

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 1, 1915,

No. 29.

## Missionaries.

THEY will not come again, pale evening draws  
A curtain o'er their toil;  
And one by one they vanish in the dusk  
These tillers of the soil,  
But look ye o'er the fields in morning's light  
And see their noble work,—the harvest white.

D. R.

## Pindar the Superb.

BY GEORGE P. SCHUSTER.

THE noontide of Hellenic culture was the era of Sophocles. Whatever was most beautiful and most profound in the nation's life received its poetic expression from a genius that was essentially Attic and dramatic. Nevertheless, just as the form of the drama was evolved from the choral odes men sang in the earlier days, so in the literature of Greece the master of song proceeded. And as Homer had dominated the epic to such an extent that no one dared afterwards to be compared with him, so in this later lyric field there was one master supreme and for all time, Pindar the "superb." Whatever was brightest and most festal in those inimitable days when the Hellenic race was no longer young and not yet mature, whatever was most joyous on the brawny threshold of its manhood, that was the theme of Pindar. The stories of its sturdiest, most heroic past; the spectacles of its present muscular and intellectual strife; the moral lessons most needed by a somewhat reckless, care-free and virile populace—all these were the message of the great Theban bard. Pindar is the eternal recorder of this phase of Greek life, the only one who expresses it fully, earnestly and artistically.

It appears that this delineation of a rather peculiar era is somewhat exotic and unappealing to the modern mind. It is quite difficult for

us to realize the characteristics of a time so utterly different from our own. There were none of the modern luxuries, but there was a well-nigh voluptuous sensibility for the artistic; there were no marvellous means of transportation, no cosmopolitan vistas such as we enjoy to-day, yet the world seems to have been broad and unbounded. This remoteness is abetted by the fact that Pindar, who alone of all the songsters then living was worthy to become immortal, has written in a strain so lofty, so terse, and so original that only absolute mastery of Greek can comprehend him. Again, the circumstances that his extant odes are mostly on subjects like the Olympian contests, inclines the twentieth-century reader to doubt whether poetry written on such themes can be really worth while.

In the face of all this we maintain that the few songs which Pindar has handed down form the very acme of Grecian poetics. It is true that one must bring more effort to master the bard's technicalities, but one also bears away more fruit. It has been said but lately by a woman of culture writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* that although veteran readers disagree in their interpretations of Pindar, each one finds for himself a peculiar charm that exists nowhere else. The poet is particularly baffling because he coins new words, new combinations, which express his meaning, and his alone. Oftentimes these phrases suggest so much that the reader almost wishes the poet had not aroused the imagination so violently and had granted more appeal to memory and association. There are pictures in Pindar, e. g., that of Mt. Aetna in the First Pythian Ode, which could be amplified without prolixity into a whole poem. For such a phrase as *ἰοπλοκάμαν Μοιοῶν* a modern poet like Mrs. Browning would have substituted a whole stanza. For one who loves poetry for itself, however, there can be no argument over the worth of this audacious use of epithets, this

brilliant coloring, this incense-breathing charm.

When we inspect Pindar's themes, it does indeed seem true that the praise of a victor in the boxing match, or of a horse in the chariot-race, could never be spontaneous enough to produce the loftiest verse. However, we have only to abandon our visions of modern baseball trusts and wild automobile races for a brief consideration of the glories of Olympus to become able to appreciate how these songs were inspired. There were four great contests held in Greece. The Pythian Games were held in the shadow of the towering peak of Delphi which to the Hellene was the *umbilicus terrae*. All that splendid legendary circumstance that wedded Apollo to this sacred shrine, the weird, oracular communications before which the mightiest heroes bowed their heads, lent picturesque solemnity to the contest, which consisted in athletic encounters of every nature and in musical and intellectual combats. The Nemean tournament was staged in a valley frowned upon by the bleak hills of Argolis. It was a fitting landscape for displays of brawn and power, for upon this wild plateau Heracles had met and slain the fierce Nemean lion. The festival which took place at Isthmia on the "sea-severing" ridge of the Isthmus of Cornith, was consecrated to Poseidon, master of the sea. Here was the ancient pillared temple of the god, and here the victors were crowned with sacred wreaths of pine.

Yet all these pageants, magnificent though they were, faded into ordinary events when the Olympian contests were mentioned. Here in the fertile valley of the Alpheus, whose sides were flanked with stately plane-trees and whose bosom was crested with islets of sweet pastoral beauty, were held the majestic national contests of the Greeks. A barren plain had once stretched here, it was said, till Heracles planted the trees from which to pluck wreaths for the victors. It was a lovely spot, carefully groomed and preserved, and adorned with all the beauty of sculpture and painting the country could muster. Here a Greek was paid the highest honor attainable, for this was the greatest festival of the ancient world.

The reasons that made it so are numerous. Primarily, the admiration of all was centred upon him who could produce the most magnificent display for the honor of his particular family and city. The rich of that time had few resplendent outlets for their money. If

they were not avaricious, and the Greek, whose highest aspiration was focused in glory, rarely was, they naturally adopted this method whereby lasting renown could be gained both for personal prowess and splendor of accoutrement. Thus horse-keeping became the individual sport of the wealthy, and we find it praised in all the authors. In Plato "wealth and horse-breeding" are synonymous terms. Every city in Greece—for these games were Pan-Hellenic—vied with the others to attain for itself the greatest glory.

A second reason for the all-importance of these pageants was the close relation that existed for the Greek between athletic prowess and military efficiency. In that age of the javelin and the *ὀπλιτης*, when the *μάχιρα*, was the mainstay of the army, even the generals were not so much masters of military tactics as strong-armed wielders of the cross-bow. Hence the training afforded by the gymnastics requisite for successful competition at Olympia was regarded as the basis for a worthy army. They assumed even more importance than the manoeuvres of European armies have gained among us during the past years, because the necessity for having every citizen trained was much greater in Attic days. We may be sure that the populace which, as children, had grown enthusiastic when they read of the feats by which Ulysses conquered the forty suitors and upheld the dignity of his nation in all the countries he passed through, would welcome with shouts of delight each new proof that the prowess of mighty Greece was not yet dead.

There was still a third, highly important motive which thrilled the Olympic contests with national appeal. On these very plains some of the ancient heroes had contested, with these same implements the mightiest of national ancestors had done brilliant deeds; every man, every youth, was a reminder of some illustrious forbear who had showered undying renown on his children and children's children. Considering the close relation existing between ancestry and deity, it is not strange that every event should have aroused a hundred reminiscences, a score of reflections on the gods, and that innumerable moral precepts, twined closely round the roots of religion, should have asserted themselves. Add to all this the fact that the assemblage represented the whole of Greece and served to deepen and strengthen the national character and spirit; that here

the intellects of every tribe rose to speak their epoch-making thoughts to those they loved; that music, always so welcome to the Hellenic ear, made now its mightiest effort to please, and one can form a faint mental adumbration of what this festival imported to Greece. Herodotus came hither to read the books of his unequalled history; the strains of Stesichorus, Alcaeus and numerous others, were first sung here, and great painters and sculptors labored unceasingly to render the Olympian exhibition an artistic success. Truly, everything the Greek mind considered valuable was poured out in abundance.

This then, the whole of it, was Pindar's theme. He was chosen to express to the winner's mind the import of the olive wreath and to sum up the praise of the vast audience in one mighty lyric strain. It was his duty to link together the mythological associations and the national feelings which grew spontaneously out of each victory. Finally he was to express in words that breathed and burned those moral lessons which suggested themselves to his elevated and inspired mind. When the full moon shone on the vast throng and victor's bodies gleamed like ivory images fresh from the hand of Phidias, when the smoke of the sacrifices was ascending and there was universal gladness in men's hearts, he proceeded to the altars of his fathers and sang the praises of Greece. Indeed his share in the glory was well-nigh the foremost.

To understand Pindar's treatment it is necessary to discuss briefly the nature of choral poetry. The words were sung by a chorus which at the same time executed a system of rhythmic movements corresponding to the theme. The poem was technically divided into a strophe, which was the first half-turn, the antistrophe, which was a reverse, and a stasimon which was a period of rest. The whole was set to music, of a simple kind naturally, since the modern series of octaves was unknown, but nevertheless endowed with a peculiar form of variation. The scales involved a system of quarter-tones very difficult to execute, and their rhythm was of such a subtle nature that an ordinary listener of to-day could not enjoy it. The poet wrote his own lyric, his own music and trained his own chorus. The type was similar to that which moderns find exemplified in Schubert and Bach.

Pindar's mode of execution cannot be appre-

ciated since the loss of his music and dance. We have only the lyric, through which we can sometimes sense the misty beauty that lent the scene transcendent grace. Perchance even if the measures had been preserved, they could aid but little in reproducing the glowing richness of the original presentation. That warm, subtly perfumed air, the dazzling splendor of the multitude arrayed in robes of festivity, the beauty of Grecian men and women, the proud bearing of the victors, have departed forever. Certainly we could never reproduce the exuberant sympathy of that audience flushed with victory; the peace in the heart of a nation which breathed divine atmosphere in the mystic moonlight; the sense of nearness to Olympus and to the immortals; the whole wave of sacred recollection and priceless tradition that swept the souls of all. Pindar's glory is dead with Greece's glory; his praise lies broken beside the gilded paraphernalia and the heavenly valley that graced the Olympic eves. One cannot know Pindar through his lines.

Yet, for one who loves poetry and whose imagination longs for the heights of beauty and glory, those eternal lyrics are priceless possessions. In each heart-stirring epithet there is a blaze of splendor. In the majestic movement of his verse there lie hidden, like the ghosts of Erin's armies, a vast multitude of fancies in shining array. For everything that was *ἀγλαός* in Hellenic life, for everything that was *καίρος* in Hellenic morals we have a world of sympathy. Pindar's high-moving spirit, which winged the world like Jove's eagle, is an acquaintance we all should make. The nobility of his sentiments, the rapturous cadence of his song, the lightning flash of his description, ally him to the gods. Alexander spared his house and family alone of all that once had been Thebes. Surely we can spare the few hours that go into the mastery of his words to catch a vision of ancient and undying glory that resembles a halo over distant and holy past. We shall never know "the glory that was Greece" till we have loved Pindar; and surely that knowledge is to the educated man one of the necessities of life.

---

Deep azure skies, the wild bird's taunting call,

The tiny brook, outgrown its banks with joy,

These make my olden heart pine for the days—

The happy days when I was but a boy. J. R.

## That Too.

BY WILLIAM MCNAMARA.

"Say, 'Eagle,' how did you locate that famous Orkney diamond that baffled all the detective agencies in the United States?" said "Bud" Wisner, the assistant detective.

"Eagle" Weiss sank back in his chair and whistled as he lit his pipe.

"Well, 'Bud' old boy, I would tell you but you would get nothing but a headache in the attempt to follow and understand the various inductions and deductions of my profession and—Ah! there goes the bell. A man, I presume. Do you hear him cursing the darkness of the hall? Fat, too! Hear him puffing like a busy bicycle pump? Remain where you are partner, and listen to this new tale of woe."

A fat individual entered and looking from one man to the other said: "Mr. 'Eagle' Weiss, I presume?"

"Yes," said the latest world's wonder.

"I came on a matter of grave importance," continued the visitor. "I am an antiquarian. An article which I value more than a leg has disappeared. I heard of your almost miraculous work in the Orkney case, and I surmise you are the man to aid me in a similar search."

"You are missing that dagger that is supposed to have been used by Crassus in the killing of Caesar, Mr. Mutts, and you offer a reward of about \$10,000 for its return," commented "Eagle" smiling.

"Really, Mr. 'Eagle' Weiss, said the owner of that ancient weapon, "how do you know these things? I never met you before and no one knew of my loss but myself."

"Well, Mr. Mutts, it's as simple as a pick-axe. There are no baffling combinations or mechanism, but I will explain further. You and I are customers of the same milkman, coalman and barber, and from the last-mentioned artist I receive news of the neighbors. That's how I knew your name. Also, it has been printed in the Sunday paper of last month that you were the owner of one of the instruments of Caesar's death. Finally, you just said that you valued that article more than a leg, and I guessed that your leg was worth its weight in gold since you are a golf player of some note. Now do you see? It's about as easy as running a sewing machine."

"Really, Mr. Weiss, your genius is amazing

and I feel that you will do all you can to find the missing article."

"Yes," said "Eagle," "I'll find it if I must work nights for a month."

"Well," began the burglar victim, "I placed the dagger in a cabinet in which I keep other antiques, and in a half hour it was gone, and that is all I know about the case."

"Perhaps the janitor or iceman took it," suggested the detective.

"No, I can not imagine who the thief could be since no one knew where I kept it and I thought no one knew I had it. It is valueless except as a relic."

"Mr. Mutts, this is a strange case, but judging from my previous experience and from what you have already told me, I am sure of success. So I bid you good day. Come again in a week and bring along the reward because I am not an eleemosynary worker.

When the visitor passed into the street "Eagle" looked at "Bud" like a tender-hearted woman on a half-drowned cat.

"Bud," he exclaimed, "the dawn of fame is about to smile a golden smile upon my career. Do you realize what that means? The price of a leg—\$10,000! We will build a library, saloon, or some other charitable institution, old pal. Can you get the drift of what I say?"

"'Eagle,' cut that stuff and talk business. You won't locate that old putty knife. You couldn't find your mouth in the dark. Of course you found that Orkney diamond, but I'll bet it was not your fault."

"Bud," your sarcasm wounds my tender heart, but I will proceed and tell you how I am to find it. Crassus' jack-knife is in Abbie Jakestein's receiving office and the number of the pawn check is 4523."

"Eagle," said "Bud" reprovingly, "this is not a meeting of the 'Old Soldiers Bulcon Society.' Now break away from the realms of opium dreams and come nearer home. Let's get out and try to find Caesar's finger nail file or Crassus' paper knife, or whatever it is. Perhaps some one will put it in our hands and run away without leaving a card."

"Bud," desist the comments. Here," he asservated pulling his hand from his pocket, "here is the pawn check. Now I having previous knowledge of the artistic value of that butter knife, stole it. See!"

"I see, but the Orkney diamond?"

"I stole that too."

## Varsity Verse.

## TRUTH'S STAR.

I saw a silver sail go down  
The blue arch of the sky,  
A golden lighthouse, evening star,  
Guided it safely by.

So the white sails of youth go out  
Across life's silver bar,  
And come in safety to their port  
If they but watch truth's star.

L. Y.

## THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.

Behold me on my joyous way  
Back to my father's house once more.  
Before your sanctum I will play  
The part of modern troubadour.

The glamour now is gone in truth  
From rosy Bacchus and his shrine,  
And in my sober second youth  
My ideal is the Light Divine.

Ten moons have faded since I laid,  
My other self beneath the sod.  
The chrysalis, though long delayed,  
Is slowly coming up to God.

For lo, within this prison cold  
I feel the beating of the wings  
Would, like a butterfly, unfold  
And soar among the Higher Things.  
My soul beats on the iron bars,  
Fighting for freedom, truth and light.  
Though leagued against me, e'en the stars,  
I shall arise and win this fight.

## L'ENVOY.

To charge an army all alone,  
Die fighting for a hope forlorn,  
Were easier than to gnaw this bone,  
This world's charity and scorn!  
But ever lures a shining goal,  
Press on and on, triumphant soul!

P. J. A. Quirke.

## SPRING FEVER.

When the old spring fever gits yuh  
And yuh wanta go and lie  
On yer back, out in the sunlight  
And watch the clouds go by.  
Wal, I know, becuz I've tried it,  
That ye'll find out moughty quick,  
The Delinquent List'l git yuh  
Ef yuh aren't gol durn slick!

Mc B.

## Cardinal Newman's Gentleman.

BY M. A. COYLE.

Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a Gentleman," remarkable as it is for its thoroughness, has many points upon which more than ordinary emphasis and attention might be placed by the reader. To instance this, one might dwell for some length on how the gentleman reverences religion, although he himself may not be a Christian, or on how he is a friend of religious toleration, or on how manly he is when conferring favors. But the bulk of Newman's idea appears to deal directly and most forcibly with the man who, unfortunate at times, is enthralled in a series of disputations. Let a citation be advanced here in reference to a few common faults, if not vices, found sometimes in the arguments of well-meaning people.

Often, very often, a man who has entered into a discussion with his neighbor, has to undergo or face a charge of assaults that his opponent feels inclined to make. Several vices that frequently and persistently find their way into conversation may be here considered. First there is sarcasm, an apparently handy but cutting weapon. Secondly, boisterous, loud talking, whereby each attempts to persuade the other by a high-pitched voice. Thirdly, a bitter and much-used resort, the indulging in personalities, which inevitably betrays the small mind. Fourthly, sharp sayings which baffle the arguer and elicit his hatred. And lastly, the every-ready passions which dethrone reason and enshrine bickering, flippant thoughts.

Appropriately fitting are the words of Newman on these points. He speaks of the gentleman as one who is "never mean or little in his disputes," who "never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out." One is tempted here to dwell at length on the great wisdom of these words. For a real knowledge and practical working out of these points infallibly indicate the refined nature.

More particularly though are Newman's following sentences suggestive of the real gentleman, the man that people admire and grow to love. They abound so with wisdom that it would be well for the student to commit them to memory. This gentleman, of whom the



former Oxford teacher writes, is a man refined by education, a man who "if he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust, he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents; he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits." Here indeed is the gentleman. How rare, how delicious his company! One feels safe in confiding to him his doubts, and explaining to him his point of view, without being compelled to undergo a torrent of ridicule.

All, are more or less, familiar with the man of the high pitched voice; the man who attracts attention by his loud, declamatory sentences. It is this man who endeavors to prove a point by sound. Unfortunately, a specific statement regarding the case of this individual is not found in Newman's definition, but a wise journalist has said:

"The loud, frantic talker is an ignorant man or a demagogue, and why people will hang around and hear him harangue cannot be explained, except on the idea that the listeners are as ignorant as he. . . . Does he appeal to reason when he raises his voice and shakes his fists? No, indeed: he appeals to prejudice and passion."

Another prominent difficulty found in private arguments is the passion of the individual. The emotions of hate and jealousy fight against reason and sometimes force it to succumb. These emotions, or passions, an opponent elicits when he flings at his adversary cutting sentences and indulges in personal ridicule. It is plainly evident that when such is the case in arguments, the one indulging in these unlogical methods, not only fails to come up to Newman's standard, but what is more, falls beneath the real dignity of man.

"Wisdom," asserts holy Scripture, "is better than strength, and a wise man is better than a strong man," yet how perverse to some degree

is the opinion that strength is above wisdom. This is very true in regard to men in arguments. Often when they are unable to appease by words, satisfaction is sought in blows. How one is applauded, and considered a good fellow, who has literally beaten his adversary, while the other apparent imbecile attempted settlement by an appeal to intellect.

Bringing this point closer to earth we have it materialized in this example. Choose between any one of our former or modern pugilists, and our giants of intellect, as your model, and by your choice you bespeak your character. For in one you have the perfection of the animal and in the other the perfection of the super-man. In one you laud the least praiseworthy thing in man, in the other, you homage a likeness of God. This is why the gentleman of Newman's idea refrains from satisfying the impulse to strike. He realizes the superiority of intellectual strength and the wisdom of holding self in check.

Thus the significance of this particular portion of Newman's definition shows us the real gentleman in an argument. We see him self-possessed, compassionate, passing lightly over personal attacks. We see him silent, meditative, and reserved, waiting until the opportunity presents itself when he can present his own case in a clear dispassionate manner. And when this is impossible his disciplined intellect and sensitive consciousness shall force him to abandon the attempt.

### The Diazzo Case.

BY PAUL V. DUFFY.

#### CHAPTER I.

The thin, yellow rays of a gas lamp illuminated feebly a residence corner in the heart of Kansas City's Italian settlement, known as Little Italy, on the night of September 8. All was ominously quiet as the starlike lights of the near-by homes were extinguished one by one, and their owners retired for the night. On the stroke of eleven o'clock, a nickel-theatre, operating on Independence street, disgorged its motley clientele which filed off in all directions. One solitary figure, that of a young Italian, handsome of face and well dressed, emerged from this crowd gayly whistling a snatch of the Italian opera "*Il Trovatore*," and turned off of the brightly lighted thorough-

fare into the less travelled street upon which the above-mentioned gas lamp was casting its yellow rays. As his young, subtle form was outlined against the lamp-light, a shot rang out. The joyful whistle and quick, light step stopped short, as the young man with a groan sank to the sidewalk.

A dead silence followed in the wake of the report, which was soon broken as doors began to open and heads to appear at windows. An hysterical woman ran out of the house in front of which the young man had fallen:

"Oh, my God, my son, my poor boy! The Black Hand! Oh, my boy!"

"Silence, neighbor!" sternly ordered the gruff voice of a man at her elbow. "Nothing is gained by such going on. It is not well to talk too much." The woman was led into her house, where neighbors had carried the body of her murdered boy. The door closed and silence again closed like a cloak over Little Italy and its turbulent life.

#### CHAPTER II.

The following morning, little knots of buzzing people, heads close together, quietly discussed the tragedy of Nicco Diazzo, the son of Little Italy's wealthiest and most prominent family. Whenever a stranger passed within hearing distance the talking immediately lapsed into silence. In Little Italy, especially following on a crime of this sort, silence is considered golden. It is because of the fact that no one, not even the surviving members of the dead man's family, will discuss the murder, or aid the police with clues for the capture of the criminals, that so few of the murders occurring in Little Italy are ever cleared up by the police department. Death is the price imposed by the Black Hand on any one who talks too freely concerning such matters. Young Diazzo had been active with a better element of the Italian citizens in several reform movements and investigation of Black Hand operations in Kansas City, and the net was being drawn pretty tight of late.

Almost a week had passed since the night of the murder, when Detective John Burns of the United States Secret Service was put on the case. The police had failed to disclose any motive for the murder excepting revenge, and had developed no clues. The people of Little Italy just shook their heads and said nothing, which only confirmed the police in their belief that the crime was the work of the

Black Hand, the only organization that could command such sphynx-like silence.

Detective Burns and his chief lieutenant, James Allen, stood disguised as laborers at the bar of "Dago" Louie's saloon in Little Italy laying their plans for the speedy capture of the murderers and the breaking up of the ring of crime which held the section in its grip. They were talking in a low voice as they sipped their dark beer from a grimy and ill-smelling bar.

"We will apply for work on Dick Kensalla's construction gang working on the K. C. Southern tracks out of Independence. Most of the laborers on that section are Italians and I've an idea we may learn something." Burns was talking. He and Allen quitted the saloon and made their way to the section boss where, owing to a shortage of hands, both were readily taken on. The morning passed uneventful. Whenever Burns or Allen sought to turn the drift of the conversation towards the subject of the Diazzo murder, the laborers immediately closed up like a clam. It was evidently a subject tabooed with them. Before nightfall, however, Burns had learned where the favorite haunts of the men lay. A certain clique of the workers frequented a pool hall operated by Dave Fleming, a police character of wide repute, and it was to this resort that Burns and Allen repaired with the rest of the men after work. The place consisted of one large room divided so as to serve as a combination pool-hall with saloon in the rear. The detectives made their way through a maze of blue smoke and sloughed into chairs at a table where they could observe without themselves being observed. They had scarcely seated themselves when their attention was attracted by two red-faced bar-flies who began arguing in a loud voice and were soon engaged in a brawl. The fistic encounter was short-lived, however, as two heavy-set men, flashy but well-dressed elbowed their way from the front of the room, and savagely threw the combatants apart, cursing them in broken English. This show of authority, for the fighters seemed thoroughly cowed, puzzled Burns, and he was determined to find out who the men were. He devolved a ruse to get the desired information. Feigning drunkenness, he and Allen began arguing in a loud tone about the Diazzo case, the while keeping the two men under observation to determine what effect their

words would have on them. The effect was electrifying. The men displayed wanton interest in what was being said, and little by little edged closer to the table at which Burns and his confederate were sitting, and finally walked boldly over to become acquainted, which was just what the officers wanted. Burns fictitiously introduced himself and Allen and ordered drinks. The two men made themselves known as Jim Nasso and Lorenzo Beggo.

"I was just saying," resumed Burns laughing boisterously, "it looks b'gad that Diazzo's stick-ups were going to get away clean. Funny, ain't it, how neat those jobs are put over? Why, if I was to playfully tap my friend here on the 'coco', I'd take a swing for it, as sure as prunes in a boarding house. I ain't never been burdened with luck in such matters, ha! ha!"

"You weren't personally acquainted with the gent, Diazzo, were you?" the one introduced as Nasso asked, looking at Burns narrowly.

"No," Burns responded, "I'm a stranger in these parts. My friend here and me 'lowed, as how work was pretty scarce in old St. Louie, we'd drift down here a bit and try her out in this section."

"Well, stranger, if I was you, I'd lay off that Diazzo talk. No good comes from butting into other people's funerals, you know." With this bit of epigrammatic advice, the two left the place. The officers followed soon after.

"I believe these men are intimately concerned in some way with the Diazzo mystery," Burns commented as they entered the rooming house where they were staying. "My next move will be to have some relative or friend of the dead Diazzo call a mass meeting to-morrow in American Hall as a protest for the inactivity of the police in the case, and for formulating ways and means for capturing the murderers. My real purpose in this is not the aid these people would give me directly but rather to provide a setting for a little acting on my part. If these two men are concerned enough, they will naturally be there to see what takes place at the meeting. What will take place is this: I will get up in the middle of the audience and make an impassioned speech condemning the Black Hand as the murderers, and criticising the police for not having broken up the gang. If Nasso and Beggo are present, I will have picked men close to them at all times to note their actions and to trail them

after the meeting should they have shown undue surprise or interest in my talk."

### CHAPTER III.

American Hall was crowded with the curious as well as the interested populace of Little Italy the night of the meeting. The dim light from the gasoliers suspended from the ceiling threw a pale, uncertain light without special discrimination over the assemblage. The low stage was draped with the entwined flags of America and Italy, the remaining vestiges of recent political meetings. Upon it were seated relatives of the dead Diazzo and some of the better, law-abiding element of citizenry. The meeting was well under way when Nasso and Beggo were discovered in the crowd. When Burns got up and started speaking everybody gasped at the boldness of the attack. Nasso and his companions stood rooted to the spot, exchanging glances of astonishment. At this point, Burns' men noticed at their elbow a man, whose staring, blood-shot eyes protruded from his pale face; his twitching lips and emaciated form stamped him as a dope-fiend of advanced stages. But what attracted the officers was his violent and intense interest in what Burns was saying. Some commotion and confusion followed when a woman fainted in the room from the heat and had to be carried out. The plain-clothes men discovered to their chagrin that, although their attention had been distracted for a very short time, their men, Nasso and Beggo, had left the room under cover of the confusion. The dope-fiend had left also. The officers made a bolt toward a side door leading into a bar next door, where they thought the men might have gone. As they entered the outer door and were about to push through the swinging doors into the saloon, they were halted by a voice telephoning. The voice was saying: "He will have to be gotten out of the way. He knows too much. The gang works on the viaduct to-morrow, and while he's working, our men will 'accidentally on purpose' give him a little shove and send him over. That will rid us of him easily enough."

The officers waited until they heard the click of the receiver terminating the interview, before they walked into the room. The only occupant of the small room containing the telephones, was the emaciated individual who was walking toward the door through which the officers entered. He gave a start when he



saw the officers, but they, surprised and disappointed at not seeing the two suspects, Nasso and Beggo, at the phone, pushed by the dope-fiend and made instinctively for the phone, while the drug victim slid past them out into the night. One of the men grabbed the receiver and asked the central who were the last parties talking. The central gave them the telephone number of a large brick home, once the residence of a wealthy citizen of Kansas City, situated on the bluffs overlooking the Missouri River, and which now was supposed to be a lodging house for laborers. As the officer put up the receiver, and made a note of the number, he saw upon the telephone desk a small folded paper. Picking it up he unfolded it and found that its contents was heroin. The drug evidently had been left there by the drug user, and it must have been he who had used the phone. The officers stood looking at the drug puzzled when Burns and Allen entered the room, the meeting being over. The plain-clothes men explained the matter to Burns and showed him their find.

"We didn't suspect at first that it was the dope-fiend who was telephoning, even though no one else was in the room when we entered. There is a side door through which Nasso and Beggo could have made their exit after using the phone without going out the door we were listening at. However, we know their headquarters, now, I think we will be able to land them."

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was about a quarter past eleven that night when Burns and a squad of officers drew up in a taxi-cab in front of the brick lodging house. Burns planned that he should go up first, and if it proved to be the headquarters of the Black Hand gang, as he suspected he would give a signal that would bring the officers up from the waiting taxi-cab. As Burns left the machine another machine which had been behind them for a good part of the route stopped also and Nasso and Beggo stepped out and covered Burns with a revolver.

"We have you at last," Nasso growled out, as he attempted to hand-cuff Burns. When the officers in Burns' machine saw these proceedings they jumped out and whipped out their revolvers. When Nasso and Beggo saw the blue-coated officers they lowered their guns with a bewildered look. At the same

time the officers were seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Burns could not appreciate the inopportune humor and demanded of his men an explanation.

"Allow me to introduce you," said the blue coat closest to Burns, "to Messrs. Daroe and Frimani, members of the Kansas City Detective department," indicating Nasso and Beggo. Mr. Daroe and Mr. Frimani; Mr. Burns of the United States Secret Service."

"Our looks are evidently against us," laughed Burns. "I thought you were the murderers of young Diazzo."

"And we supposed you were."

Then remembering their purpose in being there the officers faced about and made a dash up to the house. Forcing the door they found the place deserted. Evidently the "look-outs" had witnessed the mix-up on the sidewalk and given the signal for escape. As Burns passed from room to room he heard the whirl of a motor car outside. Running to a window, he saw a machine crowded with men leaving from the rear of the house. The men were all glancing back at the house as the machine swung and swerved from side to side in its headlong flight. Burns turned to the officers, pointing to the rapidly disappearing car, his face a dull red.

"There goes our prey at the rate of about one hundred miles an hour."

"Some detectives!" came a high, thin voice from a dark corner in the room. The officers sprang around and flashed their lights on the figure of a man lying in a half-stupor on the floor. It was the dope user, who raised his dull and glazed eyes to the officers.

"They've left him behind," Burns opined. "I guess there wasn't room in the car for him, or else he wouldn't go. Well, we probably can make room for him. We should have something to show for our labors, and it may be that we can use him, who knows?"

#### Gone.

They will not come again, the days of old,  
The days of mirth and glee,  
Like faded flowers they can bloom again  
Only in memory.

They will not smile, the faces that we loved,  
In life's young fleeting day,  
Until the earth shall cease its thunderous course  
And time shall flee away. D. S.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic  
Notre Dame, Indiana

XLVIII.

MAY 1, 1915.

NO. 29

## Board of Editors.

ARTHUR HAYES, '15

CLOVIS SMITH, '15	EUGENE MCBRIDE, '15
TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16	GEORGE SCHUSTER, '15
SPEER STRAHAN, '17	MARK DUNCAN, '15
LOUIS KEIFER, '16	ANDREW McDONOUGH, '17
JOHN RILEY, '17	EMMETT G. LENIHAN, '16
MYRON J. PARROT, '17	RAYMOND HUMPHREYS, '19

—The European war is accomplishing at least one great good,—it is effectively quickening the religious spirit of the nations involved,

thoroughly arousing the latent  
**One Effect** worship of a continent. France

of the War. is welcoming her exiled clergy back to native soil with open arms, and even calling for her exiled nuns to return in this hour of need. England is experiencing a revival wave such as it has not seen in many a long century, bigotry is under cover. Evidences of a spiritual awakening are everywhere discernible in Germany. Religious prejudice has been forgotten, atheism is abhorred, and throughout the Empire people are uniting in prayer and worship. With Belgium, and Austria, and Servia, it is the same way, religion is gradually coming back into its own. Princes and peasants are mingling their pleas for divine assistance.

But there is nothing strange in all this. There is little difficulty in recognizing the potent relation between the desolation of war and the appeal to men's thoughts of things eternal. War has suddenly revealed the puny pettiness of material attributes. In every palace and in every cottage the sense of death has stalked with impressive poignancy, and the illusory nature of much that has been looked upon heretofore as substantial and satisfying has been rendered tragically clear. Battle and skirmish have wiped away life, health, and wealth, and as these mundane treasures have vanished beyond their ken, people have naturally

turned in their grief to the consolation of religion. When governments, and emperors, and kings, fail, there is only one protector left,—God Himself, and to Him the people fly in their afflictions. History teems with such instances. From the moment God first intervened in behalf of Jewish warriors down to the present day, war has ever stirred up a spasmodic interest in religion. But when the war terminated so also to a great extent did the religious fervency.

Hence it will be interesting to note the final results of the present great revival. When the strife is over, and peace and prosperity return, will religion retain its place in the hearts of nations, or will it again be uprooted, blasphemed and expatriated? Will the atheists of France, the heretics of England, and the Socialists of Germany again discard God and renew their anti-bellum paths to perdition? If not, then the war will have accomplished something worth while

## The Senior Play of '15.

Many moons have turned turtle since the managerial infallibility of David Belasco, Esq., and the charming genius of Miss Blanche Bates, actress, succeeded in introducing "The Girl of the Golden West" to millions of excitedly enthusiastic lovers of the dramatic. The play in itself was somewhat gaudy, empty, and dependent for its worth upon whiffs of cow-puncher atmosphere. But given the fulness of histrionic art, it moved to fulsome laughter and tears. When therefore we state that the Senior Play of '15 was a complete success, we do not imply any inept deductions. We state merely that the original professional cast might do well to look to their laurels.

Undoubtedly the poor playwright wrote his lines with an eye fixed rigidly upon the vagaries of Miss Bates, but neither did he elude, we feel certain, the powers of impersonation latent in our local girl, Mr. Emmet Lenihan. To master a rôle so extensive, whimsical and variedly emotional required imperatively nights of labor as well as the innate divine spark. Mr. Lenihan's Girl was feminine, she could swear sweetly, and change her shoes very deftly—most necessary of all, she was passing fair. So while we lament the fact that the masculine voice of our great orator refused to exalt itself another tone or two, we, in the language

Of Sonora Slim, "take off our hats to the 'Girl.'"

It is rather difficult, we submit, to be villainous and heroic at the same moment, and it is well indeed that the task was entrusted to his urbane Highness, "Duke" Riley. The grace which nature gives her histrionic specialties was visible in his most insignificant gestures and words. When the shower of roses, sent by the unknown fair, descended, it constituted a symbol of what the Duke merited for his strong, subtle, and exquisitely finished rendition of the character of Ramerrez, road-agent.

Jack Rance, genuine, black-whiskered, sure-shot hard-guy of the Wild and Woolly, was endowed with the brawny frame and nonchalant bearing of Mr. Rupert Mills. Such a character is usually made conventional to an extreme; but the individuality which our monogram-burdened Jerseyite lent it, is indicative of exceptional ability. "Rupe," is an actor—no one who saw him lose the poker game can doubt it.

If we descend now from the triune stars just chronicled to the satellites of lesser lines, perchance Sonora Slim, disguised in the elastic anatomy and excitable gullibility of our friend, Erich de Fries, must be sighted first. Sonora was certainly slim, and to the trained eyes of local rancher's sons, he represented the real article in the cow-puncher line. His leave-taking of the heroine was by all odds the most pathetic feature of the performance.

Next swings round Joe Gargan, alias Nick, the bar-tender. The way said dealer in Straight conducted himself leads the impartial critic to affirm that such consummate naturalness was the result of much real experience. Perhaps—well, suffice it to say that Joe concocted what seemed to many the most perfect and exact bit of characterization seen here in days.

If Mr. La Rue Lawbaugh can enact weightier roles without marring the exquisite ability of representation he granted to the imbecile, God-forsaken tail-ender known as Sidney Duck, Notre Dame dramatics will be quite fortunate.

Nor can we pass on without noting the absence of culture and morals which Mr. Knute Rockne, as Wockle the squaw, and Mr. Charles Soldani, as Billy Jackrabbit—the aforementioned Wockle's dubious fiancée—graciously conferred upon the Indian race. Billy was all that could be expected, Wockle was more.

Time and space press, but we must comment

upon the burly frame of South Dakota's pride, Albert Kuhle, whose Ashby, Wells-Fargo agent, was natural to a tie; upon Jose Castro, horse-breaker, whose tanned skin and excellent acting hid the handsome person of E. Vincent Mooney. Again, we must nod at the realistic debauch indulged in by Trinidad Joe, no less a personage in real life than Mr. Harold Madden; at the pathetic fidelity of Jim Larkens, *i. e.*, our friend Harry Sylvestre; at "Happy" Holiday, gifted with the sweet young voice and cheery presence of Walter Miller, and "Handsome" Charlie, whose duties were appropriately entrusted to "Handsome" Martin Henahan. Finally, we must shake hands with the stolid deputy-sheriff, Bernard Voll; with the valiant ridge-men, Thomas Truder and William Meuser; and last but not at all least with rollicking Bucking Billy, who when unmasked is that sturdy proselyte of the gridiron, Walter de Gree, and his accomplice, the debonair conqueror of bronchos, William Whalen.

All in all, it was a notable performance. Like all amateur productions, some of its rafters were of course shaky. It cannot truthfully be said that Mr. Belasco would have prided himself upon the setting of the third act or upon the grouping in the first. We learned, too, that faith is not the only thing which can move mountains. But we are certain that a local play has rarely been better received or more noteworthy presented.

Surely such an achievement reflects glory upon this year's dramatic director, Mr. John Drury, who worked faithfully toward its success. Unstinted praise is likewise due the stage-manager, Brother Cyprian. Exceptional care and taste was noticeable in the settings throughout, particularly in the second act. We must also congratulate Prof. Derrick and his orchestra upon their well-rendered selections, which added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening.

Notre Dame is grateful to you all, stars of the future, and to your teachers, for the patient effort which made this year's Senior drama an agreeable and memorable success.

#### The Philopatrian Banquet.

The Vermillion Banquet Hall of the Oliver Hotel was a veritable fairy garden of delight, strains of lively music floated through the room, the air was redolent with the sweet perfume of carnations and roses, and a myriad

of beaming faces and sparkling eyes gathered about the festive board—it was the annual banquet of the Philopatrian Society which took place last Wednesday evening at six o'clock. For an evening the little fellows of the campus were thoroughly transformed. Arrayed in neat spring suits, wearing collars of spotless white, and clothed in their best society manners they drew the attention of all with whom they came in contact, and even those who knew them best had to look twice to be sure these were the same boys who inhabit the Carroll playgrounds and are seen daily upon the baseball field.

Between the courses of the sumptuous dinner that was served, popular airs and old melodies were sung in chorus by the Philopatrians till the walls of the banquet hall fairly vibrated; but as the dinner drew to a close the voices of the youngsters became fainter and weaker, showing that there was no room left for song. Artistic favors of every size and description, the gifts of South Bend business houses, were distributed during the dinner, and completely surprised and delighted all present, so that every one was at a loss to know what would be next.

After the last course had been served, Walton McConnell, the president of the society, spoke on the work accomplished this year, thanked the members for their hearty co-operation in the various functions given by the Philopatrians, and in the name of all present thanked the director and assured him that this year would be a memorable one, and would be often recalled in later days.

Mr. Charles Shannon was next called upon for a vocal solo, which he rendered in his own inimitable way to the admiration and delight of all present. Father Eugene Burke then responded to the toast "Being Boys." He told the Philopatrians just what the benefits of such a society were and what these days would mean for them in after years and he closed by reciting several original verses on "Being Boys."

Mr. Dickens, the director of the Philopatrians, to whom all the praise is due for the great success of the evening, who arranged everything, from the beautiful programs, finished in gold and blue, to the artistic favors, closed the program by thanking all present and inviting them to be his guests at a theatre party in the Oliver Opera House. There was a storm of applause followed by a quick exit and the

rest of the evening was spent with Al Field's Minstrels. It was a most enjoyable performance from every point of view, and when the curtain dropped at eleven o'clock there was no one who did not leave thoroughly satisfied that the whole evening had been freighted with joy.

### Local News.

—Gee! its funny what model students those Brownson boys are when the Inter-Hall baseball season opens.

—The annual inspection of the Military Organization will be held in the middle of May—probably the 11th or 12th.

—Minims, seniors, and fair maidens from town, have all braved the camera before the blossom-laden magnolia trees of the campus. Lilacs will constitute the next background.

—Summer is already evidenced by the wearing of the white flannels. Green neckwear also seems popular this season,—most appropriate at this time of the year, we might add.

—The Junior Class has decided to hold a banquet about the middle of May. No definite arrangements have been made, except that the affair will not be a financial replica of the famous cotillion given by the men of '16.

—The amount of theoretical whiskey consumed in one performance of "The Girl of the Golden West" would easily float a dreadnaught. However, it didn't seem to have half as much effect on the players as did the teapot in "The Rosary."

—Gosh! but we breathed a sigh of relief when the last, lingering Senior Ball partner bade her true love farewell and hopped a Hill St. car. In the first place, they made us jealous, and second (s-sh!) it was as much as your life was worth to take a shower.

—Ring out the old! ring in the new! The 1916 *Dome* officers have been selected, and the work of the '15 Staff is rapidly nearing the end. On May 1st Arthur Hayes will faint from exhaustion and Tim Galvin will call for the former Editor's boots. We are confident that they will be a perfect fit.

—The South Bend High School *Interlude* of last week contained quite a lengthy card of thanks to the University for the privileges accorded their athletic men and the use of the gymnasium and of Cartier Field. It seems

to us that the athletic exhibitions they have given here, amply repay the University for any little favors that have been shown them.

—The Battalions received a taste of the real war-game last Thursday morning. They were marched beyond the Three I tracks to a splendid natural position of defense, picked by Sergeant Campbell, and there given practical experience in the placing of sentries and preparation to repel an attack. The only enemies who put in an appearance were the jiggers and mosquitoes that infest the region, so after adding another glorious theoretical victory to their long list, the boys returned home.

—A call has been issued to the tennis players for the tournament which will begin May 9, at 10:00 a. m. Singles and doubles will be played and all entrants will be eligible for both. Silver cups will be given the winners, and these will be on exhibition in "Jimmie's and Goat's" and the Diana Candy Kitchen in a very short time. Consolation prizes are also offered. The men promoting the tournament are J. Riley, L. Berner, P. Duffy, S. Carroll, E. Walters, H. Collings, J. Carey, J. Cook and G. Clements.

—The Notre Dame debating teams will meet St. Viator's College and the Detroit College of Law on Friday, May 6. Local men who will debate St. Viator's here are George Schuster, Timothy Galvin, Patrick Dolan and Bernard Voll. Those who will go to Detroit are Emmett Lenihan, Clovis Smith, Ernest La Joie and Gerald Clements. The subject for debate this year is: Resolved, that capital and labor shall settle disputes affecting the public welfare through legally constituted boards of arbitration.

—At the meeting of the Junior class held Tuesday night Timothy P. Galvin of Pierceton, Indiana, was elected Editor-in-Chief for next year's *Dome* board by a unanimous vote of the class. By the same kind of a vote Raymond M. Humphreys of Denver, Colorado, was made Art Editor. Grover Miller of Racine, Wisconsin, has been appointed official staff photographer. The Business Manager will be chosen from among the Junior Lawyers who will hold a meeting for this purpose within a few days. Associate and departmental editors will not be announced for some time.

—Professor Riddle recently received a batch of clippings from St. Louis newspapers, stating

that Roland Gaupel has lowered several of the A. A. U. swimming records during the last week. He has been selected to represent St. Louis at the 'Frisco Swimming Contests, and is a member of the water-polo team. He won the fifty-yard dash, one-hundred-yard-dash, four-hundred-forty-yard dash, eight-hundred-yard dash, fifty-yard back-stroke, one-hundred-yard breast-stroke, plunging and under-water swimming. His prizes were: a gold cup, two silver cups, and four medals. He was also made a member of the Life Saving Society of America.

—In a contest which started off with all the earmarks of a major league battle, but ended in a rout for Brownson, the Holy Cross players proved their superiority over the inter-hall league leaders last Thursday by a score of 10 to 3.

The Seminary boys have developed a fast, well-balanced team, and judging by their recent victories over St. Joe, Corby and Brownson, we are led to believe that had they been in the inter-hall league this year the pennant might go over across the lake.

The manager of the Holy Cross team has challenged the winner of the inter-hall championship to a three or five game series.

#### Athletic Notes.

##### BETHANY DEFEATED IN SLOW GAME.

The Varsity made the poorest showing of the season last Thursday week when they defeated Bethany College of West Virginia by a score of 7 to 4. Heavy showers had made the Cartier Field diamond unfit for use, so the game was played on the Brownson skinned diamond. This undoubtedly slowed up the team to some extent; yet it is not a sufficient excuse for the fact that our team failed to show more "pep" than the Bethany men, who had been snowed under by Illinois on the previous day and could not hope to win the game. The game was slow and uninteresting and the score, as compared with Illinois 13 to 0 defeat of Bethany, was unsatisfactory.

Fitzgerald appeared in the box for the Varsity for the first time this season. "Fitz" pitched the first four innings, allowing four hits. Two runs were made while the big Westerner was on the mound, but at least one of these must be charged to the poor playing of his team-mates. Fitzgerald struck out five men. Sheehan went into the box in the fifth, and for four innings retired his opponents in



order. Charlie loosened up in the ninth, and Bethany drove out three hits which were good for two runs.

Kenny led the Notre Dame team in hitting, driving out three doubles. Mills was next with a single and a double, while Bergman got two singles. The slugging of Kenny has been one of the most pleasing features of the season and makes him look good for a trial in the big leagues. Lathrop succeeded in breaking up his batting slump by driving out a vicious double. "Zipper" looks at home in the outfield and can be depended on to hit the ball during the remainder of the season. "Mike" Carmody seems to have clinched the second base job and should prove a star in that position. Vince Mooney worked in right Thursday and hit the ball hard. The ultimate make-up of the outfield is still uncertain. Rogers was the only man on the Bethany team who looked like a real ball player. Crothers hit well but fielded miserably. The box score:

NOTRE DAME							BETHANY						
AB	R	H	PO	A	E		AB	R	H	PO	A	E	
Bergman, ss.	4	3	2	3	2	1	Slater, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Duggan, cf.	2	1	1	2	0	0	Batsch, 2b.	4	1	1	0	2	0
Lathrop, lf.	5	1	1	0	0	0	Hagey, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Mills, 1b.	5	0	2	11	0	0	Rogers, ss.	1	0	1	2	6	0
Kline, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2	1	Bergen, c.	3	1	0	2	1	1
Kenny, c.	4	0	3	8	1	1	Shively, 3b.	4	1	0	1	0	0
M. Crm'd, 2b.	2	0	0	0	2	1	Brown, 1b.	4	1	1	14	0	3
Mooney, rf.	4	0	1	1	0	0	Crothers, rf.	4	0	2	3	1	1
Fitzgerald, p.	1	1	1	0	3	0	Schriver, p.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Corcoran*	1	1	0	0	0	0							
Sheehan, p.	2	0	0	1	3	0							
<hr/>							<hr/>						
Totals	34	7	12	27	13	4		35	4	7	24	12	5

\*Batted for Fitzgerald in fourth.

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

Bethany	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	—	4	7	5
Notre Dame	0	0	3	3	0	1	0	0	*	—	7	12	4

#### SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits—Duggan, 2. Stolen bases—Mills, Rogers. Two base hits—Kenny, 3; Duggan, Mills. Three base hit—Crothers. Wild pitch—Schriver. Passed balls—Bergen, 2. Strike outs—By Fitzgerald, 5; by Sheehan, 3; by Schriver, 2. Bases on balls—Off Schriver, 4; off Fitzgerald, 1. Hits—Off Fitzgerald, 4 in 4 innings; off Sheehan, 3 in 5 innings. Double plays—Batsch to Rogers to Brown; Brown, unassisted. Umpire—Anderson.

#### CHAMPIONS OF INDIANA.

Champions of Indiana! We must admit that isn't much of a title, for our baseball team is so far ahead of the other teams in the state, there is hardly room for comparison. Here's how we figure ourselves champions: Purdue defeated Indiana; Wabash defeated Purdue and Notre Dame defeated Wabash. We figure we are way ahead of the rest because of the unmerciful drubbing we gave Wabash. The "Little Giants" had held Illinois to a very close score, and we expected a contest like the Michigan game, but we were agreeably surprised at the result at least.

The game was featured by the hard hitting of the Gold and Blue batters who collected a grand total of 13 blows off the Wabash twirlers. These hits together with the misplays of the visitors netted 13 runs, 11 of which were superfluous.

Dorwin and Walsh gave a remarkable demonstration of pitching, especially the latter. "Slim" twirled the last five innings and had the Wabash men bound and gagged at all times. He allowed but two hits and struck out six men. Dorwin started the game and but one run was made off him during his four innings in the box.

Lathrop, who has been doing great stick-work since he was put back in his old position, sewed up the game in the first frame with a triple to right. This long drive was responsible for the two scores that came in this inning.

The Crawfordsville men came back with one in the third, but the Varsity went them two better in their half of the same frame. From this time on the outcome was never in question. The Varsity made two more in the fourth and six in the sixth, ending the slaughter of Sturgis.

At this stage of the game Umpire Gerard saved the day. He announced that Coffing was now pitching, and the crowd understanding him to say "Coffee," came back to their seats to "roast" him. This was the most pleasing feature of the game for the fans because almost anyone (even De Fries) could think up something good to pull. The cries started with "Coffee is weak" but when "Coffee has strained himself" was heard to come from the crowd everyone forgot the game and started thinking up puns. The amount of mental energy used up in the last two innings would have satisfied any professor.

To get back to the first cause of this write-up, namely the game, we must mention the names of Kenny, Duggan and Lathrop who carried away the batting honors. Kenny banged out three singles in as many attempts, Duggan got three out of five, one of them a double, and Lathrop got two out of four trips, one of his being a triple.

The Varsity kept up their base running mania and swiped nine sacks in all. Joe Kenny led with three, but was closely followed by Bergman and Kline with two each.

"Mike" Carmody sprained his ankle in the sixth inning and was succeeded by "Art"

Carmody; so as not to inconvenience the scorer. "Art" didn't get a chance in the field but delighted the crowd by breaking a bat in his one time up.

The Wabash men seemed to lack experience and confidence in each other. Their crabbing with their own men and their poorly chosen caps turned the sentiment of the crowd against them. The caps put them at a disadvantage before they started because they kept them from looking like ball players. Connie Mack's "Athletics" get away in caps like those, but Wabash isn't the Athletics.

NOTRE DAME	AB	H	PO	A	E	WABASH	AB	H	PO	A	E
Bergman, ss.	4	1	4	2	0	Pfehl, 3b.	4	0	0	2	0
Duggan, cf.	4	3	0	0	0	Finney, c.	4	2	7	0	0
Lathrop, lf.	4	2	0	0	0	Allen, 2b.	4	3	2	4	0
Kline, 3b.	5	1	1	0	0	Nichol, ss.	4	0	0	5	0
Mills, 1b.	3	0	11	0	0	Kerns, lf.	4	0	2	0	0
Kenny, c.	3	3	7	2	0	Bacon, cf.	3	0	1	0	0
Carmody, 2b.	4	1	3	2	0	Schuck, rf.	2	0	1	0	1
Motts, rf.	5	1	1	0	0	Watkins, rb.	4	2	10	0	1
Dorwin, p.	2	0	0	3	0	Sturgis, p.	2	1	0	0	2
Walsh, p.	3	1	0	1	0	Rosenstine, rf.	2	0	1	1	0
A. Crm'dy, 2b.	1	0	0	0	0	Coffing, p.	1	0	0	0	1
Totals	38	13	27	10	0		34	8	24	12	5

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Wabash	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	8	5
Notre Dame	2	0	3	2	0	6	0	0	*	13	13	0

## SUMMARY.

Two base hits—Duggan, Motts, Allen. Three base hit—Lathrop. Bases on balls—Off Dorwin, 2; off Sturgis, 4; off Coffing, 2. Struck out—By Dorwin, 2; by Walsh, 6; by Sturgis, 4. Wild pitch—Sturgis. Hit by pitcher—Lathrop. Hits—Off Dorwin, 6 in 4 innings; off Walsh, 2 in 5 innings; off Sturgis, 11 in 6 innings; off Coffing, 1 in 2 innings. Stolen bases—Bergman, 2; Lathrop, Mills, Kenny, 3; Kline, 2. Umpire—Gerard.

## MORE BATTING PRACTICE.

St. Viator's came, didn't see, and were conquered. They came all right, for they had every intention of winning; they couldn't see Charlie Sheehan's or "Heine" Berger's fast ones, and we think we are justified in saying conquered, as the score was 19 to 1 in seven innings.

It was a splendid game up to the last half of the first inning. After the dust from the base-lines had settled down and Rupe Mills had charitably made the third out, it was found by actual count 9 runs had been made. In fact the first inning on the score-board looked as if the St. Viator men had forfeited.

It is impossible to tell exactly what happened in that first inning, but we are sure that everyone batted at least once and the first four men batted twice. Capt. Duggan got two blows in the first frame and a number of others got extra base drives.

Sheehan and Berger pitched good ball, but as they were never in danger, they did not have to let out. The lone tally was made on a double

steal when Kenny's throw to second got away from Bergman.

A complete change of line-up was made in the last two innings, and the new infield looked good on a fast double play, Rohan to Corcoran to O'Donnell.

We're running the SAFETY VALVE this week instead of the box score of this game as paper has gone up.

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Notre Dame	9	1	1	0	2	4	2	—	19	17	1
St. Viators	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—	1	4	11

Sheehan, Berger, Kenny and Motts; Pemberton, Ostromski and Butler.

## BACHMAN STARS AT PENN GAMES.

Charlie Bachman upheld the honor of Notre Dame at the Pennsylvania Relay Games last Friday and Saturday. On the first day of the great intercollegiate classic, "Bach" sprang into prominence by taking second place in the 56 pound weight event. On Saturday, the big fellow took a fourth in the javelin throw and then he captured a first in the discus with a heave of 136 feet, 6 inches. Dorizas of Pennsylvania was second in this event, his mark being six feet behind Bachman's. His victory in the discus gave Bachman a total of nine points,—an enviable performance and one that places the Notre Dame man among the very best weight men in the country.

Russell Hardy was entered in the 100-yard dash. This event was won by Howard Drew, the colored sprinter from Southern California. Hardy was matched with Drew in his first preliminary heat and the two came down the stretch together. Drew beat the local man to the tape by inches. In the semi-finals Hardy was beaten by Drew and by Smith of Michigan. These men were much bigger than Hardy and were able to come back strong for the second trial. We expect a great race between Smith and Hardy next Saturday.

The feature of the Relay Games was the one mile College relay. This event was won by Pennsylvania, a new world's record being established. The Pennsylvania team covered the mile in 3:18, "Ted" Meredith doing the last quarter in 0:48 2-5.

## FRESHIES WIN THEIR FIRST GAME.

The Notre Dame Freshmen baseball tossers opened their season last Saturday by winning an easy victory over Culver Military Academy. The final score of the game, which was played at Culver, was 8 to 1. Joe Flynn and Paul Edgren pitched for the Freshmen and both

proved puzzles for the Culver hitters. Tom Spalding led the Freshmen in hitting. Out of six times up, the Brownsonite made a single, a double and a triple, drew two bases on balls and reached first once on an error. Spalding was so well pleased with the Culver climate that he ate his return ticket to South Bend for supper. The score:

N. D. FRESHMEN	R	H	PO	A	E	CULVER	R	H	PO	A	E
Wolf, ss.	0	2	3	6	1	Zahn, lf.	1	1	5	0	0
Matthews, 2b.	0	0	2	1	1	Newton, 2b.	0	0	2	3	2
Spalding, 3b.	2	3	1	2	0	Bartel, ss.	0	0	1	4	1
Whalen, 1b.	0	1	13	0	0	Drake, cf.	0	1	1	0	0
Jones, lf.	1	2	1	0	0	Russell, 3b.	0	0	1	1	0
Keenan, c.	1	1	4	4	0	Brown, 1b.	0	0	15	0	0
Pender, cf.	2	2	1	0	0	Smith, rf.	0	1	2	0	2
Edgren, rf. p.	1	1	2	2	1	Galla, c.	0	0	0	7	2
Flynn, p. rf.	1	2	0	0	0	Sayger, p.	0	0	0	2	0
						Ivy, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	8	14	27	20	3		1	3	27	18	7

## SUMMARY.

Two base hits—Jones, Spalding. Three base hit—Spalding. Stolen bases—Wolf, 2; Spalding, Whalen, Jones, Keenan, Pender, 2; Flynn. Double play—Wolf to Matthews to Whalen. Struck out—By Sayger, 1; by Ivy, 5; by Flynn, 3; by Edgren, 1.

## Safety Valve.

## ECHOES FROM THE SENIOR PLAY.

Student:—"I'm not much of a critic, but if I were called upon to give my opinion of the Senior play, I would say that Lenihan and Riley were especially good in the clinches."

\*\*\*

We also liked the style of night prayer the "Girl of the Golden West" said. We're going to learn it on account of its shortness—sort of a "Good night God, I'll do better to-morrow."

\*\*\*

We never knew the sweet mellow voice Rockne had until he sang "My Country 'tis of Thee."

\*\*\*

"And he said I had a face like an angel—"

\*\*\*

1st Student:—"I thought De Fries did remarkably well."

2nd Student:—"He certainly did, but it was the first time Erich had the opportunity of cursing in public."

\*\*\*

And in the most serious part of the performance when all held their breath some gallery god drawled out, "Look at Riley loving-up Lenihan."

\*\*\*

## ACT II.

And just about the time our collars were wilting from the perspiration, some one opened a door on the stage and said—"Whe-e-e-e! It's snowing like hell outside."

\*\*\*

It's not true that the academy as depicted in the Senior Play was a reproduction of one of Prof. Riddle's classes.

\*\*\*

You might take example from the students of said

academy and bring your teacher oranges and bananas.

\*\*\*

## INGRATITUDE.

I lent my pants to Whalen.

For I thought he'd treat 'em kindly,  
But lo! when evening came, I knew  
I'd acted very blindly.

I was surprised to find no cloth  
From shoe top up to hip,  
In fact, the only thing I found  
Was one huge ghastly rip.

To-day he seems to scorn me  
And about my faults he rants,  
He says I never loved him—  
But I let him wear my pants.

John Callahan.

\*\*\*

## WHY WRITE TO US?

A communication recently received from one who signs himself "HEARTBROKEN" has the following query: "Will you please tell me how I can win back the affection of a girl whose feet I walked on several times at the Senior Ball while I was attempting to dance with her. She has not looked at me since."

Why write to us? Ask Figelsthaler or Gerald Clements who are doing the same thing every day and getting away with it. We never go to a dance.

\*\*\*

N. Wathon (on campus)—"No. My father isn't a German."

German Professor—"Where did you get that name, then?"

N. W.—"I don't know, I guess it's mother's name."

\*\*\*

The night was blazing black with clouds,  
We heard a brickbat's swish,  
As Somers sat upon a throne  
And softly peddled fish.

Lawbaugh was singing like an owl  
And Rudolph white as death,  
Clasped a green onion by the throat  
And shut off all its breath.

Soldani on the campus raved—  
A ball-bat in his fist—  
We saw him strike three times in vain  
At the Delinquent List.

\*\*\*

## DEAR EDITOR:

Kindly inform me as to just what is the difference between the meanings of the words *stake* and *steak*.

RUPE.

RUPE: These words are altogether different. *Stake* means a stick of wood that is usually driven into the ground; and *steak* means,—well, we really don't see much difference.

\*\*\*

1st Student—"Do I like military drill? Why, of course I do. I'd rather drill than eat."

2nd Student—"There you go again, knocking the meals. If I ever slammed the food that hard in public I'd be 'canned' from school."