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## Life's Shadows.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

OH sun, if thy bright, fervid beams  
Could pierce this cold-grown heart of mine,  
And wind in warm encircling gleams  
About life's inner throbbing shrine,  
If but this gloom that shrouds my heart  
Were to dissolve and fade away  
Like sea-born fog-mists that depart  
On silent wings at break of day,

Ah, then, bright courser of the sky,  
Thy smile were food and light and life;  
As flowers need thee else they die,  
So would I need thee in the strife.  
But can it be? Ah no! life's gloom  
Must ever lie like shades of night  
About this heart, this pulsing tomb,  
'Till death brings life, and life bright light.

## Discourse on Intemperance.\*

BY THE MOST REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D. D.

**P**ERMIT me to give expression to the feelings of deep gratification which this evening fills my heart. I love the cause of temperance; I have pledged to it the services of my life. Temperance I consider one of the great vital questions of the times, believing that under whatever aspect we view the interests of the people, whether social economy or public morals, the State or the Church be the immediate subject of our thoughts, temperance must receive a very large part of our attention, if we seriously seek to protect and advance those interests. I am gladdened and Heaven is thanked by me, when I witness hopeful tokens of triumph

for the cause, significant manifestations of popular favor in its behalf.

This magnificent gathering in the city of Chicago to do honor to temperance is a most auspicious event, truly a red-letter occasion in the history of the movement. Chicago is the metropolis of the great West. States and territories—within the area of which at no distant day all problems regarding the potency of the human race will receive solutions which the world heretofore has never afforded them—obey the impulse your city imparts. They cast their eyes toward her for guidance and inspiration. She reigns in the region of thought as well as in commerce. When, therefore, the news shall have sped far and wide that a meeting, such as I now witness, has been held in this metropolis, imposing by its numbers not more than by its high representative character, comprising within its circle leading and influential men, the lawyer and the financier as well as the mechanic and the laborer, the public official together with the freeman citizen, the clergyman and the layman, under the honored leadership of the zealous and revered Archbishop, for the purpose of paying noble and willing tribute to the cause of temperance and promising powerful aid amid its bat-tlings—the movement throughout the entire country will pulsate with new life; an era of vigorous strength and buoyant hope, the preludes to glorious victory, will have dawned for it in America. It is an honor

\* The address here reprinted was delivered twenty-six years ago and was then published in pamphlet form. A copy of the first edition of this pamphlet has recently been deposited in the University archives by that loyal friend of Notre Dame, the Hon. W. J. Onahan. The address is so effective and so moderate in tone that we believe we are doing our readers a favor in making an exception to our rule and reprinting it in full.

which I highly prize that I am allowed to address you during this most important demonstration in favor of temperance.

#### THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

The temperance cause deserves your homage. It is a cause most pure, most holy. Its appeal reaches the noblest, the most generous, the most heavenly instincts of the soul—charity for suffering fellowman, devotion to country, sacred love of religion. So strong and so direct is its appeal to those profound and ever-responsive instincts: the sole reason why the millions of true men in the country have not long ago arisen in their might to do valiant service under the standards of temperance, must be that they have not heard its piercing accents, and that their eyes have not rested upon the scenes of woe which compel them. The baneful feature in the dreaded evil which the temperance movement seeks to combat is that it succeeds in covering up its fierceness from casual observation. We walk over and amid smouldering fires of hell, unconscious of harm done or of danger to come. Meanwhile, advantage taken of our unfortunate security, the forces increase for a final effort to break up the whole social fabric, with all the hopes of the human race for earth or Heaven. No; men are not aware of the extent and the power of the evil. They who are the most fitted to war against it often know the least about it. The most effective work in the temperance movement is to lay bare before the public gaze the facts of the case; public indignation and public resolve to remedy the evil will follow.

The evil is the drink plague. Plague I will call it, not finding a better name to express its inhuman hideousness and its demon-like power to harm men. It is ubiquitous. It has shot through the whole land its poison-bearing arrows. It holds in cities pompous court, riots amid wild revelry in burg and village, breaks in with savage howl upon the quietness of rural homes. It obtains dominion among all classes in the social scale. The poor man's garret, the marble palace of the wealthy open equally their doors. Peasant and prince, laborer and merchant, man and woman, child and adult are in turn stricken down. Not the ignorant alone feel its deathly touch; over brightest minds it

casts its stygian shades. Wherever it enters, the plague debases and degrades. It scatters broadcast disease and death. Poverty and vice form its retinue. It demolishes homes, blasts the happiness of wife and child, laughs at the purest affections, delights in the ruin of virtue and innocence. It fills jails and asylums, carts victims to morgues and gibbets. It eats into the very foundations of civil society, and defies strong governments whose arm it paralyzes. It annuls the potent ministrations of religion by locking against them the minds and hearts of men. All forms of evil and misery are its allies and march in its track. Worse, ten thousand times worse, than all other plagues that ever stalked over the earth, it transmits beyond the grave its fatal curse. Having racked and mocked its victim in this life, it casts him, while he is without reason and incapable of receiving God's pardon, sin-laden and unshriven before the dread tribunal of eternal justice. The plague is a vast, deep sea of suffering, of woe, of sin. It has deluged the country, and its billows are ever rising bolder and higher, battering down the stoutest obstructions, reaching out for fresh hecatomb of victims, rendered by each new conquest more daring and more cruel. It is the demon let loose among men, the demon rioting on earth, warring everywhere against light and virtue, exhaling everywhere darkness, sin and misery, and its name should be Demon. "O spirit of wine, if thou hast no name, I will name thee Demon."

#### ALCOHOL: THE USE AND DANGER.

The material producing and feeding the drink plague is alcohol. Under this word I comprise brandy, whiskey, beer, wine—all liquors of an intoxicating nature. Alcohol in the liquor is the intoxicating element. It is this and not other ingredients that men seek in their draughts of brandy, wine or beer; indeed, fermentation and distillation conserve few other ingredients, and those only in minute quantities, beyond alcohol and water.

It is unnecessary, I assume, to tell you that I do not consider as wrong in itself the use of alcoholic drinks. It is evident to the Christian moralist that there are limits within which such use does not conflict with the moral law. Physicians, too, no doubt,

will assign limits, however restricted, within which alcoholic drinks do no harm worthy of notice to man's physical frame. The abuse not the use is wrong and forbidden. Upon those points there is no room for dispute.

But while I make this statement in favor of alcohol, I am compelled to add that in the whole domain of truth there are few principles demanding from us in their safe application to practical morals more cautious attention than the one which allows, within due limits of moderation, the use of alcoholic liquor.

The line separating in practice the use of alcohol from the abuse is shadowy; the many are unable to perceive it. The territory, too, within the limits of illicit use or moderation is narrow. Experience proves that but little drink has been taken when physical injury occurs for the body and the workings of the mind become confused. With these results the abuse begins, and the brood of alcoholic evils at once obtain life, acquiring strength as the abuse increases, until the climax is reached, at first in acute, then in chronic drunkenness. It is a perilous error to fancy that the alcoholic plague does not rage throughout all intermediate stages from the first act of immoderation to the moment of absolute drunkenness, though, of course, only in corresponding degrees of virulence. Millions have been murdered soul and body by alcohol who were never drunk, as the word is commonly understood. Then, too, the nature of alcohol is most peculiar. Once admitted into the mouth, even in most moderate doses, it labors, as it were with conscious purpose, to create an appetite for itself, to enslave its host and fasten around him its serpentine coils. Watchful eye and powerful will may, I grant, defeat it. But eye and will frequently forget their cunning; vigilance and strength fail them. Whatever fancied pleasant effects alcohol produces, result from the quickening of the nervous system and the rapid circulation of the blood through the veins. A reaction follows from this irregular condition of the body, leaving behind a morbid languor and a deep feeling of uneasiness. A fresh draught will relieve the pain and repeat the pleasure. Why not take it? the appetite suggests. It is still the use, whispers the tempter, alcohol, not the abuse. The fresh draught is taken; in it lurked the abuse.

The reaction the second time is more painful, the demand for a third draught more imperious, conscience and mind meanwhile made weaker. The stumbling-block was the abstract principle that there is a licit use of alcohol.

Gradually, link by link, the drinker forges the adamantine chains which, countless as the lines of nerves in his body, at last enwrap him round and round from head to foot and lash him in abject helplessness to the chariot of the most cruel and the most insatiable of conquerors—alcohol. Using alcohol is sailing down the Niagara. At first there is no danger; but, insensibly, even while the placid surface of the waters still lulls you into the belief that all is right, the current beneath has gained giant strength, and when, the deepening waves causing alarm, you twist the rudder, the maddened river laughs at your vain effort, and your bark in violent leaps reaches the precipice. "Look not at the wine which is yellow," counsels the Inspired Page, "when the color thereof shineth in the glass. It goeth in pleasantly; but in the end it will bite like a snake, and will spread abroad poison like a basilisk."

#### THE IMMODERATE USE.

Taken beyond the strict limits of moderation, alcohol is a poison. The epithet usually applied to beverages which contain it is "intoxicant"—poisonous. It poisons body and soul, mind and heart. Amid all the torments to which man has subjected earth's creatures, he has extracted from them no element so fatal to his happiness, to all that he values or esteems in himself. The poison of poisons is alcohol.

It wrecks the body. The tottering step, the palsied hand, the bleared eye, the hectic flush or the deathlike pallor on the cheek, indicate its secret workings. Nerve and muscle shorn of their power, the blood clogged with impurities, the tippler's body becomes an inviting field for all diseases that inscribe the page of a medical vocabulary, and if, as time went by, some one fell disease or another has not overtaken him, alcoholism ends his life, exacting from him, as if to punish his long resistance, the most unnatural torments. The delirium tremens is the final development of the

terrible poison which cancer-like has been all the while consuming the habitual drinker of alcohol.

Into man's mind, the Godlike faculty which raises him so far skyward that no measurement is possible between him and mere animal or material creation, alcohol injects its venom, disturbing and suspending its power of action. It rushes the blood to the brain, the material seat of the mind. There is first a whirl of rapid thought. The drinker mistakes the effect for mental vigor. Fatal delusion! he quaffs another glass: the wheel of thought now spins too rapidly; there is confusion, and soon complete suspension of reason. The image of God, is for the time being, effaced from the soul; doomsday's darkening of the sun is as noontide to the heavy shades of night that settle upon it. The drunkard is no longer a rational being.

The mind is the power in man to control his lower appetites. Man in his higher being is made to God's image and likeness; in his animal nature he owns the vilest and most untamed passions, which are ever seeking to break loose and satiate themselves in sin. Reason aided by God's grace can alone repress them. Suspend reason, the barriers are broken down, the pent-up torrent of iniquity is free. Worse yet—and this is the special demoniac feature of alcohol—it pours copious oil upon the burning fires of passion, and turns man into the furious beast. The good within him is silenced, the evil intensified and emboldened. Alcohol is that demon of the Gospel who having taken possession of man's heart, sends message to hell for seven other demons, that they, too, may abide with him and render his conquest the more secure and the more lasting. Pure lips will, amid the fumes of alcohol, pour forth blasphemy and obscenity; loving hearts put on tiger-like ferocity; mildness lifts the hand in murderous assault; innocence, reverence, honesty, give place to vice, to fraud, to lawlessness. The demon is the spirit of evil, and the demon is never so fully humanized as when he enters with alcohol into the body of man.

#### EXTENT OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

This alcoholic poison floods the land. Distilleries and breweries to produce it, saloons to distribute it for immediate use,

surpass in number the centres of any other branch of traffic. The whiskey and beer business is the coveted investment for capital and labor. Laws are controlled in the interest of the production and the supply. Alcohol is king. The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for 1881 shows, as distilled in the United States during one year, 117,728,150 gallons—over two and one-third gallons of brandy, gin or whiskey for every man, woman and child in the country. The twenty-first annual session of the United States Beer Brewers' Congress, held in Chicago last year, reported 13,347,110 barrels of beer manufactured the previous fiscal year, or 413,760,410 gallons—over eight gallons of beer to every person in the population. In addition to the home supply of distilled and fermented liquors, large quantities of spirits and wines were imported from foreign countries. The custom duties upon imported spirits and wines for the year ending June 30, 1881, amounted to \$6,469,643. Nor are we at the end of our count. We have yet the native wines produced in the country, and especially the unlimited quantities of whiskey and beer upon which the government does not collect revenue. The whiskey frauds we know are extensive. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue, in his report for 1880, tells us that during the previous period of four years and four months, 4061 illicit distilleries had been seized, 7399 persons had been arrested for illicit distilling, and that in suppressing demonstrations of violence against the government officers on the part of illegal distillers, 26 officers had been killed and 57 wounded.

#### SALOONS AND SALOON-KEEPERS.

Saloon-keepers, the professional distributors of the alcoholic fluid, are posted at all street-corners of cities and villages, hard by all places of public gathering, with glass in hand and honeyed words on lips, coaxing men to buy and drink. I need not describe a saloon. Do not, however, picture to yourselves, in the high regions of the abstract, an ideal saloon. The ideal saloon-keeper, an upright, honorable, conscientious man, will never sell liquor to an habitual drunkard or to a person who has already been drinking and whom another draught will

intoxicate; he will never permit minors, boys or girls, to cross his threshold; he will not suffer around his counter indecent or profane language; he will not violate law and the precious traditions of the country by selling on Sunday; he will never drug his liquor, and will never take from his patrons more than the legitimate market value of the fluid. Upon these conditions being observed, I will not say that liquor-selling is a moral wrong. The ideal saloon-keeper is possible; perhaps you have met him during your lifetime; maybe Diogenes, lamp in hand, searching through our American cities would discover him, before wearying marches should have compelled him to abandon the search. I have, at present, before my mind the saloon as it usually nowadays exhibits itself, down in an underground cellar, away from the light of the sun, or, if it does open its doors to the sidewalk, seeking with painted windows and rows of lattice-work to hide its traffic from public gaze, as if ashamed itself of the nefariousness of its practices. The keeper has one set purpose—to roll in dimes and dollars, heedless whether lives are wrecked and souls damned. The hopeless inebriate and the yet innocent boy receive the glass from his hand. He resorts to tricks and devices to draw customers, to stimulate their appetite for drink. Sunday as on Monday, during night as during day, he is at work to fill his victims with alcohol, and his till with silver and gold. This is his ambition; and I am willing to pay him the compliment that he executes well his double task.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for July, 1881, there were at that date in the United States 4112 wholesale dealers in distilled liquors, and 170,640 retail dealers. A report for the year 1880 stated the wholesale dealers in fermented liquors as 2,065, and the retail dealers exclusively engaged in the sale of fermented liquors, 8952. Those figures, you understand, should be made much higher to represent correctly the facts of the present time. But accepting them as they read, we have in the country wholesale and retail dealers in liquors, distilled or fermented, 185,769—one dealer to 270 souls of the entire population, women and children

included. The retail dealers in distilled drinks, brandy and whiskey, average one to 293 persons. In the First Revenue District of Illinois, which embraces Cook (including Chicago), Du Page and Lake Counties, there had been issued for the year ending July 1, 1881, 4990 licenses to sell distilled liquors. The population of the three counties was in 1880, 647,954, giving 130 as the average of population to a whiskey saloon. "These figures," remarked lately the *Chicago Tribune*, "were for one year ago, and the subsequent increase in the number of saloons has kept pace with that in the population. The First District includes two rural counties without cities; it also includes several towns in Cook County where saloons are prohibited. Nevertheless, there is a saloon for every 130 of the population."

The number affrights you. Yet the official figures of the government do not tell the full truth, either for the country at large, or for your own immediate territory. You must add to the number of saloons paying tribute to the government the unlicensed rum-holes, which are everywhere most numerous. Nor can you leave out of the computation the home-saloons. There are thousands of men and women in your city, whose ideas of social respectability would not permit them to enter into a common, public saloon. They have their saloons in their own houses: their sideboards are laden with bottle and decanter. Their liquors come directly from the wholesale dealer; purchasing wholesale by keg or case, in the code of fashionable etiquette, is not rated as demeaning or vulgar. For my part, I perceive no difference between the corner and the home saloon, as regards the consumption of alcohol and the dangers of the alcoholic plague, except, perhaps, that in the home saloon, because of its continuous presence, the temptation is more powerful. The sideboard is honored when we rise in the morning, when we retire at night, before and after meals, when friends call, when we feel fatigue or exhaustion, amid sadness and rejoicing, when projects succeed or fail, whenever, in one word, we feel the craving of the alcoholic appetite.

#### THE VICTIMS OF THE DRINK PLAGUE.

The direct and immediate effect from this deluge of alcohol is that millions fall victims

to the drink plague. Could I but gather into one vast multitude a single year's holocaust, show their numbers, exhibit them writhing in all the miseries of the various stages of intemperance from their first immoderate cup until the grave has closed upon them, you would turn aside from the most horrid accidents, from fire and tempest, war and pestilence, and declare that there is no evil for the human family to be likened to the evil of the drink plague.

Dr. William Hargreaves has published a book, "Our Wasted Resources," in which very carefully weighed figures are given in connection with intemperance. He estimates to each retail liquor dealer through the country "four customers who are drunkards," *i. e.*, helpless, habitual inebriates. The figure, I assert, is by no means too high. This rate, taking as the basis of our calculation only the retail whiskey saloons, gives us in the United States 722,560 drunkards. Every year, it is computed, 100,000 of those unfortunates roll into dishonored graves, and from other ranks of the intemperate 100,000 come up to take their places. In Chicago and her suburban territory we would have 19,960 of those drunkards.

We have in the country one whiskey saloon to 293 persons; in this First District of Illinois, one to 130. Taking from these figures of the population the children who can not drink, the large number of minors and women who do not drink, the adult males who are abstainers, or who patronize only home saloons, we find remaining to each saloon an average of about twenty-five customers. Saloons will subsist only on large sales—the business would not pay. We must, consequently, calculate that the twenty-five customers of each saloon drink beyond all moderation, and if they are not "drunkards," we have to rank them as advanced alcoholics. Men who belong to this last class are often those who do the most harm in society, sufficient alcohol being consumed to stir up their savage passions, while reason has not so far departed as to render them incapable of further wrongdoing, as they would be if they were more fully overpowered by drink. If to the hopeless drunkards we add advanced alcoholics, our figures should be for the country at large

over 4,000,000, and for your own city and suburban territory over 124,000. In this calculation, you will remark, we are leaving out the drunkards and the advanced alcoholics both of the beer shops and of the home saloons, which, no less than the public whiskey saloons, furnish their strong proportion in the general quota of immoderate drinkers.

But higher yet, beyond all possibility of exact computation, you must build your figures in estimating the extent of the plague, when you take into account, as you should, the millions of men and women who have not reached either one of the stages we have described, but who are nevertheless the victims of alcoholism. I refer to the men and women, who as yet fancy themselves masters of their will, believing that they have the power to control at any moment the alcoholic appetite, but who in reality are its slaves, and are rapidly progressing towards the more dreaded stages of the disease. This class of victims, says Dr. Richardson, "constitutes among us a widespread, obvious community." That it is "widespread and obvious," you will certainly confess, if you adopt the writer's diagnosis of the case. "By persons in this stage," he tells us, "alcohol is felt to be a frequent daily necessity, an urgent necessity. They depend on alcohol. They are tremulous under effort until they get it; they are easily affected by sense of cold until they get it; they have a knowledge that they can not digest a meal until they get it, and so they preface each meal by a drink of it; they have a keen sense of oppression after a meal, until they take a drink." No one of us need travel far to meet numerous people to whom those words apply.

#### REPORTS OF POLICE COURTS.

The reports of police courts help to form an estimate as to the extent of the plague in America. Much drunkenness, we must allow, never becomes public among us, and is never dealt with by the authorities, which, however, is probably even a more fertile source of misery, poverty and degradation than that which comes before the courts. Drunkards, too, in many cities, even when the offense is public, are not arrested by the police, if they are not boisterous in their



conduct, or if they are socially respectable. Some cities are particularly lenient in this regard. Still, the arrests reported for drunkenness are alarmingly large. How far more numerous must be the actual cases of drunkenness? A few instances will suffice. In San Francisco in one year the total arrests were 25,669, of which 19,500 were for drunkenness, or for disorderly conduct in connection with drunkenness. In Suffolk County, Massachusetts, which includes the city of Boston, the total number of sentences passed by the courts from September, 1879, to September, 1880, were 16,897; of these 12,221 were for various grades of drunkenness. The arrests in New York for a year were 71,699, of which 43,191 were for intoxication and disorderly conduct. In Philadelphia, for 1881, 44,097 arrests were made: for drunkenness, 23,094, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct 4205; altogether for drunkenness, 27,299. In Brooklyn the arrests for 1881 were 28,882, of which 12,971 were for drunkenness, and 1118 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Chicago had in 1881, 31,713 arrests. Of this number only 2014 are scored as "drunk," and 1424 as "drunk and disorderly." The number is small apparently. But I am told by one of your officials, the more polite term, "disorderly," has in Chicago the meaning elsewhere given to "drunk," and, as a consequence, your arrests, classed as "disorderly," rate sufficiently high—12,533.

#### FACTS FROM THE DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

The newspaper, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the times," by its daily report, now from one point of the country, now from another, reveals also, in a way, the extent and the virulence of this malady of the age. It re-echoes but the more startling eruptions of the evil—enough to tell how deep it lies and how fatally it works. I read your city papers for the first ten days in January in search of reports of drunkenness. I noticed for Chicago two suicides: one purchases a bottle of whiskey in a State street saloon, goes out and shoots himself; another leaves behind him a paper upon which is written "Whiskey, whiskey." One man, aged sixty, dies under a stairway from cold and whiskey; the corpse of a poor fellow is discovered in the basement of a

saloon, death coming, the coroner said, from alcoholism. One drunkard falls and breaks his leg; another is pitched down a stairway and receives serious injury; yet another is precipitated into a basement. Some ten were arrested for drunkenness, or for assaults while drunk; of these, two were man and wife, whose home whiskey had changed into a bedlam; one was a gentlemanly, well-dressed man who had arrived in the city from Europe a few days previously; and another was an unfortunate soldier from the plains returning to his home in the East. There were four cases of stabbing in saloons. A miserable fellow goes home drunk, quarrels with his wife, and stabs the kind-hearted neighbor who sought to protect the poor woman from the brutal husband. Three cases were of the most aggravating nature: men fired with alcohol sought the lives of your police officers—one received a pistol shot, one was stabbed, and saloon thugs cruelly beat another with bottles and beer glasses. And while all these horrors are taking place we stand by with silent tongues and idle arms; whiskey men hang over their rum-holes the flags of "personal rights" and "civil liberty," and the country rushes in a wild race toward a hopeless abyss of lawlessness and crime! Your papers, for the same period of ten days re-echoed the doings of alcohol in other parts of the country. At Streator, Illinois, an officer of the law is killed and the murderer blames whiskey. At St. Louis a policeman is stabbed in a saloon; a wife sues for a divorce because the husband is a drunkard. The nephew of a millionaire, the proprietor of the *Inman* steamships, was found dead in a cell of a police station of Toronto, where he was confined on a charge of habitual drunkenness. In Philadelphia a famed navigator who had escaped from the icebergs of the Arctic, returns home to find, he says, his wife an inebriate. At Louisville a man commits suicide from drink. In a village of Canada a drunken spree occurs in the presence of death; whiskey bottles are flourished around the corpse, whose "wake" the brutes were keeping; the house takes fire and two women are burnt to death. In Milwaukee a drunken policeman must be discharged from the force; in a frontier village of Minnesota there is a whiskey brawl, and murder is committed. At Balti-

more a drunkard is found dead in his prison cell. And thus from East to West, from North to South, the demon alcohol riots over the land, all the other demons of hell forming his retinue, defying law, order, religion; polluting, destroying whatever he touches; reaching out his accursed hand to deesecrate all that we hold dear or sacred for this life or the life to come.

#### A PAINFUL REVELATION.

One painful revelation, which accounts of intemperance in the country put before us, deserves special attention. Intemperance, we have to learn, has invaded the ranks of youth, and has not paused even in presence of womanhood. What will the future be, if minors, boys and girls, are taught to be drunkards, and women in whose keeping the purity and the happiness of our homes must ever remain, begin to love the poisoned draught? Seven thousand youths under the age of twenty, some even under ten, are annually arrested in Chicago, the very great majority of cases being for drunkenness, or for offences in which they indulge after getting drunk. A number of those seven thousand are young girls. Among the arrests for drunkenness in cities when the sex of prisoners is stated, the arrests of women are sometimes as high as one-fifth of the total number. The home saloons, too, furnish their female drunkards, and these are seldom arrested.

#### INDIRECT EVILS OF THE PLAGUE: THE DRUNKARD'S FAMILY.

The victim of alcohol does not live alone in the world: he is a son or a father, a brother, or a husband; there is around him, encircling him in his misery and receiving from him the fruits of the poison, a family. My God! Can we view the seething sea of woe and suffering without being moved to pity and aroused to action? God's blessing, we know, follows the wiping away of sorrow's tear, the healing up of broken hearts: "Religion, pure and undefiled, before God is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation." Convert but one drunkard, save but one family from the effects of the plague, and grateful prayer will ascend for you to the throne of grace. A young man staggers by you, unheeded and, you may think, deserving to be unheeded.

Aye, but he was once a mother's joy and pride; she cared not for wealth or empire when she pressed her boy to her bosom. Now, he is a drunkard, and her 'old age is steeped in sorrow. This next one was the hope of a father's declining years: he spent upon him riches of hand and affections of heart; to-day the father is friendless and famishing, and the son's heart has but one love—whiskey. How often the happy bride of yesterday finds herself, ere the voice of holy promises spoken before God's altar has ceased to reverberate in her ear, the wife of a drunkard! For years she leads a life of sorrow and misery, the horrors of which no one realizes who has not witnessed them. He had pledged undying affection, knightly protection: when he comes home from the saloon, his mouth opens to curse, and his hand rises to strike. Only alcohol could produce the hellish scene of a weak, timid, loving wife, weltering in her blood, and a brutal man, her husband, gloating over the scene! And the little ones! Is there no spark of human feeling left in the drunkard? No. The tiger of the forest, the lion of the desert, feed and protect their young: a drunkard leaves his children to starve, if he does not in his cruelty hasten their death. A drunkard's home—outside of hell—in all created space, there is no such place of despair and agony. The father's steps approach: it is a signal for the child to crouch away timidly into a corner. Fear and misery never permit a smile to wreath its lips, its heart to beat with one joyful sensation. We have known the child to scream from hunger, and the father would take the last cent from the house to purchase drink. We have seen the child laid out in cold death, and the father still demanded alcohol. We have met children in rags, roaming the streets, a prey to vice and crime, and in reply to our questionings they would say: Father drank and home was not endurable. We have seen maidens as pure as the snow falling from the clouds, whose hearts had known but the most innocent affections—we have seen them driven—O Heaven—to hideous vice, and again the reply was: I could not stay at home because father drank. The home is the fount of happiness, the guardian of virtue, the sanctuary of religion. Alcohol



desecrates and wrecks it. The burning lava of Vesuvius does not leave behind it ground more barren, more shorn of beauty, life and promise.

#### INTEMPERANCE AND CRIME.

Intemperance brings dire disaster to the whole social fabric. It loads down our criminal calendar. We are living in a fortunate period of time; the country is at peace with foreign nations; there is no civil strife within its own borders; no agrarian war, no conflict of classes has occurred. Yet our jails and workhouses are crowded; our criminal courts are never void of culprits; our police forces though large are too small for the work allotted to them. What is the cause? I answer: Alcohol. Intemperance is not the sole crime of the day, nor is it the sole cause of other crimes which men commit. But as Chief Justice Noah Davis of New York says: "Among all the causes of crime intemperance stands out the unapproachable chief." In addition to specific rum crimes, alcohol begets numberless others, inasmuch as it awakens the lower appetites, and breaks down all moral barriers. It is the fruitful feeder of immorality, theft, rapine, murder. It suggests to the mind the thought of crime; it gives the animal excitement needed for deeds of violence; it silences conscience when the deed has been done. How often after horrid crimes which affright in his sober moments the wrong-doer himself, we hear from him the excuse,—whiskey did it!

In an article prepared by A. S. Fiske for the report of the U. S. Commissioner of Education, A. D. 1871, on crime in New England, we find stated as an undeniable fact that "from 80 to 90 per cent. of our criminals connect their course of crime with intemperance." A committee report in the Dominion House of Commons, in 1875, says: "We find on examining the reports of the Prison Inspectors for the provinces of Ontario and Quebec that out of 28,289 commitments to the jails for the three previous years, 21,236 were committed either for drunkenness, or for crimes perpetrated under the influence of drink." The Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Boston lately proposed to examine accurately the effects of intemperance upon crime. Committees were

appointed to take up every sentence of the courts of Suffolk County, and to follow back each case of crime to its first inception, noting carefully all the circumstances connected with it. Its investigations extended over the year from September, 1879, to September, 1880. The total number of sentences for the year, we are told, was 16,897. The distinctively rum offences aggregated 12,289—over 72 per cent. of the whole—leaving 4608, or something over 27 per cent., to represent the balance of crime during the year. In addition to this fact we learn "that 2097 of the 4608 were in liquor at the time of the commission of the various offences of which they were found guilty (this number being equal to 12 per cent. of the sum of all offences for the year); that 1918 were in liquor at the time of the formation of the criminal intent; that the intemperate habits of 1804 were such as to induce a moral condition favorable to crime; that 821 were led to a criminal condition through the contagion of intemperance; that of the 4608 convictions, the total abstainers numbered 1158, the moderate drinkers, 1918 and the excessive drinkers, 1317." No wonder that the Bureau concludes its report in the words: "Therefore, the result of this investigation, in view of the proportionate magnitude of the exclusively rum offences, and considered in connection with the notorious tendency of liquors to inflame and enlarge the passions and appetites, to import chaos into the moral and physical life, to level the barriers of decency and self-respect, and to transport its victims into an abnormal and irresponsible state, destructive and degrading, calls for earnest and immediate attention at the bar of public opinion and the public conscience of Massachusetts." With a similar inquiry every city in the Union would, in proportion to its population, make a similar report, and the serious lesson which the Boston Bureau reads to the people of Massachusetts comes home to every commonwealth in the country.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

I FIND that the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—*Holmes.*

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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Notre Dame, Indiana, May 1, 1909,

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—We make no apology for reprinting the great discourse of Archbishop Ireland on the subject of Total Abstinence. It came to our hands on the way to the University archives, where it will be kept among other valuable documents amassed through the lifelong perseverance and enthusiasm of Prof. Edwards. The members of our Total Abstinence Society may well study this production as a model of what a temperance discourse ought to be, and every student may very profitably read and re-read this strong exposition of one of the chief obstacles on the road to success. It must be a comfort to the great Archbishop of St. Paul to feel that a good work done so long ago is still operative for the strengthening of young men.

## Obituary.

### KENNETH DENMAN MOORE.

On Thursday morning at 10:30 there passed away at Notre Dame one of the most lovable Minims that ever claimed St. Edward's for his *Alma Mater*. Kenneth Denman Moore was the most retiring of the little fellows in the preparatory school,

as well as one of the brightest. He attracted attention in the very act of shrinking from it, and won his way to the hearts of all who ever had even a passing word with him. Gifted with a noble mind he was remarkably unselfish and disinterested. And so it came to pass that when the word was flashed over the campus that little Jack Moore had gone to Heaven there was universal mourning. All that the heroic ministration of an affectionate mother could do was done to save that precious life, but God called, and the little one passed away clasping his crucifix after having received the last Sacraments.

The Minims went in a body to view him where he lay all white and peaceful in his coffin, and several members of the faculty accompanied the remains to the depot. The student body sent an exquisite floral piece, and arranged to have Masses said for the soul of their little friend.

To the sorrowing mother in this hour of her great trial, the SCHOLASTIC, on behalf of the University, especially the teachers, prefects and pupils of St. Edward's Hall, extends assurance of profoundest sympathy. R. I. P.

\* \* \*

### CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

The whole nation has stood in mourning beside the tomb of this rare spirit who passed away at his home in Monterey, Cal., April 24th. But there are special reasons why Mr. Stoddard should be reverently remembered by all the students at Notre Dame, and very affectionately remembered by the men of '85 to '88. During those years Mr. Stoddard was Professor of English in the University, and never was professor more acclaimed than he. The witchery of his style, the charm of his wonderful temperament, the delightful geniality of his nature, his exquisite sensitiveness and the strong feeling of friendship inspired in all who came to know him, will be treasured as a golden memory in the hearts of the men of his time. A suitable sketch of Mr. Stoddard will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC. God grant his gentle spirit rest!

\* \* \*

### MICHAEL R. POWERS, M. D.

It becomes our sad duty to chronicle the death in Philadelphia, April 26th, of Dr. M.

R. Powers (Litt. B., 1898). "Mike" Powers, as he was affectionately called alike by the little and the great, was one of the choicest spirits of his time at the University. Without question, he was the greatest hero in baseball that we have ever had, but it is not of this one thinks chiefly in this hour of bereavement. The noble qualities of his character, the cleanliness of his life, his manly devotion to his religious duties, the domestic virtues that made his home so happy, the affection he won from all who knew him, the simplicity of his manner, the sincerity of his work, make him an ever-memorable figure in the minds of all who knew him. The news of his too early death hung like a pall over the University, and faculty and students assisted with more than usual fervor at the Solemn High Mass of requiem celebrated for the repose of his soul last Thursday.

To his devoted wife and his three little children the University offers assurance of sympathy and prayers. God rest "Mike" Powers and comfort those who loved him most because they knew him best. *R. I. P.*

### The Debate at Georgetown.

With the winning of the third debate between Notre Dame and Georgetown University, Notre Dame broke the tie that had stood between the two schools since Georgetown's victory last year, and swung back into her old stride of successful debating, presenting the unique record of fifteen triumphs out of a total of sixteen debates. The contest that took place in Gaston Hall, Georgetown, last week, ranks with the finest of Notre Dame's debates, and there is added satisfaction in the fact that two of the men who had the unwelcome experience of being on the defeated team last year, had this year the glory of bringing the debating honors back to Notre Dame.

Gaston Hall was filled with an eager audience Wednesday night. The Notre Dame alumni of the city and many old students were present and gave the old heartening yells as the team came on the stage. The spirits of the Georgetown sympathizers were high, for with a stronger team than

they had ever had before they were confident of duplicating last year's triumph. The program was opened with music by the College Orchestra, after which the chairman, the Hon. Thomas H. Anderson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, stated the question and introduced the speakers. The question was worded thus: "Resolved, That legislation should be enacted under which all national banks shall be required to establish a guarantee fund for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent national bank, such fund and the administration thereof to be under the control of the Federal Government."

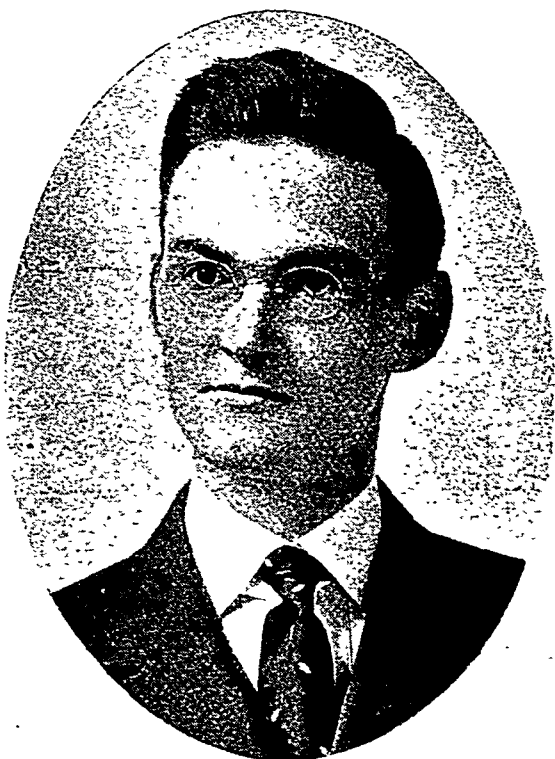
Opening for Georgetown, Mr. John F



FRANCIS C. WALKER, '09.

Crosby, '12, made a brief analysis of present banking conditions, showing the need of a remedy to prevent panics. He insisted that it was the good of the people as a whole and not the advantage of any particular class that the proposed plan had in view. Mr. Francis C. Walker, '09, began the negative argument for Notre Dame by showing that the causes of panics were such that they could not be reached by a mere surface remedy like the guarantee deposit system. The troubles were internal, at the very root of the banking system. He showed further that the proposed plan would lessen personal responsibility and be unjust; it would lead to wild-cat banking.

Mr. James Spiller, '09, of the affirmative,



JOHN B. McMAHON, '09.

argued that a deposit is similar to a bank note, and that therefore it should be similarly guaranteed. He extended the argument of the first speaker, showing the pressing need of some remedy for the situation. Mr. John B. McMahon, '09, advanced the negative argument by proving that the guarantee fund would fail to effect the very purpose which it was invoked to fulfil, namely, the prevention of panics. Impressive statistics were brought forward bearing out this contention. Mr. McMahon showed the insufficiency of a guarantee fund of \$50,000,000 to meet banking liabilities aggregating \$4,500,000,000.

Mr. Thomas F. O'Mara, '10, the last speaker on the affirmative, proceeded to construct an argument for the practicability of the guarantee fund. On historical grounds he denied the likelihood of a general failure of the banks. He contended that a tax of one per cent of deposits would be sufficient to meet any reasonable emergency. Mr. John B. Kanaley, '09, closed the negative argument by presenting a substitute plan calculated to reach the heart of the banking difficulties by building up the reserves of the banks. His plan demanded an organization of national bankers for the purpose of securing a more elastic system of currency and for maintaining a redemption fund which would guarantee safety to depositors by keeping adequate reserves in the bank. By the conclusion of the main speeches it

was manifest that the negative argument had penetrated to the heart of the question and grappled with the very greatest difficulties in the whole subject of finance and banking. Georgetown had made a not the less plausible, if popular, presentation of their case. In delivery both teams were about evenly matched, and that on a high average.

It was now felt that the debate was to be won or lost in the rebuttals. Here the speakers must come down out of their fortifications and meet at close range in the open. Mr. McMahon maintained that, according to the wording of the question and contrary to the affirmative's contention, the question called for prompt and not ultimate payment, and that the credit of the government is not back of the fund. It was a forcible and needed recall to the ground of the debate as plainly defined by the question. Mr. Crosby neatly refuted the charge that the proposed scheme was socialistic. He was answered by Mr. Walker, who no less neatly pointed out that the negative had not even remotely hinted that the scheme was socialistic. Mr. Walker bore out the contention of his main speech, which had been attacked, with



JOHN B. KANALEY, '09.

figures showing that the guarantee fund has actually led to "wild cat" banking in Oklahoma. A clever touch of humor here and there came in with telling effect.

Mr. Spiller declared that it could be

inferred from the question that the credit of the government was behind the guarantee fund, and further contended for the practicability of the scheme. Mr. Kanaley showed that whatever might be said in praise of the Bank of Indiana operating under a guarantee fund was far outweighed by the monumental failure of that bank. He insisted, moreover, that the affirmative had confused national banks with savings banks. He showed, in answer to a challenge from the affirmative, the impossibility of identifying bank notes and negotiable securities; he again appealed to the statement of the question to show that the credit of the government was not behind the fund, and closed brilliantly with a summary of the negative argument. In his five minutes he did immense damage to the affirmative argument in a veritable fusillade of rebuttal. Mr. O'Mara reiterated the claim of the affirmative that the credit of the United States Government would be back of the guarantee fund. He contended that the guarantee fund would prove a basis of confidence, and then made a striking recapitulation of the affirmative position. It was only a few minutes until the decision of the judges was announced, two to one in favor of Notre Dame.

*The Washington Post, The Evening Star,* and the *Herald* agree that superior knowledge of the question won the debate for Notre Dame. The young men had mastered the principles and the details of the broad and difficult question of finance and banking, and presented a closely knit and unified argument. Georgetown did not show so good a brief, and consequently were not so effective as a team. Undoubtedly, it was Notre Dame's knowledge of the question and clear headedness that enabled them to score such telling points in rebuttal. The finest spirit was shown throughout by both teams. On the whole, the contest was declared to be one of the most brilliant inter-collegiate debates ever held in Washington.

After the debate both teams were entertained at Rauscher's. The judges of the contest were:

Hon. George R. Gaither, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Theodore Marbury, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Fabian Franklin, Baltimore, Md.

C. L. O'D.

### Lectures by Dr. Walsh.

Last Sunday night, Dr. James J. Walsh, of Fordham gave a most interesting and instructive lecture in Washington Hall. His subject, "The Origin of Our Universities," is of great interest in itself, and his treatment of it more than came up to expectations. He gave evidence of wide and deep research for fact, and his discoveries along this line in regard to the New World alone, are amazing in the light of our "Histories of Education," which for the most part either contradict or ignore the facts that Dr. Walsh so ably expounds. He brought out the fact that in the Fifteenth Century there were two great universities, one in Mexico and the other in Peru, that the Medical School of Pennsylvania, which is commonly thought to be the first founded in this hemisphere, was started almost exactly 200 years after the founding of the Medical Department of the University in Peru.

It is his contention that our modern universities date from the 13th Century, and were evolved from the "Cathedral Schools." The great schools of that time had the three departments, Medicine, Law and Theology; their customs, degrees and methods of promotion were the same as those which now obtain, with the difference that their courses of study were longer. The discipline was in the hands of the students themselves; hence, instead of being a modern idea, that method is, according to Dr. Walsh, the original one. That they were interested in the same problems then and discussed them in the same way as we do now, Dr. Walsh proved satisfactorily. His conclusion was that we have made practically no progress in education over the methods of the 13th Century, but merely have accumulated a few more facts. The lecture was one of the best of the year, judging from the interest it excited and the discussion it aroused.

On Saturday afternoon Dr. Walsh again addressed the University, his subject this time being "The Thirteenth Century." As in his former lecture, Dr. Walsh was substantial in matter and brilliant in expression. The experience was one of the most stimulating within recent years at Notre Dame.

J. M. F.

### Personals.

—Joseph D. Sinnott (E. E., 1908) is now connected with the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. His address is 304 Rebecca St., Wilksburg, Pa.

—John L. Corley (LL. B., 1902) announces the removal of his office from the Merchants' Laclede Building to Suite 617 Fullerton Building, St. Louis, where he will continue the general practice of Law.

—W. Stueve, of Wapakoneta, O., student in Brownson Hall '04-'05, visited the University last Sunday. Since leaving Notre Dame Mr. Stueve was graduated from Ohio State University in Electrical Engineering. He is now connected with a Chicago Electrical concern.

—A recent number of the *Successful American* contains a biographical sketch of Thomas J. McKeon (LL. B., 1890). He is instanced as "a highly respected lawyer of Duluth, and a living example that while a collegiate education is being acquired, a thorough athletic training should in no manner detract from the studies intended."

—The marriage of Margaret Olinger to Charles N. Girsch is announced to take place in St Mary's Church, Milwaukee, May 11th. The groom was a student of the University for many years, and is most happily remembered by all who knew him. There will be many among the faculty and old students who will be present in sympathy at the marriage. On their behalf the SCHOLASTIC expresses cordial good wishes.

—Senator Shively was unable to attend the Notre Dame-Georgetown debate. He writes: "I congratulate Notre Dame on the triumph won in the debate with Georgetown. Though I, by reason of illness, was unable to be present at the exercise, my secretary was there, and came to me with enthusiastic reports about the superior ability and training displayed by Notre Dame's representatives. Certain it is that the boys created a decidedly favorable impression. This I have learned from so many sources that I more than regret the illness that prevented my attendance."

—Among the visitors at the University last Sunday was C. H. Lenhart, a student in the

Minims thirty-eight years ago. He displayed a keen interest in the many changes that had taken place since his time and his affection for the old scenes was beautiful. Before leaving he registered a vow never to let another occasion pass to visit the old school which had grown far past his expectations. At the present time Mr. Lenhart is manager of the Plymouth Furniture Company, Plymouth, Wisconsin, in which company he owns a controlling interest. By means of unique advertising and the exercise of exceptional ability, he has risen rapidly in the commercial world, and is ranked among the foremost manufacturers of furniture in that section of the country.

—The following beautiful letter, reflecting as much credit on the writer as on the subject, was received at the University this week:

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

Despite the untiring efforts of the best medical talent available and his own spartanlike courage, poor Mike Powers, as you know through Jim's telegram, has played the game of life and lost. Thirteen days of intense agony served to break down even his wonderful vitality, and heart-failure practically killed him. Peritonitis, the dangerous element, hadn't even developed.

He died as he lived, clean: his untimely end was lessened somewhat by the fact that he died fortified with the last sacraments of the Church, befitting a true son of Notre Dame.

The Notre Dame Club of Philadelphia are sending an appropriate floral offering and will attend the funeral in a body. Mrs. Powers asked us to thank you for your great kindness. She appreciates especially your very good thought in having the Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated for Mike's soul on Thursday morning. You are, no doubt, aware that Mrs. Powers is a convert to the Catholic faith, and we are very glad to say that she is an exemplary one. This fact is due, no doubt, to the noble example shown by her husband. Unless you were here you could hardly realize the great hold he had upon the people in general. So great was their interest in his condition that they demanded and received bulletins from the hospital twice a day through the entire period of his illness.

With best wishes to yourself and to all my friends at Notre Dame, believe me as ever,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEESON.

### Athletic Notes.

The *Michigan Daily* for April 27 had the following: "With some of the clubs laboring along without their full strength, the major league races will be a gamble for some months. Notre Dame's academic



year lasts until about the middle of June." With some of the clubs laboring along without their full strength, the minor league races will be a gamble for some months. (See Reach's Baseball Guide, page 394.) Michigan's academic year lasts about as long as Notre Dame's.

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With a lead of 20 points over Indiana, their nearest competitor, the Varsity Track Team won the meet at Indianapolis last Friday night and with it the indoor championship of the state. To quote the *Indianapolis Sun*: "The meet proves that Notre Dame has by far the best-balanced track team in the state."

In the 60-yard dash, King was set back a yard for a false start, but when the gun was fired he was fully three yards in the lead of the other men. How he got away with such a steal is inexplicable, but as it was he barely nosed Wasson out for the place by inches.

In the half mile, just before the start of the last lap, Bonsib was running first, Bates, of the Y. M. C. A., second, and Dana third. The Indianapolis papers give Bonsib great credit for beating Dana, but none of them mention the fact that just when Dana was about to start his sprint Bates fell in front of him. To avoid injuring the fallen runner, Dana was obliged to leap over him. This caused him to lose his stride and almost to fall, and by the time he had recovered himself Bonsib had a lead of about fifteen yards. Notwithstanding this, our plucky little miler went after the leader and at the tape was not more than a yard behind. The Indianapolis papers said nothing about this and praised Bonsib highly, but it was the luckiest get-away Bonsib ever experienced. In the indoor meet with Indiana earlier in the season, Dana showed his superiority over Bonsib by beating him fairly in the half-mile after he had run a hard mile earlier in the meet.

Kicking about fairly lost games or races is not the Notre Dame idea. But when other athletes, obviously inferior to our own, succeed in winning from them by such glaring flukes, we like to have it noted.

The seventy-yard high hurdles proved to be the closest event of the evening, Shideler

of the Marion Club taking first in the fast time of nine seconds, and Moriarty beating Belman of Wabash for second place.

After running forty yards of the quarter Duffy lost one of his shoes, but even with this handicap he outclassed the Wabash runner, Deming, who was tooted as a winner, and won the event in 54 1-5 seconds. None of the Indianapolis papers saw fit to mention the fact that Duffy ran practically the entire race in one shoe.

Dimmick initiated another state champion into the "down-and-out" club when he defeated Brown of Wabash in the shot put. Philbrook, who has been ill for some time, won third place in this event.

In the broad jump, Wasson added three more points to our score, jumping second to Johnson of Indiana.

Moriarty in the pole-vault, outclassed Starbuck of Wabash in a pretty dual, taking first honors with a vault of ten feet four inches.

Fletcher entered the hop, step and jump, and by winning a second place, increased our score by three more points.

Steers ran the mile race like a veteran, and made a field of sixteen other runners look like novices.

Notre Dame did not place in the high jump, this event going to Miller of Indiana, DePauw taking second and Morrison, an unattached athlete, third.

The relay was easy for Notre Dame, Schmitt, Dana, Duffy and Moriarty winning it from Indiana and Earlham by a large margin. The time for the 1600 yards was 3:13 4-5.

Moriarty was the highest individual point-winner of the meet, with eight points. Of him the *Indianapolis Star* says: "The general opinion prevailed, prior to Friday's meet, that Harry Johnson of Indiana was probably the best all-around track athlete in the state, but this idea was dispelled by the excellent work of Moriarty, of Notre Dame, who won the pole-vault, ran on the relay team, and finished a close second to the wonderful Shideler of the Marion Club in the seventy yard high hurdle race."

This makes the third state-championship title won by Notre Dame this year, the other two being in football and basket-ball. All that remains for us now is to capture the

baseball title, and these, in conjunction with the victory in the state oratorical contest which was won by McNamee, will distinguish Notre Dame as the all-around state champions of the year.

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Notre Dame, 4; St. Viateur's, 0.

The Varsity defeated St. Viateur's here on Saturday, April 24, by a score of 4-0. The game was fairly interesting, although at no time were the visitors dangerous.

In the first inning St. Viateur's had a good chance to score when Burke passed Conway and Stack, the first two men up. McCarty sacrificed. With a man on third and one on second and only one down, Burke pulled himself together and retired O'Connell and Berry on strikes.

Notre Dame	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Connelly, 3b.....	3	2	1	3	0	1
McKee, cf.....	3	1	1	3	0	0
Daniels, 1b.....	2	1	0	6	1	1
Kelly, lf.....	4	0	3	0	1	0
Hamilton, ss.....	2	0	0	1	0	1
Phillips, 2b.....	4	0	1	0	1	0
Ulatowski, rf.....	3	0	1	2	0	0
McDonough, c.....	4	0	0	11	2	0
Burke, p.....	4	0	0	1	3	0
	29	4	7	27	8	3

Kalamazoo	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Conway, lf.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Stack, p.....	2	0	2	2	6	0
McCarty, ss.....	3	0	1	2	2	0
O'Connell, 1b.....	4	0	1	9	0	1
Berry, 2b.....	4	0	0	2	0	1
Sheil, rf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Nourie, 3b.....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Legris, cf.....	3	0	1	9	0	0
Echant, c.....	4	0	1	7	0	1
	30	0	6	24	10	2

Score by innings—N. D.—	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	x=4
St. Viateurs—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0=0

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NOTRE DAME, 7; BELOIT, 3.

For six and a half innings on Wednesday last the Varsity and Beloit contended upon Cartier field amid rain and hail, and at the end of that time the game was called with the score 7 to 3 in our favor. Beloit started the run-getting in the first inning. Arnold doubled to left and stole third, Durham and Williams fanned. Gleghorn singled, scoring Arnold, but was put out trying to reach second shortly afterward.

In the second inning, Hamilton reached first on Arnold's error. Ulatowski bunted along the first base line sending Hamilton to third, himself taking first and immediately afterward stealing second. Ray Scanlon flied out to Williams, Hamilton scoring and Ulatowski taking third on the play. Frank

Scanlon sacrificed, scoring Ulatowski. Connelly reached first on Sleep's error, but McKee ended the inning, flying out to Knudson.

Hamilton opened the fourth inning with a single between first and second, and stole second. Ulatowski fanned, but Gleghorn dropped the ball, and on the throw to first Hamilton went to third. Ray Scanlon walked and stole second. F. Scanlon sacrificed along the base line, scoring Hamilton and sending R. Scanlon to third. Connelly, profiting by his former experience, poked another one out to Sleep in the right field who justified the confidence placed in him by again dropping the ball, allowing Ray Scanlon to score. Not to be outdone by his teammate, Durham booted McKee's grounder, but no harm came of it as Daniels flied out to Knudson. A base on balls and two hits, together with a little poor headwork by Hamilton gave Beloit two runs in the fifth, but in the next inning doubles by Ray and Frank Scanlon, Pearsall's error, McKee's single and a triple to deep right-center by Daniels netted three more runs for the Varsity and ended the scoring. L. C. M.

### Local Items.

—A sum of money was found a short time ago near the Post Office. Apply to Father Maguire.

—Sylvester Lahey, of South Bend, well-known violinist (student 1898-'01) will entertain the Philopatrians at their meeting next Monday evening. Mr. Lahey was a member of the Society while at Notre Dame.

—The following book has been lost or misplaced by the professor of botany: West, G. S., "Fresh-Water Algæ of Great Britain." Anyone knowing of its whereabouts will oblige the professor by returning it to the department library.

—Saturday night the victorious debating team were given a banquet at Holy Cross College, Brookland, D. C., where they met the Notre Dame Alumni resident in the city of Washington. The evening was brightened with collegesongs and reminiscences; speeches were made by the Hon. Timothy Ansberry, Representative from Ohio, Mr. José Valdes, Secretary to the Philippine Representative, Mr. Francis Kilkenny, Mr. Richard Collentine and Mr. William Bolger. The invitation included besides the above-named, Senator Carter of Montana, Senators Beveridge and Shively of Indiana, Commissioner of Labor, Charles P. Niel, Dr. J. Augustine Flynn, Messrs. Elmer J. Murphy, Hugh Mitchell, J. Leo Coontz, Michael Burns, Coe McKenna, William Hutchings, Leroy Keach, Durant Church, Eugene Arnold, John Beckman, and Harry Dodge.