

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 9, 1909.

Ng. 30.

## Consolation.

HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09.

LIKE ocean rushing to the sunset beach  
In heaving miles of plunging, foam-white sea,  
The waves of spirit rise and try to reach  
Across the gulf to thee.

So near in body and so far in mind;  
An ocean parts us who are close at hand;  
The dumb eyes plead, but in their pleading find  
Men do not understand.

The gates are open to the citadel,  
Yet none to life's rejoicing enter in;  
Bar up thy passage-ways, O soul, nor tell  
How easy 'twere to win!

They care not for the largess that you gave,  
Despised the gem, nor knew the false from true.  
But sometime in thy lonely, mystic cave  
They shall come back to you.

When starry nights reveal infinitude  
With calm eyes gazing on the soul's distress,  
Life shall awake from dreams and dreary mood  
Not uncompanionless.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '10.



URROUNDED by all the consolations of his religion, fortified with the thoughts of a life well spent in the interests of his fellowmen, Charles Warren Stoddard, author, lecturer and teacher, died on April 24, at his home in Monterey, California. Sixty-five years had he lived and worked, ever looking and work-

ing toward the noblest ideals, and death has not robbed him of the fame that was justly his. He was modest and unassuming; he put his natural talents to the best use, and it can never be said that he sought the praise that was so freely given him. The works he has written remain a monument to his name; but far better than these are the lives he has made brighter and better and purer by his influence. Those who knew him personally loved him, and those who knew him only through his works were bound to realize the breadth of character of the man who could wield a pen with such telling effect. He was a *littérateur* of the first rank—a genius, if you will—but above all things he was a staunch Christian. His faith had been tried in the crucible of doubt, dissension and indifferentism from which he came forth a practical Catholic.

If we seek to discover the real personality of Mr. Stoddard in its truest form, we must turn to "A Troubled Heart," an unpretentious little volume, in which the author has laid bare his soul, hoping that his lamp might guide the feet of some bewildered pilgrim. In this little book he has told simply and charmingly the story of his life, chiefly in its relations to his conversion to the true Church. Here it is that we find the motives that have guided him in his after-life. Here we find a complete recital of all the doubts and qualms that assailed him before he discovered that ideal religion of which he had long dreamed, but which he thought existed only in his own imagination. This book was written while the author was Professor of English at Notre Dame, and it is from it that most of the material for this sketch has been gathered.

Born in Rochester, N. Y., August 7, 1842,

Mr. Stoddard's earliest recollections are those of a stern Protestant family, with little toleration for anything outside their own narrow sphere. On Sundays he was forced against his will to sit through the long and uninteresting services in a comfortless "meeting-house." Here the preacher gave vent to his ideas in exceedingly dry sermons, interpreting the Scriptures according to his own light, and leaving his congregation to accept or reject as they saw fit. During all of this young Stoddard sat and dreamed, knowing little of what it was all about.

One day, he tells us, after twisting and turning his neck in childish curiosity, he discovered upon a screen far up in the organ loft a picture of an angel. This was the only thing in the entire church that relieved the tedious monotony of those dreary services. This little picture, hidden far away from the eyes of the worshippers, was a source of delight to the impressionable boy who sat below. As he sat there unconscious of the services, looking at this angel of the organ loft, he dreamed, and we can well imagine that he was dreaming of that church of which he knew nothing, but which he was destined to enter and love. His reverie was not deemed edifying, however; he was one day discovered fondly gazing toward the organ loft, and an irate worshipper, little in sympathy with the childish whim, seized him by the shoulders and turned him ruthlessly about.

Mr. Stoddard's early impressions of the Catholic Church were gathered from an illustrated book, which was a Protestant version of the Spanish Inquisition. This work was one of the principal features of the family library and was used for Sunday reading. Here the Church was set forth as a monster of iniquity, and the priests were depicted as beings with horns and cloven hoofs. It is no wonder, that after reading the pages of this book young Stoddard was carried from the church in a paroxysm of terror the first time he beheld a priest. This experience occurred on a Sunday afternoon, when he was taken to the Rochester cathedral by a maid-servant of the Stoddard family.

Shortly after this young Stoddard went to California where his father was engaged

in business. Here he remained two years, attending school and feasting his soul on the beauties of the Pacific state. He was then sent back to New York and placed in the care of his maternal grandfather, a man of strong Protestant convictions, whose ideas of religion were based on those of the Puritans of Plymouth Rock.

In the first pages of "A Troubled Heart," Mr. Stoddard describes the austerity of this household, and here it was that he came near losing all sense of religious feeling, having become disgusted and sickened by being forced to attend a "revival meeting" held by an illiterate and sensational evangelist. Here he was dragged to the "anxious seat," where the congregation, worked into a fanatical frenzy, wailed and prayed over him, exhorting the child to a change of heart. Here they preached of the horrors of a fiery hell and held out this change of heart as the only possible escape from it. The boy was led to believe that he was standing on the brink of the precipice of perdition.

What a welcome relief it was when he was sent to his Grandfather Stoddard, and found himself in the midst of an easy-going Unitarian household. What a contrast to the surroundings he had just left. What a change from the austere Sabbath, where even laughing was prohibited, to learn that on Sunday he was expected to enjoy himself just as on a week-day. Church exercises became mere social gatherings, and one could go or stay away as he saw fit. But then the emptiness of it all. The soul of this fanciful youth craved something more substantial. It longed to worship rather than to indulge in mere speculation concerning the possible existence of the Deity.

It was this longing that prompted Stoddard some years later to start an investigation of the means and methods of the various organizations calling themselves churches. But wherever he went he found the same conditions existing. He could scarcely find two people, even within the same organization, agreeing on the same points of doctrine. It was all confusion and sham, with the real religious element entirely forgotten. No place could he realize his ideal, and it is quite probable that had he not almost by accident dropped into a

Catholic church, another noble soul might have been lost on the dark sea of indifferentism.

From this point the life of Mr. Stoddard reads like a romance. He sought the truth and he found it. He received instructions from a priest and was prepared for his first Holy Communion. From that moment life took on a different aspect. The teachings of Scripture were reconciled to life, and he learned for the first time that that Church, founded on the rock of St. Peter, was still a living, breathing body; that the Apostles still lived in their successors, the pastors of the Catholic Church, and the keys of heaven were still held by the Pope, whose Pontificate comes down in a direct line from St. Peter.

The wander-lust was strong within this brilliant convert, and the results of his travels, as they are recorded in his books, have been the delight of the literary world. To attempt in a sketch of this kind to analyze the work that Mr. Stoddard has done would be the sheerest folly. One critic has called him "the greatest painter America has ever produced," and in an introductory letter to "The South Sea Idyls," which, from a literary standpoint, is undoubtedly his masterpiece, William Dean Howells describes these fancies of the tropics as "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that were ever written about the life of that summer ocean."

Charles Warren Stoddard was known from one end of the world to the other. He was sought by the greatest minds of his time. His name will go down in the annals of American literature as one of our great prose writers. It should be a source of pride to us to be able to say that this man was a Catholic, this man was a professor at Notre Dame.

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### Desires.

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The open rose  
Thirsts for the dew  
Of fragrant night;  
The human soul  
Sighs deep and true  
For love and light.

F. W. C.

### Varsity Verse.

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#### KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

BOYS, the springtime's here again  
With its sunshine and its rain  
And it brings along a timely piece of warning:  
Don't you ever be so crass  
As to walk upon the grass  
When you're on your way to breakfast in the morning.  
  
It's a foolish piece of "bizz,"  
That's no jolly, for it is,  
And you're wise to take my word without a doubt;  
When you're on your way to class  
Don't forget: keep off the grass,  
Or the signboards on the lawn will bawl you out.

Even if you're going to church,  
Or your record you would smirch  
With demerits by a skive, pray, heed this rule:  
Never, never, have the brass  
For to amble on the grass,  
For you'll break a sacred precept of the school.

If, perchance, you meet a lass  
Trampling down the fresh-grown grass  
Never hesitate a minute to reprove her;  
Tell her straight out that she dasen't  
Kill our grass thus. If she hasn't  
Sense enough to go, then you must gently move her.

Yes, when springtime comes around  
And you hear the well-known sound  
Of somebody calling down a careless guy,  
Don't forget, it's meant for you.  
Hold to this: steer clear the dew,  
If you don't, an awful fate I prophesy.

D. A. M.

#### A REAL ESTATE DEAL.

Oh, the poets who tear  
Their long, fluffy hair  
In wild rage o'er an unfinished sonnet  
Can not even compare  
To the poor millionaire  
Who must pay for his wife's Easter bonnet.

Though dear hubby may swear  
At the bill in despair,  
Still dear wifey insists she must don it,  
And five hundred is fair  
For that hat and parterre  
With the birds and the animals on it.

T. A. L.

## Discourse on Intemperance.\*

BY THE MOST REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D. D.

(CONCLUSION.)

## INTEMPERANCE, THE PARENT OF POVERTY.

The statistics of pauperism tell the same sad story as the statistics of crime. Three-fourths of the inmates of poorhouses and asylums, three-fourths of all who are recipients in any way of public or private charity, have been reduced to poverty through their own intemperance, or through the intemperance of their natural protectors. Providence has given us a bounteous land; no better, or more fertile soil than ours receives the dews of heaven; industry and commerce thrive among us to the envy of the nations of the world. There is no reason, if we were a sober people, why poverty should be known in America. Our laboring classes have golden opportunities awaiting them; they earn generous wages, and the road to higher fields is not closed to their ambition. What, then, is the matter? There is a yawning gulf, ever wide open, swallowing up their means—the saloon; a despotic king more insatiate in his demand than ever barbarous tyrant or heartless landlord, claims tribute from them—alcohol. It is computed that saloons, in large cities especially, average fifteen dollars as daily receipts. At this rate some \$20,000,000 flow annually into your Chicago saloons, and a large proportion of this enormous sum is wrung from the hands of the working classes whose families meanwhile are in want, and who one day with their children may be thrown upon public charity. Much is said and written about reforming the masses, raising up the people, giving to all comfortable homes. The men who propose social reforms without pointing to the saloon as the first cause of poverty and degradation talk in the air. The

\* 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.

catechism of social economy is brief, but undeniably true. It is this: How enrich the people? Make them sober.

Make the people sober, and there shall be no fear among us of communism, of nihilism or other dangerous movements which in older countries threaten society. The laboring classes in America will have a stake in the country, if they avoid drink; they will be as interested as other classes in the permanency of our institutions. Thoroughly sober, they will have the intelligence and the ability to protect themselves against monopolies; there will be no room for social revolutions. Around the beer table do prating socialists mainly hold their counsels, and it is while their heads reel and the saloon-keeper closes his till upon their dollars that they complain of the poverty of the masses, and demand in the name of justice and humanity radical changes in society.

The losses to the country annually through drink are appalling. The cost to consumers for all liquors used in one year in the United States is certainly not under 1,000,000,000 dollars. A careful estimate on the returns made by Dr. Hargreaves upon distilled and fermented drinks to the U. S. government in 1872, gave as the cost that year \$735,720,048, and our consumption of liquors has largely increased since that time. At our present rate of drink, in ten years our liquor bill would buy all the real estate in the country at its assessed value in 1870, \$9,914,780,825. Six months total abstinence would more than purchase all the church property of all denominations in the United States.

The fabulous sums spent to no purpose when spent for alcohol would enrich all the struggling poor of the country, bring ease and comfort to every family. They are so much taken from the general wealth of the nation and used so as to bring no returns to us in health or strength or material resources. We are all concerned in this fearful waste of capital: we all suffer from it. The value of time wasted by drunkards and tipplers, the unearned wealth which would have accrued from their industry, aggregate several hundred millions of dollars. Thousands of men do not, can not work, because they drink. Nor is this our

entire evil. We are taxed to support poor-houses and public charities; we are taxed for police force, for criminal courts. Three-fourths at least of the crime and the pauperism of the country are due to alcohol, and consequently three-fourths of the cost of all those institutions are taxes imposed by alcohol upon citizens of the republic, and more especially upon the sober and well-behaved, who, as a rule, are the possessors of taxable property. It would be an interesting calculation to find out how much the people of Chicago lose directly and indirectly by liquor each year: so many might not be as ready as now to think that the evil of intemperance does not concern them, and to refuse all co-operation in extirpating or diminishing its baneful fruits.

#### DANGER FROM INTEMPERANCE TO OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.

If we do nothing to stop the evil, the solemn question for the American people is not out of place: Will the republic survive? No people, so much as we, need, for the very life of their political institutions, to cultivate sobriety; and yet America takes rank among the intemperate nations of the world. In monarchies and empires it matters far less how the people behave: the ruling power may still guide aright the ship of state. In a republic the people are the rulers; each citizen exercises through his vote sovereign power. The right of suffrage is a most sacred trust: the life of the commonwealth depends upon its proper exercise. From each one of us God will on the judgment day demand an account of our civic as well as our private acts, and before Him the citizen will stand guilty who will have aided by his vote to place in office, state or municipal, bad or dangerous men. Nor will the plea of mere party politics excuse him: loyalty to the country is the first and highest political duty. If ever the republic fail, it will be because our form of government presupposes men better than they are. Behold, then, our danger; a danger which no republic in Rome or Athens ever encountered, a danger peculiarly our own,—alcohol! Woe betide the republic of the West, if hundreds of thousands deposit their ballots while the fumes of alcohol darken their brain; if the caucus of the reigning

party is held around a saloon-counter; if the party slate is ever written near the whiskey bottle or the beer glass! Woe betide her if the men chosen by popular vote to enact or administer our laws cringe through fear before saloon-keepers, receive their inspiration from the whiskey and beer elements in the population, and speak and act at the bidding of King Alcohol! Yet, if we look well at things, the peril is upon us. The liquor element shows itself most bold in politics; if daring and courage were the sole qualifications for power, it would assuredly deserve to reign. On the other hand, the moral and conservative men in the population too often shrink away into quiet security, timid and inactive. As the result, the most incapable and the worst men in city and state may at any time be entrusted with the reins of authority, and be permitted to shatter with fatal blow the pillars upon which rest our most cherished institutions. If the republic is to be perpetuated, alcohol should be made to feel that it is barely tolerated, and that it must never under severe penalty court power or seek to control politics. Alcohol can not be the political king: else, the republic becomes a mere memory of the past.

#### INTEMPERANCE, A SIN BEFORE GOD.

I have not yet mentioned the most fearful of all evils connected with intemperance. The evils I have spoken of are secondary, accidental evils. The prime evil of intemperance is that, by blotting out God's image from the soul, it insults God, and is a heinous sin. The penalties of intemperance which I have heretofore marked out are comparatively of slight and passing nature. The dread penalty, extending through eternity, is this sentence of Holy Writ: "Drunkards shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Drunkenness is a hydra-headed sin, begetting countless others. Where it reigns the demon reigns; God's angels depart. He who loves God and loves souls as God wishes him to love them, must be the unrelenting enemy of intemperance, of all that leads to intemperance, of all that is allied with intemperance. Oh! the thousands of souls that are daily damned through drink! And for those souls Christ died, and we are not alarmed at their loss! If men are carried away by

the rushing waters of a flood, we endeavor to save them: when rum is the deluge, and hell the death, we are motionless. Alcohol has wrested millions of souls from God's Church; and devotion to Church should be, with her children, the most powerful of all motives to wage war against it.

#### THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

We are men, citizens, Christians; as such, debtors to humanity, to country, to religion. Is it not our solemn duty "to sound an alarm?" Is it not the need of the hour to rouse men to a sense of the danger which is overwhelming us on all sides? What most frightens and discourages me in presence of modern intemperance is the singular apathy—inexplicable, I confess, to me—of the good and moral portions of the population towards the evil. They do but little, if anything, as if but little, if anything, were to be done. There are even those among them who seem to regret that efforts are made against the reign of alcohol. Temperance workers are called by them enthusiasts, fanatics, and, microscope in hand, they scrutinize our plans and minute workings to seek matter for censure. If a mistake is made along our lines, they rejoice. Are temperance workers, we might almost ask, or saloon keepers, the enemy? No careful scrutiny is made of the plans and workings of alcohol, which, while we are disputing on details, is sending destruction through the land and filling hell with souls. We have scruples lest we hurt its minions overmuch, or some abstract right of theirs be forgotten. I sometimes think that our apathy is but another sad proof of alcohol's conquests. We are afraid to enter the lists against it, so potent has it become in the halls of legislation, in the marts of commerce, around the very doors of our churches. Perhaps, too, I sometimes imagine, we deprecate the logical consequences which the war would force upon ourselves in our daily life. We pat with tender touch our own social glass, which our feelings persuade us we use, but never abuse; and we tremble lest, in a general war upon alcohol, some stray pebble might strike and shatter that cherished glass. But surely I am mistaken: the reason of our apathy is that we have not reflected sufficiently upon the evils of alcohol.

#### THE PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES EXCEPTIONAL AND EXTRAORDINARY.

It is well to bear in mind that the modern alcoholic eruption is an extraordinary crisis in the history of social morals. Intemperance there has been always in the world since the days of Noah, and at all times, as we learn from the warnings of Holy Scripture, alcohol, even in its mildest dilutions, demanded most cautious handling. But never was intemperance so widespread and so violent as it is to-day. The evil has been steadily increasing since the discovery of the art of distillation and the consequent introduction into popular use of ardent spirits. The last century seems bad enough, as we view it through the chronicles of the time, which tell us of stout drinking parties, even to most shameful excess, among the upper classes of society. Drunkenness, we would fancy, was then a sort of social virtue. We are far worse off to-day. Cultured social opinion may frown more severely upon excess; but drunkenness is to-day far more universal, and its effects far more brutal. Intemperance has taken hold of all classes; it weighs as a fatal millstone upon the necks of the masses; it has entered into all the arteries of the social body. And annually is the giant evil gaining in destructive power. "In 1859," said lately Cardinal Manning, "the number of liquor shops in England was 50,000. To-day it is 200,000. It has increased fourfold, while the population has not more than doubled itself." The American saloon, we can have no doubt, has been multiplied in similar ratio. Until very recently, the drink-plague had chosen as its peculiar ground the northern latitudes of Europe and America: more southern countries were comparatively free from its ravages. Even over these is it now spreading with alarming rapidity. Drunkenness is becoming quite common in Belgium, France, Germany and Switzerland. The populations of those countries are using ardent spirits in large quantities. As a consequence, the taste for alcoholic drinks of all sorts is disordered and abnormal. Beers and wines are consumed in most unnatural draughts. The beer product last year in the German empire was 830,000,000 gallons, the consumption in Bavaria aver-



aging 200 quarts to every person in the population, women and children included. An imperial commission is at present working in Russia to seek out and propose measures for the diminution of intemperance in the empire. The closing years of the Nineteenth Century has its plague, worse, far worse, than the Black Plague of some centuries ago. All those facts before us, is it not absurd, when the temperance question comes up for discussion, to argue in the abstract, or to consider only what would be useful or sufficient, right or wrong, in ages and in countries separated altogether in the nature and the extent of the disease from the case with which we must deal to-day? This abstract reasoning is, I put it, one of our worst curses, as it excuses our apathy and self-indulgence, and leads us to misrepresent the activity and the motives of zealous, earnest men. We need, if we would do good, to be practical and to deal with problems as we find them at hand.

#### IS PROHIBITION THE REMEDY?

Certainly temperance workers, also, must be practical in the means which they propose. We can not lose time in dreaming about measures which present public opinion will not allow us to enforce. Neither must we by remedying one evil introduce another. Our principles of action should be always philosophically and socially correct. In dealing with the alcohol question it is of no purpose to say that the use of alcohol is always wrong, or that the selling of alcohol for drink is, also, intrinsically wrong. The propositions are not true. What is true is that the use of alcohol, the sale of alcohol, are things most perilous, and strong precautionary measures should be taken in both cases to prevent evil results. When civil communities, like families, agree by free option, to exclude from their territory, completely and forever, all alcoholic drinks, my blessing attends them. If no such general agreement exists, how far one portion of the population has the moral right to restrain by law the sale and use of liquor, is the great question in temperance politics. The sole logical plea upon which prohibition can ever seek to obtain a hearing is this: that liquor-selling has become among us such a nuisance

that the most sacred interests of the people, the salvation of the commonwealth itself, are imperilled, and that all other means less radical have been tried in vain to avert the calamity. It must be borne in mind that under our free government it is a very dangerous proceeding to infringe to any considerable distance upon private rights and liberties under the plea of the public welfare. The very essence of our republican government is, that it will respect as far as it may be at all possible, private rights. Individual taste as to what we are to eat or drink is one of the most personal of our natural rights, one of the last subjects, indeed, even in extreme cases, for public legislation. The case is, certainly, supposable, when matters should have come to such a pass, as, I believe, they have in China as regards the use of opium, that nothing but prohibition would suffice, then *Salus populi suprema lex*, would be my principle. Even then, however, we should have to consider whether public opinion had been so formed as to warrant the practical enforcement of prohibition. The first work must at all times be to appeal to the intelligence and moral nature of men. Legislation by itself will be idle speech. It has its purpose: it removes and lessens temptations; it assists and strengthens moral sentiment; but alone it neither creates, nor takes the place of virtue. So far, in America, I imagine, public opinion is not prepared for prohibition; nor have we with sufficient loyalty tried other less radical measures, to be justified in invoking the forlorn hope—absolute prohibition. If in the future, however, the country shall be precipitated towards extremes on the liquor question, the liquor dealers will themselves have brought about the crisis: they will reap the whirlwind where they will have sown the wind. By resisting, as they do at present, all rational and moderate measures for the suppression or diminution of the evils of alcohol, they will have forced us to cut them off as men madly and incurably opposed to the interests of the commonwealth.

#### HIGH LICENSE.

What is at once practicable, and would be most serviceable in diminishing the evils of intemperance, is to demand of liquor

sellers high-license fees. There are two grounds upon which we base our plea for high license. One is the economic ground: if a traffic of any kind puts unusual impediments in the wheels of government, state or municipal, and increases to an inordinate degree its expenses, the traffic should be made to bear its due proportion of those expenses. Before saloon-keepers have reason to complain of injustice, or harsh treatment, they should be made to pay over three-fourths of all sums spent annually in maintaining police forces, criminal courts, jails, public charities. In allowing them to pay but trifles of those sums, the state or city is guilty of deep injustice towards the sober citizen, who is taxed to repair the harm inflicted by liquor upon society. The second ground for high license is the moral consideration that it is the duty of government to prevent as well as to punish wrong-doing, when no principle is violated by such prevention, and to put restrictions upon a traffic which is dangerous to public morals. Saloons are numerous beyond all justification, and in most cases are in the hands of reckless individuals. High license will reduce the number. Not many who would be candidates for a bar, could pay \$1000 or \$500; nor would the wholesale dealer be anxious, as he is now, to advance the license fee. High license would drive saloons from the outlying districts into the more central portions of the city, where police control is more effective. It would end the unholy alliance between groceries and liquor, and the poor laborer or his wife could buy a pound of tea or sugar without being invited to buy also a glass of whiskey or beer. The impecunious fellows, ashamed to beg and too idle to work, willing, however, to sell whiskey, are often the men most careless of consequences: their idea is to make money. They would be kept out of the business. A salutary fear would rest upon all liquor dealers of violating city ordinances lest they lose their license, which has some value when it costs \$500 or \$1000. Nor would so many drink, if we had high license. There are men who will seek out whiskey or beer wherever it is and pay any money for it. There are many others, however, who will not drink when temptation is not

thrust upon them. The poor workingman after his day's work will not walk several blocks to find a saloon. If it is next door; and the selfish keeper, envying the dollar he has earned so hard; invites him with a sickly smile and a shake of his clammy hand to cross its threshold, the poor man will yield, and get drunk. Diminish the saloons, and you diminish the number of drinkers. A low-license fee is an open encouragement to the indefinite and irresponsible multiplication of rum-holes in every street and in every block of our cities.

#### ENFORCE EXISTING LAWS.

Then we should see that the laws already enacted for the repression of intemperance be rigidly enforced. There are laws forbidding the sale of liquor to minors, to habitual drunkards, obliging saloons as well as other places of traffic to close their doors on Sundays. These laws if allowed to remain a dead letter on the statute-book paralyze the whole social machinery, the consequence being that law in general is not respected or feared. Why, in a special manner, are laws regarding the sale of liquor permitted to be violated? Does it not appear that saloon-keepers place themselves above the law, and are practically a law to the whole community? The blame rests with the people at large; it rests with you, my hearers; it rests with the conservative, law-abiding citizens. They do not speak, and the officers of the law either believe that public opinion warrants the violation of liquor laws, or, receiving no support from the moral elements of the community, they have not the courage to face the evil. A city government does the expressed bidding of the citizens. If but one class speak—the saloon-keepers—their bidding is done.

#### PERSONAL TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Something more, however, than the exercise of your political power in favor of temperance will I ask of you: a personal tribute to the cause by abstaining totally yourselves from the use of intoxicating beverages. Personal temperance in the present extraordinary crisis of the plague, to be sure and effective, must take the form of social abstinence. I am talking, I know, to men and women who are safe in their own persons



from the alcoholic plague: but, I assume too, I am talking to men and women who are conscious of a duty to their fellowmen, to their near neighbors, to their relatives, perhaps to their own children. We desire to do our share in saving and protecting them. For them total abstinence is a necessity. Those who have at any time fallen victims to the plague can not taste alcohol without almost a certain collapse. Thousands of others have never yet been in a state of intoxication: but they show a fondness for the glass; their system is already worked up from continuous potations to such a pitch of nervous excitement, that the frequent draught is a need. Maybe they are simply, as yet, untried in life's battles: from very inexperience they must fear the contagion, total abstinence should be their rule. Drinking alcohol for them is clinging to a precipice; it is treading downward the steep ascent of an Alpine range over which trained mountaineers fear to travel. Honey-combed as society is with drinking customs, pressed at every step to drink, encouraged by high example of parents and esteemed neighbors, laughed at by companions if they refuse the glass, the weak, the young, are so completely exposed to danger that their escape is akin to the miraculous unless they are teetotalers. Shall we preach total abstinence to them without being ourselves total abstainers? We are speaking in the air. Practice alone renders our words effective. They to whom we are speaking will draw no line between our strength and their own weakness, and they will pass us by as idle talkers.

Our personal total abstinence will remove the great stumbling-block in the pathway of temperance—the social customs of the day. Alcohol has succeeded, divesting itself purposely of the grossness which it usually wears in obtaining social favor, the approval of fashion. The power of the day with the multitude is fashion; good and evil gain favor according as they are more or less fashionable. Drink has been and is fashionable. It occupies the honored place on the tables of the leaders of society; at public banquets the toast of the occasion demands a copious libation; visit a friend, and simultaneously with the chair as a signal of hospitable welcome, the decanter appears; when acquaintances meet a treat is offered;

at wedding and at christening, liquor flows. Alcohol has constituted itself the test of freindship, the token of joy, the comfort in sadness: it has gained the seal of social dignity. It demands as a right these social honors; he who refuses them is deemed cold, heartless, singular, eccentric; he feels out of place in the world, and unless his moral courage permits him to frown upon all foes, he discards total abstinence. Why, men and women, young and old, are, as it were, compelled to drink. In this way drunkards are made; in this way the reformation of drunkards becomes impossible. The so-called decent customs of society create and foster the appetite, and are the never-interrupted streams that fill up the sea of misery and sin—the drink plague.

There is no hope of arresting this evil until the whole order of social ideas upon the use of alcohol has been reversed. Drinking must be declared unfashionable; alcohol must be made to wear its true colors in the gilded parlor as well as in the poor man's cabin, amid the banqueting throngs, as well as in cellar saloons. Men must come to feel that they do no favor to those whom they press to drink; friends must resent as an injury such invitations. When this shall have been accomplished, the era of intemperance will be nearing the evening of its course. The fashion will work downwards through all classes. The saloon-keepers themselves, in numbers, finding that no longer can they be pillars in Church and State, will heed their remaining instincts of self-respect and will abandon a business that disgraces themselves and their children.

This change is to be wrought through the influence of men and women such as I am honored in being permitted to address this evening. Each one has his influence, and with each one influence is a talent for which an account shall be demanded by the Supreme Judge.

OUR CATHOLICS OF INFLUENCE TOO  
SELDOM HELP US.

To silent example add, as time and opportunity will permit, active work. Speak, exhort, explain, as the case may be. Reach out the hand to some struggling neighbor

to sustain and direct him. Take part in associations formed for the spread of temperance, for the proper enforcement of the laws, for the distribution of healthy literature on the subject of temperance and other kindred virtues. There is power in associations which the members working separately do not own. In this instance, let me express my high appreciation of well-known societies, the representatives of which throng the hall this evening, and whose zeal and persevering energy I know from intercourse with them—I speak of the societies connected with the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. They have done a noble work among the Catholics of the country, amid many difficulties, often with slight encouragement from the communities whose battles they were fighting. I pray that rich blessings may attend them, and that with new energy they may reach out to wider fields of labor with promise of most abundant harvests. The obstacle to the success of these societies heretofore has been that the more influential Catholics, those of more affluence, of higher social positions, have kept aloof from them. The laborer, the mechanic, the poor man, in one word, has been charged with the duty of fighting the whole battle. This is not as it should be. I do not discard the poor man, God forbid! but I would enlist in our ranks the rich as well as the poor. If God has placed us in more elevated stations, we owe Him more loyal service. There is a tendency, which is not according to God's ways, that as men ascend in society they sever themselves from their fellowmen, do not feel the same sympathy with their wants, and are afraid to come in contact with the masses even for the furtherance of noble causes. In the temperance warfare I make a special appeal to men of affluence and of influence; they can do much for us, and we need their aid.

#### A SPECIAL WORD TO IRISHMEN.

A few more words and I will have done. I wish to address them to those of my hearers for whose ears, as for my own, the name of the Isle of Saints is music most sweet. All that I have said on the evils of intemperance assumes in my mind a peculiar depth of meaning when I view intemperance as among the Irish people. Then more than ever do I feel my heart swelling under feelings

of intense hatred and my whole soul bending all its energies in war against alcohol. The true Irish patriot must ever signalize alcohol as the chief enemy of his race; when he is alcohol's subject, whether by yielding to it his own appetite, or by obeying in aught its influence, he is a traitor to his country's best interests.

Our misfortune in this country—to speak now but of Irishmen in America—is that so often over the doorways of saloons Irish names are inscribed, and too often do Irishmen visit saloons. Thence derive all the ills from which we suffer, and which at times cause us to lower our heads in shame. If there are Irish inmates in jails and almshouses, if Irishmen throng the tenement-house and the cellar in the impoverished districts of our cities, if more Irishmen do not attain, in America, the high places in commerce, in statesmanship, in wealth, and in fame, to which their strong arm and brilliant mind entitle them—the cause is that they drink. If among other races three-fourths of the crime and the pauperism with which they are debited result from the use of alcohol, I do not fear to say that among Irishmen ninety-five per cent or more would be the correct figure. So good are the Irish people without liquor; so bad are they with it. Their warm blood can not endure the stimulant, and with but limited draughts they are more subdued by the demon of intemperance than others who would imbibe larger quantities.

No people bury beneath the wreck which alcohol produces brighter and more valued virtues. Were we all sober we could challenge, for our noble gifts of mind and heart, the admiration of the world; our temporal and social prosperity would be at once assured. The pity! O the pity! that the great Irish race, amid the wondrous opportunities which America unfolds, should not rise to its full stature in the glory of earth and heaven! What are its hopes? The best—if we remember the lessons of Ireland's great benefactor, Rev. Theobald Mathew. What are its hopes? I have none—if we continue to pay tribute to alcohol. Did I not read aright the signs of the times when I believe that the Irish people are determined to give battle to this inveterate foe and to honor themselves by their strict adherence to temperance, I would, for my own part, abandon all efforts to raise

them upwards, and fold my hands in despair.

As we love our race, as we would gain for Irishmen honor from our fellow-citizens of other nationalities, as we would brighten the sky over the old Island home itself, I beg of my Irish hearers to labor with me to hasten the day when no Irishman will keep, and no Irishman will patronize, a saloon.

[NOTE.—It is worthy of remark that the lecture netted over one thousand dollars; and Right Reverend Bishop Ireland having characteristically declined to receive any compensation whatever, the St. Patrick Society divided the amount realized equally between the Little Sisters of the Poor and the St. Vincent Infant Asylum, which was a welcome aid to those deserving institutions.]

### The Shamrock.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

LIKE a gem on the blue-bosomed ocean  
Lies the small, sparkling Emerald Isle:  
Struggling still, though the country's emotion  
Lies hid 'neath the glint of her smile.  
Far away in the land of the fairy,  
O'er the down and the green-swarded lea,  
Grows a plant,—may its shape never vary—  
Patrick's type of the true Trinity.

In the eyes of the poor humble peasant,  
To the scholars and rich Irish lords,  
Nothing earthly brings thoughts half so pleasant  
As a glimpse of the Shamrock affords.  
Tho' of gold its three leaves should be minted,  
Tho' the sheen of the Shamrock depart,  
Still the light of its green would be printed  
In the depths of each Irishman's heart.

Not a land but has known a defender  
In the crack of the Irishman's gun,  
From the regions of tropical splendor  
To the land of the long midnight sun.  
No! He follows the flag of no nation  
While Erin lies over the foam,  
But he'll die for sweet freedom's foundation,  
That the Shamrock may find a new home.

May we one day see Erin unveiling  
Her own statue of true liberty;  
May her groans and her tears and her wailing  
Be forgotten when Ireland is free;  
May she win the wide world's salutation,  
'Neath her banner the Shamrock so green;  
Then she'll be what she once was—a nation,  
Among all other nations the Queen.

### My Room-Mate's Scrap-Book.

In bath-robe and slippers, lounging in a big easy-chair before a blazing fire, I was lazily dreaming—or was the fire there? It seemed so to me, but I know that there is no fireplace in the room. The carpet is red and cosy, and that may account for the illusion. I was too drowsy to study and too lazy to go to bed, so looking for something to keep me awake until J— would return from the Mexican banquet, I picked up his scrap-book. The front cover was tattooed with postmarks from letters, and above the cigar-band portrait of Wm. Penn was the single word, "Friends."

Casually I turned its pages. On the first, true to his sense of the fitness of things, was the picture of our Reverend President, and opposite, class spirit claimed second place. A program of the Freshman banquet—yes, he is a loyal Freshman—stared out at me in its bold green and white. Pictures of "Our Teams," and of the particular stars of gridiron, track and diamond, adorned the following pages, and by the autographs I recognized his particular friends. A single faded carnation next claimed my attention. It meant nothing to me, but its carefully cherished petals may have meant much to my romantic room-mate. I am not abnormally curious, but I intend to find out yet the story of that little flower. I passed over in rapid succession page after page of athletic events, concerts in Washington Hall, and the plays presented by the dramatic clubs of the University, with their criticisms, and stopped to smile over an account of the wanderings of the Brownson Pedestrian Club. A long row of seat checks adorned one side of the next page, and a few miscellaneous theatre programs followed.

The collection of souvenir postal cards was too much for me, I guess, for when I looked up next, my room-mate was blowing smoke from a big Mexican cigar into my face to awaken me. Although I was too sleepy to moralize at the time, it has often occurred to me since that the scrap-book is the true mirror of college days: the finished product of higher education, the graduate, shows only the smooth surface, the polish acquired, but the edges lopped off are reflected in the scrap-book.—*Freshman.*

# Notre Dame Scholastic

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the  
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.  
Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana

Notre Dame, Indiana, May 8, 1909,

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—The positive necessity of physical exercise is not realized by many students until it is too late. A few years of hard study without due attention to this need will inevitably enervate the strongest constitution and ultimately incapacitate one even for intellectual work.

—Although all roads may lead to Rome it now seems that one of the surest is through the Anglican Church. This fact was brought forcibly to mind

A Romeward recently when an entire order of Sisters, representing the Church of England at Bloomsbury, joined the Catholic Church. They will continue in the work in which they were engaged before their conversion, wearing the same habit and occupying the same convent. Cases of individual conversion from Anglicanism to Catholicity have been so frequent that now even the more notable ones excite little or no comment. Many of the best thinkers of the English Church have taken the decisive step that brought them within the Fold. But when an entire community decides to embrace the Catholic faith, the fact is so significant that it can not escape notice. It proves conclusively that people enjoying a rational religious sense can not continue to subscribe

to the absurdity of a faith utterly lacking in unity. The Episcopal Church, although supposedly under the spiritual direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury, is divided into a multitude of factions, each one differing materially from the other. It is hard for a people to have genuine faith in a body which from one pulpit teaches a certain doctrine and from another pulpit denies it. The Ritualists hold a belief in the real presence in their eucharist; they reserve the host, and a sanctuary lamp is lighted before the altar. During their celebration of the eucharist the elements are elevated by the minister, while the people bow in adoration. In these same churches we find the book of Common Prayer containing the Thirty-Nine Articles of religion of which Article thirty-eight says: "Transubstantiation in the Supper of the Lord can not be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament and hath given occasion to many superstitions." A church so divided in its teachings can lay no claim to genuine unity and catholicity, and those Anglicans who fondly term themselves "English Catholics" must in time see the absurdity of such claim. In our opinion the step recently taken by the Sisters at Bloomsbury, is only the beginning of a great movement towards Rome. These women have set an example that will give assurance to hundreds, perhaps even thousands of others. Latter-day Episcopalianism can not satisfy the persistent seeker after truth. The Anglican myth about the Church of Jerusalem and its branches, of which Rome and England are but parts, is so utterly lacking in logic it is hard to believe that it is accepted seriously. If the Anglicans wish to be a portion of the Catholic Church established by Christ they need more than their vestments and rubrics; they will have to go a step further than the Anglo-Roman party has done; they will have to throw aside their pride, and accept the Primacy of Peter and the fact of Apostolic succession. It is to be hoped that they will soon come to a realization of this fact, and will follow not only the individual examples set by Cardinal Newman and the other distinguished converts, but the corporate example of the Sisters of Bloomsbury.

### Intercollegiate Peace Contest.

The second annual Indiana State Peace Contest was held in Fowler Hall at Purdue University on Friday evening, April 23. That the Intercollegiate Peace Association is bound to attain to the end for which it was established seems certain from the interest that has been manifested by the colleges and the excellent standard of oratory that has been reached even in the second year of its existence. Six colleges were represented—Notre Dame, De Pauw, Earlham, Indiana State, Goshen and Purdue.

The program was enhanced by the excellent musical numbers. The Purdue Girls' Glee Club made its initial appearance in public, and it was a very successful one. Miss E. L. Linn rendered an attractive organ interlude in the middle of the program. The tenor solos of Mr. A. W. Taylor at the close, before the decision of the judges was announced, were worthy of the hearty applause that the singer received.

Mr. Levi J. Pennington won first place for Earlham College. He is an orator of considerable ability, having a convincing delivery, and a deep bass voice which was used to great advantage. The Lafayette *Daily Courier* says: "Mr. Pennington is a member of the 1910 class at Earlham. He is a student of the Biblical course, and besides his school work is engaged in outside activities, being pastor of a church in Knightstown."

Second place was awarded to Mr. Bailly of Purdue. Mr. Bailly is a graduate of Amherst College, Massachusetts, and is now a junior in civil engineering at Purdue. He has a splendid stage presence and his oration and delivery were both strong. He is one of the first of the Boiler-Makers to enter the oratorical field, and he made a fine showing.

Mr. Wenninger for Notre Dame, and Mr. Stump of Goshen, tied for third. Notre Dame's representative was in excellent form. His oration was one of the most practical of the evening, dealing with the advantages of Reason over Force. In delivery he was perfectly at ease and spoke in a deliberate, forceful manner. He surpassed all the other speakers of the evening in oratorical polish

and training. He is a sophomore and with his possibilities for further development will still bring honors to Notre Dame.

Mr. Stump's principal virtue was in his fine oration. He dealt with the solution of the war problem by means of the Hague Tribunal. A good comparison was made between the workings at the Hague and the workings of the Federal Government of the United States.

Mr. Adams of De Pauw dealt with the ethical side of peace against war. His oration was certainly well composed, but he lost out on his presentation. Mr. Spink on the "World of Peace," for Indiana University, received last place. He too went down on delivery. His oration was philosophical in construction.

The contest was well attended, and it certainly merited it. Dean C. H. Benjamin of Purdue presided. The judges were Hon. Dan. W. Simms of Lafayette, Archibald M. Hall, of Indianapolis, and Prof. Rolla W. Brown of Wabash. The following is the markings of the judges:

G. J. F.

#### NAMES OF JUDGES

	R. W. Brown		A. M. Hall		Dan. W. Sims			
CONTESTANTS	Place	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Grade	Rank	Total
Wenninger, Notre Dame	3	84	2	70	4	80½	3	9
Adams, De Pauw	5	77	5	65	5	77¾	6	16
Pennington, Earlham	1	91	1	80	2	83½	1	4
Spink, Indiana	6	70	6	60	6	78	5	17
Stump, Goshen	3	80	4	81	1	80¾	4	9
Baily, Purdue	2	82	3	75	3	81½	2	8

### Hamilton Holt on International Peace.

On Monday afternoon the student body had a rare intellectual treat in a lecture on International Peace by one of the great leaders of the cause, Mr. Hamilton Holt, Managing Editor of the *New York Independent*, and an active member of the International Peace Congress at the Hague.

In a clear and convincing way the speaker handled the big problem, and in the short time allotted him covered practically the whole question, stating the ultimate aim of the present International Peace agitation, what has been accomplished in its realization during the past, and what we can reasonably expect will be accomplished in the future.

Mr. Holt's statistics were a feature of the lecture, because they showed an acquaintance with the practical, up-to-date side of the question that indicated the thorough study of a leader, supplemented by an originality of thought of one whose ideas have had some weight at the Hague, all of which left the impression that the International Peace idea is not a mere dream but a practical proposition, and that it is only a question of time when it will be a fact.

The substitution of law for war, Mr. Holt pointed out, is the basis on which rests practically all that is being done in behalf of International Peace. A plan conceived several years ago by Mr. Holt himself and suggested to Joseph H. Choate, president of the American delegation to the Hague in 1907, was to organize the world politically in much the same manner as our Thirteen Original States were federated into our present Union. To some degree this idea is embodied in what has been done to further International Peace at the Hague. As an active member of these congresses, Mr. Holt is especially fitted to say what was done there and what the results are. The most significant result reached in the First Hague Conference was the agreement signed by twenty-six nations to settle by voluntary arbitration any national dispute that might arise. As a result of this agreement seventy-five disputes were peacefully settled by arbitration, two wars averted and one stopped after hostilities had begun. The Second Hague Conference in 1907 substituted compulsory for voluntary arbitration, passed measures which will lessen the horrors of war, and established what when perfected will probably be the greatest factor in realizing universal peace, a Permanent Court of Arbitral Justice,—not a mere court of arbitration, but a judicial court modelled largely on our United States Supreme Court. This project, although it has been described as a joint Anglo-American-German proposal, was substantially American, as Mr. Holt observed, it being first conceived by Frederick Hols, the daring leader of the peace idea in the United States, and proposed to the American Delegation to the Hague by Elihu Root, our late Secretary of State. The lecture thus afforded us first-hand and

authoritative information concerning this great matter which is now of world-wide interest, and was calculated to arouse the interest which everyone ought to have in this subject.

#### Lectures by Father Smith.

The great treat of the year for the students in the collegiate and academic English classes is the course of lectures now being given them by Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith of New York. The first was a general lecture given on Tuesday afternoon by way of introduction to the series. A glance at program gives assurance of a most interesting course, since, as all of us know, the Reverend lecturer is a man of wide experience and notable success in the literary world. "The living influence of a book will be the thesis of these talks." The lectures are primarily for the English classes, but anyone having the leisure could not employ it better than by attending them. The following is a complete list of subjects and dates.

#### PROGRAM OF LECTURES.

- May 5th—Literary Fads.
- " 7th—Literary Idols.
- " 8th—Dry Rot in Literature.
- " 10th—The Ibsen Dramas.
- " 11th—Romantic Drama.
- " 12th—Current Drama.
- " 14th—Catholic Drama.
- " 15th—Anti-Catholic Drama.
- " 17th—Longfellow's Triumph.
- " 18th—Swinburn's Failure.
- " 16th—Emerson's Failure.
- " 21st—Newman's Triumph.
- " 22d—A Great Novelist.
- " 24th—Three Great Novels.
- " 25th—Marion Crawford.
- " 26th—The Press Agency.
- " 28th—Literary Criticism.
- " 29th—Secularism.

#### PREPARATORY LECTURES.

- May 5th—Literary Forms: the Essay.
- " 8th " " the Poem.
- " 12th " " the Story.
- " 15th " " the Novel.
- " 19th " " Romanticism.
- " 22d—Literary Movements: Realism.
- " 26th " " Pessimism.
- " 29th " " Nothingism.





KENNETH DENMAN MOORE.

We have pleasure in printing the above picture of "Jack" Moore for the comfort of those to whom he was a friend and favorite. A High Mass of Requiem was celebrated for him in the presence of his fellow-students last Thursday.

#### Personals.

—Paul Burke (student 1906-7) is assistant manager of the Kokomo Brass Company, Kokomo, Ind.

—F. W. Barrow (student 1882) is now a prominent member of the Bluff City Lumber Co., Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

—Raymond A. McNally (student 1895-'7) is sales-manager for the Marengo Portland Cement Company at Caledonia, N. Y.

—James A. Dickinson, student of the Uni-

versity thirty-nine years ago, is now a practising physician at Falls Church, Va.

—Frank W. Hartyes (student 1905) is now secretary and treasurer of the Gary Concrete Construction Company, Gary, Indiana.

—Jorge C. Portugal (student 1901-'2), now interested in the Real Estate business in Mexico City, was a recent visitor at the University.

—Eugene E. McCarthy (student 1896-'01) has become a member of the firm of E. J. McCarthy and Company, painters and decorators, 1704 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

—The marriage of Miss Louise Weber to Mr. Robert D. Sullivan was celebrated in St. Augustine's Church, Brooklyn, April 26th. The newly married couple will be at home after June 1st, 106 S. Taylor Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois. The groom was a student of the University 1902-'4. All at Notre Dame wish Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan every blessing.

—Mr. Frederick Warde, the famous tragedian, has opened at Wardesden, North White Lake, New York, the Frederick Warde Institute of oratory, expression and dramatic art. Mr. Warde is a favorite lecturer at the University, and we make this announcement in the hope that some of our students who have admired his work in Washington Hall may be among those who enjoy daily contact with him during the summer months in Wardesden.

—The Rev. Herbert Vaughan, whose visit to the University this year is so pleasant a memory in the minds of all, has been recalled from the Apostolic Mission House in Washington to his own archdiocese of Westminster, England, to resume his work among the non-Catholics of his country. On the eve of his departure he addresses to American Catholics a letter appealing for funds to carry on his work in England. The letter is a charming production reflecting the beautiful character of the writer, and we are sure that all American Catholics will receive it sympathetically. Doubtless among the readers of the SCHOLASTIC there will be a few who will be glad to know of this missionary opportunity. They may send their contributions to the Reverend Herbert Vaughan, Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D. C.

## Athletic Notes.

Owing to the cold weather, the meet with Wabash, scheduled for May 1st, and which was to have been an outdoor meet, was held in the Gymnasium. The result was an overwhelming victory for Notre Dame, 69 to 19.

Wabash was unable to secure a first place in any event, with the exception of the pole vault, in which event Starbuck and Moriarty divided the points. Wasson was the highest point winner of the meet, winning first honors in three events, while Fletcher was a close second with two firsts and a second.

The mile-run rather surprised many of those present. The Wabash runner was hopelessly outclassed early in the race, and the interest centred on Steers, Ben Oliel and Devine. Steers led nearly all the way, but on the last quarter of the eleventh lap Ben Oliel started his sprint which he kept up until the end of the race, out-distancing Steers by ten or fifteen yards. It was a pretty sprint, well timed and was one of the best finishes seen in the gym this season. The broad jump gave rise to some splendid jumping. From the first it was a duel between Wasson and Roth, the former winning with a leap of twenty-one feet ten inches.

Dimmick defeated Brown in the shot put by three-quarters of an inch with a put of forty-one feet and one inch. Moriarty took the high hurdles in good form from Hester, but in the low hurdles strained a tendon in his right leg, just after clearing the first hurdle and was unable to finish.

## Summary.

40-yd. dash—Wasson 1st; Fletcher 2d; time, 4 4-5.  
40-yd. L. hurdles—Fletcher 1st; Hestler 2d; time, 5 sec.  
40-yd. H. hurdles—Moriarty 1st; Hestler 2d; time, 5 3-5.  
220-yd. dash—Wasson 1st; Johnson 2d; time, 25 2 5.  
440-yd. run—Duffy 1st; Demming 2d; time, 54 3-5.  
880-yd. run—Dana 1st; Foley 2d; time, 2:07.  
Mile run—Ben Oliel 1st; Steers 2d; time, 4:49.  
Pole Vault—Moriarty and Starbuck tied for first; height, 10 feet.  
High jump—Fletcher and Connell tied for first; height, 5 feet 3 inches.  
Broad jump—Wasson 1st; Roth 2d; distance, 21 feet 10 inches.  
Shot put—Dimmick 1st; Brown 2d; distance, 41 feet 1 inch.

The game at Ann Arbor last Saturday

afternoon was called at the end of the second inning on account of the inclement weather. Neither side scored during the two innings.

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Notre Dame, 4; Wabash, 1.

The Notre Dame Varsity journeyed to Crawfordsville, Monday, May 3, and defeated the Little Giants on Ingall's Field, 4 to 1. "Dreamy" Scanlon, who served up the slants for Notre Dame, kept the Wabash hits well scattered, and Irwin for Wabash was very effective, except in the eighth inning. Then, with the score two to one in our favor, Daniels beat out a bunt. Ruell singled, sending Daniels to third, and immediately afterward stole second. "Dike" Scanlon proved himself the man of the hour with a hit to right, scoring Daniels and Ruell and clinching the game.

## Score by innings:

Notre Dame	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	=4	7	2
Wabash	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	=1	7	3

Batteries—Irwin and Bowers; Scanlon and Scanlon.

\*\*\*

Notre Dame, 8; Olivet, 2.

The Varsity defeated Olivet on Cartier Field last Wednesday by a score of eight to two. A slump in fielding in the sixth inning gave the visitors two runs, putting them in the lead. But a home run by Daniels in the seventh, with one man on base, cleared up things, and to make matters perfectly secure the locals scored five more in the eighth. Ryan pitched a splendid game, allowing only three scattered hits and one base on balls.

## Score by innings:

Notre Dame	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	5	x=8	11	4	
Olivet	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	=2	3	2

Batteries—Sandford and Martin; Ryan and McDonough.

\*\*\*

Notre Dame, 4; Wabash, 0.

This year's athletic schedule with Wabash was concluded yesterday with the time 4 to 0. The weather was simply superb and the diamond fast. "Billy" Burke pitched an almost perfect game. Kelly as usual made a couple of good attempts to lose the ball. Irwin pitched a good steady game for the visitors, but the support was weak at times. The stick-work of Ash, the one-armed right-fielder for Wabash, was the phenomenal feature of the game.

N. D.	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	=4	6	2
Wabash	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	=0	5	3

L. C. M.