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The Roads.

THE roads were wild with April
And new with rare delight,
And there I saw an elm-tree fill
With blackbirds poised in flight.

Above that way—'twas after rain,
The skyey pennons flew,
While every hoof-print down the lane
Was brimmed with April blue.

To a slender lad I turned me
Beneath those wondrous skies,
And there the fairest blue did see
Alight in his young eyes.

S. STRAHAN.

Demosthenes the Voice of Greece.

BY WALTER L. CLEMENTS.

WHEN the epic muse is silent and the harp throbs no longer in lyric strain; when the buskin and sock begin to lose dignity and art;

when the tendencies of the day indicate the upheaval of nations and the decadence of institutions; then the time is ripe for the orator. After Homer and Hesiod, Tyrtaeus and Sappho; after Aeschylus and Sophocles, Solon and Pericles, then came Demosthenes to voice the glory of Greece as that glory passed away, to rally the remnants of the old Grecian spirit once more to the support of liberty when Grecian liberty had reached its mortal hour.

Great causes bring forth great champions. Heroes are always made in hours of struggle and dangers of conflict. And so it is times of turmoil and intense passion that always bring forth the orator. Just so long as the living tragedies of humanity reach their crisis, climax, and denouement, just so long will oratory continue to reoccur. Somehow the veneration

and praise of human achievements become most ardent when commingled with tears of regret for their loss. In epitaphs we read the most fervent account of men's lives and deeds. The greatest oratorical product in Shakespeare is a funeral oration, and in that the greatest tribute paid to Caesar is paid over his dead body. Indeed to the minds of men there are no days like the days that are past and gone; a sense of their loss seems to spur orators to the highest pitch of eloquence. So of all the living achievements of nations that of the orator is last in logical sequence, if not always in exact point of time.

Demosthenes deserves to be called one of the greatest orators in history, not merely because he learned to orate among the waves sounding on the seashore and spent so much labor in studious seclusion, but more, because bringing to his task a mind well prepared he came at the opportune hour when someone was needed to deliver the panegyric, the funeral oration, over the dying spirit of Greece, which ere its decline had placed the genius of Greece foremost among the peoples of all time. Truly to know the orator's place among the world's immortals and to understand his work one must first realize the ideals which formed the motive that urged him on, the subject matter which he employed in the fulfillment of his task, and the conditions which surrounded him and to which he applied his principles. All these are to the orator as the music, the instrument, and the audience are to the musician; they partake of his genius. The more favorable their circumstances, the greater is the genius they inspire. So Demosthenes, coming as he did at a time when the greatness of Greece had already reached its climax, filled with the love of Hellenic institutions, and seeing the downward tendencies of his time was moved to employ all the qualities he had inherited from his predecessors in an endeavor to check that depravity. Let us briefly review those acquired

qualities that he employed in becoming so great an orator.

The literature from which he obtained his style had already reached that pre-eminence which has made it the model of the literary world to this day. And if indeed he spent, as historians and biographers prove, so much time and labor in its study, we can readily understand how his rhetorical supremacy was secured. In the speeches of Demosthenes there is the grandeur of Homer, the fire of Sappho, the martial measures of Tyrtaeus, and the pan-Hellenic spirit of Pindar. Oratory at its best is midway between prose and poetry. The former depends upon the latter for its pleasing effect on the ear, and such effect is the beginning of persuasion. Here again the genius of Demosthenes was most happy in its close connection to so high a form of poetic art. His eloquence seems to have been akin to the divine *efflatus* of poetry. Plutarch tells of the orator being rapt in a kind of ecstasy and of his uttering a famous metrical adjuration as a man inspired and beside himself. However there is no question that the rhetoric of Demosthenes more directly depended on the three masters of prose who immediately preceded him: Isocrates who is called the founder of literary prose, Isaeus whose technical mastery is easily noted in Demosthenes' work, and Thucydides whose writings Demosthenes is said to have copied eight times. But even the style of such a writer as Thucydides is considered heavy and artificial when compared with that of Demosthenes who combined an unsurpassed mastery of that most expressive of languages with the clear logic acquired from Greek philosophers at that time in the full richness of wisdom. Plutarch furnishes evidence that Demosthenes attended the lectures of Plato. And while the orator was delivering his philippics Aristotle was not only schooling the youthful Alexander but was sounding the depths of knowledge for all Greece and posterity as well. But Demosthenes with logic and rhetoric would still be far from being the orator unless he possess the third requisite—action. It seems that at first Demosthenes did not understand the importance of action until it was impressed upon him by Satyrus, the actor, in the incident described by Plutarch. Then with his characteristic devotion he easily became skilled in action because he had not only Satyrus to learn from, but also the numerous other actors who then were in demand for the pres-

entation of the famous tragedies and comedies of Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the other dramatists who flourished a little prior to the time of the orator.

Yet howsoever well prepared the orator is, he will not win the applause of nations and the admiration of posterity unless he advocates a cause on which the course of history depends, unless he is inspired by a theme that deeply stirs humanity. The inspiration of Demosthenes' eloquence was his ideal of Grecian greatness. That same Hellenic spirit that had been the source of a literature as yet unexcelled, that had nourished art and given birth to philosophy, that had found the way to free government, that had repulsed the Eastern invader, and predominating wherever it went, was destined to be the handmaid of Christianity in the foundation of our own civilization, was the power which moved Demosthenes and lent force to his eloquence. The source from which he drew his oratory is the same fount from which we have imbibed our culture and civilization. After Philip had wrestled Amphipolis and Pydna from Athens leaving Methone alone to her of all her former possession on the Thermaic coast, while the Macedonian was bearing down on Olynthus with strength of arms and treachery of gold, Demosthenes called upon the people to throw away their lethargy and timidity, and to send citizen-soldiers to the support of the distressed city. He declared that Philip was an enemy to the general welfare of Greece. He accused the strong Macedonian party at Athens of courting an enemy who would bring destruction to Grecian institutions. In all his orations Demosthenes held up to the people images of Athens and Greece in the struggles of Thermopylae and Salamis. He tried to unite all Greece against Philip, whom he calls a barbaric invader. He urged Athenians to arouse themselves and make Athens once more the leader of a pan-Hellenic league. In his first philippic he ridicules the people "that a man of Macedonia should conquer Athens and give law to Greece." In his second Olynthiac he describes the past glories of Greece thus: "Our ancestors therefore whom the orators never courted, never treated with the indulgence with which you are flattered, held the sovereignty of Greece with general consent five and forty years, deposited about ten thousand talents in the public treasury, kept the king of this country

in the subjection which a barbarian owes to Greece, and erected monuments of the many illustrious actions which they themselves achieved by land and sea. The edifices which their administration has given us, their decorations of our temples and the offerings deposited by them are so numerous that all the efforts of posterity could not exceed them." Thus the orator speaks of those men who flourished in the prime of Hellenic glory. In those days there had been sturdy-going heroes. Demosthenes strove to shape his public actions according to their deeds. They were his beaux-ideal. To what warmth did not his oratorical fervor rise when looking backward he recounted that long line of Grecian achievements, the integrity and prowess of Grecian heroes? With this patriotic fire he brought out in contrast his contempt for the mercenary spirit, the weakness and treachery of his own time. He would have been against Philip what Themistocles had been against the Persian hosts of Xerxes. He strove to arouse the old valor in the hearts of Greeks. He wanted Athens to remain the city of gold as Pericles had left her. He was the one great champion of the interests of Greece amid the fickleness of his people and the uncertainty of his time. He was the one main terror of Philip, and so great was the power of his oratory that Philip considered his victory at Chaeronea in the light of a personal victory over Demosthenes.

But however Demosthenes was imbued with the ideals and policies of Pericles and Themistocles, he endeavored to apply their policies to an age weakened by intestine conflict and enervated by too much prosperity. Already had the Athenians torn down their long wall to the soft notes of the flute. Having exhausted their strength in the Peloponnesian war, the states of Greece had lost that eternal vigilance which is said to be the price of liberty. Athens never sufficiently recovered her power after the plague which occurred about the end of Pericles' administration. Truly, wealth had accumulated, but souls had decayed. In the time of Themistocles or Pericles warfare had been carried on in open and honorable battle. In the day of Demosthenes it was a common occurrence for citizens to betray their native city for a paltry bribe. The orations of Demosthenes are filled with references to numerous instances of bribery and infidelity, and he reproaches his fellow countrymen for their depravity. In his "Oration

on the Crown" he gives the reason for Philip's success: "It happened that among the Greeks there sprang up a crop of traitors and venal wretches, such as in the memory of man there had not been before. These he got for his supporters; the Greeks already ill-disposed and unfriendly to each other, he brought into a still worse state, deceiving this people, making presents to that, corrupting others in every way, and he split them into many parties when they all had one interest, to prevent his aggrandizement." Thus the orator chides the people for their perfidy. He tells them that should Philip die, their weakness would bring forth a new tyrant. Thus he powerfully contrasts the glory of the past with the weakness of his own times. Between his patriotism and contempt runs the whole gamut of his feeling and eloquence. The orator beheld the decadence of Greece and with the zeal that never gives up he attempted to breathe into dead institutions the breath of a departed life. But words alone never built cities nor won battles. When Demosthenes tried to apply the policies of Themistocles and Pericles to the conditions of his own time he made a serious mistake as a statesman, but as an orator he won a crown of excellence not only from Athens but from all posterity as well. He failed to achieve the immediate end toward which he labored, but he won a fame far greater, he fulfilled a mission far grander: he voiced for all ages the greatness of Greece. A man of eloquence was needed to deliver the panegyric over the ashes of Hellenic institutions. Demosthenes was made great by responding to that need; Grecian achievements by the eloquence of Demosthenes were made dearer to the hearts of men.

Foiled.

BY T. DUFFY.

"I beg your pardon, but is this seat taken?" asked "Slick," as he leaned over a seat on a train headed for New York City. The blonde raised her thickly painted eyelids and uttered a faint "no."

Slick's companions had just got off the train, and it was up to him to make acquaintance with someone else travelling eastward. He took a newspaper out of his pocket and rapidly read over the quotations of the stock exchanges, while

the girl by his side toyed with one of her many rings. Accidentally she dropped it, and Slick was squatted on the floor in a jiffy looking for the lost diamond ring. He presently found it and returned it to its owner. A conversation was then started.

"Yes, the student's life is a mighty hard one. I have just finished my junior year in college and am going home for a great vacation," said Slick.

"Well, Mr. Moran, it's no harder than the academy life which I have had to tolerate for the past two years," replied Mildred Kern.

"Is your summer home in New York?" queried Mr. Moran.

"Well, no, my papa has a mansion in the city, but we generally spend our summer months in Newport."

"My dad lodges in Atlantic City for about half the year and then comes to the city."

"I intend to take an extended trip to Europe this summer," said Miss Kern, "instead of resting at Newport as I have done for the past three summers. Papa will take his private launch, and of course this will mean a far more pleasant trip than travelling on one of these common ocean lines."

"Yes, I quite agree with you, Miss Kern. Have you ever heard of the Pontiac? You haven't? Why that's strange. Dad has won three medals at the yacht races with it, and only last week carried off a gold cup for possessing the finest yacht in Atlantic City." Slick chuckled to himself as he saw how his companion was allowing this to soak in. What would the fellows in the bowery say if they heard he was keeping company with a little millionaire princess from New York?

"So you graduate next year, do you, Mr. Moran?" asked Miss Kern. "Do you intend to engage in any business after finishing school?"

"No, I don't. Dad's not over-anxious to see me working, and I need a few years of good solid rest anyway after my hard school life."

Mildred had to turn her head away, as she laughed at the thought of how she would incur the envy of her "bunch," when they heard that she had started to keep company with a young millionaire. They conversed together until the train entered the station. A date was then made for that evening at the Waldorf Astoria.

Slick walked down the street with his hand in his pocket, juggling the last dime he had to

his name. After some time he dropped into "John's Two for One," and sat down to "dogs and coffee." While munching on his sandwich and planning on how he could procure a decent suit to wear that evening, one of the doors of the room opened and Slick got a full view of the cook house in the rear. He leaped from his stool as he saw the "millionaire princess" bent over a pail of potatoes. She looked around, and gasped as she saw Slick. The door closed; Slick ordered a glass of "Coc" with his last jit and left the place in disgust. The date was not kept. At eight o'clock Slick was back to his old job, selling papers on Broadway, while Mildred was quietly paring potatoes in "John's Two for One."

The Art of Writing.

BY ARTHUR W. HAYES.

If the number of rules coined by thousands of authorities, the maxims, axioms and terse injunctions of the rhetoricians, the pamphlets, tracts, brochures and volumes of a multitude of stylists, is any criterion of complexity and many-sidedness, then the art of writing is an application of a wonderfully complicate and intricate science. Whether one begins with the old "Unity, coherence and force" slogan of high school rhetorics, or jumps abruptly into more *recherché* discussions of "tonalities in word painting" he is met with a bewildering variety of admonitions, suggestions and "pertinent—or impertinent—hints."

It is a favorite practice of many English authorities to enumerate a number of "Dont's," wherein one is warned against every breach of literary convention that has been perpetrated since the days of brick literature in Babylon. Undoubtedly these are calculated to assist the aspiring (and not infrequently perspiring) neophyte. But until one has acquired a requisite degree of cynicism, it seems quite obvious that the "Dont's" in point, have just about vitiated the entire subject, leaving but a few hollow husks of effete expression. Many a literate masterpiece has gone the way of the ash can because its author, suddenly warned of the insidious poison of split-infinitives, has despaired of ever achieving lettered renown without the aid of the expressions thus felicitously dichotomized.

But there are, nevertheless, fundamentals

that will brook no perversions. Literary rules must be observed. Without due respect for them, Literature must inevitably degenerate into a hodge-podge of eccentricity and individualism, a Babel, as it were, of confused and conflicting styles, coinages and conventions. It is not that the maxims and axioms of rhetoric are superfluous. On the contrary, they have better *'raison d'être'* than most tenets of medicine or astronomy. But every deluded scribbler that ever "Took pen in hand" has felt his noble soul impelled to a great mission, viz: the reiteration of every rhetorical injunction he has ever encountered, elaborated with liberal annotations and citations all his own. These rules might be said to simmer down to one rather simple maxim: "Weed out grammatical errors and write as talent and aptitude dictate."

Every individual has a distinctive style. Not necessarily a clever, beautiful or powerful style, but one so composed and compounded of mannerism, idiosyncrasy and eccentricity of expression, as to distinguish his writings from the products of other pens. His style may be notably simple or markedly complex. It may be lucid and powerful, or vague and halting. But it is his. Tell a person with a predilection for long periodic sentences, to read Newman for "his style," and you are godfather to a subsequent dichromatic effusion in which elongated and shambling sentences are interspersed with briefer ejaculations that seem painfully afflicted with spring halt. If a writer is given to the terse, nervous mode of expression, missionary work on behalf of graduated periods, "rounded with beautiful symmetry of form and exquisite contour of thought" will result in a hybrid style, the like of which is achieved only when something slips in the mechanism of a monotype machine.

Wilkie Collins, chary of advice, and epigrammatic when giving any, said, "Keep your idea within until you can no longer contain it; then give it as little assistance as possible." He who feels impelled to say anything will say it. His utterance, if spared the pruning hook of a rhetorically stimulated discernment, will have a certain natural vigor that is pleasing. But if he has alternated in imitation of Newman and Carlyle, he will torture, distort, convert and pervert his thought, until the finished effort resembles nothing of earth, air or sea. Newmans and Carlyles and Stevensons are rare and God-given. They should inspire

more admiration than imitation. The appreciation that makes for careful perusal may stimulate thought, and thus indirectly literary achievement. But the admiration that prompts counterfeiting, is parent to parody. And parodies tarnish in some slight degree the glory of the thing they ape.

The art of writing, is the applied science of saying something in a fashion that will enable the thought expressed to be transmitted in fulness of understanding to the mind of the reader. The reader must know what the writer is saying, why he is saying it, and what the substance of the utterance amounts to. Some people possess the fortunate faculty of expressing their ideas in such fashion that the diction neither clogs, cloy nor encumbers. The thought, so to speak, is all soul. We recognize its essence as distinct from the burdening clay of the diction. Such individuals,—authors, orators and poets,—will send their name and fame down all the ages. Others, creatures of vogue and fashion, characterized by some literary foible or whimsicality, will float a moment on the crest of a wave of transient popularity. When once it breaks, they are swept into oblivion. Their writings crumble in the acid test of time. Posterity will have nothing to do with them. Their work does not ring true. And work that is a feeble composite of all the masters of the pen, work that is cemented with trite rules, and vitiated with rhetorical "don't's" will not ring true. We are not candidates for the hall of fame, mayhaps, but even contemporary criticism dislikes the obviously affected.

Work must have substance and sequence, strength of thought and fluidity of expression. It must observe the grammatical unities. But some knowledge of these fundamentals must be postulated as existing in the mind of the reader. For the "Art of Writing" must surely transcend discussion of the mere mechanism of word structure. Else better, perhaps, a brochure on the "Art of Spelling."

A person cannot be said to "write" until he has put behind him the grammatical ropes and rhetorical pulleys that operate literary scene shifting. The author who experiences as much difficulty in recognizing a dangling participle as in locating the constellation of Orion, need never concern himself with writing as a fine art.

It is assumed then that the writer is conversant with the technique of word, sentence and paragraph structure. He has the implements of

thought expression. What shall he say? If he has nothing to say, a discreet and enduring silence is to be recommended. If he nevertheless feels impelled to discourse, he should be careful to nurture his own style. He is not Newman, nor Scott nor Hawthorne. He is Hezekiah Brown, aspiring litterateur, without reputation, without fame, and very likely without talent, means, or intelligence.

He can imitate great writers. But his work will have the same standing in the world of letters as a spurious banknote. He seeks advice. Tons of nauseating misinformation descend upon him. "Enrich your vocabulary," says one. He reads five dictionaries and fourteen encyclopedias and informs the world that man is a "pentadactylic plantigrade bunadont, characterized by bifoliated cerebral fissures and potential osteoplasticity of the vertebrate structure." He looks about for recognition. None is forthcoming. Another adviser gets in his good work. "Monosyllabic simplicity is the surest guarantee of success," he whispers. The aspirant burns his dictionary of synonyms and produces another article. It is simple; so simple that when he tries to sell it to a modern kindergarten, it is rejected as elementary. "The 'Can you see the pretty red wagon?' stuff is obsolete," says the President of the Board of Education. "This is a technical and scientific age, and flexible vocabularies must be developed."

At this point in his quest of the elusive art, the literary dilettante would do well to apply for a position as ribbon clerk in the nearest department store.

"What is written, is written," affirms the Torah. So be it then. If aspiring authors were aware of the finality of certain century-old edicts, much that is "written" would never have been inscribed. Preceding ages have returned but few common verdicts. But in one finding all have concurred. "If a man is a writer he will write, and write well, irrespective of race, color or previous condition of servitude. If he is not a writer, all the rhetorics and masterpieces ever penned, cannot inspire him to achievement." We have at last arrived at a definite conclusion. The art of writing is not acquired. It is spontaneously generated. Writers rise like cream on the milk of frenzied scribbling. The next best thing to being a successful writer is to be cognizant of the fact that you are not. It encourages silence, abstinence and peace.

A Plain Case.

BY D. C. GRANT.

When Blakesley decided it was no use, it was just two hours past midnight. He shut off all the lights but the one marking the entrance to the office, and sat down to think it out. He was ruined. Of that there had been no doubt. The only question had been whether he could face it out. He had gone over it all carefully, every consideration had been weighed in the delicate scales of life and death. He would not run away. There remained but one way out—suicide.

Suicide! How he would have laughed, with the intolerance of youth and health, had the suggestion been made to him years ago that he too might come to the point where he would be glad to follow in the footsteps of those wretches whose obituaries he edited for his healthy town paper. Yet here he was, only five years later, about to take the final step into—he had calculated that too, and the black chasm of doubt with which the unknown future life had threatened him had not altered his resolve. He knew he had the courage—or cowardice—to pull the trigger when he was ready.

The relief which he so craved lay in the lower drawer, but he was suddenly become so weary that he did not feel equal to lifting it for the last act. He would write a note, rest a bit, and then—the end.

Blakesley felt somehow that he must have fallen asleep, his head being nestled in his arms folded on the desk, and that he had slept for some time. In a second his nerves seemed to jump into a straining tension as though he had heard a strange sound. Yet he had heard nothing. His heart thundered in his breast; he could have heard nothing but its bumping. He slowly raised his head and looked toward the door. His breath was expelled in a sudden painful gasp.

There stood a figure of what might have been a man, but what was now infinitely worse than a brute animal—a madman. Insanity glared from the staring eyes, terror was struck from his savage face, matted with a tangled growth of black beard, murder lurked behind the animal-like crouch, ready for the spring, great hairy hands extended slightly forward. Blakesley just turned his head; he seemed changed to ice. And while his agonized brain begged of his benumbed body to do something, eyes clashed

in a duel in which the lowering of the weapon of the sitting man meant his undoing; not once did his gaze falter, clinging to the other's in cold horror. He knew what it was—his paper had carried the story of the operations of a beast in human image, which had escaped from a downstate asylum two weeks before. It had probably been attracted by the late burning light in the city room of Blakesley's paper. It might have a horrible personification of his own horrible condition, conjured up by his brooding mind.

Slowly Blakesley raised his head from its cramped position, never taking his eyes from the mad one's; slowly he raised himself to an upright position, his glance never wavering while his mind raced hither and thither like a rat in a trap, seeking an avenue of escape. Slowly Blakesley raised himself to his feet, while every nerve, every fear beseeched him to rush upon this awful, staring thing and kill or die; slowly he swung his body about in response to the command of a stronger power—love of life—until he faced the wild-eyed intruder, never daring to remove his hold on the crazed eyes.

The figure still crouched in the doorway, but had not made a move. The ghastly, triumphant leer visible through the matted beard did not vary. Slowly Blakesley advanced. Twelve feet ahead of him was another desk on which a file cleat lay. That was his objective point. Twelve feet, an inch at a time: how long would it take? Twelve feet were 144 inches; one second to the inch, 144 seconds were two minutes and 24 seconds, almost two minutes and a half. No, it was two hours and a half, two months and a half, years, centuries!

The ages crept on and Blakesley still advanced, an inch at a time for his life! Another foot, slowly, slowly, not to spoil all at the finish: ah! his hand glided smoothly, slowly along the polished desk top; it grasped the rule. The madman's muscles began to twitch, but still Blakesley's gaze grasped him.

There was a sound—farther back; it was a mouse. It scurried across the floor, the insane eyes shifted ever so slightly and suspiciously as though their owner thought that his victim might be trying a trick on him. Then Blakesley sprang and brought the iron of the rule down upon the madman's head. Again and again he struck as his opponent recovered from the first onslaught and struggled to secure a clinch. The

strength of insanity was matched against the combined strength of fear and self-preservation.

Back and forth, over chairs, typewriters, tables, strewn in shattered remnants all over the spacious office, they fought until Blakesley managed to land a heavy blow behind the ear. Without a sound the madman sank to the floor.

Blakesley made sure he was dead. He walked to the windows through which the first signs of murky dawn were streaking, and pulled down the blinds. Then he turned on all the lights and sat down.

He was shaking all over. The sweat which had stood out on him in frozen beads of fear now melted into a flush of perspiration which bathed his whole body in a warm flood. What an ordeal!

His eyes wandered to an envelope addressed "To whom it may concern," lying on the desk before him. He stared at it as if it had surprised his recollection. With a jerky movement he reached down to the bottom drawer, pulled it out, and extracted a revolver. The envelope and its contents he tore to bits and dropped them carefully into the already overloaded waste basket. Then he passed to the side of the heap of blood-soaked tatters on the floor.

His body fell across that of the madman's, the revolver slipping from his grasp and landing with a thump close by the outstretched hand of the madman. Perhaps half an hour later the mouse, scared away by the sounds of the struggle, peered fearfully around a corner. He was still engaged in examination of the still forms lying in a dark, stiffening pool when the janitor came in. He hurried away before the police arrived at the janitor's call.

It was simple enough, the police told the reporters. The madman who terrorized that section for two days had been attracted by the light, had found Blakesley at work and they had fought. Before Blakesley's blows proved fatal the madman had shot him. Where he secured his weapon was a question, scarcely worth the bother of answering.

Proverbs.

Now all proverbs are true,
 Yes, as true as can be,
 And to prove that they're not is quite vain;
 As in speaking of haste,
 Is it haste that makes waste?
 Yes, but not when you're catching a train. B. J. S.

When Hearts Take Diamonds.

BY JOHN M. RAAB.

This is an unusual story. It begins where most stories end. It concerns a young lady who gave back a diamond ring,—a \$1000 diamond ring,—quite unusual! But everything happened when the young lady gave the ring back so this story could not be written unless she did. Read any love story in the current "Slushlies" Weekly, and you will have the details that lead up to the ring. This point, we repeat, is where this tale first gets on.

"Helen, dear, will you marry me?" (borrowed for the start from the aforementioned weekly). Helen, of course, snuggled closer on the well-worn parlor sofa,—as Helen had often done before, and murmured, yes, scarcely breathed the word John was waiting for: "Yes."

"Then wear my ring," and quite proudly the accepted candidate slipped upon the third finger of the slim milk-white hand a precious diamond solitaire. (For value see above.)

It was impossible for Helen to nestle closer, but Helen fairly beamed her love for the man who had selected her from all the girls in the world to be his wife. Both were happy,—the brilliance of the diamond, in its million scintillations, but reflected the brightness of their hearts and the happiness of their souls.

John borrowed a match from the milkman to light his cigarette when he left on that eventful "evening" and weary in body but light of heart he sought his shower instead of his bed to refresh him for the day's work. Other clerks at the dairy lunch may have thought John was really reading the morning *Tribune*,—some may have thought he was eating the Shredded Sawdust before,—but John's thoughts were elsewhere. His dreams had come true, and he was happy, the happiest man in the world, he repeated to himself as he had repeated to Helen the evening before. That Helen Gavin, the girl he had known and loved so well, should consent to be his wife,—well if Heaven were anything more than he knew now he would surely just as soon stay on earth forever.

This was Thursday,—would night never come? Of course as her fiancée John could come back again that night. He mused how wonderful it would be to call on Helen every

evening until the happy day of their wedding came. The hours passed slowly,—but hours will pass,—and evening came at last. The usual routine,—changed clothes, bath, street cars, and again John was in his holy of holies, all alone with the girl he loved.

Now a lover is like a sailor on the seas. He explores an unknown and unfathomable region. The only difference is that sailors rely on a compass to some degree while the lover depends on intuition. But there is no keener sense known to science than the intuition of a lover. There are things a compass will not tell a sailor, but a lover's intuition never fails. A good sailor usually knows when a storm is brewing,—a lover always knows.

Now there was no cloud on Helen's complexion this Thursday evening,—there never was. There was no need for any in this day and age, but somehow—as only lovers can—John knew something was wrong the moment Helen came into the room. His heart sank, gloom enveloped his soul. He had but a few moments to wait, and Helen told her story. It was this way,—John knew that Helen wanted to go to the Charity Ball,—Helen knew that John could not afford to take her. Now Stewart Cochran, an old flame,—but John could be sure there wasn't even a spark of love remaining for anyone else but himself—had come back to Chicago for just two days and was going to be here the night of the ball, and Stewart wanted to know if Helen, merely for old time's sake, would not go with him. And Helen could see nothing wrong with it, since it was not known publicly yet that they were engaged. Helen said she would go,—now it would be all right with John, wouldn't it? Now the ancient Kings of Ireland had contributed generously to John's makeup, and the Irish that was in him rose up and asserted itself on this Thursday night as it had never done before. He simply would not as a matter of principle, allow his fiancée to go to a dance with another man. He was sorry, deeply sorry, that he could not afford to take Helen to this dance, but there were other dances coming. The battle raged three hours, then Helen delivered her ultimatum:—"I do not want a jealous husband, you will either let me go to this dance or I will break our engagement." Now John was only a clerk, but he was a good personal financier, and his mind worked rapidly. His plans were made and quickly communicated to Helen.

"Very well," he said, "we will break our engagement. I can never consent to your going." Reluctantly, yet quite proudly, Helen slipped the ring from the aforementioned third finger of her aforementioned milk-white, slim milk-white hand and gave it to John. John arose, laboriously donned his overcoat, and affecting great sorrow—part of which he felt—left the house.

Still thinking of the plan that had made him so lightly accept Helen's refusal to continue their engagement, he started city-ward. It was not the ordinary "Three-Ball Pawn Shop, it was a respectable Jeweler, who "sometimes" loaned money to "responsible" but "temporarily embarrassed" people. John did not have any trouble convincing the Jeweler that he was "temporarily embarrassed" and as was his wont, the jeweler took his word that he was "responsible." The loan was made,—a mere hundred,—but enough for the purpose. With the coin of the land in his pocket and the spirit of revenge in his heart the lover sallied forth. It would not do to press matters, so he waited until late in the afternoon. Then slipping away from the office he hurried to Helen's house. His manner was apologetic, and his air meek as a nun's.

"Helen, dear," he began, "I am sorry, won't you let me explain." Helen was haughty, but being a woman, her heart was a woman's heart. Of course she would hear his story. John was contrite to the extreme, and wanted another chance. He wanted Helen to see his side, and if she would, he, and no one else, would take her to the Charity Ball. He had a surprise for Helen. He was going to get a better position and he would well afford to take her to the dance. Would she let him,—would she make up and let him come back?

Helen pondered long and well. It would not do to let John think she was weak. She must uphold her rights and she must not allow her dignity to fall. She must use diplomacy, which is a woman's most effective weapon.

Slowly she began: "John, it is true that I still love you. I told you I would love you in spite of everything, and I do. But you have hurt my pride. You have asked me to sacrifice a principle I believed in and believed right. I could not and you know I would not. I can see how contrite you are, dear. I feel that you are deeply sorry. Of course I would a thousand times rather go to the dance with you. But I

feel as though I must go to that dance, for I think my social position demands it. It may be some time before I can forget our quarrel entirely, but if you will wait I will try. I will go to the dance with you and then we will begin all over again. What do you think, dear?"

John felt more like one whose judgment has been confirmed or whose guess was right than like a true contrite lover should feel on such an occasion, but Helen was no mind-reader and John knew it, so he kept right on thinking that way.

"All right, dear," he said. "We will go to the dance, and then we will begin all over again. I am sorry you will not take the ring back at once, but, perhaps you are right, it may be best to wait a little while. We feel quite sure, and yet this quarrel has convinced us that we should be more sure. But remember, dear, I will be waiting for the day when you will take the ring back again, because I love you truly, and always, always will."

Then John went back to work. Went back to work for his employer as well as for a certain prominent Jeweler who "sometimes" loaned money to "responsible" but "temporarily embarrassed" people.

Spondulics.

I had 'cart-wheels' by the dozen,
'Iron lewies' by the score;
I had ninety-eight 'brass-washers'
And of 'clinkers' twenty-four.

Much 'mazuma' filled my pockets,
I had thirty pounds of 'kale,'
And besides some 'filthy lucre,'
I had 'gelt' upon my trail.

I had car-loads of 'centavos,'
And 'semolions' were thick;
'Jack' and 'coin' were so abounding
That it almost made me sick.

Then I went to count my fortune,
When it spilled out on the floor,
And it-jingled and it-jangled
Like you never heard before.

But the jingle was the 'larm-clock':
It was ringing. I awoke,
And instead of being wealthy,
I was penniless and broke.

B. Anderson.

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Board of Editors.

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—The time approaches when the youth of the E. S. B. will begin to blithely query "When will the DOME be out?" The sadly harrassed editors will chalk such

The Men Who such questions up with Make the Dome. the numerous other petty annoyances and vexations integral with the task of assembling the school annual. They are willing to let it be known that it will be issued early—very early—in June. And in the meantime, they would welcome, no doubt, respite and nepenthe from the whole business of DOME making. Theirs has been a labor well worth while. The athlete scores his triumphs where hundreds, if not thousands, will see and applaud. The DOME editor does his work by electric candle or lamp light, as the case may be. The art editor spends long and weary hours over "cuts," "squeegees" and the numerous other concomitants of departmental assignments. The business manager devotes many a fine afternoon to the not exactly hilarious recreation of footing up advertisers accounts, and calculating space, proportions and expenses. The assistants in every department labor long arduous hours to the same end. There are none to see or applaud during the months in which the school annual is assembled. And in the finished product—more enduring, no doubt, than the fame of athletic achievement—the DOME Board find their reward in two pages—one for photographs, the other for the unelaborated inscription of names and addresses. There is no financial inducement to participation in the creation of

the annual, as is the case in other schools. N. D. loyalty is called upon, and N. D. spirit appealed to,—and it has never failed. The book is sold below cost of publication. The sole aim of the Board is to make ends meet financially. There is no footing up of the personal equation—the disappointments, the discouragements and the weariness of it all. The editors contribute that gratis. So they have done in the past, and so, no doubt,—for local tradition is highly inflexible,—they will continue to do in the future. They fear only two things, deficits and the narrowness of the captious critic. Nature has never devised a satisfactory means of exterminating the man "who could have done better!" So the advent of June and DOME lines finds several dozen of them rubbing elbows with regular human beings. May the "rawses that bloom in the Spring tra-la" be theirs in overwhelming profusion!

Then there is the species who peddle the book, after a week or so, for the price of two roost seats in the Orpheum. They may have an older brother who has attended here in the past, who might like to see it. Or the folks may be mildly curious about the place where sonny burns up so much cash, and corrects the spring-halt in his grammar. Or possibly the neighbor youth might be fired with enthusiasm, upon a perusal of same, anent the matriculation possibilities at the local institution. Or possibly sonny himself, when time and perseverance have done what they could to remedy the remissness of his cerebrum, might wish to look it over again for Auld Lang Syne. But in the meantime the imminent urgency of two-bits will loom largely before his pervert perspective, and the considerations of brother, Dad, local advertising and subsequent aids to reminiscence, will lose out. For all of which, let it be said that in the chronicles of unsung heroes should be written in large letters of lurid light, the names of the unsung heroes of the DOME.

—Dr. John Talbot Smith is giving to the students a series of lectures that have to do with the stage in its various aspects. Dr. Smith is one of the most popular lecturers it is our privilege to hear at Notre Dame, and the large audience attending his talks is proof of the deep pleasure felt by all. The SCHOLASTIC will report these lectures when the series is finished.

Old Students' Hall

Subscriptions to May 13, 1916

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

Rt. Rev. Frank O'Brien, '95	\$ 100.00
Frank L. McOsker, '12	100.00
Charles E. Ruffing, '85	100.00
James F. Foley, '13	100.00
Rev. John J. Burke, '83	50.00
Rev. M. L. Moriarty, '10	50.00

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

The Old Days.

SCHOLASTIC, June 5th, '75:—"The new organ just erected in the new Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was built at Erie, Pennsylvania at a cost of \$6,000. . . . A sacred concert will be given in the new church on the occasion of the opening of the new organ. The price of admission is fifty cents, reserved seats \$1. Special trains will run from Niles and South Bend thus enabling parties in both towns to attend."

May 22nd, '75:—"At High Mass on last Sunday, the church was so crowded that it was hard to find standing room in the back-part."

Same:—"Work is about to be commenced on the new steam house. According to the plans we have seen it will be an ornament to the ground in the rear of the University."

June 23rd, '75:—"The Students' Lunch Room is kept by Louis Nickel, Jr., No. 85 Main St."

Excerpts from the University Regulations for 1874:—

"No one shall leave the University grounds without the permission of the President or Vice-President."

"Students are expected to take baths regularly."

The Laetare Medal, recently conferred on Doctor Walsh, was instituted in 1883 in the Presidency of Father Walsh. The first recipient of the honor was Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the eminent Catholic historian. On Laetare Sunday, 1883, Dr. Shea received the medal and an address from the University. A few weeks later he sent to the school a beautifully illuminated manuscript containing a Latin poem of acceptance, of his own composition.

The predecessor of the weekly "goof" of the SAFETY VALVE was "Our Friend John." His name appears frequently in the Locals column of all the SCHOLASTICS from 1870 to 1890. If a student transgressed the laws of good taste in any way, his breach was referred to in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC. His name was never mentioned; he was simply: "Our Friend John." Every student in school knew the person referred to, and the laugh was on the unfortunate sinner. Present-day methods are more direct, but hardly as successful as the old system seems to have been.

April 7th, 1883 (sixteen years after the founding of the SCHOLASTIC):—"A new exchange is the *St. Viator's College Journal*, published by the students of St. Viator's College, Bourbonnais, Illinois. The journal has reached only its second number, so we will refrain from comment until we have formed a better acquaintance with it. We wish success to the new venture."

Jest, from the issue of April 28th, '83:—"Are you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs. Brown, as she walked into his office. "I am a judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see, my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

May 19th, 1883:—"Last Thursday afternoon an exciting game of football was played between the Whites and the Reds on the Juniors' Campus. The game was for a barrel of lemonade and was closely contested for over two hours. It finally ended in a draw, both sides winning a goal. T. and J. McGrath were the energetic captains."

Personals.

—Among the visitors of the past week was the Right Reverend Monsignor Drumgoole, Rector of St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook, Pennsylvania.

—A notable visitor during the week was the famous Ray Eichenlaub, who dropped in from Columbus, Ohio, for a short visit. "Eich" is doing architectural work in his home city.

—Finley Galbreath (Student '87-'88) visited the University last week and renewed acquaintance with old friends like Father T. Maher, and Brothers Alexander, Lawrence and Leopold. Mr. Galbreath is now in business in Ligonier, Indiana.

—Old friends of Louis Pilliod ('76-'77) were delighted to observe him moving about the campus during the week. Mr. Pilliod's reminiscences of the old days are as interesting as they are kindly. Only the most venerable members of the University, such as Father Maher and Father Hudson, were able to reminisce with Mr. Pilliod. He now conducts a prosperous business in Swanton, Ohio.

—On Tuesday afternoon, May 9, Dr. James J. Walsh gave a talk on the oldest man in history, the cave-man. It is needless to say that the Doctor was entertaining, and that his lecture was replete with useful, even startling information. As usual Doctor Walsh pointed his moral very cleverly, in this case illustrating from the life of the famous modern poet, John Masefield, the fact that the great man is often the one who, detaching himself from the long established order to do that which is original, finds himself doing that which is great.

—Frederick Williams (B. S. Arch., '13), having received from his Alma Mater a well merited degree, now wins from the "World's Greatest Newspaper" another degree for post graduate work. Cy recently made three home runs in three successive games, whereupon J. E. Sandborn writes as follows in the *Chicago Tribune*:

Daddilonglegs Williams pasted on the pages of baseball history his third home run in four days and with it made what proved the winning tally yesterday in the second game of the Cub-Brave series, which ended 3 to 1 after a sterling pitchers' battle 'twixt Jim Vaughn and Dick Rudolph.

Collaborating with Williams and Vaughn was Zim, whose bat drove in the first Cub tally and whose spikes scored the third one, with the help of the bats

of V. Saier and S. Yerkes. Back of the superb pitching was a determined and precise defense on both sides, practically flawless until the ninth inning, when egregious muffs by Archer and Yerkes permitted Boston to extricate itself from the whitewash bucket.

Williams made a single and a double before his daily quadruple blow and, on top of his stick work in the previous three days, these gave him a record that ought to increase the girth of his chest. In four days the elongated center fielder has made seven hits for a total of nineteen bases and has won three ball games.

On Monday in the first game with Pittsburgh, Williams made a home run inside the lot that scored two runs in the eighth inning and brought a 2 to 1 victory. On Tuesday, against Cincinnati, he made a three base hit with the sacks loaded in the eighth inning and scored three of the five runs which enabled the Cubs to win, 8 to 5. And on Wednesday the same Cy drove the ball over the wall for two runs in the ninth which almost permitted the Cubs to tie the Braves. All his long blows have been made near the end of a game, and all but one of them after two men were out, entitling him to the honorary degree of W. G. P. H.—world's greatest pinch hitter.

Local News.

—The entire Notre Dame regiment will participate in the celebration of Decoration Day in South Bend.

—Candidates for next season's eleven were called together last Tuesday for the first of a series of blackboard lectures.

—Interhall track men will clash next Wednesday afternoon in their annual outdoor meet. Every event in the rule book will be contested.

—Along with the appearance of the Glee Club before the Indiana Club last Saturday evening Frank Holslag recited some of his war experiences.

—L. B. Andrews of South Bend continued his series of lectures before the electrical engineering club Tuesday evening with a talk on "The Economics of Regulation."

—The baccalaureate sermon for next month's Commencement will be given by the Rev. Charles W. Raffo, pastor of St. Charles Borromeo Church, of Louisville, Kentucky.

—With the Washington Hall season practically over, except for the presentation of "Twelfth Night" and a spring concert by the Glee Club, interest has shifted to the interhall baseball competition which opened last Sunday.

—Workmen have about finished their task of turving the northern addition to Cartier Field. The removal of the green layer of sod from the Brownson outfield had given that

field the appearance of a vegetable garden.

—It will be good news that the University Glee Club have arranged to put on another concert on Wednesday evening, May 24th, after May devotions. The Glee Club is one of the most popular institutions at the University.

—The Librarian gratefully acknowledges the gift by the Hon. William J. Onahan, LL. D., of an interesting volume entitled: "The Girard College and its Founder," published in Philadelphia in 1857. Mr. Onahan never forgets his old friends.

—We copy the following interesting editorial comment from the Goshen *Democrat* of May 6th. "One of the very ablest articles on 'Preparedness' is that written by Col. William Hoynes, dean of Notre Dame law department, and recently printed in the South Bend *Tribune*. Nothing approaching it in lucidness, clearness, cogency, and forcefulness has appeared in any publication east or west, north or south. It is worthy of the widest possible circulation."

—The Glee Club's concert at Indianapolis last Sunday was by far the most successful of the season. A representative audience of over two thousand people, including Bishop Chartrand, Governor Ralston, and Mayor Bell, taxed the Murat Theatre almost to capacity. As a result of the varied nature of the club's program every number was enthusiastically received. The Notre Dame Alumni Association at Indianapolis, Twomey Clifford, '14, president, ably assisted by Director Ward Perrott and several of the leading Catholic women of the capital, was in charge of the event.

—The competitive drill which took place on Cartier Field last week lasted from ten o'clock Thursday morning till after twelve. Captain Kingman, the inspecting officer, found some difficulty in making a choice between Captain Mooney's and Captain Carlton's companies, but finally awarded the honors to the Walsh Hall boys. This is the second consecutive time that Walsh Hall has won the honors in drill, and they deserve great credit for their steady practice and strict attention to orders. Mooney has been the captain of the company for two years and undoubtedly much of the success was due to his leadership and painstaking care in the drilling of the Walshites. Captain Carlton and his Corby company ran Mooney a close race.

Murphy Shuts Out the Aggies.

Too much Murphy beat the Michigan Aggies in their game here two weeks ago. The big pitcher not only struck out twelve men and held the visitors to five hits, but he knocked in both runs which won for us by the score of 2 to 0. Murph's battery-mate, Joe Keenan, contributed his share to the victory by making both the runs of the game after getting on the bases by good hits.

The Varsity were puzzled by the Aggies' pitcher, as they got only five hits off his delivery; but the hits came when they were needed and the runs came across. Murphy kept the hits scattered and never was in danger of being beaten. Both teams played well in the field and tightened up in the pinches, keeping the score close and making the game exciting from start to finish.

The game started with Murphy fanning the side; but the M. A. C. man came back with the same stunt; and so the two teams battled for two innings and a half with neither getting an advantage. Both pitchers were working in good form, and it looked from the start as if the team which could push one runner over the plate would have the game sewed up. In the last of the third, Keenan got the first hit, and by the time Murphy came to bat, he was resting at third. Murph hit to the short-stop who missed the ball and the first run of the game was scored.

The next run came in a similar manner. The men at the top of the list were helpless with the stick, but Keenan got another hit and got to second when Murphy came up again. This time the big hurler made it sure and rapped a clean single to right and Keenan registered the other run of the game.

Keenan was the batting star of the encounter getting three hits out of the Varsity's five. Frimidig of the Aggies starred with the bleachers.

Walsh Shuts Out Kazoo.

Western State Normal of Kalamazoo, famous as the school from whence "Heine" Berger came and more recently as the Alma Mater of Ernie Koob who is now pitching for the St. Louis Browns, fell before the Varsity's attack last Saturday, 6 to 0. The Kalamazoo team has created quite a furore in college baseball in Michigan the past few years defeating Michigan

and the Aggies last year and claiming the state championship. This year the Normal team came to Notre Dame with a fresh M. A. C. scalp at its belt and was rather confident of defeating Notre Dame. But the Michiganders reckoned without "Slim" Walsh who was in such splendid form that the visitors never had a chance. "Slim" had all of his last year's speed and control and in addition was displaying the best curve ball that he has ever shown at Notre Dame. With this assortment of stuff the tall pitcher had little difficulty in shutting the Kalamazoo team out with but two hits.

It was well that Walsh was in fine form for Cookingham of the visitors pitched well enough to win any ordinary game. The local batters were able to secure but three hits off the Michigan southpaw who possessed great speed and a vicious fast ball. For the first three innings not a man reached first on either side, and both pitchers were working so well that it seemed that one run would be enough to win for either team. Wolfe opened the fourth with a walk. Elward laid down a perfect bunt and the visiting catcher threw the ball into right field, Wolfe going to third and Elward to second. Lathrop hit to the second baseman who vainly attempted to catch Wolfe between third and home, and the bases were filled with no one out. Meyers was an easy out, but Kline delivered in the pinch with a slashing double to center that drove all three runners home.

Cookingham weakened again in the eighth and Lathrop pounded out a triple that accounted for three more runs and made the victory sure.

N. D	B	H	O	A	E	S. N.	B	H	O	A	E
Wolfe, ss	3	1	1	1	0	Bippo, s	4	0	2	1	0
Elward, cf	2	0	2	0	0	Lenard, rf	3	0	2	0	0
Lathrop, lf	3	1	1	0	0	Corb't, 3b	3	0	3	0	0
Meyers, 1	3	0	8	1	0	T'hm's, cf	3	1	2	0	0
Kline, 3b	3	1	0	1	1	Olsen, 1b	3	0	5	0	0
Ward, rf	2	0	0	0	0	Discher, lf	3	1	1	0	0
C're'rn, 2b	3	0	3	5	1	D'nl'p, 2b	3	0	0	2	0
Keen'an, c	3	0	11	2	0	Mullen, c	3	0	9	1	2
Walsh, p	3	0	1	0	1	Cok'ghm p	3	0	0	2	0
Totals	26	3	27	10	3		28	2	24	6	2

Western State	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Notre Dame	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	3	*	—6	

Two-base hit—Kline. Three-base hit—Lathrop. Stolen bases—Meyers 2, Lathrop. Sacrifice hits—Lathrop, Ward, Corcoran. Struck out—By Walsh, 10; by Cookingham, 9. Bases on balls—Off Cookingham, 4. Hit by pitcher—By Cookingham, Meyers. Wild pitch—Walsh. Double play—Corcoran to Meyers to Keenan. Umpire—Anderson.

Michigan Gets Revenge.

Michigan defeated the Notre Dame track team in a dual meet on Ferry Field at Ann Arbor last Saturday thus securing revenge for the defeat which they sustained at the hands of Coach Rockne's men in the local gym last winter and a 50-50 split on track relations for the year between the two schools. The weather man seems determined to "jinx" all outdoor track meets between Michigan and Notre Dame. Last year the various events were run off between showers; this year every event except the pole vault was held in the rain. The consequent heaviness of the track prevented the men from doing themselves justice. The heavy track was a distinct handicap to Notre Dame in the dashes as Smith and O'Brien the Michigan entries, were heavier and stronger than our men and consequently proved better "mud-horses." This advantage was so great that the Michigan men who were raced to a standstill by Hardy and Bergman in the indoor meet were able to take first and second in both dash events. However the time made by Smith in these events was fast enough to entitle him to first under almost any conditions.

The Michigan runners proved too good for our men in the quarter and half. The time made in both races was exceptionally fast. In the quarter John Miller made a splendid showing losing to Fontana by inches in :50 4-5 seconds. McDonough in the half and Call in the mile had to be content with third places. In the two mile "Johnny" Reynolds won his first race for Notre Dame covering the distance in 10:07 1-5. Considering the conditions the time was remarkably good and indicates that Reynolds will be a consistent point winner during the remainder of the season.

The points in the hurdles were evenly divided, Kirkland taking first in the high hurdles and Starrett taking third, while Kirkland was second in the low hurdles.

In the jumps, contrary to the usual order of things, our men won a majority of the points. McGuire pulled us out of the third place rut in the high jump and added three points to our total. Freund, following Reynold's example, won his first victory for the school in the broad jump. John Miller was second in this event. Our showing in the pole vault was even better as the Notre Dame trio, Yeager, Edgren and

McKenna scored a slam. All of these men cleared the bar at 10 feet, 8 inches, at which height all the Michigan contestants dropped out.

Bachman was decidedly off form in the weight events. Although he had put the shot 45 feet in practice during the previous week "Bach" could not get the proper heave behind the "pill" and was forced to take third place. The Captain took second in the discus, although Cross won with a hurl almost ten feet short of Bachman's record. To complete his bad luck, Charlie fouled on every attempt in the hammer throw and thus failed to qualify. Cross did likewise and only two places were awarded in this event. Jim Cook showed up well with a second in the hammer and a third in the discus.

The Michigan Aggies will furnish the opposition in the second outdoor meet of the season on Cartier Field to-day. Captain Bachman and our dash men will undoubtedly come back strong as they have often shown that they have the "stuff." With the rest of the team going well we should be able to repeat last year's victory over M. A. C.

Summaries of the Michigan meet:

100-Yard Dash—Smith (M.), first; O'Brien (M.), second; Hardy (N. D.), third. Time, 0:10.

220-Yard Dash—Smith (M.), first; O'Brien (M.), second; King (N. D.), third. Time, 0:22 2-5.

440-Yard Dash—Fontana (M.), first; Miller (N. D.), second; Fox (M.), third. Time, 0:50 4-5.

Half-Mile Run—Ufer (M.), first; Murphy (N. D.), tied first; McDonough (N. D.), third. Time, 1:58 1-5.

Mile Run—Carroll (M.), first; Donnelly (M.), second; Call (N. D.), third. Time, 4:41 4-5.

Two-Mile Run—Reynolds (N. D.), first; Meehan (M.), second; Kulvinen (M.), third. Time, 10:7 1-5.

120-Yard Hurdles—Kirkland (N. D.), first; Warner (M.), second; Starrett, (N. D.), third. Time, 0:16 2-5.

220-Yard Hurdles—Fisher (M.), first; Kirkland (N. D.), second; Catlett (M.), third. Time, 0:26 2-5.

Shot Put—Cross (M.), first; Smith (M.), second; Bachman (N. D.), third. Distance, 42 feet 1 1-2 in.

Hammer Throw—Bastain (M.), first; Cooke (N. D.), second; Distance, 118 feet 7 inches.

Pole Vault—Edgren, McKenna, Yeager (N. D.) tied first. Height, 10 feet, 8 inches.

High Jump—Griest (M.), first; McGuire (N. D.), second; Corbin (N. D.), third. Height, 5 feet 5 inches.

Broad Jump—Freund (N. D.), first; Miller (N. D.), second; Fields (M.), third. Height 20 feet 10 1-4 inches.

Discus Throw—Cross (M.), first; Bachman (N. D.), second; Cooke (N. D.), third. Distance, 128 feet 2 in.

Safety Valve:

1st Student (*excitedly, to his companion*):—"And you deliberately gave my class pin to your girl friend? Well that certainly is the hell of a note!"

2nd Student (*hearing the end of the conversation when passing*):—"I guess those two fellows are talking about President Wilson."

DIARY.

MONDAY—Rose early in the morning and was in good time for lunch. Purchased a ticket for the Senior Ball and borrowed a pair of dancing pumps. Had a hard time to find a pair to fit as most of the fellows around here seem not to have men's feet. Picked up my laundry from under the bed but never thought of the soiled clothes behind the dresser or under the wash stand until the laundry had gone. Discovered I had been out of soap and tooth paste for a week. Practiced the one-step and the fox-trot for an hour in the afternoon, using a chair for a partner. The chair had four legs and I got out of the way without stepping on any of them, so I ought not to have any trouble in avoiding two. Looked in the mirror for twenty minutes and wondered if the girl I was taking to the Senior Ball would see as much strength and manliness in my face as I was able to see in the mirror. There was no vanity in it but simply introspection. Squeezed three black heads out of my chin and used peroxide so that a pimple would not form. Was reprimanded severely at night for missing my classes, as though I had time to go to classes with all those other things to do.

TUESDAY—Borrowed a dress suit for the Senior Ball. The trousers are much too short and are too tight around the waist, but when I throw out my chest and draw in my stomach I can button the last waist button. The coat doesn't fit around the shoulders or hang very well in the front, but it has two silk lapels that are simply stunning. I bought two egg sandwiches and an ice cream cone from Toney, drank two glasses of lemonade and ate a dozen cakes at Brother Leopold's and finished a sack of peanuts that a friend gave me. I knocked the supper because it was not appetizing and hence I could eat only a little. Why do they not make the meals appetizing?

WEDNESDAY—Borrowed a boiled shirt for the Senior Ball, a pair of silk socks and a tie. The tie is one of those already-made-up affairs like grandfather used to wear, except that he never unhooked his, but used to pull it over his head in the morning after he got his collar on. When the elastic wore out it used to slip around on him and sometimes the bow was just above his coat collar in the back. I was wondering if my tie would act the same way to-night. I borrowed some cuffs and shirt studs and a silk handkerchief to wear at the Senior Ball.

THURSDAY—I went to the Senior Ball last night and everyone said I looked stunning. I borrowed a silk hat from a cab driver just before going and it completed my costume. I had one dandy time, but

the trousers to the suit were too tight around the waist and wellnigh choked me. After every dance I raced into the dressing room, unhooked the waist band of the trousers and got four or five good breaths. The girl I took to the dance has an awful pretty nose but she can't dance very well. The chair I practiced with never got in my way at all and it had four legs, but she was continually getting her little feet under my big ones and though I told her not to do it several times she kept on doing it. I met another girl just before the dance and told her confidentially that I wanted to dance with her in the worst way. She gave me a dance, and soon after we started she said to me: "You're certainly dancing just the way you said you wanted to dance with me." I guess it was a compliment.

FRIDAY—The president of the class was around this morning and asked me to pay for my ticket to the Senior Ball. He might have guessed I wouldn't have the money. I bought the girl hot chocolate and cakes after the dance.

PROVED.

When June has come it don't make no difference what the darned old profs say about me being ignorant. I seen to it that I didn't overwork and in spite of what the profs say I think they learned me something, anyway.

Some Brownsonites seem to spend the greater part of the day on the baseball field waiting for an education to bump into them. The chances are they'd apologize and start in the opposite direction if Mr. Education collided with them.

A new species of senior has arrived. This man finds it absolutely necessary to wear spiked shoes when writing a thesis.

Again the sky is blue, the grass is green, the birds sing sweetly and English teachers are weary of explaining the meaning of the word *hackneyed*.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

DEAR EDITOR:—

I am a teacher in first-year high school and have a class of over fifty of the prettiest boys you could imagine. The other day we had an examination and I asked a bright-eyed youth to bound the State he lived in, "I don't know how," he said and both his cheeks had lovely dimples as he spoke. Then I asked him what a proper noun was, "I really never heard of such a thing," he replied and his arched lips rose disclosing two pearly rows of teeth that anyone would admire. "Who discovered America?" I next inquired, and he replied "Noah" in the sweetest way. He has brown eyes and dark eyelashes and his eyes fairly sparkle with intelligence. It is an education to be near such neatly dressed handsome little boys.