

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 22, 1915.

No. 32.

The Woods.

THE gentle people sway the bending trees
And puff the budding maples into leaf,
They crowd the sunny lanes with drowsy bees,
Lost in the fragrances beyond relief.

Gaily they robe the fresh'ning earth in green
Dappling the meadow lands with clustered blooms,
And thread the blading grasses, where, between,
The waving blue-flags scatter their perfumes.

S. S.

The Desire for Peace.

BY J. CLOVIS SMITH.

GREAT national catastrophes, like great personal sorrows, make men think deeply. In the darkest hour, they look to the future for hope. So to-day while the most gigantic war in history rages about them, men are seeking the way to permanent peace. We are told by some that this conflict is born of the intense commercial rivalry of our day; by others, that the growth of mighty armaments made it inevitable. These were indeed the immediate occasion; but there is a deeper cause, more fundamental, more far-reaching, one that exists in the hearts of the people, and from which the others spring—the desire for war. Nations fought bitterly when their only weapons were chain mail and battle-axe, when dreadnaughts and siege guns were as yet unknown; they clashed in battle before the growth of industry had set flag against flag, in the struggle for national resources, world markets and trade routes. Wars arising from commerce and armaments are but twentieth century expressions of a

belief that has come down through the ages, a belief that war is desirable and necessary, if not in itself, then as the only means whereby a nation can get what it wants and protect what it has. It is this belief which must be rooted out, which must be proved false, and the proof impressed over and over again on the minds of the people before we can have permanent peace. Until they realize the futility, the injustice and the horrible consequences of war, and come to really believe in peace and desire it as the better way, wars and preparations for wars will go on.

Since modern conflicts have grown from the idea that a nation's increased territory means increase of wealth, comfort and prosperity for its people, the most effective course, in fact, the necessary course, is to bring men to see clearly that foreign possessions make nations no richer, but that wars to secure these possessions, and armaments to protect them, make nations poorer in every way. For fifty years, England, as mistress of the seas, has been grasping territory in every corner of the globe, while Holland has peacefully fostered its home industries. Yet to-day, England's title protects a foreign trade of \$27.00 a man, while Dutch thrift produces 81—exactly three times that much. The German flag flies over provinces of Denmark and provinces of France, and her army is the mightiest in history. Yet little Switzerland, without any army, does proportionately triple the volume of foreign business. Now, England and Germany in fighting each other are not only losing their own best customers, but are spending more money than the profits of a hundred years of trade will recompense. In eight months fifteen billion dollars have been poured out, and each day, fifty millions are added to the total. It costs two thousand dollars to kill one man. Add to this the fact that even in times of peace, the peoples of Europe have spent seven-eighths of their yearly

* Oration delivered by Clovis Smith, representing Notre Dame in the Intercollegiate Peace Contest, held at Vincennes, April 16th.

income in preparation for war—a total of thirty thousand million dollars in twenty-five years. Behind these figures lies the momentous fact that in fifty years, the world's military expenditures have multiplied four hundred per cent. This program continued, means nothing less than financial ruin. No country gains from the competition, since an increase of armaments by one is met by a counter increase of the others. But every country loses, and the people, the toilers, must pay for it all—and pay for it while millions of their number are on the verge of starvation, and their children grow up in suffering and ignorance. They pay taxes, and because of the protective duties imposed to meet the cost of armaments, they pay in every bite they eat. Then war comes and they pay again in ruined homes, burned factories, and desolated fields. When wars and armaments mean this fearful cost, and unarmed peace means industry undisturbed, commerce multiplied, art and science flourishing, and national revenues applied to the uplift of stricken humanity,—when peace means this, how long can sane men choose war, even though their highest aim be money!

But mere money is the cheapest thing on earth. Human life is the most precious. And in the nineteenth century alone twelve million men laid down their lives on the plains of Europe. Within the last eight months, the blood of three million more has stained those same fields, and we know not how many millions are yet to follow. Think of those awful mounds of untombed dead, the bravest and the best the world can give, the destined fathers of her future generations, the leaders of her literary, social, and scientific life. Think of the anguish and suffering of the cripples, the widows and the orphans. Only the weak survive to breed the races of tomorrow,—races no stronger than themselves.

Yet many men hold money and life itself as very little beside their national honor. They take up arms against oppression, no matter what the cost. Only when crushed by superior armies do they realize that heroism, sacrifice, and the justice of one's cause are no defense when force is the judge. War is the poorest possible way of settling any rational differences; there can be justice only when law and reason are supreme. We are proud of our civilization, and we boast of the conquests of reason in the fields of science, learning, and

individual justice. Why, then, can we not apply reason to international relations instead of descending to the level of jungle law? Can civilization ever lift humanity to a lofty plane when its handiwork is perennially destroyed by brute force? To believe that war is necessary is to discard reason and civilization and justice; it is to cast aside the teachings of the Prince of Peace.

But until men hold the opposite belief that from every point of view, economic, sentimental, rational and Christian, peace is better than war, we shall have wars, and no limitation of armaments, no scheme of arbitration can do more than lessen their number. As Norman Angell declares, "Unless there is a general acceptance of the idea that force is futile, arbitration will not work." To-day men think of national right in terms of force; they must think in terms of law and justice before we can have permanent peace.

Cynics will tell you that if this is so, we shall always have war, because men never alter their beliefs, but they are wrong. A thousand years ago the hand of the mailed knight was supreme, and the common man had no recourse against his power. But as men realized the cost and injustice of such a course, they gradually evolved law to safeguard the rights of the individual. For eight centuries men fought to impose their religious beliefs; then they comprehended that religion is a matter of conscience, and that conscience cannot be reached by the sword. They changed their ideas, and gave us religious liberty. In the last century, there were two great revolutions of the popular will. Men saw that even personal honor could not be satisfied by force, and duelling was abolished; they came to understand that all men are equal before the Creator, and as a consequence, the negro slave was set free.

Now all these beliefs were at one time as firmly fixed in the mind of mankind as the habit of national warfare. The evils lasted so long as the beliefs continued. But with the progress of civilization, the evolution of law and the ascendancy of reason, the beliefs changed, and to-day, the belief in war is undergoing a similar transformation. For a hundred years our country has preserved an unbroken peace with her greatest economic rival. Serious disputes have arisen, but we maintained peace, because we found it desirable. We have made

a beginning, but there is much more to be done before Americans firmly believe in peace. Even at this moment, there are many who clamor for an increase of armaments. But as surely as we enter the mad race for military supremacy, so surely will our own land be deluged in blood and tears. This old idea that war is necessary must be destroyed, and constituted as men are, we must appeal not only to their ideals, but to their reason and their pocketbooks. The most effective way is to reach the minds of the young. They are the statesmen and the people of to-morrow, and their beliefs will rule the coming ages. Let them be taught the injustice, the futility and the cost of war, let them understand the true glory of the heroes of peace, and we shall have laid firm foundations for the new belief that not war but peace is desirable and necessary. One hundred and forty years ago, on this historic spot (Vincennes), our ancestors brought liberty and democracy to the peoples of the west; let us also here highly resolve to lead our countrymen to a new birth of national liberty, conceived in permanent peace.

A Strange Document.

BY KERNDT HEALY.

Brian Halligan stepped from the train at Holtville. He was a young lawyer from up-state who had a case before the Justice of the Peace of this long, lean, not too-enterprising town. In answer to Halligan's inquiry, the station agent directed him to a low, decadent, one-storied frame house prominently situated on the only street that had a right to be called "Main." The house was unimposing (on the exterior) except that a pretentious sign of black and white letters hanging over the door proclaimed to the passer-by that here lived "Andrew Seyton, Justice of the Peace. Business transacted at all reasonable hours."

Halligan stepped into the small office of Justice Seyton and saw an old man of seventy years walking back and forth across the dingy, low-raftered room. He was quite bald, but tried to conceal his hirsute unadornment by a faded greenish-blue skull-cap. His lean old body, innocent of coat and vest, was draped in a light-grey overcoat which fell to his shaky knees. His feet were encased in carpet slippers

which flip-flapped across the uncarpeted boards as the old man moved about with his hands sometimes folded under his coat-tails and sometimes stroking his uneven chin whiskers.

"Good morning, Justice," said the young lawyer. "I am come to look after that Garth matter. I trust I am not too late."

"Too late—why, my boy, you are two hours too early. Those parties won't be along for some time yet. You had better sit down there and get some of the heat of that stove," said Seyton.

"Yes, thank you. It is rather brisk this morning, isn't it? I think these new cars are not as warm as the old kind."

"That's so? I haven't ridden on a train for so long I can't say as to their defects. Bad enough that they have to make so much noise here twice a day and blow all their filthy smoke in our very faces."

"Yes, that is annoying," replied Halligan, "but think of the advantages that the railroad affords a community like Holtville."

"Advantages? Huh! It doesn't do any good to a place like this. This town is the worst—ah, what's your name, young man?" said Seyton.

"Halligan."

"What's your first name?"

"Brian T., sir."

"Irish?"

"Yes," said Halligan, "I was born at Milmore, but my parents came from Donegal."

"Democrat?" persisted the Justice.

"Yes."

"Roman Catholic?"

"Indeed I am, and I'm proud of it, sir."

"Great Lord! Could human degradation sink lower?" said the Justice with a look of utter contempt.

Halligan rose and looked long and steadfastly at the old man. His name, his parents, his race, his religion, had been openly insulted by this man. His first thought was to demand an explanation of the Justice and then he felt that nothing short of a sound beating would satisfy his injury. Brief as he looked at the shrunken, weak, apparently harmless old creature, he changed his mind. Perhaps Seyton had a grievance against someone else and was now like the "sulky, silent dame" in Tam O'Shanter, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

At any rate, the Justice was too old to molest. Halligan sat down again and contented himself with his own thoughts about human degradation.

The old Scotchman walked to and fro without a word. He seemed to be thinking of something extremely far away. Every now and then he stopped to warm his thin, angular fingers at the fire.

Suddenly he began to repeat some lines of Shakespeare. He gave Jacque's speech, "A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest," and almost without pause he started, "If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly," of Macbeth. When he had finished he recited Polonius' advice to Laertes, and Halligan thought what a resemblance he bore the real Polonius, only he was not a "tedious old fool." Halligan began to get interested in the Justice of the Peace who could recite whole passages from the Master Dramatist.

Seyton was now reciting:

All that glitters is not gold
Often have you heard that told.

Halligan interrupted him:

"I beg your pardon, but you have used the wrong word. It is not *glitters* but *glisters*."

"Say, young fellow, what do you mean telling me how to read Shakespeare? Where did you learn Shakespeare? How dare you! What did I say? Glitters, wasn't it? That's right."

"No, Mr. Seyton, *glisters* is right."

"*Glistens*, then," said the Justice.

"No, *glisters* is correct. I am positive," replied Brian.

"As long as you're so positive, Halligan, you just come into my library and I'll show you—you kid."

Justice Seyton's library was rather lincolnesque. Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf was a Carnegie Memorial in comparison. "The Bible," "Shakespeare" in one large volume, the poems of Byron and Burns; and Paine's "Age of Reason" comprised this small but select library. Seyton took down his mothly, mellow, "Shakespeare" and turned to the "Merchant of Venice."

"You will find the passage, I think, Mr. Justice, in the second act," said Brian.

"Yes, I've found it, young man, and—let me see, let me see, ah, you are right. It is

glisters. I made a mistake and a young fellow like you had to put me right. Where did you learn—oh! I say, Mr. Halligan, you were rather insulted at what I said to you about being Irish and Catholic, weren't you?"

"I certainly was, Mr. Seyton, and it was only your feeble age that prevented me from drastically avenging the slur cast upon my name," said Halligan. "I don't see what right you—"

"Right, that's it, right."

"What right have you—"

"Psalms and sawdust! Don't you know I've got a license?"

"I don't understand; a license?" said Halligan.

"Why, yes, I've got a license as a Common Scold!"

"Is it possible!" gasped the young man.

"Yes, wait and I'll show it to you," said the fiery old man.

The Justice took a formidable parchment from the drawer of an old walnut cabinet. When unrolled, the parchment disclosed a wax seal from which several wide red ribbons depended. It looked like a most valuable legal document, and to make it seem even more genuine, it was signed by all the prominent townsmen of Holtville and by all the lawyers and doctors in the county.

B. T. Halligan now thoroughly amused, took the license and proceeded to read:

"Whereas A. P. Seyton of Holtville is a miserable old wretch, always kicking and complaining and was never known to have a kind word for man or woman, system or scheme, and

Whereas said Seyton has been frequently slapped, kicked and assaulted, and

Whereas all his punishment was fully due, and whereas his vicious and scandalous tongue will bring him to an untimely end unless he is in some way protected,

This license is issued to said Seyton to abuse everybody and everything as his mood may be, and as a Common Scold, he is licensed to play the fool, and all sensible men and women are hereby advised to pay no attention to him, but leave him to the whips and stings of his own seared conscience."

As Halligan handed the parchment to Justice Seyton he thought—though he was not sure—he saw a tear glisten in the old man's eye.

Freshman Verse.

THE GUARDIAN.

THIS not for me to understand
Thy ways, O Lord!
I only know that Thou hast sent
To e'er record

My wayward act or white-faced deed
An angel bright,
To be a pillared cloud by day
And fire by night.

Those unseen eyes, that guiding hand
Which pilots me,
Will woo me on, through brake and fen,
At last to Thee.

D. J. Edmondson, '18.

TWILIGHT.

I walked at the edge of the forest
When the sun dipped the hills below,
And the earth seemed a golden goblet
With the red day's wine aglow.

I thought as I walked in the forest
That the sun raised a golden stair
That led o'er the tangled branches
To a palace of beauty rare.

And I saw white souls ascending
To God by this golden stair,
And a chime like the chant of angels
Seemed to sound the hour of prayer.

Rodney Cullen, '18.

MOTHER.

When you were struggling in your prime,
And never thought of passing time,
Who cared for you with thought sublime?
Your Mother.

When you were weak and full of fear,
Who came to you with words of cheer,
And wiped away the bitter tear?
Your Mother.

In time of need and sore distress,
Who welcomed you with fond caress,
And soothed you in your weariness?
Your Mother.

Frank J. Boland, '18.

THE DREAMER.

As I sit and gaze at the glowing fire
With its soft and mellow gleams,
My fancy roves like a bee abroad,
For I am a dreamer of dreams.

I drink of the past and of days to come,
Of tears and laughter and sighs;
And my dreams are full of a fairy form—
My girl with the nut-brown eyes.

So here's to the lover who loves for aye,
Who basks where the love light gleams.
Who rules, a king, in the castled air—
Here's to the dreamer of dreams.

Sim Mee.

MEMORIES.

As I recall the pleasant hours,
Of cheerfulness and glee
We spent together 'neath the bowers,
I think, my dear, of thee.

I dream of all the pastimes spent
In years, long, long ago,
When youth shed blossoms of content
On you and your old beau.

But time and change did intervene
And set us far apart—
Ah, nothing e'er can come between
To soothe my saddened heart.

Harry H. Connors, '18.

IS THERE A CHANCE?

I've longed for many a day to hear
Those songs of long ago;
The homely airs that bring one near
To days we used to know.

I've listened to the strains of rag,
And sworn at them, perchance:
Those wails about "that dreamy drag,"
And that "ever-lovin' dance."

I hope the man will come some day
Who'll write a merry tune,
And not a single word essay
About that "lovin' moon."

H. R. Parker.

A MAN OF LETTERS.

A Journalist must have some pep,
O yes, in D D must.
And N E thing that looks like news,
He has to get or "bust."

He never once can B B hind,
And fail to do his duty.
A story he must surely find,
And it must B A B U T.

An R T has for writing news,
Or L C loses out.
But this is not an E Z thing,
With naught to write about.

In K C wishes to X L,
And travel to the top,
He has to C K chance to work,
And then must never stop.
Through fire and I C has to go
To get a feature story,
And if he fails his N D knows
Will not be filled with glory.

And if he's loafing to X S,
The editor will say,
That he's of little U C finds,
And bid him pass O A.

But when old A H has to meet,
And must give up the strife,
Just give him credit for his work
And not an M T life.

R. Swintz, '18.

TROUBLES OF A MOTORIST.

The man who buys an auto car
But first the price must borrow,
Will never travel very far
Before he meets with sorrow.

His punishment begins indeed
When it is his desire
To show his friends a burst of speed
And "blooey!" goes a tire.

And when he has his friends far out
To some fair sylvan scene,
His gladness is all put to rout,—
He's minus gasoline.

George Murphy.

WALSH HALL.

Our teams have been an awful mess
The worst in interhall, I guess,

We've been the "goats" in every sport
Our team-work, of the "class D" sort.

Our marks in class are just as bad,
Each roils at home an angry dad;
Our "dinky" is the worst in school
And "flunks" for everyone, the rule.

But now at last we've hit our stride,
On Company C we gaze with pride;
All now forget the blackened past,
For Walsh has won a first at last.

La Rue Lawbaugh.

SORITES.

"We love our teacher, tee, hee, hee!"
The sheriff cried in frenzied glee.
The teacher shrieked, "You scoundrel, scamp!"
The scoundrel licked a postage stamp.

The post fell down as posts oft will,
When no one's near to post the bill;
The hole was quickly filled with sand,
But not a snare-drum in the band.

The snare was set, a rabbit shot;
It proudly screeched, "Forget-me-not!"
The players marched in step,—tramp, tramp,
But still the scoundrel licked the stamp.

John E. Lemmer.

EVENING.

Calm twilight: shadows o'er the mountains fall,
And cooling breezes chilled by ling'ring snow
Rock steadily the joyous baby leaves
And carry down the gully where the glow
Departing, left a gloom, their lisps low.

Afar the lonely bleat of sheep in fold,
And close the cradled nestlings' waking call
Complaining that an idler robs their sleep;
Then tinkling, liquid notes from runlet small
Among the well-washed rocks, and peace o'er all

Roger I. McDonough, '18.

Playing a Female Role.

BY RAY HUMPHREYS.

Shortly after I threw up my position as chief special writer for the *Altoona Daily Clarion*, I heard that the *Turneytown Gazette* was in the market for a juvenile journalist who thought he could write. After the proprietor had given me the usual once all over, he offered me the position. I accepted right off the bat and the deal was done.

"Of course," said the Boss, "besides your reportorial duties, you will have other minor details to look after. You will have charge of the Saturday afternoon market page, and also edit the daily Beauty Secrets column."

"But," I objected, "I thought Marian Malt did that."

"So she does," admitted the boss, "as far

as the public is concerned, but in reality the market editor and Marian Malt are one and the same, and since you are now the former you are likewise Marian Malt."

There seemed no appeal from this decision, so I became reconciled to my fate. Gradually I learned to answer the various questions put to me by beauty seekers, and after I had digested two columns of Lillian Russell, I felt myself a genuine authority on hair-lips, superfluous flesh, and sagging insteps. For a month this feeling remained unshaken. Then luck doubled on me.

One rainy morning as I sat at my desk religiously evolving an answer to "Discouraged's" question of how to halt falling hair, the office door opened violently, and in lurched the biggest, blackest colored lady in forty-seven states.

"Am yo' de editah of de "Beauty Secrut's?" she queried gruffly.

Instinctively I scented danger. I wagged my head vigorously.

"No, madam," I glibbed, "I'm only the Market Editor, the Beauty Editor is out in the other office."

"Naw she ain't," rasped the Queen of Spades, "Dey done told me dis was her offush."

"Why, yes," I admitted, "but Miss Malt happens to be out just now."

"When yo' expect her back?"

"I don't know," I explained easily, "she may be gone some time."

"Whare she go?"

"Why, why, over to Harrisburg, she,—her husband is sick with grippe."

"Laws, Miss Malt married!"

"Why, no,—yes, that is, of course, ah, er—a secret wedding."

"Huh, does yo' know Miss Cantah?"

"Why, I may have met her at one of the hops, y'know," I parried.

"Huh, well she done got you're numbah all right, an' she done guv it to me. She scrubs out dis yere offush every mawnin' an' she knows a smashin' heap about dis joint, an' it wus her dat explisified dat dere ain't no Mar'un Malt around dese premises. Further an' likewise, she says dat yo', yo'self, are desponsible foh all dis rascallizin' Beauty Secrut biznuss!"

I tried to get in an appropriate denial.

"Neber mind lyin' to muh, yo' pore white trash. Ah, done ben 'vestigatin' muhself, an'

what Ah knows about yo' would fill an ash barrel. Dats the reason why Ah came heah terday, to amplify my uh wrath, and to gib yo' de mos' scandalizin' wallop in' yo' eber partook in!"

"Why—are this?" I trembled hoarsely. My hair was soaring.

"Because Ah's aftah justice. Ah am. Yo' an' yo' fool paper done muh a powahfill amount ob trouble. Listen yere, on de sebeth ob March Ah writ to Mar'un Malt—humph—an' Ah says: 'Would yo' please subscribe a safe reducin' remedy foh too much fat? yours, Edna,' an de nex' mawnin' Ah sees de answer. It says: 'Edna, Ah gladly recommend foh yo' flesh de mos' convenient remedy Ah knows of. Take tree teaspoons full ob lime jucie mawnin' an' evenin'. Shake well befoh takin',—

"A dandy good remedy—" I interposed hopefully.

"Cam yo'self. Ah'se gwan to tell mah story an' den Ah'se gwan to deflict a reg'lar foh-de-wah horse whippin' on yo', dat's all. Ah'se had trouble eber since Ah read yo' ole remedy. Befoh Ah writ yo' Ah weighed 'zackly two hundred flat. Dat mawnin' Ah says to mah husband, Ah says, 'Ole man, Mar'un Malt—humph—done speckulates dat lime juice will benefy mah weight. Ah suspects yo' could appropriate a small quality ob lime about yo' clothin' before yo' quit work to-night, an' Ah'll gib dis yere remedy a trial—"

"But I didn't mean lime—" I snorted in terror.

"Neber mind," she replied, "Ma husband done brung de lime dat night an' Ah drapped it emjut into a bucket of watah, done figura-matizin' dat by de time Ah drank de hull bucketful Ah'd be reduced. Wel when Ah was all ready Ah done expected yo' answer more closer, and Ah see'd where yo' said 'Shake well afore takin' so Ah begun to shook accordin'ly. Ah, shook, an' ah shook an' Ah shook. Ma eyes rolled, an' ma teeth chattered, an' Ah jist naturally shook de hull cabin. Ma husband wus readin' de almanack in de other room an' he yells, 'For de Lawd, Edna, grap de dishes, dere's an earthquake comin'!' Ah couldn't say a word, Ah wus shakin' so, an' den all de pans begun to rattle. 'Save yo'self, Edna!' shouted de ole man as he dove under de bed. Ah stopped shookin' long 'nuff to say, 'Come out ob dat, niggah, it's only yo' little Edna what's shakin'!' Den Ah started in again,

and gracious how Ah shook! Ma husband finally came out, an' he says: Wot de matter—burn yo'self? Ah just kept right on shakin'.

Finally he cum ovah an' clutched me by de throat, an' he says: 'Stop dat, Edna, or Ah'll stranglize yo' Ah can't deford to inaugurate a new roof on dis shack!'

So Ah stopped; Ah had shaken for a half hour. Den Ah gulped de tree spoonfuls ob lime jucie in a glass all at once. Mah goodness, how it did scorch! Ah just tuk one jump an' Ah wus out de door, an' thru de gate, an' headed straight foh Riley Creek, as fast as Ah could trable. Ma husband wus just two gasps in de rear. He cotched me at de creek. My, but he wus suttainly mad! He says, 'Ef yo' g'wan to run off like a locoed boveen, yo' just leab dem clothes Ah bought yo' to hum. Ah can't deford to buy a hull new outfit foh ma nex' wife.' Well naturally Ah tapped him one, and den he slapped me, and den we had a reg'lar fight. We finally desisted howeber.

But nex' mawnin' Ah shook so much Ah woke up ma husband an' we enjoyed another fight. Why, eben de neighbors got into it. Den de poleece cum an' tuk Simon to jail an' kep' him dere foh ten days. But Ah wus still shakin' when he came hum, an' we had another fallin' out. Ah bet Ah busted fourteen dishes ober his haid, an' he detaliated likewise. Ah wus just g'wan to let him hab de butcher knife, when he says, 'Neber mind, Ah'll get a divorce,'—so Ah let him up. Den we discussed de divorce, but we couldn't agree on de alimony. He wanted me to guv him seben dollars a week an' Ah held out foh only givin' tree. Ah argued dat Ah'd probably be married again afore de fust of de month, an' Ah couldn't be suspected to support two no-count husbands at de same time. Den when it wus about time foh ma lime juice, Ah stopped talkin' an' commenced to shook. By dis time Ah was putty good at shakin'. Finally Ah noticed ma husband laffin, an' aftah ma hour of shakin' was ovah, an' Ah had swallowed ma tree spoonsful ob lime juice, an' cooled ma haid in de washtub, he says:

"Tarnation, Ah'se jist g'wan to bust laffin! Heah aftah all de shakin' an' lime drinkin', yo' look heabier dan eber!"

"Well Ah grabbed him by de arm, an' Ah doubled-quickened him down to de grocery store, an' Ah stepped on de scalers, an' de clerk weighed me, an' Ah weighed *tree-hundred an'*

forty! Ah just kissed Simon an' Ah says yo' needn't get no divorce, honey, Ah'se g'wan right down an' muss up dat Mar'un Malt,—an' den Ah met Miss Cantah an' she said as how yo'self, wrote all dat perfidy,—so now Ah'se g'wan to asminister de worsted mussin' up on yo' as yo' eber substained afore! See dis yere whip? Well, Ah'se g'wan to wear it out on yo' white trash as a 'ample foh ma injuries! Now!" and she advanced like a storm cloud.

"One moment," I begged, "I have some poker chips in my overcoat pocket in the other office, which I would like to hold during the beating. Have you any objections, my dear Mrs. Simons?"

"Ah'll count ten," she said, "an' ef yo' ain't back by dat time, Lawd help yo'!"

Well, the Lord did helpme all right. But I didn't stop until supper-time, and by then I was seventeen miles west of Shawnee, the country seat. Furthermore, in two days I was entirely out of the state,—and I haven't been back there since.

All's Well, that Ends Well.

BY RAYMOND MURRAY.

"You don't advertise according to modern ideas, father," argued Prentice Moore, Jr., just out of college, to his father, Prentice, Sr., who had spent most of a lifetime building up the name and trade of his distillery, "The Blue River."

"My son," replied the exasperated senior Moore, who considered young Prentice a fool, "if you have an idea, keep it, you may never get another." So they wrangled daily until the young man became outwardly content to let affairs go on as they were, although inwardly wishing many changes.

That summer opportunity knocked at Prentice's door. His father had received strict orders from his physician to seek a month's rest at the seashore. After considerable persuasion Moore decided to obey his adviser and take the needed change, leaving the management of the business to Prentice in his absence.

Faithful to the promises made to his father, Prentice was for a while content to let affairs go on as they had in the past, but soon the advertising bug again bit him and his old fever of desiring changes returned. His father

was successful in the past, true, but the future business-man could not succeed without advertising—hadn't the advertising man at college said that in his lecture? Yes, it was his place to make the first move to convince the "old gent." Accordingly, he phoned the *Stilldale News* and engaged a half page in the morning issue for his pet scheme. He was going to do the job brown while he was at it.

The following morning at Atlantic City, Prentice Moore, Sr., sat leisurely eating his breakfast in the dining-room of a beach hotel while the cool ocean breezes soothed his brow. In this reminiscent mood he reached for the morning mail at his side and after opening a letter or two, turned to the *Stilldale News*. Glancing over its pages, his eyes fell upon a bold half-page advertisement. Who in Stilldale could afford such an ad.? As he read his blood ran cold. "The Blue River Distillery offered a glass of Blue River free to everyone who cut out the add that day and brought it to a saloon in Stilldale, agreeing to pay the dealers for each advertisement brought back to the distillery."

"My God!" he gasped, "that kid of mine must have gone mad." In a rage he rushed out, packed his grip, and caught the next train for Stilldale.

Late that afternoon Mr. Moore leaped off the train at Stilldale, almost before it stopped, and hurrying through the station and baggage room which were strangely deserted, stopped to hail a cab. The cabs were in their usual places, but not a driver was in sight. Dumbfounded at such unusual circumstances, and cursing the luck, he set out on foot for the center of the city. He had gone but a few paces when a man who staggered from side to side bumped into him and exclaimed:

"Besh time I ever had for shix shents, Mister!"

Moore pushed him aside and hurried on. He had gone but a block when a second intoxicated man blocked his path; on the next corner he met another. Never before had he seen so many such men on the street. Wondering what was the cause of such undue celebration he continued to hurry on until he came to the *News* building. Here a large crowd of men around the door attracted his attention.

"What's the trouble?" he asked of a spectator.

"They are trying to buy up more copies of the *News* so as to get free whiskey," rang in

his ears as he turned and hailed a friend in a passing automobile.

"Take me out to the distillery before that fool son of mine ruins me," he commanded.

All the way to the distillery they passed wagons with jugs and kegs; everyone was hauling Blue River. In a rage Moore jumped out at the distillery and rushed between the wagons and carts to seek his son.

"Hello, father," smiled Prentice coming up to him. "You're back early,—what's the matter?"

"M-m-matter," stammered the old man. He started to say more, but turned white, choked, and would have fallen had not Prentice seized him. A physician was called and the case was pronounced serious. He was put to bed with the orders that no one could see or speak to him for at least a week.

What a town Stilldale was that night! The jails had been filled and again emptied in despair, for there was no hope of keeping the staggering men off the streets. The very air seemed saturated with Blue River, and Diogenes would have sought in vain for a sober man. Stilldale was on a grand spree.

The wires out of Stilldale were kept hot that night, and every paper in the country featured "A Whole Town Drunk on Blue River," the next morning. Everbody laughed at Stilldale, and those who never heard of Blue River heard of it then.

Two days later, letters began to pour into the distillery. One dealer wanted quotations on Blue River and another wanted a barrel immediately. Dealers all over the country were interested, and Blue River had suddenly become the whiskey of the hour.

At the end of the week, Prentice was allowed to see his father. Sickness had undermined the old man's wrath, and he greeted Prentice with an outstretched hand and a feeble smile, saying, "I hope you have learned a lesson, my boy."

"I have, father," Prentice replied, "I've learned that it pays to advertise."

"Pays?" repeated his perplexed father who had heard nothing of the business since his illness.

"Yes, our sales in the last four days have been the largest in the history of the distillery, and that ad. did it."

The old man sank back on his pillow. After a moment's deliberation he smiled and said, "I guess I'll go back to Atlantic City."

The Notre Dame Debating Teams.

On Friday, May 7, the debating season was closed with a double victory. Our affirmative team won a unanimous victory over St. Viator College at Notre Dame and our negative team defeated the University of Detroit at Detroit. Resolved: "That employers and employees should be compelled to settle disputes affecting the public welfare through legally constituted boards of arbitration (constitutionality waived)," was the proposition for debate.

DETROIT-NOTRE DAME DEBATE.

Messrs. Lawrence J. Toomey, Wendell C. Greening and John A. Reynolds, defended

trial peace, e. g., collective bargaining and trade arbitration. These methods have made great progress in Great Britain and in particular industries in the U. S. Compulsory arbitration means the adoption of a new principle essentially opposed to collective bargaining. Before every measure short of compulsory arbitration has been tried and found wanting, compulsory arbitration is premature. The Canadian Industrial Disputes Act has been a remarkable success, the Erdman and Newlands Acts have, up to the present time, prevented great strikes on our inter-state railroads. Compulsory arbitration, however, has nowhere succeeded in



CLOVIS SMITH

ERNEST LAJOIE

EMMETT LENIHAN

the affirmative for Detroit, while Joseph C. Smith, Ernest P. LaJoie and Emmett G. Lenihan upheld the negative for Notre Dame. In their constructive arguments the Detroit speakers portrayed effectively the evils of industrial war, insisted upon the reasonableness of settling industrial disputes by law rather than by a trial of economic might, and described in great detail a system of compulsory arbitration courts not substantially different from the State and Commonwealth courts of Australia.

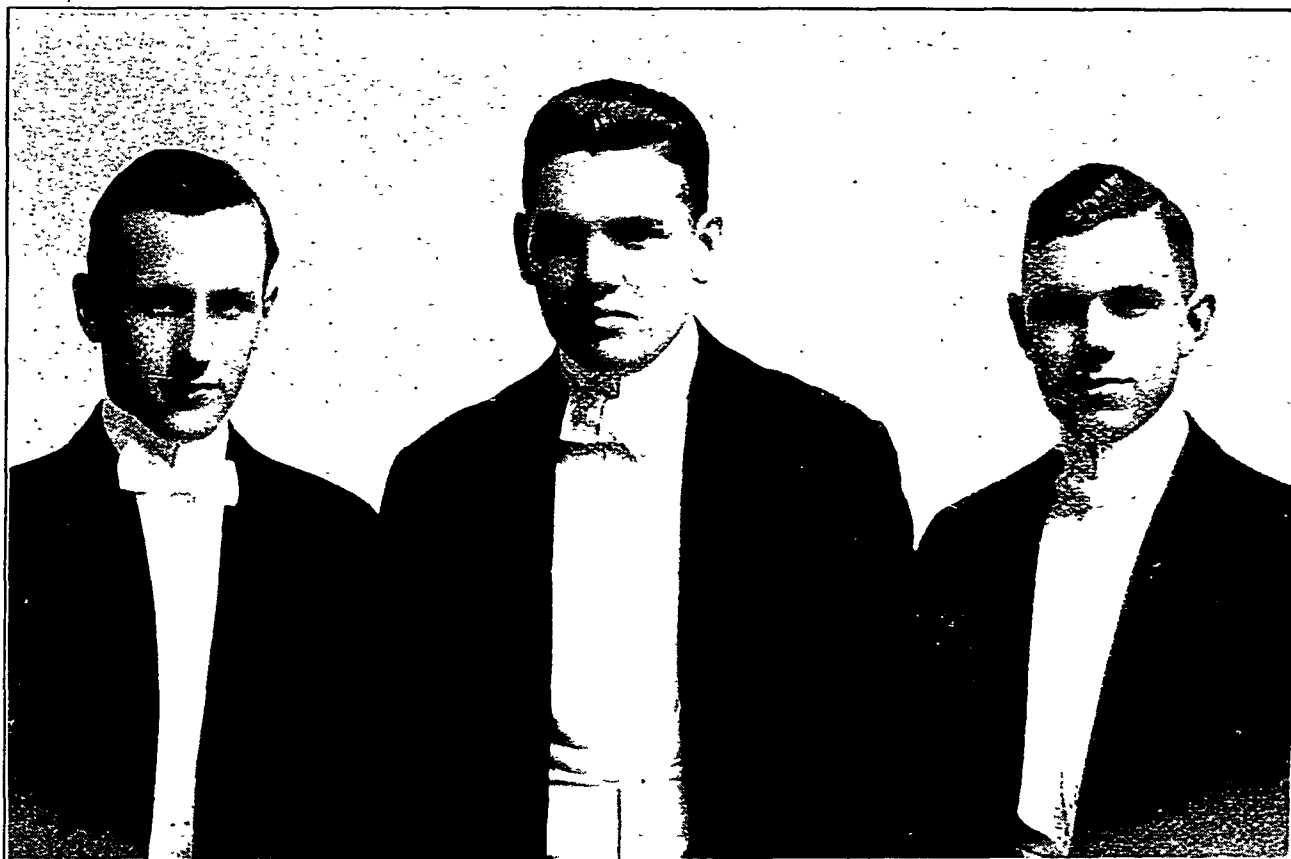
The Notre Dame men contended that there are voluntary forces at work in the industrial world which are gradually making for indus-

preventing strikes. In New South Wales after a trial of eleven years, the law was softened to something scarcely more compulsory than the present Canadian law. Now since compulsory arbitration fails to prevent strikes wherever it has been tried, and since some of the Australian states have already abandoned it after a long trial in favor of less drastic methods, it would seem the height of unwisdom for us to adopt it until we have first given a fair trial to such a method as compulsory investigation which has succeeded better in Canada than compulsory arbitration has succeeded anywhere.

The Detroit men spoke with the ease of practiced public speakers, but they did not evince a thorough knowledge of the question. The Notre Dame team had a better brief and were more conversant with the facts. Each one was at his level best and when the main speeches were finished, Notre Dame was safely in the lead. But the rebuttal is the test of the debater. There resourcefulness, skill and knowledge of the question win debates. The Detroit men rebutted with spirit and with cleverness, yet not with great effect, for Notre Dame urged insistently the facts of the failures of compulsory arbitration. In rebuttal LaJoie was good, Smith masterful, while Lenihan's closing rebut-

Dolan and Timothy P. Galvin. On only one occasion did these men have an opportunity of trying their prowess in public, but that one meeting with St. Viator's in Washington Hall clearly demonstrated that the 1915 debating team, are entitled to have their pictures in as conspicuous a place in Sorin Hall as the men before them.

Notre Dame's three main speeches made up a perfectly balanced constructive argument. The evils and horrors of the strike were forcibly and graphically presented by the first speaker, Mr. Schuster. He depicted the death, suffering and disaster which follow in the train of a great strike, laying special emphasis on the



GEORGE SCHUSTER

PATRICK DOLAN

TIMOTHY GALVIN

tal for Notre Dame was the most brilliant bit of work of the evening. The debate was of a high grade and very creditable to both schools. The members of the Detroit team and the authorities of the University of Detroit extended to the Notre Dame delegation every courtesy and hospitality. We shall try to defeat them again in debate, but we cannot hope to surpass them in hospitality.

The judges were: President Samuel Dickie, Albion College; Professor Edward D. Jones, U. of M., and Mr. Edwin O. Wood, of Flint, Michigan.

THE NOTRE DAME ST.-VIATOR'S DEBATE.

The affirmative team this year was composed of Messrs. George P. Schuster, Patrick H.

Calumet, Lawrence, and Colorado strikes. His strong, emotional appeal made a splendid background against which to place the speeches which followed.

Mr. Dolan then dealt with the theoretical view of compulsory arbitration. The principle that one man shall so exercise his rights as not to interfere with the rights of others, he took as his theme, and upon this he built an able presentation of the theoretical justice and need of compulsory arbitration. Mr. Dolan was both efficient and powerful in the handling of his subject, and his thundering oratory seemed to terrorize his opponents as not one refutation was made of the theories which he advanced.

The need of a remedy for the strike evil,

and the theoretical efficiency of compulsory arbitration having been shown, Mr. Galvin came to the front with the final constructive speech for the affirmative. He dealt with the practicability of the proposed measure and explained that the adoption of compulsory arbitration meant simply an extension of certain laws relative to Labor disputes which are already in force. Mr. Galvin's energetic directness completely disconcerted his opponents and he was clearly the speaker of the evening.

St. Viator's was represented by Messrs. Fulton J. Sheen, Robert J. Hilliard and Charles A. Hunt. They presented their case well, in speeches abounding in syllogisms and dilemmas, with which they confronted the affirmative speakers. Logical obstructions, however, proved no bar to the Notre Dame men. The negative arguments were systematically picked to pieces and when once their arguments had been opposed the St. Viator's men seemed unable to come back with the proper show of energy and spirit.

Weakness in refutation seemed the chief weakness of the negative men, their rebuttals seeming more in the nature of a continuation of the main speech rather than an attempt to overthrow the arguments advanced by the affirmative. On one occasion, Mr. Dolan was forced to call attention to the fact that new matter had been introduced into the debate by one of the rebuttal speakers. Robert J. Hilliard was perhaps the best man on the negative team in both the presentation of his point and in refutation.

Prof. John A. Fairlie of the University of Illinois, Judge Adeler J. Petit and Judge Richard S. Tuthill of Chicago were present and acted as judges. Their decision was unanimous in favor of the affirmative.

Personals.

—To make the competition among the St. Edward Hall teams more keen, Allerton Dee of Walsh Hall, has offered to give each member of the winning teams a souvenir pin.

—James Shea (Student '10) is general superintendent of the Atlas Construction Company, Ltd., one of the largest contracting concerns in Canada.

—J. L. Fish (Litt. B., '11) is now treasurer and local manager of the P. J. Sullivan Company, Ltd., a large engineering and contracting

concern located in Montreal. Mr. Fish was a member of the baseball squad.

—The Cleveland sleeper on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern which has heretofore been attached to train number 20, going East from South Bend at 11:05 at night, has been transferred to the train going East at 9:55.

Local News.

—On the Saturday night previous to Inspection Day, Captain and Mrs. Stoggsdall entertained the Staff Officers and Company Captains of the Military Organization at dinner. The Captains' reminiscences of days in the service, the visitors report, were much more enjoyable even than the plenteous solace for the inner man—and that's saying a lot.

—This year three of our best debaters are leaving us through graduation. Emmett G. Lenihan, who made the team in his Freshman year and who successfully closed five inter-collegiate debates. Clovis J. Smith who represented Notre Dame four times in inter-collegiate contests, and George Schuster who was on three winning teams. These men deserve great credit for their persevering work and should be an example to the aspiring debaters of the future.

The Eastern Trip.

The Varsity baseball team returned home Sunday night from the annual invasion of the East. We cannot truthfully say that the trip was not somewhat of a disappointment, but we can truthfully say that Notre Dame need not be ashamed of her team. The men played under many disadvantages,—all the games were on foreign fields and before hostile crowds; the weather was far from favorable; the jumps were long and tiresome, the accommodations were not what they should have been; and, in one game, the umpiring was the worst that a Notre Dame team has ever been compelled to face. Yet despite these handicaps the Varsity won two clean victories and lost two hard-fought ball games, and one debate. Since the five opposing teams ranked among the best college teams in the country the record is not a bad one.

NOTRE DAME, 10; COLGATE, 1.

After a splendid victory over Cornell on Monday, the tenth, a full account of which

was given in last week's SCHOLASTIC, the team journeyed to Hamilton, N. Y., where Colgate was defeated 10 to 1. Despite the fact that the players, laden with suit-cases and bat-bags made the last leg of the journey from Cornell to Colgate on foot, the men went into the game full of spirit and they played an unbeatable brand of baseball. In the field, at the bat and on the bases, the Notre Dame team performed splendidly. The determined attack of the Varsity clouters drove one pitcher to the bench and made another wish that he had stayed there.

Sheehan was in the box for Notre Dame, and Charlie handled the Easterners as effectively as he handled the Army and Navy last year. Though he allowed the Hamiltonians nine hits, Sheehan kept them well scattered and was master of the situation at all stages. The fact that Colgate was able to make only one run on nine hits is ample evidence of Sheehan's effectiveness in the pinches.

Full credit for the victory cannot be given to Sheehan, however, for he received brilliant support from his team-mates. Carmody and Bergman continued their wonderful work around second, handling sixteen chances with but one error. This error was charged against "Bergie," but the Dutchman more than made up for it by executing the most spectacular play of the game. One of the Colgate hitters crashed what looked like a sure hit through the pitcher's box, but Bergman dashed across second, dived into the dirt, picked up the ball and threw the runner out at first. This was only one of Bergman's nine chances and the way he handled the ball was a treat for the Easterners. In addition to starring in the field, "Dutch" lined out a hit, stole three bases, and scored two runs,—a good day's work for any man.

Lathrop made a phenomenal catch of a line drive in left field and in addition led the team in hitting with four bingles. Mills and Elward followed close behind "Zipper" with three blows apiece. The entire team, with the exception of the battery men, took a hand in the clouting. Notre Dame's first run was scored on a well-executed double steal.

The Colgate team was stronger than the score indicates, but the Maroon was unfortunate in meeting Notre Dame when our men were at their best. With Notre Dame's team going as it was at Colgate it is doubtful whether any team in the East could have beaten us.

THE FORDHAM GAME.

It is not without regret that we are compelled to recite the story of a 6 to 5 defeat at the hands of Fordham. It is not the policy of the SCHOLASTIC to complain, even though an official in an athletic contest does not seem quite fair. But silence in the face of injustice ceases to be a virtue when an old ball player—never a student at Notre Dame—writes on the day following the Notre Dame-Fordham game: "I have no recollection of a more barefaced and unconscionable robbery than that which was perpetrated yesterday on Fordham field with Notre Dame as the victim." Our correspondent, who has had five years' experience behind the bat, states in another part of his letter: "I am firmly convinced by close personal observation from my point of vantage, directly behind the plate, that Notre Dame not only can beat, but that they did beat Fordham, but that neither Notre Dame nor any other college team could beat that Fordham umpire."

The SCHOLASTIC does not wish to cast any reflections on Fordham or on her baseball team. Our quarrel is only with the man who umpired the game. We blame him alone for the events of that game. We maintain that the contest as Mr. Stockdale conducted it was no true test of the playing ability of the teams.

The game was played in a drizzling rain. Both sides went out in order in the first two innings. With the aid of a base on balls and a succession of Fordham errors, Notre Dame scored three runs in the third without making a hit. In the latter half of the same inning, "Slim" Walsh pitched himself out of a bad hole. "Slim" hit the first batter and walked the second. Then Walsh tightened up. He struck out two men, and the third out was made when Mills made a spectacular catch of a foul fly an inch from the right field fence.

Conway got Walsh in the hole in the fourth and "Slim" fed him a fast one straight over the plate. Conway hit it for a homer into deep center. Fordham scored two more runs in the same inning when Elward threw wild to the plate. The error was excusable as the ball was wet. The score remained a tie until the sixth, when Notre Dame scored two runs on two hits and an error. Walsh succeeded in pulling out of tight places in both the seventh and the eighth without a run being scored against him. The ninth inning began with the score 5-

to 3 in favor of Notre Dame. Berrigan, first up for Fordham in the last of the ninth, singled. Martin sacrificed him to second. McGovern then smashed the ball over Mills' head and into right field. The hit would not ordinarily have been more than a single, but the ball bounded into a summer house which was located along the right field line. Before Elward could find the ball and return it to the infield, Berrigan had scored and McGovern had reached third. The umpire then invited McGovern to come on home and score his run. The coachers had stopped McGovern at third and McGovern himself had neither any intention or any expectation of going on home until the umpire told him to do so. The umpire thought that because McGovern's hit had gone into the summer house he was entitled to a home run. There was no ground ruling on the point and the umpire's decision was so unusual that it would appear ludicrous to us, if Notre Dame had not traveled some thousand miles to play that baseball game. Despite the combined protests of the Notre Dame players, which lasted for some minutes, the umpire refused to change his decision, and the game was finally resumed with the score a tie.

Shankey drew a base on balls, the umpire's judgments on balls and strikes being at least questionable. Conway struck out. Walsh pitched four strikes to the next batter and the umpire gave him a base on balls. Carroll then hit to second and was clearly out at first, Carmody to Mills, but the umpire called him safe. Continued protests by the Notre Dame players were of no avail. The bases were now full and two were down. Kiernan hit to Bergman, who fumbled the ball for an instant and then shot it to Mills at least six feet ahead of the runner. The umpire yelled "Safe" and—but let us draw a veil over the poor, pathetic scene.

PRINCETON, 6; NOTRE DAME, 5.

Thursday saw Princeton take a hard-fought ten-inning game from our team. The strain of the trip was beginning to tell on the men and the "pep" that had been so much in evidence against Cornell and Colgate was lessening. Princeton excelled our men both at the bat and in the field and her victory was well earned.

Notre Dame secured a big lead in the first inning. Chaplin (not "Keystone Charlie"), who was pitching for Princeton, filled the bases

with two walks and an error by himself before anyone had been retired. Mills then drove out a hit, and before the Princeton team settled down, four runs had crossed the plate. Princeton immediately set out to overcome Notre Dame's lead. Hanks, the first man up, was safe on Bergman's error. He went to third on Scully's hit and scored on a sacrifice fly by Driggs.

Both Wells and Chaplin settled down after the first inning, and there was no more scoring until the fifth, when Kline reached first on a hit and worked his way around for Notre Dame's last tally. Princeton scored one run in the fifth, two in the sixth and one in the seventh. The runs in the fifth and seventh were earned runs, but Kenny's errors accounted for the two in the sixth.

Neither side was able to break the tie until the tenth when Kelleher singled and was put out at second when he overslid the bag after Chaplin had bunted. Chaplin was safe at first and advanced to third when Hanks doubled to center; Scully singled to left sending Chaplin home with the winning run.

One of the regrettable incidents of the game occurred when Catcher Salmon of the Tigers split his finger. The accident will keep the Princeton man out of the line-up for some days.

Kline, who was back at his old position at third, proved the star for Notre Dame. He had eight chances with only one error and that on an exceptionally hard chance. "Jake" clouted as of old, being the only man to make two hits off Chaplin. Kenny's throwing was one of the features of the game, as he caught several Princeton men off the sacks. Carmody continued his consistent fielding and Bergman handled eight chances with only one error. While Wells pitched a creditable game, he was not so effective as in the Cornell game. "Prep" needs more than two days' rest between games, and the strain of two extra inning contests prevented him from pitching in his best form.

NAVY, 5; NOTRE DAME, 2.

One of the features of last year's eastern trip was the manner in which Charlie Sheehan pitched his team to a victory over the Navy. The Midshipmen have not forgotten Sheehan's work. They had waited a year for revenge on our twirler and last Saturday they secured that revenge by jumping on Sheehan in the first inning and driving in three runs before the local twirler could get started.

Sheehan's failure is easily and gladly excused when we remember that this was the first Eastern game that the veteran has ever lost. The fact that the Annapolis men were able to connect with our twirler's curves is only a testimonial for the strength of the Navy's team.

The chief stumbling block which our team encountered at Annapolis was a gent named Blodgett. Blodgett was in the box for the Navy. Some of the Notre Dame swatters claim that Blodgett had a fourteen-inch gun stowed away inside his pitching arm. Blodgett is described by one of the Notre Dame men as being "as tall as Mills and as sturdy as Eichenlaub." At any rate the opposing "zipped" the ball over the plate with so much speed and such sharp curves that only the steady eye and heavy bat of Joe Kenny saved Notre Dame from a shutout. Joe was responsible for both of Notre Dame's runs. He connected for a home run in the third, but unfortunately the blow came at a time when the sacks were unoccupied. In the following inning, the clever backstop lined out a double, sending Carmody home with Notre Dame's second and last score.

Kline continued his star playing, fielding his position perfectly and driving out two hits. This made "Jake" the leading hitter of the trip, although he participated in only two games. Duggan and Walsh were the only other men who hit safely off Blodgett, each securing a single. Excellent fielding by the Navy players aided Blodgett materially, the third baseman robbing Carmody and Elward of hits on two successive plays in one inning.

"Slim" Walsh went into the box after the Navy's first three runs had been scored and proved just as effective as Blodgett. The Navy men were able to hit Walsh in only one inning, the fifth, and then the hits were not of the cleanest kind. At other stages the old Sorin star had the opposing batters popping into the air or swinging in vain. The slender gentleman was given excellent backing, only one error being charged against Notre Dame. The game lasted but one hour and thirty-five minutes, being the fastest played on the Navy grounds this year.

NOTES OF THE TRIP.

"Mike" Carmody missed only one train.

"Slim" Walsh proved the surprise of the trip. He went into the Cornell game in the

eleventh with the bases full and let the Ithacans down with one run. Under the most adverse conditions he pitched winning ball against Fordham and his work against the Navy was gilt-edged.

The work of the infield was splendid in every game. "Mike" Carmody handled 34 chances with only one error, and Bergman was a whirlwind in every game.

WHERE EACH MAN PLAYED HIS BEST GAME.

Captain Duggan at Cornell. "Zipper" Lathrop at Colgate. "Dutch" Bergman at Cornell. "Rupe" Mills at Colgate. "Jake" Kline at Princeton. "Mike" Carmody at Cornell. "Joe" Kenny at Annapolis. "Mal" Elward at Colgate. "Chubby" Corcoran at Colgate. "Pete" Mottz at Annapolis. "Charlie" Sheehan at Colgate. "Prep" Wells at Cornell. "Slim" Walsh at Annapolis.

THE COMPOSITE SCORE OF THE TRIP.

	R	H	E
Opponents	20	49	15
Notre Dame	27	39	12

CORBY VS. BROWNSON.

The meeting of these two old rivals resulted in the complete overthrow of Corby, despite the fact that "Andy" McDonough had the bats crossed to "hoodoo" the Brownson team.

In the opening period a muffed fly for Mathews, a pass for Spalding, and a triple for Keenan started the scoring, and the sons of Orestes kept it up intermittently throughout the game. It seemed at first as if the affair was to end in a freeze-cut for Corby, but when Bachman's bulk was thrown into play, the ice was broken. Perhaps the sight of the Varsity giant waiting for his turn at the plate, and passing the time by gently swinging six bats, frightened the Brownsonites, for with "Charley" in the field Whelan's bunch was able to break the monotonous line of ciphers with a three and a two.

Although Lynch is undeniably a good twirler, the fact that he struck out twelve men was due less to his ability than to the Corby batter's lack of it. Unfortunately Dorwin is a wonder on every day except Sunday, and his unusually poor performance, coupled with bad support, made a target that the Brownson marksmanship could not fail to hit.

Brownson 2 4 0 1 0 1 2 0 0—10 10 1
Corby 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 2 0—5 5 5
Batteries: Dorwin, Murphy and Myers; Lynch and Keenan. Umpires—Mooney and O'Donnell.

Safety Valve.

Judging from the poetry the Freshmen write they must be good to their mothers. Every third piece handed in this week was addressed to Mother.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Do you know of anything that can keep a fellow's toes from going through his stockings. I've had every kind of half-hose lately, from the very expensive kind to the very cheap kind, but I find them all alike. After a day's wear, my great toe is well advanced on its journey through the stocking. Is there anything to prevent it.

J. McSHANE.

We are informed that Hotentots never have this trouble, which would go to prove that it can be prevented. What we are desirous of knowing, however, is whether or not you sometimes get the wrong laundry. Our stockings have whole new toes sewed into them and we are certain we never wore out the old ones.

We don't know why it is that when a fellow who is getting all dressed up to go out happens to drop his collar-button on the floor, the pesky thing rolls way in under the bed, where the dust has been collecting for days. There's no answer to it except the soft gentle words spoken when the thing happens to you.

These bone-rimmed glasses certainly are becoming—they seem to match the head, don't you know!

About a year ago this time the Walshites buried the SCHOLASTIC on account of an editorial contained therein relating to Walsh Hall and Military Drill. They should dig it up to-day and read it. It was that knock that got first place for them in this year's competition. Of course the pall-bearers of last year's funeral were in the Corby company this year, and that helped too.

DEAR EDITOR:—

Why is it that the rules of etiquette are very often as ridiculous as the styles; and that an ordinary man has no chance to be at home in high society. Why, for instance, should it be good form to cut an orange in half and eat it with a spoon thereby endangering one's eyesight, spoiling one's good clothes, and running the risk of being sued by the man across the table for squirting juice in his face.

HILGARTNER.

We don't know whether etiquette or Hilgartner is to blame for this. As for us, we always look down the bill of fare for sliced oranges.

We could be arrested for what we think of some of the people who send us letters of inquiry. A gentleman in Walsh Hall wants to know what we do when we have hives; a Sorinite asks us if the dentist has a moral right to touch the nerve when filling a tooth; a Carrollite believes that a cone should be the same circumference at top and bottom so that the ice cream could go all the way down; a minim writes asking whether Shakespeare or Ty Cobb is the greater

man; and lastly, a Corby Haller is anxious to learn whether white or lavender silk gloves should be worn at a formal dance in summer by a person having warts on his hands. To all of which we answer—YES.

New Student:—"I had a horrible dream last night. I dreamed the University had set aside five acres of ground for growing rhubarb."

Old Student:—"You'll find out if you eat meals here from now till the end of June that your dream ain't half true. No ten-acre lot could hold what we get in pie and out of pie."

THIS MAN OR HIS PARENTS?

Professor:—"What's your name, sir?"

Student:—"La Rue Lawbaugh."

Professor:—"Get out of here at once, and don't come back. I'm not asking questions to have a smart youngster like you give me fresh answers."

The following verse was handed in by Freshmen, and though we had no room for it in the front part we don't want the students to miss it.

TO GRETCHEN.

Sweet heart, I love you;
Every drop of dew
That shines in heaven's blue
Tells me that you are true.
Some day mayhap
I'll hold you in my lap
And I won't care a snap
How other people rap
If only I
Can look into your eye*
And ask you why
You will not play "I spy"
With me, and where
You got your silken hair
That ruffles in the air
And makes you look so fair.
Sweet heart, I sigh and pine
"Will you be mine—just mine?"

TOM HEALY.

TO ELFRIDA.

Darling, caress me, am I not your pride?
Was ever mortal fairer to behold,
Are not my eyes full of the light of love,
And are my locks not of the purest gold?
Do I not come from culture's true abode
To throw myself into your snowy arms
How like a titan do I stride above
Those lowly college boys who come from farms.

Darling, methinks the year would not be long,
If I could hold your lovely hand all day,
If I could bathe in your warm glowing smile
And watch love's ripples o'er your red lips play.
I would not care how storms would rage without
Nor fear the streaked fire that rends the blue,
But like a happy golden-headed babe
I'd smile all day if I could be with you.

CHARLES IRVING MATHEWS.

* This refers to the right eye.