Humility.

JOSEPH J. THOLE.

PERFECTION, Power, Divinity,
Humility sublime,
Unfathomed Holy Trinity,
And Author of all Time.
Great God Whom angels praise in awe,
Whose Blood redeemed man's loss,
Was born upon a bed of straw,
And died upon a Cross.

The "Best Seller" and Public Morals.

ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15.

The psychology of the "best-seller" craze baffles analysis. It is a constantly recurring literary phenomenon, never presenting the same phase, never wearing an identical guise, always sufficiently distinct from preceding ones to baffle the maxim maker. Advertising experts and literary statisticians annually herald the advent of six books published within the year, whose sales are of such volume that they take immediate and noteworthy precedence over scores of competing issues. This little coterie of authors have achieved the distinction of having their names inscribed in the fading chronicles of "best seller" fame. It will greatly facilitate the disposal of all subsequent manuscripts from their pen. It will enable them to foist any form of absurdity or monstrosity upon a gullible public, to whom the stereotyped "By the author of last year's selling sensation, etc." is an infallible guarantee of its merits. Year after year a season's transient fame is resurrected, that the inferior output of some mediocre writer may reap a golden harvest for author and publisher.

What makes a book a "best seller"? Certainly not invariably intrinsic merit. Why is one author consistently in the ranks of the best sellers, and another with a more pleasing style better plots and finer character portrayal, forever without the pale? The answer is found in a diagnosis of the public mind rather than in an analysis of the writers or their output. The "tendency of the age," though often indicted as a meaningless generality, is reflected in the popular taste in matters of current fiction. Is the question of paramount importance, the issue between kings and commons? Then novels, epics and doggerel, all reflect the sentiments of one party or the other. The ancient "best seller" may have lampooned an emperor, or extolled the virtues of the hardy husbandman. At all events, it found the proverbial "responsive chord" in the heart of the reading public, and its sales, whether totaling two thousand or two million, mark it for its own age and era as a best selling production. Today it is, as a gifted satirist has remarked, "sex o'clock" in literature. Whether in poetry or prose, in fact or fiction, the ugly head of the serpent sex-madness rears its scaled crest of sensuality and suggestiveness. It has invaded the school and the home, the church and the state. Literature reflects it in all its distorted prospects; the stage parades it in a thousand subtly alluring forms. It may be a "problem" play; it may be proclaimed as an "educator" of young and ignorant girls; it may be loudly heralded as the standard of a "new morality," but stripped of its veneer of superficiality, we see beneath its specious cloak only crass, open, sordid filth. The "sex" novel has had a promising place among the annual grouping of best sellers. A nude girl in the first chapter enabled Robert W. Chambers to parade whole reams of frothy, senseless badinage in a best selling novel, acclaimed by a hysterical press and the
critics of our select magazines as the “book of the century” and an “enduring monument to America’s greatest novelist.” It is animal passion vibrating through every page of “Three Weeks,” that built a reputation for that feminine degenerate Elinor Glyn. It is the super-sensual appeal of Victoria Cross that makes her books runners-up for those that actually break into the “sacred (?) circle.” It is covert or overt suggestiveness that makes for the ready welcome of most of our present-day popular novels. Small wonder that a commercial and materialistic world should guage by a dollar mark standard the value of indecency, if it but appear in the guise of a “teacher of a great truth,” or a “thrilling indictment of medieval standards of morality.”

Not all, by any means, but certainly a large percentage of the best sellers of the past decade, reveal the secret of their success in their appeal to the baser nature of man. How else can we account for the ready and effusive welcome of the unnumbered multitudes of books vomited forth from ten thousand presses, wherein the theme is ever the same—and ever a gross portrayal of the difficulties into which sex perversion has plunged man from the beginning of time.

The “eternal triangle,” when the trio involved are not already much married, is a favorite literary device for the excitation of interest, and as such is perfectly permissible. But when into this seemingly innocent grouping, the author contrives to introduce a divorcee, a roue, and a race track tout or injured husband, together with unnameable diseases, and revolting situations and complications, we have a best seller in embryo. If he can garnish and elaborate this alluring mess with a diatribe against chastity, and the sacredness of the marriage bond, he has perfected a “best seller.” With characteristic facility and fecundity, Hall Caine has bred more original emissaries of vice than most of his contemporaries. His situations are more strained and his incidents are more frank than those of envious competitors. In other writers, devotees of things salacious get the suggestion; in Caine they get the fact. “The Woman Thou Gavest Me,” his latest book, and the culmination of a series of questionable productions, not only parades vice and indecency with startling candor, but it augments its offensiveness by dragging in religious and religion. The moral, if there be any, is so cleverly and completely submerged in lascivious episodes, that the right-minded reader can not find it, and the moral degenerate is blissfully immune from its teaching. The risque novel, and its counterpart and kindred spirit, the “problem play,” may make a feeble profession of moral principle, but their ultimate object is sensual entertainment. A man desirous of driving home a great moral truth, does not need to immerse it in three hundred pages of putrid “realism.” He can find means more expedient than a dumb show of vice, duplicity and inconstancy. The Sixth and Ninth Commandments say more succinctly and impressively than any immoral “best seller” just what they were intended to say. Yet scores, literally hundreds, of writers, can find no better excuse for their prurient effusions than that they present an “old evil in a new light”—generally a red one. In order to teach a young girl that she shouldn’t flirt with a strange young man on the street corners, said young girl is required to peruse forty odd chapters of supersublimated drivel, wherein she wanders among brothels and opium hells, in an atmosphere of absinth and insanity, and in the company of prostitutes and procurers.

Or in order to treat with proper delicacy and reserve the sacred secrets of the marriage bond, the author must rudely tear asunder the veil of privacy, and give us some such profane and garbled treatment of intimate matters as “Mr. and Mrs. Villiers,” of malodorous memory. Apropos of the “sex question” we may remark that the question indeed is what is the “question?” Similarly of the problem play, we may inquire what is the “problem?” Nevertheless, the best seller contributes its quota to the festering mass of modern fiction, whose wanton appeal to carnality and concupiscence, approximates in freedom from any manner of restraint, the deliberate debauching of the morals of decadent Rome. Of Zola and Flaubert and De Maupassant, it may at least be urged that their defection from the moral standard was open and acknowledged. Their motto—if an axiom of Hell can be thus dignified—was “Looseness for lust’s sake”; they pretended to preach no new gospel of “higher” or “modern” morality; they retailed dirt because literary scavenging was profitable and comported-well with their “artistic” (and hence not to be criticised?) temperaments. Yet we may pay them the poor tribute that they never
had a "mission" to save the young girls of the rising generation; they never "attacked an ancient evil in a virile and masterful manner"; they never attempted to show "by a thrilling excerpt from real life that no dogmatic preach­ment can fetter hearts drifted asunder." In short, they said to the human jackals of their day and age, "Here is a refuse heap; come and partake." Little to laud, yes; but by contrast with the more subtle and invidious appeals of the present era, even their brutal frankness assumes almost the guise of respectability. Yet many a best seller has been founded upon just such insinuating filth; marital incontinence with complications is a stock theme, varied in treatment only by the author's capacity for detail and callousness of handling. Even the Church itself, in its majestic march through all the centuries, has had to pause occasionally, to brush off the grimy hand of some novelist "reformer" who sought with besmirched narr­ation, and maggoty logic, to show the "false­ness" of its uncompromising stand against the evils he sought to inaugurate. But recently, such an upstart, Joseph Medill Patterson, was hailed as the "vanquisher" of world's one effective opponent of divorce. But the precocious novelist is already a creature of obscurity, while the principles he assailed, co-eternal with their Founder, continue unchanged and un­changing.

It is with relief that one turns from that phase of "best-selling" to the agreeable aspect presented by the many great, clean wholesome novels that have been numbered among the yearly half dozen of the most successful. The presses that for five months have been casting forth the 500,000 copies of Harold Bell Wright's great novel, "The Winning of Barbara Worth," are giving to the world, half a million duplicates of a story that is moral, sane and uplifting. Winston Churchill's phenomenal best-seller,* while interesting particularly to Protestants, because it treats of problems which Protestant­ism must face, is clean and wholesome. No breath of suspicion tarnishes the majesty of "Ben Hur," best-seller of decades; not a single voice is raised to murmur against the works of Thackeray, Dickens or Scott, which, in their aggregate of sales, have not an annual, but an "all time" record, as best-sellers. "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," John Fox, Jr's absorbing tale of the Blue Ridge mountains, grips the interest and imagination although the author has made not a single concession to risque sensationalism. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," best-seller in a score of countries, at one time or another, is almost pedantically moral. Crawford, with almost two score of novels, continues to sell steadily, his aggregate of sales, though not so feverishly accumulated as more meteoric works, continues to make the enduring appeal of decency. The list of clean best-sellers of ages, centuries and years, would doubtlessly far preponderate the successes of all unethical writers. Even in the present era of sex hysteria and eugenical fulmination, the worth while author of inflexible principles makes his mark.

There is more flash and sparkle about the salacious output, to be sure; its success is more instantaneous and intoxicating, but, like the fever of passion itself, it soon chars to a dull gray ash. The novels of any age enjoy a vogue peculiar to the time and place. When the age runs to loose morals and relaxed conventions, as in the post-Cromwellian era, or the twentieth century, the novel characterized as "daring" forges to the fore. Yet awhile, and it is with the fatal follies of "yesterday's seven thousand years."

But the principles of truth and righteousness, the observances of morality and approved convention, that are incorporated into a sound, clean novel, keep it afloat in the maelstrom of time. The best sellers that cater to public depravity perish in its ruins. The wages of sin is death, and the reward of prurient writing is also premature dissolution.

All best-sellers are not perfectly adapted to the prevalent moral tone. All are not immortal. Neither, by the same token, are all short-lived. History has vindicated the "best selling" popularity of Pickwick Papers, Ben Hur, and the Last Days of Pompeii. It has witnessed the speedy extinction of other popular successes already nameless.

"Why books become best sellers it is often difficult to ascertain. As some one has said, "The first is an accident, and its successors the children of reputation." Certainly another impulse has to be noted. Diane of the Green Van is purely a creature of advertising. Yet it will undoubtedly become a "best seller." And although innocuous to a painful degree, it is neither immoral nor even faintly suggestive. And thus it goes. Yet the principle enunciated

* "The inside of The Cup."
may still be held true. Best-sellers mirror the temper of their day. The clean ones the clean spirit; the immoral ones the degraded spirit. So the proportion of one to the other is a fair criterion of the proportion of pure and evil minds in the reading public. The age that, like our own, shows a preponderance in the aggregate sales of risque writings, mirrors faithfully the immoral tendencies of the time.

Law West of the Pecos.

SAMUEL DE CORDOVA NEWNING, '14.

"In the Southwest a man's word is as good as he can make it," drawled old man Simpson, a traveling man who had just arrived at Tolorosa and who was anxious to hear some of the wonderful tales of robbery and murder that were so often connected with those parts.

"Yes, a man's word is as good as he can make it," he repeated, "and I know of a case that happened right here near this town that goes to prove it."

"Would you mind telling me about it?" remarked the travelling man.

"Well," said old man Simpson, "since you seem so interested I believe I will tell you. About thirty years ago an old rancher named Baldy Anderson, who lived over yonder at Paparita Gap, was one day riding his fence and taking note of the repairs needed. He had been going along like this for some time when suddenly as he came to the top of a small hill he saw two men bending over one of his calves in the act of branding it. They became aware of his presence about the same time that he saw them, and without more ado they sprang to their horses and made their escape in the foothills of the Sacramento. They did not get away, however, before Baldy recognized them as McNatt and Carpenter, two boys he had known since they were children. Anderson returned to his house and related the incident to his foreman, warning him to be on the lookout for any future raids. He had been going along like this for some time when suddenly as he came to the top of a small hill he saw two men bending over one of his calves in the act of branding it. They became aware of his presence about the same time that he saw them, and without more ado they sprang to their horses and made their escape in the foothills of the Sacramento. They did not get away, however, before Baldy recognized them as McNatt and Carpenter, two boys he had known since they were children. Anderson returned to his house and related the incident to his foreman, warning him to be on the lookout for any future raids. About noon of the same day he set out for town to notify the authorities of the identity and probable whereabouts of the cattle thieves.

"Shortly after Anderson had started for the neighboring village of Tolorosa, McNatt and Carpenter boldly rode up to the ranch house and inquired of the 'cook,' who was the only one around at the time, as to the whereabouts of the boss, and upon being informed that he had gone to town, they set out in the same direction.

"That night Baldy did not return to his outfit, but the punchers, thinking he was on one of his spasmodic sprees, did not pay much attention to it. Next day, however, when he did not return they began to be worried and two of the boys rode toward Tolorosa in order to ascertain the cause of his delay. They did not have to wait long, for on coming around the side of a hill they noticed a horse standing well up in a blind canon with saddle and bridle on but no rider. They turned off the main trail and made for the horse, and soon recognized it as the one Baldy had used the day before. Suspecting that something serious had happened they began hunting about in the chaparral and sage brush. Half hidden in a clump of cactus they discovered the mutilated remains of their boss. His face and hands were full of cactus needles and he had a bullet hole in the side of his head. Very gently they placed the body across the back of his horse and made their way back to the ranch.

"When the foreman learned from the Mexican cook that McNatt and Carpenter had started to town only a short distance behind Baldy, he immediately began to think that they, seeking to destroy the only witness to their thieving, had followed and killed him. Acting upon this belief the foreman notified the sheriff at the village, and a short time later the two cattle-thieves were arrested. They succeeded in getting out on bail and their case was set for a month later on the 25th of June. At this time the districts comprised many counties and it was only at very long intervals that court was held. The district attorney lived at Las Cruces which was about a hundred and fifty miles away, and in order to get to Tolorosa he had to make the trip in a buggy. This was a very difficult and tiresome undertaking since he had first to cross the Organ mountains by a narrow and dangerous road and oftentimes storms made the road impassable. After getting out of the Organs, it was necessary to go over another dreadful strip of land known as the parrado del muerte, so called because of the fact that when gold was found in California in forty-nine, many people took this route and were never heard of again. On crossing the parrado del muerte the white
sands presented the next difficulty to the traveller. These sands stretched out from about ten miles from the Organs across to Tolorosa, a distance of nearly fifty miles. In the daytime when the sun shines down upon them, the sands resemble a boiling caldron. The whirlwinds that are so common give the appearance of vapor arising from boiling water. At night after the sun has sunk behind the hills, if one is far enough away, the sands look like the sea breaking upon a flat beach. One sees the long rollers coming in and finally they break into a mass of foam and spray. Taken as a whole, the white sands are at one time a burning inferno, at another a most pleasing spectacle to the eye of anyone who may chance to see them.

"At the appointed time the district attorney set out from Las Cruces on this difficult journey. Never a sign of human life was to be seen after he left Las Cruces until he reached Tolorosa. No matter what dangers or difficulties he encountered he could almost be positive that there would be no passers-by to lend him aid.

"When the day came for the trial, the district attorney did not put in his appearance and neither were the two cattle-thieves on hand. Two days later McNatt and Carpenter arrived in the town saying they had been detained at their respective ranches on account of heavy rain storms. At the time no thought was given to the incident, but at the end of a week when the attorney failed to appear, a search party was organized and they departed to find him.

"Out in the middle of the sands, where there was absolutely no sign of living vegetation, where any malicious deed might be committed without fear of apprehension, the buggy and dead body of the horse was located, but no sign of the district attorney was to be found. The party searched for miles around but were not able to find a trace of the missing attorney, and to this day no one has ever seen or heard of him. The secret is buried away out there somewhere in the bosom of the mysterious white sands."

"Is that all?" inquired the salesman as Simpson finished the story. "Didn't they ever punish McNatt and Carpenter for the deeds it was evident they committed?"

"Why, man, who was going to punish them?" said Simpson, "didn't Baldy Anderson pay the penalty for trying to bring them to justice? Didn't the district attorney, who was the only man who knew all the facts, go by the same route? What man in those days would have staked his life just to bring a couple of cattle thieves to justice? And besides, didn't they say they did not commit the crimes, and were they not willing to prove that they didn't by preventing the law from taking its course?"

"I know, but it seems that they should have paid the penalty for their acts," retorted the salesman.

"Now, young man," replied Simpson, "those two I spoke of are highly respected citizens of this state today. They own big ranches and are worth lots of money, and the way in which they avoided punishment thirty years ago just goes to show how effective, in those days, was law west of the Pecos."

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Pat Dooley.

ROBERT ROACH.

Pat Dooley was a real Irishman all the way from his shabby feet to his fine shock of curly red hair, which set off a face made up principally of a smile about six inches wide. His eyes were brimming over with kindness. Pat was a healthy looking specimen with rosy cheeks, and broad shoulders. He had a clean, wholesome look and there was something about him that never failed to attract attention.

Sociability and generosity were the most prominent of Pat's many fine qualities, and in these two he would be outdone by nobody. He had a pleasant smile and a good word for everybody and was a regular Christmas tree for his friends who happened to be in need. Pat was a lover of witty stories, and there was nothing he liked better than a good one on a Dutchman.

He was naturally of a very agreeable and peaceful disposition, but would flare up and fight if anybody was impudent enough to put a slur on his race or religion. Dooley was a hard and willing worker, but the generosity with which he opened his purse to his friends prevented him from having any relations with the Hibernian bank. He was, nevertheless, wealthy in many things which money can not buy.
Varsity Verse.

Life’s Path.

Our joys are all tempered with sadness,
And with every smile is a tear;
But always a bright ray of gladness
Disperses the gloom with its cheer.

Life’s path isn’t sunshine and roses;
Nor is it all sadness and gloom;
Where each pretty flower reposes,
We pluck up a thorn with the bloom.

So don’t let your heart droop in sorrow,
If fate isn’t kindly today.
But know that a happier morrow,
Your sadness with joy will repay.

A. L. McD.

This is a Poem.

The maiden shook her golden locks,
And stroked them with a comb;
If Wilson has a wooden leg
How many miles to Rome?

The bandit hied him to his lair
His evening meal to bake.
The policeman stood upon his head
And ate a jelly-cake.

E. R. McB.

Union.

United we stand,
Divided—we find,
Three kings and two jacks
Against four of a kind.

C. K.

Poor Joel, We Knew Him Well.

There was a young fellow named Joel,
Who went skating one day on the shoal,
But the ice broke away,
He fell in the bay.
Now Joel is shoveling coal.

R. C. M.

Right This Way, Officer!

Now people say two two’s make four,
But that’s not always true;
For if they be but rightly placed,
Two two’s make twenty-two.

Oh, can it was that such it be—
’Tis certainly a shame—
Yet don’t turn round and stare at me,
For I am not to blame.

G. D. McD.

The Defeat of Pulajanism.

Martin E. Walter.

After the Spanish-American War was ended
the American troops were kept busy for several
years subjugating the natives of the islands.
When they were finally ordered home, a few
of the best soldiers were transferred to the new
companies that were being sent out from the
States to continue the work of subjugation and
preserve order in the islands. The men thus
transferred were delighted, for each year of
foreign service counts as two for retirement.
Some 120 of these were stationed at Camp
Catcreek, P. I., in the latter part of May, 1906.
An epidemic of typhoid fever had been raging
in that camp just before the troops left for
home and so these men instead of joining the
new troops that had arrived were kept in
quarantine. Their month was about up when one
of the men was taken down with the dreaded
fever, and the soldiers realized with disgust,
that they were in for another month of inac-
tivity, which was almost maddening, used
as they were to active service. The men were
now sitting in the shade of the barracks too
hot and disgusted to grumble. At the “Come
get it, come get it” of the cook they rose
wearily and slouched in to supper. The meal
finished, the soldiers returned to the pleasant
shade and began discussing their experiences.
Each one had some interesting narrative to
tell, for they had all served in several campaigns,
and many of them had been to the ends of the
earth. One of the men was telling of an ex-
perience that had befallen him in the Boxer
insurrection when John O’Donnell appeared
freshly shaved and dressed, in his best uniform.
At once he was greeted with a dozen questions
regarding “the girl,” but he only grinned and
proceeded to borrow five dollars from a friend.
Armed with a box of candy he set out for the
neighboring town, followed by the advice of
his companions, to look “out for the “Rookies on
guard” as they designated the troops detailed
to enforce the quarantine. As he disappeared
from sight the men began to discuss local
conditions. “Do you think O’Donnell will
have any trouble getting out” asked one.
“He will get by the guard easily,” answered
Boylan his chum, “for he has a fine route
picked out; but he may get into trouble with
the natives in town for the Pulajanes are getting stronger, and Ablin, the girl's father, wants her to marry Roto one of his sub-chiefs. The natives have collected their crops and are so quiet that I think they are getting ready for trouble and may attack the new troops at any time."

Faustin Ablin, the chief of the Pulajanes or pope of the Dios-Dios, was one of the most feared men in the island of Leyte. Faustin was born in the Municipality of Armoc Leyte, Feb. 4, 1884, being the eighth child of a family of nine. When twenty years old he married Felencia de Las Santos, a fisherman's daughter who has shared all his hardships and triumphs. At this time he had seven children three of whom had aided him in all his plans. His sons, Uldirico and Lucio, were sub-chiefs, while his daughter, Benedicta, a girl of eighteen years, was generally credited with maintaining the courage of the band. For ten years following his marriage little is known of Ablin except that he cultivated a small plot of land near Armoc. His public career began when he organized a fanatical religious movement known as the Dios-Dios, a name without particular significance and translated literally as God-God. Ablin declared to the ignorant natives that he possessed supernatural powers, and this imposition has been the source of his mastery over them.

From time to time he would absent himself for several days and on returning proclaim that he had been on a visit to heaven. After one of these trips he showed his followers a wonderful knife in the handle of which there was the picture of a beautiful city. He told them that this was a magical glass, and when they looked in it and saw the city, they were looking at the future home of the faithful. This increased his following by a large number. The agitation before long became threatening, and Ablin, with a number of his followers, was arrested by the Spanish authorities and deported. At the outbreak of the insurrection against Spain he and his followers were liberated and returned to Armoc where Ablin was commissioned by the Insurgent Leaders a captain of Boleros, which are troops armed with bolos only. Before long he was accused of appropriating money and dismissed as captain, whereupon he proceeded to reorganize the Dios-Dios. With characteristic cunning Ablin made it appear that both the Spaniards and insurgents had attempted to kill him but were restrained by divine power. Before long he had a staunch following, and in the spring of 1903 his raids became violent. Repeated attacks were made on Dolores and Armoc, and in the fighting three constabulary soldiers were killed and five rifles captured by the band. About this time a new name was adopted by the organization; Pulajan now being their official title. This word signifies Reds or Red Organization and is made up of the Visayan word "Pula," which means red, and "Jan," organization. From that time red was their distinctive color. On March 25, 1905, Ablin sustained a heavy loss, many of his followers being killed and most of his arms captured. During all this time a vigorous campaign was being waged against "Pulajaranism," and it seemed to have disappeared completely when, in June, the Municipality of Burann was attacked. Six policemen were killed and fourteen rifles captured. This raid gave the Pulajanes arms and also increased their prestige, so that before long a number of converts were found, all imbued with desperate courage.

The invasion of Burann brought into prominence for the first time Espidon Roto who had espoused the lawless cause for an alleged injustice at the hands of the government officials. Roto soon became Ablin's most able lieutenant and took charge of the raiding, while Ablin continued the work of organization, dividing his adherents into two classes: those who were the active warriors and those who cultivated limited crops in isolated clearings thus supporting the clan when every man's hand was turned against them.

Ablin continued to pose as a divine delegate and healer. "The Moses of a chosen people" continued to fabricate new superstitions. To each follower he gave a magic cloth which would protect from sickness and injury. When a man wore this cloth he could not be shot unless he turned his back to the enemy, and then his spirit would return to a new body in three days if he had been shot, and in seven days if he had been boloed. As soon as their enemies were destroyed, Ablin promised to lead his followers into a mountainous country where there were seven churches of gold and where all their dead relatives were waiting for them. The Pulajan movement continued to spread until Ablin had a following of about 1500 men, and raids were made almost daily.
on native towns that were not in sympathy with the movement. Becoming bolder they attacked the American troops and in two engagements killed ten men and one lieutenant. The sect was now in the vicinity of Camp Catckem, and the new troops had been ordered by the authorities at Manila to try and wipe out Pulajanism from the islands.

At this time Benedicta, the daughter of Ablin, was living in the town near the fort and was considered by the natives and the soldiers as being the most beautiful girl in the islands. Ablin had promised her hand to Roto, but although Benedicta admired his courage she did not like him and refused to even think of marrying him. At one of the dances given in the town she met O'Donnell and after that they had often met in secret, for naturally the girl did not wish to anger her father and the man of his choice.

After O'Donnell left the quarters he slipped by the guard and soon reached a small cocoanut grove where Benedicta awaited him. Something in her manner told O'Donnell that something was wrong, and after much pleading she agreed to tell him her trouble if he would promise her that no injury would come to her own people. He promised and she told how the evening before she had heard Roto and some of the Pulajan leaders perfect a plot whereby they would kill many of the Americans when the soldiers would play ball on the morrow.

"Tonight Roto and some of his men will go to an empty building near the post, in which there are some rifles stored, and steal them. Then when the game is under way, the players will be surrounded and killed. After that," continued the girl," they will go to the mountains and take me with them." This was most serious and O'Donnell pondered over the situation long before he reached a solution; for the soldiers must be protected and also his word could not be broken. Finally he asked if Roto was armed and upon being assured that he was, O'Donnell asked the girl to bring his ammunition to the post early in the morning, "and after I look at it you can return it before he misses it," O'Donnell assured her. Benedicta agreed and promised to meet him early in the morning at the same place.

As soon as O'Donnell reached the barracks, he took one of his friends into his confidence. After debating the problem for some time they agreed that to tell the commanding officer would be a mistake, for he would probably bungle the whole affair as he had bungled so many things in the past. The best solution seemed for them to keep the whole matter in their own hands. Several of the most experienced soldiers were now called into the council and after some study a complete plan was evolved, and one of the men was appointed to get permission from the commandant to let the quarantined men play ball instead of the new troops and to explain that all the new men could be kept from the grounds so that there would be no danger of their being exposed to the disease. As a reason for this request the man was to state that the soldiers in quarantine needed the exercise badly. Another soldier was appointed to collect all the ball bats available. O'Donnell visited the old building from which the natives were to steal the guns and after working with the firearms a little while fixed them so that they could be stolen easily. Before he had time to leave the building the natives arrived and proceeded to take the rifles, but O'Donnell only smiled and allowed them to escape; after which he returned to the post. For an hour or more he worked on some ammunition and then joined the men in the usual game of poker. Early in the morning O'Donnell hurried to the cocoanut grove and here he was soon joined by Benedicta. After examining the ammunition she brought with her he returned it and told her to place it where Roto usually kept his war supplies.

After dinner the first sergeant called the men to attention and ordered them to fall in. Each man was given a bat or some other implement that would do service as such and the front and rear ranks were divided into two teams. The men were then given a few minutes of practice in swinging a bat after which O'Donnell told them that permission had been procured for them to have a game of ball outside of the post. Each team was to consist of fifty men.

"Now, men," said O'Donnell, "each man is to play whether he ever saw a ball or not. Remember what you have learned about swinging a bat for we are going to be attacked by the Pulajanes while the game is going on. They do not know anything about baseball so will not think it strange to see fifty men on each team and all armed with a bat. When you hear a shot fired the natives will attack and then will be your chance to use the bats to good advantage. We must take them all
prisoners, so do not kill any or let any escape. If any of you don’t want to go, just say so.” Of course not a man wanted to be left out of the fun.

At one o’clock the entire crowd left in small groups, and by different paths, for the ball grounds; the only man left behind to take care of the post being the cook. The game started at the usual time and things were going along nicely when a terrific explosion rent the air. A crowd of natives at once made a rush on the soldiers and were met with swinging bats but for some reason, not another shot was fired. For about fifteen minutes the battle was terrific but it seemed that the magic cloth given the Pulajanists by Ablin was no protection against the tough hickory bats. Boylan was struck down by a rifle butt, in the hands of a native, and would have been finished up before any of his mates could come to his assistance had not a new man arrived on the scene. This reinforcement was the cook who wished to get in the mix-up but not finding any bat had come armed with a potato masher and with this implement he succeeded in saving his friend’s life. When the dust of battle had risen the entire invading force was found in various stages of injury and they were at once secured and sent to the hospital for treatment. Roto however, was not among the captured, so some ten men under the leadership of O’Donnell set out to look for him. They went at once to Ablin’s house. After battering on the door for some time Benedicta called out that Roto was there and had commanded her to say that he “would kill her if the soldiers fired at him, or attempted to enter the house. The men surrounded the house so that he could not escape and then had a council of war. How to capture Roto without injuring the girl was the question. Finally Boylan asked permission to leave for a few minutes. In a short time he returned with something rolled up in his shirt and threw it into the window. Immediately the two rushed out and Roto was captured. The men could not understand the sudden rush made by Roto until some bees began to come out of the house and settle on the crowd, causing them to make a hurried retreat to safer territory.

The men now returned and added Roto to their other prisoners. The result of the battle stood: fifty prisoners and fifty rifles captured while the company had suffered only a few bruises and bee stings. Some of the natives were in a pitiful condition but none had been injured fatally.

O’Donnell reported the whole proceedings to the commandant and explained that he had removed the firing pin from the guns that the natives were going to steal and so they would not explode the ammunition and hence no great harm could come to the soldiers. For Roto’s ammunition he had substituted cartridges loaded with dynamite instead of powder and so when he fired his gun it would burst and injure no one but himself.

The next morning all the new troops were lined up on parade and the quarantined men were marched in front of them. The commanding officer commended the men for their bravery and said it was an honor to have such men in his regiment. He than announced that the quarantine was raised and that the men would join the various companies.

Ablin had not been with the men on this attack but had probably remained in the mountains. Later Roto escaped and joined him. They collected another band but were defeated, captured and hung in Manila.

Thus ended Pulajanism. It is such incidents as these, where originality and initiative is required, that American troops demonstrate their superiority over the troops of any other nation. With a hundred thousand such men the United States would be the peer of any nation on earth.

He is risen.

S. TWYMAN MATTHiGLY.

“So said an angel, clad in white
To Magdalen who shrank in fright
Before the form accosting her
Within the holy sepulchre.
And, lo! He told her she would see
His face to face in Galilee.
He is risen; and now a voice
Within the soul says, “Go, rejoice,”
For by His death He conquered sin,
That we one day might enter in
His kingdom of unbounded grace,
There to behold Him face to face.

He is Risen.

S. TWYMAN MATTHiGLY.

“He is risen, He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him.”
Festal duties have hindered a previous notice here of the concluded debate on Socialism between Father Ryan and Morris Hillquit. Everybody’s Magazine was undoubtedly fortunate in procuring two such eminent authorities, both of them authors of widely read books. Thousands of people have profited by these calm articles and students of social questions have had many things clarified. On our part, we feel reasonably safe in asserting that Father Ryan has been eminently successful. Mr. Hillquit’s primal concern throughout was to parry, and though often sophistically skilful, the continuous defense displays the ultimate weakness of position. Three points doubtlessly are established. First, as a writer in the Century has stated, nobody knows exactly what Socialism is. Every exponent has novel views. Second, there can be no longer any question as to whether the economic aspect of Communism is separable from the philosophic and religious sides. Father Ryan has knotted them together solidly and palpably. Third, no one can doubt that Socialism is violently hostile to Christianity, revealed religion and even natural moral law. These are certainly reasonable grounds on which to oppose the faith of Mr. Hillquit. Destruction of individual morality is even more dangerous than overthrowal of private property. The debate, however, could make but few converts. The workers of the world have still much to gain from revolution.
adapted to an exacting (and too generally ill-essayied) part. The very fact that the typical "Rube" had been "done to death" only enhances the appropriateness of any encomium, because Mr. Hynes succeeded in investing an ancient stage type with a new and original appeal. It is safe to say that of all members of the company, he was most perfectly merged with his part. Through the grease paint and deceptive habiliments of several other characters, we could detect intonations and mannerisms that were strangely suggestive of familiar campus acquaintances, but Phineas Poke was at all times a distinct entity; "no trick betrayed, nor careless glance o'erthrew," and if distinction can fall short of the invidious, we must accord to him premier honors among a score that merited well.

Rupert Mills, enacting a dual rôle, played his part with distinction, and discretion. Words were futile in any attempt at a description of his costuming as one of the "young hopefuls," and his antics would have imperilled the impassivity of an Egyptian mummy. As Willy Nilly, the enamoured of Pauline, he acquitted himself equally well. In the several studio scenes, he was the personification of inane, cheerful, and abject imbecility. The posing was a masterpiece of the ludicrous, just as his "Three Trees" recital was a sublimation of the absurd. Mr. Mills evidenced great talent and discriminating discernment in handling a part that one less clever might have irretrievably bungled.

Moses Madder, artist, promoter, and mercenary match-maker, was successfully impersonated by Charles Dorais. The coolness in emergency that has made him an All-American quarterback, equipped him with almost more savoir faire than some of the situations demanded. In fact, if we may venture anything in the nature of adverse criticism, Madder was too self-possessed at times, for one of his artistic and high-strung temperament. Despite the rather judicial calmness, however, Mr. Dorais' work was a most effective dispeller of ennui.

Zeph Somers, erstwhile "Stoodent" and would-be scalp-collector, effervesced and exuded blood and thunder so successfully as to start a train of fond reminiscences of boyhood days. Conversant though we were with Mr. Raymond Bichenlaub's prowess in widely diversified fields of endeavor, we little recked his surpassing merit as a vocalist and self-constituted tragedian.

Twomey Clifford as Dr. Charles Chintzer and (in a series of intermissions) as "Chub," lacked the levening grace of ready adaptability. Whether making love to Pauline, or unmasking the villainous Madder, he maintained a consistent front of unhurried and undisturbed determination. Some of his work, indeed, we may say most of it, was very good, but there were spots, particularly when figuring as a Lothario or avenging Nemesis, when emotional restraint ceased to be an unqualified virtue.

Timothy Trenworth, bewhiskered Texan, in quest of "me long lost daughter," was well acted by William Galvin. Himself a Texan and a connoisseur in the matter of sombreroed gentry, Mr. Galvin played his part very creditably, neither overdoing the Western exuberance nor economizing on rough and ready sentiment, and this despite the fact that a young lady was heard to remark, "I never saw anybody like that in Texas."

Mortimer Page (he of the effective exit) was capably handled by William Fox, quondam villain in other productions.

Complimenting Cecil Birder's work is rendered extremely difficult by reason of the fact that every favorable expression ever coined for the hard pressed "green room" world has been fittingly applied time and again. Mr. Birder is indubitably the best female impersonator within the ken of the present regime. Long experience has so perfectly qualified him (we almost said her) for feminine rôles that he is become a worthy rival of Julian Eltinge. As Pauline Poke, the candid and unsentimental daughter of Trenwith, and between times as Mary Ann Fogarty, militant housemaid, Mr. Birder fully equalled, if he did not eclipse, previous high attainments.

Samantha Scroggs, dubiously demure, recited her way into fame and flowers. Certainly no one could have been better adapted to the rôle than William Cusack, and the well-bestowed bouquet sufficiently substantiates all claims of "Cutie's" superior qualities as an ingenue.

Mrs. Madder, played by William Mooney, should have been more so. Unless we are to assume that the wife of a well-known artist takes some things for granted, we must consider Mr. Mooney's work just a trifle too insouciant. But we really wouldn't care to improve upon her appearance. Kerndt Healy, as Gertie...
Gush, was sufficiently blonde, svelte and languid to satisfy the most exacting critic. But alas, on no occasion did she gush. Surely the satisfaction of a hope long deferred would have induced more vociferous exultation in one of her temperament than Mr. Healy portrayed.

Far more natural the lachrymose woes of Pearl Jones, when the boy persisted in standing indefinitely on the burning deck. Knute Rockne's work must be ranked among the best characterization presented Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Wallace's position in the general order of things is not very clearly defined. She flitted vaguely about, vented unfavorable opinions of Gertie Gush, and in the home stretch succeeded in lapping her competitor and appropriating the matrimonial prize.

Harold Madden cast in a neutral tinted rôle, made the most of a rather inadequate vehicle for individual starring. Michael McGilp, in the be-wigged person of Joseph Smith, also displayed forensic ability of a wonderful and fearful variety. The sounds emanating from the piano periodically were generated by Ralph Havlin, alias Stanley White. Incorporated with the efforts of the caste, is the work of Charlemagne Koehler as stage director, Brother Cyprian as stage manager, and Frank Derrick as musical director. For to the coaching, stage appointments and orchestral work, in almost as great degree as to the individual players, must be accorded honors for the very genuine success of "What's Next."

The annual Easter dinner-dance was given by the Seniors last Monday evening in the Oliver Hotel. This was the first year that the Seniors in the law school and those of the four year courses co-operated in giving the affair. The dinner of five courses was served in the Red Room of the hotel, and was followed by dancing in the ballroom, which was effectively decorated in palms, ferns, and Notre Dame blankets. The grand march was led by Harry Newning, president of the class, and his sister, Miss Margaret Newning of Houston, Texas. A number of old students and other out-of-town guests were in attendance. The committee in charge of the affair included Harry Newning, Thomas Curry, Charles Dorais, John Hearn, Albert King, Arthur Carmody, Frank Hogan, Morrison Conway, William Galvin and Jacob Geiger.

The most interesting articles received at the University's library the past week are one hundred Babylonian Tablets, received from Professor Edgar J. Banks of Greenfield, Mass. Most of the tablets are from Jokha, Dreham and Warka. They are made of baked clay, and have been excavated by the Arabs. The strange characters upon them are quite legible and form many peculiar inscriptions. One is a prayer for the king, while others are receipts for various transfers of oxen and sheep. They date back as far as 2300 B.C., and some of the most valuable are those from Warka made during the reign of Nebuchadnezzar.

Following is Prof. Banks' letter:

DEAR PResIDENT CAVANAUGH:—At last I am at home, and have leisure to select and send to you the Babylonian Tablets. They are being sent by express today. In the collection there are one hundred tablets which I have carefully selected from a large number. All of them are legible, and most of them, as you will see, are perfect and they represent as well as possible the different types of Babylonian Tablets. Each tablet is in an envelope marked with the place where it was found, the nature of the inscription, and sometimes a summary of it and the approximate age. Many of the tablets came from Jokha. The ruin of Jokha represents the ancient Umma and is in Central Babylonia. No scientific excavations have been made there. These tablets were found by Arabs who dig wherever they will. The city flourished, or was at its height, about 2400 to 2300 B.C.

Dreham from which many of the other tablets came is a small ruin about three hours southeast of Nippur and the same distance from Bismya. I have a small account of it in my Bismya book. It seems to have been a receiving station for the animals to be offered in the temple of Bel at Nippur. The ancient name of Dreham is not yet known.

Warka, the place from which some of the tablets came, is in South Babylon. The ancient name of the place was Erech and is mentioned in Genesis, tenth chapter, tenth verse. It flourished very early but continued to exist until the fall of Babylon and later. Senkereh is the biblical Elassar of Genesis, fourteenth chapter, first verse. Both of these rooms are described in my Bismya book, which I believe you have.

Some of the tablets are sealed. The scribe had a small cylindrical stone seal engraved with the figure of a deity and with his own name and titles, and as he had written the tablet he rolled the sealed cylinder over the clay. The impression is often very distinct and the inscription beneath it is not difficult to read. The object of sealing the tablets was to keep anyone from changing the record, and thus perhaps to prevent anyone, from stealing the offerings. The seals themselves are frequently found in the ruins.
The case tablets hardly need any description. First the tablet was written and baked and then a wrapping of clay was put about it and inscribed, and then baked again and sometimes the letter within is loose and will rattle when shaken. The tags are rare and I am sending you all of the shapes that have yet appeared, I think. Sometimes you can see the decayed cord still in the hole in the tags.

The messenger tablets are the smallest and the most finely written of all the Babylonian tablets. One which I am sending has the finest writing I have ever seen on a tablet. The messenger tablet contains lists of provisions which were supplied the temple messenger while on the journey. They are very rare and command large prices on the market.

The five votive tablets and cones from Sin-ga-shid of Warka, all bear the same inscription, which is a prayer for the king. They were written by the priests, of the temple Ishtar of Erech, and sold to the visiting pilgrims who presented them to the temple. The Votive cones were thrust into the mortar between the bricks of the temple wall, and the tablets seem to have been built into the wall. It appears that after the pilgrim had left, the priests gathered the tablets and sold them again. The inscription reads:

For Sin-ga-shid  
The Mighty Hero,  
The King of Erech  
The King of Amanu  
In the temple of Ishtar  
Which he built  
In the royal residence of his Kingdom.

With the exception of the case and the messenger tablets those from Warka during the reigns of Nebuchadnezzar, Nabonidus and Cyrus are the most rare and valuable. They are of an entirely different type, and are seldom found in perfect condition. I hope that the tablets may reach you in good condition and that you may be pleased with them. I am.

Sincerely yours

EDGAR J. BANKS.

P. S.—I should have written above, but I will add here, that I guarantee absolutely that each of the tablets in this collection are genuine.

Personals.

—Edward M. Dolan of Springfield, Illinois, was the Easter guest of his brother, Patrick H. Dolan, of Holy Cross Hall.

—Simon E. Twining (Ph. B. '13) has been appointed an instructor in Economics at Indiana University for 1914-15.

—A bronze tablet to the memory of Father Timothy D. O'Sullivan (A. M. '88) will be unveiled in St. Bride's Church, Chicago, tomorrow. The Reverend Daniel J. Riordan, Father O'Sullivan's oldest friend among the clergy of Chicago, will preach the sermon. It is comforting to know that the memory of this noble priest has not been forgotten.

—The Rev. John B. McGrath (A. B. '80-A. M., '93) has issued a beautiful invitation for the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle, 262 West 118th Street, New York City. Father McGrath is a superb type of the zealous, cultured and worthy parish priest. He is a sculptor of considerable distinction. His parish is one of the best organized and best administered in the United States. He was a popular student in his period at Notre Dame and is a most loyal alumnus. The President of the University will represent Notre Dame at the Jubilee exercises.

Local News.

—It's the last quarter—only two more months!

—(As others would have it)—Two more months, and my last “two-bits.”

—The Military Companies will have Combat exercises on Thursday, April 23, 8:20 to 11:30 a. m. Advance Guard and Outpost on Thursday, May 7, 8:20 to 11:30 a. m.

—A literary club has been organized and holds its sessions after vespers. It is a very exclusive organization, since only those who are late for breakfast are eligible to membership. We would like to have a program of one of their meetings.

—It is gratifying to note that the histrionic ability of Mr. William Cusack draws campus-wide appreciation. The exquisite bouquet of paper roses presented to him in the course of the performance of “What's Next” only humbly represents the good-will of his ardent admirers.
On Easter afternoon the Senior Play was presented in Washington hall for the St. Mary's girls who had not gone home for the vacation. It is said the work of the cast was just about perfect on that occasion. It is strange what a big amount of inspiration comes even to professional actors when performing for an audience wholly feminine.

The Harmony Squad is being moved to pour forth its enchanting airs almost nightly. The setting for this grand-opera performance is at the base of the Lonesome Pine in front of Walsh hall. Several students who haven't melodious voices and who reside in other halls rejoice that the Pine is far away at the end of the Quadrangle. Sour grapes!

The Notre Dame-Michigan game last Monday drew a large crowd of baseball fans from South Bend and surrounding towns. A number of former Michigan men were in attendance, besides an aggregation of students who accompanied the team from Ann Arbor. They had plenty of "pep" and displayed it with zest all during the game. Plenty of noise from a small crew; that's what made it noticeable.

What might have been a very serious fire had it not been detected in time, occurred in the gymnasium last Wednesday afternoon. How the fire started is a mystery, for it began beneath the floor of the shower baths and locker-rooms. The Notre Dame fire department was on hand immediately and rendered valuable assistance until the chemical and hose trucks of the South Bend fire department arrived. There was no difficulty in reaching the source of the blaze and not until the firemen's axes had chopped away the floor was the fire extinguished.

The "Dome" picture man will be busy tomorrow. Immediately after the students' mass, he will get the pictures of the Sophomore and the Freshman classes. If you are a Freshman or a Sophomore, be there. The fact that the Freshman class is not organized makes no difference. The pictures of several societies will also be taken, among them the Architects and any other bona fide organization at the University. At ten o'clock, Sunday morning, the hall picture of Holy Cross will be taken, and immediately afterward the Holy Cross Literary Society and the Vested Choir. On Monday afternoon the Minim department of the Military Regiment will get their pictures taken. On Friday afternoon during the regular drill period, the Regiment will be photographed for the year book. Next Friday is absolutely the last day that any pictures can be taken in time for the book, which will be on sale June first.

Sparks from the Fire.

Individual heroes were too numerous to mention.

Bob Roach (listening to the out-cut on the big auto truck)—I could listen to that all day. It's grand-opera to me.

Father O'Neill arrived on the scene in the basket seat of a motorcycle. He was at the gym door before the machine could stop, asking if anyone was hurt.

Athletic Notes.

Varsity Subdues the Badgers.

In the opening game of the season, the Wisconsin invaders went down before the locals by a 9-2 score. Everybody hoped and rather believed that Kelly's men would put up a good game, but no one was prepared for the great, mid-season form the home talent displayed. Playing almost errorless ball in the field, garnering a total of eight stolen bases, and punching out seven timely safeties, three for extra bases, H rper's aggregation clearly outplayed the visitors in all departments.

Capt. Kelly, in the box, was practically unhittable. Up to the fourth inning, not even a safety of the scratch variety did the Badgers obtain, but Jewett then broke the ice with a healthy wallop over the hedge, good for the circuit. In the next three innings, "Moke" allowed two more bingles. Fitzgerald, who twirled the last two innings, was just as much of an enigma, five of the six men who faced him going out on strikes. The other solved Fitz's curves for a double that produced Wisconsin's second tally.

The Varsity's first score came in the opening session. Bergman lead off man, drew a pass, and went all the way to third while the visitors were fielding Gray's sacrifice. He tallied a moment later when Herzog fumbled Duggan's hard smash to short. Notre Dame tallied again in the fifth inning. In the fifth inning, the Varsity batted around, singles by Meyers, Kelly and Duggan, and some daring base running by the local outfield trio, netted three more tallies. Once started, there was no stopping their attack.
and the sixth saw the Gold and Blue total raised two more. Harry Newning opened with a pretty double, advanced a sack on Kenny's sacrifice. The score counted when Liddle dropped a high fly to the outfield. Kelly got one with a neat single, and scored on another error. The next inning was productive of another brace of tallies, secured mostly through costly errors by the visitors' inner defense.

The Varsity infield worked with machine-like precision, accepting every chance without an error. "Chief" Meyers and Harry Newning on the left side of the diamond knocked down everything within reach, the former Walsh star handling eight drives in clever fashion, while he and the little Texan third-sacker each garnered two safe drives apiece. Mills at first and Dee Newning at the middle station fielded in faultless fashion.

Wisconsin

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OLIVET, 14-2.

Driving out thirteen safe hits, the Varsity swatsmiths fattened their batting averages last Saturday at the expense of two Olivet twirlers. Long, who first occupied the box, was driven to cover by a fusilade of hits in the fifth inning, and Lormis, who took up his burden, fared little better.

Cold weather was somewhat detrimental to good fielding, four errors being chalked up against the locals, with six for Olivet. Farrell was back in his old position at the initial sack, while Mills shifted to second. The former performed in great style, gathering in a number of near-wild pegs.

Hurling duty was divided between Berger and Sheehan, and neither was called on to exert himself very much. "Heinie" showed his old-time speed and fairly good control, while Sheehan mowed down his opponents in order in the sixth, seventh, and eighth innings.

At bat, Bergman was the individual star, scoring four runs in as many times at bat, in the first five innings. Gray also secured two pretty drives, and Pliska, who went to the outfield in the fifth, made good with a double and a single in his two trips to the plate. Mills and Meyers each secured a duet of safeties.

WOLVERINES TAKE FIRST GAME.

In a game full of tense moments and exciting plays, Michigan handed Notre Dame its first defeat of the year on Easter Monday by a 5 to 1 score.

The story of the defeat is simple enough. The visitors played a little better ball than the locals, wielded their willows more effectively when hits meant runs, and in addition, had all the breaks of luck. The little god of chance was surely in evidence last Monday, and he was a strong element in Michigan's victory. But we won't detract one jot from the performance of Coach Lundgren's men, for they surely are a great collection of ball players. In Sisler, they have as good a pitcher as there is in college ranks today. It much must be said in all fairness, however, that the visitors were in much better shape than Notre Dame. They had been meeting the previous week some of the strongest Southern teams; they had been playing in warm weather; they had batting practice against the strongest pitchers the
colleges in the South could produce. On the other hand, Sisler is the first good visiting pitcher the Gold and Blue squad has faced this year, and the effect was evident in their weak hitting. Furthermore, the locals had been playing in cold weather; Easter Monday was the first warm day they had, and they were not prepared for it.

The weather was perfect, and the crowd, augmented by a large number of Michigan undergraduates and alumni, was one of the largest to see a diamond contest at Cartier field in some years. The battle began at 2:15 and vindicated all prophecies as to its quality.

For five innings, neither team could bring a man across the plate. In the first inning, after Sheehy hit the first ball pitched for a single, and Howard got on through a fumble, things looked mighty bright for Michigan. Kelly was equal to the occasion, however, striking out the next batter. Sisler, who besides being a first-rate mound artist, is the heaviest hitter on his team, sacrificed the men to second and third but to no avail, as Benton took three valiant but useless swings.

Notre Dame looked just as dangerous in her half when Bergman walked, stole second, and went to third when Howard made a bad peg to first. But Mr. Sisler was also equal to the task, and struck out Gray. Farrell hit to the pitcher's box and Bergman was caught between third and home. Mills grounded out.

In the second inning a man from each side reached first but died there. The third session was one, two, three all around. In the fourth, Gray first man up, singled, but Farrell slammed a hot one right into the hands of the first baseman, who was dashing in to get a bunt, and Gray was doubled off first.

The sixth inning saw the damage done. McQueen drove a liner between first and second, that just glanced off Mill's glove. Then Sisler drove one right through short. Dee Newning having gone to cover, second. Benton, the next man; garnered a clean single, scoring McQueen and advancing Sisler to third. Then Baker and Hughitt singled in rapid succession, driving in two more scores. Baker was thrown out at third when Hippler grounded to Kelly, but both Hughitt and Hippler advanced a base when "Moke's" spike caught in the pitching box, and he made a balk. Quaintance banged out another single, but sharp fielding held the men on bases. Sheehy fanned, to end the agony.

The next inning was somewhat a repetition. After one was out, McQueen singled to right, and Sisler followed with his second hit of the day. Then Benton drew a pass, and Baker was hit, forcing in a run. Hippler picked out one of Kelly's slow balls, stepped in front of it, and forced in another run. This made Kelly sore, and he promptly proceeded to strike out Quaintance. After this, Michigan secured only one more hit, in the ninth, and made no further scores.

In the eighth, the locals started a desperate rally. Dee Newning singled to left; Harry grounded a hot one to third that Hughitt just managed to knock down, getting Dee Newning at second. After Kenny flied out, Kelly singled, putting Harry Newning on third. Everything looked right for a score, but Bergman couldn't find the pellet with three swings.

The Varsity's lone tally came in the ninth on two clean hits. Gray singled and Farrell doubled, but no further drives were forthcoming, so the game ended:

If we have any criticism of the game it is that our men all seemed to be batting, not for runs, but for home-runs.

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