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May.

BY T. J. T.

THE ripening fans of budding trees  
Are slowly opening one by one:  
The mist of May is in the breeze  
And flowers glisten in the sun.

The spider webs are silvery  
Among the whiting hawthorn there,  
The scent of violets rise lightly  
And hang upon the drowsy air.

Now one and all, ye primroses  
Awake! arise! ye lie too long.  
The spring this very morn closes,  
The mocking bird has trilled his song.

## The Attitude toward Divorce as Outlined in the "Medea."

BY W. J. B.

WE know the lives of great writers through their biographers; their thoughts and convictions are revealed in their own works. The biographer's pen, however, is often influenced by prejudice and current opinion, and hence is not always a reliable criterion of an author's merits. But the works of a writer unveil to the world his inner self, the subjective workings of a mind that the biographer could never reach, and in this respect are infallible standards whereby to judge the ideals for which a writer stood in life.

We know Cicero as the statesman and orator when we see him denouncing Cataline in the senate chamber or defending his clients in the forum, but we find him a man often lacking self-reliance and distrustful of his own judgment when we read his letters, trusting many times wholly to the counsel of his friend, Atticus.

Such truths are hidden from the biographer, and would never be recorded in history were they not revealed in the private letters of this great Roman. Euripides, the third in the order of time of the Greek tragedy writers, has left no letters to posterity; few facts of his life are known and we must therefore learn his thoughts and ideas solely from his plays. Unlike his predecessors, Aeschylus and Sophocles, he writes for the common people. His characters are mortal men and women, subject to the pains and sorrows of ordinary men and rejoicing in the delights and pleasures that men are wont to desire. He is the skilful delineator of character, portraying human passions and restraints, human weakness and fortitude. It will not however be the purpose of this paper to make a character study of the poet, Euripides, but rather,—having shown that the thoughts and convictions of writers are best expressed in their works—to regard the attitude of Euripides toward marriage, as is outlined in his *Medea*. In our study, therefore, of the play we shall show how harmonizing are the ideas of marriage set forth therein with Christian dogma. Euripides, like other writers, we have reason to believe, made his works the treasure vault of his thoughts, and his plays are more adapted for unfolding human thought and passions than the plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles, since his themes, unlike those of these two tragedy writers, are woven in the lives of ordinary men and women. Hence the appropriateness of the *Medea* as a study of human feelings toward marriage in a pagan mind.

It will be necessary to premise our work with a brief summary of the play. Jason, after finding the golden fleece with the aid of Medea, brought the Colchian maiden with him to Corinth. Enamoured with him she had deserted her fatherland and committed heinous crimes out of love for him. They are not long in Corinth when Jason deserts her and becomes espoused

to Glauce, the king's daughter. Fearful lest the wrath of his rejected wife urge her commit violence on him and on his new bride, Jason persuades Creon, the king of Corinth, to banish Medea and her two children from the land. She begs Creon's leave to remain one day on pretense of making provision for her children. Creon grants her request and in seeming acknowledgment of the favor Medea sends Glauce a beautiful robe and golden chaplet which she puts on and perishes. Creon rushes in frenzy-stricken, embraces his daughter and likewise perishes. Medea then slays her children and escapes in a chariot drawn by winged dragons to Athens where she is tendered hospitality by Aegeus, son of Pandion.

As the play opens the nurse of Medea is discovered in soliloquy, relating the events of Medea's flight with Jason and the latter estrangement of the unhappy pair. The opening words of her soliloquy are worthy of consideration since they have a relative bearing on the subject of our theme: "Indeed she (Medea) concurred in every respect with Jason; which is the surest support of conjugal happiness when the wife is not estranged from her husband." In these lines the poet imparts in a negative manner his belief that the many unhappy marriages in unwritten history are due to the want of co-operation on the part of husband and wife.

Euripides was a pagan, yet human nature was the same in his time as it is now, and he was not slow to observe that the happiness of the home depends on the faithful concurrence of a married pair in domestic duties. Medea loved Jason, but Jason did not reciprocate her love. On the contrary he neglected the welfare of his wife and children and the sorrowful story of a wrecked home and a broken heart followed as the inevitable result. The soliloquy of the nurse is only the oft-repeated story of domestic discord and the grave consequences that attend it. "I know Medea," she says, "and I fear her lest she force the sharpened sword through her heart or even murder the princess and him who married her." In these words of fear and foreboding she emphasizes,—perhaps unknowingly—the woeful and anguished sequence of broken fidelity to the marriage tie.

Euripides could not have demonstrated better the baneful influence that an unlawfully contracted marriage exercises on the misdoer than by the attitude he gives Jason in exiling his own

flesh and blood. But the punishment that he metes out to Jason for his sin is his protest against the social crime of bigamy and he carries the protest further in the self-explanatory speech of Medea which we shall now consider. Let us first remember that Euripides was a pagan and then observe to what exalted heights of Christian thought he ascends in Medea's address to the Corinthian women.

Medea enters and in her implacable anger and hatred for Jason forgets that her children have not merited her wrath. "O ye accursed children of a hated mother," she cries, "may ye perish with your father and may the whole house fall." An outcast from society, deprived of home and friends, seeing her husband steeped in the luxuries of the royal house, grief and madness drive from her the natural love of a mother for its child. Nothing will assuage her sorrow but revenge, nothing condone her grief but the death of her offenders. "May I see Jason and his bride torn piecemeal within their very houses."

Then her wrath as if transformed from an uncontrollable fury is pacified by reason and she addresses the Corinthian women in a speech wherein she commits herself as unmistakably opposed to divorce. She brands with the mark of infamy the man or woman who enters a marriage alliance to increase his hoard of money. With Christian teaching she believes that love alone should be the impelling motive to marriage and all other incentives should be condemned as unworthy of such a sacred compact. She cautions the Corinthian women to exercise prudence and discretion in the choice of husbands lest their lives be ruined as hers by passion mistaken for love.

"Divorces bring not good fame to women, nor is it possible to repudiate one's husband," she avows with all the feeling of her soul. And her words are an undeniable expression condemning absolution from the marriage bond. Their meaning is subject but to one interpretation. The words—with all reverence for the script of Holy Writ—are as clear and precise in their denouncement of divorce and the hallowed words of Christ, "*What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.*"

Medea, as we have said, addressed the women of Corinth in a calm and deliberate manner. The madness that wrought fury with her mind when she was alone disappeared when she came before them. Hence it cannot be

said that her denunciation of divorce was the wild outburst of a disordered mind, actuated by anger and revenge. Her reasoning is too deliberate, her reflections too rational to merit such belief. She does not speak of her husband's sin alone. She compares the pangs of childbirth with sufferings of a soldier in war and pronounces a judgment between them. The train of thoughts flow orderly from her mind. She is not the passion-wrought woman who a little before cried out in madness, "May the flame of heaven rush through my head!" We must therefore give the word's their true value, accept their literal interpretation and with justice to our theme declare them an unmistakable proof that Medea championed the cause of right living and condemned the notorious practice of divorce.

Again she reproves Jason and expresses extreme disdain for his sin in her stinging reproach, "O thou vilest of men, this is not fortitude or confidence to look in the face of friends whom thou hast injured, but the worst of all diseases among men." And she opens to him the mirror of his soul when she reminds him that his moral depravity has not escaped the eye of the gods. "The faith of oaths is vanished," she cries upbraiding him, "nor can I discover whether thou thinkest that the former gods are not still in power or whether new laws are now laid down for men, since thou art least conscious of being perjured toward me." How appropriate are these words of Medea to present-day society where the divorce evil is breaking down the barriers of home and country, where men and women plunging into the cesspools of vice are lost in the oblivion of their sin and forget that the same God that condemned divorce in the lowly hills of Judea still rules and governs the destinies of men! Forgetful of all morality in their passionate lust for pleasure, like Jason they hurl defiance at the moral law, and the righteous again cry out with the injured Medea, "Alas, do the gods of old no longer reign?"

Finally Medea in her last reproach to Jason before undertaking her terrible revenge, once more expresses her dissentment of unlawful clandestine marriages. "It behooved thee, if thou wert not a bad man to have contracted this marriage, having persuaded me, and not without the knowledge of thy friends."

It is doubtful, however, if Medea would have consented to the alliance of Jason with

Glauce had her husband acquainted her beforehand with his intentions, for in her address to the Corinthian women she expressly says, "It is not possible to repudiate one's husband."

Thus throughout the play her voice is ever raised against divorce, and the terrible punishment which she metes out to her aggressors is in her mind the only fit punishment for their sin. So adverse is she to dissolving the marriage tie, she believes this to be the only just penalty for the transgressors. We have not, however, it must be remembered, been defending her means of revenge, for they cannot be ethically justified. But we have been concerned with the Pagan Medea, and as such she may have been exonerated, since "in the land of Sisyphus," she says, "I will institute a solemn festival and sacrifices to expiate this unhallowed murder."

### Captain Delcaze's Diary.

BY GEORGE D. HALLER.

Being a hitherto unpublished translation of a diary dealing with a romantic episode of the great war. The author is a French officer who is still serving his country.

Sept. 1, 1915—Trapped behind the German lines! Well, there are six of us, and we have a fairly secure retreat, this underground cave. We are in the Cheppy Woods, about three kilometers from Cheppy, I suppose. We have our rations to-day, but to-morrow and the next day and the next?

Sept. 2, 1915—Talk of luck! Forced by lack of food to send a scout. I sent Pierre and he discovered a French girl who, when made aware of our predicament, volunteered to get food for us. She must daily risk her life and I fear for her, the Germans are everywhere!

Sept. 3, 1915—Joan brought us the first supply to-day. Where she gets the food, I cannot imagine for the countryside is a waste and the people starve. Her name, I reminded her is that of the Maid of France. She blushes very prettily.

Sept. 4, 1915—Joan came again. She tells me the Germans suspect something and watch her closely. To-day we could once more hear the dull rumble of the cannon. Our troops must be pressing the Germans back.

Sept. 5, 1915—François has just come in

from a reconnoissance. "Captain, I observed the withdrawal of the Germans from a tree top." I warned François of the risk of discovery and complimented him.

Sept. 6, 1915—Joan has not come for two days. Can the Germans have arrested her? Already we feel the pangs of hunger.

Sept. 7, 1915—The cannonading hourly grows more intense. In rescue is our hope for we have not eaten for three days. I must watch Jean; the huge Burgundian is muttering. I fear he is going mad.

Sept. 8, 1915—Oh! what a night! Jean attacked us suddenly and fought with the fury of a madman while we, weakened with hunger, could barely overcome him. Indeed he did kill poor Amiel.

Sept. 9, 1915—Rescued! How much that one word means! Gone are the days of waiting in the dark—the fear of discovery—the hunger—the dragging hours—I am back at the head of my company.

Sept. 10, 1915—A captured German tells of the arrest of Joan. They prepare to execute her at dawn to-morrow. Poor Joan! Those merciless Germans! And so pretty she was!

Sept. 11, 1915—What things this day has brought! Ordered late last night to scout over the German lines, while in the air the impulse to rescue Joan overcame me. My mechanic silenced the engine and we volplaned to earth; luckily we landed upon a broad empty pasture. We stripped the corpses of two Germans of their uniforms and boldly entered the village. My German, acquired at Bonn, where I studied before the war, passed for a few inquiries and we soon located the house and room where Joan was kept. When the vicinity was comparatively deserted we escaped with her back to the plane. The noise of our engine gave the alarm and aeroplanes came springing up after us, but we answered them shot for shot and finally flew over our own lines and then the Germans left us.

Sept. 12, 1915—The general praised me publicly and gave me the Order of Merit cross and a major's commission. But I await an even greater reward.

Sept. 13, 1915—Day of days! Joan, the daughter of the mayor of Cheppy, has promised to become my wife. Already I am the envied of the regiment. We are to be married on my first furlough.

## Varsity Verse

### Freshman Scribe's "Apologia."

Our bow to-day without delay  
We make and then proceed,  
Imploring you your wrath allay  
For this our first misdeed.

A modest lot, ahem, we're that,  
A modest lot are we,  
Ambitious freshies come to bat,  
We number twenty-three.

The midnight oil we've burned in toil  
To give our noble best.  
Fiction with facts we've had to boil  
And this we've done with zest.

We well have meant and here present  
Pages of verse and prose.  
Our aims we hope, you'll not resent,  
We thank you,—here we close.

*Charles Grimes.*

### My Lady Fair.

I saw a maiden on a summer's day  
She stole my heart away.  
I did not know her then, nor do I now,  
'Twas foolish you'll allow.  
But yet like Dante's Beatrice she'll be  
A beacon star to me,  
A guide, a guerdon far beyond compare,  
My own, my lady fair.

*George Haller.*

### To My Friend.

My dearest friend, I call you such,  
For oh, to me you mean so much;  
I love the velvet of your touch,  
You far surpass a heartless crutch.

For many years you've kept together,  
Your frame of wood and steel and leather,  
And you have always been my friend  
And you will be until the end.

Ah, wooden leg! white wooden leg!  
Hang on, both true and strong, I beg,  
I love each bolt and strap and peg  
Of you, my faithful wooden leg.

*F. McDermitt.*

## Warsaw.

BY ALEXANDER A. SZCZEPANIK.

To the mind and heart of every loyal son of Poland, the dearest spot in the world, is the grand old historical city of Warsaw. The very mention of it, swells the breast of every Pole with pride, as he looks back upon the days when Poland stood in her glory foremost among the nations. And to-day, as he beholds her unhappy condition, his heart breaks with sorrow.

Warsaw, as is well-known, is situated on the river Vistula, a broad river over which three great bridges have been built, the finest and longest of which was completed shortly before the present war broke out. About the year 1224, Warsaw was a little village on the left bank of the river. In 1341 prince Konrad built a castle in the city and made Warsaw the capital of his province Mazowsze. Soon after, Mazowsze and Warsaw were united with the kingdom of Poland, the city becoming the favorite stopping place of king Zygmund, queen Bona and also king Batory. After the great fire which destroyed the king's residence at Cracau (Krakow), Zygmund the Third, made Warsaw the capital of Poland toward the close of the sixteenth century. A magnificent palace was built, beautiful churches and buildings were erected, the population of the city and suburbs grew with astonishing rapidity.

During the Swedish wars, Warsaw suffered heavily, having twice fallen into the hands of the enemy. Later the plague and a conflagration reduced the number of inhabitants considerably. In 1740, however, the city harbored ninety thousand souls within its limit, and in 1790, the census showed 120,000. After the partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia and Austria, her faithful neighbors, Warsaw fell into the Prussian hands, when the city's further advance and development came to a standstill. Subsequently, however, Napoleon the Great, having delivered the city from its oppressors, again restored Warsaw to her old glory and position as the capital of the newly formed Polish Dukedom. The congress of Vienna in 1815 placed Warsaw under the Russian rule, leaving the city from that day on the unhappy victim of the Russian tyrants. During the present conflict in Europe, Warsaw suffered terribly, and last August the city fell

into the hands of the Germans. Those who sympathized and hoped for the freedom of Poland when the Germans occupied the city, were given a severe setback recently when the Kaiser levied an enormous war debt upon Warsaw. The city was of great extent and to-day may number over 750,000 inhabitants. With its decayed grandeur and the horrible devastations of late, together with the sad memories it recalls at every turn, it makes a mournful impression. In the last century, next to Paris, Warsaw was the most brilliant city in Europe; to-day it is considered a German city. It is a deplorable scene to see the tyrant striving night and day to wipe the very memory of the city's one-time prodigal splendor out of existence. For whereas the capitals of countries elsewhere are generally the object of the ruler's care, almost of their tenderness, Warsaw, the capital of a country whose existence the government of Germany does not recognize is being humbled in every way by the government. When Russia was ruling Warsaw, only part of the taxes collected in the city was used for the city itself, the remaining would be remitted to St. Petersburg, now Petrograd.

Since the unfortunate uprising of 1863 up to the close of the century, nothing at all had been undertaken for the cleanliness of the city. The whole of the civil and military administration was carried on in confiscated private and public buildings. To-day the German officers are in control of the buildings. In many instances, the Russian government would not permit the building of schools or the erection of monuments at private expense or by way of public subscriptions, and it was with the greatest difficulty that leave was granted to erect the monument to Adam Mickiewicz and to build a technical high school, which in 1905 together with the Polish University was closed down.

Before the war the street traffic in Warsaw was by no means inconsiderable; in the market there was the same life as everywhere else where buying and selling took place in the open air. One of the most noticeable things in the streets of Warsaw, so far as externals were concerned, was that without exception all the names, even of streets, all the signs, all the notices were in two languages, or two kinds of characters; on the left side the inscriptions were in Polish, on the right in Russian. Owing to the severe censorship of mail and

publications it is not known whether the street traffic underwent any change under the present German rule. An instance is recorded where a Polish merchant was sentenced to one year at hard labor for hanging out a sign in Polish only. This was one element in the contest which the government kept up to force the foreign language on the Polish nationality. Thirty years ago, the Russian government had even begun to try to introduce the Russian language into the Roman Catholic Church. But even more dangerous to Polish nationality was that provision of law which required that all instructions in the schools should be in the Russian language, which the common people did not understand. This was chiefly the cause of the ignorance among the Poles; only one-fifth of the population could read and write. An almost endless series of similar restrictions and barbarous laws had been forced upon this unfortunate city and nation, but in spite of a hundred years of persecution the result is just the reverse of what the Russian government intended it should be.

Warsaw to-day is as Polish as ever, perhaps owing to the persecutions even more so, for such is the nature of the Poles. For although the name of Poland is not found on the map of Europe, though the people of Poland are not yet reckoned among the peoples of Europe; though the freedom and welfare of its sons and daughters are in the power of foreign rulers; though their language is suppressed, still every loyal Pole, and most of them are loyal, knows and firmly believes that Poland will be declared a free nation after the present war. The Poles love Poland, not as they love England, France or any other country, but as they love freedom. For what is it to love Poland but to love freedom, to have a deep sympathy with misfortune and to admire courage and enthusiasm?

### When Spring Buds Forth.

When Spring buds forth in verdant dress,  
Casting a soft and sweet caress,

When woodland shore and Sylvan cove  
Bid the lone weary worker move

Where heavy burdens lightly press,

When a sweet maid in streaming tress  
Is singing of life's loveliness,

We feel our hearts awake with love

When Spring buds forth.

W. E. K.

### Terpsichorean Fates Favor "Mac."

BY CHARLES GRIMES.

Aching knees, a dull headache, and a sore back are some of McCall's "morning-after" ailments to-day. But notwithstanding his physical condition he is happy at heart. Why? Well, the Day Dodgers' dance came off last night and "Mac" was in attendance. And not only was "Mac" in attendance, but he danced, yes danced, fourteen of the fifteen dances including the two extras and, according to his own testimony, he had anything but "a bear of a time." The aching knees and other ill effects came this morning as they are wont to come to all beginners in the art of "tripping the light fantastic," but "Mac" doesn't care, he's happy now. He told us so over the 'phone half an hour ago, and he has a habit of telling the truth.

"Hello," he called, "Clem?" How are your old bones after last night's strenuous affair? Cracking, eh? My sentiments too. Feel as if I had a thousand needles running through my knees, ten devils pounding sledge hammers on my skull and all the iron in Gary on my back. Glad we had no classes to-day, aren't you?

"Say, Clem, what did you think of that 'dame,' I took along? You bet, some 'girl,' is right. Her name,—Gearin, Evelyn Gearin. She lives in South Bend, on Washington Ave., two or three blocks west from Tippecanoe. How did I meet her? Oh I've known her for a long time, Clem.

"A week ago last Sunday I was down there on a little visit when one of those confounded day dodgers came in with Ev's brother Tom, and slapped down a ticket for last night's dance. I never danced in my life before, but I had to come across for that ticket. Tom and I weren't the best of friends, you know, and since he had a reputation for being quite a dancer and he had his doubts about my ability, I thought I'd throw a big bluff anyway. In private he dared me to go and I took the dare.

"Clem, you can about imagine how I was looking forward to last night. Just think, boy, I never danced in my life before. The nearest I ever came to a dance hall was last summer at a shore resort out home. I saw the fellows and girls there tripping along and I watched their steps a while. Dancing never appealed to me, but when Tom Gearin dared me, I

just got my Irish up and swore that even if there was a chance of the dance floor collapsing under my two hundred pounds, I'd never give Tom the chance to say I was a crawler.

"The other day I got one of the fellows to show me the one-step, the hesitation and the fox-trot, but I tell you I felt mighty shaky. I was wishing last night was over long before it came. I could picture my clumsy self stepping all over the feet of any poor girl who had the nerve to dance with me."

Here we laughed for we could not help thinking of "Mac" as we saw him making valiant efforts to learn the dances in a room in Corby last week. Then his attempts were about as graceful as those of an elephant on roller skates. Our hopes for "Mac's" success weren't high.

"You may laugh, Clem, but believe me I was shaky, real shaky. I got up enough courage to go though. Before the dance I saw the other fellows engaging dances and I did the same. Tom Gearin laughed when he gave me two dances with his partner.

"Well the dance began and, shivers of shivers, how I did shake! The first dance of course, I took with Ev and the second one too. Then we went for punch and she piped, 'Oh, Donald, I never had any idea you were such a perfect dancer.' I had stumbled through the one-steps thinking they would never end, and then got a compliment that drove all the blood in my system up through my face into my uppermost scalp. I would have given ten dollars to quit then and there. But the agony continued. Every dame I danced with told me what a splendid dancer I was. 'You have some steps you brought from the East that we have never learned I suppose, Mr. McCall,' one said, and I saw her trying to imitate my mistake a few minutes later as if it were a real dance step. Even Tom's friend said she was sorry my program was filled out for she'd like to dance another set or two with me.

"Pretty soon I saw Tom looking 'daggers' at me and I wondered what I ever did to him. Later on I danced with Ed Marcus' friend. That was Finch bedecked in girl's clothes, you know, and I purposely stepped all over his feet. Bet if he hadn't skirts on he would have swatted me.

"Thank heaven the dance did finally end, and I swore by all the bibles in South Bend that I'd never go to another, and I meant it. I didn't "pull a bone" last night, but just made up my mind there'd be no more

dancing for me. I told Ev I had a delightful time and all that bosh.

"This noon I met Tom Gearin and he greeted me with a smile and an open hand.

"Put it here, Mac, shake, I never took you to be a dancer."

"We shook and I wondered how came it that he was so pleasant.

"Say, Mac," he said, 'would you mind doing a favor for me, although you may have to deprive yourself of a little pleasure?"

"Glad to help a friend any time," I said.

"Fine! Last night you made a big splash with your fancy steps, in fact I think you made too big an impression with Helen. She's been telling me what a wonderful dancer you are, and all that, and that will never do. Evelyn's yours, and I'd like to have Helen as mine. But if she sees you dance much more, chances are, that I'll be a back number. She and I expect to go to many dances in the near future and it would be best for my sake if you weren't present. I know it's asking a lot of you to keep away from dances since you must enjoy them, Mac; but I expect you to help me. You have a strong stand-in with sis, Evelyn, and if you say the word I'll make it all the better."

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### When Ships Come Sailing Home.

BY W. HENRY.

Out along the Niles roadway, nature in springtime appears at its best. Looking to the east or west a broad expanse of verdant greenness greets the eye. And down past the country store an old wooden bridge spans a brook; it's only a brook, but the clearness of its waters causes the passer-by to pause and gaze at the bewitching and magnetic effect of this little stream. The banks on either side slope gently to the water's edge. There is that rustic effect which unconsciously lends grandeur to simplicity, so how could you truly blame a certain young couple for choosing just such a sanctum on a fine spring morning. Nor had they come because of springtime fancies directly pointing toward love. It was something just as vital, however, and to them, just now—far more interesting.

There they were, seated at the edge of the brook, shaded by the branches of a big willow. Both were young, yet the conversation was

intensely serious. Perhaps it should not have been, but it was. Human nature demands sympathy, and sympathy requires seriousness.

Just at this time a third party, a youth with haughty demeanor, looking straight ahead and ignoring completely the young couple, passed by. I think that he could have spoken if he wished. After he had passed, the girl turned, looking backward over her shoulder at the figure merging into the dust of the distant road. He did not glance back. There had been a quarrel not long ago, and the chosen one now sat beside her.

As I said, the talk was serious. Immediately he expressed determinedly the desire of leaving Roselawn and Indiana too, for he wished to go out into the world to conquer. All he had done thus far was slight work about the farm. His fancies drifted toward medicine chiefly, though he had considered dentistry and the bar. Having heard from his parents of great professional men and of their deeds he wondered if emulating their examples would be possible? Could he be even remotely like them? The possibilities of such a hope brightened; the future shone as links of gold, the past as links of dross. So there should be no compromise with father or mother. He would leave his home, the farm, his folks, and start for a great city. What city should secure his services—he did not definitely know. All he knew was that a deep spirit of dissatisfaction pervaded his being. Who is there that has not experienced at some time a feeling akin to this? Was it strange that the future, calling with unceasing zeal, should mingle the days with hopes and shadows even now? Or that he should narrate his desires and fears to a little brown-haired miss? Her name was Cecile, and his, Joe. And Joe, let it be known, and she were—not engaged yet, but sweethearts. There was nothing at all strange about the fact. They had simply declared and decided that they should travel through life together. Holding hands now, they looked meditatively, not at each other, but rather in silent retrospection at the waters of the little stream at their feet. The bubbles played on the glistening surface of the water, overhead a lark sang, and rays of sunshine reflected all their radiance from the prismatic brook currents upon them.

There is no sentiment. Very little was said. A studied silence marked what might be a parting of the ways. He had not kissed her this

morning, for the thoughts of him "were long, long thoughts." She knew and understood.

It was her time to respond. The response too was not long in forthcoming. She knew he expected her to say something—and he respectfully awaited an answer. Furtively she looked at him from out of tender blue eyes. Her countenance was smooth, mingled with almost the tint of the wild rose that grows upon the lea. A pair of pinkish lips curved beautifully, though now she was not smiling. Over either shoulder hung a dark brown curl and rested there. Dressed in gingham, with a blue checked bonnet thrown back and knotted at her neck,—she was perhaps not the prettiest of women—but only a dear little home town, country girl.

Now do you think that she in answering could faintly dream of what the Great All Father had destined as her end or way? It is said that out of the mouths of babes often comes wisdom.

It was time for the gloom to be dispelled. The day with its sunshine was a harbinger of even brighter days to come. Evidently Cecile thought so. It was proper too that she, being a woman should have the last word. And does it matter that Joe was only nine and Cecile seven when she replied.

"You's too young to go away. You'd get lost. We's gointa stay right here with our folks till we gets big. You kin go to Notre Dame. an' me—St. Mary's. Maybe after, Joe, we kin git married."

### Rondeau.

I see it all. The picture lies  
Beneath the mountain, which defies  
All earthly powers. But from afar  
Grey mists, illumined, moving mar  
The scene at times in dim disguise.

And so did my ambition rise  
Toward longing vantage in the skies,  
To follow there a single star.

I see it all.

But gradually the many cries  
Of weakened will disturbed the ties  
From which all else, 'twas sought to bar  
Too late. Resolve is left to char  
And my determination dies.

I see it all.

Paul Berger.

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—This issue of the SCHOLASTIC contains the work of the Freshmen Journalists, and is, in a small way, a sample of the kind of writing the cub reporters are doing.

Freshmen Journalists' every day in the Journalism room. Everything in this edition

was done in a hurried way, as is the custom in newspaper offices, and the mistakes that have been made are due to inexperience and lack of time to prepare copy. It is no easy task to be assigned a subject on entering a class room and to be required to hand in the finished copy before leaving the room, and nothing can supply want of experience and practice. We well realize this, and we are certain our readers will realize it in perusing these pages. We make no excuses, however, except to ask our readers to bear in mind that we are just beginning Journalism and cannot be expected to have the polish of men who are longer at the work.

—Along with budding trees, lawn mowers and grass stains, there comes as a harbinger of the joyous springtime, the fellow who can tell you the number of days, hours and minutes ere school closes.

What about Vacation? It's probably more mathematical exertion than the duly constituted "math" instructors have been able to get out of him all year. But it helps kill time that might otherwise be uselessly frittered away in studying or attending class or some such trivial avocation. Press the statistician for the

wherefore of his enthusiasm, and his natural blank expression becomes a degree or two more vacuous. He brightens up after a period of profound meditation. "Why aint he goin' to chase the old bus around some?" He is. Likewise he must chase down and fraternize with the gang et cetera and ad absurdum. But after that? He doesn't know. It's an interesting question. When one tires of dancing, joy-riding and loafing, doesn't vacation become a trifle burdensome? We think the average student will confess as much. Why then, loaf all-summer? True, the folks think you are a privileged character, and mother is mightily worried for fear studious application has undermined your health. She doesn't know that she burns up more nervous energy in one quiet afternoon than you are apt to do in six months. Suppose you astound Dad, mystify mother and paralyze the perceptive faculties of the neighborhood, by volunteering to get out and do a little work. Never mind the Dun and Bradstreet considerations to the contrary, if, mayhap, they exist. It won't hurt you a bit. And it may help you amazingly. You don't like to acknowledge that you have any ambitions toward becoming a mere social parasite, batten on the family exchequer. There is a satisfaction in creative endeavor if it only takes the form of pitching hay or piling lumber. Don't go in for effete office work. You can wear a clean collar there, no doubt, but you can't work up a "sweat" or a coat of healthy tan as quickly in that pursuit as you can out in the open. Men distinctly worth while have done that. And they have profited by the experience. You have not attained to an eminence that would put a little manual labor beneath your elevated dignity. In fact the old world can revolve with truly astounding serenity, without you. So forget about the ennui of luxuriant leisure, and get out and do something—something that will be appraised by critics as worth while. Some one has aptly remarked that the demise of six expert machinists or stone masons is a greater economic deprivation, than the departure to cosmic parts unknown, of sixteen "colonies" of the Palm or Coronado Beach variety. When white duck and panamas begin to pall, get out and get under some of the burden that the old world expects you to bear. If it's only mowing the lawn, do it. It has been profusely rumored that there will not be many railroad presidencies "to let" this summer.

But take on a narrow gauge proposition if necessary. Notre Dame will be prouder of you working than idling. You don't need an education to become a first-class loafer. So it's hardly worth while trying to compete for that questionable distinction. And the fact that your attire—purchased with parental shekels—is better than the Weary Willie's, signifies nothing—if you emulate him in all other respects.

### Dr. Walsh's Lecture.

Since he last spoke at Notre Dame, Dr. Walsh has the added distinction of being a Laetare Medalist. No talker that it has been the University's pleasure to hear is more entertaining than he. His array of facts is astounding, and he rambles from one subject to another in a manner that is at once surprising and pleasing. Monday afternoon's lecture was devoted mainly to Shakespeare's Spanish contemporary, Cervantes. Doctor Walsh directed attention to the strange fact that the brain-children of these two men, Hamlet and Don Quixote, about whom more has been written than about any persons, real or imaginary, the world has ever known, are both generally conceded to be insane. In contrasting the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza the Doctor pointed the moral that the idealist "lives forever," but the realist "dies in a day." Doctor Walsh always leaves with us a large number of new facts and ideas, and one must be dull indeed to fail to derive great intellectual benefit from his talks.

### Obituary.

#### MOTHER M. GERTRUDE.

We regret to announce the death of Mother M. Gertrude of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who passed away Friday evening, April 28th, at St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis.

Mother Gertrude was a woman of extraordinary and quite unusual ability. She was a teacher of the President of the University during his early years, and besides Father Cavanaugh she sent Father C. L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., Father Francis T. Maher, C. S. C., and Mr. John T. O'Hara, C. S. C., to the Congregation of Holy Cross. *R. I. P.*

## Old Students' Hall

### Subscriptions to April 16, 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

John Dowd, '99	\$ 200.00
Charles J. Stubbs, '88	100.00
Rupert Donovan, '08	100.00
Rev. Francis H. Gavisk, '14	100.00
Edward P. Cleary, '09	50.00
Rev. A. A. Lambing, '83	25.00
James M. Riddle, '13	25.00

The amounts which follow were published in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC:

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
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	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. McInerney, '01	500.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
Cassius McDonald, '04	500.00
William P. Breen, '77	500.00
Student from Far West	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
John H. Fendrich, '84	250.00
John Eggeman, '00	250.00
A. A. McDonell, '00	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
Robert Anderson, '83	200.00
Joseph Lantry, '07	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. Van Antwerp, '14	100.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
Robert E. Proctor, '04	100.00
John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00
Frank C. Walker, '09	100.00

Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08	100.00
George O'Brien, '90	100.00
Vitus Jones, '02	100.00
Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, '14	100.00
W. A. Duffy, '08	100.00
Rev. John H. Guendling, '14	100.00
Fred C. McQueen, '00	100.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Stephen H. Herr, '10	50.00
J. N. Antoine, '70	50.00
Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09	50.00
Fred Stewart, '12	50.00
Jay Lee, '12	50.00
Walter Duncan, '12	50.00
Albert F. Gushurst, '09	50.00
Henry Hess, '82	25.00
Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
Rev. John H. Mullin, '11	25.00
I. N. Mitchell, Sr., '92	25.00
Gabriel Davezac, '94	20.00
James R. Devitt, '13	20.00
Alfred Vignos, '95	10.00
Andrew L. Shimp, '91	10.00
Robert D. Murphy, '01	5.00
Mark Duncan, '15	5.00
Hiram Halliday, '06	5.00
Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00

### Personals.

—Born, April 17th to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. McCarty, 131 Ocean Street, Lynn, Mass., a daughter.

—On Tuesday, April 25, Miss Lucy Cordelia Coyne was united in marriage to Mr. John D. Quinn (C. E., '04) in Scranton, Pennsylvania.

—One of the most pleasant messages received at the University Easter was a card from J. Gordon Dunn at 1399 Cass Ave., Detroit, saying among other things: "I have recovered from my illness."

—Mr. Patrick Houlihan (LL. B., '92) has been recently reappointed county attorney for St. Joseph County, Ind. Mr. Houlihan has for many years been a prominent lawyer in South Bend having offices in the Title Bldg.

—The marriage of Margaret Caroline Gross to Daniel Thomas Kelly (old student) was performed on Wednesday, April 26, at Normandy, Missouri. Mr. and Mrs. Kelly will be at home in Trinidad, Colorado, after July 1st.

—Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mary Moss to Mr. Peter Meersman (LL. B., '13). The wedding will take place on the morning of May 15 in St. Mary's Church in Moline, Illinois. "Pete" will be

remembered by the students as a member of the 1913 debating team.

—The liveliest bunch among the alumni is certainly the class of 1907. It has already begun to plan for a reunion of all the members at the Commencement next year. It is eventually realized that June, 1917, will be not only the Diamond Jubilee of the University, but—mark it well, gentlemen—the Decennial Anniversary of the graduation of the class of 1907. We hope the European War will have been ended before that time, as the boys of '07 are unwilling to share the attention of the world with any other event whatever in June of next year.

It is pretty well assured that every member of the class will be back at Notre Dame, unless he is in jail, and nobody will want to face a possibility of that horrible suspicion.

### Local News.

—Edward J. Murray of the South Bend *News-Times* addressed the senior and junior journalists Wednesday morning on "The Duties of a City Editor."

—The Glee Club will be tendered a banquet Saturday night by the Indiana Club of South Bend. On May 14th the Glee Club will sing for the benefit of St. Joseph's Academy in South Bend and in Indianapolis on May 7th.

—Mr. V. C. Gibblin of Brownson Hall announces to the graduates of 1916 that he will typewrite any thesis in a neat, professional manner, at ten cents per hundred words. Satisfaction and prompt delivery guaranteed.

—Brownson's baseball representatives and about twenty-five loyal rooters journeyed to Mishawaka last Saturday afternoon and lost a sharp 7 to 4 game to the Ball Bands. "Tex" Allison was the Main Building lads' star with the willow, while Lea Mond twirled a creditable game, losing chiefly because of five costly errors.

—The picture of Saturday night, April 29th, was another excellent comedy featuring John Barrymore. "The Dictator" is a story of an opera bouffe country, and ends with the ancient and time-honored situation: hero in peril; battleship steaming into the harbor just in time; Old Glory to the rescue; arm-full finish. The star is well supported by Miss Charlotte Ives.

—The 1917 DOME board has begun work on the year-book that will commemorate the

University's Diamond Jubilee. Editor-in-Chief Harry E. Scott has named as associate editors Howard R. Parker, Jerome J. Miller, Edward J. McOsker, Stuart H. Carroll, J. Kenneth Boylan, and William Kennedy. Leo Vogel has been chosen by Art Editor Matthew Trudelle to assist in photography work. Eugene F. McEniry, chosen by the junior lawyers to handle the business affairs of the publication, has not yet named his assistants.

—Notre Dame Council's Easter Dancing party was held in the Tapestry Hall of the Oliver Hotel, South Bend, last Wednesday evening. The Collegians' Orchestra furnished music for a program of eighteen dances which were continued from eight till twelve o'clock. Seventy-five couples were present, the honor guests of the evening being Judge and Mrs. Vurpillat and Professor and Mrs. Benitz. The members of the committee arrangement were: Joseph F. Smith, W. E. Walter, Geo. Shanahan, Austin McNichols, Edward Huber, and Walter McCourt.

—Captain John J. Kingman, of the corps of engineers on the general staff of the United States Army, conducted the annual inspection of the military department at Notre Dame, Thursday. The exercises consisted of a regimental parade, a regimental review and inspection, battalion drill for each company, bayonet exercise, and extended order drill. Captain Stogsdall and Sergeant Campbell have been conducting drills regularly for the past fortnight, and Thursday's review proved highly successful in every manner. Previous to the inspection at Notre Dame, Captain Kingman conducted a similar inspection at Culver Military Academy.

—Notre Dame's Varsity and Freshmen track teams left this morning for outdoor track meets this afternoon. The Varsity went to Ann Arbor where Michigan will furnish the opposition. The freshies hope to repeat their easy victory of last year over Western State Normal at Kalamazoo.

Although Notre Dame defeated Michigan in an indoor meet here last February by a four-point margin, another victory is by no means certain. Captain Bachman is expected to take the discus and the hammer throws, and also to give Cross, the Wolverine weight star, a great run for the shot put honors. Hardy, Bergman, and King, the local dash men, will be pitted

against O'Brien and Smith of Michigan. Smith captured first place in the 220 yd. dash at the Penn games last Saturday. Voelkers in the 440 and McDonough in the 880 are expected to be point winners. Kirkland, Fritch and Starrett should land places in the high and low hurdles.

The Freshmen will be deprived of the services of Douglas, their high jumper and pole vaulter, who was injured at the Culver meet, but should win handily over Kalamazoo. Mulligan, Grant, Meehan, Kasper, Noonan and Ward Miller, judging from past performances, should be easy point winners.

### Varsity Beats Wolverines.

In a weird game played on a cold, raw day, unfit for baseball, Notre Dame defeated Michigan 14 to 6, April 17th. Sans Sisler, our bug-a-boo of last season, Michigan appeared to be a most mediocre aggregation, and they really never had a chance to win. Both teams were hindered by the elements. The pitchers were wild and found it difficult to control the ball, and the fielding on both sides was of the wavery sort on account of the weather. The game as a result was a long drawn out, "late supper" affair, three hours being necessary to complete the regulation nine innings. Michigan after the game journeyed on to Ann Arbor without winning a single game on their extended Southern trip. So far this scholastic year Michigan's percentage against Notre Dame amounts to the grand total of .000.

Five runs by Notre Dame in the fourth inning, and an additional five runs in the eighth completely extinguished whatever light of hope Michigan might have entertained in the early stages of the game. By scoring one run in the first inning Michigan held the lead until the end of the second when Notre Dame scored thrice. Michigan tied it up with two tallies in the third, but Jake Kline got hold of a fast one in our half of the same inning and clouted it for a triple, and scored a moment later when the Wolverines failed to run him down between third and home. The thunder which had been rampant in the second and third innings burst into a storm in the fourth, and Notre Dame shoved across five runs. A couple of two-baggers, a single, two bases on balls and an error explain the avalanche.

At this stage of the game Olmacher succeeded

Robins in the box for the Michiganders. Edgren replaced Walsh for our side. There were no more "doings" out of the ordinary until the eighth when Notre Dame got its second big batch of runs when a quintet were shoved across the plate. After the third it was a case of "five or no count" for us.

Jake Kline was the offensive star of the day with three hits to his credit—a single, a double and a triple. Captain Labadie and Caswell of Michigan were the only other men on either team to hit safely more than once. "Zipper" Lathrop poled out a two-bagger. The summary:

NOTRE DAME	AB	SH	R	H	O	A	SB	E
Wolfe, ss.	3	0	2	1	2	0	0	1
Elward, c. f.	4	0	2	1	1	0	0	0
Lathrop, l. f.	3	0	2	1	1	0	0	1
Kline, 3rd b.	5	0	4	3	2	1	0	0
Meyers, 1st b.	4	1	2	1	5	1	0	0
Jones, r. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
Spalding, 2nd b.	4	0	1	0	2	0	0	0
Motts, c.	3	1	0	1	12	1	0	1
Walsh, p.	1	0	0	0	1	3	0	0
Edgren, p.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Totals 33 3 14 9 27 6 0 3

MICHIGAN	AB	SH	R	H	O	A	SB	E
Nieman, c. f.	5	0	3	1	2	0	1	0
Caswell, 3rd b.	5	0	1	2	2	0	0	1
Labadie, l. f.	4	0	0	2	1	0	0	0
Brandell, 2nd b.	3	0	1	1	3	2	0	1
Walterhouse, s. s.	2	0	0	0	4	3	0	1
Newell, 1st b.	5	0	1	1	7	0	0	0
Warner, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
Arentz, r. f.	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Dunne, c.	4	0	0	1	3	2	1	0
Robins, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
Olmacher, p.	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
*Andrus	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Total 31 1 6 9 24 10 2 4

\*Batted for Arentz in ninth.

Michigan 1 0 2 1 0 0 2 0 0—6

Notre Dame 0 3 1 5 0 0 0 5 \*—14

Two base hits—Lathrop, Kline, Caswell. Three base hits—Kline. Struck out—By Edgren, 8; Walsh, 3; by Olmacher, 3. Bases on Balls—Off Robins, 5; off Olmacher, 5, off Walsh, 5; off Edgren, 4. Hit by pitcher, by Olmacher, Edgren. Hits off Walsh, 3; in two innings, none out in third; off Robins, 6 in four innings. Wild pitches—Walsh 2, Edgren, 2. Passed ball—Motts.

### Varsity vs. Marshall.

Notre Dame fielded raggedly in the game with Marshall College of West Virginia a week ago Thursday and the Southerners triumphed over the Varsity, 8 to 6, in a peculiar game.

Captain Sheehan ascended the mound for the first time this year, in the game with Mar-

shall, and, although he was touched up for only seven safe bingles, his support was wavery, and the majority of the bingles counted in the scoring. Notre Dame made a total of eight errors in the contest with the Southerners, and though they piled up fourteen safe hits off Maynard, they could not overcome the effect of the poor fielding.

Marshall College counted one run in the second inning, but Notre Dame came back with three in its half of the same session and things looked good for a victory. Marshall scored once more in the fourth and then came back with three tallies in each of the fourth and fifth innings. Notre Dame tried hard to make up the difference, but the best the locals could do was to score two in the fifth and one in the eighth. In the meantime, the Varsity blanked Marshall during the four last innings, but the visitors had sewed the game up in the early periods.

"Chief" Meyers, Sheehan, Spalding, Motts and Wolfe were the leading hitters for Notre Dame. Meyers rapped out a double and two singles, while Sheehan, Wolfe and Spalding were each credited with a double and a single, and Motts made two safe swats. Dearien, with two runs and a two-base smash, and Hill, with two hits, were the offensive stars for the visitors.

The rooters were glad to see Captain Sheehan back on the mound, and Charley would have had a victory tucked away under his coat had he been backed by good support.

MARSHALL	AB	SH	R	H	O	A	SB	E
Cook, l. f.	4	1	0	0	2	0	0	0
Echols, 2nd b.	5	0	1	0	3	2	0	1
Fisher, c. f.	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
Hollinsworth, c.	5	0	0	1	2	2	0	1
Dearien, 1st b.	4	1	2	1	11	0	0	0
Dorsey, r. f.	3	1	1	1	2	1	0	1
Hill, s. s.	3	0	1	2	4	1	1	0
Calloway, 3rd b.	4	0	1	1	2	2	0	0
Maynard, p.	4	0	1	1	0	1	0	0
Totals	36	1	8	7	27	9	1	3

NOTRE DAME	AB	SH	R	H	O	SB	A	E
Wolfe, 2nd b.	5	0	0	2	3	2	0	0
Elward, c. f.	4	1	1	1	1	0	1	0
Lathrop, l. f.	5	0	0	1	4	0	0	1
Kline, 3rd b.	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Meyers, 1st b.	4	0	1	3	10	1	0	1
Jones, r. f.	5	0	1	1	2	0	1	0
Spalding, s. s.	4	0	2	2	0	5	0	5
Motts, c.	5	0	1	2	6	1	1	0
Sheehan, p.	4	0	0	2	0	3	0	0
Total	41	1	6	14	26	12	1	8

\*Calloway out, hit by batted ball in eighth.

Score by innings.

Marshall      0 1 1 3 3 0 0 0 0—8  
Notre Dame    0 3 0 0 2 0 0 1 0—6

Two base hits—Wolfe, Meyers, Sheehan, Spalding, Dearien. Struck out—By Sheehan, 4; by Maynard, 1. Bases on balls—Off Sheehan, 2; off Maynard, 2. Double play—Dearien, unassisted. Umpire—Anderson.

### Armour Institute Easy.

While "Swede" Edgren held Armour Institute at his mercy, his teammates backed him up with good support and some healthy swats Tuesday afternoon, and Notre Dame came back into its own with an easy victory over the Chicagoans, 11 to 1.

Armour was able to get to Edgren's delivery for only two safe hits and the little sophomore hurler fanned fourteen of the visiting batsmen. Edgren's exhibition was perhaps the finest bit of slabbing seen on Cartier Field this season.

The visitors were blanked until the ninth inning when they tallied one run as the result of a little ragged playing. Edgren hit Bruce and the runner got to second on a passed ball. He took third on Hall's fly to Elward and scored when Hullinger reached first safely through Meyer's error.

Notre Dame jumped into the lead in the second inning with two runs, Meyer's three bagger, a passed ball and a walk doing the business. Three more counters were chalked up in the third on hits by Edgren, Lathrop and Ward.

In the fifth inning, Elward's long home run to left field started another batting rally which netted three more runs. The Varsity then proceeded to score two in the sixth and ended it up with one in the seventh.

Students were pleased at the reversal in form shown by Harper's men. The athletes not only stepped into the ball and hit when hits meant runs, but they showed some gilt edged fielding, and displayed the necessary ginger in their play.

Meyers was the hitting star for Notre Dame in the Armour game. The big first baseman scored four times, made two hits, one good for three bases, and walked twice. Elward's home run drive was the longest of the day, while Pitcher Edgren aided things with two safe bingles.

Pete Motts has been lost to the Varsity baseball squad for the remainder of the season, owing to an injury which he suffered Monday.

Motts severed an artery in his right arm and he will be unable to use the member enough to permit of his playing before June.

Mott's loss will be a severe one to the team. He had practically made the position of first catcher, and his hitting was consistent and timely. The entire catching burden will now devolve on the two sophomores, Andres and Keenan.

NOTRE DAME	AB	SH	R	H	O	A	SB	E
Wolfe, ss.	4	0	1	1	0	3	1	0
Elward, c. f.	5	0	1	1	3	0	1	0
Lathrop, l. f.	4	0	1	1	1	0	1	1
Meyers, 1st b.	2	0	4	2	9	1	1	0
Kline, 3rd b	4	0	1	1	0	2	0	0
Ward, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0	1	0
Spalding, 2nd b	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
Keenan, c.	4	0	1	1	12	2	1	0
Edgren, p.	4	0	1	2	0	0	0	1
Totals	34	0	11	10	27	8	6	2

ARMOUR	AB	SH	R	H	O	A	SB	E
Mouatt, c.	4	0	0	0	2	3	0	3
Bruce, 3rd b.	4	0	1	0	0	2	0	1
Conway, s. s.	4	0	0	0	1	1	0	0
Brownman, p.	2	0	0	1	0	2	0	0
Wilcox, p.	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	1
Hall, 2nd b.	4	0	0	0	1	2	0	1
Hullinger, 1b.	4	0	0	0	13	1	0	1
Kerr, c. f.	3	0	0	1	2	0	0	0
Kulmar, l. f.	3	0	0	0	3	0	0	0
Anderson, r. f.	3	0	0	0	2	1	0	1
Totals	32	0	1	2	24	14	0	8

Score by innings—

Armour Institute 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—1  
Notre Dame      0 2 3 0 3 2 1 0 \*—11

Two-base hit—Wolfe. Three-base hit—Meyers, Brownman, Kerr. Home run—Elward. Bases on balls—Off Brownman, 3; off Wilcox, 1. Hit by pitched ball—By Edgren—Bruce. Wild pitches—Brownman, 3; Edgren. Passed balls—Mouatt, 3; Keenan. Time—1:40. Umpire—Anderson.

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Travelling at better speed than former world's record time in the half mile event at the Drake Relay Games at Des Moines last Saturday, it was the unfortunate experience of the Notre Dame team to have to be content with third place. The Gold and Blue were but four feet behind the winner in a sensational "blanket" finish. Bergman, King, Miller, and Hardy carried the baton for Notre Dame, and it was through no fault of theirs that they in place of the Wisconsin runners did not lay claim to the new record, 1 min. 28 4-5 seconds.

We were also well represented in the one-mile event. Miller and Hardy repeated in this race, and they were capably reinforced by Voelkers and McDonough. Starting furthest from the

pole in a field of eight teams by consistent sprinting by all four members of the team, and a sensational spurt by McDonough in the final quarter, gave us fourth place in this event. McDonough ran the race of his career, Coach Rockne clicking him in 49 4-5 seconds for his quarter. It must be kept in mind that our first man, and each succeeding runner began his lap in seventh position from the pole. The time of the winner—Wisconsin—was 3 min. 22 sec. Our men travelled the distance in 3 min. 24 sec. which is an average of exactly fifty-one seconds for each man.

### Edgren Beats Purdue.

For eleven innings Edgren held the Purdue batters helpless, allowing but two hits, striking out fourteen men and issuing no free bases. But three Boiler-Makers reached first and two of these died trying to steal; the other man was the only one to reach second. The third man reached first on a bobble by Meyers. While Swede was holding the home team safe, the Varsity collected 9 hits and had men on the sacks in every inning except the sixth; so we deserved to win. The game was won in the eleventh when Meyers hit for two bases, Kline singled, and Shrode let fly a wild pitch upon which Meyers scored.

For Purdue, Shrode was in the box and he too pitched good ball, especially in the pinches, but Edgren had the best of the battle throughout. Meyers hit one to the bleachers in the second inning that should have been good for a homer; but the ball hit the stands and bounded back, so Chief had to stop at third. The rest couldn't bring him in and such was the luck throughout the game. However, Shrode struck out ten men and gave but two passes which is no mean record. This is the same man who held the Wabash team hitless earlier in the season; so our men who hit should get credit.

Meyers led the hitting with a total of 5 bases in his two hits. The others to get two blows for the Varsity were Elward and Keenan. In the field Wolfe handled five chances without a slip and Spalding took four without an error. Keenan caught a good game, holding up Edgren in fine style and doing what throwing he had to do with accuracy.

The Purdue men who starred in the field were the outfielders who had a large number of chances. Many good catches were made

and they saved three or four long hits from landing safely. There were three errors in the infield.

LaFayette, Ind., May 2.—[Special.]—Purdue and Notre Dame battled eleven innings to-day, a single tally winning for the visitors, 1 to 0. Shrode and Edgren both pitched great ball, but the Notre Dame twirler had the better of the argument. Shrode did fine work in the pinches. Meyers hit a two-bagger in the eleventh, took third on Kline's single, and went home on a wild pitch. Score:

PURDUE	R	H	P	A	N. DAME	R	H	P	A
Finn, 2b	0	0	1	2	Wolfe, s	0	0	1	4
Weber ss	0	1	3	0	Elward, cf	0	2	2	0
Walter, c	0	1	10	2	Keenan, c	0	2	15	2
Kistler, lf	0	0	2	1	Meyers, 1b	1	2	9	0
Benson, rf	0	0	0	0	Kline, 3b	0	1	0	0
Stoncipher, cf	0	0	4	0	Jones, rf	0	0	1	0
Croy, 1b	0	0	8	1	Spalding, 2b	0	1	3	1
Perrin, 3b	0	0	1	0	Edgren, p	0	1	1	1
Shrode, p	0	0	1	2	Mooney, rf	0	0	1	0
Thomas, lf	0	0	3	0					

Totals 0 2 30 8 1 9 33 8

Notre Dame 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1-1

Purdue 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

Errors—Kline, Perrin, 2, Croy. Three-base hit—Meyers. Two-base hits—Walter, Meyers. Struck out—By Shrode, 10; by Edgren, 14. Bases on balls—Off Shrode, 2. Umpire—Goodman.

### Interhall Baseball.

#### BROWNSON WINS.

In its first Interhall battle, Brownson blanked Corby, 7-0, Sunday afternoon. The Brownsonites have played several practise games, and their work showed the result of practice. It was Corby's first game of the season, and from their showing, with no practice, the Corbyites should give all halls a hard fight for the cup. With the south-paw Murray in the box for Brownson, Corby had no chance. Murray held his opponents to two singles, both coming in the ninth. He also saved his teammates the trouble of much worry by sending fifteen batters to the bench by way of the strike-out route. Lally was on the mound for Corby. He pitched a good game but was given ragged support by his team. The hitting honors went to Burke with a home run and two singles, Sjoberg, with two safeties, and to Murray, who clouted a two-bagger and a single. Murray should make a good Varsity man with coaching.

#### WALSH OUTSLUGGED BY SORIN.

Walsh Hall made her debut, Sunday morning by losing to Sorin Hall by the score of 9 to 3. The game was marked by heavy hitting and

numerous errors, owing to both sides' lack of practice. Sorin had the advantage over Walsh on account of previous experience gained in her game with the Oliver Plow Works last Monday. Walsh spent too much time in getting started.

"Slim" Lynch, of Sorin, pitched in Varsity style, holding the Walsh contingent to two scattered hits for eight innings, and also registering a multiplicity of strike-outs to his credit. From what we have already seen, "Slim" looks like the best pitcher in interhall circles. In the eighth and ninth innings, the Walshites got next to his curves and bumped him profusely, thus attaining three runs. Casgrain, of Walsh, was unequal to the task of quelling Sorin's scoring, although he did not get the proper kind of support. He was replaced in the seventh by "Dutch" Wrapè, who proved himself an enigma to the Sorin batters. The scoring was stopped by him until the ninth when Dorwin scored.

The stars for Walsh were Soldani and Kenny, for Sorin, Fitzpatrick and Cofall.

### Safety Valve.

#### THE WONDER GROWS.

Now that it has been conclusively proved that Plutarch was a cash boy in the Boston Store, where, we wonder, did Bacon get the material for writing Shakespeare's plays.

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The mistake made by Drake University when they sent their negative team to Notre Dame instead of their affirmative, thereby leaving two negative teams at Notre Dame and two affirmative teams at Drake, was not as bad as it might have been—suppose they had sent their glee club or a football team instead of their debaters?

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#### IGNORANCE LOVES COMPANY.

1st Student:—"I think I pulled a bone in English class to-day. I told the professor I thought Becky Sharp was the girl that works down in Adler's clothing store and half the class laughed."

2nd Student:—"The laugh is on them. I'm almost certain that is Becky Sharp."

\*\*\*

Now that we are nearing the end of the school term it may be well to give samples of what class poems should be. The following was written by a man with one arm who was so wedded to the heart of his alma mater that he found it almost impossible to break the ligaments and tear himself away. He almost bled to death in doing so. The grief that welled up in his heart and that expressed itself in a sob like the last gurgle in a bath tub is portrayed in this poem.

"Officer! search the room for a dictograph while we practice delivering it."

#### THE POAM.

We're leaving you, boo, hoo! boo, hoo!  
 Splash! splash! there go our tears,  
 We're loyal sons, we ate your buns  
 We flunked each class like sons 'a guns—  
 Bring on the future years.

We're leaving you, good bye! good bye!  
 A lump swells in our throat,  
 A heavy sigh is heaved on high  
 We cross our hearts and hope to die  
 If you "aint" got our goat.

The future stares us in the face  
 It's impolite to stare.  
 We're in life's race. At every pace  
 Time soaks us with a leather trace—  
 We're losing all our hair.

So fare thee well, adieu! adieu!  
 Whatever that word means,  
 We're awful blue when leaving you  
 It makes us sneeze achoo! achoo!—  
 (No word will rhyme but beans.)

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#### A SONG.

D means that I've often made the Darned old Dinky  
 List;  
 E is for Exams I've failed to pass;  
 M is for the Many Meals and Masses I have  
 Missed;  
 E is Every Error made in class;  
 R is for the Rules I never kept just as I ought;  
 I just means my being Impolite;  
 T is for the Times with cigarettes that I've been caught,  
 S is Skives they've got me on at night.  
 So put them all together side by side, all in a row  
 And they will spell D-E-M-E-R-I-T-S:  
 The meanest word I know. B. J. A.

\*\*\*

#### THE FAKES IN THE CASE.

Frank Bacon was Bill Shakespeare's soul,  
 And Mother Goose was Homer,  
 The Faerie Queen 'neath Spencer's name  
 Is clearly a misnomer.

The Canterbury Tales of old  
 G. Chaucer never wrote,  
 They were the work of Pat O'Brien  
 Who borrowed Chaucer's coat.

Some folks would lead us to believe  
 That Virgil was a writer,  
 But all his books are works of John  
 L. Sullivan, the fighter.

And Mrs. Eddie wrote the odes  
 That folks ascribe to Horace,  
 Jane Austin was a flighty girl  
 Who toe-danced in a chorus.

These things have long been argued out  
 With arguments most subtle.  
 There isn't anything to say,  
 Except Tut! Tut! to Tuthill.