

The Notre Dame Scholastic

·DISCE·QVASI·SEMPER·VICTVRVS· ·VIVE·QVASI·CRAS·MORITVRVS·
F. X. A.

VOL. XLIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 6, 1911.

No. 30.

The Message.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

ONE stood in rapture, where the sea
Entoned its threnody of might
Until a power bade him write;—
A poet found his minstrelsy.

Another walked beside the sea,
Nor heard its song nor sought for one
While glowed the glory of the sun;—
A painter grasped his mastery.

So runs the story of the arts,
For songs are spoken, seen and sung;
And men interpret their own tongue
Not through their senses, but their hearts.

The Logic of Peace.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



N advocate of peace must be fair even to war. To inveigh against all the wars of history in no way furthers the cause of international arbitration. The real issue is not whether the sword was rightly unsheathed in time past, but whether the day has not come when both sword and sheath may be put by as relics—curious and venerable, it may be, but none the less useless—of the past ages of the world. The right to war is undisputed. It has been recognized by ages far more truly religious than ours. Judea's saints bore the Ark around the tottering walls of doomed Jericho and put their fallen enemy to the sword. Walking barefoot from Italy to the Pyrenees,

Peter the Hermit summoned Christianity to wars which history has deigned to call holy,—the Crusades. The cause of these wars is not now in question, nor the ultimate right of nations to strike. We grant all this; we yield to war its coronet of roses and all its glory, but we wish to make plain beyond all contention the utter uselessness of war as an expedient for settling international disputes in the present life of the world.

Give war its crown of roses, beneath it are the thorns. For every glittering knight that rides back to the Roman Campagna, another knight lies mouldering under alien skies. For every humbled Gascon wearily plodding his way homeward through an arctic winter, a hundred others lie frozen on Russia's ice-bound fields. Time may once have been when it was necessary to hurl whole armies to death and destruction, but systems that obtained in the twilight of civilization are now obsolete and altogether out of keeping with the spirit of the times. Time once was when men reasoned not as they reason now, when they sought to solve big moral issues by force instead of by reason, by war instead of by arbitration, and hence, the frightful losses in human life caused by the great world wars. Fifteen billions of lives is the world's offering to the Moloch of war. Fifteen billions! It is only when we reflect that this number would populate ten worlds like our own that we begin to understand the extent of this loss of human life. The sacrifice is great, but the problem still remains. Imagine every man, woman and child of the largest city in the world a bleeding corpse on the battlefield, and you have counted hardly one-third of the loss of life in the last century. Still, at the end of that century, men were as far from a solution as they were at its begin-

ning. Napoleon in his campaign through Russia lost every day for a period of a hundred and seventy-three successive days, an average of two thousand nine hundred men a day; and when three millions of graves had been filled the great French captain had not yet begun to solve the problem, still the issue involved was an issue of reason and not of force.

Commensurate with the loss of human life is the economic loss entailed by war. Appalled at the magnitude of the figures, the mind turns aside from the statistician's record. Surely no one will attempt to measure in mere dollars and cents the value of even a single human life. Yet every soldier's corpse that lay on England's battlefields cost that nation fifty pounds. The whole amount of all our foreign trade is hardly one-sixth of the cost of a single great campaign. Could we but use for educational purposes the twenty-four billions of dollars spent in killing men during the last century, we should be able to dot our land with colleges as richly endowed as any State University in the country. Today every nation on earth is groaning beneath great burdens of war taxation. I do not speak of Germany where, it is said, "every man, woman and child of the empire carries the load of an armed soldier on his back;" nor yet of England whose cannon blazed forth in one single conquest more than eight hundred millions of pounds, but I speak of our own United States whose payments for war exceed even the most exaggerated dreams of the average man. This government expended during the last fiscal year in preparation for war and in payment for past war, 72 per cent of her entire revenue, leaving only 28 per cent to meet all other governmental expenditures. But startling as this figure may be, it does not yet reach the maximum cost of an armed peace. The expenditures for the army alone for the present fiscal year exceed eighty-three millions of dollars,—a sum four times as great as the expenses for the army for the eight years preceding the Spanish-American war. And hardly a month ago, Congress made a further appropriation of a hundred and thirty millions of dollars to this already enormous amount. Thus appropriations are made with astounding regularity and the problem still remains unsolved; still the issue involved is one of reason and not of force.

But the nations are recognizing their folly. They see that these gigantic preparations for war, aside from draining the national treasury, are a hindrance rather than an aid to the attainment of world peace. The question with them is no longer, "Shall we abolish war?" for they admit that war has outlived its usefulness; but they ask, "What substitute is there for war?" since some method for settling international differences must be found. Various answers have been suggested. Some argue for general disarmament, though they themselves are quite unwilling to take the initiative in the movement. Others speak of world-federation, and in the same breath petition their government for more dreadnaughts. Every plan that takes from a nation the right to go to war when no alternative is offered must necessarily fail, because the present status of national life is such that no nation will be dictated to by another. The sane, feasible plan would be for the nations to agree not to go to war until they had argued their case before a disinterested tribunal whose powers shall be advisory only,—a tribunal that shall hear all the evidence of both contending parties, suggest such solution as it may deem advisable, but leave the final settlement to the judgment, of the adversaries. A plan of this kind would do away with war by bringing about an understanding and by complete publicity of all the facts concerned in the controversy. Such a plan would have obviated the Spanish-American war, for it would have given the national mind, goaded by the invectives of yellow journalism, a chance for sober second thought, the only thing necessary to prevent this useless and altogether indefensible war.

International arbitration is not so impossible as to be utopian. Even before there was organized agitation for world peace, nations were arbitrating their claims instead of going to war. During the last century about two hundred and forty important disputes between nations have been quietly settled,—disputes which a century earlier would have resulted in disastrous wars. And the present century, though its first decade has hardly closed, has already witnessed twenty-one important cases of arbitration. If an average of three arbitrations a year for a period of ninety-five consecutive years means anything at all, it means progress for the Peace movement.

For a hundred years and more the United States has been settling her claims with other nations without recourse to arms. Numerous and varied as these settlements have been, there is one which stands out prominently above the rest. I refer to the so-called Alabama claims. Where in history will you find an international controversy that involved more pointedly national honor or presented more discouraging aspects? Yet those two giants among nations, the United States and Great Britain, quietly arbitrated their claims, and taught a wondering world that "the magnitude of a controversy need not be a bar to a peaceful solution."

Why, then, this needless expenditure of the nation's gold? why this cruel and purposeless butchery of men? Believing that war is a relic of past barbarism; knowing that in the present life of the world its purpose is lost and its virtue fallen; realizing the potency of arbitration, let no man contend for war, but rather let the nations of the earth unite in furthering the peace idea. The consummation of such a wish came to a mighty prophet once in vision. Let us "turn our swords into plowshares and our spear into sickles" in the rich acreage of peace. Let us convert the value of our dreadnaughts into universities, and let the tide of our millions that annually flow to the support of the army and navy flush the slums and byways of our cities. There let our concern be where there is cause and not in the ready-made nightmares of ever-pending embroilments. There we may guard our national honor and our national safety by turning blood-money and the price of war into a national betterment of body and of soul.

A Father's Memory.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11

WAS it sorrow's sad light, or was it the pain,—
 Little one, I never could tell,—
 Yet it shaded your eyes like a life's last refrain
 When you bade me your last farewell;—
 And my heart was sad.

And I knelt at your bed, little one, my own,
 And I saw the dim flicker of love
 Blotting out that sad something to shine alone,
 And you smiled ere your soul went above;—
 And my heart was glad.

A Close Shave.

DANIEL E. HILGARTNER, JR.

Walters, President of the National Razor Company, paced the floor of his private office and chewed his cigar until three-quarters of its length was a macerated pulp. From time to time he peered at the paper in his hand. He was worried.

It was the first of the month and the statement before him was enough to bring despair to a heart that had been kicked about by the heavy boot of ill fortune as long as his had. In fact, the National Razor Company was in dire straits, and Walters, as president, was in a bad way. Of course, there were the minority stockholders, but they shared the profits and not the troubles. And it needed a mining promoter to figure a dividend out of the figures that stared from the debit side of the two columns before him. Times had changed in the past two years. Walters thought back to the earlier career of the company, when profit was the chief product of the factory and razors a mere incident in its activity. The country was howling for National Razors then. It wanted them at their own price, and their own price was a pretty stiff one—three hundred per cent profit on sets and twice as much on separate blades.

Then the field had been cut up. Some of the infringers they fought off, and some they bought off, and some were not infringers. None of them mattered very much until Robinson came along. You have heard of Robinson. Who has not? Robinson is perhaps the most distinguished leader of the face-loving tribe of advertisers. Long ago he caused the smile to fade from the visage of the "gent" who shoes the nation, and he has deepened the look of melancholy upon the countenance of the individual who talcums it. But the concern caused in the hearts of these two financiers was only one of envy and chagrin.

To Walters it was something more penetrating. It rapidly spelled ruin for him, just as it had for every other razor concern in the field. Need I remind you of Robinson's advertisement? Why, even in old sleepy China the hairless Celestial knows Robinson and what he stands for, and rubs his hand regretfully over his beardless, yellow face, bewailing the fate

that denies him the delight of the shaving smile that illuminates Robinson's features. Robinson's razor is a good one, but Robinson's advertisement is better than the razor. It was a genius who designed the advertisement. But it was sunny Jim Robinson's smile that made it possible. Who can resist buying a Robinson razor when one is faced day after day and month after month with his jovial grin, as he cuts a lane through the snowy drifts of lather and tells you in large, bold-faced type: "It's Good Enough for Me—It's Good Enough for You." If ever confidence glowed in a man's eye and if ever a man's eye can inspire confidence in another man, Robinson's can. That face and that motto have made him a millionaire, have built his scores of factories, have crowded his little black cases into the haberdashers' and the druggists'. It has sounded the doom of the barber. Its influence has crossed the Atlantic and turned the old-fashioned razor-shops of Sheffield and Birmingham into shear factories and pen-knife plants. And all within a period of less than three years, due to combined efforts of a good idea, a good photographer and a good advertising agent.

Look at the magazine on your table—Robinson's face stares at you from the back cover. When you take the car to town tonight glance at the row of newspapers spread in line before you. Robinson smiles at you. You can not dodge his razor. It is good enough for HIM, and you have not the will-power to resist finding out if it is good enough for you. Yes, Robinson was smiling the National Razor Company out of business. For month after month their sales had decreased. And now actual ruin was leering in through the door. Walters was at the end of his resources, mental and financial. Suddenly his teeth snapped into his cigar and the dismembered fragment fell to the floor. "Devlin!" he exclaimed, "I wonder if the fellow can help us—uh-hm," he mused. "It is worth while trying. He certainly did wonderful work for the Francis J. Madden Company. Kramer himself acknowledged that they were in the last ditch when he pulled them through." He rang for his secretary.

II.

James Devlin has a habit of disappointing one at a first glance. To begin with, he distinctly lisps; and a lisp, as a rule, is a mark

of effeminacy. But then, rules are sometimes faulty. Their exceptions are not marked and labeled. From time to time, men have been deluded by Devlin's lisp. Devlin's appearance, far more than his mode of speech, disarms the causal observer. He is slight and undersized, and a decided fop. His complexion has the healthy glow of a boy's, and the absence of facial lines accentuates his youthful aspect. His eyes tell you nothing. They are a dark brown and only help you to misconstrue the character of the man. Spectacular in his methods, he is none the less the most retiring of men. Although his income must now be enormous, there is no ostentation in his mode of life. And despite his physical frailty, he had accomplished tasks that would sap the vitality of Atlas. Where or how he has acquired, in the short range of his worldly life, such a vast knowledge of men and affairs, of human nature, of financial wile, is a most puzzling thing to his few intimate associates. Rank, neither social nor plutocratic, impress him. His blows leave no brutal mark.

Devlin is a supreme egotist, but it is the egotism of self-confidence, the assurance of an Alexander or a Napoleon. Often impudent, even to the point of discourtesy, brusque and sarcastic, careless alike of condemnation and of praise, he is beyond all else as honest as conscientious.

As Walters entered the door, Devlin nodded to him to take the chair drawn directly in front of his flat-top desk, upon which there were simply a telephone and a small pad. He reached into his pocket and drew forth a cigar-case of carved Japanese leather, from which protruded half a dozen of long, slender Havanas.

"Have one?" he suggested. "It will make us both think better. What Walters are you?"

"National Razor Company," responded the president.

"Ah, I see. How's business?"

"Well—er—" began the other with a wry smile.

"I see—rotten. What's the matter? Too much Robinson?"

"Uh-hm," growled Walters.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Don't you think you had better tell me just what's hurting you; then maybe I'll know."

Walters began hesitatingly to outline his story, skirting around the real facts and speaking of unimportant details.

"Oh, come on. Get down to hard facts," lisped Devlin. "Tell me what is the matter. We have only half an hour, and at this rate it will take a week to make up your mind to show your grouch."

Walters flushed. He was not used to such peremptory handling. Now that he had come, he began to feel that perhaps after all he had made a mistake in expecting this lisping dude to accomplish anything which his experienced brain had not already planned and rejected.

"Wait a minute," broke in Devlin. "My *retainer* is one thousand dollars." Walters started.

"Pretty steep, isn't it?" he suggested.

"I said my *retainer*," lisped Devlin with emphasis. "I'll let you know my *fee* after you tell me what you require."

"Hold on, Mr. Devlin," interrupted Walters. "We are going a little too fast. I haven't quite decided that I shall need you."

"All right, then," was the careless rejoinder. "Go home and think it over. Come back when you have less time to waste. I haven't any of my own that I want to use that way today." He rang the bell. "Miss O'Connell," he said to his secretary, "I am through with Mr. Walters. Please get the papers on the Clay Chemical case and we'll go through them." Then he arose with a gesture of dismissal. Devlin's unconcern, however, now edged Walters' desire to retain him.

"I accept your terms," he said. "I will mail you our check tonight."

The secretary stood awaiting orders. Devlin motioned to her to retire and drew his pad before him. Walters shoved over the company's last statement.

"What do you think of it?" he queried.

"Rotten. What did it—Robinson?" Walters nodded assent.

"Yes, he has got us up against the wall. I can't go any farther and the wall won't move. Can you lift us over?"

"Maybe I can, maybe I can't," was the laconic reply. "Tell me some more." Walters made a clean breast of his affair, beginning at the start of his company, recounting Robinson's inroads, and wound up with a gesture of hopelessness.

"Can you do anything?" he questioned.

Devlin crossed the room to a book-case and took out a copy of a current magazine. He studied Robinson's advertisement on the back of the cover for a few minutes, and then smiled.

"I'll send for you next month," he said, "to sign papers of consolidation with Robinson. Good-bye. And," he added, as the bewildered Walters started for the door, "it will cost you four thousand more."

III.

"Who's this? Oh, Mr. Devlin? No, Mr. Walters isn't here. I expect him back at three this afternoon. What's that, he is to come over to your office at four? All right. I'll give him the message."

But Walters did not wait for his appointed time to arrive. No sooner did he see the memorandum on his desk than he was on his way to the Mentor building as fast as his machine could go through the crowded streets. The girl recognized him.

"Your appointment is for four," she said, in a business tone of voice.

"But this is of the greatest importance," he remonstrated. "I want to see Devlin right away. You go in any way and tell him I am out here."

"Your appointment is for four," was the quiet reply. And so, despite his impatience, he was forced to chafe the longest hour of his existence. Devlin, radiant in an orange waistcoat and a purple scarf, nodded to him as he entered.

"Here they are," he said, displaying two papers. "Sign there."

Walters gazed at him with incredulous eyes.

"What's this?" he asked in amazement.

"Consolidation with the Robinson people," was the nonchalant reply. "Have a cigar? Make you think better."

But Walters did not hear him. His eyes were eagerly running over the documents. He wanted to pinch himself, hardly daring to realize the truth of the splendid terms set forth in the contract.

"By Jove!" he breathed, when he had finished, "how in the name of the Almighty did you do it? Look here, Devlin, shake hands! You are a little wonder. Honestly, I didn't think you would succeed! You've pulled me through just in time—it was a mighty close shave!" He picked up the papers again.

"But you have, haven't you?" and he laughed

with the halting restraint of a man to whom cheeriness has been an absent acquaintance for some time.

Devlin reached a drawer of his file cabinet and took a card from an index. "The matter is closed," and you can send your check. Four thousand, you know, was what we agreed upon."

"Why it's worth forty thousand," exclaimed the other.

"I said four," lisped Devlin.

"Do you mind telling me how you performed this seemingly impossible act?" asked the president of the National Razor Company.

Devlin opened another drawer and threw a piece of cardboard upon the desk. It fell upon its face, and when Walters turned it over and caught sight of the other side he broke into a roar of laughter.

"Say," he gloated, "I'll bet old Robinson was just ossified when he saw that. Got him right, didn't you? I'm going to take this home and frame it. Now let's have the story, like a good fellow."

"Well," began Devlin, "Robinson himself did it. His vanity is his strength and at the same time his weakness. His face has been his making and his unmaking. For months it has been wearing upon my nerves, so that when you came and placed your case with me, the vision of his lather-smeared face at once loomed up. In a flash I saw my course. You yourself had exhausted everything in your power. To be very frank, my dear Mr. Walters, Robinson outclassed you in management, attack and defence. There remained but one arrow which could possibly find his heart, the shaft of ridicule." Devlin paused for a moment and gazed abstractedly into the ceiling.

"Ridicule, however, is a most powerful weapon if used right. It has kept a dozen men out of the White House. It has humbled both prince and merchant. Whenever an individual has allowed his personality to dominate an enterprise, it is only a matter of time before ridicule can be made to wreck him. Robinson built up his success through the influence of his advertising. The foundation of his advertising is his face. He has put it before the eyes of every man in the United States so persistently that whenever the idea of purchasing a razor occurs to him, he at once remembers Robinson's enticing smile of confidence, and consequently it leads to an

ultimate purchase. The task set before me was to prove that Robinson had no confidence in his razor—in short, *that he did not use it*. The problem presented no complications. Robinson is rich, busy and human. From the time we joined forces, Robinson lived under a shadow. My man has known each activity of his every hour. On Saturday Mrs. Robinson telephones him to meet her and a party of friends for supper at Rector's. Robinson drops his correspondence and tears up-town. He needs a shave. Drops into a barber-shop. So does his shadow. A dollar tip to the porter, a convenient pillar, a splendid flood of sunlight, a carefully focused camera, a click of the shutter, and before Robinson can realize what has happened he is ours. The film is then rushed to an expert photographer who makes a very good picture out of it. I am the possessor of a very bothersome picture. The prospects of that thing in a dozen publications does not appeal to Robinson's sense of humor. We meet; we dicker; we haggle. Robinson swears; then talks terms. I talk terms; we both talk terms. Sum total—your company merged with his company; now sign."

Walters, with trembling fingers, signed both papers, placed one in his pocket and at Devlin's request passed the duplicate over to him. Then, he hastened to the door, meanwhile scrutinizing the card in his hand and roaring with laughter. It was a picture of Robinson in a barber-chair—the barber scraping away at his clean-cut profile and a background of other barbers corroborating as to the reality of the scene. Surrounding the photograph was a border design duplicating exactly the famous decoration peculiar to Robinson's advertising, but instead of the customary wording, these lines had been lettered in: It isn't good enough for HIM. It isn't good enough for YOU.

A Father's Advice on Honesty.

JOHN F. MCCAGUE, '12.

Will Morton, recently elected to the State Legislature by the people of the Twenty-First District, determined to spend Thanksgiving day at the home of his father. For the past few weeks Morton had been greatly troubled; his health seemed to be failing,

and he always appeared to be sad and down-hearted. No one could give any reason why Will Morton, who had risen in a few years to be the greatest lawyer in Norwood and was now elected to the Legislature, should be troubled. To have had the success of Morton would have pleased most men, but he was not satisfied. His ambition was not fulfilled, for he wanted to rise among the prominent men of the state and country.

Now the opportunity was given to him, but to gain this renown he must pledge himself to vote for an unjust bill: he must vote for a certain wealthy man for Senator. Will well knew that the man was dishonest and that it would be a great wrong to vote for him. On the other hand, to do so would make Will a favorite of the ruling clique of the state, and a large sum of money was to be given to him for his vote. His final answer must be recorded December first, and the uncertainty whether to sell his vote for power and money or to remain honest was the cause of all his trouble.

Thanksgiving day was celebrated at the home of Honest John Morton in about the same way that it is celebrated by the average good American family. Most good American families attend some church services on this day, and the Morton family was no exception to the rule. Being devout Catholics each member of the family attended mass that morning and thanked God for all the blessings bestowed upon them. After attendance at mass the thoughts of all turned to the Thanksgiving dinner, the best meal of the year. The Mortons were a very healthy family, none of them had ever been cautioned by a doctor not to eat this or that, and as all were endowed with good appetites the meal was enjoyed to the fullest extent.

At the close of the meal as was his custom upon all holidays, old Mr. Morton gave a quiet little talk to his family. This little talk was never a clever "after-dinner speech," but it came from the heart and every word was spoken with the utmost sincerity. A great sermon or oration may convince and persuade, but the greatest orator could not have made a better impression on this family than did the sincere words of the father.

"My children," he said, "we have much to be thankful for. All have good health and I think we are all happy. We are not rich,

but by the help of each one, we are able to get along splendidly. Thirty years ago I came to this country a poor Irishman, with little education, but, thank God, with no evil habits and a determination to better myself. Today in my old age I have a good home and good industrious sons and daughters. It pleases me to think that Will is already established in life, that he is Norwood's most prominent lawyer, and that the people have lately chosen him for their representative in the State Legislature. Tom will soon be through school and able to establish himself in life, and I intend to give all of you the best education and the best of opportunities. Now I can thank God that all of you are working hard, and I am sure that you will succeed. So when I look back and think of the hardships of the past, and now think of my blessings, my loving family, and know that I have sufficient wealth to make any man happy, on this day, on every day, I should surely offer thanks to God.

"But above everything else I am thankful that you are honest. If you would obtain all the success in the world and were dishonest it would bring the greatest sorrow to us all. For as soon as you commit one dishonest deed you will never be so happy, no matter what it brings you, as you were before. So in all things and at all times be honest. The greatest tribute that was ever given to me was when the people nicknamed me 'Honest John.' Well, children, I am not much at giving advice, but every word comes from the heart, and if you will follow my preaching to be honest at all times, you will never suffer for it."

At the conclusion of this little talk of "Honest John" Morton, Will determined to refuse the bribe and all its opportunities. Many Thanksgiving days have passed since this occurred, and Will has kept his determination, and on every Thanksgiving day gives thanks for having been honest. And in his case, as in all others, honesty has brought its own reward. He has now reached the height of his ambition and the reason he gives for his success is that he has always been honest.

"True love

Takes joy as solace, not as aim,
And looks beyond and looks above;
And sometimes through the bitterest strife;
First learns to live her highest life."

Varsity Verse.

THINE EYES.

IN the calm placid depths of thy pensive eyes,
 Oh my beautiful, fair-haired child,
 I can see a dim shade like the something that lies
 In the eye of the fawn half-wild—
 When thy face is sad.

In the blue of thine eye the bright love-light dips
 Like the white-breasted ocean birds,
 And thy two little, red little laughter-crowned lips,
 Seem to lisp like a babe for words,—
 When thy face is glad.

A. L.

PUNS FOR PUNISHMENT.

The butcher once said to the photograph maker,
 "Let's get up a business of graft."
 His friend was delighted and called on the baker
 Who'd help them he knew by his craft.

The whole crowd was pinched, but the butcher,—the
 faker,
 Pulled up *sakes* and away he did blow.
 With his *proofs* gone, the photo man called on the
 baker,
 And he,—well he furnished the "*dough*."

E. H. P.

A MISSION.

A rose-bud blushed in the morning sun,
 But drooped ere noon had yet begun;
 A poet caught
 The theme it brought
 And fame smiled down on the tale he spun.

M. O. T.

MY FRIEND: A SOPHOMORE'S REFLECTIONS.

One who walks down life beside me steadfastly
 through every ill.

One who tells me my faults without bitterness,
 and whose measured praise has the warmth of honesty.

One whose ways are gentle as a river in sandy
 places singing unheard harmonies on its journey
 to the sea.

One who has gathered in a harvest of wisdom
 from ripe fields planted by immortal sowers.

One who betimes can be silent to hold converse
 in the mystic language of thought.

One who has the longing and the dream, though
 it be never given him to fashion dreams into enduring
 speech.

One who 'mid every change of sunless days and
 starless nights is still God's image, kept bright by
 faith and warm by love.

D. E.

Retribution.

VINCENT RYAN, '13.

John Butler was declared a "prince" by all of his friends and not without reason. Having inherited a fortune and a position in society from his father he seemed to have for his main ambitions the spending of his fortune and the bettering of his social position. He was doing both. From two millions of dollars his wealth had dwindled to the hundreds of thousands; from a follower he had become a leader of the gayest of the younger set.

But John Butler was not happy. Five years before on just such a night as this he had been entertaining a party of fellows at his apartments when a poor, beggar girl had knocked and sought warmth and food. He, half intoxicated at the time, had tossed a coin into her hand and closed the door upon her shivering form. In the morning she had been found dead, a dozen yards distant from his door,—dead from cold and hunger. Ever since, he had accused himself of murder,—ever since, the cold, stiffened face of the girl had been printed in his memory. Tonight he was to give another party as he had given then, and tonight he felt miserable.

Four years passed. The streets were overflowing with throngs of heavily-laden shoppers. The stores were crowded to their doors. It was Christmas eve and everyone seemed to be preparing for the morrow.

But in that throng there was one who was not shopping nor greeting his fellows with good cheer,—one to whom the morrow would not bring tidings of happiness. He walked hither and thither, having no object in view except that of keeping warm. At the book-stores he would stop and gaze beyond their frosty windows, at the many volumes upon display. He seemed to find some pleasure in even reading the titles of the books.

"Move on there," were the only words with which he was greeted, and those in the deep, brusque voice of the corner policeman.

Later, when the streets were almost deserted, he still was walking aimlessly about through the thick drifts of snow. At a crossing he

paused and hesitated as to which way he would pursue. Almost starved and almost frozen he hurriedly walked down a side street, leaving the glare of the town behind.

"What good is that glare to me," he muttered; "it will give me neither warmth nor food which I must have,—which I must have."

He passed many a house from which he could hear the joyous voices and laughter of children, waiting for "Santa." They seemed to mock him in his misery. At last, not feeling able to go farther, he approached one of the houses which was still lit up and knocked fearfully upon the door.

"What do you want?" he was asked when the door was opened.

"I am cold and hungry, and I thought maybe,—"

"Here is a coin for you." The door was slammed in his face before he could say another word.

He dragged his stiffened limbs slowly down the steps and paused.

"A coin, a coin," he murmured, fingering the piece, "but of what good is it to me. I can't eat it and it is colder than myself?" Turning towards the house, he looked sadly and piteously at it. "I was hungry and you gave me a coin. I was cold and you gave me a coin. You, in your happiness never thought that I could be cold and hungry on Christmas eve, but you will learn that I was. I will haunt you to the day of your death as the face of the girl, to whom I once tendered a coin, does me. While sleeping you will dream of me. During the day I will ever be before you. I have suffered and so shall you suffer. You will try to forget, as I have tried, but your trying will be in vain. I will be ever in your mind. God pity you. God pity you."

In the morning the dead body of an unfortunate man was found, buried in the snow on the pavement in front of No. 11, Olive Street. Later a coroner's inquest concluded that the man came to his death through cold and hunger.

.....
Five months after, an obituary notice in the *Sun* read as follows: "Mr. Thomas Warwick, residing at No. 11, Olive Street, becoming suddenly insane because of business difficulties, committed suicide by throwing himself from the Island bridge. Later announcement will be made as to the date of his funeral."

Popular Catholic Fiction.

Eminent Catholic clergy throughout the country have realized that the reading of good Catholic books goes hand in hand with the efforts being made to thwart the present irreligious tendencies of the people. Fiction, tainted with the maxims of paganism, is being represented as the best our American authors can produce, which accounts for the popularity of such books.

Notre Dame, following along progressive lines, has begun a circulating library known as the Apostolate of Religious Reading, for which a wide and varied range of books by famous Catholic writers has been selected. In each hall there is an assistant, who visits the students personally and gives them such books as they desire. In this way it happens that the young men have no lack of Catholic fiction in which religious principles are interwoven. The success attending this movement has been very marked, and, under the able guidance of the Apostolate's worthy Director, the library has grown from a humble beginning to a position of importance. It is indeed edifying to see the number of good books which many of the students are reading; moreover, new readers are being added every day. There is such a demand for popular books, such as "Robert Kimberly" by Spearman, that the Director can not satisfy all who desire to read them.

Too much credit can not be given to those who conceived the possibility of such a library and vigorously pushed it to a reality. The benefits derived from the Apostolate are manifold, but most important of all, good, wholesome Catholic ideas supplant the vicious and heretical impression made by the so-called popular fiction of the day. Such a desire to imbue our students with religious sentiments merits the blessing of God, which has undoubtedly been upon the work from the start.

A READER IN ST. JOSEPH HALL.

REMEMBER, Mary, Mother, Maid,
That ever was it said of thee,
That no one ever sought thy aid,
O blessed Mary, Mother, Maid,
But had his tribute thrice repaid;—
Hear, then, the prayers we send to thee.
Remember Mary, Mother, Maid,
That ever was this said of thee. O.

Varsity Verse.

THINE EYES.

IN the calm placid depths of thy pensive eyes,
 Oh my beautiful, fair-haired child,
 I can see a dim shade like the something that lies
 In the eye of the fawn half-wild—
 When thy face is sad.

In the blue of thine eye the bright love-light dips
 Like the white-breasted ocean birds,
 And thy two little, red little laughter-crowned lips,
 Seem to lisp like a babe for words,—
 When thy face is glad.

A. L.

PUNS FOR PUNISHMENT.

The butcher once said to the photograph maker,
 "Let's get up a business of graft."
 His friend was delighted and called on the baker
 Who'd help them he knew by his craft.

The whole crowd was pinched, but the butcher,—the
 faker,
 Pulled up *sakes* and away he did blow.
 With his *proofs* gone, the photo man called on the
 baker,
 And he,—well he furnished the "*dough*."

E. H. P.

A MISSION.

A rose-bud blushed in the morning sun,
 But drooped ere noon had yet begun;
 A poet caught
 The theme it brought
 And fame smiled down on the tale he spun.

M. O. T.

MY FRIEND: A SOPHOMORE'S REFLECTIONS.

One who walks down life beside me steadfastly
 through every ill.

One who tells me my faults without bitterness,
 and whose measured praise has the warmth of honesty.

One whose ways are gentle as a river in sandy
 places singing unheard harmonies on its journey
 to the sea.

One who has gathered in a harvest of wisdom
 from ripe fields planted by immortal sowers.

One who betimes can be silent to hold converse
 in the mystic language of thought.

One who has the longing and the dream, though
 it be never given him to fashion dreams into endur-
 ing speech.

One who 'mid every change of sunless days and
 starless nights is still God's image, kept bright by
 faith and warm by love.

D. E.

Retribution.

VINCENT RYAN, '13.

John Butler was declared a "prince" by all of his friends and not without reason. Having inherited a fortune and a position in society from his father he seemed to have for his main ambitions the spending of his fortune and the bettering of his social position. He was doing both. From two millions of dollars his wealth had dwindled to the hundreds of thousands; from a follower he had become a leader of the gayest of the younger set.

But John Butler was not happy. Five years before on just such a night as this he had been entertaining a party of fellows at his apartments when a poor, beggar girl had knocked and sought warmth and food. He, half intoxicated at the time, had tossed a coin into her hand and closed the door upon her shivering form. In the morning she had been found dead, a dozen yards distant from his door,—dead from cold and hunger. Ever since, he had accused himself of murder,—ever since, the cold, stiffened face of the girl had been printed in his memory. Tonight he was to give another party as he had given then, and tonight he felt miserable.

Four years passed. The streets were overflowing with throngs of heavily-laden shoppers. The stores were crowded to their doors. It was Christmas eve and everyone seemed to be preparing for the morrow.

But in that throng there was one who was not shopping nor greeting his fellows with good cheer,—one to whom the morrow would not bring tidings of happiness. He walked hither and thither, having no object in view except that of keeping warm. At the book-stores he would stop and gaze beyond their frosty windows, at the many volumes upon display. He seemed to find some pleasure in even reading the titles of the books.

"Move on there," were the only words with which he was greeted, and those in the deep, brusque voice of the corner policeman.

Later, when the streets were almost deserted, he still was walking aimlessly about through the thick drifts of snow. At a crossing he

paused and hesitated as to which way he would pursue. Almost starved and almost frozen he hurriedly walked down a side street, leaving the glare of the town behind.

"What good is that glare to me," he muttered; "it will give me neither warmth nor food which I must have,—which I must have."

He passed many a house from which he could hear the joyous voices and laughter of children, waiting for "Santa." They seemed to mock him in his misery. At last, not feeling able to go farther, he approached one of the houses which was still lit up and knocked fearfully upon the door.

"What do you want?" he was asked when the door was opened.

"I am cold and hungry, and I thought maybe,—"

"Here is a coin for you." The door was slammed in his face before he could say another word.

He dragged his stiffened limbs slowly down the steps and paused.

"A coin, a coin," he murmured, fingering the piece, "but of what good is it to me. I can't eat it and it is colder than myself?" Turning towards the house, he looked sadly and piteously at it. "I was hungry and you gave me a coin. I was cold and you gave me a coin. You, in your happiness never thought that I could be cold and hungry on Christmas eve, but you will learn that I was. I will haunt you to the day of your death as the face of the girl, to whom I once tendered a coin, does me. While sleeping you will dream of me. During the day I will ever be before you. I have suffered and so shall you suffer. You will try to forget, as I have tried, but your trying will be in vain. I will be ever in your mind. God pity you. God pity you."

In the morning the dead body of an unfortunate man was found, buried in the snow on the pavement in front of No. 11, Olive Street. Later a coroner's inquest concluded that the man came to his death through cold and hunger.

Five months after, an obituary notice in the *Sun* read as follows: "Mr. Thomas Warwick, residing at No. 11, Olive Street, becoming suddenly insane because of business difficulties, committed suicide by throwing himself from the Island bridge. Later announcement will be made as to the date of his funeral."

Popular Catholic Fiction.

Eminent Catholic clergy throughout the country have realized that the reading of good Catholic books goes hand in hand with the efforts being made to thwart the present irreligious tendencies of the people. Fiction, tainted with the maxims of paganism, is being represented as the best our American authors can produce, which accounts for the popularity of such books.

Notre Dame, following along progressive lines, has begun a circulating library known as the Apostolate of Religious Reading, for which a wide and varied range of books by famous Catholic writers has been selected. In each hall there is an assistant, who visits the students personally and gives them such books as they desire. In this way it happens that the young men have no lack of Catholic fiction in which religious principles are interwoven. The success attending this movement has been very marked, and, under the able guidance of the Apostolate's worthy Director, the library has grown from a humble beginning to a position of importance. It is indeed edifying to see the number of good books which many of the students are reading; moreover, new readers are being added every day. There is such a demand for popular books, such as "Robert Kimberly" by Spearman, that the Director can not satisfy all who desire to read them.

Too much credit can not be given to those who conceived the possibility of such a library and vigorously pushed it to a reality. The benefits derived from the Apostolate are manifold, but most important of all, good, wholesome Catholic ideas supplant the vicious and heretical impression made by the so-called popular fiction of the day. Such a desire to imbue our students with religious sentiments merits the blessing of God, which has undoubtedly been upon the work from the start.

A READER IN ST. JOSEPH HALL.

REMEMBER, Mary, Mother, Maid,
That ever was it said of thee,
That no one ever sought thy aid,
O blessed Mary, Mother, Maid,
But had his tribute thrice repaid;—
Hear, then, the prayers we send to thee.
Remember Mary, Mother, Maid,
That ever was this said of thee. O.

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. XLIV. May 6, 1911. No. 30.

Board of Editors.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11

ARTHUR HUGHES, '11 CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11 FRANCIS WENNINGER, '11

JOHN C. TULLY, '11 RALPH C. DIMMICK, '11

JOHN P. MURPHY, '12 PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11

PAUL RUSH, '12 EDWARD J. HOWARD, '12

SIMON E. TWINING, '13

—The heart of many an old boy near and far felt a great pain last Wednesday when the morning paper brought the news that the long-loved, familiar figure of Father Regan had passed away, and well they might, and well may we all. For surely it is no exaggerated eulogy on him who yesterday was laid away in earth, to say that he was noble enough to make anyone who knew him deeply regret his going thus early. Any institution might well wish him to remain; for he had large experience, great love for tradition and a rare insight into the complex workings of college life. And more important still, he had that which crowns age with a halo of gold: he was gentle and tender in his ways. Time and time's gift of sorrow only served to mellow the heart of this man, already mellowed by a native sweetness and kindness. The sourness and the ugliness that rob age of its legacy of reverence never found a home in the heart of Father Regan. He lived in the sun; he saw men in the sunlight. He said the kindly thing; and when he could not say that, he spoke not at all. He loved the past, the old friends true and trusted, living and dead; but his love of the past did not keep his eyes forever looking backward. He saw around him and before, and kept

his heart young by contact with the present, and by a hopeful view of the future. He was a man of duty, who for twenty-three years did faithful service in that very important office of Prefect of Discipline. It was a trying position, wherein each day brought its problem to be met and solved, wherein every character to be handled had some measure of difference from every other. But Father Regan brought patience and kindness and tact and rare good judgment to each day's problem, to each character's difficulty. And now crowned with labors he is gone. We wish him such rest and peace as comes from a merciful God to one who used his talents well and wisely, be they one, or three or five. He did not live a notably long life, as long lives go. But into its years he crowded such labors of usefulness as will link his name to the truly good and great of this University.

—On Saturday last our track and field quartette, composed of Wasson, Philbrook, Martin and Fletcher, appeared in the 17th annual track and field

Three Firsts and a Third—"Delighted!" meet in Philadelphia and came home with three firsts and one third. Considering the small number of our athletes entered, as against the vast number of star performers from great eastern and western schools, the performance stands in a class by itself. We have won in football, baseball and track, and because of all manner of underhand opposition, there has been a halo of romance about our every struggle for the hand of lady Fame. But the performance last Saturday stands bright and big above every previous struggle. With conference honors taken from us, which we surrendered with the same silence with which we received them, it was singularly sweet to taste of victory in the classic affair of Franklin field. The total of eighteen points won by our men represent more than any university in the country can boast of. In the coming conference meet we will have a well-balanced team to fight for honors, and we shall not be surprised if we gather in a second victory in the Western "Classic." However, we are not so anxious about that just now. With our great showing at Philadelphia we are completely satisfied. We are very proud of our men, and we wish them to feel how highly we prize their triumphs.

—This week we have our first experience with the change in the schedule of classes. There are certain very obvious advantages that will probably help

The New Schedule. to make the change permanent. That immense problem of drill, with its manifold conflicting hours heretofore, will, it is hoped, be solved to a nicety. And any change that solves that to the greatest satisfaction will run good chances of being accepted. The problem of a lecture hour will be fairly well answered. Up to the present, special lectures interfered with regular classes. It had to be so in nearly every instance. The net result was that the actual class work in one or two classes was impeded to some extent. Except in very rare instances, this will be the case no longer. Then holding classes from half-past four to six, after an hour and a half's recreation, is not the ideal condition, psychologically speaking. At least we hope the phrase "psychologically speaking" covers what we want to say. The class periods follow one another without any prolonged interruption, and the long recreation comes when it is best appreciated—after the day is over.

Everything taken into account, the change in the schedule should prove helpful all around. If class work and study prove to have gathered strength as a result of the change, very probably the present schedule will be made permanent.

Knights of Columbus Initiation.

A class of about seventy-five candidates was admitted into the Knights of Columbus at a joint initiation of South Bend and Notre Dame Councils, held last Sunday, April 30. The religious services in Sacred Heart Church at 10:15 in the morning were attended by the local and visiting knights and candidates. Mass was sung by the chaplain of the local council, Father Carroll, assisted by Fathers Schumacher and Dalton as deacon and sub-deacon. Father Schumacher delivered an eloquent sermon on the devotion of the knights to the Blessed Virgin. The degree work, which was in charge of the officers of South Bend Council and the third-degree team of Jerome J. Crowley, of Chicago, occupied the greater part of the afternoon.

A banquet, complimentary to the candi-

dates, was held in the café of the Oliver at seven in the evening. The banquet itself was excellent and the service commendable, while the after-dinner speeches made it a function long to be remembered. The toastmaster, Mr. J. Augustine Smith, showed great taste in the selection of the program of toasts.

Hon. Jerome J. Crowley spoke on "Fraternity, the Spirit that Ennobles." His talk was of a practical nature and contained a great deal of sound advice to the new knights. In view of the fact that the work of last Sunday is to be the last degree work of Mr. Crowley, he was given a splendid ovation as a sign of the appreciation with which he has always been received.

The address of Judge Howard, "The Name of Our Society," is deserving of a place among the classics of the order. It was a beautiful study of the deep significance of the name of Columbus, and showed exceptional reasons for the choice of the discoverer as the patron of the Knights. The SCHOLASTIC hopes to be able, through the kindness of the Judge, to reproduce the address in these columns next week.

Hon. William A. McInerney, of South Bend, gave a very interesting and practical talk on "Memories of Other Days," choosing such memories of Notre Dame as were best suited to the character of his audience. Mr. McInerney's ability as an after-dinner speaker is proverbial.

The final address of the evening was made by President Cavanaugh. The genial spirit of the evening was characteristic of Father Cavanaugh's speech, which had more the marks of an after-dinner address than of the formal lecture for which he is generally called upon at such gatherings. Father Cavanaugh brought home to the Knights the truth that it was not only as a national organization, but as individuals that they were to do the work of Catholic laymen. The Knights of Columbus should, first of all, be better and more practical Christians for their affiliation; their work is around them every day and on every hand.

Mr. J. Parnell Egan, of Chicago, contributed his large share to the entertainment of the assembly by a couple of excellent solos. Mr. Egan's voice has been heard and applauded in many parts of our country, and it is to be hoped that he will not long delay to keep his promise of coming to sing for us. After a number of informal talks by some of the new members the program came to a close.

Death of Father Regan, C. S. C.

The Rev. Martin J. Regan, C. S. C., one of the best-known and best-beloved of the priests of Holy Cross, and for the past quarter of a century one of the most prominent figures at the University of Notre Dame, died at St. Joseph hospital, South Bend, Tuesday evening,



May 2, the eve of the feast of the Finding of the True Cross. Though the suffering of his last illness was not acute, death came as a relief from the wearisome inactivity that broken health had forced upon him. The energy and intensity of his former labors made his enforced idleness hard to bear, and he welcomed the eternal rest that came to him.

Father Regan was born in Milwaukee, Wis., March 14, 1852, and was thus fifty-nine years of age. He came to Notre Dame as a student in 1869, and after the completion of his collegiate course, he entered the novitiate of the Congregation of Holy Cross, receiving the cassock, February 16, 1879. He taught at Watertown, Wisconsin, and Cincinnati, Ohio, for a short time, and was then called, in 1884, to fill the post of Prefect of Discipline at the University. He was ordained to the priesthood on July 16, 1885. He remained in the office of Prefect of Discipline for twenty-three years, finally being obliged by his ill health

to give up his duties. He spent two years, from 1907 to 1909, at St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, in the hope that the genial climate of the South would re-establish his former good health; he found, however, that his old strength was gone, and he returned to the scene of his first labors to spend the rest of his days. Last year his figure was a familiar one about the campus, and the boys of the present found it pleasant and profitable to draw from him reminiscences of the boys of the past. His increased feebleness kept him confined to his room or to the hospital most of this year, however, and he was missed from his accustomed walks. He had many visitors during his last sickness, and his hours of tedious idleness were lightened by marks of affection from his friends. It was a source of great gratification to him to receive the dedication of the *Dome*, the year-book of this year.

There was never a more faithful servant to duty than Father Regan. The long and signal services which he rendered to the University are known and appreciated by many generations of students. His simple and manly religious character made him literally a slave to duty, and the example of devotedness and conscientious attention to every detail of his office has had a precious influence upon all who were connected with the University. Gifted with fine sympathy, he was able to deal tactfully with students of all tempers and all grades of development. His experience supplemented a rather remarkable natural gift for judging character. It was seldom that he was mistaken in his estimate of a boy. His enthusiasm for the advancement of the University and the welfare of all connected with it was a striking characteristic; but perhaps the most remarkable feature of his work was the fact that, compelled every moment of the day to restrain here and check there, to refuse requests and administer admonitions and penalties, he enjoyed in a remarkable degree the respect and affection of the students of the University, past and present. In the hearts of thousands of young men throughout the country the influence of Father Regan is cherished and his memory revered. His power for good has not gone out with his life, for his noble example and his careful admonitions will bear fruit for many years to come.

The funeral was held from the Church of

the Sacred Heart on Friday morning. At eight o'clock the office of the dead was sung by the Community, and at nine the mass began. Reverend President Cavanaugh was celebrant, and he was assisted by Vice-President Crumley and Father Moloney as deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Connor was master of ceremonies. The sermon, preached by Rev. Father Carroll, was a tribute of esteem and affection from a devoted friend. The last words of Father Regan, "I am going home," were taken by his panegyrist as the index to the noble life he had led; and it seemed fitting that when his labors were over he should be laid to rest in a quiet grave beside Father Walsh and the other friends of his early days.

The remains were accompanied to the little cemetery beyond the lake by the military, students, faculty and Community, marching to the sound of the muffled music of the University band. At the grave the final benediction was pronounced by Father Cavanaugh, and when the remains were at last lowered into their resting-place, each member of the Community cast a handful of earth over them. *Requiescat in pace!*

Lecture on the Nervous System.

The second lecture by Dr. Walsh was delivered on Monday, May 1st. The doctor took as his theme "The Nervous System," and his treatment was marked throughout by an absence of big words and confusing detail. The lecture might be characterized as a very general discussion of the nervous system as a whole with enough collateral information to make the treatise instructive and entertaining. Dr. Walsh's talks have helped to dispel the idea oftentimes entertained that a lecture on any scientific subject is necessarily tedious, and interesting but to specialists.

Society Notes.

THE CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The Civil Engineering society held its 19th regular meeting last Wednesday night in the engineering room. Mr. Bracho read a paper on "Timber Preservation." Mr. Bracho called attention to the alarming truth that the vast woodlands of the United States are enormously reduced by the ever-increasing

demand of the industries. With the interests of the public in such jeopardy, the United States government has taken steps to preserve our timber. Out of this action have arisen many methods of treatment for preservation, each one possessing certain good qualities.

"The growing importance of municipal engineering," was the topic skilfully prepared by Mr. Derrick. He affirmed that the average city engineer is called on to perform a multitude of operations that demand information in all details of the profession. The city engineer is to a great extent responsible for the tone of health of the city, since he must provide for the disposal of the city's sewage. He must also arrange for a pure supply of water and make the supply ample, so that the city has fire protection. The problems in city pavements and economical building material must be mastered by him. He must be an expert surveyor and a good business man.

Mr. Ralph Newton called attention to the Barometer, and gave the uses of both the mercurial and aneroid instruments, showing their value to science. It was Pascal who first used the barometer to measure heights, and it is now used very much for that purpose. The barometer is a very useful instrument to the United States Weather Bureau as well as to many newspapers, in determining the condition of the atmosphere. The barometer is a friend of the shipper as its indications are often very timely warnings which, when heeded, may save many lives and millions of dollars.

Mr. Duque responded to the call for answers to questions upon "The saturation of the air with water vapor, and the conditions bringing about its precipitation."

Calendar.

Sunday, May 7—Patronage of St. Joseph.
Monday, May 8—St. Joseph's College vs. Notre Dame at Dubuque.
Tuesday, May 9—Beloit College vs. Notre Dame at Beloit.
Military Inspection.
Wednesday, May 10—May devotions, 7:30 p. m.
Thursday, May 11—Wabash College vs. Notre Dame on Cartier Field.
Friday, May 12—Wabash College vs. Notre Dame on Cartier Field.
Saturday, May 13—May devotions, 7:30 p. m.

Personals.

—Mr. C. H. Lang, of Berlin, Ontario, Canada, was visiting his sons Jerome and Reinhold, of Walsh, last Sunday.

—Mr. Louis E. Arado (student '86-'87) is in the insurance business in Chicago. His address is 159 LaSalle Street.

—Mr. James V. Rush, of Memphis, Tenn., attended the K. of C. initiation Sunday and visited his son Paul, of Sorin.

—William J. O'Connor (A. B. '01) is now Assistant City Attorney at Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. O'Connor has held this position for more than a year and has already made a notable record.

Obituary.

The death is announced of John C. Quinn (student '03-'06) who passed away in Pittsburgh, Friday, April 28th. He was a well-known athlete and his course was Electrical Engineering. His friends of the Faculty and Alumni will be mindful of him in prayer. May he rest in peace!

Frank Crowley of Old College has the sincere sympathy of all at the University in the death of his father who passed away at Springfield, Mass., on April 28th.

It is probable that this sad event will prevent Frank's return to school. In proffering our condolence on the death of Mr. Crowley we wish to say that Frank will always be remembered here as one of the best men of his time.

Local Items.

—A beautiful marble cross has been erected on the stone pedestal near Old College.

—There will be a lecture by Max Pam in Washington hall at eight o'clock this evening.

—Under the guidance of Bro. Cyprian, the Philopatrian society enjoyed its annual picnic Thursday.

—A favorite pastime among the men of Corby is their daily game of "mush-ball." Great interest is shown in this healthy exercise.

—At the meeting of the Junior class on Tuesday night Cyril J. Curran was chosen

editor-in-chief of the *Dome* for 1912 and Bernard Lang was chosen art editor. Walter Duncan was chosen business manager some time ago.

—Joseph Quinlan, '11, winner of the state peace oratorical contest, spoke in Baltimore last night at the interstate peace contest.

—From break of day to nightfall the cry of the coxswain can be heard on St. Joseph lake. The college crews are getting into shape for the commencement regatta.

—Along with other athletic activities fishing is now coming into its own. The anglers can be seen daily on the banks of Lake St. Mary giving food to the fishes.

—The change in the hour of classes has proved satisfactory to everybody. The hour from five to six p. m. will be given over to lectures, concerts or study, thus preventing a break in the class work.

—The President of the University has been requested to supply a teacher of Mathematics and Sciences to a High School in Michigan. Any alumnus who may be interested in this proposition may apply to the President.

—Coach Maris has selected his team to be sent to the Conference Meet in Minneapolis on June 2d and 3d. The men who will represent us are Wasson, Fletcher, Martin, Devine, Steers, Fisher, Williams, Bergman, Rush and Hogan.

—Now that the plans for the formal exercises for Commencement day have been completed, the seniors are laying plans to take care of the social side of that week. All the old "grads" will be entertained royally when they again visit their Alma Mater.

—The Government Army officers will be here to hold inspection on Tuesday. The members of the Battalion have been drilling for the past week to be in readiness for this important affair. Captain Stogsdall announced several promotions during the week. Cadet Sergeant J. Campbell was promoted to Quartermaster Sergeant. The following men were made corporals: Co. B, J. Hinds, J. M. McCague, J. Walsh, W. Gilbaugh; Co. C, F. B. Dechant, F. W. O'Reilly and W. Griesedeck.

—Coach Maris returned from the East during the week with his victorious athletes. The coach reports a pleasant trip. The officials of the games gave his men a most cordial reception. "Mike" Murphy, authority on ath-

letics in the East, and trainer of the University of Pennsylvania, complimented the men personally on the standard of their performance. The Notre Dame Alumni of Philadelphia outdid themselves in their cordial treatment of the athletes from their Alma Mater. They spared neither time nor expense in showing their appreciation of the men who upheld the fame of old N. D.

Athletic Notes.

THIRD ARKANSAS GAME.

The third and last game of the series with Arkansas University, played last Friday afternoon, was called by Umpire Fitzpatrick in the third inning on account of rain. A mean drizzling shower, which had been falling all afternoon, decided to come down in force in Notre Dame's half of that session and stopped further ill treatment of the guests, with the score standing four to three in favor of the gold and blue.

Notre Dame 2 1 1—4 5 2
Arkansas 0 3 0—3 4 1

Batteries—Phillips and Ulatowski; Atkinson and Walls. Umpire—Fitzpatrick, of City League, Chicago.

NOTRE DAME VS. ARMOUR.

Notre Dame added one more to its string of scalps Saturday, April 29th, by taking an easy victory from Armour Institute, 10 to 5. The contest was a one-sided affair after the fourth inning when the gold and blue warriors hung up a total of seven runs. Score:

Notre Dame 0 0 0 7 0 2 0 1 *—10 10 1
Armour 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 2 0—5 7 7

Batteries—Heyl, Somers and Ulatowski; Lindquist, Hamilton and Mooney.

NOTRE DAME, 12; ST. VIATEUR'S, 4.

In the second game of the trip played at Kankakee, Wednesday, the Varsity put over on St. Viateur's the big end of a 12-4 score. Seven errors by St. Viateur's men and ten hits by the Varsity made things interesting. Connolly starred with the stick. The score:

St. Viateur's.	R	H	O	A	E
Moynihan, lf.....	0	2	3	0	1
Kelly, 2b.....	1	0	1	1	3
Scanlan, 3b.....	0	2	1	1	0
O'Connell, 1b.....	0	1	7	2	1
Warner, rf.....	1	1	3	0	0
Cass, p.....	1	2	1	3	0
Lynch, cf.....	1	1	4	0	0
Quille, ss.....	0	1	1	2	1
Bergan, c.....	0	1	6	2	1
Total	4	11	27	11	7

Notre Dame	R	H	O	A	E
Connolly, 3b.....	2	3	1	0	0
Quigley, cf.....	2	1	0	0	0
Sherry, 2b.....	3	2	1	4	1
Williams, lf.....	2	3	5	1	0
Phillips, rf.....	0	0	0	1	0
Farrell, 1b.....	0	1	15	0	0
O'Connell, ss.....	1	0	1	3	2
Ulatowski c.....	1	0	4	0	0
Heyl, p.....	1	0	0	6	0
Total	12	10	27	15	3

St. Viateur's 1 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0—4 11 7
Notre Dame 1 0 0 0 0 2 3 6 0—12 10 3

Stolen bases—Ulatowski, Moynihan. Two-base hit—Scanlan, Moynihan, Sherry, Lynch, Cass, Connolly; Three base hits—Williams. Struck out—By Cass, 3; by O'Connell, 1; by Heyl, 3. Bases on balls—Off Cass, 2; off O'Connell, 1; off Heyl, 2. Umpire—Guthrie.

VARSITY SWAMPS LOYOLA, 15-1.

The Varsity trounced Loyola University at Lawndale park, Chicago, last Tuesday, in a chilly, breezy game, 15 to 1. Cold weather errors numbering eleven for the Loyola men and the brilliant hurling of Regan account for the victory. Regan was in rare form in spite of the wintry winds, allowing his opponents one stingy hit, which came from Stack's bat in the sixth inning. The Chicago boys had men on the sacks in nearly every inning, due to bases on balls, but could drive in only one run. The Varsity hit safely only six times, but safeties were not necessary to produce scores. Score:

Notre Dame	R	H	O	A	E
Connolly, 3b.....	0	2	3	2	0
Quigley, cf.....	1	2	2	0	1
Sherry, 2b.....	4	1	0	3	0
Williams, lf.....	3	1	0	0	0
Phillips, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Farrell, 1b.....	2	1	11	0	0
O'Connell, ss.....	0	0	2	2	0
Ulatowski, c.....	1	1	10	1	0
Regan, p.....	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	15	8	27	9	1

Loyola.	R	H	O	A	E
Moynihan, 1b.....	0	0	9	0	4
Eggers, ss.....	0	0	2	2	1
Gavin, cf.....	1	0	0	1	0
Stack, c.....	0	1	14	2	1
Noonan, lf.....	0	0	1	0	1
Herman, 3b.....	0	0	0	2	1
Bellock, rf.....	0	0	0	0	1
Connolly, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Carlin, 2b.....	0	0	1	1	2
Ryan, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
Quan, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	1	1	27	10	11

Notre Dame3 0 2 1 1 2 2 4 0—15 6 1
 Loyola0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1 1 11

Two base hits—Quigley (2). Struck out—By Regan, 8; by Ryan, 9; by Quan, 6. Hits—Off Ryan, 2. Bases on balls—Off Regan, 6; off Ryan, 3; off Quan, 1. Umpire—Dailey. Time, 2:00.

CHAMPIONS EAST AND WEST.

With a representation of four men, Philbrook, Wasson, Martin and Fletcher, who were entered in but six events, Notre Dame proved its superiority over the rest of the college athletic world last Saturday, competing with the best athletes of the country in the Pennsylvania Relay Games held annually at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania.

Notre Dame was entered only in the special events, but because of the records equalled or broken in all of these they almost outshadowed the principal feature of the games, the one, two and four mile relay races. Wasson sprung a delightful surprise in the broad jump by equalling the intercollegiate record, made by himself in Philadelphia last year, of 23 feet 3 inches. The showing of the little champion in practice was not encouraging until a day or two before the meet, when he began to display signs of his old-time form.

Martin took first place in the hundred yard dash in the fast time of :10 flat, winning out against the speediest sprinters of Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and other Eastern schools. Philbrook met with keen competition in the weight events, but this could not prevent the captain of the track squad from winning the discus with a heave of 127 feet 6 inches; and, breaking the intercollegiate record in the shot put, distance, 45 feet 2 inches, to take third honors.

Fletcher was the only member of the quartet who failed to place, but it is a well-recognized fact that the speedy hurdler is out of his element in the 120 yard high hurdles, and that he, too, would have taken a first had the low hurdles, for which he is best fitted, been on the card.

Following is a summary of the events in which the athletes figured.

Shot-put—Won by Horner, Michigan. Distance, 45 feet 4 inches. Kilpatrick, Yale, second; distance, 45 feet 2 1-4 inches. Philbrook, Notre Dame, third; distance, 45 feet 2 inches. Kopler, Michigan, fourth; distance, 43 feet 4 inches.

100-yard dash—First heat, won by Minds, Pennsylvania; Martin, Notre Dame, second; Louer, New York university, third. Time, 10 1-5.

Fifth heat—Won by Marshall, Pennsylvania; Wasson, Notre Dame, second; Cooke, Princeton, third. Time, 10 2-5.

Semi-final heat—Won by Martin, Notre Dame; Minds, Pennsylvania second; Sawyer, Princeton, third. Time, 10 1-5.

Second semi-final heat—Won by Thatcher, Yale; Reilly, Yale, second; Marshall, Pennsylvania, third. Time, 10 1-5.

Final heat—Won by Martin, Notre Dame; Thatcher Yale, second; Reilly Yale, third; Minds, Pennsylvania, fourth. Time, :10.

Discus throw—Won by Philbrook, Notre Dame, 127 feet 6 inches; Horner, Michigan, 127 feet, second; Kohler, Michigan, 106 feet 9 inches, third; Tilley, Dartmouth, 100 feet 11 inches, fourth.

Broad jump—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame, 23 feet 3 inches; Mercer, Pennsylvania, 22 feet 6 inches, second; Horrax, Johns Hopkins, 22 feet 1-2 inch, third; Jones, Pennsylvania, 21 feet 9 1-2 inches, fourth.

ST. JOSEPH TROUNCES WALSH.

St. Joseph and Walsh braved the cooling breezes Sunday and furnished a very good brand of baseball, considering weather and other drawbacks, St. Joseph winning 12 to 3. The Walsh pitchers were unsteady, and allowed the west-siders to connect with the ball at times when hits were costly. Harry Newning handled the stick best for Walsh, while Daly, Corcoran and Maloney of St. Joseph, touched the Walsh pitchers frequently.

Batteries: St. Joseph—Funk and Kelley; Walsh—Wheeler, McCafferty and McGladigan.

CORBY BEATS SORIN.

There was intense interest manifested in the battle between the Bookies and the Braves Thursday forenoon, the long end of the 8-5 score going to the Corbyites after the Sorin men had held the lead for seven innings.

Father Lavin's performers were in the lead by two runs until the last half of the seventh, when the Corby batters began to figure out Shannon's curves and sent five runs over the plate. Both teams annexed another in the eighth frame. Bergman pitched in great form throughout the entire game, but poor support at times enabled the Bookies to get results. Rochne for Sorin pulled down some hard ones that looked like homers, and Dolan for Corby made the hit of the day by his sensational grab of Fish's line drive in the third.

Corby0 0 0 2 0 0 5 1—8 3 6
 Sorin0 0 2 0 2 0 1 0—5 2 8

Batteries: Corby—Bergman and Bensberg; Sorin—Shannon and Arias.