

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 8, 1915,

No. 30.

Grapevines.

ALONG the vineyard's narrow way,
The first leaves brave the air;
And fledgeling shapes of green and gray
Are touched with purple there.

Purple that seems a prophecy
Of autumn's later flood,
The vintage of a day to be
And chalices of Blood.

Speer Strchan.

The Art of Writing.

BY L. P. HARL.

A FEW years ago, about the time the newspapers were coming into power, it was the fashion amongst a certain class to affect a fine scorn for what we call "polite literature." To express a love for the classics was to be smiled at as a book-worm, and to read such men as Virgil, Dante, or even Lamb and Addison was worse than idle,—a foolish waste of time. The materialistic and commonplace thoughts of the time could seek only commonplace expression, and elegant writing was naturally frowned upon. The vogue for science and fact-grinding "affairs" and journalism had so lowered men's views and clouded their perspective that many ceased to appreciate beauty. Men of brains, like Darwin, said they no longer cared for Shakespeare, the general public substituted the newspaper for the Bible as their daily reading-matter, and the reading public replaced the classics by magazines, reviews, and periodicals, Haeckel, Ibsen and Zola.

Of course the effect of this has not been to destroy literature but only to corrupt the public taste. This state of affairs could not long survive. Already the reaction has set in, and in the increasing emphasis being laid upon

a study of the classics and belles-lettres in our colleges and universities, in the protests being made against "made to order culture," in the increasing popularity of Shakespeare, as evidenced by the number of cheap editions sold and the revival of his plays upon the stage; and finally in the improved literary tone of the periodical and daily press, proved by the fact that such literary lights as Belloc and Gilbert K. Chesterton are popular and regular contributors, we see sure signs of a general awakening of interest in literature. Meanwhile the advance of knowledge and education has extended the power of knowing and appreciating literature to a larger number than ever before, and the end of the present war is likely to mark the ushering in of a period of almost unprecedented literary activity.

In the phrase the "art of writing," which has been made the subject of this paper, two ideas are implied: namely, that writing is a fine art and that there is a manner of learning to write, or a set of rules the application of which enables one to write. Style is the term used to designate a man's manner of writing, and the meaning of style and the manner of its acquisition and application we shall now endeavor to treat.

In the strict sense of the word it would be improper to speak of the art of writing advertisements or contracts or text-books, because the ability to write these things is not an art, properly speaking. Writing,—the only kind of writing we call literature—is to-day not only the greatest of the arts, but it is more an art than ever. The essence of art is the expression of feeling or emotion; literature is that art which uses language to accomplish this object. It is the greatest of the arts because it appeals to a larger number than any other, and above all because it appeals more directly to the intellect. Other arts, as for instance, music, may stir the emotions more deeply, but rarely is their appeal so definite and perma-

ment. Literature more than any of the other arts is the outgrowth, the expression, of life. It deals with emotions, passions, instincts, all the things that go to make up life. It studies life, it examines that wonderful combination, man, "that piece of work" which is the noblest of God's creations, and therefore it seems to be the most excellent of all the arts, the one most worthy of pursuit, and the one capable of most good.

All writing that appeals to the emotions is not, however, literature, any more than all sounds that are produced from musical instruments purporting to be music, are real music. The adventures of Diamond Dick may thrill the small boy, novels of the Robert W. Chamber's type may be soul satisfying for his older sister, but they are not literature. They appeal to the same instincts of the class to which they are addressed as do the real works of art, it is true, but the only thing that distinguishes literature from this kind of stuff, that distinguishes art from "fine writing," that distinguishes poetry from doggerel, is the fact that one is true and the other is not. Literature is before all things, true; it aims at expressing genuine emotions in a genuine way, at portraying actualities, at picturing the better side of life just as it is. It is this truth and sincerity that constitute the real beauty and charm of literature. True literature must charm and delight, must exalt the imagination and elevate the spirit. The grief of Priam, the sorrows of Lear, the sacrifice of Sidney Carton leave us the better for having known them just as actual adversity often does. How different on the other hand is the feeling with which one lays down "Ghosts," or turns from the pitiful career of Emma Bovary. It is for this reason that works of the latter class, no matter how perfect the workmanship, are not real literature. They are not true in the first place, and instead of delighting they depress, instead of uplifting, they degrade.

The first thing to be considered in acquiring the art of writing is the character of the man who intends to pursue this art. What Cicero said long ago of oratory can be applied equally well to writing: "Only a good man can become a good orator." Before all things a writer must have sympathy. He must not only feel, but feel truly that his is a duty not to portray the world of pessimism and degradation but of optimism and beauty; he must sacrifice many

things. Nature must not be distorted, effect must give way to moral beauty, truth must be placed above art. But after all, by doing this he will have achieved the better and the higher art. Just as on the stage suppressed emotion is the most desirable, just as, if what critics tell us be true, the subdued beauty and truthfulness of Raphael's Madonnas is more perfect art than the brilliantly colored and more elaborate paintings of the Venetians, so that literature in which the art is concealed and made secondary to the matter and the thought is reckoned as the best. Genius of itself cannot make literature. Literature is style plus something, and that something is beauty. It is a tendency nowadays to waste most excellent art (of a kind) on matter that will never produce literature, that is worse than worthless. All the art of De Maupassant cannot make literature out of the mud of Parisian slums. There is a finer phrase than "Art for art's sake," and that is, "Art for truth's sake." The world is at last beginning to realize this.

But style, while secondary, is absolutely essential to the production of literature. So many great authorities, however, have written on this subject that it is impossible to say anything that has not already been said better. We read De Quincey and think surely the subject has been exhausted until we run across Pater. Now surely the last word has been said we think, but we chance to look into that masterpiece of Newman which would alone have rendered him immortal and find that we have saved the best for the last. Even after that Stevenson was able to contribute something of value on the subject of style. But when four such minds as De Quincey, Pater, Newman and Stevenson, not to mention a host of others have in their incomparable way expressed themselves on a subject, the ordinary man may pass on confident in the assurance that it is pretty well done and content in the realization that there await him plenty of other questions "of great pith and moment" on which he may exercise his prodigious talents and mighty intellect for the enlightenment of his race. About the only reason for our considering style at all then, is in the way of reimpresing on the mind what it has already learned from others.

Style, we are variously told, according to the viewpoint from which it is considered, is

the mode of expression, is the man himself, is the thinking out into language, and is fitting the word to the thought, the man and the occasion. Style is all of this, but it is no more. It is not "an addition from without," it cannot be bought or borrowed, it must be born, not made, it must be lived, it cannot be acquired even though it can be improved. The different kinds of style may here be passed over; no matter how many classes we divide them into they are as varied as men are varied. Of the ways of acquiring a style—I mean those rules set down in rhetoric—nothing need be said here. Only a word or two, by way of conclusion, of the ways of improving one's style outside of those found in the iron-clad rules of rhetoric.

The ability to write necessitates the knowledge of something to write about, and is inseparable from a broad, liberal education. There may be self-made authors—men who have educated themselves outside of school—but they are rarely in the first rank of artists, and for this reason: directly or indirectly every branch of knowledge is of some service in writing, the more we know the better able are we to express ourselves on any subject; but in such subjects as literature which generally deal with broad knowledge, that polite and liberal education and training which we call "culture," is an imperative necessity. This knowledge must needs be from an artistic rather than from a scientific viewpoint, that is, we must know things not for what they are in themselves, but in their relations to art and life. I used sometimes to wonder why someone did not found a "School for Poets" or a "College for the Study of the Scientific Method of Writing," or some similar institution where young men ambitious and with a literary inclination might come to specialize in the art of writing as their life-work; but I at last have come to realize that trying to make literary writing a profession is almost the same thing as trying to buy a style. It is writing for no really definite end which is worse than idle reading. The only course one can take to acquire the art of writing is a course in life, and there is only one way to study life, that is by living—living and thinking. Of course the study of literature will help; it is the only thing that can be added from without, but it is not of first importance.

There has never been any scientific course inaugurated for the study of literature which was worth talking about. The most important

thing is, I think, to get the right kind of start early. The advice which Charles Lamb gives in this regard is about as good as any. Speaking of his sister Mary in "Mackery End" he says: "She tumbled early by accident or design into a spacious closet of good old English reading without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls they should be brought up in exactly that fashion." Later of course more system can be applied to the study of literature.

The final word in regard to acquiring the art of writing is this: Mix as many things into your life as possible: get all the good out of it you can, for you will of necessity get some things that are evil. Get to know the meaning of that phrase "the joy of living" in its true sense, but never forget that you are living for some definite purpose, for living without a purpose soon grows "stale, flat and unprofitable." Get the artist's perspective! Then if you feel the creative instinct strong within you do not be afraid to hitch your wagon to a star, for remember there is always the law of gravitation which will keep you within bounds. Try these things and work. You may never acquire the art of writing, but you will come to love books and music, poetry, truth, humanity, and all those things that go to make life worth while.

The New Manager.

BY EDWARD J. MCOSKER.

Calkins banged the roll top of his desk shut and turned off the electric lights that had illuminated the main office of the Burns Manufacturing Company. From his inside coat pocket he drew a black havana, lighted it, and pausing before one of the windows on his way to the door, he gazed out over the office buildings in the vicinity.

Had one perceived the young man's countenance, he would have seen, between clouds of cigar smoke, a smile; a very slight one indeed, but yet a smile.

When J. A. Burns had left New York for a year's tour of Europe he had called Calkins into his private office.

"Calkins, my boy," he had said, "I realize what you have done for me and my business. I know it was your successful organization

of the sales department and your clever direction of the men on the sales staff that was the big factor in booming the business.

"Within a week, I will leave for Europe, and while I am gone, I will leave my nephew, Stanley, in charge of the business. Some day he is to be my successor and I want him to be thoroughly drilled in the work before he takes hold of the reins. Now, Stanley is a rather peculiar young fellow with somewhat high-minded, lofty ideas, and it will take some time for him to come down to earth with the grim realization that he has an earthly task before him.

"Though you are a young man, you are a business man through and through, and I want you to be a sort of guardian over Stanley. Watch him, advise him and, if necessary, teach him a lesson."

"And, if necessary, teach him a lesson," muttered Calkins to himself this night. "Well, I will teach him a lesson he won't forget." Then laughing softly to himself, the young sales manager left the office building and partook of a long delayed dinner in a down-town restaurant.

When Stanley Burns had assumed the temporary management of the Burns Company, he had immediately begun to make some radical changes in the office system. The best way "to get in good" with his uncle, he figured, was to cut down the running expenses. Accordingly, he summoned Calkins to his office.

"Calkins," he began, "we must cut down expenses, and your department will be affected. Henceforth, the commission rate of your men will be decreased twenty-five per cent and the wages will drop ten per cent."

"But, Mr. Burns," replied Calkins, "the rate at which the men are being paid now is none too high and the salesmen are of high quality."

"Never mind, Calkins," Burns returned sharply. "I am manager of this concern. Please notify your men of the decrease."

Calkins had a hot retort on his lips, but he hesitated. He would let the matter drop until the next day, when he would try to reason with Burns. But the new manager couldn't be reasoned with. He was obdurate, and declared that if the expenses were not lowered enough when the wages were cut down, he would discharge several men.

On the night on which the story opens Calkins had completed his plans. A meeting had been held the evening previous in a big hotel. Calkins had called the meeting. Those present were his staff salesmen, and the affair was kept a secret from General Manager Stanley Burns. When the men emerged from the meeting, they wore broad smiles.

When Burns entered his office one morning two weeks later, his face was almost purple with rage. He threw his cane to the floor—he always carried a cane. For the fifth consecutive day he had found his office staff busily engaged—doing nothing much. Here and there, he found two or three girls discussing the fashions. Over there some fellow was reading the sporting page, while a couple of stenographers busied themselves chewing gum and reading the latest paper-covered novels.

"Say, you!" exclaimed Burns as he strode angrily to the desk of one of the bookkeepers, "why are you lolling around here half asleep? Why don't you do something?"

"There's nothing to do, sir," answered the sleepy one. "There are few orders coming in these days, and consequently there is nothing to enter on the books."

"And you?" he almost screamed at one of the girls.

"Just as he says," she replied. "There's not much money coming in lately either."

"Send Calkins into my private office," Burns demanded, as he stamped out of the room.

"What's up, Calkins?" he said as the sales manager entered the room.

"Up, sir? What do you mean?"

"There are no orders coming in. Are your men on the job?"

"As far as I can find out, they are. Of course they don't like the idea of having their wages cut, and, by the way, Mr. Burns, I told those ten men you would dispense with their services."

"Get out! get out!" cried Burns.

A moment later, Stanley left the office, leaped into his automobile and ordered the chauffeur to drive him to the factory. When he arrived at the plant, he found but two of the many large machines in action.

"Why are all those machines lying idle?" he asked the foreman.

"What's the use of wasting more power when you can fill all the orders with two

machines? Why, we're not getting nearly so many orders as we used to."

For five months Stanley held out. He had lost his jauntiness; he carried a cane no more, and his friends were almost certain that there were gray hairs in his head. Time and again he had almost decided to call Calkins and ask his advice, but each time his proud nature had rebelled.

At the end of five months, he could stand it no longer and he sent the following cable to his uncle in Paris:

UNCLE:—Come home at once. Business bad.
STANLEY.

Two weeks later, J. A. Burns entered the office.

"Where's my nephew?" he asked the office boy.

"Out," the latter replied.

"Good! Send Calkins into my office."

"Billy, for heaven's sake, what has happened?" asked the elder Burns when Calkins had entered the room and locked the door behind him. "Stanley sent me a cable to come home at once."

"Light up a good Perfecto before I begin this story, Mr. Burns, because it is a comedy worth while. However, if I had known that Stanley would send for you to come home, I would have made a clean breast of things."

"Well, it was this way: Stanley's first act on assuming the management was to cut down the commission and salary rate of the salesmen. Not only that, but he ordered the dismissal of ten. I tried to argue with him but it did no good.

"I remembered your words, 'If necessary, teach him a lesson,' and I decided to do so. I knew if he broke up the sales organization, he would ruin your business, and not wishing to interrupt your vacation, I took matters into my own hands.

"I established another office in Brooklyn, instructing all the salesmen to deal with me there, and sent letters to all of our customers, telling them to address their letters to me there. At the same time, I told the employees here to feign lack of work, and, the truth is, there was not much work for them. Then I put men on the outlook near the factory, and arranged it so that all but one or two machines would be shut down when Stanley neared the factory.

"I knew the latter wouldn't write to the customers and ask them why they were not

buying, but that he would seek remedies by harping at the employees.

"The factory is running at full blast, business is booming better than ever and Stanley is worried to death. However, he has the nerve and with more experience will develop into a good manager. But before he returns to his duties in the office, I would advise a two months' vacation. He needs it."

"Calkins, you're a brick," exclaimed the old man. "But, how did you get the employees to obey you?"

"I explained that Stanley was a good fellow and would become a good manager, but that he lacked experience. Then I told them what he proposed to do, and what you had said to me before you left. They were not insubordinate, sir."

"Good," laughed Burns. "I will increase the rates for the salesmen, and you have a big increase in salary coming too, Bill, because you deserve it."

Several years later they say Stanley became a successful manager, but he never again attempted a wholesale lowering of wages, and often, it is said, sought Calkins' advice.

The Four Periods of Shakespeare's Literary Life.

BY B. WALTER.

No very thorough study of the works of Shakespeare is necessary to convince one of the fact that the principle of growth or development was as much a factor in the literary life of the great dramatist as it is in that of every other mortal. It is a mistake, then, to suppose that Shakespeare's genius bloomed forth in full perfection at the outset of his literary career. On the contrary, we find a decided contrast between the plays of his formative years and those of his later and more mature days. So evidently is this principle exemplified in his sonnets and plays that the literary career of Shakespeare may be divided into four periods, corresponding to the four distinct characters impressed successively upon his works, either by the accumulations of experience or the vicissitudes of life.

Shakespeare was married in 1582 at the age of 18, and it is likely that he wrote poems, perhaps a number of his sonnets, at this early date. He began, too, shortly after his marriage,

to revise plays, and perhaps even tried his hand at original drafts. Nevertheless, it is not until 1588 that we find him engaged in real earnest in the business of a playwright; hence the period of formation, when he laid the foundations of his greater efforts, extends from 1588 to 1594.

The first period of Shakespeare's life as a playwright may be likened to the springtime, during which he was revealing a budding genius and giving promise of a fruitful harvest of literary productions. His full strength was by no means manifested in the dramas of this period, but there was presage of greater things to come.

"Love's Labor's Lost," "Comedy of Errors," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Romeo and Juliet" are types of what Shakespeare was giving to the world at this time. Certain characteristics mark off the plays of this time from his later productions. For instance, in these lighter comedies wit and humor are lavishly indulged in; the clown and the shrew are more frequent—in fact, these two characters hardly persist beyond the plays of this time. The verse of these early dramas is more mechanical and precise than that of the later plays and abounds more freely in rhyme. Lines with end pauses are the rule. During these years Shakespeare began his long series of historical plays, "Richard II" occupying the first place in chronological order. Three parts of "Henry VI" and "Richard II" bring the first period to a close. If we find defects in these early plays we must remember that at the close of this period, after having produced at least nine dramas, the excellent poems of "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," besides a number of the sonnets, Shakespeare was but thirty years of age. Riper years brought added lessons from that most successful of all teachers—experience; and these lessons, often paid for in the precious coin of sacrifice and suffering, shaped the rough dramatic material with a finer mould.

The second period of Shakespeare's literary life dates from 1596 to 1601. It has been called the period of his artistic maturity. In the plays of this time he leaves the precise, mechanical line and gives himself more freedom in sentence structure. The "Merchant of Venice" is the first of the new plays, "Taming of the Shrew" the second. The latter, strictly speaking, belongs to an earlier date, and was merely

retouched at his time. Comedies and historical dramas continue to be the main productions, and consequently we find the lighter love-themes in "Much Ado about Nothing" and "As You Like It." "Henry V" was produced toward the close of the period, 1599.

Shakespeare's sense of humor manifests itself in the roguish character of Sir John Falstaff, who plays a prominent part in "Henry IV" and in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." During this period, too, a new note is sounded in the dramatic productions—a note of intense sadness. First struck in "As You Like It" in the person of the gloomy "Jacques," it manifests itself in "All's Well that Ends Well" and in the numerous sonnets which owe their existence to this period.

We come now to the third period, extending from 1601 to 1608. In the plays produced between these two dates we find traces of deep sorrow and depression, as though a shadow had enveloped the poet and left him a victim of its baneful influence. Yet during this time there is every evidence that Shakespeare was in prosperous circumstances and well received by the literary and social world. We know of no great sorrow in his life except that caused by the death of his only and tenderly loved boy, Hamlet, but this sad event was of an earlier date, 1596. Some think that the poet was involved in the abortive rebellion of 1601 which ended in the execution of Essex, a friend of Shakespeare, but evidences in the sonnets preclude such a theory. That he had followed with keen interest the nature and outcome of this rebellion is shown by a careful study of "Julius Caesar," produced in the eventful year 1601. This drama has for its theme a conspiracy, in details and in development strikingly similar to that of Essex, and the lesson so forcibly taught in both cases is that "ill-advised rebellion ends in the defeat and destruction of those who undertake such, no matter what may be their personal virtues."

"Hamlet," generally acceded to be Shakespeare's masterpiece, follows "Julius Caesar" in the order of time. It is the supreme effort of a great mind, and it is scarcely an over-estimation if we call it the greatest synthetic study of life ever produced. No doubt, the character we call "Hamlet" was to Shakespeare all that "Faust" was to Goethe. Upon the psychological evolution of this hero the best thoughts of the author must have been

expended, until he had created in the darkest of dark tragedies a life-study unequalled in the literary achievements of any nation.

"Measure for Measure" is the only play in this entire period in which the smiling face of comedy enlivens the spectator or the reader. In it, as for a moment, the dark clouds are parted, and the light of laughter shines through the rift with the splendor of an April sunburst. Yet upon the heels of this tragic-comedy come a host of horrible and awful tragedies—"Othello" and "Macbeth," whose heroes are rushed on to perdition by the counsel of evil tongues; "Lear," whose theme is retribution; "Troilus and Cressida" and "Antony and Cleopatra," sickening reminders that lust goes not unpunished even on the hither side of the eternal gates. "Coriolanus" and "Timon" present the theme of ingratitude. Though we know not the precise cause of Shakespeare's trouble, we see the telltale evidence of it in every play of this period; this evidence it is that sets off these years in such sharp contrast with the periods that precede and follow.

The storm has passed. The year 1609, which marks the beginning of the last lap in a brilliant literary course, seems to have brought with it the peace and tranquillity so often experienced by those who have survived the slanders and ingratitude of men. "Pericles," "The Tempest," "Cymbeline" and "Winter's Tale" are among the last productions of the world-famed poet. In 1613 he wrote parts of "Henry VIII," the playwright Fletcher being his associate in the production of this drama. All these plays were written in Shakespeare's new home at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he had come to end his career in the calm and quiet of the little village where he had been born.

From 1613 to his peaceful death, three years later, the poet rested from his literary labors. The epilogue of "The Tempest" spoken by "Prospero"—a prayer of mercy to his Judge and an appeal to us to forgive his shortcomings—seems to have been the last message of Shakespeare to an admiring world.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's my own....
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be-relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so,
That it assails
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

Varsity Verse.

FOND RECOLLECTIONS.

I knew a chap some years ago,
As handsome as could be,
Whom all the lassies cared to know,
He was so fair to see.

With cheeks aglow and teeth like pearls
And eyes, the soulful kind,
And raven locks that lay in curls
Upon a brow refined.

The raven locks still lie in curls
Upon the cultured brow,—
But, ah! the anxious, questing girls,—
Where are those lassies now?

Simeon M. Kasper.

WHEN TROUBLE COMES.

When trouble comes, don't let despair
Add to the burden you must bear,
But keep up heart, and smiling, say:
"The darkest cloud will pass away."

Don't sit and brood o'er things gone wrong,
But sing a helpful little song,
Or whistle something light and gay,
'Twill frighten half your cares away.

The man who sings when trouble's here,
From trouble has not much to fear,
Since it will never tarry long
When stout hearts meet it with a song.

Then don't forget: If things go wrong,
Just try the magic of a song.
Let cheerful heart and smiling face
Make sunshine in the shadiest place.

H. Baujan.

FOILED.

The Spring dispersed the chills and colds
And brought in flowers and ball
And took our winter overcoat
And hung it in the hall.

The steam man died, the coal ran out,
We'd doffed our winter clothes—
Then Spring invited Winter back
To stay a week—we froze.

Ah, poets crow about the Spring,
Its balm and all the rest;
But trust it like you would a thief,
And always wear a vest.

W. McNamara.

A Story of a Baggage Check.

BY HOWARD R. PARKER.

An ordinary person not equipped with a flexible imagination, would hardly connect a roller-coaster accident on the Joy Zone of the Panama-Pacific Exposition with the arrest of a man in Kokomo, Indiana. Yet if that accident had not occurred, the registration at Leavenworth prison would now be increased by one guest, and this yarn would remain untold. The man referred to happens to be myself, and as the story is rather interesting, I don't mind letting you in on it.

Returning from a business trip to Japan, I had stopped over in San Francisco for a few days before continuing eastward to my home at Buffalo. The exposition was of course the attraction. I had heard much of the Tower of Jewels, the Court of Four Seasons, the wonderful exhibits, and the galaxy of amusement creations; even in Tokio the glories of the World's Show were everywhere placarded, and it seemed doubly attractive when advertised and pictured in a foreign land. So it was that the latter part of August found me leaving the pier at San Francisco, bound for the Hotel Fairmont. The trip through the Golden Gate and up the harbor that afternoon had been wonderful. Passing the menacing Fort Scott, which overlooks the strait, we came in sight of the entrancing Jewel City, as the exposition grounds have been called.

Three days should be the limit of my stay in San Francisco, I had decided. So that evening I boarded a jitney bus labeled "Scott Street Entrance," and was soon standing within the portals of Jewel City. After an hour or two of sight-seeing, I struck the avenue where the many concessions are located,—the Joy Zone. A few minutes brought me to the big L. A. Thompson Scenic Railway, which was crowded with merrymakers, young and old. At last, I succeeded in getting a seat in one of the cars alongside of two young ladies. The car started off with a jerk and began the climb to the elevated platform over a hundred feet above. When it had reached the top, and began the series of dips and climbs which made up its course, we were able to get a magnificent panorama of the grounds, as well as of San Francisco and the bay.

The car had made the last dip and was within a few yards of the station, when it suddenly slowed up, lurched back and forth, and rolled off the tracks, landing on the platform at the side. One of the young women gave a little cry, and fell forward. I was just able to grab her before she struck the front board of the car, and to hold her up until it had come to a standstill. Then, with the assistance of her sister, who was so thoroughly terrified that she was of little use, I lifted the injured woman out of the car and placed her on a nearby bench.

An older woman passenger, after examining the victim of the accident, declared that a sprained ankle was the only damage done. By this time the young lady had recovered herself, as had her sister whom I guessed to be the younger.

"McPherson is my name," I volunteered, "may I call a machine and take you to your home?"

"Why, really, I don't think it's necessary. What do you say, Alice," and she looked at her sister, who was anxiously eying the injured ankle, as if she feared it would never mend once she took her eyes off it.

"I would thank Mr. McPherson and accept his offer," was her quick reply. "We must hurry to the hotel, so that a doctor can attend to you."

The older girl agreed to this, and soon we were on our way to the girls' hotel, which was down town, some three miles from the exposition grounds. On the way down I learned that the girls were on their way to Vassar College. Their home was in Honolulu, where their father held a government position.

"When are you leaving for the East?" I mustered up courage to ask.

"We leave the day after to-morrow," answered the older Miss Clower, for that was their name.

"May I offer my services as far as Buffalo? You see, my home is in the East, and I am just stopping in San Francisco for a day or two."

"Why I'm sure that neither of us would have any objections, if you care to leave on the same day that we do."

"It's a go, then. We leave Thursday morning on the Pacific Limited, and from this time on I appoint myself in full charge of this 'personally conducted' overland voyage. The first thing that falls under my new duties is the checking of your baggage."

I found that my travelling-companions-to-be had left their luggage at the dock. It was but a few minutes' task to have the three trunks, with the few extra grips, transferred to the baggage room at the other end of the Ferry Building, where my own single steamer trunk was already waiting to be checked.

From the time we pulled out of San Francisco on the transbay ferry and watched the city and its climbing streets recede in the distance, the trip was most enjoyable. At Salt Lake, we stopped off a day to visit the many places of interest which that beautiful city has to offer. Most notable were the Mormon Square, with the Tabernacle and Temple and the magnificent organ, which was played for the visitors during the noon hour. At Denver we visited for several hours, after having passed through the famed Royal Gorge.

By the time we had reached Chicago, I had decided, on word received from my firm while at Denver, to stop off there. So, rather disappointedly, I bade my fair young friends adieu, wishing them a very pleasant trip the rest of the way. Then I got busy on the telephone, first ordering my trunk held over. From what I learned over the wire, I made up my mind to take a side trip. That night found me on a train bound for Kokomo, Indiana.

Arriving there after midnight, I put up at the American Hotel. Then things began to happen. Before I was up the next morning, someone tapped on the door, with a "Call for Mr. McPherson." I dressed hurriedly, and with some misgivings. Stepping into the hallway I found myself facing two gentlemen, who, it was easy to see, were "officers of the law."

"We would like to take a look at your trunk," one of them declared. "For the present, you are under arrest."

"But I haven't any trunk," I returned, more than a little perturbed. "I'm just in Kokomo for a day, and intend to leave this evening for Indianapolis."

"You won't leave for anywhere until we've examined your baggage, so hurry it up."

I saw now there was nothing else to do but to lay down my hand and take a chance on the result, so I took the men down to the station to allow them to inspect my baggage. At the station I looked over the collection of trunks, hoping that mine had been delayed on the way down from Chicago. It was nowhere to be

seen. The officers were not satisfied. They took my check and compared it with those affixed to the baggage about the room. At last they stopped at a bright new trunk, which I never remembered seeing before.

"Ah, you haven't any trunk, haven't you?" sneered one of the men, as he went after the lock with a master key. "Well, we'll soon find out what kind of a game you're playing."

But the "game" I was playing was not found out, for all that the trunk contained was a collection of fancy pillows and room decorations, such as are seen in the room of any college student.

The searchers were nonplussed. They looked at each other dubiously. As for me, I was equally in the dark until the truth suddenly dawned upon me—the trunk before us belonged to the girls with whom I had come East; by mistake, the baggage man at San Francisco had switched it for mine.

"Well, I guess it's a case of mistaken identity," declared one of the officers. The other was not quite so sure, but after a whispered conversation with his mate, he agreed that I be released from custody.

As the two men left the station and started uptown, I sat down on a trunk and tried to collect my wits, for their little visit had quite upset me. You see, I had reason to be perturbed, for that trunk of mine, which was by that time half way to Vassar College, was loaded with some twenty thousand dollars' worth of precious stones, collected in Japan and carried past the customs officers in San Francisco without the customary formality of declaring them for duty. You may have wondered, too, why I changed my plans and stopped off at Chicago. Well, in our business, we try to observe the slogan of "Safety First," and I was reliably informed before reaching Chicago, that a pair of secret service men were following on the next train.

My own trunk—oh, yes, it reached Vassar safely. And as no young lady would open another's baggage, even though holding the corresponding check, it was easy to have it shipped back to Buffalo six days later. The trunk belonging to the Misses Clower, however, reached them the second morning after my near arrest.

Some people are inclined to swear at the bungling baggage-men, but I know of one whom I will always swear by.

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 8, 1915.

NO. 30

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, '16

—It is almost incredible that, at a time when Europe is a seething cauldron of smoke and flame, when the holiest and most promising treaties ever made have been proved worthless, and when the rights of innocent, neutral countries have been absolutely disregarded, that a defensive program so damning in consequences as ours, should be tolerated for one instant by the government.

In spite of all warnings from the outside and from within, this country has persisted, almost from the day of its birth, in an idea which, twice at least in the past, has proved pitifully disastrous, and which, if continued in, will be fraught with horrible consequences in the future. The two instances of the result of past unpreparedness for war, which were but the beginnings of a long series of disasters, were, the battles of Bladensburg in 1812, and the battle of Bull Run in 1861. For years before, the government had been pursuing a program of national defense similar to, but hardly as dangerous, as the one sanctioned in our own day. At Bladensburg, a few thousand raw militia men were unable to cope with an invading force not a third as large, and as a consequence, we suffered a disgrace that is for all time, namely, the burning of our national capitol. At Bull Run, a large, fairly well-drilled army proved unequal to the task of

bringing to a speedy close even an internecine strife, and prolonged, with horrible loss of life and wasting of millions, a struggle that should have never lasted over its first year.

To-day, even the echoes of our horrible internal strife have died away, and we regard as an impossibility any further complications with our brethren across the seas, but our country has taken up other paths of conquest and assumed a score of sacred duties that were never even dreamed of fifty or a hundred years ago.

Staring armed Europe and crafty Japan in the face, we pledge our hearty defense to the Monroe Doctrine and the open Door in China, either one of which programs, the most mightily armed nation on the face of the globe would shudder before adopting. And how do we back them up? With a navy that in a few years will be inferior to that of Japan, a nation on the verge of bankruptcy, and with an army smaller than that of the smallest principalities.

There is no use for us to make spread-eagle speeches on the splendid American yeomanry. So long as we allow the present state of affairs to continue, we are doing nothing but making a gigantic bluff—a bluff for which future generations, if not our own, are destined to pay dearly.

—Calamitous mental decrepitude has once more bounteously blossomed forth with the lilacs. Intellectual irresolutes have again radically exemplified their Denudation of the alarming cranial deficiencies by their annual ex-cortication and denudation of the campus flora. Apparently no botanical species has escaped this vernal scourge of vandalism, and the petaled beauty of the campus has been effectively culled for interior ornamentation. Especially disastrously have the lilacs suffered from the diligent depredations of the local dilettante. Daily pretrescent individuals may be seen rendering, despoiling, and disfiguring bushes to glean the latest crop of flowers, seemingly quite ignorant of the fact, that they are helping to ruin one of the finest college campuses in the country. From the gawkish ability and the gorillistic energy evinced by these pernicious exploiters one might readily cogitate that the loot was intended to funereally commemorate the demise of their

respective brains, or to satisfy the insatiable gurgitations of their dwarfish mentalities. Such motives are pathetic, if not rational.

Now that the tourist season is officially on, and multitudinous clans of sightseers are about to descend upon us, it truly behooves us to let the blossoms blossom and the flowers flower without erratic molestation or undue interference. At best a lilac branch in a room will wither in a few hours, while if left where it belongs it would delight the eye for many a day. Besides, each bush that is broken and trampled now, loses more than it can make up in a season's growth, and when we retard the natural beauties of the campus we are simply exhibiting our selfish ignorance. Let us discourage the flower-picking habit now, both by example and exhortation, and if some of our ligneous-headed brethren cannot restrain their peurile pilfering propensities, let them harvest the dandelions or seek after the festive dog-fennel along the Niles boulevard. Let the campus blooms pursue their destinies unblighted by the guiding claws of pseudo gardeners.

—There are friends and friends, and they may be divided into many different groups. But one division, perhaps a very selfish one, is of paramount importance to the Friends. student—friends who are sources of inspiration and friends who never consciously provoke a serious thought. There are many of both of these kinds and they are as easily distinguishable as the day is from the night. About the most disagreeable kind of a fellow to talk to is the one that agrees with every word of the speaker. The cad can be forgiven, stupidity and ignorance are pardonable, but there is no excuse for not having at least one or two ideas that will withstand an argument. It is not hard to find one of these unpardonables who will agree, within five minutes without any good reason, to two contradictory statements.

Friends of that sort may be true, but you must accept their friendship at a big discount. Try to think of the best friend that you have. Isn't he the one who seldom if ever agrees with you on any debatable subject? Cultivate as many friends of this rare kind as you can, and learn to judge of what you hear, and above all, learn to think for yourself, and don't sell your friendship too cheaply.

Personals.

—The marriage of Miss Adela Chute to Mr. Christopher Wren (old student) took place in New York City on April 7th. We congratulate Chris and his bride and wish them long years of happiness.

—Robert Sweeny, A. B. '03, and Algernon Crofton announce that they have established offices for the practice of law in the New Call Building, New Montgomery Street., San Francisco. Rob was a popular student.

—At Little Rock, Arkansas, last month Miss Agnes Henrietta Mahoney was united in marriage to Mr. Aristo C. Brizzolora (LL. B., '13). Aristo is remembered by many of the present students, all of whom unite in sending their felicitations.

—Among the younger Alumni of Detroit, we have recently heard that Russell Finn (A. B., '12) is doing well in business with his father. E. J. Weeks is coming to the front in the lumber business. "Terry" O'Neill (LL. B., '13) has a good position with the Ford Motor Co. August Boldt (B. S., '13) is making good in the chemical analysis department of Park Davis Drug Co., the largest wholesale drug concern in the world. D. J. Pepin (E. E., '14) is securing good experience with the Iron City Engineering Co.

—From *The Expositor*, an Eastern magazine on finance, insurance, etc., we copy the following interesting item about Joe Byrne:

Mr. Jos. M. Byrne, Jr., Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer of the Jos. M. Byrne Co., although the "son of his father," has just the same earned his official position by hard work and not through favoritism. It was made compulsory that he should study and learn the insurance business by gradation work, which he did, intelligently and faithfully by specializing in every branch of it, deserving finally the official recognition which he enjoys. The month of October is evidently the favored month of both Mr. Byrne, Sr. and Mr. Byrne, Jr. It is the birth month of each, the latter having been born October 1, 1892, and it was on October 14, 1913, just after having passed his majority, that Mr. Byrne associated himself with the Jos. M. Byrne Co. On February 11, 1914, he was elected Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer of the company. Like his father, the completion of his education was at Notre Dame University, Indiana. Like his father in resemblance and in business and social characteristics, it is pretty generally believed by all who know him that his career will be one of emulation and that he will exemplify to the fullest the adage that he is "a worthy son of a worthy sire."

Society Notes.

HOLY CROSS LITERARY.

The Holy Cross Literary Society met Sunday, April 25, and passed a very interesting evening. Mr. Frank Masterson opened the program with a well-delivered recitation by Wendell Phillips. Mr. Early followed with a short story, and Mr. Browne delighted the members with a semi-humorous paper upon the troubles of Latin pronunciation. Mr. George Dwyer then read a vigorous and well-written paper upon Bigotry in the United States. The president, Mr. Henry Glueckert, closed the program with his "inaugural address. Mr. Glueckert chose as his theme, "In Union there is Strength" and exhorted the members to united action in the activities of the society. He showed the advantages which the society offered and the duty each member owed to himself and the society for active participation. This closed the regular program and the remainder of the evening was spent in discussing several revisions in the constitution.

BROWNSON-HOLY CROSS DEBATE.

By a unanimous vote the debating team of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society won from the Holy Cross team in Washington Hall, Sunday night, May 2. The Holy Cross team, which in the past was considered the strongest society team at Notre Dame, was surpassed by the Brownson team both in material and in delivery. The question debated was: "Resolved, that employers and employees should be compelled to settle all disputes affecting the public welfare through legally constituted boards of arbitration (constitutionality waived)." The Brownson team, upholding the negative, were: William A. Curley, Joseph P. Sheehan and George F. Windoffer. The Holy Cross team, debating the affirmative, was composed of Cornelius W. Palmer, James H. McDonald and Thomas F. Butler. Mr. Windoffer starred for Brownson; Mr. Butler for Holy Cross. Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., Rev. Eugene Burke, C. S. C., and Rev. Michael Quinlan, C. S. C., were the judges. On April 19 the Holy Cross team, debating the negative, defeated the Brownson affirmative team by a decision of 2 to 1, so that the laurels have been divided between them this year.

Local News.

—It's an ill wind, etc.

—Those delayed April showers are as popular as an epidemic of smallpox.

—These chilly days seem to have taken all the pep out of our usually prolific spring poets.

—The Kentucky Club is on the war-path again, and a banquet is threatened. Well, it's a wet season.

—An echo of the Senior Play was heard last Saturday night in the court of Sorin Hall; it sounded suspiciously like "Rupe's" 48.

—A party of Carrollites took a canoe trip down the river on last Thursday. They are unanimous in their verdict that the water was cold.

—The theses of the Senior Lawyers are about due, so there is a decided lull in the racket in their locality. Some of them have even found out where the Law Library is situated.

—Instead of counting the days and waiting for the DOME some of the boarders around this health resort ought to be exercising a little forethought and figuring on the final "exams."

—Emmett Lenihan, J. Clovis Smith, and Larry Lajoie, left last Thursday for Detroit, where they will debate with the Detroit College of Law; supporting the negative of the Compulsory Arbitration question.

—"The Girl from Utah," given at the Oliver last Monday night, proved to be the biggest hit of the season. The usual Notre Dame box-party accompanied the orchestra and added a little zest to the intermissions.

—Through the courtesy of the Auditorium Theatre, the six-reel feature film, "Napoleon and France," was presented in Washington Hall Friday morning. It was a masterpiece of production and the students thoroughly enjoyed it.

—We would be agreeably surprised if a concrete diving platform was erected on the shore of the lake in anticipation of the warm summer days to come. A few loads of common sand would aid materially in increasing the popularity of the beach itself.

—The proposed Tennis Tournament has dragged out from obscurity many a mighty athlete who would otherwise have never been

known to fame. Wilmer Finch, Steve Burns, and a host of others have brought out their little racquets and gone into training.

—Tuesday evening the recently initiated members of the local council of the K. of C. received their travelling cards at the regular monthly meeting of the organization. A musical program was rendered by well-known campus talent. The meeting was concluded with the ordinary routine of business that accumulates from month to month.

—John Buschowski, one of our gardeners on the campus, gave a very interesting lecture last Sunday before the Polish Alliance of South Bend. The lecture was held in Turner Hall, and one of the largest gatherings of the year was present to hear the Notre Dame man, who took the place of a Chicago lecturer who was unable to fill the engagement.

—Sunday morning at ten o'clock the first tennis tournament of the University of Notre Dame will be held in the big gymnasium. About sixty-two have entered the list, and the programs announcing the names and date have been printed and five judges have been secured. Many valuable prizes were donated by local merchants and this will be one of the big events of the year.

—Thomas H. Hearn, Business Manager of the 1915 DOME, left last Tuesday for Oskosh, Wisconsin, where the book is to be printed this year. He took with him all the material that has caused so much sleeplessness on the part of the editors for the last six months. The purpose of his trip is to go over the work with the printer, and straighten out any difficulties that may arise. By this method a better DOME than ever will be assured.

—The Brownson Literary Society has decided to break away from the old coffee and sinker luncheon and the Carroll Refectory, and to give a real, sure-enough banquet at the Mishawaka sometime within the month. All old members are requested to clear their throats; surrender one simoleon to the collecting committee, and to be on hand prepared to weep for the poor workingman, make the eagle scream, save Ireland, or do anything else that President Andy McDonough may require. Come one, come all, and prove that your once famous "gift of the gab" is not dead, but has only been sleeping. Seriously, it will be the biggest banquet of the year. Don't miss it.

XII.—Who's Who at Notre Dame.

FREEMAN FITZGERALD.

We tremble when we consider the task before us of recording the many gallant deeds of a sturdy youth known in these remote parts as Freeman Fitzgerald. Where he got the name Freeman or Freemont, as he is sometimes called, we have no idea, but it doesn't fit him any better than John Riley's trousers would fit Eichenlaub. Fitz came to Notre Dame some four or five years ago and has spent his time since in eating beefsteak, playing football, baseball and basketball and in studying his classes. During all these years he never wore white duck trousers, never had his nails manicured, so that someone might hold his hand, and he never started to town on Wednesday evening with a box of candy under his arm. He has no use for book agents or lemon-venders, doesn't like the taste of parsnips, and is inclined to jump whenever a dentist touches a nerve in his tooth. All in all, therefore, Fitz is a most remarkable youth. He boasts more hair than Pliska, more speed than John Boyle of Corby and more gall than the late Wildman. Those who knew Fitz years ago when he was in the wild and woolly West say that he was a very pretty baby and was able to count his toes from left to right when he was three years old. At six he developed dimples that endeared him to the hearts of the grown folks and gave him the name of "Cutie." At twelve his fair face took on freckles and there appeared a slight deformity in his lower limbs known as bow-legs which kept for him the name "Cutie." He learned to whistle, smoke, and play the Jews'-harp, and became in every way eligible for college education. Tiring of the long rains in his own country—for he never was any handier at holding an umbrella than he is at sharpening a lead pencil—he came East, and having spied Corby Hall entered and settled there. He has been one of the best football players Notre Dame has ever had and has the record of never having been knocked out or hurt in a game. He is also a good basketball and baseball player, and above all he is a good student. If you don't believe all we have said we would ask you to read the illustrated life of Fitz in this year's DOME. Look especially for the picture of Fitz playing with his toes, which is done in colors.

Athletic Notes.

THIS IS BASEBALL.

Lathrop tripled and Mills singled, making the first run. Lathrop singled, stole second, and scored on Mills' single. Mills took second on the throw in, and scored on Kenny's double, bringing in the deciding run. Who says this isn't baseball? It happened in the Michigan Aggie game.

On the defensive the same style of game was played and there was regular "big league stuff" displayed by both teams from start to finish. It was one of the best games imaginable, for both teams were on their toes from the start to the finish.

"Prep" Wells had a shade on Weeder and Springer in the pitching duel as he allowed but five hits, while the Varsity poled eight off the Aggie twirlers. "Prep" fanned eight and the Michigan men four. Wells issued four passes, hit a man and made one wild pitch, while the only evidence of wildness on the part of the visiting pitchers was one walk given by Springer.

The Aggies played an exceptionally tight fielding game, with men on bases. All the runs made by the Varsity were real earned runs, and the three errors scored against M. A. C. did not develop into anything and all were of a questionable nature.

Wells was given good support in the shape of sensational plays at critical moments, but the visitors' run getting was aided slightly by the misplays of Well's team-mates. The two most sensational plays of the day each saved the game from being at least a tie. The first one was Carmody's hair-raising one-hand stab of Thomas' liner in the second inning with two out and a man on third. "Mike" had to go high in the air and at the same time a long way towards first to pull it down. The next play that saved the day was Bergman's relay to Kenny which caught a man trying to score from second on a long single. The throw was perfect and had speed enough to make a German bullet blush with envy.

The game started off with the "Farmers" jumping into the lead. In their half of the opening frame when with one out, Thomas singled and went to second on an error. Williams singled and Thomas stopped at third, scoring when Duggan's throw got away from Kline. Fuller walked, but Williams was forced at third

on Brown's grounder to Kline. The Varsity came back and tied it up in the same inning when, with two gone, Lathrop tripled to right and Mills singled.

The Aggies again went to the front in the second inning when, with one out, McWilliams was hit. He was forced at second on the next play, however, when Weeder grounded to Carmody. Fick then tripled to deep center sending Weeder across; but Carmody relieved the spectators by pulling down Thomas' sure hit.

The Varsity could not put one over in their half of the second, but came back in the third with enough to win the game. Two were out when Lathrop singled, stole second and registered on Mills' clout. Mills took second on the throw in and Kenny knocked in the winning run with a beautiful two-bagger.

After this the pitchers settled down and the fielders tightened up, so neither team was able to get another run across, although the Aggies came close, when Bergman's throw got a man at the plate by a few inches.

The Aggies have a well-balanced team and besides looking like ball players, they acted like them. They accepted decisions as they were given and their hurrying to and from their positions between innings could profitably be copied.

Their stars were: Thomas, who got two hits and was robbed of a third by Carmody, and Bibbins, the Aggie backstop, whose throwing was exceptionally good.

The Varsity men showed up well in running the bases as they took advantage of every momentary hesitation on the part of the Michigan outfielders and stretched their hits.

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	MICH. AGGIES	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bergman, ss.	4	0	0	3	2	0	Fick, ss.	3	0	1	1	1	2
Duggan, cf.	4	0	1	1	0	1	Thomas, cf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Lathrop, lf.	4	2	2	0	0	0	Williams, 2b.	4	0	1	0	4	0
Mills, 1b	4	1	2	9	0	2	Fuller, 3b.	3	0	0	1	3	1
Kenny, c.	4	0	1	7	4	0	Brown, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
M. Carm'dy, 2b	3	0	0	3	2	0	Frimodig, 1b.	4	0	0	15	1	0
Kline, 3b.	4	0	0	2	1	0	Bibbins, c.	3	0	1	5	0	0
Elward, rf.	3	0	2	2	1	0	McWilliams, lf.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Wells, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0	Clark, lf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
							Weeder, p.	2	1	0	0	4	0
							Springer, p.	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	32	3	8	27	11	3		30	2	5	24	14	3

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Michigan Aggies	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—	2
Notre Dame	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	* —	3

SUMMARY.

Sacrifice hits—Wells. Stolen bases—Lathrop. Two base hits—Kenny, Elward. Three base hits—Lathrop, Fick. Double play—Weeder to Frimodig to Bibbins. Wild pitch—Wells. Strike outs—By Wells, 8; by Weeder, 2; by Springer, 2; Bases on balls—Off Wells, 4; off Springer, 1. Hits—Off Weeder, 7 in 5 innings; off Springer, 1 in 3 innings. Hit by pitcher—McWilliams by Wells. Umpire—Gerard, of Warsaw.

BELOIT IS SWAMPED.

Hard hitting on the part of the Varsity aided by nine boots of the visitors, effected a complete rout of Beloit. Beloit gathered ten hits in all off the local twirlers, but five of them came in the last inning when the game was sewed up.

It was a listless game and the only thing that held the fans out in the cold was the fielding of Bergman in particular and the slugging of the Varsity. Bergman accepted nine fielding chances without a bobble and eight of them were wicked grounders. The whole team played errorless ball up to the eighth inning, when Mottz made two overthrows. "Pete" is not to be blamed for this however, as he went into the game cold and did not have a chance to locate the bases.

Capt. Duggan led with the stick getting four hits out of five times up; Mike Carmody was second with three out of five, and Mills Kline, and Elward followed with two out of four. Mills led the slugging with six total bases, a home run and a double.

"Slim" Walsh started the game, and for five innings held Beloit to three hits, while the Varsity were making eight hits off Schultz. "Slim" had everything his own way and the Beloit men were helpless before him. In the sixth, Boland went in for the Varsity and Johnson was pulled in from left field to hurl for Beloit. The Varsity went after the new man and drove out seven hits in the two innings he pitched. Seven hits were also made off Boland, five of them coming in the eighth. In the last inning, the eighth, the hits were mostly of the scratch variety, but aided by some misplays the visitors managed to make four runs.

Notre Dame started the scoring by making four runs in the first two innings. In the fourth Beloit came back with two, but the visitors were playing so loosely that the closeness of the score did not seem to bother the rooters. The game was sewed up in the last of the fourth, when the Varsity totaled six runs by means of Beloit's wretched fielding and Mills' homer. The Varsity renewed the attack in the sixth and sent four more across, making the score 14 to 2. Everyone lost interest in the game at this point. The rooters left and the Varsity infielders slowed up, allowing three infield hits in the final round.

The game was called at the end of the first half of the eighth on account of runs.

NOTRE DAME	AB	H	PO	A	E	BELOIT	AB	H	PO	A	E
Bergman, ss.	4	1	1	8	0	Eckhart, rf.	4	1	1	1	0
Duggan, cf.	5	4	0	0	0	Johnson, lf., p.	4	3	2	3	1
Lathrop, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	Plesath, ss.	4	2	1	1	3
Mills, rb.	4	2	10	0	0	Horn, 3b.	3	1	4	0	1
Kenny, c.	3	0	5	0	0	Cook, cf.	2	2	2	0	0
M. Carmody, 2b.	5	3	4	3	0	Ries, c.	3	0	2	0	1
Klein, 3b.	4	2	1	1	0	Denney, rb.	4	1	6	0	2
Elward, rf.	4	2	2	0	0	Cornell, 2b.	4	0	1	1	1
Walsh, p.	3	0	0	2	0	Chipman, lf.	1	0	0	0	0
Pliska, lf.	2	0	0	0	0	Schultz, p.	2	0	2	3	0
Boland, p.	1	0	0	1	0						
Motts, c.	1	1	1	0	2						
Totals	39	15	24	15	2		33	10	21	9	9

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Notre Dame	2	2	0	6	0	4	1	*	—	15
Beloit	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	4	—	6

SUMMARY.

Stolen bases—Bergman, 2; Duggan, 2; Mills, Kenny, Klein, Elward, Cornell. Two base hits—Elward, Mills, Cook. Home run—Mills. Bases on balls—Off Walsh, 1; off Boland, 1; off Schultz, 1. Hits—Off Walsh, 3 in 5 innings; off Boland, 7 in 3 innings; off Schultz, 8 in 5 innings; off Johnson, 7 in 2 innings. Wild pitch—Boland. Double plays—Bergman to Carmody; Johnson to Denney.

CORBY VS. BROWNSON.

The Interhall struggle for the 1915 pennant opened Sunday, April 26th when Corby met Brownson in the National Game. Sorin claims supremacy on the gridiron; Corby has demonstrated conclusively its superior basket-ball ability; Brownson leads in track. The championship of the diamond remains to be decided.

Corby has not profited so well by her Twilight League training as the enthusiasm displayed in the nightly frays would lead one to think. A glance at the score shows how one-sided was the game lost to Brownson.

The result was probably due more to "Abie" Lockard's star pitching than to anything else, holding Corby to Murphy's one scratch hit. His ablest supporters were Spalding and Jones.

Corby	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	3
Brownson	0	0	4	0	1	0	0	5	1	11	13	6

Batteries: Lockard and Keenan. Fitzgerald, Murphy and Meyers.

SORIN VS. ST. JOSEPH.

A ninth inning rally served to make more interesting this otherwise rather monotonously one-sided game. If St. Joseph boys had several more innings to play, they might have carried home the bacon. As it was, "Slim" Walsh held them to two hits and no runs for six innings. But when Eichenlaub mounted the slab, the St. Joe warriors began to make free with his offerings, running up six scores in three chances. Cofall and Walsh found Fries for a home run apiece in the third inning.

Sorin	0	4	4	0	0	0	1	0	*	9	9	3
St. Joseph	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	5	6	7	4

Batteries: Walsh, Eichenlaub, O'Donnell, Kiefer; Fries and Andres. Umpire: Motts.

Safety Valve.

More things are done by graft than this world dreams of.

HUMILITY NIX.

1st Student:—"Gee! that was a fierce error I made on second, I should have got it easy."

2nd Student:—"Yes, it was pretty bad."

1st Student:—"Well, if you think you can do better go out and try—that was a clean hit and I'd like to see you get anywhere near it, you big stiff."

Mother (before entering her boy):—"I want John to have everything he needs and plenty of spending money, but I don't want him to be a spendthrift."

Old Student:—"Well if you go up to the Secretary's office, put on a bold front and insist that your boy receive five dollars a week for spending money; he may be able after a lot of crabbing to get enough each week for an ice-cream cone and a package of cracker jack."

PHILOSOPHEE.

You can talk of Law and such,
And crab to beat the Dutch,
'Bout your Architecture courses,
And your work in Chemistree.
But sometime when you're able
Just be seated at your table,
And open up a text-book on old Philosophiee.
Now, I like to spend my time,
Grinding out a little rhyme,
For it's relished by the best of us
And drives dull care away,
But, I have alas! alack!
Got stitches in my back,
From poring o'er Philosophiee,
The blessed livelong day.
Oh! the din, din, din!
In my brain when that old subject's seeping in.
If you'll ponder for a minute
Over anything that's in it,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

Fair One (looking up at Slim Walsh):—"Is that what they call a pitching staff?"

DEAR EDITOR:—

I am a tall, handsome boy of nineteen years of age, with raven black hair, deep, soulful eyes and a smile like a cherub. Last month I met an angel and I am in love, although I fear my love is not returned. How can I captivate, charm and bewitch this angelic maiden. Answer at once. L. TSCHUDI.

L. T.—Send her a lock of your hair in a pill box and ask her to wear it around her neck. Don't make her think, however, that it's a charm to keep warts or freckles away, but simply tell her that it is part of you, and that you will give the rest freely. If she begins to weep, give her your photograph to wear on her wrist and your cap to carry in her shopping bag and your—surely, she will be yours before this.

Pliska (Sorin-Corby Game):—"Yes, it went foul all right, but it had no right to go foul, it was hit fair."

EXCELSHUR!

The barber grabbed a plate of beans,
And lashed it to the mast.
The villain strode upon the deck,
And said the die is cast.

The Captain jumped upon the rail,
And did a buck and wing.
The Bos'n grabbed him by the throat,
And cried: "God save the King!"

The First Mate took a fountain-pen,
And scribbled in his book,
The Captain's lass rolled up her sleeves,
And kissed the Chineese cook.

And when the good ship "Bunk" sank in
The lashing, briny drink,
I staggered to the cabin
And drank a pint of ink.

DEAR EDITOR:—

The fellow who sits next to me at the table is continually getting on my nerves. Every time he eats soup he makes a gurgling noise at each spoonful, thereby annoying everyone at the table. How would you advise me to approach him on the subject.

MUGGS.

MUGGS: Ask the gentleman if he can play "Silver Threads Among the Gold," on his instrument, and if he doesn't stop gurgling, then take his soup away from him.

A SONG FOR TRAINED SEALS.

An elephantess walking up
The front walk to her home,
Quite frightened off her little pup
And caused the dear to roam.
Hi la, hi lo, hi lee,
I am as happy as can be!

The elephantess was a monstrous brute
Escaped from the park,
But she could play upon the lute
And had an awful bark,—
Bark, bark, wuff, meow!
If she could only see me now!

Night approached ere she was caught
Upon the bounding main;
And in the meantime she had bought
Four fish-nets and a seine,
Gravel, crushed rock, sand, clay, loam
Nobody home; nobody home!

Brownsonite:—"Why kill our most popular student by giving him one of those fiendish motorcycles?"

Walshite:—"Don't be stupid. If you knew who was ahead in the contest, you'd be the first one to help him get the thing. Anything that will keep him away from the hall will help."