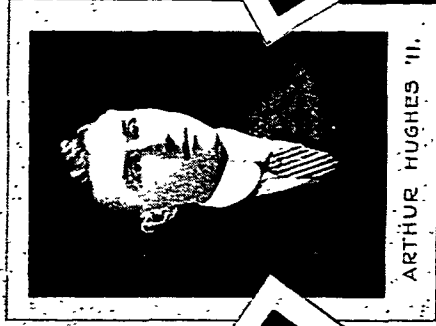


BOARD OF NOTRE DAME

'10.

EDITORS SCHOLASTIC

'11.



ARTHUR HUGHES '11.



CHARLES MILTHER '11.



JOHN C. TULLY '11.



JOHN F. O'HARA '11.



FRANCIS WENINGER '11.



J.P. MURPHY '12.



PETER FORRESTAL '11.



THOMAS LAHEY '11.



RALPH DIMICK '11.



F. MADDEN '12.



EDWARD HOWARD '12.



PAUL RUSH '12.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Easter Morning.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

OVER the hills restless pinions are beating,
Winging adown the wide paths of the skies,
Legions of legions sent thither with greeting,—
Something of Heaven to gladden His eyes;
Scent of the bud into fairer life breaking,
Pulsing of stars to the great ocean's boom,—
Nature has leaped to the call of the waking,
Death has forsaken, life conquered the tomb.

Sandalled with awe, in their eyes a great yearning,
Angel-forms kneel through the dawn-hour white,
Kissing the trace of His footsteps, and turning
Print of His blood into flowers of light.
Lilies of Easter, of souls made the token,
Print not of creature's but Heaven's own loom,
Call of the earth has not soiled you or broken;—
So must the soul leap to life from the tomb.

The Witnesses.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



WHEN the ancients cast about for a representation of ideal friendship, they found nothing more suitable than the figure of a young man. They painted their ideal as a coarse-garbed, bare-headed youth, his face turned to the stars, his arms outstretched in welcome. Upon his brow they wrote "Summer and Winter;" on the hem of his garment they inscribed the words "Far and near;" on his heart they traced in letters of gold the words, "Life and Death."

The figure is appropriate, its interpretation

simple. The affection of true friends should be always young. True friendship disregards difficulties, dangers, reverses, when laboring in the interests of its object; hence, the coarse robes of the figure. The uncovered head denotes that friend should meet friend unblushingly, always, in all places and under any circumstances. The meaning of the inscriptions is equally evident. What interpretation can be attached to "Summer and Winter" other than this; that friendship is unalterable in prosperity and adversity alike. "Far and near" has a kindred meaning,—that the sentiment is not diminished by distance. "Life and Death" signifies that friendship to be true must reach out beyond the grave even into the fuller life which is man's eternal goal. The image of the ancients' canvass is but a pictorial expression of Solomon's dictum: "He that is a friend loveth at all times, and a brother is proved in distress."

The pagan symbolism is strikingly presented to us with the recurrence of each succeeding Easter day. Friendship, the truest and the best, lives again in the persons whom the Gospel story calls the first witnesses of the Resurrection, for if ever earthly friendship could be called pure, lasting, ennobling, it was the sentiment of the three Marys,—the first witnesses. They loved Christ in gladness and in sorrow; they clung to the mighty Teacher and Worker of miracles no less lovingly than to the Man of Sorrows; they adored with equal reverence the countenance glorious with the halo of Mount Thabor and the bruised and bleeding face turned to them on Golgotha; they drank in with equal eagerness the words of the wisest of Doctors and the sorrowful utterances from the Cross,—words that bespoke broken heart-ties and a sacrifice consummated. Stronger than the elected Twelve, the three

Marys did not abandon their Master in distress; their friendship did not cease with the lance-thrust of the Centurion, but, true to the ideal of the pagan's canvas, their love for the dead Christ extended beyond the tomb into the fuller life beyond. What a lesson of consecration! They gave all to Him who called to them,—body, life, will, soul and all those higher faculties which make man only a little less than the angels.

For such complete consecration there must be high reward, and high reward was the faithful Friends' portion. They were favored by angelic apparition, and were delegated by Christ Himself to announce the Resurrection. In the words of Bernard, the Saint, "they who went to the sepulchre to embalm the body of their Beloved were themselves embalmed." And is it not proper that woman who walked first to sin should first run for forgiveness; that she who first brought death into the world and hatred should first find life and love?

The first witnesses went to the Resurrection, but to us, more favored than they, the Resurrection comes. Hence, our reason for grateful testimony before all men of the faith in the Christ. Essential as was the testimony of these first witnesses, it was hardly less necessary than is the testimony of every Christian of today. There is need of professing Christ in private and in public life; in the court no less than in the church; in the school even more than in the home. Already Christ has been driven from the schools in some lands and His standard torn from its ancient shrines to give place to the emblem of licence, parading under the guise of freedom of thought, of word and of speech. His teachings are reviled and His life attacked by those to whom both are stinging rebuke for their unbridled actions. Everywhere the sowers of cockle are spreading their seeds and the young blades are springing up even in the fields of the elect. The harvest is even now yellowing,—a harvest of unbelief, of scepticism of ridicule of God and all things sacred. This is the fruit of godless training. "Give back to the people their religion," said Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, and that same cry must go up from Christian hearts against the prevailing tendencies of the age. Unbelief and doubt there will always be, and to be a living protestation against these errors, to be a witness to the truth of

the Risen One, is the duty of every Christian. Courage it may require and moral stamina; but victory of any kind whatsoever is to be gained only by courage and fidelity to principle. "Truth alone is mighty and shall prevail," is as true today as when the Blasphemer of old went to destruction crying in his death-agony "Galilean, Thou hast conquered."

From the homes of the people, too, Christ has been expelled, and His Kingship has been usurped by one of the irreligious "isms" that flourish so abundantly in the land. Home, the sacred institution upon which is founded the superstructure of the State is being disrupted for trivial reasons and for no reasons at all. The divorce evil is assuming alarming proportions and is daily spreading. Social order is disturbed and basic institutions are assailed. Socialism waxes strong and mighty, luring the unwary to its creed. And all this because men will not see the truth. All this militates against the truth of Christ,—the truth to which we must lend active support. These are some of the dangerous tendencies of the times,—tendencies, dangerous and threatening with all the fury of the persecutors of old to despoil the fair Spouse of Christ. Let us not waver, for Christ still lives, and His reign in the hearts of men is young and strong as in the day of the first Witnesses. When clouds are heaviest and dangers darkest, the skies will burst, and, once again, blazing upon the sight of men will burst the Risen One's standard,—*"In this sign you shall conquer."*

The Guards.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

OF Caesar's will, the strong right arm
That brought the world 'neath Rome's proud
sway;

Of Caesars might the sole support,—
They watched the tomb where Jesus lay.

Their boast no sign of fear to know;
Their task to guard a silent grave;
Yet, from the sight of Him who rose,
They fled as flees a hireling slave.

They fled, and so fled Caesar's rule
When thro' the world the message spread
That Christ, the lowly Nazarene,
Had truly risen as He said.

How Red Bubbles Caused an Easter Engagement.

ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '11.



Of course when Billy Landis reached home for the Easter vacation he had some dear little friend to see immediately. Billy had been up at the U. for four years and like all the other men was engaged in that very deceitful endeavor of leading one or two or more of the girls in the college town to believe that she or they were the noblest, grandest, sweetest, dearest and everything "elsest" in the whole, whole world.

He had, as have all the rest of them, a very dear little friend back home. When he wrote to her he always told her of his college town girls. He didn't quite like the idea of playing deceitful with her, and as long as he continued to tell her of them she didn't care. The average senior at college puts in some part of his last year making plans for the life which is to follow, and if he is so fortunate as to have one of these very good friends he includes her in the plans. He feels that the girl is going to go through life with him should have a voice in the planning of that life—that is, if he's engaged; but Billy was not engaged.

Easter time comes at a glorious season of the year. It is then that the sun shines brightest, the birds sing sweetest—there is a spirit of warmth and joy in the very air at the coming of a new season. It's a great time to make big plans, for even Nature herself is planning. Billy had decided to ask Harriet that one big question, the one which should come up in every man's life at least once.

It was Easter Saturday that his aunt called him up about a little party which the children were going to have. They had all been very good during the Lenten season, and now that the time of their little fasting was over they would be allowed a gathering as a reward for such sacrifices as they had made. Billy, his aunt said, would find much enjoyment in going around to the neighboring homes and collecting the children and then taking them to the National café where they were to have their dinner.

He couldn't at first appreciate the great

amount of pleasure which his aunt described. He paused for a moment at the telephone to think it over.

"It's going to be a party—a real out and out party, is it, aunty?"

"Yes, Billy, one of the kind you used to give when you were a little bit of a boy many, many years ago. It will bring back all those times to you and you must go."

"Well, in those times I always had a girl friend at a party—"

"Well, you will have a dozen at this, and they'll all be overjoyed at the prospect of entertaining you."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, aunty. If you will let me take Harriet I will go around and gather up these hopefuls. I know we would both enjoy it very much, but it would be very lonely for me were I to do it myself."

"Harriet then is invited," his aunt replied, "and you can play you are children again, while the little ones play they are very old people, like Harriet and you."

Well, Billy first got Harriet and they started on their mission. At three o'clock they had their charges safely anchored to the table at the café. What a terrible time they had in the accomplishment of this you might well imagine. At first the boys didn't want to sit with the girls, for a boy between the ages of seven and ten years has about as much use for a girl as he has for the slipper his dad uses in executing the laws of boyhood days. Girls are different, and Billy found that the more the boys stormed at having to eat with the girls the more the latter motherly creatures desired that such should be the case. The only way out of it was to arrange the boys at the foot of the rather long table and then bring the girls up around Harriet and himself. There was one youngster, "Red Bubbles," they called him, who, though he was only seven years old, had always exhibited a vast amount of pleasure at being allowed the companionship of his little fair friends, so Billy seated him right up near the head of the table in the very midst of the girls. "Red" was a tousled-headed, freckled-faced three-teeth-out-in-front urchin filled to the very brim with mischief and an inexhaustible supply of spontaneous talk which kept him doing or saying something all the while. He was the kind of boy that seems to be positively hopeless when it comes to remembering the

things their mamma tells them before going out to an affair of this kind. So after tucking his napkin securely under his chin he began an endless line of chattering directed at first one and then another of the little girls about him. Everyone was very much excited though, and for that reason not a great amount of attention was paid to "Red Bubbles." The girls were accustomed to his self-confidence, and while they were willing to endure him they did not feel called upon to entertain him. The latter service, however, "Bubbles" was well capable of performing for himself, and after the first two or three courses had gone around he cast his inquisitive glance upon Harriet and Billy. With his lips well besmirched with the various things he had eaten, and his chubby hands holding a vast piece of bread he turned to them and started laughing in a sort of high cackle.

"Ah, Billy," he managed to utter in the midst of his mirth, "you and Harry are eating together, aren't you?" He then broke forth into another paroxysm of mirth which was so contagious that it was taken up by all.

"Look, girls," he continued, "Billy and Harry are eating together."

"Well, 'Bubbles,' do you want to eat with Harriet—" "Bubbles" broke in on Billy quickly.

"No, 'cause you wouldnt let me, would you? I'll bet Harriet's your girl, aint she, Billy? Arent you Billy's girl, Harriet? I know you are 'cause I've seen you together a whole lot, and you allus are laughing, and that's the way girls do. Oh, girls," "Bubbles" squeaked, "Harriet's Billy's girl and they're going to be married too—they're eating together."

Billy was enjoying the thing immensely and he wondered how it appealed to Harriet to hear the subject discussed by this little urchin which as yet they had not even mentioned to each other.

"Well, 'Bubbles,' look who you are eating with," Harriet rejoined. "Are you going to marry Marie? You are eating with her and you have been laughing and talking to her too, so, of course, you are going to be married."

"Bubbles" turned to Marie as if to get a little assurance before going further, but she was as indifferent as she would have been had she been twenty instead of ten.

"Sure, Marie and I are going to be married." Then turning to Marie triumphantly: "We're

going to be married, aren't we, Marie?"

"No, indeed, we're not," the little girl pouted indignantly. "Bubbles" was fast losing his composure, so in his desperation he madly sought the faces of the other little girls for one who would, in sympathy, come to his rescue. Everyone was looking at him disdainfully, so he sought to change the subject again to Billy and Harriet.

"How would you like to be married, Billy, and have all of us for your children? Wouldn't it be nice, Billy?"

"It would be real nice—maybe." A quick survey of the number present was an immediate cause for Billy changing his mind, though.

"Really, Billy, are you and Harriet going to be married?"

"Bubbles" was now surely a bubble of mirth.

Billy was getting somewhat embarrassed, for he was afraid such language would tend to spoil the seriousness of what he intended to bring about only a few days later.

"You'll have to ask Harriet about that, 'Bubbles.' You know it is always the girl that decides that."

"Bubbles" had become greatly interested.

"Harriet, you know you and Billy are going to be married. Now arent you?"

Harriet's eyes were sparkling with the humor of it all.

"'Bubbles,' you'll have to ask Billy that—" Billy seized the occasion.

"Yes, 'Bubbles,' we are going to be married, and that's the reason we are eating together, and, too, it's the reason we are so happy—"

"Bubbles'" cackle joined by the voices of the little excited youngsters around him drowned out Billy's reply.

That evening when "Bubbles'" mother was tucking him into bed he seemed to suddenly remember something.

"Mamma," he whispered cautiously, "Billy and Harriet are going to be married. They said so today." Then with the feeling of duty well done, he closed his little eyes and was soon fast asleep.

The First Sorrow.

BREAK, little heart; this foolish fear
A world-wide grief discloses;
But angels catch each shining tear
To dew our Lady's roses.

J. H.

The Sorrowful Way.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

GALILEE! Galilee!

The God-man made His home in thee!
 Ah! He felt poor mortal's tears,
 Saw their helplessness, their fears,
 As he looked across the years;
 And He came to make them free,
 Galilee!

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
 What language did He speak to thee!
 All the bitterness and woe
 He was forced to undergo
 Thankless man can never know.
 But He breathed it all to thee.
 Gethsemane!

Calvary! Calvary!
 The world's Redeemer bled on thee—
 Died and wiped affections base,
 From our weak and sinful race,
 Opened heaven by His grace,
 When He hung upon thy tree,
 Calvary!

Turning to the Past.

CHARLS C. MILTNER, '11.



HE old people are persistently telling us about the "good old days." They never tire of describing the customs and manners of their youth nor seem to relish their memories the less as the swift flight of years bears them farther and farther apart. Indeed, it seems rather that as the vision of the past pales before the glitter of the present, the fair, familiar objects on the dim landscape appear in clearer view and the distant music wings a sweeter echo. They do not envy us our pleasures; instead, they seem to pity us because we can not now enjoy what once was theirs. In their eyes our customs seem but empty forms and our pastimes devoid of real enjoyment when compared with those of old.

Perhaps they are right. Perhaps the spirit of pure, guileless, free-hearted fun of our grandfathers and grandmothers as they gathered

in neighborly conclave to celebrate a christening or a wedding or to join in merry revel at some post-harvest dance is not reflected in the conventional and often supercilious formality of our social functions. Perhaps their simple customs, pregnant with fanciful significance and ideal import lent a color and an air of solemnity and grandeur and dignity to their festal days to which the more realistic spirit of the present time denies expression. At any rate, much depends upon one's point of view. Even for some of us the memories of the past are quite as fascinating as the novelties of the present or the aspirations of the future. Clinging round the festive occasions of our youth are scenes which will never be effaced from our memories, and perhaps it is because we sort of unconsciously agree with the old people that we, too, love to describe them. Such a scene at Easter time invariably presents itself to many, and this is how one may be described:

Not since Christmas was yet a week off had there been such a spirit of delightful expectation among the young folk of the house, nor had there been more diligent preparation to welcome with becoming ceremony another guest since the arrival of the merry little man with his team of reindeers and tinkling bells. But if the gifts of Santa Claus—as we firmly believed would be—were in direct proportion to the excellence of our behavior and the proper arrangement of our stockings around the chimney-piece, we were quite as convinced that the Easter Rabbit would reward us with his multi-colored eggs in the same degree, as we faithfully observed the spirit of Holy Week and prepared beautiful nests for his reception.

Accordingly on the afternoon of Holy Saturday we set off for the woods, basket in hand, intent on gathering the brightest bits of moss that clung to the fallen trees and to the rocks that lay by the river side. A sharp look-out was also kept for any eager flower which perchance had hastened ahead of its companions to greet the world on Easter morn. Our baskets were soon filled, and ere we retired that night many and various were the verdant castles of moss and twig and flower reared in honor of our timid nocturnal visitor with the much-prized Easter eggs.

The night, of course, was restless, but at last morning came, and such a morning. The

clouds, which during the week had hung like a dark curtain across the heavens, were gone and from out the spotless sky the rich, golden sunlight poured itself lavishly over the longing breast of nature. It had come so suddenly and after so many cold, dreary days that every living creature seemed to join in a hymn of welcome. The flaming robins chirped and chattered to one another on the lawn. The pigeons cooed and strutted upon the eastern slope of the barn's roof, while the impatient cattle frisked about the barnyard, sniffing the warm breeze redolent of the tender shoots of spring, and seemed to demand it as their right now to be turned into the pasture.

We, too, were so influenced by the exultant atmosphere that for the nonce we almost forgot about our Easter eggs. But only for the nonce. There they were, pillowed on the downy moss, red, blue, orange, yellow, green, indigo and many other shades, glistening in the sunlight. Much as we desired to take them up and to taste their hidden sweetness—for certainly they were far superior to ordinary eggs—yet the beauty of the scene, like the charm of the Christmas tree, was so fascinating that we rather preferred to feast our eyes than our stomachs. Meanwhile, however, time passed quickly—as it always does when joy fills the heart—and, as it passed, the demands of appetite gradually superseded the first æsthetic thrill, and, upon the breakfast table, side by side with the indispensable ham and eggs, the tinted dainties of the Easter Rabbit took an honored place.

But after all, it was not so much these things, though they were indispensable, but the spirit of the occasion—the joyous, exultant, reverent spirit, not since nor anywhere else experienced, that has stamped this scene on the memory and made it ineffaceable. Hence, like the old people, we have felt justified in describing it, and as we bear with them, we hope our readers will bear with us.

The Lily-of-the-Valley.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

MIRROR of purity, thy waxen cup
And heart of gold
Have caught men's holiest thoughts and raised
them up,
From days of old.

Resurrection Morn.

FRANCIS L. MADDEN, '12.

A CROWN of thorns, a cross, a guarded tomb,
A broken-hearted Mother weeping there;
A world enshrouded in a night of gloom—
No star of hope relieving its despair.

A silver dawn,—the Resurrection day;
An angel stands the empty grave beside:
"Behold the place wherein His body lay,
For He has risen who was crucified."

Milton Moore's Resolve.

PAUL RUSH, '12.



HE commencement program of the little parochial school at Dyersburg had been completed, and Father Brady arose to make several concluding remarks. His deep feeling for the welfare of his little flock was plainly apparent as he addressed them. "Children, you will meet with many obstacles in the paths of life; you will be called upon to endure burdens which seem unbearable; you will be sorely tempted from the rugged path of virtue to the easier and shameful one of sin, but you must triumph over them all. When you are tempted, think of the cross, of what it represents. Reflect that Christ was crucified on that cross that you might be saved; that if you have heavy burdens, He is only too willing to help you bear them, if you only ask; that if you encounter obstacles, He is ready to help you to surmount them; that if you are tempted, He is only too willing to assist you in following the right course. In these moments of temptation, then, children, only think of the cross, and all these thoughts will arise in you and keep you in the path which leads to everlasting salvation."

The children and many of the visitors departed, and the parish priest and Sister Loretta were talking over the events of the day. Father Brady said: "That little Moore lad gave a very touching little speech, Sister. He certainly is a very bright boy and should make his mark in the world."

"He did indeed, Father, and oh! what a

fine little fellow he is—so unselfish and kind; yet sometimes I fear greatly for his future. He feels very deeply, and is so eager to afford pleasure to all who have any claim on his friendship that he is very easily influenced. I do so hope he will never fall in with the wrong sort of people, for it might utterly change him.”

“Oh, you need have no fear of that, Sister. One who has been so well trained in his religion as Moore will never go wrong.”

Many years had passed and Moore was now a young man entering upon his business career. His natural cleverness and earnest application made him a very valuable man to his company, so that by the time he had become twenty-one years of age he had been removed from his small home town to a large city where his services were needed more. The truest friends he had, his mother and father, had died several years before, so that leaving his old home was not so hard as it might have been, yet he felt keenly the absence of the old school chums with whom he used to associate.

However, as time wore on and he met men oftener and oftener in a business way, he began to form new acquaintances. Unhappily all of these were free and easy in their beliefs and in time Moore began to be weaned away from his religion. The holydays of obligation slipped by unnoticed and the Sundays became burdensome. One morning after a Saturday night out with the boys he remained in bed instead of going to church; the next Sunday he had a slight cold and the next he was too tired; thus he went on, ever finding an excuse to keep him from his duty. For a time he had made his Easter duty, but now he even neglected to do that.

By this time, Milton had established himself on a firm financial foundation, and feeling that it was time for him to marry and settle down he became engaged to a non-Catholic young lady with whom he had been keeping company for several years. Though lax in his attendance at mass, he would consent to no other than a Catholic marriage, and so they were married by a priest in accordance with the rites of his faith.

The next two or three years, matters went on about the same as before; worldly blessings were showered upon him in increasing numbers, while spiritually he had become almost poverty-stricken. Rarely ever did he attend mass and the Sacraments were scarcely thought of.

Milton felt exceedingly happy, however, and when he was informed that within a short time he was to be a father, his joy found utterance in frequent comments on his good luck, but, sad to say, in no prayers of thanksgiving to his God. However, all was not pleasant; he began to feel a strange uneasiness as thoughts of possible misfortune occurred to him. Several days later, in reading over the *Dyersburg Weekly*, for which he continued to subscribe, he noticed the account of the death of Father Brady. His mind reverted instantly to commencement day and he recalled his promise and the words of advice. These thoughts seemed to augment his forebodings. A certain sadness came over him and he resolved to return to his faith soon. But he had put it off too long; the habit had become deep rooted and his good resolutions were soon forgotten in the worries of his business affairs.

Milton sat at his desk in his down-town office several weeks later arranging his affairs preparatory to departing for the evening, when the telephone rang sharply. It was a call to hurry home, and leaving things just as they lay, he dashed to the street, summoned a passing taxicab which carried him rapidly to his residence. Here he was met by the doctor who said: “We tried to reach you sooner, Mr. Moore, but somehow could not do it. After giving birth to a child, your wife—

With a horrible cry the man rushed frenziedly into the rapidly darkening and empty street. He was bareheaded and wore no overcoat yet he did not feel the coldness of the winter's blast. He felt nothing; he was numb, dazed to all else but to one great pain that drove reason and self from his mind. “Dead, oh God!” he moaned. “God! Why has He so afflicted me? Have I done aught against Him? No! no! God?—There is no God! What is justice? There is none. Oh! fool that I was to be so deceived. There is no heaven, no hell! All is the joy of living; and the happiness of mine is forever gone.” The man wandered on and on, heedless of the direction in which his steps were taking him. The night was almost over, and the first faint streaks of dawn were becoming visible in the east. The limits of the city were many miles away, yet the man noted naught; his thoughts still continued in their restless path, but nature was making her claims apparent, for his head and shoulders drooped with fatigue as he

struggled along in his comatose, half-exhausted condition. He stumbled and fell. This aroused him to a half-conscious realization of his condition. He was tired and sore, yet he must rise, for the ground was wet and cold. If he lay there he would die. Yet, why not? What was there to live for? He raised his head, but lo! what was that? Yes, a cross outlined against the sky! Unbidden, the words of Father Brady were recalled: "Think of the cross, of what it represents. Reflect that Christ was crucified on the Cross that you might be saved; that if you have heavy burdens, He is only too willing to help you bear them, if you only ask." Yes, he saw it all now clearly. He had abandoned his God. Within the last year he had scarcely thought of Him—But! he started with the thought. Did not the doctor say a child had been born? Yes! yes! he must live; he must rear the child in the true faith. Thrilled with a new life, he struggled to his feet and stumbled along the road past the graveyard in front of which he had fallen. The cross which he had seen outlined against the sky was one which surmounted the gateway to the cemetery; it was the one which awakened the man from the slumber of sin, which opened a new path before him and saved the soul of Milton Moore.

When he returned the doctor was waiting for him in the parlor. "Doctor," he said in a broken voice, "I have one life to live now and that is for my child. I ran out from here hating God. I return to live with my little one nearer to Him in the days that remain to me. As for my wife,—"

"Oh," said the doctor, "she is doing nicely."

"Doing nicely! Do not mock me, man!"

"Well, I could have told you that some hours ago, but you ran like a madman out of the house before I could stop you or explain."

"Then she is not dead?"

"Why, of course not. She has a long life ahead of her, I hope."

The husband and father wept the tears of a strong man. But even as beneath his sorrow, there had been formed a great resolve, so too beneath his joy, the same resolve remained. But his Calvary was transformed to the glory of Easter.

Today Milton Moore is strong in the Faith of the Ages; and his beautiful young wife, influenced by his example of devotion, has joined the Faith of her husband.

Children of the Stars.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

LOVE to lie in shadows, cast
By sombre lights at even,
And count the stars,—child-souls that passed
From innocence to heaven.

The Counter Play.

EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12:



"T'S your last chance, Jack, and if you don't win,—well, something will happen."

Jack Keefe sat upon the edge of his bed in a dingy attic-room on the north side of town Cygnet. His eyes were hazy and more than one tear trickled down the pale cheeks.

"I wouldn't care so much were it not for the old folks. It's hard on a fellow who starts out in the morning of life to come to this end. Maybe it is my fault, probably the world's—"

"Is that you, Mrs. Casey? Come right in. I suppose you have come for the rent."

"And it's well you guessed my purpose," came the somewhat abrupt answer. "Here is Mike Casey's wife keeping a star-roomer and her son Jimmie running to school with broken shoes. Sure, the Lord only knows but what he may come down with the pneumonia. Old Pat Kelley's wife throws it into my face everyday that I should join the Salvationists since I am keeping a wandering Christian upon my hands."

"Well, Mrs. Casey, I deserve to be censured, but would you allow me a week's grace. Times are hard, and—"

"Away with your excuses!" she exclaimed. "If Mike Casey had a son of your size who didn't want to work he would break his back. Now you owe me for a month's lodging, and I am after telling you plainly that if you don't pay me very shortly you'll find your traps down below on the street. 'Tis the likes of you as would bring a harsh word from the priest. You'll have till Tuesday, then, and I am not Mrs. Casey if you will have an hour longer."

She went out, slamming the door, and Jack could hear her as she made her way

downstairs. The scene of a few years ago passed across his mind. Well could he imagine his kind mother and father, Kittie Nolan, his friend, and Father Noonan who had come down to see his altar boy off for his new position.

"Go to church regularly and say your prayers, Jack, for ever so many dangers confront you in the city."

Fortune smiled upon the young man in his duties as a clerk for a wholesale paper firm and he invested most of his earnings with the company, hoping to double his fortune; but a crash came through reckless financial dealings, leaving him without money or work. In all his letters home he always penned a few lines telling of his success, and he wondered if his parents would suspect that the large spots upon the paper were tears which fell during the course of the writing. Repeated failure made him ugly and despondent. First he missed saying his prayers and finally he dropped away from church services.

Day after day he trudged the streets feeling that the world owed him a favor, but might cut short the illusion. Very often the story of the prodigal recurred to him, but he found that his pride would admit of no subjection. And so the resolve came to him to make one more effort, and then—it made little difference whether or not he went home.

One evening, just at dusk, as he was hastening along the street, he ran into a man who, instead of passing on, stopped to question him. Jack was wont to leave the stranger, but the latter restrained him.

"I don't know you, sir," he said.

"But I know you, Johnnie, my rogue," came the cheering reply.

Something in the voice and free manner of the stranger set Jack to thinking, and quickly it occurred to him that the person before him was none other than the beloved Father Noonan.

"Come on now, you sly-boots. Don't pretend you have forgotten old Father Noonan who many the time pulled your ear for not lighting the mass candles."

"I know you, Father, but for Heaven's sake—"

"Silence, you greenhorn. Take me right to your lodging and tell me all about it."

The old pastor's frankness had won the lad's heart, and they walked along the dark street until they came to Mrs. Casey's home. No rebuke followed, but the kind advice of Father Noonan acted as a balm to his con-

science. A new life seemed to have been born in him, and the huge gap of the last three years of sin seemed to be no more.

"You can thank your good old mother, Jack, for this. She suspected something from the letters in one of which you left off writing abruptly, and asked me to look you up. As I came to the city, I did not know any more than Samson where I would find you, but I thought the good Lord would care for that, and so He has.

"But don't tell mother, please, Father. At least don't tell her everything," said Jack.

"And would you make me a traitor to my calling, you rascal? Of course I'll tell her, but circumstances will alter the case.

Some time had elapsed and Jack planned upon visiting the old folks. So great was the desire to leave the scene of his trials and to rest once more in the quiet little town of Oakley that he hardly slept at all the night before his departure. No words could describe the sensation that came on him as he lay in his bed tossing restlessly. At the station he was met by Kittie Nolan, the girl of his younger days, and together they strolled along, she plying him with many questions. Mother and father were glad to see their young son, but no one seemed more jubilant than the good old priest whose greeting to Jack was a slap on the back which nearly jarred his brains out.

"And now, Mr. and Mrs. Keefe, the meeting may as well come to order," he said. "Miss Katherine Nolan has been at me to speak to Jack, and in fact she was the one who urged me to go to the city and look him up. Knowing both parties as I do, I think Jack has no need of returning, for he may as well enter on his new job."

This conversation seemed a little puzzling to the young man, but he could not help noticing the satisfaction expressed on his parents' face.

"At present, Jack, take your time. Although the church is in debt, I'll be lenient on the matrimonial fees provided both parties reach an agreement."

Amid the blessings from his parents and Father Noonan's "Benedicat," Jack and Miss Katherine clasped each other in fond embrace.

"I always said, Jack, that you were responsible for asking Kittie to send me to the city," said the aged pastor, "but she says different."

A peal of laughter drowned out what the young man was about to say.

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—The Lenten season of gloom is changed to the glory of Easter day. The symbols of mourning are set aside, and the symbols of rejoicing are put on.

The Triumph of Christ. It is just as fitting to rejoice on Easter

Sunday morning as it is to sorrow on Good Friday. To the Christian Easter is the day of days. It is the time on which Christ triumphed by proving to the world that He was what He said He was—the Son of God. If His birth proves His Incarnation, the Resurrection proves His Divinity. If Christmas is the day of the God-Man, Easter is the day of the Man-God. There have not been wanting those in history of the world who made equal and even greater claims than Christ made. But He alone proved His claims by such a miracle as God alone could perform. Hence while the religion of those others who laid claim to the Godhead has passed out of the world, the religion of Christ crucified and risen endures, and continues to be a living force for the betterment of mankind.

People of much self-assurance and with small spiritual insight and with meagre knowledge of the spirit that quickens, may take on the cant of the age in speaking of Our Lord. They may praise Him as a master-mind and great

organizer Who saw far and builded wisely. But any praise that would remove the Divinity of our Saviour is blasphemy. It offends the ear and the heart of the true Christian to whom Our Lord stands as the highest and the holiest perfection, the Son of the eternal God, true God and true man.

—The past two weeks witnessed notable triumphs in oratory and debate. If we have not become notably enthusiastic over these victories,

it is because we have won often enough not to be swept away by the thought of triumph.

Nevertheless, the young man who carried off first honors in the Peace Contest and the debaters who made Western Reserve bow to defeat are not overlooked, nor do we accept their victories lightly. They have preserved our high traditions in debate and oratory and for this they deserve the unqualified appreciation of every Notre Dame man. The tendency to rest satisfied with past laurels is quite common enough to justify even exaggerated praise for those who work for the present and the future. The orators and debaters of this year have won laurels for their Alma Mater. When they bid her good-bye in June they may do so with the thought that they have added theirs to her long list of victories.

—Mr. Roosevelt has been raising his voice out in Reno against what he calls the unjust and unfair system of the Y. M. C. A. in excluding Catholics from any

The Y. M. C. A. hand in the control and direction of the organization.

Closed Shop. "A Catholic layman or a Catholic priest," says the Colonel, "who works with us, who helps us to put up a building like that, should be allowed to have his full share in the management of it." From the point of view of the Catholic priest and the Catholic layman, the Colonel is misdirecting his ammunition. Catholic priests and Catholic laymen do not want direction or control in Y. M. C. A. It is a Protestant organization pure and simple, first, last, and always, with aims and purposes quite distinct and characteristic. There are social, athletic and insurance societies in abundance within the Catholic Church to satisfy the growing boy and

the grown man of the Church. Neither the Y. M. C. A. nor any other organization need pull down its barriers of exclusiveness to admit us. We do not ask it; we do not wish it. If by their constitution they desire to exclude Catholics from office and to give the impression of self-sufficiency, Catholics surely are satisfied. There is nothing in the Y. M. C. A. that we hanker for or that makes special appeal. Not religion surely; since we have one that stands out large with a world purpose; not social intercourse, since where we can not enter as equals and without being subjected to patronizing, we are certainly self-respecting enough not to wish to enter at all. We hope that clerical and lay agitation for an open shop in the Y. M. C. A. will remain unrealized. Catholic boys and young men can get along very handsomely without it, especially since the Y. M. C. A. has elected to get along without them. Indeed we can not see any good which would result to our young men from securing berths in the society. The "broad-minded" and the "tolerant" and the "patronizing" may hand us a measured compliment in which there is a fair percentage of flattery and insult. We do not want the compliment nor the toleration, or the tall, patronizing manner. Neither, you may be sure, will we make "rough-house" for enthusiasm if the Y. M. C. A. gets a change of heart and throws down the bars.

Notre Dame Wins State Peace Contest.

Mr. Joseph A. Quinlan, '11, with his oration, "World Federation," was awarded first place in the fifth annual contest of the Indiana branch of the Intercollegiate Peace Association, held in Washington hall on Friday, April 7th. Although Mr. Quinlan was not ranked first by any of the three judges, the decision was unanimous; and when allowances are made for impressions produced by different styles of oratory on the auditors, it seems evident that Mr. Quinlan was considered, all in all, to be the best orator of the evening. His oration was strong, and his treatment of the question logical. He made a good impression on his audience, and Notre Dame rooters were satisfied when he had finished that the decision would be his.

Second place was awarded to Mr. Charles Marion Anderson, the representative of Purdue University. Mr. Anderson's oration, "America

and Universal Peace," treated the question of international peace in somewhat the same way as two other speakers of the evening, but his delivery was more polished.

Mr. Elihu E. Jenkins, of Earlham College, who spoke on "Peace by Law," held his audience as well as any speaker of the evening. He made a very favorable impression by the logic of his speech and the force of his delivery, though the criticism was expressed that his confidence in himself worked against him. His voice carried well, but the energy of his delivery



JOSEPH A. QUINLAN, '11.

was more that of the debater than that of the finished orator. He was tied for third place with Mr. Tracy Redding, of DePauw University. Mr. Redding's delivery was by no means flawless; in fact his decided mannerisms made it difficult for his listeners to give him their undivided attention. The lack of voice-control, which detracted from the effectiveness of Mr. Redding's delivery, was also very evident in the case of Mr. Amos E. Kreider, of Goshen College, who tied for last place with Mr. John Lee McAndrew, of Vincennes Uni-

versity. Fifth place was given to Mr. Mark E. Archer of Wabash College. Immaturity seemed to be the common defect of these three speakers,—a defect which can be overcome by experience.

By the decision of the judges Mr. Quinlan was awarded the first prize of seventy-five dollars, and is entitled to represent the state of Indiana in the Interstate contest of the Peace Association, to be held some time this spring, at a place and date to be decided later. The second prize of fifty dollars went to Mr. Anderson.

Following is the program of the contest and the tabulated decision of the judges:

CHAIRMAN

The Hon. Timothy E. Howard, LL. D.
of the College of Law, University of Notre Dame.
Selection University Orchestra

"The March to Peace" John Lee McAndrew

"Peace by Law" Elihu E. Jenkins

"United States and Universal Peace" Amos E. Kreider

"The World State" Tracy Redding

Selection University Orchestra

"America and Universal Peace" Charles Marion Anderson

"Education as a Factor in World Peace" Mark E. Archer

"World Federation" Joseph A. Quinlan

Selection University Orchestra

JUDGES

Professor A. F. Reddie, Valparaiso, Ind.

Principal S. B. McCracken, Elkhart, Ind.

Attorney Floyd Deal, South Bend, Ind.

COMMITTEE

President N. E. Byers, Goshen

Professor E. H. Davis, Purdue

Professor R. W. Brown, Wabash

JUDGES

CONTESTANTS	MCCRACKEN	DEAL	REDDIE	PLACE
McAndrew	7	7	4	6
Jenkins	5	1	5	3
Kreider	1	6	6	6
Redding	4	4	3	3
Anderson	3	3	1	2
Archer	6	5	7	5
Quinlan	2	2	2	1

Holy Week Services.

The services of Holy Week were begun last Sunday morning with blessing and distribution of the palms, and procession. The Rev. Fathers Crumley, Maguire and Irving sang in a very impressive manner the story of the Passion according to St. Matthew. Rev. President Cavanaugh was celebrant of the mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers Carroll and O'Donnell.

On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings the psalms and prayers of the Tenebrae were chanted by the clergy and the Seminary choir. Thursday morning, Very Rev. Father Provincial sang the solemn mass commemorating the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. Rev. Fathers French and Irving assisted. On Good Friday the mass presanctified, the procession and the adoration of the Cross were carried out as prescribed in the Ritual. At three o'clock in the afternoon the devotion of the Way of the Cross brought together a large congregation to assist at this exercise.

Holy Saturday, Rev. Father Kirsch acted as celebrant at the blessings preceding the holy sacrifice of the mass assisted by Rev. Fathers Irving and Farley. The prophecies were chanted by the students of Holy Cross Seminary. The students assisted at the solemn high mass which began at nine o'clock. The officers were the same as for the blessing of the font, paschal candle, etc. Rev. Father Connor took charge of the ceremonies, and, needless to say, they were carried out with that attention to detail for which he is so well known.

The Corby Monument Fund.

The Corby Monument Fund is still growing. After Easter every man in the University will be given a chance to add his share to the fund. Let every one give as much as he can spare so that when the day of unveiling is at hand it will mean something to every one.

R. Cavanaugh (Corby)	\$10.00
Father E. P. Murphy (Portland, Ore.)	10.00
W. Yund (Corby)	10.00
F. Maloney (Brownson)	.25
J. Darboi	.25
J. Plant	1.00
D. Pepin	.25
G. T. Hanlon	.50
D. Bennet	1.00
E. J. Riedman	.50
Fred Mahaffey (Carroll)	2.00
Friend	1.75

Varsity Debaters Victorious.

On Monday evening, April 10, our trio of debaters annexed another victory to our long line by a decision over Western Reserve. The question was: "Resolved: That Congress should provide for a Central Bank." Western Reserve upheld the affirmative of the question

and Notre Dame the negative. The decision was unanimous.

Mr. Jeremiah opened for the visitors. His point was that we have now reached a stage in our development of the banking system where it is essential to provide a Central Bank on account of the evils inherent in the present system. He contended that the inelasticity of the currency is the fatal defect,—a defect to which he attributed panics and many kindred results.

Mr. Murphy in introducing the negative argument gave a brief history of the two Central Banks which had at one time been operative in this country and showed why they failed and why every other venture of similar nature must fail,—on account of



JOHN C. MURPHY, '11.

the political make-up of the country. He further showed that no plan could prevent panics which could not control the expansion of credit. This a Central Bank could not do because, as long as it could obtain security for its notes, it would issue them and speculation would be greatly facilitated.

Mr. Weisman further insisted that panics are big evils which a Central Bank could remedy. To prove his point he outlined, theoretically, a plan for the proposed Bank. This part of

his argument was strongly attacked by the negative in rebuttal. It was the content of the negative that theoretically the plan



JAMES L. HOPE, '11

was all right but practically it was all wrong; the failure of the affirmative to meet this argument was largely responsible in determining the victory.

Mr. Hope's well-delivered and logically sound discourse was to the effect that a gigantic



CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

monopoly would be created by the proposed measure because the stock could not be kept out of the hands of big corporations which,

by securing a majority of the shares, would be in a position absolutely to dictate the policy of the finance of the country.

The burden of Mr. Reasner's speech in closing the affirmative constructive argument was that elasticity gives a more uniform interest rate which is a desirable feature of any currency system. Whatever argument was contained in this speech was shorn of its effectiveness by clumsy delivery and an attempt to say too much.

Mr. Miltner in closing for the negative stated that the success of a Central Bank depended on its ability to control a discount rate. But territorial and economical conditions make this altogether impossible. Under varied and local rates a bank could not protect its reserves nor provide an elastic currency. Mr. Miltner's was, perhaps, the strongest main speech, though in rebuttal his work was hardly so good.

The rebuttal work of the visitors was lacking in pointedness and finish. They spread out too much, and in doing so, lost sight of the main issues. In general, the rebuttal work of the local trio was not equal to the standard of their main speeches.

The judges were: Chester A. Legg, Counsel of the Board of Trade, Chicago; Hugo Sonnenschein, Attorney at Law, Chicago; Edward R. Johnston, Attorney at Law, Chicago; the presiding chairman was the Hon. John A. Hibberd, State Senator of Indiana. The music for the occasion was furnished by the University orchestra.

Personals.

—IMPORTANT.—The President of the University has been asked to recommend a Catholic young man to teach Science and Agriculture in a town in Nebraska. The work is of high-school grade. Any graduate or old student desiring to apply for this position should correspond with Father Cavanaugh.

—Mike Moriarty in a letter from St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., writes as follows: "When Cardinal Logue was here last fall he spoke of the great opportunities America enjoyed for work in spreading Catholic doctrine; and in commenting on the good work of the Catholic colleges he cited but one example, that was the 'wonderful Notre Dame institution in Indiana.' You may easily

surmise that the two Notre Dame men present spent a most enjoyable evening."

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Katherine Reitta Murphy and Mr. William P. Higgins (LL. B. '13) on Wednesday, April 18th.

Mr. Higgins is one of the best known students of his time and is remembered with special fondness by the faculty. He has had a distinguished career since leaving college, having been called to the State Legislature of Massachusetts almost immediately on his graduation. He is now Ass't City Attorney of Boston. We congratulate Mr. Higgins and wish him and his beautiful bride a long and happy life.

—One paragraph from a letter recently sent to the University by Mr. P. T. Barry (A. M. '90) has a considerable historical value and we wish to embalm it in the pages of the SCHOLASTIC. The letter is dated March 15, 1911, and the paragraph is as follows:

"I had the pleasure of knowing Father Corby well, as President of the University and otherwise. The very next day after giving his famous absolution in the field of battle, I landed in New York from Ireland a mere boy. The excitement over the solemnity of the act, mingled with the passion of war, was so intense, that had Father Corby been present in New York at the time, the populace would have carried him on their shoulders from the Battery to the Harlem River. My first impulse, under the excitement of the moment, was to enlist there and then and take the first train for Gettysburg, but I was too young and would not be taken into the military service."

Needless to say, Mr. Barry is one of the most devoted friends that Notre Dame has ever had. It is an inspiration to all of us that such men as he take such keen interest in her work.

Calendar.

Sunday, April 16—Easter Sunday.

Monday, April 17—Easter Monday. No classes.

Senior play.

Senior ball.

Tuesday, April 18—Laetare Medal Presentation to Dr. Egan, at 7:30 p. m.

Varsity vs. South Bend at Notre Dame.

Wednesday, April 19—Varsity vs. South Bend at South Bend.

Thursday, April 20—Varsity vs. DePauw at Notre Dame.

Friday, April 21—Varsity vs. South Bend at S. B.

Athletic Notes.

CUBS DOWN VARSITY.

In the opening game of the season last Saturday at the West Side grounds, Chicago, the Varsity was defeated by the Cubs, champs of the National league by the score of 9-1. The local men went into this game handicapped by the lack of outdoor practice, the inclement weather making it necessary to do all the work in the gym. But with this handicap and against a team which had been training for several weeks in the sunny South the game was a very interesting affair all the way through. Billy Ryan opened the game for the Notre Dame men and held the big leaguers runless and hitless to the third inning. In this round three hits sent over two runs for the Cubs, and in the fourth a combination of errors and wild pegs netted two more. In the fifth Ryan's arm, which has been bothering him for some time to the extent of keeping him out of the practice games, went back on him, and this fact, coupled with some more errors, let in five runs, completing the total of nine.

The local men were the first to score, putting in that one run in the third. Ulatowski reached first on a scratch hit and was sacrificed to second by Ryan. Connelly hit a short fly and was out but Quigley nailed one at Zimmerman which the latter threw poorly to first, allowing "Uli" to score and Quigley to take second. This ended the scoring for Notre Dame. Heyl went in and pitched very good ball from the sixth on, allowing no hits or runs during the last two innings he worked. Score:

Chicago	R	H	P	A	E
Doyle, 2b	0	1	1	1	0
Sheckard, lf	1	1	0	1	0
Ball, rf	1	1	0	1	0
Shean, 1b	1	2	8	0	0
Hofman, cf	1	0	2	0	0
Zimmerman, 3b	2	1	2	4	1
Kane, ss	2	0	0	2	0
Needham, c	0	1	8	0	0
Reulbach, p	1	0	0	0	1
*Foxen	0	0	0	0	0
Toney, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	7	21	9	2

*Batted for Reulbach in the fourth.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Connolly, 3b	0	0	0	0	0
Quigley, cf	0	0	4	0	0
Farrell, 1b	0	1	5	0	0
Williams, lf	0	0	4	1	1

Phillips, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Granfield, ss	0	0	0	2	1
Sherry, 2b	0	0	2	2	0
Ulatowski, c	1	1	3	1	1
Ryan, p	0	0	0	1	0
Heyl, p	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	3	18	7	3

Chicago	0	0	2	2	5	0	*—9
Notre Dame	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—1

Two base hits—Doyle, Sheckard. Sacrifice hits—Doyle, Foxen, Ryan. Stolen bases—Zimmerman (3), Hofman, Kane. Struck out—By Reulbach, 1; by Toney, 6; by Ryan, 2. Bases on balls—Off Reulbach, 1; off Ryan, 5; off Heyl, 1. Double play—Williams, Sherry. Hits—Off Reulbach, 3 in 4 innings; off Ryan, 7 in 5 innings. Hit by pitcher—By Ryan, 1. Time—1:15. Umpire—Cusack.

OLIVET PROVES A SURPRISE.

Olivet gave us a big scare last Monday, and very nearly got away with the big end of the score. Matters stood six to three with their choice of the big end in our last half of the ninth. Then pitcher Sanford walked three men and when Cy Williams came to bat excitement ran high, as they say. He met the right one, hit it in the right direction, and chased the three fellows on the bases across the home plate. There was considerable of excitement just then you may be sure. Olivet will be heard from this season we venture to assert.

Notre Dame.	B	R	H	O	A	E
Connolly, 3b	5	1	1	1	2	1
Quigley, cf	5	3	1	1	1	0
Farrell, 1b	5	1	2	12	1	1
Williams	5	0	2	0	1	0
Phillips, rf, 1	3	0	0	0	1	0
Granfield, ss	4	0	0	3	2	1
Sherry, 2b	4	1	2	2	5	0
Ulatowski, c	4	1	0	8	1	1
Heyl, p	3	0	1	0	1	0

Totals	38	7	9	27	15	4
Olivet	B	R	H	O	A	E
M. Royal, 1b	4	3	1	13	1	1
Hamilton, 2b	3	0	1	1	2	0
Berry, ss	4	0	0	3	1	2
Sanford, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
H. Royal, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0
DePue, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Price, 3b	4	1	1	1	1	1
Wallick, rf	3	1	0	0	0	0
Hallier, c	4	1	1	6	0	0

Totals	33	6	7	27	6	4
Olivet	0	0	2	0	0	1

Notre Dame	1	0	1	1	0	0
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Three base hit—Williams. Two base hit—Hamilton, Heyl, Williams, Connelly. Double play—DePue to Price. Time—1:55. Umpire—Hoodson. Attendance—1100.

Safety Valve.

"Did it ever occur to you," asked the prophet Jeremiah, "that France is a republic?" After a big pause he became still more radical. "Did it ever occur to you that Russia has a large extent of territory?" On advice of counsel we decline to answer.

We notice the *Scholastic* of last week gave Fitzpatrick the mile in 4:41 1-5. The actual time consumed in the performance was 4:51 99-100. Papers please copy and credit These Columns.

For genuine prize hogs we recommend the baseball grabbers at our home games. We suggest turning them loose on a graveyard where they can probably get away with the handles of a casket.

PERIODIC SENTENCE

At length, after much difficulty, through deep roads and bad weather, Mike came to his journey's end.

THE BEACON LIGHTS OF LITERATURE.

In the Easter issue of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* there appeared in picture a galaxy of literary stars such as only once glorifies the firmament of a single century. It has been our own high privilege to gather in radiations from these distinguished Literati, and lest the passion for expression which we now feel may flicker and not flame again, we pass these Impressions to the ages without fear or favor.

Changing from Astronomy to Architecture we may declare that from his position in the line-up THOMAS A. LAHEY is the keystone of the *Scholastic*'s editorial arch, while PAUL RUSH is the corner and foundation. What Pope said of himself we make bold to say of THOMAS A.—

"He lisped in numbers for the numbers came." It is said that he has on one day completed a sonnet, an ode and several blank verses, and was just as fresh as when he started. He is perhaps the greatest endurance poet of the century. ARTHUR J. HUGHES is tall and thoughtful. Look at him and you are reminded of a short story. As a boy he was not remarkable—that came later. In recent years he has not written extensively, having accepted the position of Chief Performer in the *Dome*.¹ CHARLES C. MILTNER is an economist, sociologist and among other distinctions writes a very eccentric hand. JOHN F. O'HARA has so many qualifications one hardly knows where or how to begin. He is apologist, Southamericanist and a Calderonist.² He speaks Spanish and English, and writes odes during the oding season. FRANCIS WENNINGER, according to

¹A publication, expected to be, though not necessarily humorous, published by the Senior Class of the University of Notre Dame.

²Read his "Calderon" and his famous sonnet, "Anchored."

³We have personally witnessed this feat.

an intimate friend of his, is one of the few great dramatic critics in America. It should also be mentioned, perhaps, that he marches in the band³ while playing. Lastily it may interest our readers to learn that he boasts of having read at a sitting the Complete list of the Batch of Good Books. JNO TULLY used to be a frequent and entertaining contributor to the *Scholastic*. At present he is busy directing the Senior Globe⁴ to secure the inside track in its race against the earth. You have probably read RALPH DIMMICK'S "Law and Literature." We consider that Mr. Dimmick has said the last word on the subject. He has shown with "singular charm of phrase"⁵ that Law is one thing and Literature quite another, and vice versa. JOHN P. MURPHY is a famous war-correspondent in the battles of the Battalion, also an orator. It is however, as local editor of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* that he has won an abiding place in literature. FRANCIS MADDEN bears the sobriquet, "Mule," though nobody in our large experience has yet asked why. PETER P. FORRESTAL is a Celt, a member of the Irish History class and writes the real stuff about the glories of Ireland. Probably this is not the place to mention it, but Maggie Burns is also a member. EDWARD J. HOWARD is of the contemplative school of writers, though one hopes he will come out of his solitude some time. Finally there is PAUL RUSH, frequently mentioned in These Columns. You probably have read his weekly Calendar which has frequently been compared with Spencer's "Shepherd's Calendar."⁷

We now prepare to lay down our pen feeling we could say more. But as George Lynch once remarked—"A man must rest."⁸ We trust Our Effort will be acceptable to our readers who we feel will give it such little thought as they have. We have spared neither time nor pains to collect and co-ordinate data. If we do not say all we'd like to say, there are ample and more than ample reasons for this. We acknowledge a certain small debt of gratitude to subjects for these sittings, which we are willing to pay back so long as there is no money consideration. Also we thank them for Mss. and private letters. These we will return any time they call, and if convenient we trust they will call soon as we need the space. Mr. William Helmkamp gave us free access to the advance pages of the *Dome* which were mostly blank. Mr. William ("Willie" in conversation) Cotter permitted us the use of his famous Scrap Book but as this mostly contained flattering references to himself together with pictures in full dress, bust and side view, the work was not so helpful. Sr. Juan Romano translated many of O'Hara's poems, which we didnt use, judging it best to let them cool a little. Finally, we can not conclude without congratulating Ourselves on the success with which we have pushed the Work and on the notable Erudition we have displayed.

⁴Globe is used for Ball. A frequent joke of Ours.

⁵*Scholastic* Editorial.

⁶Select Poems, Safety Valve.

⁷Many of our bright boys have never heard of Spenser's effort; the comparison is probably wasted.

⁸Quoted by Tom Havican in his erudite work, "Old College Conversations."