

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 30, 1910.

No. 29.

Witnesses to Christ.*

And the witnesses laid down their garments at the feet of a young man whose name was Saul.—*Acts, vii, 57.*

RT. REV. MONSIGNOR AND GENTLEMEN
OF THE UNIVERSITY:

He would be a brave man indeed who should venture in this venerable presence to speak of theology, of philosophy, of Scripture or the other sacred studies. You have great masters, many of whom are esteemed wherever learning is known. You have the best methods of study, whether of the modern or the ancient day. Especially—since all good teaching is really a sacramental action, a sort of communication of spirit—you have high example and incentive from the Faculty. Most of all, you have the Great Finality of Truth. We Catholics have what the world, in spite of its brave professions, never can have: the divinely derived assurance that in the most important and sacred matters of human study we can not go wrong; that if—which God forbid!—the blinding vision should come to us of another kind from that which came to Saul, like Saul we have only to say: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" in order to hear out of the heavens the unfailing Voice directing us to "go into the city and there it shall be told thee what to do." Like Paul and Jerome and Augustine and Aquinas and the outstanding figures of all the Christian centuries therefore, Catholics give more thought to the safeguards than to the restrictions set around them by their holy faith.

These great advantages you have in virtue of your being here; what, then, may

* Discourse delivered by President Cavanaugh at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., on the feast of St. Paul, Patron of the Faculty of Theology.

profitably be said to you on the feast of him who during all the Christian ages has been pre-eminently called "the Apostle." For what did this University stand in the yearning vision of the founders? For what does it stand to-day in the hope of the Catholic clergy and laity of America?

Primarily for the highest learning and the most efficient use of it. All honor to the old Sulpician and diocesan seminaries that gave us the venerable parish clergy of America. Tapestried with holy memories, these old schools will always be tenderly cherished by generations of priestly sons as the *Alma Mater* of their souls! In founding this University the Fathers never dreamed that the product of it would be more dazzling examples of priestly faith and piety and chastity, more heroic exemplars of apostolic zeal and poverty and sacrifice. It would have been almost ungrateful, as well as futile, even to cherish the hope. Doubtless the parish priest has sometimes been over-zealous to edify the Church materially. Doubtless there was wisdom as well as genius in the words of that great Archbishop, your first Rector, whose name must have life and love within these walls forever, and who, returning from the so-called Catholic countries, where cathedrals were magnificent and abundant and empty, found it in his heart to say: "I hope that the day will never come in America when these great cathedrals will stand as monuments in the graveyard of Religion." But remember that if the church-building priest and bishop have had their monumental enthusiasms they came by them honestly. They are the natural manifestations of an instinct developed in the hardy pioneer days. If the priest builds stately churches now, is it not because that

same priest was forced by poverty to build modest chapels on the back streets of our cities a few years or decades ago? Is it not because in the matter of development fifty years of Europe have been better than a cycle of Cathay; and because our people have been called upon to supply in one or two generations such churches and schools and convents as other peoples created during the long Catholic centuries? Above all, let it be forever remembered with gratitude that if the old pastor had his imperfections he had his fine exemptions, too; and one of the finest was a noble aloofness from the spirit of aristocracy, whether of blood or of books, which has stood as a wall of separation between priest and people in certain of the older countries.

There was, then, no cause for discontent with the spirit or the zeal of the old seminary priests. The aspiration of the American hierarchy was after a clergy whose preparation should not be hurried by the exigencies of growing dioceses; a clergy grown to its fullest stature in the leisure, the atmosphere and the opportunity here afforded; a militant clergy instinct not alone with the sense of general battle but with the courage and the skill to wage single combat against the enemies of Revealed Truth. The bishops surely dreamed of a race of youthful Davids, who when the Goliaths of error stood forth to mock and deride the armies of the Lord, should send ringing through the world the holy challenge: Who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God? And then, waiving aside the armor in which other men had fought—"not willing to wear any other man's clothes"—should stand forth in their own naked strength to hurl against the giant the little pebble that kills: the pebble of truth so feared of every hectoring Philistine before and since Goliath.

And what work awaits the Davids? St. Paul was the Apostle to the Gentiles: shall there be no Apostles to the genteels? I do not, of course, mean the superficial fops and dandies of the world; the social climbers and the lion tamers and the tedious parlor wits; but shall there be no part of the priestly family dedicated to the salvation of minds as well as of souls? or rather to the salvation of minds as a means to the salvation of souls?

It is a lamentable fact that, so far at least as intellectual influence is concerned, the forces of error have to-day captured the imagination of the world. We who are within the Church have a loyal conviction that she is still the custodian of knowledge as well as of Faith. We know of our great universities throughout the world and of our modest scholars who see deeply into the darkest questions of the schools and laboratories and cabinets. We write learned papers and deliver massive lectures to prove—what is undoubtedly true—that the Church has from the beginning been the friend of learning; that the fathers of every science have been her sons; that the arts have survived because they have been her handmaids; and indeed that the world has received hardly any immortal service except from her children. These things we know who are within the Church; but is it not true that the critic and the sceptic have succeeded in imposing their consciousness upon the world? Is not the old faith discredited in the minds of millions who do not, who can not, weigh and analyze and reject?

And here the preaching, baptizing, absolving parish priest may well retort upon the clerical savant. It is the beautiful charity the parish priest bestows upon the poor, the solicitude he shows for the children of his people, the fatherly love with which he enters into their joys and sorrows, that glorify the priesthood in the common eye. It is the work of the patient Sisterhoods and the multitudinous and ingenious ministrations of mercy devised by the Church that still hold for her the respect and admiration of the outer world. On its charitable and moral side the work of the priesthood had been brilliant; but has the scholar done his duty? Have we as a people achieved literary and scientific respectability here in America? Are we opposing a strong intellectual barrier to the advance of unbelief not only among our own people but throughout the nation? The Goliaths of error stalk proud and insolent before us; have we the Davids to send out against them?

Our hope lies in the University. A great American priest—it is fitting that I should mention the name of Hecker on the day when the great Community he founded is celebrating its Golden Jubilee—Father Hecker

has said that if St. Paul lived in our day he would be a journalist; surely one of the prime functions of the university-bred priest is to cultivate and practice the art of composition; to take a large and honorable part in the discussion of important subjects, and to show to the world that the tradition of priestly learning within the Church has not been lost. Of what avail will it be that we have a true message to deliver, if we are prophets of a harsh and stammering tongue; if we can not speak to the age in the language of the age; if our argument is ponderous and pedantic; if our evangel is announced in strange accent or in foreign phrase?

Unquestionably, as I have said, the world to-day lies under the domination of the leaders of unbelief. In the judgment of the plain man modern research and criticism have sent confusion into the old theology. He does not know the facts of the case, but he has a vague conviction that the things which he held sacred in his youth are now discredited and denied. The newspaper, the magazine and the popular book are the vehicles that have brought this message to the multitude. The popular writer with the trick of turning a pretty sentence is the agent who spreads it. The world of simple folk and middle folk naturally knows little of the man in the laboratory; but the popular writer acquaints himself with the findings of the laboratory, and proceeds to make reputations, to destroy philosophies, to change beliefs, to abolish religions, and regularly each year to re-create the face of the earth. The men who generate this atmosphere of unbelief are not the masters in research. They are of no importance compared with the scientist in the laboratory. In final consequence, they are of no importance compared with the simple millions who read and believe them; but because they assume to interpret the great scholar or scientist to the multitude they really wield an influence utterly disproportionate to their importance.

Now I appeal to you, young men, to take up this popular work. It is true that research is in large part the end and object of the University; it is true that you must have the specialist's knowledge in order to interpret the great scholar and the great scientist to the world. But what I plead

for is a tribe of writers who shall take their stand in this middle field, and by a brilliant presentation of the great questions of scholarship, win back the world to a respect for the supernatural and for Revealed Religion.

To do this you must acquaint yourselves thoroughly with the contents of modern science. You must know the present status of those questions about which there is controversy, or if you take philosophy or Scripture or sociology or economics for your field you must be familiar with the farthest-going questions in these great fields. But whatever the matter you select, what the Church expects of the University is a skilled body of intellectual swordsmen ready to leap to her defense at a moment's notice. It may be said that even if the skill and the will were present, the pages of the great publications are, to a large extent, closed against the Catholic writer. But in practical life, power will always find a way to function. If our work has charm or greatness the editors will contend with each other for its possession. At any rate, there is the poverty of our own literature, the feebleness of our journalism and the yawning receptivity of even our best magazines.

The less prudent have a simple and common contempt for excellence in writing; but is there any finer test of the mentality of a man than his power of expression? Is there any quality that will so surely attract the indifferent and the unbelieving as distinction here?

Consider the enormous influence exercised on the more thoughtful class of popular readers by Mallock. He has made no serious contribution to philosophy, and yet his prismatic writings have colored thousands of minds on subjects of science and philosophy and theology. Read the life of Bernardine of Siena and see how in that day of worldliness and scepticism he wrought his reformation through the gift of eloquence. Recall how in a later age when France lay under the lethargy of scepticism and indifference, there stepped one day into the pulpit of Notre Dame a brilliant young Dominican who had mastered in the schools the philosophy and science of his age and had learned the art of expressing thoughts that breathe in words that burn, and the next Sunday that great cathedral, but a little

while before almost deserted, was thronged to the doors, while men and women waited for hours in the streets to see and hear Lacordaire.

It is but a few years since there vanished out of the shadows into the light the meek and lovable figure of Newman. When he entered the Church in the prime of his power he lay a long time under the odium of an apostate from the national church; but so great was his power of expression, so exquisite the quality of his diction, so limpid and fluid his utterance, that he conquered distrust and dislike; conquered them to such a degree that when he passed away at a venerable age there went up a wail over the whole land, and men without distinction of creed lamented because they had lost the greatest leader of religious life in England. And—to speak out of our knowledge and our love—have we not seen almost within the shadow of this University how great a power is the art of expression in the life and achievement of one whose tongue of silver and heart of gold are among the brightest traditions of Washington, the lamented pastor who made the Church, her precepts and her practices beautiful in the eyes even of indifference and unbelief?

These are simple thoughts for a great day, but it is not unseemly that on the feast of St. Paul we should think of the immediate apostolic duties. They who stoned Stephen—that sweet figure in the earliest days—laid down their garments at the feet of a young Jew named Saul. To-day we lay down our armor at the feet of Paul, the Christian saint, at the feet of that titanic figure the splendor of whose mind was such that Festus, the Roman procurator, cried out in the midst of his court: "Saul, Saul, much learning hath made thee mad!"—Paul whose genius was so mighty that Catholic theology will bear its impress until the end of time. He was not content to preach to the faithful and the neophytes, but into the synagogues he went and into the temple and the Sanhedrim and the orthodox schools. He knew the philosophies of his day and the long-drawn Oriental dream, and he stood forth in the Areopagus and before the rulers in the courts of justice. May he bless us from his seat near Christ this day and fill us with the missionary spirit!

Varsity Verse.

MY IDEAL.

JUST a model from those gone
Placed before the heart it won
As ideal.

'Tis to spur my footsteps on
In the path that this blest one
Does reveal.

Just a thought, or little cup
With good heart was offered up—
With great love.

'Tis the same that I should learn
And a priceless crown to earn
Up above.

B. E.

THE HAND WITH A GRIP.

We could see the autos pass
As we sat there on the grass
By the street;
And a car went with a whirl—
In it sat a pretty girl,
Quite discrete.

She was in a car of red,
And a veil hung o'er her head—
Streaming back.
With her hand upon the wheel
She held with a grip of steel
To the track.

L. R.

WHAT IS SAID.

O the wisdom of this class
Not another can surpass,
So 'tis said.
And they're students one and all;
And a credit to the Hall
Is each head.

Just see how they get their task,
And you'll have no need to ask
Why they shine.
They can memorize so well,
They need read but once to tell
Every line.

B. E.

OUR VERSE.

O how often comes the time
When I try to make up rhyme
In my room;
If the poets could but hear,
They would weep for many a year
In the tomb.

It would make blind Milton curse
If he had to hear the verse
That we try;
But the good old days are fled,
And old Milton's long been dead—
Let him lie.

J. M.

Returns.

—
C. L.
—

What Fritz Berger did when he got safely to his room with Phil's text-book is easily told. He took out a sheet of paper containing Phil's poetical effort for that afternoon's English class. He replaced this with a sheet exactly like it in form and fold. Then he closed the book and returned it as we have seen. That afternoon Phil handed in his verse exercise feeling his work would occasion special favorable comment later on. Class over, the room full of freshmen of every age, section of country and disposition passed out and forgot English for football.

The great game of the year, the game which was to immortalize the statuesque heroes of the Varsity or put them among the "mute inglorious," came nearer with every throb of the tower-clock. "Michigan to-morrow, and that's how we'll do it!" cried the "prep" as he rushed at an imaginary foe. "Michigan to-morrow," calmly spoke the staid senior as he watched his tobacco smoke curl and break away in the blue air. "Michigan to-morrow," barked the fat spaniel, which was as much as a lazy, overfed, overpetted spaniel should be expected to do. "Michigan to-morrow," chirped the robin tardy in his start for a warmer clime. "Michigan to-morrow," tooted the touring automobile as it made the circuit of the quadrangle.

That to-morrow came and dragged along at a snail's pace till half-past two. Then the clans gathered to witness an interhall contest in the University football field; but the real attraction was the wire that clicked fame or disaster from the scene of battle. Phil Donnelly, Joe McDermott, Berger and Teddy Bare were seated together in the rooting section.

"O you Moon! come this way," shouted Berger as the former was about to take a seat lower down. Moon looked up undecided. Then there was a chorus of "Moon, Moon!" and "O come on!" and "Don't be a quitter, Moon!" so that Moon was glad enough to get away from the public eye and lose identity among his chums. Everybody was waiting. The wires had not begun to click yet.

"Gee! I hope Varsity has the goods today," sighed McDermott gazing into space.

"Joe, don't announce the obvious," commented Fritz.

"Announce the what?" queried Teddy Bare almost fiercely.

"The obvious, boy, the o-b-v-i-o-u-s. Understand?"

"Oh! I thought you were announcing something about the game."

"I prognosticate we'll win," was the calm utterance of Phil. A senior in law some seats below, turned round and looked him in the eye. Phil was utterly oblivious. The man of law caught his breath, then relieved himself.

"Bill," to his friend on the right, "with such precociousness what are we coming to?"

"That's what Faculty ruling does. That kid should be working for the Varsity instead of flirting with language up there in peanut gallery."

"So say I, though it's just possible the Faculty won't consult me."

Moon was sitting between Fritz and Phil:

"Moon, you white face, you day-dreamer, you—you—Michael the Archangel," said Fritz, "what do you think?"

"About what?"

"About what! Now, I call that a foolish question. What do you suppose? Does a man come up here to say the Rosary?"

"Under normal conditions I should say no," Moon answered with the deliberation of a judge.

"Would you say the Rosary here, Moon," snapped Phil.

"Under normal conditions I should again say no."

"Under any conditions?" continued Phil.

"Why, yes. If Varsity gets within striking distance, I'd—" The sentence was never finished, or if finished not heard, or if heard not recorded. 'Tis not the first great thought that died for utterance. But no time now to moralize.

I want you to picture, gentle reader, a sea of faces. Not a sea of faces such as undulates in story books, or before great orators, or in the deathless songs of storied bards. No; but a sea of healthy, fun-rippling American student faces, whose great grand-sires may have basked on the banks of the Rhine or of the Shannon. Their sires may till the soil or run automobiles. Nobody asks, nobody cares. He is a fool in his conceit who boasts of his father's money be-

fore a crowd of boys. They are your truest judges of being as against having. Something too much of this.

Through the gate of Cartier Field comes a bicycle. It carries a boy who carries Cæsar's writing tablets from his Gallic campaign. The sea heaves toward him, and that boisterous ripple, Teddy Bare, mounts on the back of a big wave, Fritz Berger. The big wave tosses off the little wave and all is still. The herald reads the first draft of Cæsar's message to the listening sea:

"Ann Arbor, Michigan.—Men in good condition. Notre Dame wins toss and defends east goal. Allerdice kicks to Vaughan on Notre Dame's 25-yard line. Ryan punts on second down to Michigan's 40-yard line. Magdisohn in two downs loses 20 yards." The sea heaves and surges, but the herald hushes it to silence. "Allerdice punts and Miller nailed in his tracks. Ryan around Miller 20 yards." Again the waves are in motion. "Vaughan 10 yards around Borleske." "Nine rahs for the team," and the waves respond.

It is quite outside my province to describe the story of the struggle in detail for I am concerned principally with Philip Donnelly, late of Westfield, but now a Notre Dame freshman. So I merely record the more vitally important portions of the account. Messages came and caused tumultuous applause; and then came one: "Allerdice's pass is recovered by Borleske on Notre Dame's 30-yard line. Magdisohn fumbles and recovers. Allerdice in next play makes place-kick. Michigan goes wild."

"Good-bye, my pipe dream!" said Phil.

"Mine too!" chimed in Teddy Bare.

There was a strange light in Joe McDermott's eye. That light appeared seldom. Once before that I remember. That was when somebody made a rough remark about Moon. Like a flash Joe was ready, and gave warning and struck. The man that got struck will say to you even to this day: "If you have a choice between Mac's fist and a brick, don't pause, but choose the brick." Such a light came now. Joe's voice was low and tense.

"Look here, Donnelly, and you, Bare; I've have been here from a kid up. You came from somewhere—makes no difference

where—last month—makes no difference when. They may quit where you come from. I don't know, don't care. But I do know we don't quit here. Understand? Never quit here. Michigan may beat us, but Notre Dame isn't whipped till the bunch is on the 'bus for the hotel. You don't know us, Donnelly. That game isn't over yet." Joe was excited, but his excitement took the form of eloquence. Moon took his hand quietly, just as his mother would.

"Why, Joe, how flushed you are!"

Phil was crestfallen. "Joe, I didn't mean any disrespect to Varsity. I hope you'll forgive and forget."

Bicycle, boy and Cæsar's message again. How still it was! The herald held the message, his hand trembled, and then he read:

"Notre Dame's ball on Michigan's 40-yard line. Miller makes 10 yards." A veritable tumult. "Dolan recovers on side kick on Michigan's 12-yard line." How the waves thundered and made echoes that rolled and came back and rolled and came back again! "In two downs Vaughan makes eight yards. All Michigan yells: 'Hold 'em, Michigan?' In next play Miller dives through tackle and scores touchdown." I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Joe McDermott embraced a fence post in his ecstasy, and Fritz Berger had the only stiff hat he ever wore crushed beyond recognition.

"Take it Teddy," he said when a measure of peace reigned on the deep. "Take it,—my crushed idol! It covered a man's head once. Keep it always, and I'll know 'twill never cover another." Teddy didn't get time to answer, for accounts kept coming in. Then the half ended and a degree of calm reigned.

"A great bunch is Varsity," mused Joe.

"And a fine lot of fellows," added Moon who always had an eye to the man in these things.

"That second half is still ahead," was Phil's comment.

"Never trouble trouble, till trouble trouble you, as Shakespeare says," was Fritz's reply to Phil.

"Shakespeare never said that, you Laplander," Phil retorted.

"He didn't, eh?"

"No, he didn't."

"Read all Shakespeare?"

"No, but—"

"That will do," with a decisive wave of the hand. "In future don't interrupt your—your betters, till you know better." The nonsense continued till the second half was announced, then it ceased. Reports poured in and everything went as everybody wished. But there was a big suspense when the herald of Cæsar announced the following:

"Michigan's ball on Notre Dame's six-yard line. Wasmund signals for place kick. Ball is blocked and rolls to midfield where Dolan falls on it." The bellows heaved again and made roar, and died away in "nine rahs" for Dolan, and for every man on the team, and for all their ancestors. The interhall game came to a close on the green sward, and for once nobody seemed to know who won. An upper class man was called on for a speech. He responded, and just when he got to a climax came another account from Cæsar. Daniel Webster wouldn't get a hearing then. This time the herald read:

"Wasmund fumbles Vaughan's punt. Notre Dame captures ball on Michigan's thirty-yard line. On next play Ryan, with fine interference and a great dash of speed, circles left end and scores another touchdown." Gentle reader, supply the rest.

The following forenoon Fritz Berger wrote his chum in a far city to the West:

"Long ago Alexander conquered the world, and later Hannibal took a fall out of Rome. Yesterday Notre Dame whipped Michigan. Times are picking up."

Cardinal Newman's "Apologia."

A CRITICISM.

EDWIN J. LYNCH, '10.

The first question to be answered by the critic of any work is, to my mind: "Has the author accomplished what he set out to do, and is his purpose worthy?" For this must be the aim of all literature—a definite, righteous object in view as the reason for its existence. Without this, a correct style goes for naught, clearness and the other qualities of an otherwise excellent manner of writing, are wasted. The only logical answer to this question, after reading the

defense of his life by Dr. Newman, is an unqualified "Yes."

The work covers a period of his life between the years 1816 and 1845, at which latter date he became a Catholic. It was inspired by certain attacks on his veracity, and, incidentally, upon the veracity of the Catholic clergy generally, by Dr. Kingsley. Besides being an excellent autobiography it is a good religious history of the time in which Newman lived. As an argumentative discussion it appeals readily to the understanding of even the average intellect, the arguments being presented in detail and in the strongest possible manner. His arguments are few, but they are presented in such a variety of lights and with such diversity of language as to be readily grasped and understood. As an exposition of the religious feeling of his time the work is without an equal. He possessed a wonderful power of analysis, especially of the thoughts and feelings of those with whom he came in contact, and it appears from what he says of Whately, Froude and Keble, that he had the power of entering their minds and seeing through their eyes. His explanations are lucid. There is nothing hidden, nothing to be desired, nothing left to the imagination. His appeal is rather to the minds of his readers than to their æsthetic sense. There would be no need to cross-examine Newman or question what he has written in the "Apologia." Everything is stated in such a manner as to leave no doubt as to his meaning. His object is to analyze and instruct, and his method of arrangement is especially adapted to this end. Although written late in life, the work is arranged with a chronological exactness that would give the impression that it was an elaborated diary. Lincoln had the same power in exposition. Like Lincoln, Newman had a successful manner of relying on clear, strong, lucid statement, keeping details in proper subordination and bringing forward the essential point.

The "Apologia" possesses the essential quality, clearness, in a remarkable degree. Its plan is well defined and easily followed, and, for a work of its kind, being on the first view a prosaic life history, it appeals wonderfully to the average intellect. Following the maxim of Aristotle, Newman "thinks the thoughts of the wise, but uses the

language of the simple." Newman wrote always intensely conscious of the audience he was addressing. He knew that the "Apologia" would be read by everyone on account of the publicity he had gained through the press of England during his controversies, and hence he wrote so that his meaning might be easily apprehended. There is a simplicity of texture, a freedom from intricacy running all through this work that never leaves us at a loss to grasp the author's meaning. There is never a touch of ambiguity or an impression of vagueness, never a word that suggests two possible meanings, nor a structure that can not with certainty be reduced to a definite import. Strange to say, the controversy of which the "Apologia" was the outcome was started by the intended or unintended misinterpretation of one of his sermons by Dr. Kingsley.

The great secret of Newman's success and power, however, does not depend entirely on his clearness of thought and expression. Newman was keenly aware of the task before him when he set out to write the "Apologia." He knew the inherent British prejudice against the Church and against himself, and felt that any bare denial of the charges made by Kingsley would not suffice. His problem was to lay bare his mental processes, to make his readers see through his eyes and think with his mind, and thus make his cause prevail. To this end he relied on his vivid realization of the truth of what he said, and his intense and fervid expression of that feeling. As an aid to this forceful expression he makes frequent use of excellent figures, not in the usual method of injecting a metaphor here and there in his composition, but in his frequent use of a sustained comparison, which, although not always expressed, is borne on the mind of his reader all through the work.

An excellent example of this element appears in the beginning of Part Six of the "Apologia," in which he compares the last four years of his membership in the Anglican Church to his deathbed. He says: "From the end of 1841, I was on my deathbed, as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees. I introduce what I

have to say with this remark, by way of accounting for the character of this remaining portion of my narrative. A deathbed has scarcely a history; it is a tedious decline, with seasons of rallying and seasons of falling back; and since the end is foreseen, or is what is called a matter of time, it has little interest for the reader, especially if he has a kind heart. Moreover, it is a season when doors are closed and curtains drawn, and when the sick man neither cares nor is able to record the stages of his malady. I was in these circumstances, except so far as I was not allowed to die in peace,—except so far as friends, who had still a full right to come in upon me, and the public world which had not, have given a sort of history to those last four years." This passage to my mind lacks no quality of the purest literary art. Such a complete history of those four years of his life is communicated as could hardly be conveyed in a chapter written in any other way.

But Newman's forceful style does not depend merely upon his figures of speech. Another secret of his force lies in his earnestness, sincerity and sympathy. A reader of this book is impressed with the intense earnestness of Newman, which adds great force and weight to his words, and no matter how much he be prejudiced by religious bias, the reader will have a wholesome respect for his sincerity of purpose. Genuine force in style can not be manufactured; it must have serious conviction to back it, else it will lack those characteristics that go to give life and vigor to composition. Still emotion does not dominate Newman. His expression is tempered by a clear and sane thinking that makes one both understand clearly and realize intensely the meaning the author intends to convey.

While Newman possesses a clear and forceful expression he does not rely on this quality alone to make his writing appreciable. There is a harmonious development of the "Apologia" by the use of a truly elegant form and diction. Although he never injures his other qualities for the sake of elegance, still he realizes that elegance is just as necessary in the endeavor to please as are either of the other two. This was not, however, the result of a happy faculty possessed by Newman; it was rather the outcome, as are

all things worth while, of hard work. It is said of Newman that he read aloud every day a chapter of Cicero to educate his ear to the detection of harsh-sounding words and to improve the general tone of his composition.

Newman's inborn refinement in controversy exercised much influence and accomplished a great deal in the matter of persuasion. As the result of this characteristic he has attained the distinction of being able to go through the most bitter controversy without losing his well-bred restraint, and always revealing a true politeness that won the respect of even his most bigoted enemies.

Buffon says that the style is the man. Nowhere in literature is this more fully exemplified than in the writings of Newman. His individuality is shown in his production as clearly as the image is shown in the mirror. This is especially true of the "Apologia."

Newman was fond of the diffuse style; but no matter how fully his thoughts were developed nor in what variety of lights he displayed his subject, he never amplified his composition to such an extent as to weaken it. Neither did he lead his reader to a confused development of his theme. However, the reader is not impressed more with the pleasant way in which Newman expounds his theories and marshalls his facts, than he is with the thoughts and feelings expressed. The freedom and ease with which Newman expressed his thoughts have been the occasion of the complaint, on the part of many critics, that his style was informal or colloquial. This is true to a degree, but never to the extent of unguarded speech or loss of dignity. Newman is unequalled in combining apparently unconstrained ideas with real definiteness of purpose. Though his sentences are full and flowing, but at the same time unlabored and simple, this does not prove that Newman spent no time in their preparation. It rather implies preparation out of the ordinary.

As a biography, the "Apologia" deserves special consideration. A person unacquainted with the author would take it up prepared to find a dull record of events in the author's life, interesting for the most part to the subject thereof, or at most to the small community where he spent the greater part of

his life. There is a pleasant surprise in store for the man who takes up the "Apologia" with any such prepossession. To the man looking for something not too heavy, let him seek it here. There is something entrancing about the life of this great soul, who struggled against the powers of darkness, and arrived to spend his declining years in peace and happiness in the haven of mother Church. To the man who is looking for an argumentative discussion, there is the plan for one in the "Apologia" which, if followed by many of our present-day apologists, would convince a horde of modern sceptics. If the student of history, especially religious history, is looking for material, he will find it here written by the man who contributed largely in its making, and also his theories and methods. And to the man who is seeking models of literary art, will be disclosed a composition perfect in every detail. No more fitting tribute can be paid Newman than the application to him of his own words in description of a literary artist. They show his ideal, and to show how far he carried out this ideal in practice has been the object of this criticism. In his "Idea of a University," he says:

"A great author is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*; but he is one who has something to say and knows how to say it. He is master of the twofold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations; but in either case he has but one aim which he keeps steadily before him and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has within him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life. He writes passionately because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly. He sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous."

Notre Dame Scholastic

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter

Published every Saturday during the School Term at the
University of Notre Dame

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: The Editor Notre Dame Scholastic
Notre Dame, Indiana

Vol. XLIII.

April 30, 1910

No. 29.

BOARD OF EDITORS

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—Father Smith is gone but not forgotten. If he misses the University, with the endless march of coming and going, as much as we miss him, then we are often in **Gone but not Forgotten.** his thought. The quiet charm of his manner,—his sympathy for all that is good in us and his large charity for all that is bad,—his interest in the life we lead, so different from the life he is accustomed to,—his unfailing readiness to be spent in our behalf,—all this and so much else one would like, but can not fashion into words, will keep his memory green with us till he comes with the new leaf next Spring. May he derive as much joy out of his life as he has given us, and if he does the clouds will seldom darken the blue of his sky. We all salute him and hope he will not forget his promise to return.

—So very few are the humorists of note, as compared with the novelists, poets, and workers in other fields of literary endeavor, that a man gifted with the **The Passing of a Humorist.** power to make the whole civilized world laugh is a unique figure in the world of letters. Such a man was Mark Twain, the king of American humorists. A glance at the list of

his works will show immediately the fertility of his genius. He was a master of repartee, of satire and of the art of couching his humor in graceful diction. In this respect he differed greatly from many other humorists who are obliged to resort to dialect. Furthermore, he was not the man to reject truth when he saw it, nor to distort it to conform to his preconceptions. At one time in his career he conceived the idea that Joan of Arc offered a fair target for the penetrating darts of his keen wit. In order to caricature her he began to acquaint himself with her life history. Far from being a verbal cartoon, the result of his research was a splendid tribute of admiration to the sainted maiden whose noble service to her country was so basely repaid. Considering the brand of so-called humor that is now poured forth into the world through the medium of magazines and newspapers, the outlook for a worthy successor to the late humorist is dark enough.

—In the daily papers of a few mornings ago we were diverted with the news of a "class scrap" at one of our large universities; strange to say, we calmly laid **The Modern System.** down our spectacles and mused, "Well, what of it? Is there anything unusual in the broken furniture and cracked pates that now adorn that seat of learning?" It seemed quite in harmony with the basic principle of "modern education." Again, in glancing through the exchanges, we found an editorial, inscribed by a dainty feminine hand, bewailing the necessity of attendance of young ladies at chapel under the conditions imposed by their unmannerly men, who, apparently following a time-hallowed custom at that university, lined up in two rows along the chapel corridor, for the purpose of blowing smoke in the faces of the "fair co-eds," and making full use of the opportunity afforded them for rendering judgment on the peculiar characteristics of individual maidens. We may confess to being just a little bit shocked at this, but still, it does not offend our ideas of harmony. And now we pick up the daily press and the college press, and find the world agog over the statement of President Schurman, of Cornell, that the "barbs" are better students than the

fraternity men. We saved up our tender feelings for this, and here we received the shock. He is cruel, he is heartless in his exposure of the fraternity men, who, he coldly reminds them, are still on trial. In both discipline and studies they are deficient. To us at Notre Dame this is a distinct revelation. We were sure that the fraternities were the only real expression of university life; that they were the only institution that harmonized perfectly with ideals of students and professors. We lamented and bewailed the fact that Notre Dame had barred them. But now we know otherwise, and we smile secure in the sense of foresight and good judgment.

—The Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus became a reality last week when District Deputy Weber of South Bend formally christened the new council and presided at the election of officers. It now remains for the members to solve its destiny. The history of the council is even now in the making, and it should be made well. Its title-page should be "Success," scrolled in the gold of devotion, entwined with the blue of hope. The story should be a long one, and every chapter should radiate high enthusiasm, enduring unity and loyalty that waxes stronger with years. No small, selfish act should ever sully a single page; no self-seeking, no petty jealousy, should occupy the space of a single line in the completed story. The SCHOLASTIC voices the thought of thousands of friends near and far in wishing the Notre Dame Knights of Columbus a wave of farewell and a hearty Godspeed as they begin the work of making history.

—Last Saturday evening the Notre Dame graduates living in and near Chicago gathered in feast at the University Club. It was a loyal legion of old and young, of manifold occupation and experience assembled in a common bond of fellowship to pay tender tribute to *Alma Mater*. This coming together of so many after years of separation can not fail to prove a rare joy for the old boys. It means a renewal of student friendships in

which college days are lived over again those days when freedom from responsibility made life rosy and full of sunshine. Those old boys of Notre Dame who met and mingled at this University have measured themselves against the world and its work, they have achieved a degree of success,—many of them are eminently successful. At their banquet Saturday, they forgot the world of success or failure. They were students again, quite glad to forget the worries of office for pleasant, social companionship. The Notre Dame Club of Chicago has the "I will" spirit of Chicago, and in that "I will" is included a fine loyalty to Notre Dame, which is not surpassed anywhere else. Success to the club, its meetings and its spirit! May it gather strength in numbers and in continued loyalty!

—In a former issue the question of boat crews for a commencement regatta was taken up in these pages. Nothing definite has been done since, though *Lest you Forget*. there was just enough enthusiasm awakened to make it worth while to try again. When one thinks of the great number of young men who are not particularly drawn to baseball, who could derive much benefit from rowing, one wonders the boat club is not already a settled question. Many a student will doze in the May sun from three o'clock till the evening-class bell rings, who might just as well be upbuilding tissue for a day ahead when old age comes and with it weakness. There are four halls, any one of which could furnish a hall crew and not take a man from any other division of hall athletics. The competition would be keen, no doubt. Think of Brownson vs. Corby, Walsh vs. Sorin, or any such combination you like, as a drawing card to the lake for a commencement feature! Boating is a tradition here. Boat racing has always been a part of the commencement week program. Many an old-time graduate would watch with delight the rhythmic swing of the rowers as they struggle for the coveted honor, who will sit silent at the alumni baseball game, simply because he associates the regatta with commencement. The boat races are now in order. Who makes the motion? Gentlemen of the different halls, it is your affair.

Corby Monument Fund.

We have special pleasure in presenting to our readers to-day a complete account of the present status of the Corby Memorial Fund. Following is a full statement of monies received by President Cavanaugh up to April 28th:

| | | | |
|-------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------|----|
| R. Proctor..... | 5 | F. J. Kilkenny..... | 25 |
| Joseph A. Corby..... | 10 | J. J. Ney..... | 10 |
| Mrs. Elinor Meehan..... | 10 | J. V. O'Donnell..... | 10 |
| P. J. and L. G. Horn..... | 5 | F. A. Smoger..... | 10 |
| J. P. Lauth..... | 10 | P. J. Nelson..... | 10 |
| Byron V. Kanaley..... | 5 | E. M. McKee..... | 5 |
| E. B. Gerlach..... | 5 | Hon. J. M. Gearin..... | 10 |
| A. D. McDonald..... | 10 | G. T. Stanford..... | 5 |
| E. J. Maurus..... | 10 | G. A. McGee..... | 5 |
| C. C. Fitzgerald..... | 5 | W. P. McPhee..... | 10 |
| J. V. Cunningham..... | 2.50 | J. W. Schindler..... | 5 |
| Very Rev. A. A. Lambing..... | 10 | B. H. Tivnen..... | 5 |
| J. P. Young..... | 1 | T. J. McKeon..... | 10 |
| Hon. T. F. Ansberry..... | 5 | J. Pick..... | 10 |
| Hon. P. E. Burke..... | 5 | F. A. McCarthy..... | 3 |
| Dr. W. P. Grady..... | 5 | J. V. Sullivan..... | 2 |
| M. W. Mix..... | 10 | J. D. Quinn..... | 5 |
| P. Cody..... | 1 | A. J. Stopper..... | 5 |
| William Correll..... | 5 | P. B. O'Neill..... | 5 |
| Dr. J. Berteling..... | 5 | H. V. Prichard..... | 5 |
| J. F. Daly..... | 5 | C. J. Stubbs..... | 10 |
| E. V. Battle..... | 5 | R. B. Sinnott..... | 5 |
| Dr. J. M. Dinnen..... | 20 | F. E. Kuhn..... | 5 |
| F. Derrick..... | 2 | C. A. T. Hagerty..... | 5 |
| J. R. Fitzgibbon..... | 10 | H. A. O'Donnell..... | 10 |
| A. T. Dorley..... | 5 | F. J. Vurpillat..... | 5 |
| Rev. M. Griffin..... | 5 | R. C. Newton..... | 5 |
| M. O. Burns..... | 5 | F. O'Shaughnessy..... | 2 |
| T. L. Donnelly..... | 1 | P. L. O'Meara..... | 5 |
| D. L. Guilfoyle..... | 10 | Vitus Jones..... | 5 |
| J. D. Barry..... | 10 | J. P. O'Shea..... | 3 |
| P. O'Brien..... | 50 | Dr. J. F. Fennessey..... | 10 |
| J. I. O'Phelan..... | 2 | Joseph Sullivan..... | 10 |
| Hon. W. Cartier..... | 10 | C. M. & S. T. Murdock..... | 50 |
| E. F. Griebler..... | 2 | W. F. Montavon..... | 5 |
| J. S. Hummer..... | 10 | J. B. McMahan..... | 4 |
| E. Cullinan..... | 20 | F. J. Kasper..... | 5 |
| T. M. Hoban..... | 5 | E. Murphy..... | 5 |
| J. C. Barrett..... | 25 | R. Sweeney..... | 25 |
| A. A. Kotte..... | 5 | J. R. Voigt..... | 10 |
| M. D. Kirby..... | 5 | W. J. Murphy..... | 10 |
| Hon. G. A. Farabaugh..... | 5 | William L. Dechant..... | 25 |
| J. Corby..... | 10 | John W. Eggeman..... | 5 |
| R. E. Lynch..... | 3 | William Dillon..... | 3 |
| J. B. Meagher..... | 25 | William P. Breen..... | 5 |
| J. H. Dubbs..... | 5 | Rev. John J. Burke..... | 5 |
| J. P. Fogarty..... | 5 | Rev. John M. Byrne..... | 5 |
| Rev. J. H. McGinnis..... | 5 | Michael J. Baasen..... | 5 |
| T. A. Lally..... | 5 | Orville T. Chamberlain..... | 5 |
| J. C. Kinney..... | 10 | Hon. Timothy E. Howard..... | 5 |
| H. C. Mitchell..... | 5 | Rev. J. P. Quinn..... | 10 |
| Studebaker Bros. Mfg. Co..... | 500 | Very Rev. Frank O'Brien..... | 50 |
| F. Gaston..... | 10 | Very Rev. Denis J. Clarke..... | 25 |
| Hon. A. J. Galen..... | 10 | Ambrose O'Connell..... | 1 |
| | | M. J. McEniry..... | 5 |
| | | Colonel William Hoynes..... | 12 |
| | | Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan..... | 25 |
| | | Peter M. Ragan..... | 5 |
| | | Rev. E. J. McLaughlin..... | 25 |
| | | Rev. A. E. Otis, S. J..... | 5 |
| | | Very Rev. John R. Dinnen..... | 5 |
| | | M. T. O'Dea..... | 10 |
| | | Rev. P. J. Dwan..... | 5 |
| | | Rev. T. O'Sullivan..... | 25 |
| | | J. H. Fenrick..... | 25 |

| | |
|-----------------------------|----|
| W. H. Barron..... | 5 |
| J. V. Diener..... | 1 |
| F. A. Phillips..... | 5 |
| W. F. Hake..... | 5 |
| J. P. Sheils..... | 5 |
| Brig.-Gen. R. W. Healy..... | 10 |
| J. J. McLain..... | 5 |
| J. L. Morgan..... | 25 |
| H. O'Donnell..... | 1 |
| L. Gilbert..... | 10 |
| H. M. Roberts..... | 10 |
| Max Juraschek..... | 1 |

On request of the President, Mr. A. J. Dooner, Treasurer of the Corby Memorial Fund, Philadelphia, Pa., has drawn up a list of contributions received by him up to the same date. The list is as follows:

| | |
|---|-------|
| P. C. Boyle, Oil City, Pa..... | \$100 |
| Hugh McCaffrey, Philadelphia..... | 50 |
| Edward J. Dooner, Philadelphia..... | 50 |
| Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, Philadelphia..... | 50 |
| Rt. Rev. Regis Canevin, Pittsburg..... | 25 |
| Rt. Rev. E. H. Garvey, Altoona, Pa..... | 10 |
| Wm. T. Logan..... | 1 |
| Rt. Rev. H. Colton, Buffalo..... | 25 |
| James B. O'Neill..... | 1 |
| Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, Philadelphia.... | 25 |
| George P. Morgan, Philadelphia..... | 10 |
| Hon. E. M. Mulhearn, Mauch Chunk, Pa..... | 10 |
| Rev. T. J. Larkin, Mauch Chunk, Pa..... | 5 |
| D. C. Mulhearn, Mauch Chunk, Pa..... | 5 |
| John A. McGovern, Mauch Chunk, Pa..... | 5 |
| San Salvador Council 283 K. of C., Phila..... | 25 |
| Charles J. Gallagher, Philadelphia..... | 50 |
| Rt. Rev. E. F. Prendergast, Philadelphia..... | 15 |
| James F. Gill, Philadelphia..... | 100 |
| Rev. Thos. F. Shannon, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| P. K. Collins, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| P. T. Hallahan, Philadelphia..... | 10 |
| Joseph Seip, Oil City, Pa..... | 100 |
| Lenutel B. Norton..... | 5 |
| Rev. John McCort, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| Rev. C. J. Vandegreft, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| Edward A. McKeon..... | 5 |
| Rev. M. A. Drennan, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| Michael McKeon, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| Michael Mellory..... | 1 |
| Joseph F. Sheahan..... | 1 |
| Rev. John H. Dooley..... | 2 |
| Rt. Rev. J. W. Shanahan, Harrisburg..... | 100 |
| Rev. T. W. Hayes, Gettysburg..... | 100 |
| Martin J. J. Griffin, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| St. Thomas Aquinas Church (Coyle)..... | 5 |
| Rev. Samuel Cahill, S. J., St. Joseph's, Phila..... | 5 |
| Beneficial Savings Fund (Ward)..... | 10 |
| Hon. Richard C. Kerens, U. S. Ambass. Vienna | 50 |
| Rt. Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, Erie..... | 25 |
| Rev. Gerald P. Coghlan, Philadelphia..... | 10 |
| Rev. Matthew A. Hana, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| Rev. M. A. Lambing, Scottdale, Pa..... | 2 |
| Rev. Henry Strumel, Philadelphia..... | 2 |
| Rev. James F. Trainor, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| Rev. M. J. Crane, Philadelphia..... | 5 |

| | |
|--|-------|
| Rev. Lawrence J. Wall, Philadelphia..... | 10 |
| Rev. Hubert Hammeke, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| Rev. B. J. Roycroft..... | 10 |
| Rev. James J. Dunn, Meadville, Pa..... | 5 |
| Rev. John O'Brien..... | 5 |
| Most Rev. John Ireland, St. Paul..... | 25 |
| Rev. H. McEvoy, Pittsburg..... | 2 |
| James J. Ryan, Philadelphia..... | 50 |
| O. H. B. Trevorton, Pa..... | 1 |
| Rev. Patrick Bowen Murphy, Boston..... | 10 |
| Branch 118 Catholic Knights America, Phila... | 10 |
| Rev. P. T. Fogarty, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| Schnieder Bros. Mt. Carmel, Pa..... | 10 |
| Rev. Edward J. Werner, Beaver Meadow, Pa..... | 2 |
| Rt. Rev. George F. Houck, Cleveland, O..... | 5 |
| Gilbert Chase, Pittsburg..... | 1 |
| Edward Feeney, Brooklyn..... | 2 |
| A. V. D. Watterson, Pittsburg..... | 5 |
| John P. Stand, Pittsburg..... | 5 |
| Rev. M. J. Higgins, Philadelphia..... | 1 |
| Rev. George H. Kraft, Charleston, S. C..... | 1 |
| Rev. P. Winters, St. Agnes' Hospital, Phila..... | 2 |
| Rev. Joseph Wuest, C. S. SP., Detroit..... | 5 |
| Rev. Joseph H. Rieran, Pittsburg..... | 1 |
| John J. Sullivan, Philadelphia..... | 100 |
| Rev. John T. Crowley, Philadelphia..... | 25 |
| Joseph Indbacher, Pittsburg..... | 1 |
| St. Mary's I. C. B. U., 705 Downingtown, Pa.... | 7 |
| St. Joseph's I. C. B. U., 608 Downingtown, Pa., | 4.25 |
| St. Anthony's Br., 63 C. M. B. A., Dennison, O... | 5 |
| John A. Kelly, Philadelphia..... | 25 |
| C. Fallon, Elizabeth, N. J..... | 5 |
| Rev. Peter Green, C. SS. R., Philadelphia..... | 10 |
| Rt. Rev. William Kieran, Philadelphia..... | 25 |
| P. H. McGuire, Pittsburg, Pa..... | 1 |
| Division 1 A. O. H., Atlantic City, N. J..... | 5 |
| Dennis McElhinney, Point Pleasant, N. J..... | 1 |
| Ecklee, Pa., Federation Catholic Societies..... | 21.15 |
| Emma Kirk, Pittsburg..... | 1 |
| Patrick Dougherty, Philadelphia..... | 100 |
| William Loeffler, Pittsburg..... | 10 |
| St. Boniface's Council, 566 St. Boniface, Pa.... | 10 |
| Francis E. Kelly, Philadelphia..... | 50 |
| St. Francis Benev. Society I. C. B. U., Gettysburg | 10 |
| St. Mary's 21 I. C. B. U., Providence, R. I..... | 10 |
| St. Leo's 553 I. C. B. U., Tacony, Philadelphia.. | 5 |
| St. Thomas Aquinas 512 I. C. B. U., Philadelphia | 5 |
| Eugene H. Delaney, Windber, Pa..... | 5 |
| Edward Trainer, Philadelphia..... | 10 |
| Interest on deposit Ben. Sav. Fund, Phila..... | 21.37 |
| L. F. Reilly, Hoboken, N. J..... | 1 |
| Leo D. Hammerski, Minneapolis..... | 1 |
| John E. Lonergan, Philadelphia..... | 100 |
| Hugh McCaffrey (2d donation) Philadelphia... | 100 |
| Joseph V. Coleman, San Francisco..... | 25 |
| D. F. Murphy, San Francisco..... | 25 |
| Walter George Smith, Philadelphia..... | 100 |
| Anthony A. Hirst, Philadelphia..... | 100 |
| Lawrence McDonald, Philadelphia..... | 5 |
| John M. Campbell, Philadelphia..... | 50 |

Grand total.....\$3765.27

Special attention is called to the fact that this fund is about to be closed. It will soon be too late to participate in the

noble work of honoring a great priest of God on one of the great battlefields of the world. The fact that the priest was himself a beloved son of Notre Dame, a personal and cherished friend of many generations of students, a president of the University and a Provincial of the Holy Cross Community, makes the pleasure of contributing to his exaltation all the greater.

This is not a matter of North or South. Father Corby distinctly states that his intention was to admit both Northern and Southern armies to the General Absolution.

This is not an ordinary call. It is something quite special and apart.

This is not necessarily a call for a large donation. Let the donation be as large as your judgment approves. Be it great or small, it is valuable for the personal quality which it reveals.

In the next report, which will probably be the last, the SCHOLASTIC will make some general observations on the manner in which this appeal has been received. On the whole, it has been a delightful and illuminating experience.

K. of C. Elections.

The institution of the first University council of the Knights of Columbus, Notre Dame Council, No. 1477, took place on April the 22d in the Assembly room of Walsh Hall. District Deputy John B. Weber presided at the meeting, and conducted the election, which resulted in the selection of the following officers: Grand Knight, John C. Tully; Deputy Grand Knight, Prof. Wm. E. Benitz; Recording Secretary, Henry C. Meyers; Chancellor, Raymond E. Skelley; Financial Secretary, Joseph P. Reis; Treasurer, John F. O'Hara; Advocate, James L. Hope; Warden, James G. Nolan; Inner Guard, Peter J. Meersman; Outer Guard, Thos. F. Cleary. Trustees: for three years, Reverend. M. A. Schumacher, C. S. C.; for two years, Rev. T. R. Murphy, C. S. C.; for one year, Prof. E. J. Maurus; Lecturer, Leo J. Cleary; Chaplain, Rev. M. A. Quinlan, C. S. C. The new council has a large and enthusiastic membership, which it expects to materially increase immediately. A class of fifty candidates will be initiated to-morrow.

Chicago Alumni Banquet.

At the University Club in Chicago, last Saturday night, there gathered more than a hundred former students of the University to honor *Alma Mater*. The occasion for the gathering was the annual banquet of the alumni, the Notre Dame University Club of Chicago. The guests of honor were Reverend President Cavanaugh, Rev. W. A. Moloney and Reverend M. J. Regan. Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey and Col. William A. Hoynes, who were to have been present to address the gathering, were unable to attend.

Francis O'Shaughnessy, President of the Notre Dame University Club, was toastmaster; and the President of the University was the principal speaker. Religion in education, religion as the only safeguard of the morals of a people and the only means of restraining men's passions, was the subject of Father Cavanaugh's speech, which was received enthusiastically. Other speakers and guests were Father Timothy O'Sullivan, Judge Kickham Scanlan, Dr. W. F. Dinnen, of Fort Wayne, J. J. Conway, Ottawa, Ill., Judge Michael F. Gerten, Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Mich., and "Bob" Bracken.

This from an Exchange.

We quote the following from the *Blue and White* of Sacred Heart College, San Francisco, not so much because of its commendatory tone as because it answers a question of long standing:

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC in its athletic columns has a strict regard for fact, and, aside from scores, little other matter is evident. Considering its remarkable football season we expected otherwise, because some colleges allow athletics to run away with them. The great football victory was celebrated in a special number and then forgotten, as it should be.

Obituary.

The prayers of SCHOLASTIC readers are requested for the repose of the soul of John Gavagan, a native of Ireland, who passed away in La Junta, Colorado, recently. Mr. Gavagan was the father of Frank Gavagan (E. E. '09).

Personals.

—John B. McMahon (A. B., '09), a member of last year's distinguished debating team, visited here with his many friends last week.

—The marriage of Miss Elinor E. Tong, of South Bend, and Thomas J. Dehey, professor of French at Notre Dame, 1905-7, is announced for June the 18th. The marriage will take place at 9:30 A. M. in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend.

—The *Picayune* of New Orleans, noting the election of Mr. P. E. Burke to the Presidency of the Hibernia Insurance Company, says: "Mr. Burke, the new President, has been secretary of the Hibernia for three years during which time he has displayed excellent business ability."

—Dr. Chas. P. Neill, A. M., '93; LL. D., '98, United States Commissioner of Labor, delighted his friends by making a brief visit to the University last week. Dr. Neill flitted in from Chicago, where he had been engaged for some weeks in settling a serious strike. He promised to return for lunch the next day and address the University, but was suddenly summoned back to Chicago by telegram.

 Calendar.

Sunday 1—Old College vs. Brownson baseball.
 " Brownson Literary Society.
 " Walsh Literary Society.
 " St. Joseph Literary Society.
 Monday 2—Band practice.
 " Orchestra practice.
 " Glee Club practice.
 Tuesday 3—Mandolin Club practice.
 Wednesday 4—Civil Engineering Society.
 " Philopatrian Society.
 " Marquette vs. N. D. baseball.
 Thursday 5—Wabash vs. N. D. at Crawfordsville baseball.
 " Brownson vs. Walsh baseball.
 " First Friday confessions.
 Friday 6—Wabash vs. N. D. at Crawfordsville baseball.
 " Mandolin Club practice.
 " First Friday.
 Saturday 7—Beloit College vs. N. D. baseball.
 " Track meet, Varsity vs. Michigan Aggies at Lansing.

Local Items.

—The examinations were finished yesterday. Now we began the final lap, and a "day in June" looms up larger.

—The Law Debate with the Detroit Law School will be held at Notre Dame about May 21. No regular Varsity debate has as yet been arranged.

—The debate between Brownson and St. Joseph's Halls will be held about the middle of May. The question will relate to mining and labor problems.

—The Minims will enjoy another bicycle race and picnic on next Thursday. The little fellows will ride out to St. Joseph's Farm and will there take dinner and supper.

—So many requests have come for copies of "Witnesses to Christ," the sermon delivered by the President of the University at the Catholic University, Washington, that we reproduce the discourse in this issue from the University *Bulletin*.

—Candidates for initiation in the Notre Dame council and members of the council are requested to be in South Bend at the American Hall at 12:00 M. to-morrow. Including the South Bend contingent about ninety candidates in all will attempt to ride the goat.

—The Law students' debate of last week was won by the affirmative consisting of Cunningham, Oshe and Hamilton. The question related to the Central Bank. The negative was upheld by R. Smith, Daly and Bradley. McGinnis, Quigley and Ryan acted in judicial capacity.

—The first regular meeting of the New Notre Dame council was called last Wednesday evening under the direction of John C. Tully, Grand Knight. The new officers familiarized themselves with their duties, and the various business matters brought before the council were disposed of.

—Students having library books which are overdue will favor the librarians by returning same immediately. If requested to return a book do not defer to do so. To attend promptly to this matter is only common courtesy. The gentlemen having Marshall's text-book of Economics and Palgrave's Dictionary are asked to kindly return at once as the books are in constant demand.

Athletic Notes.

GRAND RAPIDS WINS FIRST.

The Hitless Wonders! We knew some one would say that, but the league men put a crimp in the 'Wonder' part of it Wednesday by treating the Varsity to its first defeat of the season. To Attley goes the honor of making the only hit of the game for the locals, and that was good for two sacks. The Leaguers won the game in the seventh when a hit and an error put two runs over. The Varsity's two runs were made in the eighth inning when Connolly waited for four wide ones and Ulatowski was safe on a wild throw by Pitcher Bowen which in addition allowed "Gene" to score. Somers who had replaced Attley in the seventh hit one far away to Foy, and "Uli" scored, giving Mike a sacrifice. Score:

| NOTRE DAME | AB | R | H | PO | A | E |
|-----------------|-----------|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| Quigley, c. f. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| Foley, ss. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Hamilton, r. f. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Kelley, 2b. | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 4 | 1 |
| Williams, l. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Phillips, 1b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 1 |
| Connolly, 3b. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Ulatowski, c. | 3 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 2 | 0 |
| Attley, p. | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Somers, p. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Total | 25 | 2 | 1 | 27 | 10 | 3 |
| GRAND RAPIDS | AB | R | H | PO | A | E |
| Kehoe, l. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Sheehan, 3b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| McNiece, r. f. | 4 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Kahl, 2b. | 4 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Kihm, 1b. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 12 | 0 | 0 |
| Tieman, c. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Millerick, c. | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Daily, c. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Foy, c. f. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Walsh, ss. | 4 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 |
| Martin, p. | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Alberts, p. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Bowen, p. | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Total | 33 | 3 | 7 | 27 | 10 | 1 |

Bases on balls—Off Attley, 2 in 7 innings; off Somers, 2 in 2 innings; off Martin, 2 in 2 innings; Alberts, 1 in 3 innings; off Bowen, 2 in 3 innings. Two-base hits—Attley, McNiece. Struck out—by Attley, 3; by Somers, 2; by Martin, 3; by Alberts, 2; by Bowen, 2. Double plays—Kelley, Foley, Phillips. Hamilton-Phillips. Stolen bases—Kelly, Martin. Reems, Umpire.

* *

Varsity Beats Michigan Aggies.

When Mr. Pattison, who was playing the heavy part for the Aggies, started turning the proceedings into a wild west show in the first inning he made the mistake which lost him the game. Three times did he make a deadly assault on the Notre Dame men, and this, coupled with a pass to McCarty, a hit by Hamilton and a sacrifice by Phillips netted two runs. In the third Kelley gained a life by some slow work on the part of

Pattison and went to second on Williams' hit to left, scoring on Connolly's grounder to first. The scoring ended here as well as the hitting, for Pattison worked like the big ones the balance of the way. The Aggies scored their run in the ninth when Mills hit to left for a single, going to second on Rain's grounder to Ryan and scored when Weston hit to left. The locals were at the short end on the hitting part of the game gleaning only two, while the Aggies bingled five times. The score:

| NOTRE DAME | AB | R | H | O | A | E |
|------------------|-----------|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| Quigley, c. f. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| McCarty, ss. | 3 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| Hamilton, r. f. | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Kelley, 2b. | 3 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 3 | 0 |
| Williams, l. f. | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Phillips, 1b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 1 | 1 |
| Connolly, 3b. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Ulatowski, c. | 3 | 0 | 0 | 11 | 3 | 0 |
| Ryan | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 |
| Total | 27 | 3 | 2 | 27 | 13 | 2 |
| MICHIGAN AGGIES | AB | R | H | O | A | E |
| Mills | 4 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 1 |
| Rains | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Baker | 3 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Wzston | 4 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Harvey | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Courtright | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Orr | 3 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Te Rollers | 3 | 0 | 0 | 8 | 1 | 0 |
| Pattison | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 |
| Total | 31 | 1 | 5 | 24 | 9 | 3 |
| Notre Dame | 2 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Michigan Agg.es. | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |

Struck out—By Ryan, 10; by Pattison, 7. Bases on balls—Off Ryan, 1; off Pattison, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Kelley, Williams, Connolly. Double play—Connolly to Kelley to Phillips. Sacrifice hits—Phillips, McCarty, Baker. Stolen bases—McCarty, Hamilton. Umpire—Reems.

* *

STANDING OF INTER-HALL TEAMS.

| | W. | L. | Per cent |
|-------------|----|----|----------|
| Old College | 1 | 0 | .1000 |
| Corby | 2 | 0 | .1000 |
| Sorin | 1 | 1 | .500 |
| Brownson | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| Walsh | 0 | 1 | .000 |
| St. Joseph | 0 | 1 | .000 |

Sunday, April 24th.

Corby, 4; Brownson, 0.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Corby | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 1 |
| Brownson | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 |

Batteries—For Corby, Foley and Collins. For Brownson, McGinness and Garcia. Umpire, Kelley.
Sorin, 11; St. Joseph, 0.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sorin | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 1 | 4 |
| St. Joseph | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Batteries—For Sorin, Molle, Lennertz and Nagle.
St. Joseph, Kaine and Funk. Umpire, Melony.

Thursday, April 28th.

Old College, 13; Walsh, 0.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Old College | 0 | 2 | 2 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 2 | 1 | *=13 |
| Walsh | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Batteries—For Old College, Freeze and Cooke. For Walsh—Cody, McGladdigan, Culligan, Ott, Bradley and McNichol. Umpire, Kelley.
Corby, 6; Sorin, 3.

| | | | | | | | | | |
|-------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----|
| Corby | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | *=6 |
| Sorin | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |

Batteries—For Corby, Mehlem and Wilson. For Sorin, Lennertz and Nageisen. Umpire, Foley.