

A FAR in Juda's hills, now ages gone,
At evening hour a maiden knelt in prayer;
No bud or flower did scent the peaceful air,
Yet fragrant 'twas, as is the early dawn.
A herald spoke—not one of those who fawn
For royal favor—but an angel rare.
"Thou art the choice of Heaven, Princess fair!"
"I am His Maid—my heart to His is drawn."

Her "fiat"—then the shadow of a Dove—
And God's embrace His earthly seraph felt;
That hour above all hours of time was blest,
The Holy Spirit wed His virgin Love!
In radiant flush of tender joy she knelt,
A child in tears—and God was in her breast!

B. Walter.

Captain John Barry.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

IN the center of Independence Square in the city of Philadelphia, and within the shadow of the sacred temple where our country assumed its position among the nations of the earth, rises a bronze statue to the memory of that loyal sailor patriot, "Fighting Jack" Barry. It is fitting that his image should stand there, on that green common where the fathers of the land were wont to gather in the formative period of our nation's history, for if any man of that time merits the name "Father," Barry is that one. Second only to the fame of Washington, should be that of the intrepid Irish-American who started the United States Navy on its long career of glory. John Paul Jones may share his fame, but never outshine it. Brave and resourceful as the Scotch commander was, he was not averse to fortune and glory, even seeking to further his own ends by requesting the Continental Congress to declare him admiral of the infant fleet. Far different

were the actions of Barry, who fought for love of country primarily, and perhaps for love of fighting secondarily. Never, in his long career, did he allow personal greed or love of self to give place to the higher love he bore the country of his adoption. His high patriotism was of such merit that it puts to shame many of his contemporaries whom the American youth is taught to idealize. The few specimens of his manuscript that have survived him, teem with the most unselfish of thoughts and the highest of patriotic ideals. In a miserably written, poorly spelled letter to his friend John Brown, a Philadelphia merchant, may be found the following deathless sentence:—"I serve my country for nothing." Simple language, with no attempt at display; the sincere, logical reasoning of an unselfish mind. What a maxim for the public servant of our day, and even for the majority in his own times!

John Barry was born in a little village in the County Wexford, Ireland, in the year 1745. The dull boom of the surf, lashing the rock-bound Irish coast, was the first lullaby that he knew, and one that he never forgot. We know practically nothing of his early life, but it is easy to imagine him lying by the sea-side, and straining his eyes toward the distant horizon, dreaming the dreams that were destined to become realities. The general opinion is that he ran away from home at the age of fifteen to seek his fortune over the sea. The authentic history of his life dates from the year 1760, when he landed in Philadelphia, and became, in every sense of the word, an American. The famous Pennsylvanian, Cadwalader, befriended the homeless waif, and secured a berth for him in the service of the West India Company. In 1774, he had advanced to the captaincy of one of the largest vessels of their fleet.

On October the 13th, 1775, the Continental Congress, in session at Philadelphia, laid the cornerstone of the American Navy by author-

izing the purchase of two armed vessels. Barry volunteered to command one of them, and in December of the same year, was given the first naval commission ever issued by Congress. His first ship was the small sloop "Lexington," which he commanded until October, 1776, when he was made Captain of the "Effingham," a ship of twenty-eight guns. In the latter part of October he sailed out of the port of Philadelphia, eluded the British blockader "Roe-buck" and gained the open sea. In April he captured the small English warship "Edward" and returned with it to Philadelphia. This was the first prize taken by a commissioned officer of the American Navy. The "Effingham," Barry's ship, was destroyed by the English army that captured Philadelphia in May, 1778, and the daring privateersman, found himself without a command. Unwilling to remain idle while his country was in dire need of men, he raised a troop of volunteers and took part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. It was his masterly efforts in securing and handling transport barges that enabled Washington to cross the ice-packed Delaware and defeat Rall at Trenton in 1778. He was appointed aide on the staff of his old friend, Cadwalader, and, once at least, acted as special aide to Washington himself, who held him in the highest esteem.

During the early weeks of the long, heroic winter at Valley Forge, Barry remained on the upper Delaware, eating his heart out for a chance to aid the starving army under Washington. His plans to harass the enemy finally bore fruit. A young officer of the Pennsylvania Line had been experimenting with a deadly machine that afterward developed into the modern torpedo. Barry became interested in the young man's scheme, and personally superintended the construction of barrel-shaped buoys, which were loaded with powder and then set afloat in the swift current of the Delaware. One morning during the winter of '78 two Philadelphia boys spied one of these strange machines in the stream, and put out in a boat to investigate it. The prow of their boat collided with the barrel, and the two inquisitive young fishermen were blown to atoms. Soon the river became packed with these embryo torpedoes, and the inhabitants of Philadelphia were terror-stricken. Wild stories of the purpose of the terrible engines were circulated in the streets, and the citizens flocked to the wharves to see the result of the novel attack. For

hours, the British warships blazed away at every floating stick and chip that came down the stream. The explosive barrels failed to create any appreciable havoc, but succeeded in terrifying the British sailors, and in making them the butt of jests and quips during the rest of their stay in the city. This episode has gone down in history as "The Battle of the Kegs," and as such became famous in song and story.

Dissatisfied with the result of this maneuver, Barry tried a bolder one. One dark night several weeks later, with a handful of picked men in four boats, he dropped down the river, passed the city and eluded the warships anchored in midstream. His daring expedition was discovered too late by the English gunners, whose shots failed to reach their mark. Barry gained the lower Delaware, and began a long series of almost unbelievable exploits that made the British General Howe tear his hair, and that brought welcome rejoicing to the starving band of heroes amid the bleak hills of Valley Forge. On one occasion, the intrepid Irishman with his little fleet of barges, came alongside of a British warship sailing up the Delaware, acting as convoy to three other large ships loaded with supplies for Howe's army. His little band boarded the warship, and, after battering down the hatches, and imprisoning almost its entire crew, turned its guns on the three supply ships, and captured every one of them. When Barry proudly sailed his prize into Port Penn, on the lower Delaware, and made an invoice of his capture, it was found that one major, two captains, three lieutenants, ten soldiers, and about one hundred sailors and marines, to say nothing of an enormous quantity of supplies, were the spoils of his little command of thirty men! It was such exploits as these of Barry's and the foraging expeditions of Anthony Wayne, that kept Washington's men at Valley Forge supplied with food and clothing through that long, terrible winter of '78.

In that same year came his first and only disaster. He was given command of the "Raleigh," a ship of thirty-two guns. Sailing out of Boston, late in September, 1778, he fell in with two British frigates, one of fifty, the other of twenty-two guns. After putting up a gallant fight against terrible odds, he ran his ship ashore, burnt it, and escaped with most of his crew.

In November, 1780, his wonderful career

reached its climax. In this year he was given command of the "Alliance," thirty-six guns. In this vessel, he carried John Laurens, the ambassador to France, and on his return voyage fell in with two British warships, the "Atlanta" and "Trepassey," and compelled both of them to strike their colors. In this engagement, he was severely wounded in the shoulder by a grape-shot. In 1782, he made his most successful cruise, capturing prizes that netted over three million dollars.

In March, 1783, off Havana, Cuba, he crossed arms with the British frigate "Sybille," thirty-eight. After a short fight, the English ship retired, shattered and beaten, and escaped. This was the last sea battle of the Revolution, peace being declared in April, 1783. Soon after, the gallant "Alliance" and all other ships of war were sold and the country left without a navy.

In 1794, new warships were built, and the re-born Barry was made ranking officer with the approval of President Washington. For seven years he commanded the famous frigate "United States." He retired from active service in 1801, and for two years led the peaceful life of a citizen in the city of Philadelphia. Two years of peace were disastrous to a life so active as his had been. He died on the thirteenth day of September, 1803, at the age of fifty-eight. He had married twice, Protestants, who embraced his own faith afterward. His second wife Sarah Austin Barry, survived him for several years. They are buried together in the little churchyard of St. Mary's, Philadelphia. The gallant commander never had a child. No son was left to prolong the name than which there is but one more glorious in the fair annals of our struggle for independence.

Although the family and genius of the famous patriot died with him, "Fighting Jack" Barry's name will be loved and honored so long as brave deeds and noble unselfishness are revered in the nation. He was the ideal American-Catholic citizen. Even in his narrow-minded, bigoted day, he commanded the respect and position that must always accrue to true merit. In our day, when the voice of the bigot is again loud in the land, it would be well for us to take for our model of citizenship the life of this sailor-patriot, and for our shibboleth, those simple words in the letter to his friend:—"I serve the country for nothing."

The Secretary.

BY EDWARD J. MCOSKER.

"Blake!"

The person thus addressed immediately arose from his typewriter seat and walked hurriedly to the desk of his employer, J. H. McDermott, millionaire manufacturer and shipper.

McDermott always insisted on promptness and willingness, and it was just the fact that Tom Blake possessed both of these faculties that accounted for his holding his position as confidential secretary to the wealthy business man. Nearly a year before, the young fellow had represented a small firm in its dealings with McDermott's concern. The magnate had been struck with Blake's ability and had offered him the position of assistant cashier in his industry.

During the course of a few months Blake had made a deep impression on his employer and had been taken from the business office to McDermott's private sanctum, where his services were almost beyond value.

Without looking up from the contract he was reading, McDermott said, "Turn those copies over to Miss Burns and have her type-write them."

"But, sir, I think they are too import—" began Blake.

"Never mind, I want you for something else," his employer interrupted sharply.

Without another word, Tom summoned the stenographer, gave her instructions and then returned to the president.

"Sit down!" said McDermott.

Blake complied with the demand, at the same time wondering what great wrong he had committed. His feelings were allayed, however, when McDermott removed his glasses from his eyes and laughing heartily said:

"Did you think I was angry? Tom, my boy, you have been with me for nearly a year now and I have learned to trust you, to like you; in fact, I have learned to love you as a son. You know, Tom, that when I started on my career I was penniless and uneducated. Through the help of God and good fortune, I have built up a highly paying business. Although I have more money than I can use, I am not a society man; consequently, I am up against a problem. Because I have money, must my daughter

marry money, although she loves someone else?"

"That's a rather poor question to put to me, as I am far below your class, where money is used as a basis," said Blake.

"Answer me, please," McDermott replied.

"Since you insist, I will give you my candid opinion," Tom began. "If your daughter loves a man, and he is the right sort of a fellow, I would say let her marry him. It is not likely that a young woman who has been brought up as well as your daughter and who has had such an education as she has had, would fall in love with some unworthy fellow. Money isn't the basis of happiness, in my opinion sir, and nothing can shatter true love."

McDermott arose slowly from his chair. He was plainly worried.

"I thank you, Tom," he said rather unsteadily. Then, recovering himself, with a bright smile added: "By the way, Blake, my daughter will be here this afternoon and I want you to meet her."

Late in the afternoon, Miss Evelyn McDermott, pretty and smiling burst into her father's office.

"Daddy," she cried as she flung her arms about his neck, "Europe is great, but it's better to get back to the U. S. A. and you."

After the first greetings, McDermott asked his daughter cautiously: "I hope, Evelyn, that by this time you have forgotten that fellow."

"Oh no, father," she replied, "I met lots of nice fellows, but none of them were just like him."

"You see, father, I never told you the story of how I met him:

"Three years ago I would have drowned at Atlantic City, had not this big, handsome man saved me. That wasn't all. He did everything to help resuscitate me and called once or twice at the hotel to inquire as to how I was feeling.

"One night he met me on the porch of the hotel. He was so modest, so unassuming and a splendid talker. Everybody seemed to like him, but no one seemed to know his name or his business.

"I thought it strange that he never gave me his card or asked for mine. Not long after that, he went away and I have never seen him or heard of him since. But, he's different, oh, so different from the other fellows."

"I'm sorry that you can't be willing to put him from your vision," said her father. "I thought a year in Europe would change your ideas. But, I can't blame you. I, too, have been drawn to my ideal of a man, one of my employes, so to speak,—my private secretary. I wish you could like him as I do."

Evelyn smiled and played with the leaves of a letter file. There was apparently no chance for an agreement there.

Suddenly, the door swung open, Blake hurried in and without seeming to note that anyone was in the room besides himself, hurried to his desk. He hurriedly deposited some letters in a drawer and prepared to go to work on his typewriter.

Mr. McDermott watched his young secretary admiringly: every action of Blake seemed to indicate business, business, business.

Evelyn McDermott stood transfixed. Her face was livid. Her fingers clutched the edge of her father's desk. McDermott was the first to speak.

"That is my secretary," he said.

"But, it can't be; It's him, the man,—"
her father interrupted her with an exclamation of joy.

"Blake!" he called. Again Tom turned promptly.

"I beg your pardon, I didn't see you," he began, but his face turned to almost every color of the rainbow, when he recognized the girl in front of him.

McDermott was the first to recover his composure. "Mr. Blake," he said, "I would like to have you meet my daughter, Miss Evelyn. Mr. Blake has been my secretary, Evelyn, but to-morrow, he becomes general business manager of my concern."

Several weeks later, during the course of a conversation, Evelyn said to Blake: "Why was it you never told me your name at Atlantic City?"

"I was working as a detective during the summer months to help pay my way through the university," he replied.

"So that's why you kept your name and business a secret. But why did you leave so suddenly?"

"I got my man," Blake answered, laughingly.

Then a few months later came the old, old story.

Varsity Verse.

THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

She dwelt among the cows and chicks,
A simple farmer maid,
The kind of girl that Riley picks,
To sing his serenade.

She did not go to cabarets,
Or trot at tango teas,
And yet her simple country ways
Were pretty sure to please.

She's never danced with duke or earl,
She did not rouge or paint,
And yet is she, my type of girl?
Well, I should say she ain't.

N. K. S.

MUCH-TRODDEN WAYS.

He said he would not skive again
Demerits did forbid;
But, ah, that night he left our "den,"
And heeded not the "lid."

But in the crowd the prefect walked,
Half hidden from the eye,
And into him my roommate stalked
While gazing at the sky.

'Twas after twelve an hour or so,
When in the door walked he.
But now he's left the school, and oh,
The difference to me.

A. Moynihan.

TO-MORROW.

To-day I've lived but for to-morrow
And every hour has seemed a year,
I know that's making life a sorrow,
But, then, to-morrow you'll be here.

J. U. R.

THE UNUSUAL WEIGHT.

She weighed three hundred pounds, a miss
Who drove an omnibus.
I can not tell you why was this,
But know that it was thus.

An elephant that walks a rope
While carrying a trunk—
Fair as a Jew that peddles soap
Upon a load of junk.

One day she lost her balance, so
She fell and was a corse.
The busy world cared not, but oh
The difference to the horse!

The Cultural Value of Shakespearean Study.

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

Shakespeare was not a scholar of his age. When compared with such men as Spenser, Beaumont, and Fletcher, who were educated in the leading English universities, we call him but a small man indeed. For Shakespeare went only as far as grammar school. Yet the number of years he spent under the teachers was not to be the determinant of his future greatness, for many with more schooling came far from reaching his pinnacle of literary attainment.

It must be remembered that Shakespeare was a writer of sonnets and poetry very early in his career before he gave promise of ever becoming the greatest of English dramatists. In the sonnets, which are his most intense love poems, we see the spirit of the poet manifested in the high level of poetic expression, but made less gaudy by the reasoning which is characteristic of Shakespeare. Before leaving the subject of his verse it might be well to refer to that form which pervades many of his plays that are written in the other periods of his career. Some of this verse is written for song purpose, and it is in this that we find his sweetest lines as distinguished from the blank-verse that is used so much in his plays. His keen sense of observation shows itself in the lines of his poems where he speaks of youth, age, music, and kindred subjects. Many of the familiar lines of Shakespeare might never suggest the writer of such deep and powerful tragedy as he is capable of writing. The old saying that "Shakespeare never repeats," is probably best disproved in his poems where adjectives are used over and over again.

The eastern gate all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.

Shakespeare's blank-verse is perhaps what has achieved the most fame for him from the standpoint of poetry. It took on forms of manifold variety of music and expression. His blank-verse came very near approaching prose, but it never became prose. In this lay his art, for he strove to leave his lines as might be spoken by the characters, but still retain the beauty of blank-verse.

Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter.

The more time the student spends with his Shakespeare the greater becomes his critical ability. One must read Shakespeare with one's mind keenly alert to all the trend of events of the play. One must likewise closely follow the characters as they develop within the play. It is very easy to get merely the outward importance of the study, but the real importance of the plays comes only from close application and critical study.

To thoroughly appreciate the Shakespearean plays it is well to have a good knowledge of the Elizabethan stage. The production of plays in that day was very different from that of the modern era, and in studying the stage itself, we get much relative knowledge of the history and literature of that period. And it is not likely that a student will be content with knowing the status of the theatre in Shakespearean days alone, but he will trace its development to the present time. Stage settings and costuming form a very important part of this study.

The general life of the people of the Elizabethan period is not to be overlooked. It was a period when a change in the manners and everyday life of the people was very marked. It affected almost every department of thought and action. Thus we see that the farther we go into Shakespearean study the more numerous become the subjects that are correlative to the study of the play itself. Of course, most of the plays are not really of the day of Shakespeare, but historically of another period. Nevertheless, they cannot help but show much of the life of that day, for the environment of the writer would most naturally be reflected in whatever he might produce. Feudal or renaissance Europe forms the background of most of his plays; family feuds and national wars figuring largely in them. Aristocratic society and superstition are two notable characteristics of the plays.

The historical basis of many of his plays forms an important factor in Shakespearean study. We are thereby given much historical knowledge, although we recognize the fact that Shakespeare does not in all cases follow history accurately in its details. With the

historical value of the plays may be combined their literary value as based upon their being taken from the work of earlier writers. For Shakespeare liked to borrow the plots of others and work them out to suit his own fancy. "Romeo and Juliet" (1597) is based upon Bandello's novel "Romeus and Juliet," Englished by Arthur Brooke and upon "The Palace of Pleasure" by Painter. "The Merchant of Venice" (1600) is taken from a romance of an Arabian type, discovered by Capell in the Fourth Day of "Il Pecorone," a collection of stories written to emulate the "Decameron" by the Florentine, Ser. Giovanni. In "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Shakespeare evidently took some names from Plutarch's "Life of Theseus." Pyramus, Thisbe, and Titania came from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." The folklore of Stratford, and vicinity, furnished suggestions for Shakespeare to work upon in his plays. The fable of "Twelfth Night" (1623) is drawn from a dramatization at Siena in 1531 of a comedy called "Gl' Ingannati." It was entirely transformed by Shakespeare, however.

Among his tragedies, "Julius Caesar" (1623) is based upon the Caesar of Plutarch's "Lives." So with "Anthony and Cleopatra," (1623) and "Timon of Athens" (1623). "Hamlet" (1603-4) was from the story which appeared in the "Histoires Tragiques" of Belleforest, who adapted it from the "Historica Danica" of Særo Grammaticus.

Usually the classification of his plays is as follows: first, those written early in life, as "Midsummer Night's Dream" together with several of the English chronicle plays; second, plays written after the age of thirty, towards the end of the century, mostly romantic comedies like "As You Like It;" third, plays of great maturity, written early in the seventeenth century, as "Julius Caesar" and "Hamlet;" fourth, those written in his latest years when he had a free fancy.

While the reader will not be made to moralize any the more after studying Shakespeare, still he will see that Shakespeare never fails to let the good triumph over the evil. The two are always brought out in sharp contrast. One does not find the religious type of spirituality very conspicuous, but one does get a clear conception of the merits of good, and of the meaning in its broad sense of "poetic justice."

The District Attorney's First Case.

BY HOWARD R. PARKER.

Attorney McDougall was very young, so much so that he had created the biggest surprise in Seattle politics for twenty-five years. He was not yet twenty-five years of age, and had, only the day before, ridden a landslide straight into the chair of the District Attorney of Coleman County, of which the city of Seattle formed the head and most of the members.

Then add to his election a promise made to him some weeks before by a certain young lady in Colonial Heights, just outside the city, and you begin to appreciate the cause of his jubilation. Miss Sybil Anderson was the daughter of Mrs. Robin M. Anderson, sole proprietress of the Anderson Theatre, Seattle's foremost temple of the flickering drama, known to most patrons as the movies. McDougall had known Miss Anderson for some little time, as the society editors would say, and he had even submitted the ages-old question to be deliberated upon by Her Honor.

Miss Anderson's reply was unique; if Chester should win the district attorneyship then he might expect an affirmative answer. He had won, he assured himself, and he would now advance to his second conquest.

In the midst of these rose-bowered reflections, McDougall came upon his morning's mail, which had been left on his desk by the faithful janitor. Fingering through the pile, most of which he knew to be made up of notes of congratulations, he came upon a letter post-marked, "Colonial Heights" and adorned with a special delivery stamp. Hastily he tore open the all-important missive, for he was sure it was from Sybil, whom he had not seen since his election had been declared a certainty, late the night before. "The dear girl just couldn't wait to—"

But the letter was not from the dear girl, it was from Mrs. Anderson, and was evidently written hurriedly. The note ran:

At Home Tuesday Eve.

MY DEAR CHESTER:—

I tried to get you on the phone all last night, but could not. I wanted to tell you of some letters that have come to me through the mail. I am terribly upset over them, and want to ask you to help solve the mystery of them, and now that you are District Attorney, I'm sure you'll work very hard for the safety of Sybil and myself.

The night before last I went to the little post office here and received a letter, inside of which was a card with a big Black Hand painted on it. This evening another one came, with the words, "Warning—Look out for the Black Hand."

Now what do you think of those letters, Chester? I haven't an enemy in the world that I know of. Please call at the house at once, and I will tell you all about it.

Yours in anxiety.

MRS. R. M. ANDERSON.

April 30, 1914.

McDougall finished reading the letter with an impression of doubt and astonishment.

Grabbing his hat, and giving some directions to the office-boy, who had just come in, McDougall slammed the door and hurried to the street, where he took a taxi for Colonial Heights.

Mrs. Anderson herself greeted him, although it was much earlier than her customary breakfast time. Sybil was not at home, having gone riding to quiet her nerves.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, Chester," was Mrs. Anderson's greeting, when they had sat down in the tapestried drawing-room, the young man knew so well. "Here are the letters in this drawer; I'm afraid to carry them around, so dangerous do they seem."

McDougall examined the ominous messages eagerly, but without gaining much satisfaction from them. The black hand on each was hand-painted, although not so crudely outlined as most "black hands" he had heard of. Neither were the envelopes soiled with finger tips. Evidently the sender of the letter had been a bit more refined than ordinary "Black Hand" men.

"What do you make of them, Chester?" asked Mrs. Anderson at length. "Isn't it terrible? You'll help me, won't you?"

"Yes, but—Yes, surely, I'll go to work on the matter at once," stammered McDougall, a little excited over the position he found himself placed in the very first day in his new office. "I'll hurry back to the office and see old Sweeney, chief of detectives. He'll give me a couple of good men to work on the case. And if you wish, I'll have him send over a plain-clothes man to keep guard about the house here."

"Yes, I wish you would. One feels much safer, when there's a policeman near. But please, Chester, do not let the newspapers hear about it."

The district attorney promised to keep the "tip" from getting to the reporters, then hurried back down town. After explaining the strange case to Chief Sweeney, and securing from him the policeman and the two "sleuths," he placed the mysterious letter in his office safe.

The first detective was shown the evidence, and then ordered to shadow the Latin quarter of the city. The second man was detailed to keep a close watch on the Anderson residence.

Realizing that it takes time and patience to track down a criminal, young McDougall was not discouraged, and it was with a light heart that he walked to his apartments several blocks away. He had hardly reached the house and started on his perusal of the evening "pink" when the telephone emitted a long, insistent ring. Trembling with excitement, the district attorney seized the receiver and found Mrs. Anderson on the wire.

"Come right up, Chester, I want to see you at once," she exclaimed.

"But what have you found out, Mrs. Anderson? Won't you tell me before I go out?"

"No, you hurry out right away. I cannot tell you over the telephone. Good-bye."

McDougall did hurry, and it was just twenty-two minutes later when he jumped from an interurban car and ran up the wide steps of the Anderson home. He was met at the door by Mrs. Anderson and Sybil, neither of whom, strangely enough, seemed at all in a perturbed state of mind.

"What have you discovered?" he demanded after he had greeted Mrs. Anderson and her daughter.

"Read this and you'll see," answered the former, handing him a letter.

Here is what McDougall read:

KEYSTONE FILM COMPANY.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

May 1, 1914

MRS. R. M. ANDERSON,
Anderson Theatre,
Seattle, Wash.

DEAR MRS. ANDERSON:—

We are about to release a six part feature film, "The Visitation of the Black Hand." This film is being widely advertised. Would you care to investigate it. We will send you full information upon request. The production will be released at the usual rates.

Respectfully,

KEYSTONE FILM COMPANY.

Firelight Fancies.

BY H. J. BROSNAHAN.

"If someone were to give me a million dollars, to-morrow,—" I murmured aloud, scarcely conscious of the words I uttered. Lounging in a huge Morris chair drawn up before the fireplace in my library, while my wearied senses were half-drugged by the fumes of a black Havana and lulled by the music of the whistling North wind without, I had allowed my thoughts to stray aimlessly over the past. Through early childhood, my fancy had wandered, carefree and joyful; bright faces surrounded me, and with childish glee we played at "hide-and-seek;" our only care was the dread thought of being penned in the gloomy school-room. How quickly those early years, high school days, too, had their disappointments and triumphs; so momentous then, so trivial now. College! The goal of early years' ambition! The end of schooling; the beginning of life! Here were spent long hours of earnest study and hard work; work made pleasant by association with friends who shared one's labor, who held the same lofty ideals and ambitious longings that seemed to make life worth living. All too soon the class-room gave way to the law-office, and for a score of years, legal tangles and disputes had held me fast to my vocation.

"The past is gone." I aroused myself impatiently, angry at the tears that dimmed my eyes, as fond memories of faces arose before me, but again the phrase forced its way to my lips: "If someone were to give me a million dollars, to-morrow—" I sank back into my couch and in the blaze of the crackling logs, I viewed the future, as a millionaire.

Scarcely had I given myself up as a prey to the thoughts of envy that had caused me to form my unfinished sentence, when through the flames a wonderful vista was revealed: On a jagged cliff overlooking a deep ravine, sat a man surrounded by piles of gold; below him was a vast multitude of wretched, ill-clad, starving people, the very dregs of humanity. From the pit came a continuous roar of voices in which were mingled cries of despair, of hatred, of envy; cries for help, for mercy, for life; cries of imprecation, of threats and of curses. Babes in arms cried piteously for

Sustenance; mothers wept and moaned at their helplessness; strong men alternately cried for help and cursed the God who had made them. Meanwhile the Man of Gold, with a great feeling of pity, looked down upon the Trodden Masses; in his heart burned an ardent desire to help the miserable creatures who with upturned faces begged for bare existence. But how could he aid them? The need was apparent, but the means concealed. Turning from the sight, and reluctantly giving up the problem of helping those beneath him, the Man of Gold continued his joyless task of gathering more wealth and adding it to his hoard. While he, heedless of all that occurred about him, was thus engaged, there appeared in the heavens a large cross on which were emblazoned the words: "By this sign, conquer!"

The picture was withdrawn, but its lesson had been imprinted on my heart. My unfinished question sought its answer in pleasure and self-seeking; Christ's command implied hardship and self-renunciation. My words and the inscription on the cross could be reconciled in only one way: to help humanity; to raise one's neighbor from the depths of degradation and despair; to instil fresh courage in hearts blackened by jealous hatred. Yes, the end was apparent, but the means hidden.

Again I took refuge in searching the flames, hoping to find therein a new inspiration. The money existed (in fancy), my purpose was plain; but the problem that has puzzled the most brilliant economists now confronted me: the distribution of wealth. Alladin with his Wonderful Lamp never obtained a wish more rapidly than I received an answer to my question; I had barely expressed the desire, when, behold! in the fireplace a panorama of simple pictures was revealed from which I found the means of doing away with my easily obtained million. First, a sweet-faced, black-robed nun, a Sister of Charity, with outstretched hands, stood within the andirons and begged for an alms to relieve the sufferings of some poor person in distress. Her place was taken by a brown-cassocked, hooded monk, wearing the medal of St. Vincent de Paul, who cried for aid in carrying out his plans for the building of charitable institutions. A nurse of the Red Cross appeared, whose work consisted of procuring relief for the sufferers in war-stricken Europe. A priest, whose worn face and prematurely aged appearance told of hardships

in far-away climes, pleaded with me for help in his great work of enlightening the heathen. Devoted to God and blessed by Him, oftentimes despised by men, yet pledged to their welfare for the love of God, these noble creatures inspired me with a greater zeal towards helping mankind. Finally, our Blessed Lady, the golden-robed protectress of my Alma Mater, beseeched me to aid in the education of the Catholic youth of the nation that they might go forth, as did the apostles of old, teaching by example the lessons of faith, raising the standards of morality by prevention of crimes, insanity and poverty, and leaving the world better for their having lived.

The picture vanished. The flame died, leaving only glowing embers in the fireplace. For several minutes I remained motionless, my mind dwelling on the images which I had created. I thought of the poverty, the untold sufferings, that existed among the laboring classes in this country. Ill-fed, scarcely clothed, and poorly paid, the great mass of workers struggle for existence. Rendered desperate by poverty, many turn to crime; others, unable to bear the heavy burdens of life, break down under the strain and take their own lives, or swell the yearly increasing number of the insane. Meanwhile the capitalists, accumulating untold wealth, heed only their own craving for pleasure, and turn deaf ears to the pleas of their less fortunate fellow-beings and the prayers of God's servants who had appeared to me in my reveries.

I was awakened from my meditation by a laughing, curly-haired sprite who came bounding into the room for his good-night kiss. Taking him in my arms, I pressed his tousled head closely to my breast. Here was a treasure which was of greater value than gold, but which, like all wealth, held a latent power for good or evil. I felt that my duty to mankind was to be found in the bringing up of my child: in placing before him high ideals, inspiring him with the noble resolve of devoting his life's work to the uplift of humanity, and, above all, to make him realize that Gold, as a desirable possession, must be made subservient to the Cross.

Longing.

This day is dreary and lonesome and cold,
And the lead-gray sky doth a storm enfold,
Yet I could be happy and sing with glee,
If you were but here, 'longside of me. J. U. R.

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—To a great many people who have come to consider a Democratic mayor in Chicago as a matter of course in political life, the election of William Hale

The Chicago Election. Thompson was a profound surprise. As he defeated Judge Olson in the primaries by a plurality of only three thousand, few outside of his own immediate friends thought that he could win over Sweitzer, the powerful Democratic candidate. Some profess to see in this election the "writing on the wall" for the Democratic party in 1916. With the Republicans and Progressives united and both supporting Thompson, their mayoralty candidate piled up a record-breaking plurality of 139,000. But whether we regard this set-back of the Democratic party as a prognostication of further and more far-reaching defeats, or as merely the result of local political issues, we must greatly deplore the fact that once more the malicious injection of religion into politics played an important part in the election. Mr. Sweitzer is a Catholic and a Knight of Columbus, and for this reason alone many cowardly and bigoted persons took it upon themselves to circulate despicable and calumnious literature concerning his political ambitions and his religion. Again the senseless fear of Catholic aggression played upon the emotions of ignorant voters and caused them to desert their party by the thousands to accomplish the defeat of the so-called "papal" candidate.

We wonder how much longer this insane bigotry is going to continue? Are we to be maligned by a suborned press, insulted by every hypocritical perjurer who takes the platform, and denied fair and just treatment at the polls for the sole reason of our religion? Every intelligent citizen wants peace and wishes to keep religion entirely separated from politics, but if it comes to the point when this is impossible, then the next best thing must be done. Just as the Central Verein holds the balance of power in Germany, a united Catholic sentiment might easily influence the selection of candidates in both political parties and cause the promotion of tolerant political policies. We hope that this will not be necessary, but political affairs cannot long exist as they are now.

—Most modern artists and fashion-plate designers like to portray the American collegian as a creature of culture and cleanliness.

The College Tramp. It is generally conceded that the college man is the quintessence of neatness in matters of personal appearance and in questions of dress. It further seems to be a fact that the average intelligent student rather conscientiously endeavors to appear always clean-cut and gentlemanly. But unhappily there are some men hibernating at Notre Dame who are evidently strenuous exceptions to this rule. They are the minority representatives of what college taste and fashion should not be. It would not be at all unnatural if some of the unsophisticated strangers wandering about the campus these days would form the obvious opinion that ours is a colony of section-hands. Nor is it difficult to understand why, if any stranger, unarmed, were to meet some of our uncouth pecans after dark, he would be most precipitous in his departure hence.

While not advocating dudism or extolling sensational ornamentation, we do stand for presentability and civilized appearance in the classroom and in the dining-room, on the campus and on the streets. A military shirt can be worn with as much grace and neatness as a tuxedo, and a sweater or jersey is respectable when clean. But the imbecilic pest who proceeds about and comes to table with his ancient shirt gaping wide half way down the front, exposing a few square feet of chest, should be effectively *boobed* out of sight. Minus a necktie, minus a collar button, minus self-respect, and

minus all consideration for others who must eat at the same table with him, this shallow-pate seems to be an over-ripe subject for a sanity test or a bit of parental discipline. These same people hover around track meets and ball games in the same condition of vulgarity—undraped chests, seatless trousers, heelless shoes, crownless and brimless head-gear, and unbarbered fringes. They haven't enough gumption or pride about them to don sufficient clothing at any time, nor have they respect and devotion enough to hide their dishabille when they enter church or chapel. If every real college man would show his disapproval of such ridiculous vagrancy perhaps our brethren would reform, if they are not yet beyond that stage from which there is no redemption.

Personals.

—Mr. H. R. Newman, advertising manager of the South Bend *News Times*, has finished his series of lectures before the Journalists.

—Pretty little cards received at the University announce the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. William Feeley (C. E., '06); a son to Mr. and Mrs. Fabian N. Johnston (E. E., '12), and a son to Mr. and Mrs. Rafael Estrada. Congratulations all around.

—Lester T. Lloyd of Carroll Hall is in St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago recovering from a broken arm. Lester is done up in a cast that gives him the appearance of an armored soldier, but the bright smile upon his face proclaims to all that visit him that every day is a recreation day now.

—Mr. J. M. Walsh (E. E., '14) is among the graduates of last year who have been thoroughly successful. Joe is a loyal son and lets no opportunity pass of saying a good word for the University. He has lately sent Professor Cooney valuable articles on the Preparation of Technical Papers.

XIX.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

CHARLES SOMERS, LL. B.

We never saw anything in our lives that was so full of electric shocks as this year of our Lord nineteen-hundred fifteen! Bryan still alive, Jack Johnson knocked off the championship stool, Gen. Von Kluk not yet dying, and last and most awful—Charles Somers on the

Delinquent List! We knew "Chick" when he was a lad full of fresh and verdant ideals, who feared the dinky list more than a Law quiz, and for whom a demerit was the bacillus of violent disgrace and death. And now he is there—and all because of his morals. We shall dwell no longer on a sight so sad.

Chick is going to be a lawyer whose special field will embrace Domestic Relations. He hasn't made this public yet, but we gather it from his most intimate conversation. In fact, ever since last summer he had ceased to wax eloquent on any other topic. Moreover, he is preparing himself for a military career. All in all, his model is patently seen to be Col. Hoynes.

Charlie's distinctive virtue is temperance. From childhood he has consumed nothing save the purest water. In fact he could never be induced to partake of N. D. coffee, because its H₂O is a trifle shady. Not so well-known, perhaps, is the circumstance that he had to abandon the idea of a religious vocation because he could never tolerate the taste of wine. We have seen Chick on the streets of South Bend with a headache so exasperating that his legs were scarcely able to bear him. But do you think he would take any peppermint? No, sir! It contained alcohol.

When the Brownson Literary Society meets, it is always cheered by the amiable countenance of its former president. Chick is sure to be the first one there, even when there is no smoker. When the orator of the evening flounders in the midst of a mazy mass of perfervid gesticulation, Chick's duty is to rush to the spot and help him out. For this reason the Brownson boys always take his words of advice very earnestly, and on the other hand consent to take his jokes in a different wise.

Somers has two extremely intimate friends: one, the illustrious discoverer of the marble champ—Byrnes; the other, his excellency, Col. Walter. While all of them are deeply interested in the law, their chief bond of union is the bumming of Prince and Piper. In fact, these future judges show a radiant impartiality to royalty and beggardom alike. Again, the writing up of cases is so much easier when you can procure a little mutual encouragement now and then.

Besides being all these things, Charlie is one of the landmarks of this institution. When a little lad with curly locks, he stood on the

verandah of the Main Shack and met Father Sorin. Even now it is wonderful to hear Chick's eloquence in describing this affecting occurrence. He recalls the good old times when there were sand hills instead of niggers around N. D.; when the prefect job was a cinch because the boys were clad in a uniform which could be admired a mile off: in fact, listening to Charles is like perceiving a rippling recrudescence of a scented past.

Enough of this. In conclusion let us visualize his epitaph. Somers will be a jurist of unexcelled benignity, justice, and good-will to men. So high will his virtues shine that he will be considered the very replica of Marshall and White. His personal charm, his bright and hearty laughter, his charming reminiscent method, his love of truth and of his country will shine afar.

P. S. This latter is not original, being stolen from the Senior write-up in the '15 DOME.

Local News.

—About one-third of the student body spent the short Easter vacation at home.

—"AH, the western character does not seem to be popular here. May I sing a song, Father?"

—So it seems that even a cartoonist cannot perform for an hour and a half without waving the American flag, and weeping all over our sacred rostrum. It's a bug.

—If there's anything that tends,
To the direst mental depression
It's the guy with a Packard "rep"
And a Ford line of expression.

—The coming of examination time is always evidenced by the maddening crowd of students in the library, trying to do the required reading of the whole period in a space of two hours.

—And now that the boys are all back, now that the historic male of the genus *Tarsus* has been thrown and counted out, let us prepare to face the lesser horrors of exams unflinchingly.

—Raymond Eichenlaub and Rupert Mills acted as escort to Father Lavin last Thursday night, to the all-star production of Sardou's "Diplomacy." Needless to say, no one claimed their seats.

—The most important dance of the year—the Senior Ball—will be given in the Oliver Hotel Wednesday evening, April 21. The committee has arranged a program of dances

superior to any that has been presented in several years. Dancing will take place in the Tapestry Ball Room of the hotel.

—Und I said to mein friend, distinct and slow,
"You hand me dot fifty-cent,
I gave to you three weeks ago,
This is the end of Lent."

—*Stale and Stolen.*

—The Carroll Hall team is working out every day under the direction of Walter Miller of Sorin Hall. The croquet plays that were so much in evidence in the early season are fast disappearing and there is every hope that a fast snappy team will be developed.

—We never believed the Hill Street cars were speedy enough to catch up to other cars and run into them, but the unlooked for has happened. No one was hurt in the collision, although three students suffered from the nervous shock of being suddenly awakened from a sound sleep.

—Rehearsals are being held daily for "The Girl of the Golden West" which will be staged by the Notre Dame Players the last of the month. Emmett Lenihan will be seen in the title-role, a part played formerly by Blanch Bates, who was seen in "Diplomacy" in South Bend Thursday night.

—A surer indication of Spring than the song of the robin is the appearance of Tony on the campus each evening with a large supply of ice cream. It is to be hoped, however, the spring disease does not follow the advent of Tony, for examinations will be upon us this week and the Delinquent List does not weary in warm weather.

—The Notre Dame Club of New York will give an informal dinner at the Prince George Hotel, 14 East 28th Street on Thursday, April 22, at 7:00 p. m. Elaborate preparations have been made and the entire alumni of New York City will be on hand. Among the musical numbers, old college songs will be rendered and old memories will be renewed. The Notre Dame Club of New York City is certainly active and is making its influence felt in the city.

—The neutrality of Notre Dame was broken last Tuesday morning, by a flying squadron from St. Mary's, which crossed the western frontier, and penetrated our lines to the cemetery. Our outposts surrendered without firing a shot. Serious complications may result,

as the fusilades of the invaders may prove fatal to several pickets.

—Eastern crews are practising daily in preparation for the spring boat races, and we would not be surprised to hear strange noises coming from our own lakes some of these fine days. Those composing the various crews, however, are requested to walk quietly in the boat house and speak in a whisper as there is serious study going on upstairs.

—The Kernel of the Kentucky Club, Mr. Gerald Clements (sah), wishes us to retract our statement of two weeks ago, namely, that that illustrious organization was formed for the sole purpose of having its picture taken. When interviewed, the Colonel refused to disclose any other purpose of the society, but, staring its name in the face, we have our suspicions.

—Mr. Paul Figlestahler has returned (again) from Churubusco. He is seriously considering changing his alma mater to Sacred Heart Academy, Fort Wayne, which delightful haunt, he recently visited, as the escort from 'Busco, of several winsome young ladies, who, he tells us, devour the SCHOLASTIC every week. We mention this that it may act as a spur to the efforts of our contributors.

—The track team has been having daily practice on Cartier Field in preparation for the coming meets. The weight throwers who started practice last week are doing well and from the looks of things the team seems to be in better shape than ever before. Hardy is making fast time in the dashes; Bergman is heaving the shot over forty-two feet, and Waage and McDonough are doing the mile and half mile in good time.

—Arrangements had been made yesterday for photographing the military companies as they paraded in full-dress uniform on the Brownson Campus, but as usual, when the Editor of the DOME has something planned, the unexpected happened. It started to pour at one o'clock and worked hard at being dark and gloomy all afternoon, and yet some believe that said Editor has an easy time of it.

—The most artistic silk plush Notre Dame banner we have seen, bearing the pennant and seal of the University and beautifully colored in Gold and Blue, is made by the Ligget & Myers Tobacco Co., and is offered to all who present a certain number of coupons to any

retail dealer. The Ligget and Myers Co. are the manufacturers of Velvet and other brands of tobacco and their coupons are given with every purchase.

—The Relay Races which are to take place at Philadelphia in the near future will be one of the greatest events of Inter-Collegiate Athletics. All the big colleges of East and West have entered teams and will have their own rooters at Philadelphia. This year for the first time in the history of the Relay Games the number of entries has gone beyond three hundred. Wisconsin University will compete in the races for the first time.

—The baseball team of the Civil Engineering department is just getting into form for a hard season's work. Tip Hogan, the star track man of that society, will be the main support of the pitching staff, while Ranstead will be at the receiving end. It is thought that this year's team will eclipse the nines of other years on account of the steady practice going on day after day. The first game will be played April 23 with the Sowlong Technical School.

—This year's DOME staff announce that one section of the book will be given to portraying scenes of St. Mary's Academy. The students, however, are rather sceptical regarding the authenticity of such scenes as they know it is next to impossible to take such pictures. "Why it would require a student to be right on the grounds, which thing has never been heard of before." If the editors, however, present such a section, there will be a fight for positions on next year's DOME staff.

—Said the student of art, to his friend:—

"Old boy, do you not comprehend,
The charm of Sardou?

It holds you like glue
To your seat, till the play's at an end."

His friend looked him over in sorrow.

"Aw, tell me all that stuff to-morrow.

Rawsberry to you

And fritz on Sardou,

I can't take my eys off Miss Doro."

—The regular quarterly examinations will be held on Monday and Tuesday of next week and it is hoped that all will be able to shake off the vacation spirit and make a careful review of the matter studied during the last quarter. There are yet eight weeks of hard work before us and it is a mistake to suppose we can

take things easy during the warm days. A little common sense now will save us an amount of worry next year when we come to get our bill of studies and find a few conditions. Don't let the fever get you.

—Last Monday we witnessed one of the best games of baseball ever played on Cartier Field in years. That Notre Dame won was certainly not due to the support given the team by the student body. The most exciting moments did not produce a cheer from the pepless wonders. While the members of the team sacrifice their recreation for the amusement of the students, the Little Lord Fauntleroy would not even condescend to show their appreciation by a little feeble applause. This is not a matter of sentiment only, for it is really a benefit to the team to know that the fans are with them. Many a game has been won in the ninth inning due to the rally of loyal supporters. There has been much dissatisfaction expressed in the past because most of the big games are played away from home, but judging by the enthusiasm displayed during the game we are inclined to believe that few appreciate a real good game of baseball. The team deserves your encouragement, needs it, so why not be loyal, enthusiastic wide-awake and appreciative fans.

Track Men Star in Chicago.

Notre Dame came back into her own in western track athletics last Saturday night when the local track men proved the surprise of the Central A. A. U. indoor championship meet. The meet was held in the Patten gymnasium at Northwestern University, and was won by the Chicago Athletic Association. The Illinois Athletic Club gave the Cherry Circle athletes a close fight for the championship. It was recognized before the meet that the fight for first place was between the C. A. A. and the I. A. C., but there was great interest also in the fight for third place amongst the various colleges and universities that had entered teams. Notre Dame easily carried off the honors amongst the colleges with a total of 15 points. Northwestern was fourth with 10 points, and Michigan with 8, finished fifth.

Notre Dame made a splendid showing in the dashes. Joe Loomis, the C. A. A. star, whose sprinting during the past winter has been of a sensational order, was entered in the

fifty-yard dash and was expected to carry off the honors in this event. In his first preliminary heat, Loomis was matched against Russell Hardy. The Chicagoan finished a bare foot ahead of Hardy, but he had to break the A. A. U. record in order to do so. The heat was run in 0:05 2-5. In the semi-final Loomis was matched against "Young Dutch" Bergman, and the little Freshman finished even closer to the Chicago star than Hardy had in the first heat. Indeed many of the spectators thought Loomis had been beaten by "Little Dutch," but the judges decided that the C. A. A. man had hit the tape first. Both "Big Dutch" Bergman and Hardy won their heats in the semi-finals and they lined up against Loomis in the final dash. This time the Notre Dame men were not to be denied. Hardy had little difficulty in winning the race, finishing two feet ahead of Bergman and Loomis, who were fighting for second place. The Chicago man again won a hair-line decision and took second place. Hardy's victory deserved much more prominence than the newspapers have given it. Loomis has competed in both East and West this year and has been regarded as almost unbeatable; but all sprinters look alike to Hardy, and the Notre Dame man has certainly proved himself one of the greatest dash men in the country.

Bachman's victory in the shot put was quite as notable as that of Hardy in the dash. Kohler, the old Michigan star, was again pitted against "Bach," but Bachman out-distanced all his competitors with a heave of 42 feet, 11 1-2 inches. Although this is several inches shy of Bachman's best mark, it is good enough to win in almost all meets. The football giant can be relied upon as a sure point winner in every meet.

Notre Dame gathered her final points with a second place in the mile relay. This was probably the most sensational race of the evening and was won by the C. A. A. team composed of Belote, Blair, Lindberg and Sanders, all well-known quarter milers. The Notre Dame team, composed of Hardy, Whelan, Henahan and Bergman, pushed the C. A. A. men to the limit. The local men led until Lindberg took up the running. He covered his quarter close to :52 flat, and gave Sanders an advantage of several feet over Captain Bergman, who ran the final quarter for Notre Dame. "Dutch" soon caught the ex-conference

champion, and the pair fought for the lead throughout the last two laps. Sanders finished less than six inches ahead of Bergman. Lindberg and Bergman probably ran the fastest quarters.

McDonough and Waage qualified for the half-mile with the marks of 2:05 and 2:08 respectively. The trials were run off in the afternoon, and the local men who were unable to stand the strain of two races on the same day, did not finish among the point winners in the evening. Sears and Edgren, who were entered in the pole vault, both vaulted over 11 feet but could not place. Kirkland ran well in the low hurdles, the event being won by Burgess, the holder of the world's record. Joie Ray, of the I. A. C., distinguished himself by winning the mile in 4:22 and the two-mile in 9:45 3-5.

This meet closed the indoor track season. Coach Rockne, despite the scarcity of finished men at the start of the season, has made a very creditable showing and has developed several men of exceptional ability. Preparations for the outdoor season will begin at once as the men are scheduled to appear at the Drake Relay Games at Des Moines on April 17.

Baseball Season Opens With Victory.

The 1915 baseball season was opened under most auspicious circumstances on Easter Monday afternoon when Coach Harper's nine won a hard-fought, ten-inning game from Wisconsin by a score of 3 to 2. Wisconsin's team proved much stronger than that of last year and put up a battle that kept the fans nervous from the time Peterson, the visitors' third baseman opened the combat with a double to right until "Rupe" Mills crossed the plate with the winning run in the tenth. The Varsity, weakened by the absence of four monogram men, who were ineligible on account of the three-year rule, put up a game up-hill battle, coming back strong at the finish after Wisconsin had twice taken the lead.

Despite the fact that his arm is not yet in the best shape, the veteran Sheehan was chosen for mound duty by Harper; Moon, a tall right-hander, was his opponent. Peterson doubled to start the game, went to third on a passed ball and scored on Boulware's single to right. The team then settled down and retired the Badgers without further scoring. In the local's

half of the first, Lathrop gave the first ball pitched a long ride into right field, but Bill pulled the drive down with one hand. With two out, Burk reached first on a walk, but Mills grounded out to Herzog.

Two hits failed to produce a run for the Badgers in the second, Mills retiring the side by a difficult catch of a foul fly. The Notre Dame men then proceeded to tie the score. "Jake" Kline drove a two-bagger to left. "Mike" Carmody sacrificed Kline to third. Then with the Wisconsin infield playing in close, Art Carmody lifted a pretty single over the shortstop's head and Kline came home with the first score of the season.

There was no more scoring until the eighth. Moon seemed to be able to fool the local batters in the pinches. Sheehan allowed two hits in the third, but he tightened up in the fourth and retired the side in order. In order not to overwork one man, Coach Harper had decided to use two pitchers, and Wells went into the box at the start of the fifth inning. Peterson greeted "Prep" with a three-bagger to right, but he was retired at the plate a moment later when Boulware drove a grounder at Art Carmody. Wells pitched splendid ball until the eighth inning, when Bill singled, stole second and went to third while Slaby was beating out a perfect bunt down the third base line. "Prep" then uncorked a wild pitch and Bill scored. Wells immediately settled down and easily held the Wisconsinites in check during the rest of the game.

With two gone in the eighth, the Varsity started a rally which tied the score. Mills was hit by a pitched ball. Kline singled. Rohan, batting for Mooney, shoved a roller at Shortstop Herzog, who fumbled the ball, and then threw wildly in the general direction of first base. Hughes recovered the ball in the right field crowd and proceeded to throw it over the catcher's head. In the meantime, Mills, Kline and Rohan crossed the plate, but the latter pair were sent back to third and second because of the overthrow rule. Art Carmody then flied out, and as neither team could score in the ninth, the game went into extra innings.

With one out in the tenth, Mills singled to center. Kline beat out a grounder to short, giving him his third hit. After Moon had two strikes on Rohan, he put one in the groove, and "Beauty" drove a hot single just inside

the right field foul line. Mills came home on the blow and the game was won.

The Varsity might have won by a larger margin if the hits had been bunched. Mottz and Mooney singled in the sixth but they died on base. Another single by Mottz, a clean bingle by Elward and two bases on balls which "Ernie" Burke drew, were also wasted. Art Carmody was the only man to break into the error column, but none of his miscues figured in the scoring and they were easily excusable, as Art was playing under a severe handicap, having sprained his ankle in Saturday's practice. All in all, the showing of the team in this first game was highly satisfactory and with the additional strength which the presence of Captain Duggan, Bergman, Kenny and Pliska will give, there is every prospect for an excellent team. The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	WISCONSIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Lathrop, 2b	4	0	0	2	3	0	Peterson, 3b	5	1	2	0	1	0
Elward, lf	5	0	1	0	0	0	Boulware, cf	5	0	2	0	0	0
Burk, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0	Herzog, ss	3	0	1	4	3	1
Mills, 1b	4	2	1	14	0	0	Jewett, lf	3	0	0	3	0	0
Kline, 3b	5	1	3	0	1	0	Hughes, 1b	5	0	0	12	0	1
Carmody, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	Bill, rf	5	1	1	2	0	0
Carmody, ss	4	0	1	3	1	2	Slaby, 2b	4	0	2	2	6	0
Mottz, c	4	0	2	9	1	1	Roach, c	4	0	1	5	1	0
Sheehan, p	1	0	0	0	1	0	Moon, p	4	0	0	0	2	0
Wells, p	3	0	0	0	6	0							
Mooney, rf	1	0	1	0	0	0							
Rohan, rf	2	0	1	0	0	0							
Totals	38	3	10	30	13	3	Totals	38	2	9	28	13	2

*One out when winning run was scored.

Notre Dame	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—	3	10	3
Wisconsin	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	—	2	9	2

Stolen bases—Burk, Lathrop, Bill. Two-base hits—Peterson, Kline. Three-base hit—Peterson. Strike outs—By Sheehan, 3; by Wells, 3; by Moon, 5. Bases on balls—Off Wells, 1; off Moon, 3. Hits—Off Sheehan, 6 in 4 innings. Hit by pitcher—Jewett, Slaby, Mills. Umpire—E. J. Anderson. Time of game—1:50.

Safety Valve.

The undertakers in town are busy renting evening suits to people who are going to the Senior Ball. This is not the first time these suits have been worn by stiffs.

Cartoonist—A horrible conversationalist who occasionally draws pictures—and to think they're hanging men like Danny Deever.

And it's a sure guess that some one is going to the garage for repairs if he doesn't keep away from the batting cage while the Varsity are practicing.

Now that the baseball season has started, come on ye April rains.

Bil of Brownson Hall can't understand the Sweitzer-Willard fight at all. He says it must have been fixed for he knows John L. Sullivan was backing Sweitzer.

And his professors often wonder who put the duce in Ducey.

Now that the Easter Vacation is over we're on the last stretch, but don't spend all your time in stretching.

TOO PROMINENT ALREADY.

And he makes a big mistake who tells Beauty Rohan to "get hip."

DEAR EDITOR:—

Will you please write up Muggs Ryan and Austin McNichols in the Who's Who, they are just crazy to have people know about them.

DELBERT D. SMITH.

Mother:—"Did Mr. Mills talk love to you this evening while you were in the parlor?"

Daughter:—"Now for goodness sake, mother, you don't suppose he came all the way from the University to hear me play the piano."

THAT EASTER VACATION.

Yes, I've been on a vacation and I've had a lovely time,

But I'll never study nothing any more
For I've seen so many fairies who are perfectly divine
That my heart's vibrating clear into the core.

So instead of mathematics I must write a note to G
And I've got to watch my spelling all the time
For she's awfully particular and thinks I've got
some brains,

And she doesn't know I'm worth about a dime.

Then there's E. who smiled upon me and convulsed
at all my jokes,

Yes, I'll have to write dear E a ten-page note
So that let's me out of English if I can convince the
prof.

That the letter was good English that I wrote.

Then there's little fairy Lily with the eyes of amber
shade,

Surely History will have to wait to-day,
For she told me with a winning smile that she'd
be mad at me

If she didn't get a letter right away.

Yes vacation is a dandy time it makes a fellow feel
That he's wasting time when delving into books
And what I must be concerned with for the present
time at least,

Is the question of sweet smiles and pretty looks.

1st Student:—"And you mean to tell me you spent your vacation in Chicago?"

2nd Student:—"Yes, I do, and I want you to know that Chicago is one of the most beautiful places on earth."

1st:—"But the smoke and the noise!—how could you stand them?"

2nd:—"She doesn't smoke and she isn't noisy, so I just watched her smile and was happy—why you never seen her dimples, you didn't."