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To the Snowbird.

SNOWBIRD, why do you linger here so long?

The snow has gone; pray tell me why not you?

By waiting are you trying to renew

The Winter which your wishing would prolong?

This morning out from hedges brown, your song

Greeted the day and me, and then I knew

You tarried as you are wont to do.

When snow flees north and beckons you along.

Your back and wings of slatish grey, your breast

And thro'at in garb of black, seemed out of place

In the bright sun which flooded everything.

And still you tarry from your northern nest,

And of the Winter gone remain the only trace,

Because even you would see the charms of Spring.

L. L. W.

Historic Places at Notre Dame.

BY LEO WARD.

CARDINALS GIBBONS and Farley, eight archbishops, and most of the bishops of the United States lead the distinguished list of clergy who will be present at the University of Notre Dame in June to aid in the Diamond Jubilee celebration.

When one reads these names—names of the great generals in the American Army of Catholicity—he may be led to wonder about the history of Notre Dame, about that romance which seems to have touched all of our great institutions of learning in the early days when education was little more than a synonym for sacrifice. Notre Dame has her history and it grows more interesting as the years pass. It was written with a pen dipped deep in the fount of love; it was indelibly engraved on the tablets of time.

The first white man to set foot in this part of the country was Father Marquette in 1673. Coming up the Illinois and Kankakee Rivers,

he crossed the portage and came upon the St. Joseph River, then called St. Joseph of the Lakes, at a point a mile distant from the site of Notre Dame. It is not known how long the missionary remained here, but it is not believed he became a resident. He found two Indian towns here, one being of the Miami tribe and the other of the Potawattomies. These two tribes composed the greater part of the region's inhabitants. There is no doubt, however, that Father Allouez, who succeeded Marquette, became a resident; and dedicated his life to the spiritual welfare of the savages of this region.

LaSalle followed Marquette into these parts by only a few years. Every child in the grammar school knows from American history how this great French explorer carried his canoe from the Kankakee to the St. Joseph River in his journeys of exploration. This is known in history by two names, the Kankakee portage, and LaSalle's portage. A mile's walk from Notre Dame finds one on this famous spot. Two centuries ago the source of the Kankakee was but a mile distant from the St. Joseph, thus making it not so hard a matter to transfer a light canoe from one to the other river. The Kankakee has receded since then because of the drainage of the Kankakee swamps, and its source is now over three miles from the St. Joseph River. The first fort in this section was built by LaSalle at a point about three miles north of the present site of Notre Dame. It was erected by the explorer while he was waiting for the arrival of his ship, the Griffin. Father Hennepin, who accompanied LaSalle on his expeditions, tells in his narrative of the hardships endured by the little group of men who lived here at the fort. The men, while building the fortress grew weary, and became dissatisfied with the routine rations of bear-meat. LaSalle himself was melancholy, fearing that his ship had been lost. Because of the patience and encouragement of the missionary Hennepin principally, the garrison persisted. The ruins

of this, the first fort in Northern Indiana, remained for over a century. A huge stone marker now proves its site.

For a century and a half after Marquette and LaSalle, the Miami and Potawattemies hunted the bear and deer around the St. Joseph River and Lakes. These lakes, which now embellish the landscape about Notre Dame, abounded then with fish, and furnished an important part of the natives' food. The only whites to enter the region were French traders and a few Catholic priests. The traders lived much like the Indians, adopting many of their customs and habits. The priests labored patiently under many hardships, often at the edge of death, but for a hundred and fifty years toiled ceaselessly. Their work was what made possible the advent of the whites and consequently the present status of Northern Indiana. The beautiful St. Joseph's Lakes, being only a mile from the LaSalle portage and in the midst of a rich hunting ground, were the central meeting place for the entire region. Here the Indians came to meet the traders, and here the missionaries came, bringing with them the light of God.

Well does the river St. Joseph deserve its Catholic name. More than two hundred years ago, in the autumn of 1686, the Jesuit missions were given a tract of land on this river on the condition that they erect a chapel and residence there within three years. The site of the chapel and residence was but a few yards from the present church of Notre Dame. This is the earliest grant of land on record in the present state of Indiana. The St. Joseph River has its source in the Southern part of Michigan, and flowing southward, dips into Northwestern Indiana and then finds its way back into Lake Michigan. At the "bend" of the river is the present city of South Bend, two miles north of which is the University.

Rev. Theodore Badin, the first priest to be ordained in the United States, in 1830 purchased St. Marie des Lacs, later changed to Notre Dame du Lac, Our Lady of the Lake. It was made by him the center of an extensive range of missions and the residence of their attending priest. Before leaving the region, Father Badin saw a little log church built, and the range of missions organized.

Father Deseille succeeded Father Badin in the humble mission among the Indians, many of whom were now Catholics. The story of

Father Deseille's death is touchingly interesting. He was alone at the little mission when he took sick. He knew he was soon to die, and so dragged his spent body into the little log church and up to the humble altar. With his last measure of strength he gave himself the Holy Viaticum, and then laid himself down to die at the foot of the altar, at which he had so often offered up the Divine Victim. The little church in which he died was kept for many years as a memory to him. An exact reproduction of it stands today on the same spot on the University campus.

Father Petit then came from Vincennes to care for the spiritual needs of this vast parish, which was as large as the average diocese of today. He was characterized by his zeal, baptizing during his residence three hundred Indians with his own hand, and at one time confirming two hundred in the log church beside the lake. He died while yet a young man, and his death left the missions around St. Marie des Lacs abandoned.

The University of Notre Dame was founded by Father Sorin in 1842. It came about in this way. He obtained from the Bishop of Vincennes a grant of St. Marie des Lacs, on condition that he should erect and maintain a college there. On the evening of Nov. 26, 1842, the priest, with seven brothers, viewed for the first time the place on which he was to found the little school and mission, which, although he knew it not, were to grow into the present Notre Dame. The ground and trees were covered with a heavy snow, and as the sun withdrew its light from the wild scene, the young priest consecrated the spot anew to the Virgin Mother of God. He then called it Notre Dame du Lac, which has since been shortened to Notre Dame.

The only building was a small frame structure, serving both as a residence and a church. This was used by Father Sorin until in the Fall of 1844 the first college building was finished. From thence the University has grown, with no benevolence except the good will of the charitable and the grace of God, until today it enjoys an international reputation.

A peculiar and interesting incident is the following: A white trapper of the St. Joseph region had vowed vengeance against the Indian race because his dearest friend had been killed by a savage. One evening in summer he was passing St. Joseph's Lake. An Indian was

standing on the shore of the lake with his arms folded in Indian fashion, and looking out across the water. The trapper stealthily crept up behind the red man and stabbed him in the back. The Indian in great pain staggered along the shore of the lake until he came near the little log church of the mission. Here he fell, and the white man coming up, raised his knife to kill the savage when the defenseless Indian cried out in supplication, "What have I done that you should kill me?" And the white man answered, "An Indian killed my best friend, for which I have vowed vengeance upon your race." Then with a curse he thrust his knife into the heart of the Indian. Later a sycamore tree in the shape of a human hand grew up on the spot where the Indian was killed. An Indian chief who used to frequent the site of the murder told this story to one of the early members of the Notre Dame community. He said that the blood from the dead Indian had trickled into the ground, and had given rise to this tree which in the shape of the human hand, invoked the Great Spirit for vengeance on the white man.

This is no doubt nothing but the fruit of an Indian's imagination, but it shows clearly how hard it was for the brave missionaries to accomplish anything against such feelings of enmity as this. The tree, however, may be seen to this day on the campus of Notre Dame, and it is remarkably similar to the human hand.

Maurice Francis Egan, American Minister to Denmark, and eminent author, when speaking of the location of Notre Dame, says: "A peculiarity of the location is that it is on the watershed of the continent. A shower of rain falling here may send some of its waters to one extremity of the United States and some to another. Drained into the St. Joseph, it would pass into Lake Michigan, and through the romantic Mackinaw Strait into Lake Huron, by St. Clair River and Lake, and the Detroit River into storm-lashed Erie, and over roaring Niagara; and then by Ontario and the Thousand Isles, by historic Montreal and Quebec, into the mist-covered North Atlantic. But falling on the opposite side of a roof ridge, the drops might be carried into the Kankakee, which rises just west of the city limits (meaning South Bend), and thus pass into the adjacent Prairie State, into the Illinois River, and so swell the surging flood that carries fertility and commerce through the great valley of the South and West, by St.

Louis and New Orleans, so into the tropical billows of the Gulf."

The two lakes of St. Joseph at Notre Dame were once united. There was however, a mound in the center of the then single lake, which is called the "Island," and on which stands the Community House, one of the largest buildings at Notre Dame. The shallows in the lake became marshy and unhealthful and so the water was drained sufficiently to form two separate bodies of water. These are fed by never-failing springs, the water being always clear. The larger covers twenty-five acres, and the smaller seventeen.

The wild beauty of the place makes a most delightful contrast with the classic culture of the large institution of learning which graces the shores of the lakes. The original groves are still to be found, encircling these little bodies of water. The general appearance of the natural beauty is much the same as it was when Marquette and LaSalle first viewed it two and a half centuries ago.

The Slow Speedor.

His name was John Henry Speedor, but he never lived up to his name. By lineage, he was a Speedor—not by disposition or habit. He was as rapid as a caravan of flies crossing over a desert of tanglefoot. He was never on time for anything in his life. If he went to the theatre, he always managed to learn what had happened in the first act from the person whose corns he had trod upon to find his seat. When he had a date to call on a girl, she could always have another caller earlier in the evening, for she knew he would be gone long before John Henry would wipe his feet on the door-mat.

It was the same thing in school. He was a Senior in the Lowe High School, and despite his one failing, was known as a very good student. Every morning he arrived at this institution for the dissemination of knowledge about ten minutes after all the other students were deep in the labyrinths of a Virgilian construction, or trying to figure out why the angles of an equiangular triangle were equal, or wondering whether it was Poe or George Ade who wrote the "Deserted Village."

When it came to girls, however, John Henry lived up to,—yes far outstripped his name. He was certainly a demon with the young ladies whose hearts he won and broke. He could

develop more cases in a week than an ordinary human could in the smallpox ward of an hospital. His income wasn't as large as Henry Ford's, but he spent it as lavishly. And so it was that as the month of roses, brides and commencement orators was approaching, he began to figure out ways and means for bringing Margaret to the commencement in style. Margaret was the young lady who was lucky—or unfortunate—enough to be the one on whom he was now lavishing his fickle heart, impassioned love notes and weekly allowance.

The taxi fare to the theatre together with the flowers to send Margaret would cost about ten dollars, he figured. And so, being young and ambitious, he disclosed his wonderful plan to Margaret, even though he hadn't the slightest knowledge of where the money was coming from. Margaret, of course, was just as happy as if she were going to Europe or Chicago, and so together they waited patiently for the big day to arrive when they should both be handed a diploma for their four years' hard work in trying to bluff the Profs. and to attend all the school dances.

The big day arrived, and John celebrated the afternoon by going to a couple of movies. He became so interested in the dimples and daring of his favorite movie queen that he had to stay and see the show twice. The result was that he arrived home at 6:10, where he received his supper and a warning from his mother to hurry or he would be late. But mothers, somehow or other, are always excited over things, especially on the night when their sons are graduated, so John heeded not, but feasted slowly and sumptuously on steak, fried potatoes, green peas, chocolate cake, and several assorted loaves of bread.

After his repast he shaved. Now he didn't have to shave, for the simple reason that there was not as yet the slightest evidence of any hirsute adornment on his countenance, as frequent inspection had revealed to him. But when a fellow gets out of high school, you know, he's no longer a kid, so who would ever think of not shaving on his commencement night?

After shaving he proceeded to get into his new dark blue serge suit, bought especially for the occasion, and then to clip off the price tags which remained attached to it.

At 7:05 his mother rushed into the room informing him that the taxicab was waiting for him at the front door, and once more reminded

him that he would be late. He then started to put on his new and novel tie—a gift of an uncle. By the time that he had succeeded in adjusting the cravat so that it rested at just the proper angle, which he accomplished after repeated endeavors, it was 7:16. He bounded down the stairs and two minutes later he bounded up again to get his forgotten hat.

By 7:25 he was finally nestled comfortably in the auto, and enjoying for the first time in his life the luxury of a real taxicab ride. He had promised to call for Margaret at 7:30, so that they would arrive at the theatre in ample time, but the fact that he could not possibly get to her house in less than fifteen minutes did not bother him in the least. There was plenty of time left yet.

After riding for some time, he thought that he surely must be near the home of his heart's desire, and so for a moment he descended from his heavenly heights to the mundane earth. He noticed that the chauffeur seemed to be having some difficulty with the streets. John spoke sharply to him and received the reply that he would soon be there now.

Glancing at his watch, John noticed that it was now just 7:48. As he remembered that the program was to begin at 8:15, a faint tinge of red flushed his face for the first time, his collar began to grow excessively warm, and he moved about restlessly.

Finally, the auto drew up before the door of Margaret's home. Regaining his composure once more, he stepped blithely from the vehicle and ran up the steps. He rang the bell, but no one answered the door. He rang once more, but still no response. He then began to bang violently against the door, and after a while he noticed a little slip of paper pinned to the wood. It read:—"John—I could wait no longer, as I do not wish to be late. I have gone with mother.—Margaret."

John Henry Speedor was not given to profanity, but his burning face and glowing eyes as he rushed down the steps into the auto seemed to indicate that he was not his natural self. He growled the directions savagely at the driver and added, "Make it sudden, too."

As he passed the next corner, a large clock added to his nightmare by informing him that it was now 8:03.

"Faster, can't you?" he muttered.

"Got to watch out for the cops, sir," was the reply.

Flinging himself into the seat, he remained motionless for several centuries while the auto crept slowly and timidly along. No longer was his face flushed. It was now on fire. He tore grimly at his neatly parted hair, over which he had labored so tirelessly not an hour before. He looked once more at his watch. It was now 8-17. He groaned audibly.

As he was nearing the business section of the city, he began to buoy up some hope. But what he at first thought was the end of his misery proved only the beginning. The heavy traffic of automobiles impeded the progress of his own taxi, so that where it seemed to be but creeping along before, it now seemed to have stopped entirely. John's heart and the auto stopped simultaneously at each crossing.

After an endless series of delays and pauses, the auto drew up before the theatre. He jumped out frantically and started for the stage-door. The taxi driver called him back to pay his bill.

"How much?" he asked digging into his pocket.

"\$8.35" was the brief answer of the auto bandit.

"What!" John gasped. But there was no time now to argue. Taking mental note that he would "get this guy" at some later date, he paid the ransom, and then ran for the theatre.

The curtain had already gone up. The pupils were arranged upon the stage, orderly, smiling and happy. The principal of the school was making the preliminary address, and in fact, he had been making it for six minutes longer than he intended in the hope that one John Henry Speedor, who was down on the program to make the first speech of the evening, would soon make his appearance. His heart gladdened as he beheld a boy walking onto the stage, for although the boy *did* look somewhat strange and unfamiliar, nevertheless, it was John Henry Speedor.

John glanced about at his school mates. Nearly all of them were tittering and giggling at him. But there on the other side of the stage, he caught sight of Margaret. She gave him a glance which caused the perspiration trickling from his features to turn into icicles.

He fell into his seat. He was amazed, dazed, stunned. Then all of a sudden he began to notice the huge crowd of people in the vast auditorium before him. The only thing he could remember of his speech was that he was to make one. His teeth began to chatter, his

legs shook violently, and the beating of his heart against his chest was like a bombardment of shells, as the kindly principal concluded his extended remarks with the following words:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, the first speaker on the program this evening will be Mr. John Henry Speedor, who will addresss you on 'Promptness and Punctuality as Factors for Success in Life!'"

John J. Ward, '20.

Somewhere in France.

Seven miles behind the French lines, on the Somme front, there stood a solitary cottage, surrounded by a garden of flowers, an oasis in the midst of a terrible desert, the only house in the desolation. Violets lined the walks, and the moon-vines covering the porch rendered it a cool retreat, while the roses of every variety and hue transformed the front yard into a paradise.

In the cool shade of the porch the mother sat quietly sewing, while a young girl in the fresh bloom of youth busied herself with the housework. "La-la, la-la, la-la," she sang happily. "Mother dearest, don't brood so much, this war will soon be over; Pierre said so. The soldiers are ready now to drive the Boches back to their old Berlin, so why worry, Mother?"

"Ah, my child, Antoinnette," said the Mother, "you and Pierre don't know these people as I do. I have seen two of their wars, and they can not be conquered in a day."

"O but Pierre said so, Mother," replied the girl, "and he knows. There he comes now."

"Ma Cherie," said Pierre, on approaching the house, "Antoinnette I have the furlow; to-morrow we will go to the patee and we will be married. Kiss me."

Behind the German lines an officer trained a huge gun upon a certain elevation and in obedience to the pull of the lever the great piece roared, hurling tons of wicked death into space. Just then with a roaring swish, the huge shell struck the cottage.

All was silent then. There was a black crater, splintered wood, and bones. the desolation was complete—but the oasis was destroyed.

Behind the German lines, an officer corrected his aim, with a curse. "Damn it," he muttered, "another shell wasted." *J. S. Meyers.*

Freshman Frothings.

THE CYCLE.

Fall! and the leaves are turned to gold.
The earth with every living thing is sad.
The goose flies high and leaves for lands less cold.

Winter! and a covering comes again—
The robe of snowy white falls over all.
The frosty pictures on the window pane.

Spring! and the wide, wide world is gay.
The robin sings his sweetest melody
The while the brook goes on its warbling way.

Summer! and a wealth of bloom and bower
The clouds depart and leave us more blue sky.
The air is filled with fragrance of the flower.

L. J. B.

WHO'S WHO?

Who talks of Greek and "high-brow" stuff?

The A. B. stude.

To talk of anything who'll bluff?

The A. B. stude.

Who's crazy 'bout philosophy?

By logic and psychology?

Who'll tell you how you came to be?

The A. B. stude.

Who works with electricity?

The engineer.

Who's striving for some kind of "E"?

The engineer.

Who has chemistry for a pet?

Who tells of problems he has met?

But who can't spell—not on a bet?

The engineer.

Who's always ready for debate?

The lawyer.

And yet to study he does hate.

The lawyer.

Who's friendly with contracts and torts?

Who reads the government reports?

Who spends most of his time in courts?

The lawyer.

Who writes the history of the day?

The journalist.

Who has a pleasant word to say?

The journalist.

Who always has a smiling face,

Who knows about the human race,

Who shows the "pep" around this place?

The journalist.

L. J. B.

A BALLAD.

Now little Willie Wilkins was a model little boy;
He was his mother's one and only source of pride and joy.

He went to high school every day and studied zealously,
And never gave a thought to girls or foolish finery.
But when he graduated then he left his maw and home,
And wandered to a college where he thought to fill his dome

With history, philosophy, astronomy and such,—
But in the time he's been away, he's changed so very much.

Since Willie's gone to college
He has gained a lot of knowledge
That he never even heard about before;
Why, now he's smoking cigarettes,
And reading all the *Police Gazettes*,
And never gets in any night till four.
His nobby sox and flashy ties
Would dazzle anybody's eyes.
The things he says and does are a sensation.
He makes good use of father's checks,
And spends them on the other sex,—
Oh, his studies haven't harmed his education.

J. J. W.

NIGHT.

The meadows lie before my eye,
All clothed in robes of gloom;
The world seems as aloof from Him,
As though within its tomb.
But the heavens beam above my head,
With the stars that God put there,
And fill to overflow my soul
With thoughts but He can share.

L. L. W.

THE WAIL OF A MARRIED BOOB.

When she is gone, yes, gone away
To Mother dear's, awhile to stay,
O joy that will run over me!
What bliss I'll have—my pile of glee!
When she is gone,
I'll have the fellows up, and say,
We'll 'penny ante' night and day.
You think we won't? Just wait and see,
When she is gone.
We'll order up some Hague and Hay,
We'll make the brewery business pay.
O man! we'll pull a wicked spree!
And we'll let long live that memory!
That stay at Maw's! Ah yes, that day
When she is gone!

B. J. A.

"MICKEY."

The street was filled with busy men,
And boys and girls, this morning when
I hurried on to work;
But all the place was strange and queer,
Because I didn't see nor hear
The newsy, Mickey Burke.

Each morning Mickey's there to sell
His papers, and his lusty yell
Is heard for most a mile.
His customers, it seems to me,
Just buy their papers there to see
His happy, merry smile.

Why, many times I've seen a guy
Who had an awful grouch on buy
A paper from this lad;
And then when little Mick would crack
A smile, he'd *have* to smile right back—
And then he'd pass on, glad.

And so today I missed the kid,
As many other people did,
From clerk to millionaire;
I went and asked the 'copper' who
Stood on the corner if he knew
Why Mickey wasn't there.

He said he'd heard that little Mick
Had suddenly been taken sick,
And gave me his address.
I found him in a little room—
As dark and musty as a tomb,
And void of cheerfulness.

The color all had left his cheek,
His little hands were thin and weak,
His eyes were kind of queer.
But though he suffered I could see,
The smile with which he greeted me
Was still as full of cheer.

I learned that since the time his dad
Had died two years before, this lad
Sold papers day and night,
To keep some bread upon the shelf
For his old mother and himself,
And never quit the fight.

"Tomorrow I'll be back," he said,
And then upon his little bed
He lay there very still.
I said, "Good-bye,"—then wondered some
If that tomorrow'd ever come.—
I wonder if it will?"

J. J. W.

CROOL, CROOL.

How joyous all when I to her do write,
How happy when I tell her of my woes,
And in unceasing praise spend all my might,
And with kind words tell how my love o'erflows.
I tell her how I miss her friendly words,
And how I long to see her face again.
To me 'twould be the greatest of rewards
If I were with her now, but all in vain;
'Tis torture not to see her for so long.
And after meditating much of late,
I sometimes think, I really have done wrong
In leaving her a victim to cruel Fate:
She is the only idol of my eye,
She is the only doll for whom I'd die.

P. R. C.

A SCARED HIM ENTITLED:
O MOTHER, OPEN WIDE THY PURSE.

(Verse)

O Mother open wide thy purse,
And put thy hand therein;
For I am broke, O dearest Maw;
And sadly need some tin.

(Chorus)

I've sought for gelt from Father dear,
But he says, "No, siree."
So since he will not limber up,
I thought I'd come to thee.

(Verse)

So take me over on the side,
And hand the kopecks o'er,
Just so the pockets in my jeans
Will clink with kale once more.

(Chorus)

For I've sought for kale from Father dear,
But he says, "No, siree!"
So since he will not limber up,
Why, I have come to thee.

B. J. A.

THOSE RAGTIME CHIMES.

Hark ye, students, hear those bells!
O those chimes, what funny ringing;
Someone's tuned them up in ragtime,
"Oh, How Dry I Am!" they're playing.
Hear the students shout with glee,
Gathered 'neath the old oak tree,
And the good priests in despair
Clawing 'round them at the air,
While the poor boob in the tower,
As the old clock strikes the hour,
Executes with master hand,
"Alexander's Ragtime Band."

H. E. D.

WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT.

When you're down and out—the world seems gray,
 You find Life's game dam hard to play;
 It's not a cinch, no, you bet it's not,
 Takes all the grit and spunk you've got,

When you're down and out.
 Your backbone wants to give away,
 Your nerve and courage hate to stay;
 Your soul itself starts into rot,
 And you feel like dying on the spot,

When you're down and out.
 But don't give in—that's the coward's way.
 Don't let your manhood go astray,
 Don't lie abrooding o'er your lot;
 But fight the world with all you've got,

When you're down and out.

B. J. A.

THE SWEETEST GIRL.

"The sweetest girl, the cutest dear."—
 Now that's the kind of stuff you hear.
 These mushy, love-sick fellows call
 The little girls for whom they fall,
 Then rant and rave about all year.

I surely think it mighty queer,
 Because, you see, it would appear
 From what each fellow says, they're all
 The sweetest girl.

Of course, they're foolish—that is clear,
 For there's but one who has no peer,
 And sends all others to the wall.
 So when I'm sitting by my doll,
 I'm always sure that I am near
 The sweetest girl.

J. J. W.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It's nice to be a Senior and to walk about the place
 With nonchalance and haughtiness inscribed upon
 your face.

It's fine indeed to get to town most every other night,
 And never have to skive or keep from out the prefect's
 sight.

It's great to be acquainted with the nicest girls in town,
 And drop around to see them any time that you are
 down.

It's sport to laugh and chuckle at the Freshie's foolish
 tricks,

And brand the entire crew of them a bunch of verdant
 hicks.

It's great to be a Senior—that's a fact that's very
 plain;

But, Mr. Senior, don't you wish you were a Fresh again?

J. J. W.

A COMPLAINT.

Oh, it surely is awful, outrageous, unlawful,
 The worries, the troubles and fears,
 That you have at the stage of your life, when your age
 Is sixteen or seventeen years.

There are many distractions and varied attractions
 Which hold you, quite willing, in bonds.
 While some are but small ones, still others are tall ones,
 Brunettes and vivacious young blondes.

Now the thoughts of their number at night spoil
 your slumber,
 And all the long day give no rest;
 You are driven near frantic, when truly romantic,
 You try to think which you love best.

Why, you can't do your work, all your studies you
 shirk,
 And your feverish brain swiftly whirls.
 So you think, hopelessly, of how happy you'd be
 If there weren't so darn many girls.

J. J. W.

TWO SIDES TO EVERYTHING.

The sun was shining brightly,
 It was almost time to sink,
 The birds were gayly chirping
 By the muddy river's brink,
 And as I sat there waiting
 For the sinking sun to fade,
 Across the swirling streamlet,
 I spied a dainty maid.
 And when I saw her beaming face,
 And hair of golden red,
 A tear bedewed my naked orb,
 And to myself I said:

(CHORUS.)

I wonder if that little maid
 With childish gingham gown,
 Would mind if I came on her side
 To watch the sun go down,
 But gee! there is no bridge in sight;
 That's rotten luck, I think,
 O—why did I come on this side
 To watch the darn sun sink?

B. J. A.

AT AUNT EM'S.

In the warm and sultry summer, when you're feeling
 on the hummer,

And you're longing for a place to go and rest,
 Then you pack your little grip and take your yearly
 little trip

To just the place that you've decided is the best.
 Now some folks seek the ocean, and still others have
 the notion

That the mountains are the only place for them.
But for me the real sensation is to spend, a short
vacation

In the little country home of my Aunt Em.
Gee! it's great to leave the bustle of the city and to
hustle

To that quiet and contented little place,
Where the little birds are singing, while the country
air is bringing

Happy smiles and healthy color to your face.
You can get a lot of knowledge that they never teach
in college

By observing things that Nature has to show.
But that's just a minor reason why I go each summer
season

To that country place to spend a week or so.

Oh, there's nothing so delicious, good to eat, and so
nutritious

As the crispy home-made bread that Auntie makes.
And with very small endeavor I could eat and eat
forever

All her mince and apple pies and chocolate cakes.
All the gardens and the bowers there are filled with
fruit and flowers,

And each single peach and apple is a gem.
So, you see, that's why I'm yearning for the time for
my returning

To that little country home of my Aunt Em.

J. J. W.

TOO TOUGH.

Lord Algernon de Percival stood in his hotel suite,
And watched the Broadway crowd go surging up and
down the street,
And as he twirled his monocle he thought of every sight,
That he'd been told of, and had come to see if it
were right.

He visualized wild Jesse James, with gun in either hand,
And watched him eat raw beefsteak—to be "harder"
than his band,

And then he thought of Indians and tomahawks and
scalps,

And whiskey served in tin cups that were taller
than the Alps.

For he'd been told Americans were "harder" than the
gun

They often shot each other with—in playful, harm-
less fun.

And that they often took a man and hung him by the
neck,

And then stood 'round, discussed the war, and
said all 'round, "By Heck."

He'd heard these wild Americans, when they were
feeling frisky,

Would often put pure dynamite and cocaine in their
whiskey.

And so Lord Percy looked and mused, but scarcely
could perceive,

How all these people were so "hard" as he'd been made
believe.

In fact they seemed to Algy as he stroked his noble pate,
They were rushing to their weddings and were all
quite "bally" late.

But as he watched and wondered there arose a raucous
cry,

"Murder! murder! murder!" from a young man
rushing by.

Lord Algy watched in wonder as the youth clutched
arm and hair,

And yelled—but onward rushed the crowd as though
they didn't care.

And then the noble lord recalled tales told by travellers
kind,

"Why, murders are so common that the people
scarcely mind."

Lord Algy gasped, his monocle fell lightly from his eye,
And fifteen minutes found him telling "Liberty,"
"Good-bye."

And as he lighted up his pipe, now safely out to sea,
He murmured, "Boy, America, is too darn tough
for me."

But still the youth rushed up and down, and wildly
wailed his ware,

And still the crowd went surging by as though they
didn't care.

And everyone he halted, brushed him by and said him,
"Nay."

He was selling next week's paper and they'd read
it yesterday.

L. C.

The "Boob."

John Strong was a "boob." Now just what
constitutes a "boob" has not as yet been
exactly determined, so we shall have to be con-
tent with the cartoonist Tad's definition,
namely, that a "boob" is an awful thing. And
John Strong was one of these. There was no
question about it. His fellow-clerks at the
Midvale branch of Ransey & Co., Wholesale
and Retail Grocers, declared him to be a boob—
and that settled it. For they were sophisticated
and worldly wise youths, well-informed as to

the prevailing fashions, and versed in the fads and follies of the day. Therefore, they could logically be expected to know whether John Strong was, or was not, a boob.

Affecting high, stiff collars and dinky pinched-back suits, they discussed knowingly the merits and deficiencies of the latest types of motor cars, and held forth at length on the superiority of the fox-trot over the one-step. They never had a cent when pay-day rolled around and were continually borrowing money from anybody who would lend it to them. They attended all the dances as well as every show that played the town; knew the names of all the prominent "movie" stars, and could state, without a moment's hesitation, Ty Cobb's batting average for 1911.

Now, Strong knew none of these very interesting things, but when it came to the grocery business, J. Strong "boob" had the "slickers" eating out of his hand. He was never late for work, returned a little early, if anything, from lunch, and not infrequently worked after hours. He could not distinguish between a The-dansant and a Dinner-dance, nor was he aware that Mme. Claire de Claire the noted toe-dancer, had purchased a pet monkey. But he *did* know the price of sugar to-day, what it was yesterday and what it would probably be tomorrow. He had huge knobs on the toes of his shoes and his hands were mostly knuckles, while his trousers bagged so at the knees that many times, when standing on the curb awaiting his trolley car, people had paused and watched him, wondering when he was going to jump. But what he didn't know about the wholesale and retail grocery business could easily be written on the back of a postage stamp.

In the evening, when his "wise" brother-clerks were wont to don the latest "Varsity Model" the screamiest rag-time shirts, oil their hair and sally forth to the "Chinese Laundrymen's Ball" or to the "select dance given by the Alamgamated Order of Tango-Hounds," our hero could usually be found in his dingy 2x4 room, humped over a copy of "Essentials of Economic Theory" by Carver.

And on the following morning when the gay dogs would come in an hour late, heavy-eyed and listless, telling the "boob" what a good time he missed, the latter would merely grin and wait on three customers while the tired owls were getting off their coats. The next evening would find the cotillion leaders witnes-

sing a performance of "The Millionaire's Revenge" presented by an all-star cast, while the seeker after knowledge wended his plodding way to the cold confines of the Town Hall to listen to a lecture on "Capital and Interest" given by a learned gentleman with a protruding brow and a receding chin.

Matters continued in this wise for several months during which Strong mastered every detail of the business and occupied his spare time devising ways and means by which the roundabout methods of distribution employed by the firm could be made more direct and economical. All this was accomplished under a running fire of derisive remarks from the other clerks who chided him because of his "slowness" socially. Meanwhile idling away their own time and watching the clock as a cat does a mouse.

At length the time came when the firm decided to open up another branch store in a neighboring town. It was the policy of Ransey & Co. to select their most efficient clerk as manager of a store about to be inaugurated. So in looking over the field, the officials eventually came to the Midvale branch; examined the record of each man and after a short consultation named John Strong as manager of the latest link in their chain of grocery stores. Deep disgust was written on the countenance of each dissatisfied and disappointed clerk. To elevate a "boob" like Strong over the heads of such bright, neat-appearing young gentlemen as themselves! They could not understand it at all. "Some drag," they concluded sneeringly and soon forgot the matter in the swirl of social activities attending the approaching winter season.

One morning about three years later, a huge limousine stopped before the door of Ransey & Co.'s Midvale store, and a prosperous looking man of about twenty-five years emerged from the car and entered the market. It was John Strong, the "boob," who had preferred an Economics lecture to a night with the boys; the "boob" who had just completed the reorganization of the business and made possible the payment of the highest dividends in the history of Ransey & Co. He saluted his former associates after his old fashion.

"Good morning, boys," he greeted.

"Good morning, Mr. Strong," they made reply in accents meek and mild.

MORAL: Be a "boob." *Harry E. Denny.*

Notre Dame, the Athletic School.

BY T. P. WAGNER.

You, Mr. Baseball Fan, do you know where "Pop" Anson received his baseball training? do you know where old "Chief" Sockalexis, the great Indian star, first shone? do you know where "Cy" Williams first manufactured his famous three-baggers? do you know where Jean Dubuc and Ed Reulbach learned how to curve 'em, and Roger Bresnahan how to say sweet things to the umpire? Well we shall tell you,—it was at Notre Dame, the greatest athletic school in the land.

And you, Mr. Football Bug, who have been awed by the terrific line-plunging of "Lou" Salmon and Ray Eichenlaub, and have marveled at the uncanny forward passing and drop-kicking of Charlie Dorais, do you know that Notre Dame is the smallest big school in the country? Of course you don't, but if you will sit still a few minutes we will favor you with a brief review of Notre Dame Athletics.

Thirty years ago this coming November 23rd Notre Dame received its first lesson in football from Michigan University. The Catholic boys proved such apt pupils that the first lesson ended 8-0 in favor of Michigan. Thus encouraged, Notre Dame took two more lessons the following year, the "teacher" triumphing twice 26-6 and 10-4 respectively. In 1889 Notre Dame defeated Northwestern 9-0 in a rough game. Near the close of this memorable contest the Northwestern contingent dragged religion into the argument with the result that there are a dozen or more prosperous gentlemen in America today who bear scars received in that bloody battle.

Notre Dame continued to improve, and in 1898 defeated Illinois 5-0, and Michigan Aggies 53-0. In 1899 Indiana was humbled 17-0, and Purdue tied 10-10. Ten years later, November 6th, 1909, Notre Dame treated her old professor, Michigan, to a 11-3 trimming. Upon finding that she could no longer be teacher, Michigan decided that the Notre Dame boys were not "nice," and broke off football relations with the sturdy Catholics. The year Notre Dame turned the tables on Michigan she beat all comers, with the exception of Marquette who was played to a standstill in a 0-0 game. 0-0 ties in 1911 with Marquette and Pittsburgh marred an otherwise clean slate, but in 1912

Pittsburgh was downed 3-0, and stubborn Marquette crushed 69-0. In 1913 Notre Dame brought Eastern football followers to their feet with a 35-13 victory over the Army, followed by a 14-7 win over Pennsylvania State; Texas, and South Dakota were also defeated that year. 1914 saw Carlisle, Syracuse, Haskell, and South Dakota added to Notre Dame's string of scalps, but the Army came back strong, and avenged the 1913 trimming by a 20-7 victory. Notre Dame made it two out of three from the West Pointers and she took the soldier boys into camp 7-0 in 1915, but Uncle Sam's hired help evened the series again last fall when Notre Dame was out-played 30-10. Notre Dame was outplayed, but not outgamed, and this coming fall the duel will be on again.

Football at Notre Dame has brought out some of the most wonderful players who ever wore the moleskins. "Big John" Eggeman (now the Hon. John W. Eggeman of Fort Wayne, Ind.), who played center in 97-98-99 and 1900, is rated one of the best centers the West has ever seen. Old-timers tell us that in 1898, when Notre Dame defeated Illinois 5-0, "Big John" was the whole N. D. line, and crushed the bones and spirit of the Illinois backs who tried to puncture the N. D. line. John F. Farley, (now Rev. Farley, Prefect of Walsh Hall, Notre Dame University), who led the Notre Dame eleven in 1900-01, was another wonder of the gridiron, and an All-Western man. Louis J. (Lou) Salmon, Capt. 02-03-04, was one of the hardest-driving fullbacks who ever ripped an opposing line to shreds. Harry (Red) Miller was another terrific line-plunger, but Raymond J. Eichenlaub was probably the greatest fullback who ever wore the gold and blue. "Eich" battered the Army line to atoms in 1913, and received the praise of the Eastern critics and a place on the All-American eleven. Charles E. Dorais, quarterback 1910-14, is another wizard who made a name for himself and his school on the gridiron. He was All-Western Quarter for three years, and was mentioned for the All-American team in 1913. Luke Kelley, Ralph Dimmic, Knute Rockne, George Philbrook, Stanley Cofall, Charlie Bachman, and a score of others who fought for Notre Dame on the field of honor, have been lauded by an admiring public.

But football is not the only sport on the catalogue at Notre Dame. Baseball,—America's Game,—is not neglected at Notre Dame. The

number of "big-leaguers" who claim the great University of the Lakes as their alma mater, proves that the bat and glove see as much service at Notre Dame as the pig-skin and head-gear. On April 21, 1892, the Notre Dame nine received its baptism of fire. Notre Dame's old "Prof" Michigan, furnished the opposition, and received a 6-4 lacing. Since then Notre Dame has sent forth her ball-tossers each spring, and they have proved consistent winners. So much encouragement is given to baseball playing at Notre Dame that many of the men who once wore a Notre Dame suit are now top-notchers in professional baseball, or have won fame as stars in the past. First and foremost of these is Adrian C. ("Pop") Anson. "Pop" learned his baseball A B C's at Notre Dame, and is proud that Notre Dame numbers him among her sons. Roger Bresnahan, the famous National catcher, and now owner and manager of the Toledo Mud Hens, is another who won fame and fortune on the diamond. Other stars who claim Notre Dame as their alma mater are: "Joe" Birmingham, the hard-hitting Cleveland out-fielder; William I. Burke, once with Boston National; Alfred H. Bergman, last year with the Cleveland Indians; Robert ("Deerfoot Bob") Bescher, of Cincinnati, New York, and St. Louis National fame; Francis M. Carmody tried out by Pittsburgh; Harry A. Curtis, old New York Giant; George W. Cutshaw, star of the Brooklyn Champs; Bernard E. (Bert) Daniels, old New York Yankee, out-fielder; John A. Dubuc, star Detroit twirler; Muss S. Ferrell, once with Boston Red-Sox; William J. Granfield, ex-Boston Brave; Wilbur T. (Dolly) Gray, with the Chicago White Sox; Norwood R. Gibson, one-time Boston Red Sock; B. ("Lefty") Inks, old Pittsburgh Pirate; Burt Keeley, Washington; Joseph F. Kenny, once with the Giants; Albert M. Kelly, Chicago White Sox; Herbert B. Kelly, tried out by Pittsburgh; William G. Lathrop, White Sox; Robert E. Lynch, one-time Philadelphia National; Rupert F. Mills, with Newark Feds and Denver Western League; James E. Morgan, Washington; John J. (Red) Murray, old Giant star; Alexander McCarthy, Pittsburgh; Edward McDonough, once with Philadelphia Nationals; William McGill, once with Chicago Cubs; Philip B. O'Neil, Cincinnati; M. R. (Mike) Powers, of Philadelphia Athletic fame; Thomas D. Quigley, one-time Pittsburgh Pirate; Edward M. Reulbach, famous Boston National twirler; John ("Dusty") Rhodes, old Cincinnati star; Francis A. Scanlan, once with Philadelphia Nationals; Arthur Shafer, who helped the New York Giants win several pennants; Francis J. Shaughnessy, once with Washington; Clement L. Ulatowski, once with Chicago Nationals; Rufus W. Waldorf, once with Chicago Cubs; James R. Walsh, Detroit; and Fred ("Cy") Williams, the Chicago Cub slugger. Besides these big-leaguers, scores of old Notre Dame boys have starred in the minors. The number of Notre Dame men who have "gone up" is eloquent testimony of the calibre of Notre Dame baseball teams. The "sun-gods" will soon be singing the praises of some new phenoms coined at Notre Dame. Clarence J. Kline, this year's captain and star third sacker, and Joseph A. ("Chief") Meyer, who conducts himself around the initial cushion "a la Hal Chase," are about ripe for the majors.

Besides her enviable football and baseball records, Notre Dame can also point with pride to the showing of her basketball and track teams. The Notre Dame Five has defeated such teams as Cornell, Colgate, Ohio State, Indiana, Arkansas, Michigan Aggies, Niagara University, Earlham, and Wabash, while the Notre Dame track teams have successfully competed against the best in the country for the last twenty-seven years.

Notre Dame's success in athletics is due, not to the fact that she recruits "ringers," as some of her rivals have contended, but because athletics is the chief diversion at the great Catholic University. Notre Dame is a non-coeducational institution and the largest boarding school in America. Healthful sport is encouraged to keep the thirteen hundred red-blooded young men, who call Notre Dame "home" nine months out of the twelve, out of mischief. The school is divided into three departments, primary, high school, and college. The little tots, "Minims," in the primary department are initiated into the mysteries of sport their first day at school. They have a large campus all to themselves, and there the future Ty Cobbs, Charlie Brickleys, and Jim Thorpes work out every day. They have class teams in all the sports, and are coached by interhall athletes. These tots idolize the Varsity players, and think Coach Harper a much greater man than the President of the United States. When these youthful students of sport graduate from the primary department and enter the

high school, they are generally stars, and continue to develop on the interhall teams. The competition between the five halls at Notre Dame is keen, and each strives to down the other. Walsh, Sorin, Corby, Brownson, and St. Joseph have it out annually on the gridiron, diamond, cinder-path, and the basketball court. Varsity athletes are barred from these contests, but may coach the interhall hopefuls. The boys picked to represent their respective halls train and practice diligently, consequently the exhibitions are of the highest calibre.

These interhall contests are the secret of Notre Dame's athletic prowess. If a lad stars in an interhall game he is praised and encouraged. This gives the youngster confidence, and fills him with a determination to make the Varsity some day. With this end in view the boy practices faithfully, lives right, and studies his favorite sport with the result that, when the time has come for him to try out for the Varsity he is a finished athlete.

The Freshman team is the stepping-stone from interhall athletics to the Varsity. When an athlete becomes a full-fledged college man he reports to the Freshman coaches, and is trained daily in all departments of the game. He becomes familiar with the style of play of his future team-mates, and is drilled in teamwork. The Freshman football team is used as a trial-horse for the Varsity. The Notre Dame yearlings generally give the Varsity a run for its money, and at the same time acquire a world of experience and bruises in these scrimmages. When this embryonic football material has been whipped into a football machine, it is sent against several light college teams, and is tested under fire. In these games the coaches get a good line on the ability of the men, and thus calculate the strength of the next year's Varsity.

The Notre Dame Varsity squad reports to Head-coach Jesse Harper about the first of September. The men are immediately put on the training table, and given light work-outs. As the days pass, and the initial contest approaches, Coaches Harper and Rockne speed up the men. The trainer is ever on the alert, and soon the boys are tuned up like high-powered racing machines. Then scrimmage is in order, and the battle is on in earnest. The preliminary games are the acid tests; the chaff is gradually separated from the wheat, and finally the first squad is picked.

Practically the same process is undergone in the picking of the basketball team. "Many are called but few are chosen," but those few are all wool and a yard wide.

The Notre Dame track men put in a longer period of training than the men who participate in the other sports. The knights of the cinder path start training in the fall, jogging over the country roads in the bracing Autumnal air, and very little clothes. When the weather becomes too "zippy" for the scantily attired sprinters, they retire to the big "Gym." An hour or so is put in each day in the apparatus room, then several miles are clicked off on the oval track. The indoor track season opens shortly after the Christmas holidays, and the men put to the test. When the weather breaks the men begin outdoor work again in preparation for the field meets. Thus we see that a track athlete at Notre Dame is a very busy man, especially since the faculty requires that he be up in his studies.

The Notre Dame baseball men report in the Gym about March first for the limbering up process. The pitchers begin loosening up the "old soup bone," the sluggers oil up their trusty clubs, and the infielders whip the ball around the bases. Along about all fools' day the ball tossers repair to the diamond, and work is begun in earnest. The regulars are soon picked, and the middle of April sees our old friend, the Umpire, on the job once more.

Thus does the Notre Dame athletic cycle revolve, and each commencement, powerful, broad-shouldered young men go forth into the world, and the fighting spirit they take with them is their biggest asset in life's grim battle.

Innocence Abroad.

She was a little girl, dark, pretty and neatly dressed. She boldly entered the "Ladies Entrance" of the Falstaff Cafe, and took a seat at a table near the door. Throwing back her wraps, she gazed around. Rows of tables, covered with bottles and glasses, and surrounded by painted women and drink-heated men, so filled the place that the perspiring waiters had rough travelling. On a balcony at the end of the room a youth with a washed-out expression was whacking a piano, a square-jawed thug was punishing a drum, and a sun-burned blonde in short skirts was howling "Yaka Hula" through a megaphone. Our little friend had

hardly settled herself in her chair before a man came and sat opposite her.

"Whatcha drinkin' kid?" he inquired as a waiter approached.

"Ah-er, I'll take a little grape juice," stammered the girl. The man gasped. He had been "Red" Mohrle's lieutenant and a denizen of the Falstaff for years, but he had never heard a "skirt" order grape juice in there before. When the waiter left, the man studied the girl, who, lowering her eyes, toyed with her gloves. As he watched her the little remaining good in his heart was touched.

"You're not one of these," he said, motioning to the painted females around them. The girl flushed. "What's the matter kid?" he inquired, "can I help you out?"

The girl raised her pretty eyes, "Oh, sir," she said, "I am so hungry, and I haven't any money. You see, my parents wish me to marry a man I despise, so I ran away, and vowed I would make my own way. But it is so hard to get work this time of the year, and I have become desperate, so when I saw other girls come in here I came too." And as she finished speaking she dropped her lashes again, and her lip quivered.

The man, hardened as he was, was moved. Reaching across the table he slipped a twenty dollar note in the girl's glove.

"Here, kid," he said, "take this and beat it."

The girl's lip quivered so she could not speak, but her look of thanks brought a lump to the man's throat.

When the girl had gone one of the Muskeeter's henchmen, who had watched the little affair from a near-by table, approached him.

"What's the matter, Ribby, getting religion or something?"

"Mind your darn business," answered Ribby, then added: "I had a sister like her once."

Out on the sidewalk our little friend with the drooping lashes and the quivering lips, threw back her dainty head, and laughed a cynical little laugh. "Whoever said that 'the moth who flirts with the flame gets burnt,' didn't know me, that's a cinch. The weep-story gets 'em all,—even the toughest," she added.

T. P. Wagner.

If you must look on the seamy side of life, focus your eye on the opening between the threads.

Would You?

John Seaton was indignant—righteously indignant, he thought. How could anyone expect a young fellow full of vigor and life, and with the red blood of the Seaton's coursing through his arteries, to remain cooped up within the narrow limits of the college campus for a month at a time, with no excitement, nothing to relieve the monotony except an occasional athletic meet? Why, he would become stagnant.

He had endured it for a week, but at last the strain had proved more than his impatient nature could stand, and he had perpetrated that most outrageous of crimes, a night "skive." This would have been very commonplace and forgettable, if the rope hadn't broken as he was endeavoring to climb to his second-floor room. "Pat" had caught him, and now the prefect had sent a letter to his father.

"It's a dirty shame!" he told his neighbor, Paul Huff, as he paced the floor of his room two days later. "If dad went through this place without breaking the rules and still retained his 'pep' he's a wonder, that's all. They had no business sending that letter home, anyway. I'd have taken almost any kind of punishment rather than that, because we always got along so well at home, and I'd hate to have him think I wasn't appreciating the opportunity he has given me for an education. But, hang it, why can't a fellow have a little fun along with the education?"

"Cheer up, Jack, old boy," exclaimed Paul, stretching himself out on the bed with a yawn, "All it means is a little bawling out from the governor. Why, I get one of them every week, with my allowance. It wouldn't seem natural for me to miss one."

"Dad never spoke a harsh word to me in my life. He never had to—at home. But here—damn it, Paul, I shan't wait for any bawling out. I'll run away and forget about an education. I'll make good without it. Half our great men did—then I'll come back and laugh at these old fogies, and dad'll be proud of me!"

Heavy footsteps sounded along the hall.

"Yes, sir, you'll find him in there," Pat was saying. The door opened and—"Dad!" cried Jack, and was in his arms. "Did you—did you get that letter?"

"Jack," declared the father, with mock sternness, "you're a disgrace to the family. I

always made sure of the strength of my rope before attempting a night skive."

"Thought you were going to run away," teased Paul the next morning.

"Well," replied Jack, taking a new twenty-dollar bill from his pocket, "Would you?"

Joseph E. Merriam.

A Mystery of the Mississippi.

"Come you seben," entreated "Frogeye," as he rolled the twin cubes on the engine-room floor of the "Stacker Lee."

"Seben she is," growled "Happy" and "Memphis," at whose expense Frogeye had made the coveted point.

"O seben!" sang Frogeye as he shot again.

"Hit her again," groaned the other two.

"Seben baby," coaxed Frogeye as the dice spun forth once more. A six and an ace stared boldly at the three crap-shooters when the cubes stopped spinning.

"Frogeye!" cried Memphis, who saw old man Bankruptcy beckoning to him. "Ah ain't insinuat' nuthin'—but! three seben in a row is mighty powerful luck."

"Damn powful luck Ah'd say," put in Happy, who also had grave misgivings about the future unless Frogeye's little ramble through their fortune was discouraged.

"What you two niggahs mean? inquired Frogeye, assuming an innocent expression.

"Ah must say you sure flattah mah charactah."

"You got us wrong," answered Happy, "we ain't flatterin' yo charactah a-tall, it's yo skill we're praisin'."

"So you-all thinks Ah'm jippin yo," answered Frogeye. "Ah assure yo, gents, dat yo really do flattah mah skill when yo insinuate dat Ah'm wise enuf to make de ole bones dance fo papa. Har-har! dat sho is good."

"Dat's alright," came back Memphis, "yo got our drift; and Ah wouldn't laff very long if Ah was yo," he added as his hand moved toward his "razah" pocket.

"Alright, gents, we won't quawl, we won't quawl," soothed Frogeye as he sauntered off; "Pickin' up fo bucks and sixty-seben cents in fo minutes don't mek me feel a bit quawly."

"Go to h—," growled the partners, then Memphis added as he pocketed the dice: "Ah sho would like to know how dat niggah throwed three seben in a row when Ah got dees old bones loaded to come eleben." *T. P. Wagner.*

Failing to Get the Particulars.

A certain trousered individual who had the honor of being addressed as "Count" lived at a prune palace in London and paid \$3 a week for a room near the roof.

Just before he began to lose his second molars, the idea dawned on him that the surrounding terra firma owed him a better existence than he had been previously eking out. So he made plans. He stowed away his elastic belt and striped socks in a carpet-bag and left the beanery flat, without even ta-ta to the slender form that lowered his corn-beef and cabbage in front of him every noon. He had resolved to hit out for the U. S. and fasten himself to some adult female whose bank-book had a large chest expansion.

Just before landing in Manhattan he dolled up so that the Broadway debutantes might have a glimpse of the grandest thing that ever set foot on U. S. soil since the time of Columbus.

That night, the boy with the foreign sobriquet wedged his way into a swell reception. He hadn't been there five minutes before he had spotted a damsel with rustic hair and a coinish look on her face. Although she didn't have any sheckels hanging on her person, he nevertheless decided to take a chance. And breezing up to her, it wasn't thirty seconds before he had her agreeing to the love, honor, and obey stuff. The next A. M. the two were amalgamated by a secular who kissed the bride and then asked the victim of the ceremony for a decade of greenbacks.

They lived happily until the creditor's bills began to wend their way to the little bungalow. Then came the great unmasking. He found out that she wasn't any gold mine after all, and that her real name was Lucy and that she had squeezed her way into the swell doings that romantic night in search of some loon who would take her on and supply the fried victuals for the rest of her lean years. She thought she had landed him, and he on a similar mission believed himself to have hooked his. They take their canary bird and parlor lamp and move to more dilapidated quarters.

The foreign element later qualified as a milkman, and he changed his name from Count to Otto, and he also called for and delivered his wife's washings.

MORAL: Many a parasite meets its mate.

Barrett J. Anderson.

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L. L. COOKE

A Suggestion.

The student is overworked. Turn which way he may, the only sight that greets his eyes is a formidable array of duties, troubles, books and more books, an overwhelming amount of work to be disposed of. He worries and frets; complains to his prefect, to the folks at home, to his companions; he spends hours wondering if his mind can bear the burden; and still the duties accumulate.

A certain priest of the old school, always solicitous for the welfare of his youthful friends, and consequently often besought by them for advice, once listened to this plea of too much work voiced by two brothers, freshmen in college. "Boys," he said, at the conclusion of their recital, "promise to follow my plan for one month, and I'll wager your trouble will all disappear." Taking a piece of cardboard, he mapped out a systematic schedule for each according to his statement of daily routine, allowing ample time for exercise and pleasure trips, yet finding a period and place for every duty. "Now," he continued, "you are to follow this schedule to the very letter, and must promise to report to me every time it is broken."

During the first two weeks many reports were made, and the brothers at times found their obligation irksome. But as the end of the

month drew near, the difficulties began to disappear; there was plenty of time for every task, and always a disposition to do the right thing at the proper time. The system was not discontinued at the end of the month, but became a characteristic of each brother and remained with him in after life. Both are now highly successful men in professional life.

Here is a lesson which should teach much of practical advantage to the student of Notre Dame today. The Gibraltar of work which daily confronts the average student would soon disappear, if, instead of contemplating it, he would commence a systematic digging, a shovel-ful at a time. How much good would be accomplished, how many complaining tongues would be silenced, if above each desk were tacked one of these systematic little squares of cardboard!

J. E. M.

Take Care of Yourself.

The untimely deaths of three of our fellow students should bring home to us the grim fact that Death is not partial to old age. This raid of the Reaper on our ranks should be a warning to all, and especially to the fellow who chases around the campus in his bedroom slippers and without a hat. Some boys have the mistaken idea that they are tough. No one, be he tough or flabby, can expose himself to a severe shock and hope to escape the reckoning. The fellow who exposes his person to the elements is tearing down his constitution as systematically as the "rounder" who basks in the bright lights every night. The fact that one weighs two hundred pounds and plays fullback on the Varsity makes no difference to "The Little Bug Who Will Get You Some Day," and no one of us is positive but that that day is today. There is a loop-hole in the hardest constitution created. Tom Shevlin was stricken down with pneumonia while engaged in the apparently healthful occupation of coaching the Yale football team. Ralph Rose, the giant California athlete, died in his prime. Joe Gans, the negro fighter, was taken a year after he quit the ring, while Ad Wolgast, ex-champion of the world, recently suffered a nervous breakdown from over training. The little bug seeks and is rewarded some day. Be on the lookout for him, especially in the spring. Then he is most active and we are least prepared to meet him. The first robin's song is the pneumonia germs' call to arms. Do not be in too big a

hurry to don your B.-V. D.s, watch your food, and take exercise, and you will have a pretty fair chance of outliving the present crop of undertakers.

T. P. W.

College Discipline.

Discipline is essential in education. West Point would accomplish nothing if there were no training and obedience. The factory could not operate if there were no subjection to authority. Modern armies would not perform distinguished feats if the men were not systematically trained. Likewise a college accomplishes very little if its discipline is lax. Education and discipline are as closely related as cause and effect. To be punctual seems almost impossible for some persons. Just as the conductor does not stop the train for the person whose watch is slow, neither does the college curriculum halt in order that the laggard student may catch up. Nations would not exist without submission to law, duty, command and prohibition. An organization must have some definite system of control or it becomes a mob. The father must be severe or his son will rebel. So college students must have vigorous obedience to authority in order to promote among themselves austere morality and to uphold the standard of their institution.

P. R. C.

Looking Backward.

The third quarterly examinations are in sight. It would be well to bear in mind that college life lasts but a few short years. These years are but play for the untiring pendulum; they are all too brief to prepare for purposeful life. One should be sparing in profitless expenditure of his days at school. For the "slacker" there is the consolation that there are still two months remaining—two months in which to regain lost ground. Rome was not built in a day—nor in two months. But the Romans did not idle these early moments away—they built walls around their city as a protection. Build walls of learning; many stones can be laid in two months. Now is the time for the "whirl-wind finish."

A. J. M.

Don't "Ride" the Referee.

There is a decided tendency here at Notre Dame to manifest our disapproval of a referee's decision in an athletic contest by jeers and cat-calls. Now this is a very unsportsmanlike

procedure. We should always remember that officials are human, just as we are, and as such are prone to err occasionally. Of course in the heat and excitement of a close contest we say and do things which in our calmer moments we would not think of. Nevertheless we should never forget ourselves so far as to indulge in insulting and sarcastic remarks. This practice does not help matters. On the contrary it injures the offender. The officials become antagonistic to the school, the reputation of the school for good sportsmanship is materially lowered: in short, the whole procedure reflects on the student body to its utter discredit.

H. E. D.

Respect for the Opinion of Others.

Possibly this fault is peculiar to the Freshman class. Probably it is, but there seems to be a general tendency to ridicule a person making a recitation if he happens to venture an opinion incompatible with another person's. That person immediately gives vent to a loud laugh, at the same time telling the offender to sit down. Sometimes, if the student reciting is sensitive, he feels abashed, becomes confused, and finally loses all track of what he was about to say. The fundamental principle of every gentleman's character is respect for the opinion of others. If a person makes a remark, not in harmony with our own ideas concerning the subject treated, it is merely politeness which requires us to wait until he has finished, and then, after being recognized by the professor, to air our own views regarding the matter.

H. E. D.

Ere long many Notre Dame students may be fighting for the flag. The military department in existence at Notre Dame for several years has given valuable training that will give the Notre Dame student an advantage over the average volunteer. Although at times military drill may have proved irksome, it may at last bear fruit. In sending its six-hundred student soldiers into the service Notre Dame presents a striking example of Catholic loyalty and patriotism. Every Notre Dame man should feel proud of the fact that his University is able at any time to contribute her share to Uncle Sam's fighting force.

J. J. F.

A Kansas City patriot was rejected by the army examiner the other day for being an inch too short. An hour's rolling and massaging

brought him up to the required height. We know a few fellows who are looking for a shrinking process.

"An impression," says Webster, "is a stamp or copy made by pressure." To this we add "that an impression of its nature is hard to efface when once stamped." Does the boy, who by his conversation reveals an unclean heart, realize that he is making an impression?

There are in the various halls several pool tables and among the residents of these halls there are many good players. Why not organize some interhall? It would be a good thing and would serve to keep up the interhall spirit, besides affording a good bit of entertainment.

Government ownership of railroads, in a great measure, would dispense with the strike evil. Government employees never complain of being underpaid.

We admire the fellow who works his way through college,—but, to say the least, it is rather inconsistent of him to make the "Dinky" list and take in all the shows that come to town.

When tempted to "rattle" a visiting basketball player or baseball pitcher by systematic shrieking, kindly remember that our team sometimes pastimes in the other fellow's back yard.

Obituary.

Dorothy Cecelia Barrett, twelve-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. S. Barrett, of South Bend, died on the morning of Holy Saturday. Mr. Barrett is a Notre Dame monogram man of 1901, and at present is advertising manager of the Studebaker Corporation.

—Brother Cassian (Patrick Heavey), for eighteen years a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross, died at Notre Dame, Friday, April 13, 1917. He was born at Algiers, La., March 28, 1858, received the Holy Habit, August 15, 1899, and was professed, August 15, 1902. The Superior-General has asked the usual suffrages and prayers of the members of the Congregation for the repose of his soul.
Requiescat in pace!

Notre Dame and Preparedness.

Notre Dame is going to do her part for her country. She stands eager and ready to answer the call of need. Great preparations are now being made to train her men that they may go forth and fight for the flag as did the Notre Dame men of the 60's. The spirit of those days breathes in the hearts of every true son of Notre Dame. But, Mr. Student, it is up to you to help Notre Dame do her part. Upon you everything depends.

To have every student take military training is the plan now being arranged. Juniors and Seniors who have had the required two years of military are to be enrolled in the present companies; those who have never had any training are to constitute new companies which will be formed; the athletes are to have a separate company and will drill in addition to their regular field work. That is a brief summary of the program whereby every man in school is to be prepared to meet the demands of his country.

Sergeant Campbell has announced that the work will consist chiefly of close and extended order drills, bayonet exercises, target practice and extensive field manoeuvring. During the past week the equipment has been completely overhauled to estimate the stock now on hand. The four hundred regulation army rifles have been thoroughly inspected. Every man of the thirteen hundred students and more than two hundred members of the faculty and administrative officials will be assigned some part in the preparedness move.

"Of course, the men cannot be forced to take the training, and there will be some 'slackers,'" was the statement of Sergeant Campbell. "But it should be borne in mind that the drills now are not being given merely as part of the curriculum of the school, but because the nation requires it for her preparedness program."

So what are *YOU* going to do about it? Are you going to be a "slacker?" When a definite time has been decided upon and the other arrangements have been completed, get out there and do your "bit."

Don't leave it to the other fellow. Don't be a "slacker." Help Notre Dame to aid your country! In time you'll have to take the training some place, so it might as well be here and now.

J. J. W.

Notre Dame Pageant.

St. Mary's lake will resound with the tramp of early missionaries, with the war cries of savage Indians, and with the roar of bullets from English, French and Spanish guns this June in the presentation of the stupendous pageant representing the history of the regions about Notre Dame and of the school itself. Father O'Donnell is now busy writing the libretto of the spectacle, and he will have full charge of its production. The various roles in the narrative will be portrayed by the students and the different episodes to be presented will be given by the many organizations with regard to their appropriateness. All the military scenes will be given by the University Battalion under the charge of Sergeant Campbell.

The spectacle will consist of twelve episodes in all. The first of these will be the passing of Father Marquette through this region in 1675. He was the first white man to come to St. Joseph County. The second episode will present the visit of LaSalle. Further episodes will show the labors of the early missionaries among the Indian tribes about here. Among the priests who will be characterized are: Father Hennepin, who came with LaSalle; Father Badin, the first priest to be ordained in the United States; Father Allouez, Father Petit and Father Deseille.

The most spectacular episode will be that in connection with the old St. Joseph fort. The founding of this place by the French, the capture by the English, the raid of the Indians, and the final capture by the Spanish will be faithfully enacted by the military organization.

The history of the school will begin with the portrayal of the founding of the school by Father Sorin and the seven brothers in 1842. After this will be shown scenes from the early life of the college down to the present day.

Assisting Father O'Donnell will be Professor Lenihan, Father Walsh, Father Eugene Burke, Brother Cyprian, and Father Moloney.

J. J. W.

 Notice to Alumni.

If you desire to have a copy of the 1917 DOME reserved for you, kindly send \$2.75 to Eugene F. McEniry, Business Manager, immediately. On publication, the book will be sent to you, postpaid.

Personals.

—Miss Nina Weiland visited her brother Paul, a senior in the Electrical engineering department.

—Mrs. Edward Kennedy of Chicago visited her son William, a senior in the department of journalism, during the Easter holidays.

—Monsignor O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, visited the University on Thursday morning. Monsignor is a member of the Michigan Historical Society. His visit here was purely a social one.

—Ignacio Lomelin of Chihuahua, Mexico, a graduate of the civil engineering department in 1904, visited his old home here during the Easter holidays. Lomelin is now chief engineer of the Jalisco Railroad in Mexico.

—William Corcoran, a graduate of the biology department here in 1913, has recently received the signal honor of being appointed First Lieutenant Surgeon of the U. S. Navy. Corcoran is one of the five men selected to serve in the ranks of the navy from the Northwestern Medical School where he has been studying since his graduation from Notre Dame. The appointment is to take effect May 5. By this appointment, one more Notre Dame man is added to the ranks of those already enlisted in the service of their country. Notre Dame extends her heartiest congratulations and best wishes for the further success of the young doctor.

—The following letter is from Frank T. Taafe, formerly an N. D. journalist, now manager of the Cohoes, N. Y., *Republican*. Does it show journalistic "pep?"

Cohoes, N. Y., April 9, 1917.

Good Morning Professor:

Once more the lazy Taafe, greets you. This time I am looking for a place in the army, a commission in fact. The army regulations require that I have three letters to attest to my moral character. Inasmuch as you never saw me commit a crime, I have the nerve to ask you for one.

Seriously, I am terribly keen on making a second lieutenantcy, and a letter from you stating that I was fit to be such a person, would help immensely. May I have it?

I suppose everything is fine at the little room on the fourth floor. I wonder if you ever see this sheet of mine? You might be able to make a terrible example of it.

Let me know about the letter, will you?

With the season's best regards,

Yours sincerely,

Frank.

Varsity News.

—Fellowships in international law and related subjects, as diplomacy, government, history and law have been offered to graduates of the University by the Carnegie endowment for international peace.

—The sum of \$106.00 has been collected by Father Farley for uniforms for Walsh Hall's baseball team. The collection has been taken up among the students of the hall, and those who formerly resided there.

—The College Club of Gary, Indiana, has invited the Notre Dame Glee Club to give a concert in the near future at Gary. The proceeds are to go towards a loan fund with which to send some deserving young woman of Gary to college.

—The Military Ball on Wednesday evening, April 18th, at Place Hall, will be the opening number of the social season. Then comes the Senior Ball on April 23rd, the Junior Prom, the Sophomore Cotillion, and the Freshman Frolic at the Oliver, May 16.

—History students are now busy competing for the new medal recently offered by Dr. Edwin Wood, of Detroit, Mich., for work on some subject connected with the history of the Northwest territory. The medal will be awarded for the first time at the commencement exercises this June.

—Easter vacation was not wholly devoid of pleasure to those who remained at the school. Frequent invasions by those who dwell within the "Palace of the Queens" served to arouse the students from their lethargic reclining and to animate the campus with numerous "snipers."

—Sergt. Campbell took his Elks' Boy Scouts and six trumpeters from the University to Elkhart last Thursday evening where they participated in the Patriotic Parade. It has not been decided as yet whether or not the Notre Dame Battalion will take part in South Bend's Patriotic Parade to be held next Saturday.

—Laden with his usual supply of national currency, Father Moloney returned this week from a trip to the East where he has been continuing his search for funds for the Old Students' Hall. Pittsburgh and eastern Ohio were the points levied upon this time. Father Moloney has now increased the fund to over

\$60 000 and is confident of raising the entire amount of \$150,000 before June.

—Rev. Paul Foik, University Librarian, has completed arrangements for the purchase of the entire library of Orestes A. Brownson, the noted philosopher of the nineteenth century. The collection of books consists of 35,000 volumes and will be given a special place in the new library building. This addition of books brings the total number in the new library to over the one hundred thousand mark. Dr. Brownson is buried in the crypt in the basement chapel. Brownson Hall is named after him.

—That the department of Journalism at Notre Dame stands among the foremost of the country was clearly shown at the annual convention of the National Association of Teachers of Journalism held at the Hotel LaSalle in Chicago on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week. Professor John M. Cooney dean of the department of Journalism here, Rev. Thomas Lahey, professor in the department, and Leo Berner, member of the senior class in Journalism, were the representatives of the school at the convention. Among the speakers at the meeting was James Keeley of the Chicago *Herald*, dean emeritus of the Notre Dame school of Journalism.

—As the "bad" man of the West, slow of speech but quick on the "draw," William S. Hart thrilled a large audience in Washington Hall in "The Return of 'Draw' Egan" Wednesday evening. It was a typical Hart drama and the kind which will not permit the students to try to sleep on the hard chairs. The story dealt with a notorious road agent who becomes city marshall of the town of Yellow Dog, and a "strong arm" guardian of the peace upon meeting the girl he thought existed only "in story books or in Heaven." The scenery and photography were probably the best seen here this year. A Ford educational film and a Keystone comedy completed the program.

—The Notre Dame University Glee Club gave a concert at Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on Easter Monday evening. A packed house greeted the local gleemen on the occasion of their first appearance in the Windy City. The performance, as a musical entertainment, was absolutely satisfactory, the singers responding perfectly to the baton of Director Ward Perrott. Much of the credit for the success of the

concert is due to the efficient accompaniments of Howard R. Parker at the piano. Following the performance the St. Mary's-Notre Dame Club entertained the warblers with a dance in the Gold room of the Congress Hotel. On the following evening the Glee Club journeyed to Elgin, Ill., where they repeated the Chicago program before an audience which entirely filled the large auditorium of the Elgin High School.

—Harry Baujan has been appointed captain of the new company of athletes, which comprises all men engaged in Notre Dame's four branches of sport. The organization of the company received the hearty approval of the faculty at a special meeting Thursday noon.

—Rev. Matthew Schumacher, director of studies, is at present in Washington, D. C., where he is attending a meeting of the executive committee of the Catholic Educational Association. This committee, arranges the details of the annual convention of the association which is held usually in July.

—Notre Dame students will not be urged to enlist, it was decided at a meeting of the faculty Thursday afternoon. However, at a mass meeting in Washington Hall immediately after dinner this afternoon Father Cavanaugh, Sergeant Campbell and others will explain the necessity of military training and will urge all students not enlisted to join the ranks of the Notre Dame regiment. Father Cavanaugh believes the students have sufficient love of their country to come to its aid in time of need without being incited.

Athletics.

April 3rd Coach Rockne led his team of past and present-day stars to a 14 to 7 victory over the freshmen. "Rock's" aggregation gained their first touchdown when O'Hara bucked over for the count and Cofall kicked goal. Shortly afterwards a perfect forward pass from Cofall to Coach Rockne, followed by a "Rockne" plunge, gave them their second touchdown, and again Cofall kicked goal. The freshmen scored their touchdown just before the close of play with the aid of two clever forward passes, the first from Gipp to Garry and the second Gipp to Noonan on which the latter went over for a counter and also kicked goal. Following the game Coach Rockne

announced he was highly pleased with the work of the teams. The lineup and score:

OLD TIMERS, 14		FRESHMEN, 7	
Baujan.....	L E.....	Powers.....	
Andrews.....	L T.....	McGuire.....	
Dixon.....	L G.....	Miller.....	
Rydzewski.....	C.....	Holton.....	
Zoia.....	R G.....	Stanley.....	
DeGree.....	R T.....	Flaherty.....	
Meagher.....	R E.....	Hayes.....	
Rockne.....	Q.....	Brahan.....	
Cofall.....	L H.....	Gipp.....	
O'Hara.....	R H.....	Dent.....	
Slackford.....	F.....	Garry.....	

Substitutions—Old Timers: Kelly for Dixon. Freshmen: Morales for Hayes, Stein for Flaherty, Flannigan for Stanley, Noonan for Powers, Ryan for Dent. Touchdowns—O'Hara, Rockne, Noonan. Goals from touchdown—Cofall, 2, Noonan. Referee—Phelan. Umpire—Bergman.

The addition of McKenna, King and Grant to the track squad and the return of Bergman will mean a much stronger team with which to get revenge on Illinois and Michigan for the beatings received from them in the indoor meets this season. Notre Dame has the best track team she has had in years, and some hot competition is promised when the above schools are met outdoors. A meet is being arranged for the freshman squad at Culver, to take place in May. The fact that two records were broken and that all the marks made in the recent interhall meets were close to the records speaks well for the yearlings.

ST. VIATOR'S HUMBLLED.

Notre Dame opened the season on April 10 with a 10-1 win over St. Viator. The game dragged woefully, both sides booting the ball around like soccer players, and the high wind was not conducive to good baseball; nevertheless Coach Harper was able to get a line on the men. "Swede" Edgren and Oscar Dorwin twirled no-hit ball, and whiffed six men apiece, while Lally allowed only one safety. "Tex" Allison caught a nice game and manufactured the only extra-base hit of the day, a two-base swat to left. Dubois, who played his first Varsity game, looks like a comer, breaking into the run column twice. The surprise of the day was the appearance of "Little Dutch" Bergman in right field. "Dutch" has only been out several days, and no one expected he would break in so soon.

Summers, the St. Viator hurler, issued seven free tickets to first, three of them in the first

inning. His wildness, coupled with his teammate's wretched fielding, accounted for the majority of the Notre Dame runs. St. Viator's scored their lone tally in the eighth on a single by Kernan, two infield outs and Wolfe's error.

The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	SB	E
Keenan, cf.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Kline, 3b.....	6	1	2	1	1	0	1
Allison, c.....	3	1	1	10	0	1	1
Myers, 1b.....	5	1	1	14	1	1	1
Spalding, 2b.....	3	0	0	0	5	0	0
Wolfe, ss.....	5	2	1	2	0	0	2
Dubois, lf.....	3	2	0	0	0	0	0
Bergman, rf.....	4	2	0	0	0	0	0
Edgren, p.....	2	1	1	0	0	0	1
Dorwin, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lally p.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Philbin, c.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	37	10	6	27	8	2	6

ST. VIATORS	AB	R	H	PO	A	SB	E
Fitzpatrick, ss.....	4	0	0	3	1	0	3
Sullivan, c.....	4	0	0	8	0	0	0
Bayer, 1b.....	4	0	0	4	0	1	0
Goldnestein, 3b.....	3	0	0	2	3	0	0
Connors, cf.....	3	0	0	3	0	0	1
Conroy, lf.....	3	1	1	1	0	0	2
Kernan, 2b.....	3	0	0	1	1	1	1
Roach, rf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
Summers, p.....	3	0	0	1	1	0	1
Totals.....	30	1	1	24	6	2	8

Two base hit—Allison.

Struck out—By Edgren, 6; by Dorwin, 6; by Summers, 8.

Bases on balls—Edgren, 1; Dorwin, 1; Summers, 1.
Sacrifice hits—Keenan, 2.

Left on bases—Notre Dame, 12; St. Viators, 4.

Umpire—Schaefer.

Kub Kapers.

There's one term used in baseball
Which I have never lit on;
It's why they call it "grandstand"
When you have a seat to sit on.

Some men are born rich, others acquire riches, while
still others own a dozen eggs.

IN THE INFIRMARY.

Oh, the coffee and the toast,
Eggs, potatoes, tender roast!
Sure, I've never seen another meal to beat it!
But alas, I sheer forgot,
As I lay there on the cot,
I was too confounded sick to try to eat it.

WAR NEWS.

T. R. seen taking his sword to the cleaners.

A Freshie thought that he was wise,—a Prof. termed him "otherwise."

Most married men will tell you that they know more about war than Sherman did;—yet the youth is sent to war first.

The quantity of the mail received by some of the popular boys seems to indicate that N. D. is a correspondence school.

She was filthy with sheckles like dirt,
So I tried with her coin bag to flirt.
For I thought I could win
A few tons of her tin,
But she wasn't that kind of a skirt.

Of all the sweet words of tongue or pen;
The sweetest are, "Enclosed find ten."

Far sweeter to the shell-like ears of Father Tom Burke than the crooning of violins or the melodious phrases of the poet are these painfully prosaic words "Check enclosed."

There is no scheme by which we can predict that a law student will blossom into a great barrister, or that "Scoops," the Cub Journalist, will turn out a bear,—but we are positive that the fellow who is continually "bumming" tobacco, pencils and stamps from his friends will be some day an A-1 hobo.

Civilization continues to advance—the Emperor of China now wears his shirt tucked in his pants.

I tell you not in mournful numbers, Brownson Hall's not what it seems. For though fair maidens there are lacking, rules can't keep them from our dreams.

He dictated much to his pretty stenog,
For her's was a strange fascination;
He soon popped the question and married the girl—
Now *she's* doing all the dictation.

"You don't seem to be able to give any explanation for being intoxicated last night," said the kind-hearted judge to the prisoner.

"Why, sure I can," he replied, "but give me time, will you?"

"Certainly," said the k. h. j., "30 days!"

"Give me Your Smile," she sang so low
To him whom she would wed;
He had a sense of humor, so
He gave her the laugh instead.

At the rate some gazaboos about here are acquiring knowledge, by the time they are 75 they ought at least to be half-witted.

RA VON.

The geel was flowing ghoulishly,
And gerbling on the gleek;
The ghastly gaboes in the glade
Were woofed, waled and weak.

Visitor in the Infirmary: "Poor boy! How were you ever injured so badly? Were you in a train wreck?"

The Victim: "No, I was caught in the rush to get tickets for the Freshman dance."

The thing that goes the farthest
Toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most,
Is just a pleasant smile.

Old Students' Hall.

Subscriptions to April 14, 1917.

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

- Samuel T. Murdock, '86. \$2000.00
- Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, P. T. O'Sullivan, '68; Right Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75; M. F. Healy, '82; John C. Shea, '98; Clement C. Mitchell, '02; Byron V. Kanaley, '04; Daniel P. Murphy, '95; John P. Lauth, '68; James D. Callery, '73. \$1000.00
- Robert Sweeney, '03; C. A. Paquette, '90; Rev. John Dinneen, '65; Warren A. Cartier, '87; Stephen B. Fleming, '90; Thomas Hoban, '99; Angus D. McDonald, '00; William A. McNerny, '01; Joseph M. Byrne, '79; Cassius McDonald, '04; William P. Breen, '77; Student from Far West; Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09; C. C. Craig, '85; Frank E. Hering, '98; Peter P. McElligott, '02; James J. Conway, '85; George Cooke, '90; John Dowd, '99. \$500.00
- Frank N. Mass, '77. \$300.00
- Fred E. Murphy, '93; John M. Flannigan, '94; John H. Neeson, '03; Joseph B. Naughton, '97; Peter Kuntz, '98; John H. Fendrich, '84; John Eggeman, '00; A. A. McDonnell, '00; Eugene A. Delaney, '99; R. A. O'Hara, '89; M. P. Hannin, '93. \$250.00
- W. G. Uffendel, '01; John O'Shea, '11; James F. Kennedy, '94; Louis C. M. Reed, '98; Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00; Joseph J. Sullivan, '02; G. A. Farabaugh, '04; Robert Anderson, '83; Joseph Lantry, '07; Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp, '14; L. J. Keach, '08; Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, '03; Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94; F. A. Kaul, '97; William Hoynes, '77; Edwin J. Lynch, '10; T. D. Mott, '95; F. Henry Wurzer, '98; Paul R. Martin, '13; Timothy V. Ansberry, '93; John M. Quinlan, '04; Daniel Madden, '06; Fred J. Kasper, '04; J. S. Corby, '98; Thomas Steiner, '99; John F. Cushing, '06; Francis H. McKeever, '04; Daniel V. Casey, '93; Arthur B. Larkin, '14; Edward Peil, '14. \$200.00
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