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## To a Boy Serving Mass.

LIGHT limbs so full of joyous living,  
Light steps that with such thoughtless grace  
are trod,  
Light heart that rides life's morning billows  
Flushed now with very breathing love of God.  
  
Here to the altar's simple glory,  
He brings the bounty of his singing heart,  
And pours its clean, full, sweet oblation  
Into the chalice, and God is his part.  
  
What better part has there been given  
To any man than keep in his embrace  
This spikenard heart, this vessel of election,  
The shining soul that lights the boyish face.  
  
Far more sublime than sunset glory  
Or dawning's purpling is the unmingled light  
Of this young love:—if thus *we* view it,  
How seems it in the best Belovéd's sight.

James H. McDonald.

## A Plea for Underpaid Labor.

BY TIMOTHY GALVIN.

AMERICA is a land of plenty. Her economic development has only begun, but already her wealth is so great that if it were divided equally among her people, each man, woman and child in the land would receive more than nineteen hundred dollars, and every family of average size would be worth about ten thousand dollars. This division of the wealth of the United States, which I have made in order to show the enormity of that wealth, has no counterpart in actual fact. For here in America to-day, in the midst of this superabundance, there are thousands and thousands of homes in which men and women hunger and there is no food, in which children shiver and there is no fuel, in which newborn babies sicken and die for

want of the literal necessities of life. These conditions are common in every part of the country,—common in spite of the fact that many of the fathers of such destitute families have done all that is humanly possible to provide for their homes. These men have labored long and honestly and well, and yet even in this land of wealth they do not receive a wage sufficient to sustain themselves or their families. Abstracting from a fairly numerous middle class who live in moderate comfort, the outstanding feature of our economic existence is the staggering fact of fabulous wealth on the one hand, and on the other of absolute want.

If we have any sense of humanity it ought to shock us to know that the chief cause of this anomalous economic condition is the underpayment of labor. Within the past few years students and legislators have investigated the wage conditions in the United States. They have found in every State where an investigation has been made that thousands of unskilled workers are badly underpaid. A recent investigation of 42,000 wage-earners of both sexes in New York City revealed the fact that more than half of these workers receive less than eight dollars per week, not more than half of the amount necessary for the maintenance of a family of average size in that city. The facts regarding underpayment are substantially the same in all the States which have not found a remedy for underpayment.

This evil exists in the East and the West alike. In the clothing trades, in department stores, in practically every industry where the workers are unorganized, and, because of poverty and ignorance unorganizable, underpayment is sure to be found. The director of research and investigation for the United States Commission on Industrial Relations recently declared that "fully one-half of the wage-earners employed in industry" do not receive an income sufficient to provide the minimum conditions of decent living. In

the face of all the evidence of underpayment that is now on record, in the face of page after page of statistics in proof of this fact, it is mere obstinacy to deny that a great body of American wage-earners who are devoting their best efforts to swell our volume of production are not receiving in return a remuneration sufficient to provide them with the common necessities of life.

Now, the first and most important consideration regarding the underpayment of these laborers is this—that this underpayment is fundamentally wrong. Since these laborers cannot secure the necessities of life they cannot live decent and reasonable lives, such as human beings ought to live. These laborers do not have a chance to live like men; and certainly if the Creator had any purpose whatsoever in the creation of the human race, He intended that men should live like men and not like beasts. It is because all these underpaid laborers are men, and therefore entitled to live as men, that I maintain they are the victims of gross injustice. Have we no sense of right at all that we can behold without indignation the contrast between the hovel which the employee calls a home and the palace of the employer, especially when we know that the employee's toil has made possible the employer's luxury? Such conditions are absolutely and eternally wrong, and they will not be tolerated if that spirit of equality upon which the American democracy has been founded still lives.

But the underpayment of labor is not only a grave wrong, it is also a grave social danger. To it must be attributed much of our ignorance and disease and crime. How can the underpaid laborer educate himself or his children? How can his family, living as it must in filthy, crowded quarters, escape the ravages of disease? Should we not expect that these defrauded laborers will turn against society and civilization and government to follow the red flag of anarchy? Dare we hope that these cheated men will never rise in their fury to burn and to pillage and to kill? Remember, too, that the underpaid laborers of to-day are the fathers of the men and women of to-morrow. What can those men and women be if their parents are compelled to live like animals? Must we not expect that the unprotected children of the underpaid will crowd our juvenile courts to-day and our asylums and our penitentiaries to-morrow? The underpaid laborer and his

family are the easy prey of a thousand temptations; and it is not they alone that must suffer the consequences of their fall: we and our children with them shall reap the whirlwind.

But the message I bring you to-day is not the message of despair; for underpayment is not only unjust and dangerous: it is also unnecessary. It need not continue. I say that underpayment is unnecessary, because reason tells us that there must be some way to prevent such an injustice, and the way has already been found. In certain parts of the world underpayment is now successfully prohibited by means of the legal minimum wage. In Australia and in New Zealand this measure obtains; in England it has been applied to more than a million workers; and nine of our American States have already adopted it in one form or another. In all of these places boards are appointed to investigate wage conditions in trades where investigation is needed. After an investigation, these boards establish a minimum wage, and employers are then prohibited by law from paying less than this wage. The measure simply and directly prevents the underpayment of labor. It is not claimed that it will bring the millennium. It is not offered as a means of eliminating all poverty. I say only that it will give all wage-earners what is theirs by every law of justice and right—the opportunity to live like men. If they refuse to take advantage of the opportunity, the fault will be theirs and not ours. We shall have done our duty.

Now, there are many who will object to this proposal. Some will say that the legal minimum wage violates the right of free contract. We answer them by saying that the laborer who in making his wage-contract can choose only between working and starving, has no real freedom. Some will declare that no laborer will be paid more than the minimum wage; others will argue that rather than pay this wage, employers will discharge their workmen by the thousands. We answer these objections by declaring that these difficulties have not been encountered where the minimum wage has been tried. We point again to experience to refute those who brand our proposal as radical and impracticable; for it is the verdict of all investigators that wherever the minimum wage has been adopted, it has proved a wonderful success.

Our duty is as clear as the noonday sun. A great host of underpaid laborers are denied

the chance to live like men. In their extremity they turn to us for help. Justice is their plea. How long is that plea to go unanswered? Other states have righted the wrongs of the cheated laborer by placing the legal minimum wage upon their statute books. Let our own State of Indiana, and every other American State that has not already done so, follow the example. Let us use our influence as American citizens to secure the emancipation of our brethren who have been so long shackled and oppressed, who are buried in a living grave. Let us, like ministering angels, roll back the stone which blocks the entrance to that grave, that light may dissipate the darkness of those blighted lives, and warm the shrivelled bodies and the shrunken souls, that they may blossom forth once more into the full stature of manhood, and that thus all mankind may share in the glory of their resurrection.

### Varsity Verse.

#### THE COMING OF SPRING.

Fair Springtime! how I long to see  
You come to us again  
And walk the fields, while on your lips  
Is the song of April rain.

Short time you have with us to stay,  
So clothe the birds and trees,  
Bring snowy clouds and bluest skies  
And June with her drowsy bees.

*Charles W. Jones.*

#### A TRIOLET.

In the marsh is a wren  
Sweet to me will it sing?  
If full sad be the fen.  
In the marsh is a wren,  
Yea, 'twill sing sweet to men  
If their hearts hold the Spring.  
In the marsh is a wren  
Sweet to me will it sing?

*F. Butler.*

#### A REFLECTION.

In the watery deep,  
There are gems from the sky,  
And they glimmer and leap  
In the watery deep.  
But are lulled into sleep,  
As the waves softly sigh.  
In the watery deep,  
There are gems from the sky.

*P. V. Beaghan.*

#### RONDEAU.

An actor rare I'd like to be,  
And have folks bowing low to me;  
I'd strut the stage with august mien,  
And rant and rave in every scene.  
And revel in prosperity.

I then could play "Shylock," you see,  
And leave unto posterity

My fame, a second Edmund Keene,  
An actor rare.

To Riches' door I'd hold the key!

I'd play my parts right heartily;

My "Lear" would be the best e'er seen.

Oh, all folks toward me then would lean,  
An idol of the matinee,

An actor rare.

*D. E.*

#### HERSELF.

There was a young lady from Goshen,  
Who went for a dip in the Ocean,

The crowd on the sand

All gave her a hand

Because of her wonderful motion.

*H. J. Stickney*

### The Charlotte Fever.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON.

Yes, sir, all bets are off when it comes to women and weather reports. Noah is the only person on record that ever outguessed the weatherman, and he had to do it so his Flood and the Johnstown ditto could be used by health officers to show the horrible results of careless expectoration. But as for any mere male dopin' out a woman's course of action in advance, take it from me, it's never been done.

You've probably noticed the man that stands around a cigar store with a cigarette in his mouth, and not a brain in his head, givin' the general public the opportunity to profit by his experience with the Sweeter Sex. He sticks his thumb in the armhole of his vest, crosses one foot over the other, and broadly asserts that back as far as the time when Eve sprang her little surprise party on Adam, every doll that ever existed was stuffed with the same kind of sawdust. That sort of a guy, I say, knows least about women. He's probably a poor single boob that some feminine picture

puzzle is humorin' along till she's changed his first name to Benedict.

But to cut out the abstract remarks and get into the concrete, without a doubt Charlotte Blakeslee was the Queen Bee of Heart-Breakers. Charlotte lived in Easturn while I was a student at Preston. And I'm pretty safe in saying that during my four years at the college I didn't know over ten men that hadn't been violently in love with her at one time or another. The study of Feminantics under Professor Charlotte was part of the regular curriculum at Preston. Give a new arrival just one glance at her and that meant another victim. From that time forward for about a month his hometown girl was forgotten and he communed with Shelley and the little arrow god. It hit 'em all. The light that lay in Charlotte's eyes kindled a fire in their hearts that no inoculation could quench till she performed the operation herself.

Oh, Charlotte was a wonderful girl. Beside her Venus declined into pallid paltriness. What the secret of her charm was I don't know. At times she was like dewy violets on a sunny May morning. At other times she reminded you of carnations at a funeral, pretty enough but not exactly inviting. Just when some poor fool would get to thinkin' she'd allow no one else but him to pay her bills for life, she'd yawn in his face and tell him to run on home like a nice little boy.

Miss Blakeslee could turn down passionate proposals with the greatest ease and facility. She always let the fellow see by delicately veiled hints and timidly amorous glances that she was desperately smitten with him, and then she'd pick out a soft spot and throw him down. Her father thought she was too young to marry, or she'd promised her mother on her deathbed never to wed. Every time it was somethin' different. All the while she'd be wearin' a "This hurts me worse than it does you" look that would leave the man at her feet weepin' salty tears on the Turkish rug over the cruelty of a world that separated two whose love was so perfect. It didn't make any difference how much money they had or how good-lookin' they were, Charlotte treated them all alike. She made extensive and promiscuous promises to be a sister to every fellow in the school, but no one could make her consent to to contract a closer degree of relationship.

Of course, I got all this dope by hearsay, never havin' slipped her any of the love-stuff

myself. No, no, this isn't a stall. I'm givin' you the goods straight. I'll admit I fell as hard as the rest of 'em the first time I saw her, but she had too deep an understanding of the less deadly species to suit me. She'd ask one or two leadin' questions, and before you knew it you'd be tellin' her the story of your past life and your plans for the future. I went up to see her several times, but I was about as much at home in her presence as a lawyer at a Calculus class. She could hear tattling tongues in everything I said, read books in every move I made, and could find no good in anything about me.

The last time I called at her home I took a friend with me. That is, he was my friend till after that night. Now, the less time spent in describing this chap the better it will be, but let me say that whoever named him knew what they were about. His descriptive appellation was Obie Still, but one who knew him well felt that he should have been named Aw Shut Up. How he ever wheedled me into taking him to call on Miss Blakeslee I can't figure out yet. Understand, I'm not kicking about the spilt milk; I'm just wonderin' how it got upset.

Well, anyway we got there. It was a hot night in early June just before the closin' of the school year. The three of us sat on the front porch in the swing, Charlotte in the middle. Obie started to talk the minute we arrived, and he kept it up till it made me perspire to listen to him exert himself. With that boy, speech wasn't a gift; it was a curse. I was hopin' that Providence would be kind enough to send him a sudden attack of lockjaw, and make his teeth act as a dam to the flow of words, but nothin' like that happened.

There I sat, feelin' like a great big gob of nothin' with the starch runnin' out of my collar down my neck, tryin' to put a little stiffness into my back, and not succeedin'. To make matters worse the mosquitoes for miles around had gathered on that porch to hold an aviation meet. Every time I opened my mouth some pilot would lose his head and steer right in, probably mistaking the opening for his hangar.

But there was no need of my savin' anything as long as Obie was there. He sure did have his own ideas about parlor diversions. If he'd only just stuck to talkin' it wouldn't have been so bad. But when he begins to spring some sickly jokes that he'd Luther-Burbanked himself—then it was awful! He started out with an old vaudeville standby, volunteering

to sing a beautiful little ballad entitled: "I didn't raise my garden to be a Happy Hunting Ground for Hens."

"I wish you were back on the farm, buried in that garden right now," I groans to myself.

Would you believe it, he strikes out next with a Ford joke! How I did long for chloroform or a sand-bag or somethin'! The story was about a bankrupt Ford agent that sold his tires for teething rings or some atrocity almost as bad. When Obie gets through he was greeted by a profound burst of silence. But the dear boy wasn't discouraged. He starts in again, still goin' strong.

"Your friend is quite an entertainer," says Charlotte to me in a low tone.

"Yes, he is; ha, ha! Ha, ha!" I answers, laughin' like an undertaker that hears one of his prospects is gettin' better.

I blush to go on. But I want you to understand fully why I got away so poor with Miss Blakeslee, so let the second reel follow immediately. And remembering that the devil loveth a cheerful liar, and havin' no desire for affection in that quarter, I'll tell it to you just as it happened.

The next trick that Obie played was a little conundrum. "Why," he asks, "was Achilles like the man that wears Paris Garters?"

Wasn't that a great thing to unload on an unsuspecting pair like Charlotte and me? Of course I knew what he meant, any man would, but how could you expect a lady to be interested in advertisements like that?

Obie was chucklin' to himself, and pretty soon he blurts out: "Of course, Miss Blakeslee, I didn't suppose you'd be able to answer that because you probably never wore that kind of—"

Just about that time Charlotte gets up, brings us our hats, and says sweetly:

"Must you go?"

"Oh, I ain't in a hurry," says Obie.

I grabbed him by the arm and we went. I stumbled down the walk feelin' like a British Tommy with the German measles. Honest, I didn't have the heart to say anything to Obie. I thought if he didn't have sense enough to know any better, nothin' I could say would do him any good. Pretty soon he speaks up:

"Awful nice of her to let us go so early, wasn't it? More'n likely she thought we had to get up early for classes tomorrow."

My answer was more forcible than amiable. "Aw go to Hell," I said, simply but earnestly.

"I've made other arrangements," he comes back. But he drops into his boarding-house just the same. It may not sound reasonable, but I never went to see Charlotte again after that.

The next year I was a Senior at Preston. Miss Blakeslee was still on the job, fascinating them all and turning 'em down as fast as they came. She seemed to be harder to please than ever that season. Only one or two fellows held favor for any length of time.

"The guy that marries her," somebody said, "will have to have John D's money, Henry Ford's spending abilities, Earle Williams' looks, Jess Willard's size, and a head like Thomas A. Edison."

There is one thing that no college can get away from as long as the human race remains the same. When the middle of September comes, and mothers are bidding fond farewells to their departing sons, out of the youths that cast their lots with each school there is bound to be a certain number of that class of the genus "homo," one of which, popular opinion declares, is born every minute. "The right to refuse admittance to all undesirables" cannot be reserved, and consequently the lack brains are free to inflict themselves on the poor helpless institutions of learning. The boobs, however, always serve to provide amusement for the rest of the student body.

The year I graduated from Preston was also notable for one other thing: the sojourn of Philbert Gibbs at our Alma Mater. He came to Preston in his senior year, because the authorities of the last college he attended got tired of having him around and requested him not to come back. Philbert was an example of the Social Gangster in its wildest and most untamed form. His head consisted of nothing but red hair and a loud grin. And don't think I'm forgetting anything because I didn't mention brains. No one ever accused that old boy of having anything inside his skull but the idea that he was a Society Devil and some other curious beliefs. Yet, what need did Philbert have of brains? The only questions he was ever called upon to decide were what color of tie best matched his crimson summit, and other intellect-rackers of that nature.

Gibbs kept his eyes open, watched the real sports about the place and rigged himself out in imitation. When they began to make things easy for the barbers by letting the hair grow

above their mouths, he tried the stunt too, but found his lip couldn't stand the strain. So he decided people would take a red mustache for the nose bleed and gave it up. Every time you talked to him he'd be growing into his voice a new accent that he'd heard somewhere, and that had struck his fancy.

They say Philbert used to go back to the middle-sized city where he Saw America First and pose as somewhat of a highbrow. He called their front yard "the lawns," and his father the "guv'nor." He'd drive the family bus around town, leaning out the side to make 'em think he knew something about machinery. He was supposed to be taking M. E., but whenever anyone called him an Engineer, they put a strong emphasis on the last syllable.

Philbert always had plenty of money, I guess, his folks bein' well off, but he hung onto it like the driver of the car ahead of you sticks to the middle of the road on a dusty day. One thing in Philbert's favor, however, was his good-nature. This trait wasn't due to his disposition though, but to the fact that he didn't have sense enough to know when someone was handing him the laughs.

One afternoon in early October Harry Potter and I were sitting in my room smokin' and talkin', when Charley Glynn comes in.

"Listen," Charley says disgusted like, "I was just uptown with Philbert Gibbs—"

"Serves you right if somethin' happened to you then," Harry told 'im.

"Well, I was tryin' to walk ahead of him so no one would think I knew him, but I couldn't lose 'im. And who should come along but Charlotte Blakeslee? I stopped to talk, and o' course there was no way out of it, so I had to introduce Philbert to 'er."

"Oh, well, I guess there's no harm done. Charlotte knows a nut when she sees one."

"Yes, but whad'ye know about it, the crock asked her if he couldn't call."

"What did she say?"

"What could she say? She told 'im he'd be welcome any time."

"Sure! Welcome as an Irish brogue in the synagogue! I think Charlotte will get enough o' him in one date."

"You bet your life she will!"

"Philbert thinks he has a great drag already."

"Yeah, just about one trip to her house and she'll be draggin' him out."

The door opens, and Philbert himself walks

in, with a grin smeared all over his face.

"Well, speakin' o' the devil!" Harry cries, real hearty. "Phil, old boy, I hear you made a big hit with Miss Blakeslee?"

"Oh, suah." (Philbert was cultivatin' a Southern intonation at the time.) "She suh-tainly seemed to enjoy my company."

"The women sure do fall for big, manly men like yourself, Phil. Sort o' love at first sight, eh?"

"Oh no, not that bad yet. You see, Miss Chahlotte hasn't seen quite enough of me yet."

"All that'll come later, I suppose?"

"Without a doubt. I think I've had enough experience with the ladies to know how to handle 'em by this time."

"I'll tell you how to get in swell," I suggested. "Send her a present right off the reel. Charlotte likes that."

"I'm suah I'd like to, but really I'm dead broke." (I'll bet the confounded miser had no less than twenty-five dollars hoarded up in his room right then.)

"Save cigarette coupons, and get 'er somthing."

"No, don't try that," Harry says. "By the time you have enough coupons saved up to get anything, the only thing you'll need will be a coffin."

"Anyway," Philbert breaks in, "presents aren't necessary if you understand women. Miss Charlotte'll know what kind of a man I am before long. I'll have her at my feet in a month."

"Ain't that nice?" Harry says admiringly. "But listen, Phil, treat dear Charlotte well. The poor girl isn't used to the rough ways of men."

"Aw, never mind, old chap. I just said that in sahcasm. Honestly, at haht I'm weak as a baby when it comes to women. Now, last yeah I had nine leap-yeah puhposals, and can you believe it, I was so chicken-hahted, I couldn't beah to turn 'em down."

"Is it possible? Only nine proposals, though. Last year must've been a bad year for you."

"Well, yes, it was, in a way. But you see, I can generally tell when they're coming, so I edged quite a few of them off. I'll nevah forget the night I was puposed to the first time. It was at a pahty. I'd noticed one young lady watchin' me all evenin' with deathless admiration in her face and a twinkle in her eye. Every time I'd go into a room I'd find her there ahead



of me, waitin' on me. She always had another fellow with her, so I wouldn't notice it too much, you see. Finally, I put it up to her. I says:

'Miss Helen, what is it you want? You've been following me about all evening.'

'Have I? she answered, pretendin' to be surprised. 'I hadn't noticed it.'

'Well, I have,' I told her. I didn't mince matters a bit.

'I guess I must have been trying to figure out how it would feel to be your mother, and have you hanging around the house all the time,' she answers smilin'.

She said 'mother' but any fool would've known she meant 'wife.'

'You did, I suppose,' Harry puts in, innocently.

'Oh, of cohse. I says: 'It's too late, Miss Helen, I've already been spoke for.'

'What do you mean?' she asked puzzled-like.

I was real haughty about it. 'I mean that I'm already considering a puhposal.'

Of cohse, that was the first time anyone had ever made love to me, but I had to tell the poor girl something. Seein' that I'd turned 'er down she got real snippish.

'Why, you conceited nincompoop,' she snaps, 'how dare you!' An' with that she walks off, I'll never forget it.'

'I shouldn't think you would,' Harry says. "Nut, oh dear, I wish I could harden my heart the way you do. I'm afraid I'd be so soft I'd let the first lady take me."

"Oh, after the first two or three puhposals it isn't so bad," Philbert informed him kindly. "You get used to it."

When he left, Harry throws back his head and laughs. "Well, of all the cast-iron conceit," he gasps. "That guy actually has the nerve to think we're swallowin' his line. Nine proposals! If they were all like the first one, it's a wonder he's a single man to-day."

A few nights later, sure enough, Philbert starts out, fitted up like a knight-errant. How he and Charlotte spent the evening together is something I've never found out. Anyway, the next morning between class periods, a crowd of us were draped about the furniture in my room, talkin' things over. Most of the men there were admirers of Miss Blakeslee, but head and shoulders above the rest was Bill Hughes. Bill had succeeded in keeping the fickle one interested off and on for four years,

and we all suspected that she was waitin' for him to graduate to marry him. And there wasn't a single fellow in the school that wouldn't rather have seen Bill get her than anybody else—as long as they couldn't win her themselves. Charlotte showed good taste by hanging on to Bill. He was a big, good-looking, modest six feet of man, the kind of a chap that could get along with any girl's older brother. And Charlotte was all the world to him. Her voice was Victrola music to his ears. That morning he sang her praises verse after verse, and they all joined in the chorus. Finally:

"Last night was a big night for Charlotte," somebody says.

"Probably took 'er to the movies," Bill groans, "and then went home and talked 'er to death for a couple hours. That's his idea of a big night. It's a shame that poor girl hasn't got the heart to turn these nuts down when they ask for dates."

"Cheer up, Bill," I says consolingly. "Charlotte likes to give 'em all a chance. Philbert isn't likely to go up there again."

"Well, I should hope not."

Just then the fly in the ointment comes buzzin' in, grinnin' as cheerful as if he has the power of Daniel over the lion's den he was runnin' into. Bill gave 'im one look and then his gaze went out the window and stayed there.

"Well, Philbert," Harry sings out, "how do you feel after your evening's dissipation?"

The tones of the aristocratic Southerner no longer held attraction for Philbert. His latest vocal accomplishment was an ingrown "New Joisey" accent, but I wouldn't attempt to spell the words the way he pronounced them.

"Oh, fine," he says. "I'm used to that. When I'm home I rarely go to bed before three or four o'clock. So you see retiring early all the time would tell on me quicker than anything else."

"I see," Harry answers, nodding gravely. "I suppose 'an enjoyable time was had by all.'"

"Well, I'm sure Charlie must have had a good time."

Bill's eyes swung around for a minute and rested on Philbert, and his lip curled up like a fish-hook.

"What do you think of Charlotte?" Harry goes on.

"Oh," replies Philbert in an off-hand way, "she's just mediocre."

Bill stood up slowly, then walked over and

stood lookin' down at him without sayin' a word. Philbert's head almost came up to the second button on Bill's vest.

"Listen, you," Hughes speaks up finally, "do you mean to stand there and tell me Charlotte Blakeslee is *mediocre*?"

Gibbs was so scared he forgot his accent. "I—I guess maybe I put it a little strong. I should have said she was very poor."

At that Bill threw a fit all over the room, with three of us hangin' onto him. Philbert seemed to think we didn't need his help so he sneaked out.

"Never mind, Bill," Harry says, patting him on the back, "Charlotte probably refused him a second date, and he had to talk like that as an excuse for not goin' back."

But Harry was mistaken. It wasn't long before Gibbs was around expressin' his intention of givin' "Sharlie another chynce." (We'd been studying Kipling's poems in English, and Philbert's conversation at the time, sounded like a Cockney teamster pleading with his horses.)

"Look out," Harry warned him, "Charlotte's broken many a man's heart."

"Wal, if there's any 'eart brykin' done in this cyse, I'll do it."

"I tell you she hasn't any heart. Be careful."

"Aw, careful! One man says: 'Look before you leap', and another says: 'E who 'esitates is lost! In other words: 'Tyke your choice. You can't win either wye.'"

What can you do with a guy that reasons like that? Of course, we knew that Charlotte was just playin' with him, but we couldn't make him believe it. Just what the girl's game was we didn't attempt to figure out. But one thing we were sure of: the longer she let Philbert hang on the harder he'd fall in the end. When the college swains came around with woeful looks fightin' the smiles on their faces and announced that they'd cut "Charlotte out for good," that was a pretty sure sign that she'd dismissed 'em with a kindly pat on the head. We kept watchin' for the symptoms in Philbert, but they didn't show up as promptly as we expected. When Spring came he was still goin' around with the young lady. By this time the other competitors had dropped out and left the course open to Philbert and Bill Hughes. We knew then that Charlotte was just stringin' Gibbs along to keep Bill on edge. Sweet are

the uses of jealousy—to the user, but not to the used-on."

"That just goes to show how much she thinks of Bill," I pointed out. "I'd have to like a fellow awful well before I'd stand for somebody like Phil comin' around, just to make the other man think he had a rival."

However, the time came when we men that were watchin' from the outside decided that Charlotte was carryin' things too far. It was getting on toward graduation time and we were expectin' Bill to make a careful purchase at a jewelry store almost any time. But things weren't sailin' as smoothly as we thought. In fact, Charlotte and Bill had a big fallin' out. It came about somethin' like this:

Bill had made up his mind that it was high time for Charlotte to declare her intentions with regard to himself. Moreover, he thought he had a right to object to Phil's hangin' around the way he did. So one night when he was callin' he took a deep breath and plunged in.

"It seems to me Philbert Gibbs is coming to see you oftener than he should."

"Why! Philbert doesn't come very often."

"He's here often enough."

"Well, why not?"

"You mustn't know him as well as I do or you wouldn't ask that."

"I want you to understand, Mr. Hughes, that I'm still invitin' the guests to this house."

"That's evident, all right. If I were doing it certain people wouldn't be making such frequent visits."

So it went on, the two of 'em gettin' along like the husband and wife in a problem play. But long about half-past eight the bone of contention wanders in, and then things did get hot. That man had a horrible genius for dropping in at the wrong time. Without giving Philbert more than a single glance Bill speaks his mind.

"Did you give this man permission to come here when you knew I was coming?"

"Why, certainly."

"Well, I'm not used to having male chaperones. Either he's going or I am."

"I asked Mr. Gibbs to come here and I'm sure he's going to stay. As for yourself, use your own judgment."

Bill judged that he needed the air. As he stepped out he heard Philbert snicker. Bill



wheeled about, looked him up and down, and Phil withered. Then the departing one jammed down his hat and went on his way.

When we heard about it we told the poor chap Charlotte would soon come around, when she found she couldn't run over him. But Bill took it pretty hard and didn't put much stock in what we said. Finally, one afternoon when a bunch of us were in the college restaurant stowing in provisions, he announced that he was going around to make things up with Charlotte.

"I shouldn't think you'd want to," Harry Potter said, "when yo see she can't even be reasonable."

"Reasonable! Surely you don't expect any woman to be that? Anyway, I'm going to beg her pardon."

"Well, I don't wish you any hard luck—Why, greetings, Philbert."

Gibbs had rushed in with his twin-six grin goin' at full speed. This time he absolutely forgot to drag an accent into his speech. When he was excited or scared he talked like a real human being.

"Boys," he cried, "congratulate me!"

"All right, but what for?"

"I'm the happiest man in the world! She has consented to be my wife."

"Oh, *she* has? Who is it? Back-home girl accepted by wire, eh?"

"Ah—h—h, the most wonderful woman in the world!"

"Of course, she'd have to be to get you."

"Now, that's just what I was thinking myself."

"Sure, you were. But spring it, what's the lucky damsel's name?"

"Boys, my future wife is Miss Charlotte Blakeslee."

Nobody said a word for a minute. You could hear the rattle of dishes that some one was washing, and a hoarse-voiced waiter yelling an order to the cook. Bill's hand had paused in mid-air with a load of pie on it's way to his mouth, and his face was white. Then Harry gets up.

"Listen, Philbert," he said, "we've stood for you just as long as we're goin' to. It's all right while you don't mention any names. But when your deep and abiding love for yourself leads you to draw that young lady's name into the discussion, then it's time to put

a stop to it. You'll probably be telling us next that she proposed to you."

"No, but I tell you what I've said is true!"

"Well, if it is then you've got even more comin' to you?"

"You wouldn't—you wouldn't kill me, would you?" gasped Philbert, wettin' his lips.

"Not while they're still hangin' 'em for murder in this state. But we are goin' to take you down the alley and crown you with a beer barrel."

He grabbed Philbert by the arm and started for the door, with the rest of us followin'. Bill tried to stop the bunch, but they didn't pay any attention to him. By the time they'd reached the street, Philbert was clear off his feet.

Somebody or other said "There's a destiny that shapes our ends," and something like that saved Philbert from his end that day. Just outside the restaurant we ran square into Charlotte Blakeslee!

"Why, where are you going, boys?" she asked, stopping in front of us.

Harry didn't hesitate a minute. He was going to let her see just where she stood from leading Gibbs on the way she had.

"Why, Philbert just announced his engagement to you, and we're takin' him out to buy a drink."

"That's very kind of you, but I don't approve of Philbert drinking, do I Philbert?"

Then she saw Bill standing in the doorway. She threw back her head, looked him in the eye, and said:

"But I hope you'll all be at the wedding. It's to be a week after graduation. Come on, Philbert."

Off they went, arm in arm. The boys stood lookin' after 'em without utterin' a sound. Then Harry cleared his throat.

"Well, can you beat that? To think of a nice young girl like her! I can't hardly believe it?"

I looked at Bill. He was smilin' a sickly smile and makin' a brave attempt to swallow the lump in his throat. Poor old Bill!

Then somebody spoke up: "If any man that ever lived thought he understood women, he was not only badly mistaken, but he was a fool in the bargain!"

"Ain't it the truth?" said I.

I wonder if she did that just to spite Bill. Who knows?

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Board of Editors.

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—We have long accepted as obvious beyond the need of emphasis the fact that continued absence from religious services is attended with grave spiritual danger. But, the day of persecution having long since ended, little did we dream that in our time going to church would come to be physically perilous. The hazard connected with practical piety arises from the various twistings and contortions through which a person must go in order to see what is transpiring in the rear of the church.

Occasionally some devout soul will arouse himself from his slumbers, and happening to look about, may see a feminine visitor across the aisle. Thereupon he will feel it his duty to keep his gaze centered in that direction, lest the fair distraction attempt to purloin a hymn-book as a memento of her visit. Again, any Sunday morning is likely to find an especially pleasing voice being intoned from the gallery. When the first liquid notes strike the ears of the worshipers some of them promptly crane their necks like swans scratching their backs. Such actions can be performed of course only at the risk of strained sinews and sore tendons. Therefore, it is patent that some measure must be adopted to enable the inquisitive ones to indulge their curiosity with greater ease.

Certain remedies for this evil suggest themselves. The expedient might be adopted of having the soloists announced from behind. A second means of overcoming the venturesome element in practicing religion would be to pass

out periscopes at the door. These would enable each one to gain an expansive view of the whole church with comfort. Thirdly, the choir-loft might be moved up in front of the altar, where those who were so inclined might keep their eyes on the singers without disturbing others. Lastly, and this is at the same time the most inexpensive and the easiest, the student cranes might try to realize that a church is not a concert hall but a temple of worship. They come there not to be amused or entertained, but to honor their Maker and pay Him the respect due Him. We sometimes wonder if they would go to as great pains, as they do in the present instance, to watch the altar and the Sacrifice of the Mass were the pews facing toward the rear.

## A Gift to the Museum of Natural History.

Again the collections of Paleontology in the University Museum of Natural History have been enriched by the addition of thousands of specimens from the ordovician fauna of the Cincinnati Formation.

Mr. Fred M. Stetter of Cincinnati is the donor, and the Curator of the Museum not only wishes to express to him his own gratitude, but the President of the University, recognizing the value of the gift of Mr. Stetter, also wishes to thank him for this material addition to the treasures of the Museum.

Twice before Mr. Stetter has sent hundreds of specimens of this important group of fossils, but in richness of species and beauty of specimens this new addition far outshines his former gifts. A few of the labels bear the names of F. G. Fisher, Charles Schlemmer and Dr. Twitchell, and to these gentlemen also we are grateful for these additions. Mr. Stetter is not a professional collector or geologist, but a very much occupied business man of Cincinnati, and yet he finds time to do something that is valuable to education. Though he has now deposited in our Museum his work of twenty years he is still enthusiastic about his future success in securing even richer material. "New collecting grounds are constantly opened," he writes, "and I will be first to secure the best and rarest of material."

May we hope that some of our Alumni will follow the example here given and send to the Museum some of their local specimens in natural history.

A. M. K.

## Lecture by Joyce Kilmer.

## Old Students' Hall.

On Monday evening, February 28, Mr. Joyce Kilmer, special reviewer on the *New York Times* and poetry editor of the *Literary Digest*, lectured in Washington Hall on "The War and the Poets." The subject was a novel one, in this day of war lectures. The thesis developed by Mr. Kilmer in his discourse was that, as the poetry of a people mirrors their thought, in the poetry which has been produced by the countries at war the various changes which have come over the temper of the warring nations are chromatically portrayed. The first stage of public opinion, he represented, was hatred of war; then as enemy met enemy in actual conflict, hatred of the enemy became the dominant note. A third stage was reached when, as reacting against a foe without, the discordant elements within the belligerent countries became themselves united, and, a product of this, a phase which represents a pure, exalted and spiritual patriotism. Each stage was illustrated by the lecturer in readings of representative poems. After closing his lecture, Mr. Kilmer read, by special request, a few of his own poems. These were received with an enthusiasm evoked by none of the poetry of the war. The lecturer's excellent reading and general charm of manner contributed not a little to the enjoyment of this instructive and inspiring lecture.

## Personals.

—Mr. Daniel L. Murphy (L.L. B., '05) was united in marriage to Miss Hattie M. Kivlehan on February 23 at St. Mary's Church, Campaign, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy will be at home after April 1st in Odell, Illinois.

—Edward McDonough, catcher for the Varsity baseball team for two seasons, '08 and '09, had no difficulty in making good in the big league immediately after leaving Notre Dame. At present Ed is managing the Utica team, and the *Utica Daily Press* has the following words of praise for him. "Fortunately Mr. McDonough will manage the team another year and there is no better man available for that purpose. He is not only a good player, but a good executive and a courteous gentleman. Central New Yorkers in general and Uticans in particular hope that the season will not only be a profitable one but that the team will finish at the top."

The campaign for funds for erecting Old Students' Hall promises well. The campaign has only just begun. A letter announcing the object of the new hall was sent last week to all the old students whose addresses could be learned with accuracy. Thus far, including the amounts subscribed at the last Commencement, the following subscriptions have been made:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86	\$2000.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00
M. F. Healy, '89	1000.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500.00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00
William A. McInerny, '01	500.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	500.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00
Louis C. M. Reed, '98	200.00
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00	200.00
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02	200.00
G. A. Farabaugh, '04	200.00
Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
E. J. Maurus, '93	100.00
Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
H. G. Hogan, '04	100.00
Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00
James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Rev. Francis J. VanAntwerp, '14	100.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Henry Hess, '82	25.00
James R. Devitt, '13	20.00

## State Oratorical Contest.

Timothy P. Galvin won second place at the State Oratorical Contest which was held at Indianapolis last Friday night. He thus maintained the record for consistency that Notre Dame has held for the past few years, our orators winning the second position for the last

three years in succession. It is unfortunate that our representative did not receive a higher mark on his manuscript, for a difference of a few points in this respect would have given him the premier honors and the right to represent Indiana at the Interstate contest.

In delivery Mr. Galvin was easily the superior of all the speakers. In glowing terms he described the horrible conditions in which thousands of underpaid laborers were compelled to work, the many and grave evils which resulted from these conditions, not only at the present time but for all ensuing generations, and concluded by asking for the legislation necessary for the alleviation of such evils. Mr. Galvin held his hearers in rapt attention, and at the conclusion of his speech he was rewarded by probably the greatest applause of any speaker of the evening. Mr. Galvin's success in delivery was due in no small measure to the efficient coaching of Professor Lenihan, under whose direction the local orator has been working during the past few weeks.

The contest was won by Donald Snyder of Earlham College. Mr. Snyder spoke in opposition to military training in our public schools. While many of his ideas are anything but popular at Notre Dame, it must be admitted that his oration was excellently written and well delivered. He received two firsts and a second from the judges on manuscript. A. L. Miyathovitch of Hanover College took third place with an oration on "Serbia the Martyr Nation." The Hanover man was tied for second place, but since marks in delivery take precedence over those in manuscript in case of a tie, the second place was awarded to Notre Dame. W. A. Stuckey of DePauw, Joseph Myers, Jr., of Wabash, Myron Hughel of Butler and Russell Klyvver of Franklin were the other speakers.

The contest was held in the Central Christian Church at Indianapolis and was attended by a large and appreciative audience. Donald B. Sessions of DePauw, President of the State Oratorical Association, was in charge of the contest and it was handled in a manner eminently satisfactory to all concerned.

The manuscript judges were Professors Shurter of Texas University, Smith of Colgate University and Pearsons of Swarthmore College. The judges of delivery were Professor Pettijohn of Indiana University and John A. Lapp and Ross F. Lockridge, both of Indianapolis.

### The Old Days.

SCHOLASTIC for October 8, '81—"We are in receipt of a very interesting letter from our esteemed friend Robert Pinkerton, of the famous Pinkerton Detective Agency. He speaks feelingly and pleasantly of his old college days here at Notre Dame, and rejoices in the advances made in the news line since the days when the *Progress* was started, which is now known by the name of the SCHOLASTIC.

September 16, '82—"The arrival of the Denver delegation was one of the most awe-inspiring and, at the same time, picturesque events of the season. The outriders on burros and the dusky-hued Chihuahuans made a scene long to be remembered by all observers."

One week later—"A large number of very select specimens for the museum, from New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming, are on the way, and are expected here within a few days."

December 16, '82—"There are three poets among the Minims: B. Lindsey, of Denver, Colorado; C. Harris, Lewiston, Illinois; and R. V. Papin of St. Louis."

The B. Lindsey referred to, is none other than the famous Colorado Judge whose work among the juvenile criminals of Denver was given nation-wide prominence several years ago.

The issue of the SCHOLASTIC for September 24, 1881, contains a black-margined editorial on the assassination of President Garfield. The respect and grief of the students of the time was manifested by the wearing of crepe on their hats.

"The Father of Our Country," says the SCHOLASTIC for March 7, '96, "was not great because of his ability to make dictionaries or to fathom the use of commas and capitals. Colonel Washington was a rebel at heart, always. His fine scorn of everything British is subtly shown by the shocking liberties he takes with King George's English." Then follows a letter which is now in the Notre Dame Historical Collection:

Head Quarters Newwindsor Decr. 16th-1780. Sir as soon as your Regt. have Drawn their Cloathing you will March all the Noncommisioned officers and privat-men Belonging to the State of Pennsilv. to the Winter Quarters of the troops of that State Neir Morristown and their deliver them up to Brigad: Genl. Wayn—you will March those Belonging to State of

Marryland on towards fredericktown Sending an officer to Brigadar Gnl Gest at Baltimore-town to Inform him their of that if he shold Prefair their Going to Baltimoretown Reather than freadrick he may send you Notice of it you will use your Otmost Endaver to Keep your men from Deserting before they are Deliaivered up to the lines to Which they Respectively Belong, you Will Make me an Exact Return of the names and Ranks of the Officers of your Regt. which is to be Trans-mitid to the Board of warr and upon which they will be Entitled to Draw their half Pay for Life,

Sir I am your

Most ob: Servt:

Go: Washington.

Liut. Colo: Weltner

Commanding G: Regt:

### Local News.

—Any one having a copy of the 1915 DOME for sale may bring it to the Students' Office.

—Mr. Grasso has passed the examination for entrance to the St. Joseph County Bar Association.

—The Kentucky Club dined at Hotel Mishawaka on Wednesday evening. Prof. Cooney was the honor guest of the evening.

—A well-chosen and nicely arranged exhibit from the free-hand drawing department is attracting no little attention. The exhibit is found on the second floor of the Main Building.

—On Thursday evening, February 24, the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., gave the first of a series of talks to the students of Brownson Hall. His subject was "Frequent Communion."

—The Easter Number of the SCHOLASTIC or the following issue will be a Shakespeare number and several assignments of special articles have already been made by the editor-in-chief and the other professors of English at the University.

—The Notre Dame column in the South Bend *News-Times* has been supplemented by the addition of a section devoted to news from St. Mary's. Charles Grimes, of the local journalism department, has been assigned to the work of "getting out the new dope."

—Mr. Edward F. Johnston of South Bend lectured to the students of the Insurance department on Monday afternoon. He will

give a second lecture next week. Mr. Johnston is the manager of the South Bend branch of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company.

—The Forty Hours' Devotion will open to-morrow morning when Mass will be celebrated by Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C. Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., and Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., will serve as deacon and subdeacon, respectively. The sermon will be preached by Rev. John McGinn, C. S. C.

—The Hard-Pressed Club gave its second banquet last Monday evening. This club dines once a week at the Oliver. The only office is that of secretary and a new secretary is elected weekly. The charter members of the club are: Rev. Paul Foik, C. S. C., Prof. J. M. Cooney, Charles Grimes, Leo Berner, Robert Cushman Carr and Paul Valentine Duffy.

—The Keeley Club has elected the following officers for the year: Charles W. Call, president; Breen W. McDonald, vice-president; Stuart Carrol, secretary; Thomas King, treasurer; E. G. Lindeman, reporter; Edwin M. Starrett, sergeant-at-arms; and Harry Scott, chaplain. Mr. Scott is chairman of a committee appointed to arrange for a smoker.

—Father Crumley attended and addressed the convention of the Religious Education Association, held in the Congress Hotel, Chicago, on February 28th and 29th and March 1st. This association is made up of religious educators from all parts of the United States. The purpose of the organization is to find some practical way of imparting religious education, the need of which has been long recognized.

—Of special interest to students of Economics was the lecture of Dr. George B. Goldman, Director of the Saint Louis School of Social Economy, on "The Challenge of Humanity to Man," Saturday afternoon. It contained a careful discussion of class inequality and the oppression of the poor. The subject in itself was dry, but the Doctor's treatment of it was clear and filled with illustrative incidents.

—The installation of the officers of the Holy Cross Literary Society, took place Sunday evening, February 20. The officers are as follows: Michael Mulcair, president; William McNamara, vice-president (the installation of a secretary is to be acted on at the next meeting); Vincent Nogel, treasurer; Henry Gleuckert, critic; and Edward J. Kelley, reporter. The

following were made members of the Executive Committee: Messrs. Frank Brown, Francis J. Boland and James H. McDonald.

All of the newly appointed officers, when called upon, responded in a very pleasing manner, as did also Mr. Henry Gleuckert, the outgoing president, who thanked the members for their hearty coöperation during the past year, assuring them that the success achieved, surpassed that of any preceding year.

Messrs. Brown, McNamara and Lyons, furnished not a little entertainment by their eloquent and witty remarks, and their short but right to the point speeches were well worth hearing.

### Varsity Defeats Michigan.

The Varsity took a close meet from Michigan last Saturday night, defeating the Wolverines 49 1-3 to 45 2-3. The meet was close from start to finish and all of the events were hotly contested, Michigan swamping us in only two events, the high jump and the mile. In each of these the Wolverines pulled down 8 of the 9 points. The Varsity evened things up by pulling down 8 points in the high hurdles and the quarter. Many new men showed up well for the Varsity, the local men taking 7 out of 11 possible firsts and making good time in most of the events.

Hardy of Notre Dame was the high individual point winner, getting a total of 11, two firsts and a third. The local sprinter got third in the forty, the first event, and then came back and won the quarter and the 220. Bergman won the forty, and when he seemed to have second in the 220, he stumbled and was beaten out by the two Michigan men for the second and third places. Smith, the highly touted Michigan sprinter, won two seconds; but this was the best he could do against Bergman and Hardy. This man Smith is the one who defeated Hardy at Ann Arbor last year, but Hardy got even this year. After the meet, Smith said that Bergman had the fastest start he had ever seen; and Smith has run against some of the fastest men in the country.

Louie Fritch brought down 8 points in the hurdles, copping the low hurdles and getting a second in the high hurdles. He stepped the low ones in 5 1-5; so he is sure of winning some more firsts in this event. Louie has run in Interhall meets before, but this is his first year

on the Varsity, and he should break some records before his three years are up.

The half was won by McDonough after a hard-fought battle with Ufer and Murphy of Michigan. Andy took the lead at the start, and for most of the race both he and McOsker, were leading the Ann Arbor men by a good margin; but toward the last the Michigan men made a great sprint and overtook McOsker but McDonough also increased his speed and beat them to the tape.

In the shot put, Cross of Michigan broke the gym record by heaving the weight 46 ft, 6 1-2 in., and in the mile Carroll ran the distance in 4:28 2-5. These were two of the three events (except the relay) which a gold and blue man did not take. But we are satisfied to be beaten if marks of this kind are set up by our opponents. The other event which was lost was the high-jump; but we cannot complain about this, for we have no one who can go any distance at all.

The pole vault went to Edgren at a height of 11 ft. 6 in., and from the way he barely brushed the bar off the 12 ft. mark three times, we can safely say that he will do much better than this before the season is over; but 11-6 will take first in most of the meets in which we compete. Yeager tied with two Michigan men for second.

The mile really was won by Michigan whose team consisted of Fox, Murphy, Fontana, Griest. The relay was not needed by Notre Dame in order to win the meet, so some of the best men were not put in. The Michigan men took the lead at the start and kept it during the entire race. Voelkers was the only man to hold his own with the man he ran against. He made up some of the lost distance by running his quarter in 52 3-5. Voelkers also ran a good race against Hardy in the 440, finishing almost even with him.

During the meet the teams were within striking distance of each other at all times and near the end of the meet only one point separated the teams. Edgren's victory in the pole vault and Hardy's winning the 220 made the result a certainty, and the result of the relay did not matter in the final scoring.

### Summaries.

40-yard dash—Won by Bergman, Notre Dame; Smith, Michigan, second; Hardy, Notre Dame, third. Time—4 3-5 seconds.

40-yard low hurdles—Won by Fritch, Notre Dame; Catlett, Michigan, second; Kirkland, Notre Dame, third. Time—5 1-5 seconds.



High jump—Griest and Simons, Michigan, tied for first; Miller and Hand, Notre Dame, tied for third. Height—5 feet 6 inches.

880-yard run—Won by McDonough, Notre Dame; Ufer, Michigan, second; Murphy, Michigan, third. Time—2:02 1-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Kirkland, Notre Dame; Fritch, Notre Dame, second; Fisher, Michigan, third. Time—5 4-5 seconds.

Shot put—Won by Cross, Michigan; Bachman, Notre Dame, second; Walls, Michigan, third. Distance—46 feet 6 1-2 inches.

440-yard run—Won by Hardy, Notre Dame; Voelkers, Notre Dame, second; Fontana, Michigan, third. Time—53 2-5 seconds.

One Mile run—Won by Carroll, Michigan; Donnelly, Michigan, second; Waage, Notre Dame, third. Time—4:28 2-5.

Pole vault—Won by Edgren, Notre Dame; Yeager, Notre Dame, and Catlett and Clarke, Michigan, tied for second and third. Height—11 feet 6 inches.

220-yard dash—Won by Hardy, Notre Dame; Smith, Michigan, second; O'Brien, Michigan, third. Time—24 seconds.

One mile relay—Won by Michigan (Fox, Murphy, Fontana, Griest).

Officials: Referee and starter—Frank Cayou. Judges—John Devine, J. C. VanRiper, E. J. Anderson. Field judges—J. B. Miller, L. L. Larkin, Erich deFries, F. D. Barnes, A. Larkin. Timers—Prof. William E. Farrell, Louis Elbel, Frank Mayr, jr. Inspectors—George F. Hull, Dr. R. F. Lucas. Announcer—Joseph Gargan. Clerk of Course—Pete Noonan. Assistant—Hugh O'Donnell.

### Baseball Training Begins.

Coach Harper issued the call for baseball candidates last week and about thirty-five men are now working out daily in the gym. The work has been light thus far but is gradually becoming more strenuous. The battery men are limbering up their muscles and should be ready to cut loose as soon as the weather permits outdoor work. Thus far the Coach has devoted most of his time to the infielders, as an almost entirely new infield must be developed. Two sets of men are being tried out in all the infield positions. The outfielders have done little real work thus far. Batting practice will soon be introduced.

The baseball schedule which was announced last week is one of the best in years. The Eastern trip has been abandoned and in its place eight Conference games have been scheduled. These, together with the Michigan, Michigan Aggies, Wabash and "Little Five" contests give Notre Dame a splendid western schedule. A good record with such a schedule

might well be the basis for a claim to the western championship. One eastern team, Niagara University, will be seen at Notre Dame. The schedule:

April 8—	Olivet at Notre Dame
April 12—	Wisconsin at Notre Dame
April 13—	Wisconsin at Notre Dame
April 14—	Illinois at Urbana
April 15—	Illinois at Urbana
April 17—	Michigan at Notre Dame
April 20—	Marshall College at Notre Dame
April 25—	Armour Institute at Notre Dame
April 29—	Michigan Aggies at Notre Dame
May 1—	Wabash at Crawfordsville
May 2—	Purdue at Lafayette
May 6—	Western State Normal at Notre Dame
May 10—	Wabash at Notre Dame
May 12—	Wisconsin at Madison
May 13—	Wisconsin at Madison
May 16—	Lake Forest at Notre Dame
May 18—	Beloit at Notre Dame
May 24—	Niagara University at Notre Dame
May 25—	Purdue at Notre Dame
June 1—	Michigan Aggies at Lansing
June 2—	Michigan at Ann Arbor
June 3—	Michigan at Ann Arbor

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The time made by Spalding, Miller, McDonough and Voelkers in the Michigan meet was remarkably fast, Voelkers doing his quarter in 52 3-5 sec., and McDonough making the distance in 52 4-5 sec. The time for the full distance was 3 min. 35 2-5 secs., only a fraction of a second slower than the time made by Michigan who won the race. It begins to look as though we have the material for a relay team that can equal the best time made by the best relay team in our history. That team was composed of Kirby, Herbert, Staples and Gearin who did the mile in 3 min. 22 2-5 sec. at the Philadelphia games in 1902.

### Safety Valve.

And it seems strange that a student should skive to town to see his fair friend, thereby running the risk of being expelled, when he is able on arriving at her house to talk of nothing but the weather.

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We would advise those bashful students who call on a young lady for the first time to memorize the "Weather Indications" in the daily paper.

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### STUDENT LOGIC.

It's no more dishonest to have another student do your duties for you than it is for a business man to hire another man to build a house for him.

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The meanest fellow in the world, we believe, is the boy who would steal a professor's lectures.

## FROM A FRESHMAN'S ESSAY.

He had a pimple behind his ear that looked like a heterogeneous mass of phosphorescent substances that had emanated from a fiery brain which was fast burning into oblivion.

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## UNPARALLELED BRAVERY.

It is reported that a daring Sorinite pulled a reckless night-skive. He went clear over to Rockefeller Hall and there sat upon an old bench till after ten o'clock.

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Ill fares the school to hastening ills a prey  
Where nuts accumulate from day to day.

—Pecan.

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Where's there a "will" there's a "won't."

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The students who "rush in where angels fear to tread" don't stay long.

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There's nothing that kills worry like sea-sickness.

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Now that debates are in full swing wild-eyed enthusiasts may be seen darting across the campus with speeches in their hip pockets which they are prepared to pull upon a poor worn-out professor who is minding his own business. Others go about with a vacant stare, gazing at third-story windows as if looking for a hall to lecture in, and still others lock themselves in their rooms by the hour and drive facts at an unoffending bed or washstand which has no come back.

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"No, dear Prefect, I'm not the skiver you think I am—I'm a different one."

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Prefect of Studies:—"Have you ever had a bad case of smallpox?"

Student:—"I've never had smallpox in any form."

P. of S.:—"And you've escaped measles, mumps, and scarlet fever?"

Student:—"Yes, I've escaped them."

P. of S.:—"Very well, I'll give you a Greek class for this session."

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## MAKING AN IMPRESSION.

Student:—"Yes, indeed, Notre Dame is some place. We have a large athletic field which contains gridiron, diamond, two-twenty straightaway and a quarter-mile track; we have a gymnasium that is the equal of any in the country; our natatorium is well equipped and is handy to all the halls, and all the buildings on the campus are large and roomy."

She:—"And I suppose you have magnificent laboratories?"

Student:—"What are them? I never heard of no such thing at Notre Dame."

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## THE STINGIEST MAN.

We, also, have our idea of a fellow who would steal a shoestring out of a track man's shoe (*when said track man is in the gym practicing*) and use it as a fob for an Ingersoll watch.

## THE TRAGEDY OF A TOOT.

OR

## TWIN TRAILERS.

*Stage Setting:* The room is almost dark. An electric light in the flies which is supposed to be the moon "pours down its golden light." There is a window on the right side from which a pane of glass has been removed to permit the prompter to prompt. A beautiful lady is standing at the left near the door, reading "the Angel in the House." Just behind her, in the scenery, is a sweaty man in blue overalls who is scratching his head and chewing tobacco. He is a stage hand and is waiting to push a new scene in, he is not the lady's husband. Rowland the principal character and husband of the woman enters carrying an armful of apple cores and a feather duster.

ROWLAND. If I should die to-night while the green moon

Is shower-bathing all the trees of earth,  
Wouldst thou, sweet queen, kick up thy heels and swoon,

Or would my bucket-kicking bring thee mirth?

SHE. If thou shouldst die to-night, oh, heart of mine!  
And all the life should gallop out of thee,  
If thy fair cheeks which oft incarnadine  
Should turn stone white, what would become of me?

ROW. If in a coffin I should mutely lie,  
With hands and fingers crossed upon my breast,  
And my dim orbs should peer into the sky,  
Wouldst thou, sweet wife of mine, go through my vest.

Wouldst thou forget my dawn-awakened smile,  
My coffee-colored hair, my pleading look?  
Or wouldst thou with the instinct of a wife

Kiss my cold brow and take my pocket-book?

SHE. Oh, what were money to a shipwrecked heart  
Marooned upon life's island all alone,  
With only desolation for her part—  
Could such a heart-crushed woman pull a bone?  
Nay, well thou knowest I should straightway faint  
And fall in all directions over thee,  
And from my flushing cheeks should wipe the paint  
That now so delicately crimsons me.

ROW. If I should lift a window and proclaim  
To all our friends that you were soon to bake,  
And just as I had uttered you sweet name  
To all below, a window-cord should break  
And my poor neck should feel the window sash  
Coming like forty demons down on it.  
And then you heard a rumble and a smash  
And I was pinned so that I couldn't spit,  
What would you do?

SHE. Oh, love, you know that I  
Should bubble forth tears like a percolator  
And I should shake like fury at each sigh  
As do the steam pipes in a radiator.  
And when I saw your precious neck was pinned, oh,  
Then would I shriek like twenty-five trombones,  
Tread softly o'er the floor and lock the window  
And purchase fifty thousand ice-cream cones.

(*He drops the apple cores on the floor and begins to climb the feather duster.*)

CURTAIN.