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A Stretch of Blue.

THERE'S a rift in the clouded grey
As the wings of the wind beat by,
And the blue that shows, 'tis like, they say,
The stretch of a Galway sky.

Ah, there, the tides run sweet with spring
As they leap to the narrow shore;
And the red dawn hears the thrushes sing
By the fields of Arranmore.

S. S.

The Development of Shakespeare.

BY KERNDT M. HEALY.

THE Shakespeare of 1590 and the Shakespeare of 1610 were totally different. The youth and the man were as dissimilar as the tiny sprig and the mighty centuried oak. The budding shoot first pushed out to feel the sunshine and the rain; the tree was familiar with sun and shower, with success and adversity, and its seered and unkempt coat was witness to change and development and perfection.

From year to year Shakespeare grew in wisdom and knowledge. He threw off the shackles of puerile attempt and became a genius. He gradually learned to use all the stops on the vibrant organ of Life, to open those marked Imagination, Passion, Tragedy, Comedy, until his instrument swelled into great bursts of exquisite music. He touched the keys with fingers of magic and his compositions were matchless technique.

Every faculty of Shakespeare enlarged and became more potent until he became a veritable storehouse of knowledge concerning human life and human character. His thought expanded as he grew older into knowledge of the real and visions of the unreal. His emotions did

not become inert and sluggish, but rather grew in intensity and subtlety as his contact with the world increased, "and it is clearly ascertainable from his plays that Shakespeare's will grew, with advancing age, beyond measure, calmer and more strong." Shakespeare secured indomitable self-control and applied it to his work.

In his first plays Shakespeare employed his fancy and his wit, combined them in clever and tender union, and conceived his sparkling comedies. In his more mature work his wisdom, imagination and experience united to produce many ingenious passages which are understood only with the greatest difficulty.

One of the characteristics of Shakespeare, which resulted in his success, was his absolute fidelity to fact. Men like Marlowe and Greene revolted against fact and law, and failed; they were like those poets who

"—in our youth begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

Shakespeare gazed on sorrow, sin and calamity without becoming insane. He did not avoid the dark side of life, but he always remained loyal to good. He painted the two-visaged monster Ingratitude, called Goneril and Regan, but he also shows the "redeeming ardor of a Cordelia." He steeps Macbeth in crime, he exhibits the wicked Jew revelling in his cruelty, but he offers us a long-suffering Hermione and a faithful Imogen.

Shakespeare's earliest works were several poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece." He was timidly feeling his way when he wrote them, and was not overconfident in his abilities. Hazlitt said that these pieces were as cold, glittering and hard as ice-houses. Shakespeare was but getting orientated. Idealists, like Milton and Marlowe, had supreme trust in themselves and consequently while still young, flung to the world their unripened fruit. "From Marlowe and from

Milton half the world escapes," but Shakespeare succeeded in grasping the whole, and mastering without violence the world of imagination as well as the tangible creation.

We are led to believe that the dramatist, during his earlier period of life, while he was composing comedies and farces, was silently thinking of something greater—a tragedy. It is opined by many that the poet considered a tragedy as one of his earliest compositions, but his duties at the playhouse prevented its accomplishment. It was characteristic of Shakespeare that he felt his limitations and thought his powers not yet developed and deepened; he bided his time until he should be capable of greater things.

"Romeo and Juliet," the story of ill-starred lovers, and "Hamlet," the account of a meditative soul, were Shakespeare's first tragedies. "Romeo and Juliet" came first. It was written when he was essaying various styles, now a comedy of dialogue, now a history or perhaps a farce of incident. "Romeo and Juliet" seems not to have satisfied the author; he did not consider his powers complete enough to do it full justice, so he once more returned to the blithesome comedies.

Shakespeare saw the defects in his first tragedy, but after he had written "Hamlet," upon which he spent considerable time and careful labor, he took confidence and saw his great gift; he knew he "was master of his craft" and hesitated no longer, but year after year increased his list of tragedies until he became the author of the greatest dramas ever produced.

He took hints from his first tragedy, a drama of passion, and improved upon his second, a drama of meditation. In "Hamlet," which is placed half-way between the early and the later writings, the "studious superintendence of the poet over the development of his thought and imaginings, very apparent in Shakespeare's early writing, conceals itself." It is a witness to the fact that Shakespeare's apprenticeship is done and that he has assumed, and justly, the name of Master dramatist.

At the same time that the dramatist was engaged in writing comedies and the first tragedy, he steadily labored on a series of historical plays which culminated in the splendid "Henry V." When Shakespeare had completed them he craved a change and it came in the guise of "As You Like It." This play was written just after the histories and just pre-

ceding the tragedies. The poet left the real, oppressive, massive themes to revel for a while in the pleasant Forest of Arden. "There is an open-air feeling throughout the play;" it is as if the writer would have rest and freedom from his serious and sombre work.

The evolution of type in the female characters of the Shakespearean drama, as the poet advances from youth to maturity, is a most interesting study. Some of the women of the first plays are very emotional and somewhat wanting in tact and delicacy, while the intellectual women of the same period are a subtle contrast. The early historical plays harbor wicked, vengeful and passionate females like the Duchess of Gloster and Constance. The comedies are enlivened by sweet, serene, exquisitely drawn characters such as Rosalind, Portia and Beatrice, while at the door of the tragic Mansion stands Hermione, Imogen; Helena, and the pitifully weak Ophelia. The tragic women, Cordelia, Desdemona, constant in weal or woe, are finally overshadowed by the monstrous Goneril, the wicked Regan and the terrible wife of Macbeth. In the last plays appear those beautiful, calm heroines, Queen Katharine, Hermione, Miranda and Perdita, fitting contrasts to the impetuous and impossible tragic women.

During the years when the poet produced "Lear," "Othello," and "Macbeth," his imaginative capacity was filled to the utmost. From 1604-1610 "a shower of tragic figures, like the kings who passed before Macbeth, filled the vision of Shakespeare," and then he finally turned for relief to a pastoral "Winter's Tale," and ended his work as the greatest playwright with the "Tempest."

During the tragic period Shakespeare goes from one tragedy to another, without effort, without cease and without imperfection. He lays bare the great fact he has discovered: "that the moral world stands in sovereign independence of the world of the senses."

Four plays mark this dramatist's final period. In "Timon of Athens" the expression of the "mood of indignation with the world" is paramount. The play impresses one most strongly of Shakespeare's sanity. He has now found out how to struggle with and conquer evil, and he is in no danger that he—while entering into Timon's mood—will become afflicted with the same malady. He has complete self-control, so that he can disinter-

estedly create the character of the Athenian.

The three last plays, "Cymbeline," "A Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest," intimate that Shakespeare's interest in his work was less intense than previously. In these plays the poet retained his gravity, but he softened and purged it. While these plays show evil and its consequence as truly as the supremest tragedies, a reconciliation always takes place at the end. Hermione, who has suffered much, is reunited to Leontes; Leontes and Polinenes are amicably brought together by the marriage of Florizel with Perditee; "Cymbeline" ends happily; Prospero forgives.

In Shakespeare's earlier plays he has written of youth and love and beauty. In the later dramas, age, pathos, suffering, represented by Queen Katharine, Prospero and Hermione, and contrasted with them, children like Perdita, Miranda and the noble boys of Belarius, are the poet's choice.

In the greater tragedies the great Englishman is concerned with the "success or failure which appears in the exaltation or ruin of a soul." He showed tragedy, calamity, catastrophe following from certain defects of character. He showed the destruction of a man in Macbeth, Othello and Antony; he exhibited the "absolute ruin of a life and soul" in Timon.

When he had done this he closed his wonderful work with the conception and portraiture of Prospero, noble, generous, having "the most admirable attainment of heart, intellect and will." Thus ended Shakespeare's achievement, a fitting finale indeed, for, as Dowden says, "what more was left for him to say?"

The Test.

BY DANIEL J. QUINLAN.

To Jack Draper the girl walking by his side as he strolled along the shores of Crescent Lake represented the height of female perfection. Mae Fanning's great mass of shining black hair, her big blue eyes and the charming pink of her beautifully rounded cheeks were Jack's delight. To him her disposition could not be equalled; she had proven herself a wonderful companion, cheerful, and agreeable, clever and quick-witted.

The acquaintance of the two was but three weeks old. They had met while spending their

vacations at the popular Crescent Lake summer resort, and had since spent a great portion of their time together. Now Jack was seized by an uncontrollable desire of broadening his knowledge of the girl's character by testing her courage. He wanted to prove for himself that she possessed superior pluck.

This attitude of Jack's had considerable to do with his manner as he walked along, looking out upon the lake, which was unusually rough. He was apparently deep in thought as he watched the great choppy waves roll in and dash themselves against the breakwater, throwing the spray high into the air. His reflections were interrupted by his companion who slapped him playfully.

"Wake up, Jack, and say something. You look as if you were contemplating suicide."

"I was just thinking," remarked Jack, "that it would be great fun to ride the waves in a row boat for a while. Would you like to try it?"

"Why, Jack," exclaimed the girl, "there is nothing smaller than a launch on the lake. Do you think it would be safe?"

"Sure, it's safe. I've been out on this lake many a time when it was worse than this and nothing has happened yet. You're not afraid, are you?"

The query as to her courage appeared to sting the girl. "No, I'm not afraid. Get your boat and I'll go."

Jack promptly went to a neighboring boat house and procured a row boat; and despite the apprehensions of the old boat house keeper, the two laughingly jumped into the craft and headed for the middle of the lake.

Past the breakwater, the great waves rolled fiercely upon the frail boat, which under Jack's skilful guidance gracefully climbed each wave as it rushed up. Draper glanced in admiration at the girl. The boat was rolling about merrily, its actions being sufficient to create panic in the average girl, but Mae was gleefully enjoying the situation.

After a half hour of this wave riding, Jack began to tire, for the struggle with the great waves had meant no little amount of work. Furthermore he was satisfied with his test. The girl had proven her courage. So he proceeded to head the boat for the homeward trip. As he pulled on the oar for the turn, his hand slipped, the oar fell back free and an advancing

wave hit the small craft broadside, raising it completely out of the water. Mae screamed and grasped the side of the boat, and the craft rolled over plunging its occupants into the waves.

No sooner had he struck the water than Jack headed for his companion, floundering a few feet away. At the same moment another wave rushed up, struck the capsized craft and hurled it at Jack. The boat struck him a glancing blow and he fell back. Then the girl demonstrated her ability as well as her pluck. A couple of strokes brought her to Jack's form just as he was sinking, unconscious from the blow. With one hand she grasped Jack, with the other she hung to the side of the capsized craft.

In this position for the next fifteen minutes, Mae clung to the boat, struggling desperately to keep Jack's head above the surface of the water. At irregular intervals great waves covered them and threatened to wrench the boat from her grasp, but she held tenaciously to it. Finally a launch arrived from the harbor and the two young people were rescued from their perilous position.

Had Jack been conscious, the next action of the girl would have filled him with delight. Under these circumstances it was the time when most girls would faint. Not so with Mae, she settled herself in the launch, brushed the hair out of her eyes, and began to care for Jack's injuries.

Arriving on shore, Jack was removed to his cottage and a doctor sent for, while Mae quietly slipped away to her abode a short distance up the lake.

Two days later, Jack, completely recovered from his injury strolled aimlessly up the road. From a distance he saw his rescuer and advanced to thank her.

"Mae," he blurted out as he approached her, "I was a fool to take you out on that lake. I might have known it was possible for something to happen. And now I have you to thank for being here to-day, and I want to beg your pardon for subjecting you to such a risk. I—"

"Wait," interrupted the lovely life saver, "I have something to say. It was all my fault; I came near making a tragedy out of a joke. While we were out there, the idea occurred to

me to play a joke on you. I felt spiteful because you accused me of being afraid. I knew you could swim and never thought of the possibility of you getting hurt in the water. So, when you turned the boat and the wave struck it I deliberately grasped the side of the boat and tipped it. I had no fear for myself, swimming is my favorite sport. Come along and I'll show you some of the medals I've won in water sports. And, Jack, you'll forgive me for tipping the boat, won't you?"

The Sublime.

"If I should take a pound of lard
And add a peck of pins,
And kick three bell-hops down the stairs
Upon their beardless chins,
Would he believe that I was king,
Or would he frown at me,
Blow out the gas and hang himself
Upon the bedroom key?"

"Would who?" I asked this Brownsonite,
Do all these gruesome deeds?"

He answered me when he had stuffed
His ears and eyes with weeds:

"If I should find a feather bed
Some morning in a bun,
Would he expect that I should eat
My corn-flakes with a gun.
Or would he smile a sickly smile
With face of velvet plush,
Pronounce me king and crown my brow
With tons of oatmeal mush?"

"But who is *he*?" I asked the youth,
I do not understand."

He grasped me lovingly, and bit
Four fingers off my hand.

"Be calm," he said, "and list to me,
I have not long to linger,"
And as he paused to draw his breath
He ate my other finger.

"If I should die to-day at noon,"
He sobbed in accents tender,
"He'd chew the buttons off my vest,
And steal my one suspender.
He'd soak my house in gasoline,
Put geese in every room,
And light all with a cake of ice,
When I was in the tomb.
He'd drink—" but lo! I saw at once
His brain cells were in debt,
I made a faint noise like a squirrel,
The youth is running yet. N. U. T.

A Problem Play—The Servant Problem.

BY CHARLES L. COOK.

The curtain went up and I could see that someone had been kidding me, for there was no one on the stage and this the show, now all the rage. But when a maiden did appear, I took an interest in the dear, for she looked good, besides she said she had no parents, all were dead. Then, too, she looked not like a girl who swept and dusted for an Earl. But this was true, she told us so. And, too, she said she had no beau. I thought that queer because there were a bunch I knew quite "gone" on her, but anyway, in a minute or two, after she'd rubbed the varnish through, a man came in and we all were right, when we guessed that the Earl had come home tight. He staggered to her, she seemed afraid, and we all wanted to help the maid, but we were fooled she changed her mind and treated his Earlship awful kind. She kissed him once, she kissed him twice, his Lordship hollered loud for ice, but anyway, she took his watch, and brought him in another "Scotch."

His ring and scarf-pin neat she took and then acquired his pocketbook. "Do you find the work here hard?" asked he. "My Lord, yes,"—ambiguously. But the audience was horror-struck and voted the Earl in awful luck.

A crash, a bang, the wife came in, we guessed it first time sure as sin, she was his wife she told him so and bade the housemaiden to go.

The maiden started dutiful, but his Lordship wasn't half so full, he had been kidding, and you know he knew the girl had robbed him so, he grabbed her by the arm but wife, got awful sore and grabbed a knife.

And then those three ran round and round, and made a lot of noise and sound. The audience laughed, but I was sad for the wife might have got in awful bad; if she had reached him with that knife, good-bye your Lordship's happy life.

But anyway the maiden fell, the rest tripped over her pell-mell. The purse and jewelry rolled away and hubby then was very gay. The curtain dropped and we got up, and went to dance and drink and sup. We didn't worry for, you know, this thing was only in the show.

Solemnity of Saint Joseph.

DEAR St. Joseph, heaven-chosen,
How sublime thy state!
Heaven's heralds bearing tidings,
Thy command await.

God's sweet Treasures lent to sinners,
As a ransom price,
In thy loving care confiding
Rest in thy advice.

Flower of Beauty, Gem of Heaven,
Maid Immaculate,
More exalted than the seraphs
Shares thy humble state.

Lord of Hosts and God of Armies
Sleeps upon thy breast!
He who hurls the bolts of thunder
Heeds thy least behest!

Dear St. Joseph, Holy Patron,
By that mystic love
Which united, in thy household,
Earth with heaven above,
Make our hearts more like that dwelling,
Lowly, yet sublime;
Then shall Jesus hear our love songs
Set to virtue's rhyme.

B. Walter.

Vice Versa.

BY. D. J. EDMONSON.

FROM JACK TO BOB.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
December 20, 1914.

DEAR BOB:—

Well, old man, in all my life I never saw any one so surprised as your father was when I arrived. I'm wondering yet why on earth he didn't call a policeman.

But let me tell you right now the white feather began to tickle me a little as the train drew near Chicago, and I wasn't in the least inclined to laugh either. I was calling myself all the names my limited vocabulary of abuse afforded, and the one that seemed to best suit a being so lacking in brains as I then took myself to be, was just plain ordinary "boob." No "high-falutin" Art Hayes kind of epithets conveyed the weight of scorn I felt for myself so well as did that simple, meaning-laden "boob."

I had terrorizing visions of insane asylums and police stations filled with burly Irish policemen wielding merciless clubs. I asked myself a thousand different times and in a thousand different ways just when and why the whole fool business had been started, and above all, who had started it? My inquiries always ended at that point, because time after time my conscience painfully forced home the answer to that last question.

You can imagine the frame of mind I was in. Feeling it necessary to take my spite out on something, I tried to open one of the windows of the car. My strenuous efforts in that direction were as fruitless as any attempt to break the iron bound attraction between the frame and sill of a train window usually is, but they relieved me more than I can tell you.

A certain brainless, gawky sort of a person, with "Fresh from the Farm" delineated all over his General Store Clothes and sunburned countenance occupied the seat just ahead of me. Evidently Mother Nature had not looked with disfavor upon his efforts to obtain subsistence from her through the various crops in which farmers are wont to deal, because he seemed happily disposed toward creation in general and me in particular. Several times he turned around to make inane remarks that smacked of the soil, and I answered with equally inane but monosyllabic replies. At last my patience gave way when he broached the time-worn, tongue-worn topic of the war.

"Wall, stranger, do ye think the Germans'll git licked?"

"If you want to talk war," I answered with more force than amiability, "go to hell! I'm neutral."

The look of amazement which replaced his usual rustic vacuity of visage at this brilliant suggestion as to where he might find willing participants for a discussion of the war, cheered me up considerably. Needless to say he pursued no further his attempts at conversation.

I at length decided, perforce, that having carried our affair thus far, the only thing that remained to be done was to bring it to what I pessimistically predicted would be a woeful completion. It was in this "I'll do my darndest, but I'll be thankful if I get through alive" frame of mind that I arrived in Chicago, and now to return to your father whom I so abruptly abandoned after the first paragraph.

I glanced about keenly, searching for him,

as I alighted from the step of the coach into the arms of the porter, who waited with my valise in his one hand and the other outstretched and expectant. (You may not believe this of any self-respecting porter, but it's true, nevertheless.) Every man I saw I examined carefully for those qualities of appearance you brought out so impressively in your description. Well, your pater was not hard to find. He stood near the gate eying the crowd that filed out, and his face was beginning to assume that disappointed look so characteristic of a person searching in vain for an expected traveller.

Taking a deep breath into my lungs and my liberty in my hands I rushed up to him with the most perfectly simulated enthusiasm I was capable of. He gasped. Dropping my valise on his toe, I grasped both of his hands in my own, crying: "Dad! It's a sight for sore eyes to see you! It certainly is fine of you to meet me." (Think of the fix I'd been in if he hadn't met me.) The cigar he'd been smoking dropped from his mouth onto his shoe and began to burn the leather. He didn't notice it. Picking up my valise, I grabbed him by the arm and rushed him, put-putting like the exhaust (I nearly said safety-valve) of a motor boat toward the stairs.

"And how's mother? Is she entirely over her little cold? Is the new maid a success? Is little cousin Willie as sassy as ever? How's work at the factory? Where did you leave the car, dad?"

He pointed helplessly to where your Pierce stood in the curb. I marathoned him toward it, opened the tonneau door, shoved him in, jumped in myself, and told the chauffeur to beat it for home.

During the trip to the house I rambled on and on, rehashing all your news your mother told you in her last letter and all the family Baedeker you instilled into me in your last instructions. I didn't dare to stop lest your father scream for help. Every time we passed a blue-coat, the eyes of my newly-acquired progenitor followed it longingly, but in such moments I always managed to have my arm draped caressingly about his shoulders.

Realizing full well that I did not know where your room was, and not caring to explore the whole of the second floor in search of one that seemed to correspond to your personality, I insisted that "muhma" precede me upstairs. She complied with all the grace of a condemned

man being led to the electric chair. Shortly after, I was making myself at home in your boudoir.

I knew that my two adopted parents would hold a council of war in the hall, so I crept to the head of the stairs to listen.

"Actually, John Webster, I believe you get easier every day! The idea of letting that young outlaw hoodwink you into bringing him out here!"

"Well, how could I help it, when he wouldn't give me a chance to say a word, and almost forced me to bring him home?"

"Oh, how could you help it! Why didn't you tell him to go on about his business, that you knew your own son when you saw him?"

"Why, for that matter what did you let him hug and kiss you that way for? What did you take him upstairs for? Why didn't *you* turn him out?"

"That's neither here nor there! But there's no use squabbling over it. All we have to do is call up the police-station or Mattewan."

"Let's wait a while. It may be some joke. But we must watch him carefully. Meanwhile I'll send a telegram to school."

He did. Yesterday, on the drawing-room table I found a special delivery from Father Burke, who declared that "Mr. Robert Webster left for Chicago on the afternoon of the 18th. Signed, Prefect of Discipline." I declare your parents are so puzzled now they'd believe I was Booker T. Washington if I asked them to.

Now I come to the subject you've been waiting for. Remembering your careful instructions I called up Josephine yesterday morning. She explained that she was delighted to hear I was home, but wanted to know if my voice wasn't changing again. I acknowledged that it was—slightly. Then I made arrangements to call last night.

After dinner (I'll never forget those first meals, the whole household watched me as though they expected to see me fill my pockets with silverware at any moment) I threw myself on the davenport for a little nap. Presently I heard your mother's voice at the phone.

"Hello! This is Mrs. Webster, Josephine."

Then she told all about the strange young man who claimed to be her son.

"Why, it's the most peculiar thing that ever happened! The funniest part of it is he

seems to know all about the family.".... Oh no, I don't think anything happened to Robert I honestly think it's just some joke.... Yes.... Yes."

.... "And he's such a nice-looking young man, too. (Business of sucking my thumb). He may be a lunatic, y'know, so the best thing to do is to humor him till we have the matter looked into."

..... "Oh, I'm so glad, dear, that you're not afraid."

.... "Yes!".... "That's it! Humor him, but if he gets violent don't hesitate to defend yourself."..... "That's right, good-bye, dear."

I buried my head deeper into the pillow to stifle the sobs to which their unjust anticipation of future violence from me gave rise. I wouldn't have been a bit surprised if I had found Josephine with a revolver in her belt last night. But she had none. And how she humored me! I was never so humored in my life. Actually, Bob, I don't believe you realize how much of a drag you have with that girl. Josephine is certainly a dream! And to think I called her by her given name the first time I met her! I'm going to see her as your proxy even oftener than you ordered me to.

Here I've been rambling on about my affairs as though you had no troubles of your own. I only hope you're getting on as well as I am. But on your life, old man, don't fail to show Gertrude a good time. If I could only make you feel how much I love her! She's my pillar of cloud by day, and my pillar of fire by night. The sun rises and sets on Gertrude. So if you love me treat her well—but not too well, you know!

Be sure and write me all the particulars of your progress. I hope you don't get kicked out. And above all don't let anyone see your letter to me. Yours till death do us part,

JACK.

P. S. I've been wondering what would have happened if I had tackled the wrong man at the depot. J. C.

AGAIN, FROM JACK TO BOB.

Chicago, Ill., December 26, 15'

DEAR BOB:—

I laughed myself groggy over your letter. So father made you run the car to see if you knew how? It's lucky we both have Pierce-

Arrows, isn't it? And by the way, you seem quite interested in Gertrude. Don't fall in love with her. It won't do you any good. I feel that she loves me too deeply to lose her heart to anyone else—even you. So you remain true to Josephine.

Your parents go about shaking their heads mournfully, and looking like the faculty looked the night of the Alton Packard calamity. They seem to have lost all hope of solving the riddle, and of ever seeing their beloved Bobbie again. But once in a while I catch them exchanging glances that cause me to think they know more about the affair than they indicate by their actions. You know—the kind of glances the prefect seems to cast at you after you've pulled a night skive.

"To think, mother, I haven't seen you since the day of the Carlisle game!"

Honestly, I'd say she was even more taken back than your poor father had been if I thought that were possible. The latter, by the way, stood to one side dazedly watching us while I poured my unwelcome solicitations concerning "mother's little cold" into her ear.

At length we drew up before the house. I jumped out, pulled out my valise and my pseudo-father, and rushed up the steps, filled with parental devotion and nonchalance.

Your mother, stood inside the door, waiting to welcome you. I greeted her with as much ardor as I would have felt if it had really been me she were waiting on. Throwing my arms about her, I cried:

The biggest times I've had so far have been on those occasions that I've found it necessary to make myself agreeable to your numerous and trying relatives. "Papa" and "Mamma" have managed to keep the affair rather quiet, but at times the peace of the household is assailed by the various encumbrances (pardon the word) of the Webster family that call to get a glimpse of the impostor. I haven't been able to recognize any of them from your meager descriptions, and lest I blunder into calling Aunt Constance, Aunt Inconstance, or some such atrocity, I impartially hail them all as "auntie" or "unkie" as the exigencies of sex demand. Why don't they label a man's relatives? For instance, a tag stating that this is "Aunt Wilhemina of the Hawkins' side" would save lots of embarrassment. I forgot, too, whether your usual method of saluting your relatives includes kissing or not, so I

greet all such as allow me near them with a hearty smack—barring none, neither aunts nor uncles, nor the offspring of aunts and uncles. However, I haven't found that method of accosting cousins of the gentler sex so entirely disagreeable.

Of the Candler tribe the one I must especially prepare you for—he being the most frequent visitor at our home—is my Uncle Bill. I sometimes call him Uncle Bull—but not to his face, so don't try it on him as he might think you were too familiar on short notice. He has curly blonde hair and nose-glasses with a black cord attached. These he adjusts quite frequently. Now to gain his (that is, my uncle's) good will and tolerance all you have to do is talk stocks and bonds. Remember all the business barometrics Father Bolger has crammed into your head, and spring it on him. He won't give a whoop whether you're his long-lost nephew or Crusoe's good man Friday. That's how he loves me.

I've been showing Joe (I call her Joe now—by request) the best time I know how. And you know me. I always was a great hand with the ladies even if I do say so myself. As granddad used to say: "If you don't blow your own horn no one will blow it for you."

Josephine and I have got to the stage where each is trying to discover whether the other is ticklish or not. You know how it is. But honestly, I never met a girl that fitted my style of beauty so well as she does. I must congratulate you on your taste. One would almost think you had picked your fiancé with a view to matching my own incomparable qualities. (Merely sarcasm, old boy, don't get excited).

We went to the Blackstone together last night—just Josephine and I. (Not jealous, are you?) It being the opening night of a new play all the men wore full dress and the women vice-versa, as the saying is. Josephine certainly was the center of attraction—as she is everywhere. All I remember of the play is that it had something to do with a murder trial and that the lights went off two or three times during each act. I have reasons for remembering the latter fact. I believe Josephine still entertains that hallucination about me being a lunatic—she still is so positively humoring to me. I don't believe she's so far wrong at that. I guess I *am* crazy—about her.

Write soon, and please talk of something besides your deep interest in Gertrude; under-

stand I'm not jealous, but I want to hear a little something about home.

Your old pal,

JACK.

STILL, FROM JACK TO BOB.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,

DEAR BOB:— January 2, 1915.

A word to the wise: the jig's up. Our parents are on. In fact they have been on for some time. All their wonderment and mourning has been assumed. You remember your parents and mine are very good friends, although neither knows the other's son. Knowing us to be roommates, however, they had an inkling of the whole trouble and communicated with each other. Between the four of them they agreed to let proceedings continue till we grew tired of the foolishness and vouchsafed to make explanations. They found the key to the matter without our aid. Now they have the laugh on us. But I don't regret the escapade, senseless and nervy as it was. To me it has brought real happiness.

Bob, Josephine and I are engaged. Now, old man, don't think too harshly of me. I'm calling myself all the names Captain Smith ever called John Alden. I know I'm a treacherous snake and not worthy of any man's friendship, but—love is love.

When I explained to Josephine how you and I had agreed to change our identities during the Christmas vacation just for the fun of it, she laughed heartily but did not seem surprised. I suppose your folks have put her wise, too. And honestly, old man, she looked at me with such a "Why don't you speak for yourself, John," expression in her eyes, that I—well, I flopped. And she followed suit. Do you blame me? And now we'd be as happy as two Freshmen that have had some poetry printed in the SCHOLASTIC if we didn't feel like Helen of Troy and Paris.

I hope you can find in your heart the grace to forgive us. If you can't—well, I won't hold it against you. And please, Bob, I want you to break the news to Gertrude. Won't you do this as one last favor before our friendship is severed forever? We were friends for many years, but the good old times that once have been can never come again, after what I've done to you. So good-bye, Bob,

JACK.

AND NOW, FROM BOB TO JACK.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

January 2, 1915.

DEAR JACK:—

It's all up. There's no use of keeping quiet any longer. They all know. After we had planned to explain the whole thing to them the day we left for school, here they put the rollers under our little scheme and find out ahead of time. Two facts we forgot to take into consideration: although we are not known to each other's parents personally, they know we are roommates, secondly, your folks and mine are old friends. The result: they got together through the mails, and all along they've been keeping quiet to let us make fools of ourselves, thinking we were mystifying them. But at that we kept them guessing pretty long, didn't we?

Now I come to tell you what I hate to say, Jack. Gertrude and I are engaged. Now, don't take it too hard, old man. I know it hurts me almost as much as it does you. I realize now only too well how you must love her, and that your ardent talk about Josephine was only to make me jealous. But I couldn't help it. I fought against it as hard as I could, but Gertrude's wonderful qualities overcame me as they had you. So last night, New Year's night, after I had explained matters to her, with my heart thumping like an Ingersoll, I proposed, and she fell for me.

I'm going to ask you to heap coals of fire on my head by explaining things to Josephine. You know people who are having the glowing embers shoveled on their craniums very rarely notice it at the time. But in this case I will—I'll feel them, old man. I know you can never respect me after this, but I will nevertheless remember you always with the deepest regard. You may keep our room at school. I'll hunt up another. Give my best to father and mother and—Josephine.

BOB.

Erin.

O when will thy banner, dear Erin, unfurl'd,

Proclaim to the nations thy children are free:
Thou Emerald Gem of the bright western world;

Thou heaven's lone star in the blue of the sea?

O when will thy harp, dearest Erin, again,

Fling out its wild notes in vibrations of gold?

O when will the Gael on the green hill and glen,

In freedom enjoy its sweet strains as of old?

B. Matthew.

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—The hour of the Catholic daily seems about to dawn,—provided the promoters of the enterprise are able to wring the needed support from a dormant **A Catholic Daily.** Catholic public. It is merely superfluous to delineate anew the immense power of printers' ink. The menacing wave of bigotry which has swept over America within the last few years has effectively shown the influence of a hostile press. To successfully combat this evil a Catholic press is imperative. Our present weeklies and magazines are scant skeletons of what they should be. They have no bite, and even their bark is feeble. Outside of a meagre handful of well-equipped papers, the Catholic publications of America rest in the hands of individuals. For this reason their appeal is naturally limited and their field narrow; incidentally, they are mostly dry and uninteresting, being without the means of employing brilliant writers, competent illustrators, or efficient business managers. And although everyone candidly admits the need of a real Catholic press, there are proportionally few persons who are willing to support it.

A Catholic daily, rightly launched, both editorially and commercially, would prove a tremendous boon to American Catholicism. Such a paper would be a mighty bulwark against bigotry and calumny, and an able disseminator of Catholic truth and doctrine. It would not only defend Catholicity, but it would spread the faith as well. It would appeal

to the unbeliever as well as to the wavering Catholic,—for it is impossible for a man to read a Catholic paper regularly and not become a better Christian. A Catholic daily would keep the Catholic informed of Catholic activities and events, and would interest the non-Catholic by opening to him a new viewpoint of the True Faith, while to all it would give secular news in a form not antagonistic to common decency. In fact, there are scores of plausible arguments for a Catholic press, and there is only one obstacle in the way,—Catholic indifference. When this barrier is removed the current of Catholic journalism should flow smoothly and evenly. May we not hope that the establishment of a Catholic daily is the first step in this direction?

—Now that the real Spring weather is with us again and all have come out of their winter nests to enjoy the sunshine and drink in the balmy air, it becomes

To the Gun Club. necessary to say a word to certain thoughtless individuals

who wander around the lakes and through the woods with rifles firing in all directions at real and imaginary objects, heedless of where their bullets will finally land. People walking around the lake have heard bullets whistle past their ears and wondered who could have been so stupid as to fire a bullet into the middle of the lake not knowing that it would glance off and pursue another course endangering everything in its way. Students have stood opposite the Seminary shooting at objects in the lake so that it was unsafe for a seminarian to venture into the yard, and yet these same individuals think they know all about a gun and how it should be used when they have not become acquainted with the first principle. Others still can find no better use for these weapons than to shoot squirrels and robins and other birds that make the Springtime delightful at Notre Dame. Talk of any kind will be lost on this class. The walks around the lake and through the woods are for everyone, and everyone should be able to enjoy them without endangering his life. If you are one of those who have a gun and who have been guilty of carelessness you should take this opportunity to correct your fault, otherwise you will not have your rifle long. Don't fire into the lake unless you intend to kill someone.

Frederick Warde—Shakespeare Recital.

It is not so often in these degenerate days that one has an opportunity to witness the presentation of a real Shakespearian drama upon the stage. Less and less histrionic ability is wasted upon the glories of the Elizabethan era. The number of readers or monologists, however, does not appear to be in any danger of diminution. Some are bad, some dull, some very good. It is in this latter class that Frederick Warde must be placed. His reading of Hamlet, which came first, was quite a masterly exposition of the eccentric Dane's character. His Soliloquies were particularly impressive. The lines were aided by much critical and interpretative comment, all very good in its way, but sometimes derogatory to the interest of the rendition. Julius Caesar was presented the next evening, and though very entertaining was not equal to the Hamlet. In the first place, Mr. Warde seems to have an extensive acquaintance with the historic personages who enter the play, and this knowledge induces him to read too much of Shakespeare out of the characterization. This was particularly noticeable in his interpretation of Marc Antony. Nevertheless, his freedom from the usual elocutionary effects and his use of genuine emotion place Mr. Warde far above the rank and file of "readers" and give him legitimate claim to be termed artistic.

Personals.

—Mr. Jasper H. Lawton (B. S. B., '11) is in charge of a department in Stearns Chemical Co., Detroit, Michigan.

—The Rev. John Mullen (LL. B., '11), who was recently ordained in Rome, visited the University last week and met many of his old friends. Father Mullen is on his way for the diocese of Cheyenne where he will take up active work in the ministry.

—Mr. Cecil Birder (LL. B., '14) has joined the Society of Irish Players which has recently been established in New York. The aim of the Society is to offset the false impressions given by the old so-called, Irish Players, and to give a true and realistic portrayal of Irish life. The troop will play a week or two in New York and Boston and will then go out to the

Pacific Coast and work back. That Cid Birder has been asked to play one of the roles in the various productions of this society is ample proof of his ability.

—Mr. G. McCoy (LL. B., '14) is at present secretary for U. S. Commissioner, Francis Bloodgood, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. George was a popular student.

—The marriage of Miss Marie Bertha Gschwend to Mr. William Henry McCarty (old student) will take place in St. John's Church, Canton, Ohio, April 28th. The groom was one of the most popular men of his time at the University and has many friends among the faculty. Mr. and Mrs. McCarty will be at home after September 1st at 125 Ocean Street, Lynn, Massachusetts.

—Joseph B. McGlynn (LL. B., '12) has just been elected City Attorney of East St. Louis, Illinois, after one of the most strenuous campaigns in the history of the City. His victory was all the more remarkable, because two of the chief candidates on the same ticket were swamped by the voters, a third was elected by only a small majority, while "Stony's" election was by a majority larger than that of any candidate in the field on the entire ticket. The newspapers also make much of the fact that he is the youngest official ever elected in the city.

Obituary.

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON, LL. D., '11.

With much regret we chronicle the death of Colonel William Rockhill Nelson, an old student and devoted friend of the University, and one of the most distinguished journalists of the day. He was born in Fort Wayne in 1841 and at an early age entered upon newspaper work. At the time of his death he was owner and editor-in-chief of the Kansas City Star. He was also a Director of the Associated Press. Colonel Nelson was a public-spirited citizen, whose influence on his home city made for development and progress. He was a remarkably vigorous character and no one ever doubted exactly what he meant, either in conversation or in his newspaper. He bore a large and honorable part in the inner councils of his political party and he counted among his friends most of the prominent men of the nation.

XX.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

WILLIAM FRANCIS FOX.

It is our pleasant duty this week to bring to public notice the deeds of a long-suffering, loyal, enthusiastic son of Notre Dame, William Francis Fox of Walsh Hall. Our hero came to Notre Dame a long time ago and has spent the intervening years in knocking the meals and in crabbing about marks he didn't get for classes he never attended. He has raven black hair, large soulful eyes and an attractive countenance that is covered all over with a smile—especially so, when he is reading mail from Indianapolis or entering the Oliver Opera House with the "Original Bundle of Sweetness." Frank is chivalrous to the nth degree and will very often deliberately sacrifice two percent in his class standing by absenting himself from class in order to bring his fair companion to a ball game or track meet. And it doesn't matter much which way the game goes either, for he never knows the score, so lost is he in the dreamy sunshine of her smile. His room? But why should we talk about his room in public. Has he not assured us time and time again that the janitor of his flat has been sick for two months and is unable even to sweep. Despite this fact, however, Frank is able to find his bed at night after removing several articles that block the way, and what more can be expected from a boy of his age? Moreover, Howard O'Neill is a frequent visitor to said room, and this irresponsible youngster, as every one knows, has a reputation for never putting things in their place. Del Smith also throws things in the middle of the floor and Henry Susen fills the room with smoke, so why blame the proprietor because his room looks like a nightmare?

When Frank is not playing tennis at Leeper Park or taking long walks along the St. Joseph river behind St. Mary's, he attends class, and all of his teachers will testify that he can give a longer and more detailed account of a lesson he has never read than any one who inhabits these parts.

Christian Doctrine is his special line of study and helps to bring his general average up to ninety, thus giving him general permission—else how explain his visit to town every afternoon and his dish of ice cream at Hullies'?

All in all, Mr. Fox is one of the most attractive boys at school, being able to attract not only his companions and South Bend cousins but also the prefects who seem drawn to him—especially when he's out of bounds. An amiable disposition, a bright smile, a good word for everyone—these are some of the things Frank possesses. Lock your doors and have a smoke on him, boys.

Local News.

—Yes, the Sorin Hall piano has been tuned!

—Scott Meers is confined in St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, with a serious illness.

—The foundation for the "Maine" memorial has been laid and the rest of the monument will soon be erected, ready for its unveiling on May 30th.

—Bob Daly has returned to school from Erie, Pa., where he underwent a surgical operation three weeks ago. We're glad Bob got through the operation successfully.

—The Battalion pictures for the DOME were finally snapped last Thursday morning, and the Company pictures immediately afterward. The creases in the forehead of Arthur J. Hayes are decreasing every day.

—St. Joseph's Lake is going down daily and it is feared that the entire body of water will disappear. This would be a catastrophe for Notre Dame. The lake is at present seven feet below its normal level.

—Brother Alphonsus has been invited by Professor Stanley Coulter, president of the State Audubon Society, to make an address before this organization's convention which will be held in South Bend, May 5-7.

—Arrangements were practically completed for the Senior Ball, which will be held in the Oliver Hotel Wednesday evening, April 21. Everybody is busy making out a program for the dance. It's not too late to decide to go to this best dance of the year.

—Norman Walters of Brownson Hall is developing into a star pitcher and it looks as though Brownson would have a great pitching staff this year. Walter had been too much taken up with his studies in other years to devote even a little time to baseball, but he will be out this year to help his team to victory.

—It seems from the way some of the men

are preparing for the Senior Ball that they'll have to forego all other pleasures for the rest of the year on account of shortness of funds. Already some of the students have begun to look ahead to that time and found themselves humming that old familiar song "After the Ball is Over."

—The Peace Oratorical Contest was held at Vincennes last night, and a goodly crowd of embryo W. J. Bryans were on hand to knock the European War. Our own grape juice exponent, J. Clovis Smith, left Thursday night to take part in the big affair. Whether or not he brought home the bacon, our next issue will tell.

—An issue of the *Pierceton Record* of last week bore on its front page a lengthy eulogy of its fellow townsman, Timothy P. Galvin. The Pierceton youth is already practising Webster-like gestures out in the barn, and the fairer sex dusting out the old front parlors, making ready for the summer siege of the eminent orator's affections.

—Now we know why the Lake is receding. Russell H. Downey, the eminent biologist of 'Busco, is continually robbing it of specimens of everything that swims or crawls, and has provided himself with the most complete aquarium in school. The collection is on exhibition in Sorin Hall from 8:15 A. M. to 10 P. M. every day. Children half price.

—Michigan University has a baseball team that is certainly as good if not better than last year's team. At present they are on a Southern trip, and from the way they are defeating the Southern teams it seems certain that we will see some high class baseball here on next Monday. Our own team is getting into better shape every day and can be relied upon to put up a good game. Ye rooters, be on hand.

—Mr. "Muggs" Ryan of Walsh Hall is perpetrating a quartet which is to sing nightly out under the pine trees in front of Walsh. It will be composed of McNichols, McNulty, McCann, and McDough; they will sing, so they announce, sweet, soothing melodies that will induce sleep. Now that the school is warned we consider we have done our part, it's up to you to see that free born Americans are not inflicted with this music.

—The Day Students turned out for baseball practice last Thursday afternoon at Leeper Park. Among the candidates for places on the

team are Edgren, LaJoie, Steppler, McGuire, Wolf, Kelly, Burns, Fogarty, LaFortune and McCaffrey. James Foley, athletic manager for the Day Students, is arranging for a number of games with South Bend factory teams, and a game with the South Bend aggregation of the Southern Michigan league is assured.

—The entries for the Pennsylvania Relay Games have reached the 350 mark this week. Over one hundred of these are college teams and some of the best sprinters the country has produced will take part. In spite of the fact that present records are exceedingly high, it is more than likely that some of them will be smashed in the Relay Carnival if the weather is favorable. Russell Hardy and Bachman will most likely represent Notre Dame, and we believe that both men will give a good account of themselves.

—The graduating class of St. Edward Hall was examined recently by the President who was pleasantly surprised at the work these younger boys are doing. Not only did they show themselves thoroughly acquainted with the subjects they have been pursuing, but they were able to stand up and express themselves in such a creditable manner that a chicken supper is to be their reward. Those who have had the pleasure of assisting at the examinations of the minims all agree that there is nothing quite like the training a boy receives in St. Edward Hall.

—The Day Students' Association gave a very successful dance in American Hall last Tuesday evening for the benefit of their athletic organization. Martin's Orchestra of five pieces played the program of twenty dances and several features were introduced. The committee in charge of the affair included Michael Nolan, chairman, Leo Berner, Paul Edgren, Paul Fogarty, James Foley, Ernest LaJoie, John Riley, Lorenzo Rausch, Simon Mee, Robert Swintz and Vincent Vaughan.

—The Rev. John C. McGinn has recently been appointed by the governor of Indiana a member of the National Association of Charities and Correction, which will convene shortly in Baltimore, Ohio, and discuss all the problems appertaining to their work. Fr. McGinn has been doing active charity work in South Bend for some time, and is recognized as one of the foremost workers in the State. He is in constant touch with all the large charity organi-

zations, and through his efforts numberless families have been relieved and put on their feet. We know of no one who is more worthy of public recognition.

—An outdoor interhall track meet will be held on Cartier Field, Wednesday, May 12. As the winning team will receive the Studebaker Cup, the competition will undoubtedly be keen. Already Corby, Sorin and Brownson have begun to practise for this event, and it is likely that all the hall teams will be in far better condition than they have been any time this year. Although Corby seems to be the favorite, Brownson is running very close.

—On next Thursday, April 22, a football game will be staged on Cartier Field between the candidates for next year's Varsity and some of the old Notre Dame stars. Four ex-captains will appear in uniform, Edwards, '08, Kelly, '11, Rockne, '13 and Jones '14. Feeney and Vaughan will be here to line up with the stars, so that an exceedingly interesting and exciting game may be expected. This game is a feature of the spring practice, and will give the Coach a good line-up on the candidates for next year's team. None of the players are yet certain of their positions, and much will depend on the development of the men in the last two months' practice as well as on the fall practice. An admission fee of ten cents will be charged to defray the expenses of visiting players.

—At a recent meeting of the Electrical Engineering Club, Prof. Caparo, the director, with the able assistance of Mr. John Smith, performed a number of experiments that were quite interesting on account of their historical relations. The fundamental experiments of the early discoverers in magnetism and induction were shown, as well as some more complex workings of the mysterious fluid. At one point in the program the club was surprised out of its usual decorum and gravity when the director calmly announced that the spark he was taking with his fingers from the terminal of a Tesla coil came at a potential of some eleven million volts. To the majority at least it seemed a rather striking experiment.

Some beautiful color effects from a set of Geissler tubes were shown, and in conclusion the members were given an opportunity of viewing the interior structure of their hands by means of an x-ray tube and fluoroscope. Club meetings will be held every Friday evening.

Easy Victory Over Armour.

Despite the facts that the Armour Institute nine had walloped Chicago University and had lost a ten-inning game to Northwestern by a single score, the Varsity snowed the Armour team under by a score of 14 to 2. The locals completely outclassed the Chicago team in every department of the game and made the visitors look like amateurs.

It was thought that Coach Harper would try out one of his new hurlers in the game, and there was considerable speculation amongst the fans as to whom the lucky man would be. Oscar Dorwin was the man whom Harper named to start the game, and the twirling of the popular sophomore more than justified the Coach's choice. It was Dorwin's first appearance in the Varsity line-up, and the young pitcher appeared a little shaky in the first inning. Paskil, the lead-off man for Armour, singled over second base. Then Dorwin fanned Trinkhaus, but Conway got a base on balls. Dorwin struck out Bruce, the visitors' heavy slugger. Paskil and Conway worked a double steal, putting men on second and third; Dorwin got two strikes on Hook before the latter drove a hit into right field just out of Pliska's reach. Dorwin refused to blow up under fire and immediately struck out Sullivan. After the first inning the visitors were helpless before Dorwin. He struck out nine men during the four innings that he worked, and after the first he did not allow a man to reach first. Dorwin's showing was more than satisfactory; and we expect him to develop into a first-class pitcher.

Satisfied that Dorwin could deliver the "goods," Coach Harper sent Wells into the box in the fifth. Although the Southpaw's work was not so flashy as Dorwin's he allowed only two hits and held the visitors runless throughout the remainder of the game. Wells walked three men and hit one, but he tightened in the pinches and struck out four opponents.

At the bat and on the bases, the locals looked like big leaguers. Broman was touched up for thirteen hits, and eleven of the locals got free transportation to first base. Hill proved a joke in throwing to the bases and the locals stole seventeen sacks. Mills led the swatting and had a perfect batting average. "Rupe" lined out a double, two singles and a sacrifice fly, and reached first a fourth time when he was

hit by a pitched ball. Captain Duggan, Kline, Bergman, and Kenny each secured two hits, while Pliska and Dorwin each contributed one. Elward was the recipient of four bases on balls. Bergman led in the base running with four pilfered sacks, while Kline was second with three. Elward pulled the best play of the day when he scored from second, while the third baseman was holding the ball. The box score will account for the remaining details of the slaughter.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	ARMOUR	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bergman, ss	4	3	2	0	2	1	Paskil, rb	4	1	1	8	0	0
Duggan, cf	4	2	2	2	0	0	Trinkh's, rf, ss	2	0	0	2	0	1
Lathrop, 2b	2	1	0	1	0	0	Conway, 2b, p	3	1	1	0	4	0
Mills, rb	3	2	3	6	0	0	Bruce, 3b	4	0	0	3	1	0
Kline, 3b	3	2	2	1	1	0	Hook, cf	3	0	1	2	1	0
Elward, lf	1	3	0	0	0	0	Sullivan, ss	4	0	0	3	1	1
Pliska, rf	2	1	1	0	0	0	Hillinger, rf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Carmody, rf	1	0	0	1	0	0	Herman, lf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Kenny, c	3	0	2	13	0	1	Broman, p	3	0	0	0	3	1
Dorwin, p	2	0	1	0	0	0	Hall, 2b	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wells, p	2	0	0	0	2	0	Hill, c	2	0	0	2	2	2
Totals	27	14	13	24	5	2		28	2	4	21	12	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Armour	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	2	4	5
Notre Dame	6	0	0	1	1	5	1	*	14	13	2

SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits—Lathrop, Mills; M. Carmody. Stolen bases—Bergman, 4; Kline, 3; Duggan, 2; Mills, 2; Elward, 2; Kenny, 2; Lathrop, 1; Pliska, 1. Two base hits—Mills, 1; Duggan, 1; Hook, 1. Strike outs—By Dorwin, 9; by Wells, 4; by Broman, 2. Bases on balls—Off Broman, 5; off Conway, 3; off Wells, 3; off Dorwin 2 in 4 innings; Off Broman, 13 in 6 innings. Hit by pitcher—By Broman, Bergman and Kenny; by Conway, Mills; by Wells, Trinkhaus. Double play—Hook to Sullivan to Bruce. Umpire—Anderson.

The game with Western State Normal, which was scheduled for last Saturday, was called off on account of rain. A game with Lake Forest has been added to the schedule and will be played at Cartier Field this afternoon. This game should put the team on edge for the biggest home game of the season, that with Michigan on Monday. Michigan is returning from a southern trip and should present a strong line-up. With an even break in the luck Captain Duggan's men should give the Wolverines a great battle. The game should prove one of the best in years and all the rooters should turn out to cheer the team. It is to be hoped that the response to Cheer-leader Gargan's efforts will be more generous than it has been. It is hard to understand why men, who are willing to applaud Charley Chaplin for hours at a time are afraid to give one lusty yell for the baseball team. If the students will only expend as much energy in cheering the hard-working players as they usually expend in "boobing" the lecturers, we can hope for a better spirit and a better team.

Outdoor Track Work.

Coach Rockne is not losing any time in preparing his men for the heavy outdoor track schedule. He is working hard trying to improve the men who starred in interhall and to develop new men for the outdoor meets. Burns, Hanan and Coyle, who showed up well in the indoor interhall meet, have been added to the Varsity squad and will probably be entered in the big meet with Michigan on May 8. Harry Baujan is also being pointed for this meet and will probably start in the quarter-mile or in the relay.

Hardy and Bachman, the two men who proved the most consistent point winners indoors, have been entered in the Pennsylvania Relay Games which will be held Friday and Saturday. Hardy will run in the hundred yard dash and will have as his most prominent opponent, Drew, the colored sprinter from the University of Southern California. Drew claims to have run the hundred in :09 4-5 no less than seventeen times during the last three years. We venture to prophesy that he will have to do it for the eighteenth time if he breaks the tape ahead of Hardy. Bachman will be entered in the hammer throw, discus throw and shot put. With such men as Whitney of Dartmouth opposing him, "Bach" will be forced to exert himself to the limit, but he should place in his events.

The best track and field records of the Central A. A. U. since 1889 were recently published, and the names of Notre Dame athletes are prominent in the list of record-holders. Forest Fletcher, one of our greatest stars, who is now coaching the Washington and Lee track team, holds the indoor record in the forty-yard, fifty-yard, and sixty-yard low hurdles and in the forty-yard high hurdles. James Wasson, '13, holds the record in the fifty-yard and sixty-yard dashes, although Hahn and Loomis have tied "Jimmy's" marks. Knute Rockne, our own track coach, holds the pole vault record with a mark of twelve feet, four inches. George Philbrook holds the record for the sixteen-pound shot put in open meets with a heave of 46 feet. Notre Dame ranks well up with the C. A. A. and I. A. C. in the number of record sheld.

Safety Valve.

If you are one of those fellows who have a pompadour and wear a monkey hat to keep it in place, go to the secretary and demand your tuition back. You're getting robbed if you're paying for an education.

ORIGINAL SIN.

Professor:—"What do you mean, Mr. Wittenberg, by spelling *coming* with two m's?"

Mr. W.:—"Well, professor, you told us we should be as original as possible and I'm doing my best."

Squirrels are getting into the basement of Corby Hall—their winter supply of nuts must be gone.

We believe any reasonable man will agree with us when we say that Waage has too many a's in his name.

DEAR EDITOR:—

I am a bright boy of sixteen years of age with red hair, blue eyes and a winning smile. I am considered quite handsome by my companions of Brownson Hall, so much so that they call me Cupid. Yesterday, while out walking between here and St. Mary's, I met a young lady who impressed me as I have never before been impressed. A sweet face, large luminous eyes, tresses black as night, a shy modest way—all these she possessed, and I was at once captivated and entranced. But before I could tell her half what I felt or could even ascertain her name, I was compelled to jump a fence, run through a ploughed muddy field, and climb up a lightning rod to avoid a prefect. Now, what I want to know is,—what I should do to meet this young lady again, as I cannot keep her out of my mind and all my class hours are given to thinking about her? I will follow your advice as I *must* see her.

TOMMY.

TOMMY. Be brave! Walk right up to the front door of St. Mary's Academy and tell the Superior you *must* see the young lady. Could any one be so cruel as to refuse you? In case, however, you come out sooner than you expected, walk over toward the Infirmary, beyond which you will find a precipice of some two hundred feet; beneath this is the St. Joseph River. You can do it in one jump, and your blue eyes, red hair, and winning smile will accompany you.—*Editor*.

Carrollite:—"Me, pray for rain during the baseball season? Not on your life!"

Prefect:—"But the wheat! It will be all dried up."

Carrollite:—"Why should I worry about wheat? I don't get anything but cornflakes, and that will grow in spite of the rain."

MARVELOUS.

And now after long years of study and much experi-

ment another entertainer has discovered that Pompey's statue at the foot of which Caesar lay, did not run blood. "It was marble," said this actor, "how could it bleed?"—Would not this draw blood from marble?

OUR IDEA OF A PEST.

The fellow who wants to know where you left his baseball glove last year.

1st Student:—"How did you come out in the oral exam?"

2nd Student:—"I was doing fine until the professor asked me if I really thought I knew what I was trying to say."

DEAR EDITOR:—

Yesterday while out playing on the campus I had a terrible experience. I was taken with a severe chill, my hands turned black, and I almost lost my sight. I groped my way back to my room as best I could, where after about an hour I began to recover. To-day my sight is perfect again, the chill is gone but my hands are in the same condition. Could you suggest through your column what would cure them?

PETER.

We think that soap would do it. Did you ever try washing them?

And we don't know who put the hump in Humphreys and the hog in Hogan.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Yesterday myself and roommate had a heated argument as to how hash is made and arrived at no satisfactory conclusion. Could you enlighten us through your scientific column.

C. L. COOK.

While we are quite willing to answer all questions in the natural order we don't profess to be fortune-tellers or wizards. As for us we know hash isn't made, it just happens like a railroad accident or a cyclone and those present at the time have to suffer on account of it. To suppose that any one deliberately makes hash is calumny.

Where are the nuts of yesterday,
Al Schlipf, De Fries, and Kane?

The boys who had to be chastised
For staying in the rain.

Where's Boyle and Beh and Rigney Sack,
Van Heuvel, Brown and Dee?

We do not see them as of old
Up in the hickory tree.

What has become of Vernon Fitch
John Phibbs and Ferguson,

Have all the checker boards been lost
That used to bring such fun?

No, reader dear, the Spring is here
Ye are the greater mutts

Who seek fruit of the hazel bush—
'Tis not the time for nuts.