

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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## Coming Home.

AS weary souls, weighed down with toil and care,  
Look back upon the fields of boyhood days,  
And feel a sacred peacefulness like prayer  
Reign in their hearts, and brighten all their ways,  
So look we back upon that Eden dear  
Whose fields our youthful feet so often trod  
When life was never shadowy or drear,—  
O surely we were closer then to God.  
Dear Notre Dame, we're coming home again  
To lay aside our burden and our pain.

Our locks are gray, our eyes have lost their light  
And feeble is the step with which we move;  
But as we wander homeward in the night  
Our time-worn hearts are filled with deepest love;  
And you are waiting, mother, as of yore  
To welcome us with kisses and with tears,  
To clasp us to your faithful heart once more  
Whose love grows stronger with the fading years.  
Dear Notre Dame, we're coming home again  
To lay aside our burden and our pain.

T. E. B., '07.

## The Plays in My Time.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.



FEARFUL and wonderful was the drama of my day at Notre Dame. It was fearful in some of the harrowing tortures it inflicted upon audiences patiently enduring martyrdom in the cause of youthful histrionicism. It was wonderful in the awakening it experienced when bold iconoclasts tore aside the cloak of matter-of-course tolerance that had long shielded its deficiencies and, after pillorying its weaknesses, set about establishing a standard that would make college dramatics worth while.

The years from '92 to '97 witnessed a true renaissance in the drama at Notre Dame. That I was coincident with it is merely a coincidence. I write now as a chronicler, not as an actor. Indeed, the surviving witnesses of my struttings upon the university stage will promptly agree that I never was an actor.

When I entered Notre Dame in 1892, the custom was strongly established of turning the ambitious college Thespians loose upon President's Day, Washington's Birthday, St. Patrick's Day, and, occasionally, upon Easter Monday. Upon these feast days the student body was coralled in Washington hall and held without hope of rescue until the laboring players had given full expression to their art or lack of it.

Occasionally the auditors were pleasantly entertained. Sometimes they stuck to their seats simply because the prefects were watchful and escape was impossible. When the performances grew painful, it wasn't unusual to see students seeking relief in newspapers, books, letters, or covert flirtations with fair visitors from South Bend, paying no attention to the stage. And one couldn't blame them.

The plays were usually given by the different societies,—the St. Cecilians on President's day, the Thespians on Washington's Birthday, the Columbians on St. Patrick's Day. When these societies contained talent that had to be recognized there were occasional bits of worthy acting. Not infrequently, however, the ruling members of the societies were stronger in popularity than in histrionic ability, and drew the "fat" parts with their "pull." In such cases the audiences suffered.

I have memory of excellent performances in the early nineties, and I have remembrance of others that left such an impress upon me that to this day I fly from an amateur play as I would from a man with a bill or a new baby.

The first on the excellent list was "Julius Caesar," put on nominally by the Thespians, but actually by members of the elocution classes. I remember that I, green "prep" that I was, felt aggrieved that I was not chosen for the rôle of the "lean and hungry" Cassius, a part I knew I could fill to perfection. The leading rôles went to graduates and near-graduates, and I believe I was offered a spear and a club, the latter to be used in the mob scene.

Never will I forget that play, particularly the tragic death of Caesar, an episode that came near "bustin' up th' show." Caesar was played by Dudley Shively of South Bend, who had both a rotund figure and a genial smile. When Caesar had received "the most unkindest cut of all" and fallen dead upon the stage, the impassioned Cassius triumphantly placed his foot upon the stricken ruler's stomach. In the heat of the scene he came down harder than he thought, sinking deep into the ample depths. The dead Caesar gave an astonished grunt, opened his eyes, and rose involuntarily at both ends. For an instant comedy tickled the ribs of tragedy, then Caesar died again, and the play went on.

A second notable performance of that period was "King Richard III." with Hugh O'Donnell in the title-rôle. Figuring prominently in the plays of the time was James O'Neill, Jr., son of James O'Neill of "Monte Christo" fame. Young James has long since followed his father upon the professional stage.

While there were these attempts at the classics, the tastes of the play-selecting powers of those days apparently ran to melodrama and romance, for there was a preponderance of stirring thrillers, most of which lacked the "stir." Possibly this was because all feminine parts were eliminated or made over into boy rôles, and who ever heard of a really exciting melodrama with no fair heroine to be persecuted or rescued?

These Thespian efforts were accepted as a matter of course year after year; the bad as well as the good winning commendation from the kindly dramatic reviewers of the SCHOLASTIC.

Then along in the fall of 1894 there came mutterings of revolt, which culminated in a scathing article in the SCHOLASTIC upon "The College Stage." The writer was the chief of the university iconoclasts, Joseph A. Marmon, who possessed the originality of an artist, the

intellectual freedom of an evangel, the courage of a cynic, and the graceful, though sharp-pointed, pen of a mature critic. He didn't think much of the college drama and he wasn't afraid to voice opinions that many had long held in secret. He attributed the lack of worth in many college plays to the indifference and laziness of the actors chosen for the various parts, together with their want of earnest training for the stage. Marmon's demand for reform was taken up by others.

The direct result was the organization of the University Stock company. Heading this were Mr. Marmon and Father William A. Moloney. Their aim, as they stated in the SCHOLASTIC, was "to embody in the company the best talent that could be secured at the University" and to present live, modern plays in keeping with the productions upon the professional stage of the time.

The University Stock company, after weeks of careful rehearsal, made its first appearance in a double bill consisting of the one-act play "Forget-me-nots," and the two-act comedy "Vacation." They were received in a way that assured the standing of the organization from that day forth. In the original company were Joseph A. Marmon, John G. Mott, Eustace Cullinan, Elmer Murphy, J. Devanney, Albert Funke, Thomas T. Cavanaugh, E. Frank Jones, Frank W. Barton, Leigh F. Gibson, and the writer. Why I was chosen has always been a mystery to me, the only possible solution being the fact that "Vacation" had a farmer rôle that the manager possibly thought I might fit without much acting.

Unlike other dramatic companies formed at Notre Dame, the University Stock company maintained, so far as was expedient and possible, its same personnel year after year.

In 1896-97 were presented such plays as Maurice Francis Egan's "Rising of the Moon," Sydney Rosefield's comedy, "The Heir Apparent," and Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu."

That performance of "Richelieu" was a stellar achievement both for the University Stock company and for Notre Dame dramatics. The SCHOLASTIC said of it, "The Stock company easily surpassed anything before given in Washington hall. Many plays have been ably given upon our stage, but this one was the crowning point of all."

The Stock company had worked for months upon "Richelieu," and that was the secret of

its success. Father Moloney insisted upon perfection, and he got as near to it as was possible with student actors. I have seen professional performances of "Richelieu" that were not more impressively given.

By the time the Stock company reached "Richelieu" the old ban upon introducing women characters had been raised. We followed the custom of Shakespeare's time, and the women rôles were acted by clever boys.

The next year the University Stock company took another step forward, among its offerings being a play by one of its founders and managers, Joseph A. Marmon. This was "The Right to Riches," which was in part a dramatization of Mollie Elliott Seawell's story "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac." It won strong favor. On the same bill was a dramatization of Richard Harding Davis' story "Her First Appearance."

The standing of the University Stock company had become so high by this time, that no less an authority than Dr. Austin O'Malley, head of the English department, wrote the reviews for the SCHOLASTIC.

But while the University Stock company was endeavoring to "elevate the stage" at Notre Dame and to set a high histrionic standard for amateur presentations, the slipshod drama still persisted for more reasons than one.

I remember a particularly painful instance of this survival. As a Washington's Birthday feature in 1896, the graduating class was called upon at short notice to put on "The Iron Chest." Originally "The Iron Chest" may have been a pretty fair sort of a melodrama, but as slashed and patched for presentation by an all-male cast it became such a muddle that even the actors didn't know what it was about. It wasn't the fault of the class of '96 that it was an example of college drama at its worst, for even a professional cast couldn't have made a presentable play out of it. Half a dozen members of the Stock company, happy in the possession of laurels won at one of their own performances three weeks before, almost lost their reputations as actors in "The Iron Chest."

In spite of this lapse, however, the influence of the Stock company was elevating to a marked degree. Indeed, the lapse simply served to emphasize the value of the Stock company's work and to make plain that the day of tolerance for the old hodge-podge play and inadequately rehearsed presentations had gone for good.

*The Evening Press, Grand Rapids, Michigan.*

### A Colloquy.

*Alumnus:*

The snows are gathering on your head—  
Hearken the shouts of play!—  
Many you knew and loved are dead,—  
How speeds the time away!  
And "strike" and "ball" I hear them call  
Down on the campus green,—  
With sound and stir art wearied,  
Mother and Queen?

*Alma Mater:*

The snows may gather on my brow,  
But spring is in my heart;  
The years my soul with youth endow  
Whose joy will not depart.  
And young and old in my arms I fold  
And hold them all the same—  
Hark, hear the glorious shouting now,  
We've won that game!

C. L. O'D., '06.

### From the Front.\*

DEAR ALUMNI EDITOR:—I am delighted to know there is to be an Alumni SCHOLASTIC, and hasten to add my "mite" to make the initial publication a success, at least as far as the number of men heard from is concerned. Accept, then, this little contribution as being an account of my doings since I left Notre Dame.

You will remember that I returned to Notre Dame in the fall of '07 and left early in January '08 to become a member of the faculty of Columbia University at Portland, Oregon. Determined that my coming to Oregon would not interfere with my law study, I enrolled as a student of the Law Department of the University of Oregon and in that institution finished my law course in June '09, and shortly after graduation passed the Oregon State Bar examination.

When I came to Portland, it was more to see the West than to locate permanently on the Pacific Coast. My plans were changed, however, as a result of meeting two of your good Fathers out here in Oregon and especially as a result of a little talk given by Father

\* The following letter represents an attempt on the part of the editor to secure communications from alumni who have been engaged in interesting and important works; an attempt which, in the securing of this single letter, he is content to regard as successful.—THE EDITOR.

Cavanaugh. Father Morrissey and Father Cavanaugh were visiting Columbia, and Father Cavanaugh in the course of one of his addresses stated that "The door of opportunity was marked push, not pull, and that the mountains and valleys of Oregon spelled the one word, Opportunity."

Influenced greatly by this most practical talk of Father Cavanaugh's I determined to remain in Oregon and find out for myself if the many things said about opportunity in this great western country were really true. Accordingly I left Columbia at the end of the scholastic year of '09. My ideas of what a young lawyer should do first were indeed hazy and for the most part crude and impracticable. I began the practice of law by sharing offices with Mr. Roscoe P. Hurst of the class of '06. Shortly after, I entered the law office of two prominent attorneys, but at the end of one year of the bitter experience of young lawyers, in June '10 I gave up my private practice and accepted an appointment in the office of the District Attorney for the Fourth Judicial District.

Now I thought my troubles had ended, but it was only after I was pulled out of the rank of struggling attorneys and placed in a salaried position that my troubles really began. In the following September two important murder cases were tried and in these my first actual big experience began, for I was associated with the chief prosecutor in trying these cases, and on account of the hideousness of the offences worked hard to secure conviction, and succeeded in doing so. In May, 1911, it fell to my lot to try the Chief of Police of the City of Portland on an indictment charging him with the crime of malfeasance in office. This marked the beginning of an acquaintanceship with the underworld and the inner workings of civic government. It was then that I discovered the number and extent of the many ramifications and the many forms which graft and corruption assumed.

While a student at Alma Mater I would fancy myself going through the various experiences of life and I often thought that if I ever met graft and corruption it would mean a fight. The stuff of which these dreams and reveries were made was now actually woven into the threads of my life. As a result of my discovery and on my own responsibility I investigated certain conditions alleged to exist

in municipal departments and found that they were not only true, but that the very cause of these conditions could be traced back to the greed and selfishness of presumably respectable members of the community. I determined to fix the responsibility on these guilty parties, and with that end in view collected certain data which at the right time I presented to the Grand Jury with instructions to investigate the charges made and indict those whom they might deem responsible. But here again the branches and ramifications of graft and corruption were so many and complex that it was impossible for the average person to understand intelligently the charges of graft as a whole. The Grand Jury was composed of citizens who were ignorant of the ways of the underworld, so it was impossible for them to do the work in an effective manner. However, a few of the leaders were indicted, and after their prosecution and conviction graft hid its head, and for the present, at any rate, conditions are not so bad. As is always the case, my activity in running these undesirables out of respectable places gained for me the enmity, hatred and ill-will of some who at that time constituted the powers that be. They threatened me with all kinds of persecutions and actually tried to injure my reputation, but when I retired from the office of the District Attorney in January, 1913, it was with the respect and deference of the entire community. Portland was one of the first cities in the country to probe vice conditions and to get at the source of corruption and graft, and I naturally take a little pride in being among those to start these promising investigations. It is a start toward the good and the true ideal that we were taught at Notre Dame.

I am now engaged in the general practice of law having for my partner Mr. E. P. Stott, a native of Portland, and a graduate of Leland Stanford University, the partnership going under the firm name of Stott & Collier. Almost immediately after my retirement from the office of District Attorney, I was appointed special prosecutor in a number of important criminal cases. These cases necessarily involved the prosecution of some prominent doctors, attorneys, and other people of the city. To date there have been five trials and five convictions. Among those tried were a doctor and a lawyer; the latter being one of the ablest attorneys of this state and one of the strongest

of the state's public speakers. There yet remain seven or eight cases to be tried, and it is natural to presume that these trials will likewise result in convictions.

Oregon has its share of old students of Notre Dame. Sam Dolan, of the class of '09 and one of our old athletes, is now football coach and athletic director at the Oregon Agricultural College; Frank Lonergan, of the class of '04, is one of Portland's prominent attorneys; Dominic Callicrate, captain of the football team of '07, is athletic director at Columbia University; Jim Bach, of the class of '07, is also at Columbia. Bill Schmitt, of the class of '09 is also in Portland; Walter and John Daly are in charge of the Title and Trust Co. We have in Oregon some of the oldest students of Notre Dame and some of the latest graduates. The most recent probably is James Hope, of the class of '11, while the oldest student of Notre Dame now in Oregon is the Hon. John Gearin.

The above, dear Father, is but a general outline of what I am doing in Portland, and is just a passing review of some of the old boys of Notre Dame who have made Portland their home. To tell all that I have done and to recount many of the things done by the old boys would probably crowd out of the Alumni issue many interesting stories from other sources. Let me say in passing that the old boys of Notre Dame, who are in Portland, are very mindful of the lessons taught them there and of the example shown them by those who had them in charge.

A short time ago, and while in the midst of the fight with the vice element, I had occasion to talk with one of the oldest students of Notre Dame, and during the course of the conversation he stated that "the most valuable asset a man could possess was a reputation for honesty, to have the respect and good wishes of the people whom he represented and that when he walked the public streets, no man could point at him and say, 'That man has his price.'" I was greatly pleased to hear this statement made by a former student, as it was my idea of what a man should be and it was giving expression to the lessons taught at Notre Dame.

Assuring you that I will read with interest the stories told by the old boys, I remain as ever,

Yours in Notre Dame,

FRANK T. COLLIER, '07.

### Tempora Mutantur.

It isn't "Louie's" now, my boys,  
We've had to pass him up;  
We've cut out smoking coffin-nails,  
Forsworn the flowing cup.

And on the straight and narrow way  
We dig along with spikes;  
It's only now and then we take  
A little skive to "Mike's."

'13.

### How We Won Debates.

BYRON V. KANALEY, '04.

I feel little in the mood for writing as I take up my pen tonight; the day at my office has been hard and long,—my fingers are quite unused to grasping a pen; my mind is rusty along narrative or description lines for publication. But inexorable is the letter before me, and the letter says: "Your article must be here by the 20th and, Byron, you can't fail me."

My mind sweeps back over the years from September 1900 to June 1904, *the forensic* years of Notre Dame, as we of that time like to think of them, and as I see trooping across the pages of this article, the best talkers of my time—men all of most affectionate memory—serious Gallitzen, now learned and highly honored Judge Farabaugh; sunny Tom Lyons of wide political and legal fame in Oklahoma; Father Maurice Griffin, considered the peer of any of the pulpit orators of today; Harry Barry, one of the legal lights of Texas; George Kuppler, renowned on the football field as well as in debating, now a leading citizen of far-off Alaska; magnetic and convincing Joe Kinney of Indianapolis and Harry Hogan, now city attorney, bank director and several other things in Ft. Wayne; the highly successful business man today Clem Mitchel of Chicago who got his start in the business world as a result of the impression he made in his past debates; brilliant Frank Hering, Joe Sullivan of highest legal attainments at the Chicago bar who was equally good at vaulting over the bar in an intercollegiate track meet with Wisconsin or Chicago or in vaulting over an opponent's argument in some of the hardest fought of our intercollegiate debates; indeed as these faces

and these names come to me this hour it becomes a labor of love to write of the debaters of my time.

There were so many others, it seems a pity not to have space to name them. I do not mean to skip the names of Frank O'Shaughnessy, leader at the Chicago bar, versatile Paul Ragan of Toledo, Charlie Bryan now leader in politics in Tennessee, learned Frank Dukette whose able services the Standard Oil Company now control in far-off Los Angeles; but those men beginning with O'Shaughnessy were just prior to my time. Enough is said why we won debates when I simply state our coach in reasoning and argument was Daniel P. Murphy of Chicago, law partner of Governor Dunne of Illinois, who could build an argument so close to the point that an opponent once said it was hog-tight. There was, too, the influence of Father Crumley whose ideal was perfection in both matter and form.

The record of Notre Dame in the debating field has awakened wide interest in the colleges of this country and particularly among our leading educators. I believe that ending with the double victory last week of Notre Dame arguing both sides of a question against Wabash and Indiana that our institution has a record of 21 debates won and 1 lost. This is certainly a most remarkable record. I believe President James of the University of Illinois in commenting on it in a magazine article gives up the guessing at the cause of our successes and closes his comments by resignedly remarking it must be because we are Irish—but among Notre Dame's stars have been English, Germans, Poles and French as well as Irish—so I think we shall have to arrive at the conclusion that it is the system that has won the victories.

Notre Dame's system is wellnigh perfect; as originated by Dan Murphy and broadened and cultivated by Father Crumley, Father Moloney and the others who have succeeded him, we have a system without an equal. The essential features of this system are most minute preparation, toilsome days and nights of talking preparation, and the perfection of finished delivery. Other things being equal Notre Dame has won on her delivery. As Daniel O'Connell said "a good speech is a good thing, but the verdict is the thing." The verdict is gotten by getting what you think into the minds of the judges and making it stick. And this is done by delivery. And all the judges in

all our debates—except one—from 1895 to 1914—a span of 19 years—have given Notre Dame the verdict.

To conclude my little article, as I look back thirteen years to the beginning of my debating experience at Notre Dame and my mind runs over the four years from then until my last debate for the Gold and Blue, I come to this conclusion—we won because we made a *business* of debating, we mastered the subject absolutely; we mastered a pleasing delivery and we were carried on to efforts almost beyond ourselves by the thought that the boys of our time looked to us to win for the old school just as eagerly, just as enthusiastically, and just as helpfully as they looked to our champions on the track, the diamond, or the gridiron.

#### A Fresh Note.

I'll write a little college song  
Without the "Gold and Blue,"  
I'll not put in that stand-pat phrase  
"Thy sons shall e'er be true;"  
I see no reason why I need  
To speak of "Golden Dome,"  
When everybody knows it rimes  
So well with "Home, Sweet Home."

I'll not let anybody know  
How Alma Mater longs  
To clasp us to her heart again  
As we are told in songs;  
I'll write about the butcher shop,  
The home of N. D. stew,  
I'm sure that this will quickly bring  
The old days back to you.

I'll talk about the baker shop,  
That factory where by tons  
Are made the little bullets  
That they designate as buns;  
I'll sing of the infirmary  
And her who came, alas!  
So early in the morning  
Stirring something in a glass.

There's lots of other things that I  
Could write of if I tried,  
Not touching on a single one  
That's long since been our pride;  
But this is quite enough to show  
That I am far above  
That old-time stuff which, none the less,  
We all sincerely love. T. E. B., '07.

## Alumni.

I MET upon the world's high road  
Three travellers today:

A sturdy man, a sage, and then,  
A youth with laughter gay.

I hailed the first: "O sturdy man,  
What is your name, I pray?"  
And he: "The patient, struggling will  
Of a long yesterday."

And then again: "O reverend sage  
What is your name, I pray?"  
And he: "The constant, toiling mind  
Of a long yesterday."

Yet once again: "O laughing youth,  
What is your name, I pray?"  
And he: "The young, unchanging heart  
Of a long yesterday."

E. P. B., '06.

## "A Chicago Priest in Texas."\*

About a year ago I was called from Rome by His Grace, Archbishop Quigley, who wished to grant me the privilege of being ordained previous to sending me South in quest of beneficial climate. I first tried the capital city of Texas; but here my strength failed so much that I could scarcely celebrate Mass without fainting. The doctor and my spiritual adviser (a priest whom I had substituted at Notre Dame University in my senior year) almost insisted that I should return to Chicago to die among my relatives. My own preference was to go farther South and fairly test whether I really had no possibility of recovery. Ten days of clear sunshine at a quiet sanitarium north of San Antonio were enough to encourage me to pursue my vocation despite the admonitions of the solicitous nuns who nursed me. During my short stay in this secluded retreat I had learned of the great need of missionaries in the western hill country. This information made me feel so guilty and restless that I prevailed upon the local priest to give me a slice of his territory, promising to let him retain all the revenues. Under this arrangement, and with episcopal sanction, he gave me Kerr county—a territory of over twelve hundred square miles, with its central mission church seventy-five miles southwest of San Antonio.

It is the largest town in its county—averaging four persons to a square mile.....

Enveloped in this healthy atmosphere stands my little frame church—not big enough to seat sixty parishioners, although ten times that number are registered on my census-books. I found the building in a dangerous condition; a wall bulging out, the roof sinking in, and the whole structure inclining half a foot southward, so that the entire edifice seemed ready to collapse with the next storm. There was no ventilation nor illumination in the choir-loft, nor even a secure stairs leading to it; the doors and window sashes were still unfinished, and no provision whatever for heat, light, or water. At once I secured some carpenter tools and attempted to make the most needed repairs myself. The results were not very flattering, and most of them were wiped away by a fire during Holy Week.

The Mexicans constitute two-thirds of my congregation. It is hard to be numerically exact for they are so nomadic. I took their census several times and noticed that they are constantly changing dwellings, or migrating to some other part of the county. However, I think I can safely estimate the number of my Mexicans at three hundred and sixty, most of whom live huddled together in a settlement of their own at the northern outskirts of the town, because of the bitter race-feeling entertained by the "Americans." This narrow prejudice, as well as the mile or more of unpaved roads between "Mexico" and my church are very serious handicaps in my work.....

Owing to the pioneer conditions in this territory, even the Americans grew up in religious indifference. Many that came from strictly Catholic regions and parentage let their faith cool to the level of deceptive liberalism and egoistic materialism. Lust of wealth from occasional success in land-gambling, cattle-trading and crop-speculation made them too engrossed in earthly concerns to think of sacrificing anything for their spiritual welfare. It was deplorable that their widely scattered homes made it impossible for the few available priests to keep in communication with them. Not long ago I found a Catholic who told me that I was the first priest he had seen in twenty-seven years. He wanted me to baptize four of his big nephews. It meant a journey of

\* Our own Henry ("Hank") Kemper, '05; in *Church Extension*.

nine days, because his home, or rather cave, is in a very rugged and secluded district, fourteen miles from the nearest neighbor or mailbox.

Mixed marriages, of which I have eighty-nine per-cent among my parishioners, were the ruin of most Catholic settlers. Add to this the fact that the father might be a member of some secret society, and you can understand how it is possible for me to have over two hundred and thirty baptized Americans, and not twenty that I can rely upon; how I can have fifty children who ought to know the creed and decalogue, but not one-fourth that do, because the parents have never before been "pestered" in this manner by any priest, and don't understand why he should now try to play a hopeless tug of war. I have met Catholics so ignorant of the Roman collar as to inquire what my profession is. Only a small minority understand the propriety of addressing a priest by the term "Father." Not two families in the county were in the habit of saying table prayers, or seemed ever to have heard of the Angelus. It is not astonishing to me, therefore, that I have often been rudely ejected from some "Catholic" homes.....

With the help of an obliging widow I have tried to interest my children in church music, and soon discovered that instead of coming to the Friday choir practice they were drawn to a picnic where ham sandwiches were served...

Laboring against such venomous bigotry I determined that my first endeavors must be defensive, and an effort to combat popular misrepresentations. Hence, I strive to make the children attend daily catechism instructions after mass, and before they go to the public school, and by prizes, debates, illustrations and anecdotes try to keep up their interest. I encourage them to frequent communion, and provide hot coffee in the sacristy for those that have not the time to return home. All who can read are exhorted to make use of my library.

The elder people are also instructed on all possible occasions. During the paschal season all my conferences dealt with confession and communion. At the time of the Baptists' revival I gave a lecture on infant baptism and immersion. In the weekly paper I generally have an article that the eight local ministers would rather not see in print.....

Besides these and other defensive measures,

I do not shrink from aggressive work. Sunday afternoons I give non-Catholic lectures, and conduct an open question-box. This mission I started at the moment the town was excited over a certain hypnotist. After his last performance I had some of my own printed circulars distributed, announcing: "Hypnotism at the Catholic church next Sunday. Free to every one, etc." One minister who withheld people from hearing me, I followed into a hotel lobby and there plunged into a public debate that made him acknowledge his inconsistencies before an attentive audience. Considerable money was expended in circulating Catholic literature, particularly books by Cardinal Gibbons and Father Conway. But what most of all astonishes the Protestants is the example of untiring activity. Some non-Catholics remarked to my people: "If our minister would scrub the church, rake the yard, chop wood, play sexton, sacristan, etc., we would discharge him."

Encouraged by such comments I feel that with a continuance of God's kindness, an abundance of patience, and some financial support, there must follow a steady increase of Catholicity. Already one Methodist gentleman courageously entered the true fold regardless of some very insulting narrow-mindedness. Several fallen-away Catholics have come back, and many void marriages were validated. My little catechism children have given splendid exhibitions of militant Catholicity. But I think my greatest influence was negative, namely, in curbing encroachments that outsiders made in countless and insidious ways.

### The Dome.

LIKE some fair orb of the broad, white day  
Caught in its flight through the vaulted blue,  
Flashes a dome down the vistas grey,  
Through which the years have passed from view.  
Oft as I tread me the way of dreams,  
Back through the spectral forms of the years,  
There sinks a bit of its golden beams  
Deep in my soul to the font of tears.  
Soft-stir the wings of old memory  
Trembling to rise,—then a surge and dart  
Carried on pinions grown strong and free:  
Heart was the call of its love to my heart.

T. A. L., '11.

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| FRANK C. STANFORD, '13 | JOHN T. BURNS, '13     |
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| MAURICE NORCKAUER, '14 | ARTHUR J. HAYES, '15   |
| WALTER CLEMENTS, '14   |                        |

—At the meeting of the Alumni last June it was decided to get out an Alumni issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Just what that issue was to be was not further

**The Alumni Number.** defined. Accordingly the editor appointed, if he had the responsibility and the labor, had also *carte blanche* for the work. The present issue is only a meagre realization of his ideal. All praise to the Alumni who contribute: the quality of their work speaks for itself. Moreover, their response was personally warm and generous. But the proportion of those who responded or even acknowledged our communications was very small. If this represents a lack of persuasiveness on our part, we are ready to take the aspersion; on the other hand, we know that there are a hundred and one things that tie a man's hands, and we do not allow this experience to cloud our belief in the loyalty of our Alumni. Those who did respond have our warmest thanks: Mr. Arthur Stace, '96, the bright, particular star of the Grand Rapids *Evening Press*, Mr. Byron Kanaley '04, for four years our "peerless leader" in debate and now member of the successful firm of Cooper & Kanaley, Chicago; Mr. Frank Collier, '07, a public official *sans peur et sans reproche*; not to mention our poets of old renown, Mr. Thomas A. Lahey, '11, and the Rev. Fathers

Thomas and Eugene Burke, '07 and '06. Many others in less noticeable ways have contributed to the issue of this number, so beset with peculiar drawbacks. They also have our thanks. Our own satisfaction is in the thought that if this number stir smouldering fires in some heart and re-awaken cherished memories of the old school, it will not have been in vain. And, at the last and very least, it becomes a medium for carrying our good wishes to all the Alumni of Notre Dame.

—It is the earnest hope of every Notre Dame man that when the Alumni meeting is called to order on Sunday evening, June 15, there will not be a single vacant chair in Brownson study room. There is no reason why there should be. We are all over—North, South, East and West; where the hot sun beats down from a high sky in Texas and where they are still wearing fur coats in the regions of the Great Lakes; in the self-satisfied and insular New York, and alone with the prairie dogs in Wyoming. We may not all be able to return, but some can and will. Be among those who will. Never mind the farm you have bought or the yoke of oxen you want to try. Just set everything aside for a few days and come. Your business will stand for a little. Come and see old haunts where you fished, played ball, and "skived." Meet the men of the past and talk over old times. Come for the boat races and watch the Alumni battle against the Varsity. There will be enough going on to fill up every minute of your time. Alumni meeting and banquet; speeches, vaudeville, interhall baseball games, regatta, addresses by a Governor and by a prominent ex-U. S. Senator, band concerts, receptions—these are among the outstanding activities of Commencement. Be sure to come. You will meet many old friends and you will make an army of new ones. Help us to make the 1913 Commencement the most memorable in the history of Notre Dame.

## Program for Commencement.

The Collegiate Commencement Exercises this year will begin on Saturday evening, June 14, and conclude on the evening of Monday, June 16. It is expected that they will be of exceptionally high merit. The order of exercises is as follows:

## PROGRAM.

- Saturday, June 14—Opening of Commencement Exercises in Washington Hall, 8:00 p. m.  
 Address by the Hon. ex-Senator Julius C. Burrows,  
 Sunday, June 15—Solemn Pontifical Mass, 8:00 a. m.  
 Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. William J. Kerby, S. T. L., Ph. D., of the Catholic University, Washington.  
 4:30 p. m.—Business Meeting of Alumni Association  
 6:30 p. m.—Lawn Concert by University Band.  
 7:00 p. m.—Banquet of Alumni Association.  
 Monday, June, 16—8:00 a. m. Solemn Requiem Mass for deceased members of Alumni Association.  
 10:00 a. m.—Bachelor Orations in Washington Hall:

## THE LIVING WAGE.

- I.—The Historical Aspect.....  
 Joseph Allan Heiser, Litt. B., Indiana.  
 II.—The Ethical Aspect.....  
 William Joseph Milroy, LL. B., Illinois.  
 III.—The Economical Aspect .....
- Simon Ercile Twining, Ph. B., Ohio.  
 12:00 Noon—Luncheon.  
 1:00 p. m.—Regatta and Swimming Races on St. Joseph's Lake.  
 3:00 p. m.—Varsity vs. Alumni in baseball on Cartier Field.  
 6:30 p. m.—Lawn Concert by University Band.  
 8:00 p. m.—Final Exercises in Washington Hall:  
 Class Poem .....
- Thomas Francis O'Neil, Ph. B., Ohio.  
 Valedictory.....  
 William Edward Cotter, LL. B. Illinois.  
 Address by the Honorable James M. Cox, Governor of Ohio.  
 Awarding of Honors and Conferring of Degrees.

## News and Notes.

—Remembering that the illustrious president of our Alumni Association—illustrious “Bill” Higgins—is State Senator of Massachusetts, we recall, too, that our “Ernie” Hammer, '04, broke into the New York Assembly last fall and now sits in the seats of the mighty there; and our own “Billy” O'Neill, '06, is Lieutenant Governor of Indiana; and then there's “Bob” Procter, '04, by now almost worn and wearied in the service of his state, not to forget Representative George Sands, '10, our youngest son among the Solons. Among our veterans in the public eye there is the Hon. Timothy Ansberry, '93, serving his fifth term in the United States House of Representatives, “Pete” McElligott, '02, re-elected for the sixth time to the Lower House of New York and chairman of one of the most important house committees, and “Lottie” Collins, '03, the J. Hamilton Lewis of the House of Representatives, Massachusetts, while the most recent Notre Dame

addition to the House of Representatives at Washington is Mr. Roger Sinnott, '92, from Oregon. Frank Cull, '08, is in Washington also, secretary to his congressman.

—But the state hasn't claimed all our best talent. There's “Dutch” Lange, '12, for example, studying theology in St. Bonaventure's College, and no more loyal alumnus ever got lonesome for an N. D. bun; there are “Pat” Barry, '12, and Ed Howard, '12, working toward their *Introibo* at the Grand Seminary, Montreal; Ignatius McNamee, '09, lately ordained in Rome; “Doc” Halter, '12, who has made himself as welcome at the American College, Rome, as he did in Sorin hall; and who hasn't the kindest memories of “Mike” Moriarty, '10, now in his third year at Cleveland? And only last week, to be exact, on Trinity Sunday, Tom Maguire, '09, said his first mass. John O'Hara, '11, is in the Novitiate of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Notre Dame, and John Mullen, '11, is well along in his theology in Rome.

—It might surprise you, too, to know how many of the old boys follow an opposite course; for instance, last week or so there was John (“Divvy”) Devine, '12, went and married (lucky man!) Miss Kitty Leeper, of South Bend. Old Jim Barry, '97, used to be “Prof.,” married the finest young lady in Washington, so 'tis said. And Pat MacDonough, '03, among the Benedicks! also big John Voigt, '05. And that isn't all, either. Think of such young fellows as Dan Madden, '06, and Byron Kanaley and “Gallitz” (pardon, Judge,) Farabaugh and Ambrose O'Connell bringing up future alumni—or—ae for Notre Dame or St. Mary's.

—John F. Shea, '06, in whose fertile brain first sprang the idea of a Notre Dame year book and also, incidentally, this issue of the SCHOLASTIC, dropped in on us for a few days last week, interfering with our work but affording this news item as his contribution to the success of this issue. John will go a long way to help a friend.

—We take the following account of Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, '94, from the *Editor and Publisher*:

Hugh O'Donnell, who has just resigned as business manager of the Philadelphia Press to become a travel lecturer, was tendered a dinner by the staff of the Press on March 26, when his former associates presented him with a beautiful silver plate, handsomely engraved.

He leaves immediately for Panama and later Europe, from where he will return early in the fall to lecture in each of the larger cities of the United States.

Mr. O'Donnell, known as "the King" among the clubmen of Philadelphia, is a member of the Racquet, Manufacturers and Poor Richard Clubs. In that city he has met with probably more popularity in less time than any other newspaper man. The good will is not based on magnetic personality alone, but on his ability as a writer, thinker and orator of rare merit.

After his university course he spent all of a half dozen years in continuous travel simply as an "addition to a liberal education," after which he was engaged for some time in each of the larger cities of the United States. He has been connected in a managerial capacity with the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, the *Minneapolis Tribune*, the *Chicago Record-Herald*, the *Minneapolis Journal*, and the *Philadelphia Press*—his newspaper experience running the gamut from dramatic critic to news editor in the editorial department and from circulation manager to general manager in the business end.

The lecturer's friends are predicting that the "O'Donnell-logues" will prove superlative among travel talks, as Mr. O'Donnell has an interesting intelligence, a carrying voice—clear and ringing—and the Irish eloquence of wit and earnestness.

—By the way, this same *Editor and Publisher* has made frequent and favorable reference the past year to our School of Journalism.

—The Rt. Rev. Abbot Gasquet, D. D., in his latest book, entitled "England under the Old Religion, and Other Essays," states in the preface that the work originally formed a course of lectures given at the University of Notre Dame in 1905-'06.

—Dr. Florer, of the University of Michigan, in his recently published historical pamphlet on the editions of the Bible in German, pays a tribute to the riches of our University library and also to the courtesy extended him by the University authorities during his weeks of investigation here.

—A sermon on Father Badin, by the Rev. President, Father Cavanaugh, is one of the most valuable of the contributions which make up the attractive volume, "Loretto Centennial Discourses," published by B. Herder.

—Much lore of local import regarding the aborigines and the early settlement of Notre Dame will be found in "Indian Sketches," by Mrs. C. S. Hulst, from the press of Longmans, Green & Co.

—The Notre Dame Alumni Club of Chicago held its annual banquet at the University Club, Saturday, May 3. Prominent among the Alumni who attended were: F. H. McKeever, Frank

Sexton, Colonel Hoynes, Father Walsh, and Brother Marcellinus of Fort Wayne. Lieutenant Governor O'Hara and Speaker McKinley of Illinois were also present and both gave addresses. Father Walsh spoke for the Faculty and William Cotter for the students. Mr. McKeever, President of the Chicago Alumni Association, acted as toastmaster. After the banquet all joined in singing the old Notre Dame songs and giving the well-known cheers.

—Mr. T. Dart Walker, of '06 fame, has recovered, we are reliably informed, from a serious attack of illness and is again illustrating for the leading journals in New York.

—Father Luke Evers, '79, quietly celebrated this month the thirtieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. A similar celebration had Father French, '90, who is now in charge of the Holy Cross Mission Band. It is composed of Fathers Donahue and Corcoran, of the class of '07, and Father Boyle, of the class of '08.

—Among Alumni and friends prominently present at the Notre Dame-Fordham game, Father John Talbot Smith occupied a seat on the players' bench, except when enthusiasm brought him to his feet. The rooting from the Notre Dame section, it is reported, was the best ever, and why wouldn't it be when it was led by our Joe Byrne's father and the rooters were composed of such men as Ambrose O'Connell, '07, and Sam O'Gorman, former Varsity twirler, Father "Jim" McGinnis, '00, and Father John McGrath, '80, and a dozen such?

—Father Cavanaugh and Father Walsh were met in New York by former Professor John Ewing, now engaged in Law and Insurance business and giving evening lectures at the Brooklyn College of Law. They were greeted, too, by our old friend Professor Monaghan, who is practically himself again and looking forward to an early return to his platform work, a work, be it said, which is an apostolate.

—Former Commissioner of Labor, Charles P. Neill, '93, has recently accepted the important and responsible position of head of the Workmen's Welfare Department in the Guggenheimer Smelting Co. with residence in New York. A salaried official of the company, he represents the interests of the employees against the employers as need may arise, truly a delicate and difficult position and one of high trust.

—At last Saturday's meet between Notre

Dame and the I. A. C. it was good to see our old track stars, "Billy" Uffendell and "Bill" Draper and Fred Steers on the grounds again.

—Frank McKeever, '03, has lately been given the high appointment of attorney to the County Administrator of Cook County, Illinois.

—Mr. Anthony J. Brogan, '01, editor and owner of the *Irish American*, New York, is one of the most popular and influential workers for the cause of Ireland in the United States.

—Joe Toohey, student '97-'99, is now starring in "The Argyll Case," in New York. Joe was the "Cid" Birder of his day at Notre Dame.

—Mr. Fred Wile (student in the early '90's) is Berlin correspondent of the *London Daily Mail* and the *New York Times*. He also does special correspondence for the *Chicago Tribune*. He is one of the best known journalists in Europe, and wields great influence among all circles in the German capital. At the present time he is writing a volume of biographies of the men who have made modern Germany, the book being practically a history of the German people since the unification of the Empire. Mr. Wile's address is Helmstedter-Strasse 6 (Prager Platz).

—The Notre Dame men at present attending the American Catholic College in Rome are Ignatius McNamee (A. B., '09), John Mullin (A. B., '11) and "Doc" Halter (Litt. B., '12). Father MacNamee was ordained to the holy priesthood on Trinity Sunday, May 18. Mr. Mullin is soon to receive the Sub-Diaconate. "Doc" Halter has endeared himself to the students of the American College by his characteristic kindness and his helpful disposition. In a recent epidemic in Rome he rendered signal services of which the Right Reverend Rector, Bishop Kennedy, speaks in most enthusiastic terms. Address—American Catholic College, Rome, Italy.

—The Rev. Michael J. Shea, '04, well-known to a large number of old boys as student and teacher, is at the present time attached to St. Sylvester's Church, the English-speaking parish of Rome, Italy. He is putting the finishing touches to his preparation for the work of teaching in Dunwoodie Seminary and expects to return to America this summer.

—There are seven Alumni in the Holy Cross Procure in Rome pursuing their ecclesiastical studies. They are: Rev. Louis Kelly, '07, who will probably return to America this sum-

mer; Rev. Louis H. Faineau, '06, George Finnigan, '10, Richard J. Collentine, '09, Charles C. Miltner, '11, John M. Lecroq, '06, and Charles J. Marshall, '11, for some years the University organist.

—At the beginning of the present school year Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus set aside the sum of five hundred dollars as a nucleus for a building fund. The Council proposes to erect a building on the college campus to cost in the neighborhood of fifty thousand dollars. The edifice will be a modern structure of fire-proof material, and the present plans are for a building to take the place of a college inn. It will contain a number of furnished rooms for the use of old boys when they return for a visit to Notre Dame, club rooms, a ball room, etc., etc. The Council hopes to have the support of all old Notre Dame men in raising this fund and would like to see this fund increased to at least three thousand dollars before the close of Commencement this year. The Council will close the regular business of the year at a meeting on the evening of Tuesday, June 10. After a short business session a luncheon and entertainment will be given for the members and any of the Alumni who may be at Notre Dame at the time.

—The marriage of Miss Marie Elizabeth Wittgen to Mr. Albert B. Oberst (LL. B., '06) is announced for June 4th, St. Mary's Church, Evansville, Indiana. There will be many good wishes and prayers for their happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Oberst will be at home after June 25th at Owensboro, Kentucky.

—"Don" Hamilton, of '09 football fame, spent a few hours at the University on Monday last. "Don" has a growing legal practice in Columbus, Ohio.

—Albert A. Kotte, C. E., '06, of Alliance, Ohio, called on friends at the University, Monday afternoon. Mr. Kotte is engaged in the constructing business in his home city.

—James P. Kenefick, LL. B., '10, of Michigan City, Indiana, was a visitor at Notre Dame during the week. "Jim" is practising his profession in Michigan City, and says he expects to be on hand for the Alumni doings next month.

—James E. Deery, LL. B., '11, of Indianapolis, was nominated for Judge of the Police Court of that city on May twenty-first. "Jim" was nominated by a large majority, and we wish him the same success in the coming election.

### Alumni Banquet in Washington.

On Thursday evening, May 22nd, the Notre Dame Alumni of Washington, D. C., assembled at Holy Cross College to meet and greet the members of the Varsity baseball team who had done honor to their Alma Mater on the University athletic field that afternoon. For some time previous to the arrival of the team, the Alumni had been busy arranging the best possible entertainment for the boys during their brief stay here. Through the efforts of Dr. J. A. Flynn, an alumnus of the genuine type, a meeting had been arranged with the President, the vice-President and the Secretary of State.

Fresh from a victorious field at the Catholic University, players, Alumni and guests arrived at Holy Cross College at seven o'clock. After a short reception, all proceeded to the dining room at seven-thirty, where Father Burns, the President of Holy Cross College, presided at the principal event of the evening—a delicious dinner. Several dozen Notre Dame blankets and pennants gave a very college-home-like appearance to the dining room. College songs were in order all during the dinner, and the real enthusiasm with which they were sung gave evidence of the fact that the old airs are as fresh as ever in the hearts of the Washington Alumni. The players were busy all during the evening dealing out Notre Dame news to their inquiring friends. When the last question had been answered, and all were well feasted, Father Burns called upon the following guests and Alumni who were unsparing in their tribute to Notre Dame and her work.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, Father Elliott of the Paulist Fathers, Dr. Walsh, vice-President of Notre Dame, and Dr. Kerby, of the Catholic University, delighted those present with their words of praise and tribute for Notre Dame. Messrs. Frank Cull and Thomas Lahey welcomed the team in behalf of the Washington Alumni, and Manager William Cotter responded for the team.

A happy feature of the evening was the presence of the Rev. Dr. Matthew Walsh, the vice-President of Notre Dame, who had been in New York a few days previous for the conferring of the Laetare medal.

The reception and dinner was the most successful event of its kind ever held by the Washington Alumni. They were happy and proud to meet the team which has so well represented their Alma Mater. The affair lasted for several hours and was finally ended in time to allow the team to catch the midnight train for New York. Then there was a "Good-bye, boys, and good luck to you" on the lips of every alumnus, and the team departed with new enthusiasm to meet and defeat Fordham on the following afternoon.

W. C., '10.

### Elocution Preliminaries.

The preliminaries for the annual elocution contest were held in Washington Hall, Thursday afternoon and evening. Twenty-one aspirants for elocutionary honors contested, and the selections were uniformly well delivered. The high order of talent evidenced made the contest an exciting one and the task of the judges difficult. The seven candidates who survived the weeding-out process are John Hynes, who was awarded first place, Emmett Lenihan, second, Joseph Cyprian third and Stanislaus Milanowski, Wm. Menser, Walter Clements and Raymond Sieber in order named.

### Athletic Notes.

#### VARSITY DOWNS I. A. C.

In what proved to be one of the best track meets of recent years, the Varsity defeated the Illinois Athletic Club, last Saturday, by a single point, the total points being 65½ to 64½. But for the over-anxiety of one member of the relay team, who was disqualified for illegal starting, the margin in favor of Notre Dame would have been eleven points, as the Gold and Blue runners won the event easily. However, let us not cry over spilt milk—it was enough to win the meet. The visitors had strong hopes of victory, having in addition to the formidable aggregation presented at the indoor meet last March, two new stars in the persons of Ira Davenport, former Conference Champion, and Alva Richards, of Brigham Young University, winner of the high jump at the Olympic games and captor of five first places at a meet between two Western universities Saturday before last, or two weeks ago. That the Chicagoans' hopes were

not unfounded, is evident from the fact that these two men secured between them more than one third of the total points credited to their team. However, Plant, Wasson, Eichenlaub, and company, were too strong for them. "Jimmie" celebrated his farewell appearance before the Notre Dame student body by taking three firsts; his was the distinction of being the highest individual point winner. This but adds to his long string of victories, extending for a period of four years of loyal service to the Gold and Blue.

In the weight events, the redoubtable Richards met a worthy foe in "Eich," being forced to take second in both the discus throw and shot put. Birder gave Davenport the race of his life in the quarter mile, and we believe if the former had drawn the pole at the start, the result would have been different. The time was fast, as was the half-mile won by Plant. The hundred and 220-yard dashes furnished some of the prettiest races of the day, Wasson winning both by a narrow margin. This meet was the last of the season at home, and proved a worthy close to a successful year, thanks to Manager O'Connell and the team. The summary:

100-yard dash—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Van Camp, I. A. C., second; Bensberg, Notre Dame, third. Time, :10.

880-yard run—Won by Plant, Notre Dame; Schriver I. A. C., second; Wagge, I. A. C., third. Time, 2:01.

High jump—Won by Richards, I. A. C.; DeFries, Notre Dame, second; Lush, Notre Dame, and Thompson, I. A. C., tied for third. Height, 5 feet 11  $\frac{3}{4}$  in.

Two mile run—Won by Ray, I. A. C., Gibson, Notre Dame, second; O'Donnell, I. A. C., third. Time, 10:05 1-5.

120-yard high hurdles—Won by Pritchard, Notre Dame; Metzger, Notre Dame, second; Burgess, I. A. C., third. Time, :16.

Broad jump—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame; Richards, I. A. C., second; Rockne, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 22 feet, 1 1-4 inches.

440-yard dash—Won by Davenport, I. A. C., Birder, Notre Dame, second; Henchan, Notre Dame, third. Time, :52.

Shot put—Won by Eichenlaub, Notre Dame; Richards, I. A. C., second; Rockne, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 42 feet 1 inch.

One mile run—Won by O'Donnell, I. A. C.; Johnson, I. A. C., second; Hausske, I. A. C., third. Time, 4 minutes 48 seconds.

Hammer throw—Won by Franz, I. A. C.; Meyers, I. A. C., second; O'Neill, disqualified. Distance, 133 feet 2 inches.

220-yard low hurdles—Won by Pritchard, Notre Dame; Burgess, I. A. C., second; Metzger, Notre Dame, third. Time, :26.

220-yard dash—Won by Wasson, Notre Dame;

Davenport, I. A. C., second; Bensberg, Notre Dame, third. Time, :22 4-5.

Pole vault—Won by Rockne, Notre Dame; Culp, I. A. C., second; DeFries, Notre Dame, third. Height, 11 feet 6 inches.

Discus throw—Won by Eichenlaub, Notre Dame; Richards, I. A. C., second; O'Neill, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 118 feet 9 inches.

One mile relay race—Won by I. A. C.; Notre Dame, (Pritchard, Birder, Plant, Henchan) disqualified.

Final score—Notre Dame, 65  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; I. A. C., 64  $\frac{1}{2}$

#### FORDHAM ANOTHER VICTIM.

Fordham College, which boasts of one of the best collegiate ball teams in the East, was given a glimpse of real baseball last Friday, when the Varsity stopped off long enough to trade three for six in good old Knickerbocker fashion. A number of Alumni were in the stands, cheering the Gold and Blue, and after the hair-raising finish, they went away satisfied that the record of the school was in safe keeping. The game was nip and tuck up to the ninth inning, with Kelly having a little the better of the struggle.

Fordham started the ball rolling in the second, when a combination of two singles, an error, and a wild throw by "Smoke" netted the home team two runs. Such a lead was not to be allowed for a moment. Mills opened the next session with a double, and Granfield sent him over the rubber with a pretty single. At this stage, Mr. Keelen, who served 'em up for the locals, passed Duggan, and Newning followed with a safe bunt, filling the bases. The next two men popped up high flies that were easy outs, but "Happy" O'Connell produced the necessary hit, bringing the total up to three. After this, things were quiet until the eighth, when Fordham tied the score by clean hitting. Then came that ninth inning that Fordham fans will long remember with sorrow.

Duggan opened the inning by striking out most inauspiciously. Newning, however, tore off a double that sent chills down the backs of the Metropolitan supporters and Kenny, coming after with a triple, turned these chills into a case of pneumonia. The other half of the battery kept up the good work with a single over short that scored Kenny. Time called to apply restoratives to Mr. Keelen. After a short rest, play was resumed, "Happy" starting things off with the fourth hit of the inning. He and Kelly then attempted a double steal, that brought the latter home safe, but resulted in O'Connell's death at second. This

ended the scoring. Statistics on the victory:

|            |       |                     |    |   |
|------------|-------|---------------------|----|---|
| Notre Dame | ..... | 0 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 3—6 | 12 | 2 |
| Fordham    | ..... | 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 1 0—3 | 7  | 6 |

Batteries: Kelly and Kenny; Keelen and Kehoe.

ARMY, 3; NOTRE DAME, 0.

The United States Military Service seems, in classic phrase, to have Notre Dame's goat. First the Navy and then the Army hands out a severe jolt to Varsity hopes. The score of the last game gives indication at once of the closeness of the contest and the reason for defeat. Only four hits were gathered off Neil, the Army twirler, and this fact, together with the errorless support given him, accounts for our row of goose eggs. "Rusty" Lathrop pitched a good game, striking out twelve men. The Cadets' runs were scored on the only two errors of the game, wild throws due to the slippery condition of the ball. It rained during the last five innings, and this made fielding of bunts very difficult, knowledge which the soldiers used to great advantage. Score:

|            |       |                       |   |   |
|------------|-------|-----------------------|---|---|
| Notre Dame | ..... | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0   | 4 | 2 |
| Army       | ..... | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 *—3 | 8 | 0 |

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY BOWS TO VARSITY.

Thursday, May 22nd, is a day that will long be remembered with sorrow by the students and supporters of the Catholic University of Brookland, D. C. On that eventful date, the Notre Dame nine came out of a year's retirement to even things up. Just one year ago our boys left Washington with the triumphant shouts of the C. U. rooters in their ears, and with a stern purpose to get even next year. And they did. In a most artistic style the Gold and Blue exacted capital and a year's interest when the teams met last week. Each knew that the other would put up the hardest kind of fight, and neither was disappointed. But "Rusty" Lathrop, in a very effective imitation of Walter Johnson, held the Washingtonians in check, while his team-mates' heavy artillery, with Captain Farrell leading, amassed a total of sixteen hits off two twirlers, that put the game on ice. Here is how it happened:

The Varsity got busy right at the start. After two were out, Farrell tripled, and ambled home on a single by Mills. Three high flies was the best that the C. U. batters could do with the offerings of Lathrop in that inning. In the second, again with two down, Kenny and Lathrop singled, but the former was caught in an attempt to steal. The enemy went

out in order. The third inning gave the Varsity another tally, with Farrell and Mills again producing the necessary bingles.

In the sixth, the Gold and Blue artillery opened up in earnest. Farrell led off with his third hit of the day. After Mills was out, Granfield singled, and Duggan followed with a drive that forced Farrell in. Then Mr. Newning from Texas cleaned up the bases with a nifty triple, and scored a moment later on Kenny's single. Lathrop stopped the slaughter for the time being, by striking out. In their half of the inning, two hits and a pass gave the home team two runs, but this ambitious effort looked very bad to William's men. They came back with a rush, saluting Ryan, who did the heaving for the Brooklanders, with three singles and a double, which, combined with an error and five stolen bases, added four more runs to the total. Incidentally, Mr. Ryan delegated his job to Mr. Trayers during the session.

With a lead of seven runs, and the team hitting the ball squarely, "Rusty" eased up a bit, and the local talent secured three runs. In this inning, Regan, by one of the most spectacular throws ever seen on the Catholic U's field, cut off a fast runner at the plate.

LAST GAME A VICTORY.

Colgate couldn't find "Heinie" Berger at all, and this, coupled with the errorless support given him, brought Notre Dame out on top, 3 to 0. The Varsity's runs were secured by a mixture of timely hits, errors, and their daring base-running. This last completely bewildered the Maroons, and unsteadied their defense. In the seventh, O'Connell reached first on an error, stole second, stole third, and scored on a wild throw to catch him. The game was one of the best showings made by the Varsity on the trip, and they left the Hamiltonians wondering how the Army had won out the day before.

The Colgate victory made the record of the trip, four games won, and two lost. This is a very creditable showing, as all six contests were against some of the strongest teams in the East. The men played good ball throughout, making a total of 46 hits to their opponents' 42; 24 runs to the opponents' 21, and 15 errors to the opponents' 25. Such playing demonstrated that Coach Williams' squad is fully the equal of any college team in the country. Score:

|            |       |                   |   |   |
|------------|-------|-------------------|---|---|
| Notre Dame | ..... | 0 1 0 1 0 0 1 30— | 5 | 0 |
| Colgate    | ..... | 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—  | 4 | 6 |

Safety Valve of Other Days.

A cloud of dust arose and the army was in motion. Instinct incited them and gravitation led them toward Leeper's bridge. A stray rabbit started across the country, and Studie after it. The rabbit was a ten-second man, and Studie—his time depends upon circumstances. Maurin saw the rabbit gain. The hunting blood of fifty ancestors surged in his veins, and he hurdled a hedge fence—the hedge became sadly deficient in thorns. Schwab looked on with the eye of an expert, but being a philosopher restrained himself. Three times the rabbit and Studie circled a corn patch, and the rabbit gained. The army shouted its applause, stirring Studie on to greater efforts; but while he was laying out a geometrical mode of attack the rabbit escaped. Then it remained for O'Malley to sing the "Fall of the House of Studie." He sat under a tree contemplating heavily the event which had just occurred. The army marched on far ahead, and then began O'Malley's dirge. The cows came to the fence, and with ears erect looked on in wonder. The robin stopped its shrill piping ashamed of a comparison, but a few precursory frogs began to croak in opposition. O'Malley recognized the rivalry and more tender and pathetic grew his wail—even the frogs stopped and took refuge in the lake. The melodious notes floated along and sounded in the ears of a sleeping dog. Then began a struggle for superiority—a struggle which will ever remain vividly impressed upon the mind of O'Malley's unhappy companions. The dog bayed long and piteously at the moon, and when he stopped for breath O'Malley took up the wail, and tones sweeter than Hämamomens were given to the world. A few dying notes caught the ear of Pete Crumley as he was crossing the railroad track. Pete stopped, uncertain whether the sounds came from O'Malley, a frog or a "coon"; then discretion getting the better of his valor, he took refuge in a box car. When scouts were sent two hours later to look for our lost child, they found him tied in a knot in the corner of the car.

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John Eggeman, shot-putter, hammer-thrower, high-jumper, mile-runner and manager:—Mr. Eggeman is a lanky youth about seven feet tall, four feet wide and weighs two hundred and sixty pounds and two ounces when in training. His first experience in athletics was in throwing bricks at the neighbor boy. In the war last summer he caught a sixteen-pound shot from admiral Cervera's flag-ship, and threw it four miles after the enemy. His record for the hammer-throw is two hundred feet, which distance he made by throwing the hammer from the top of the water-work's stand-pipe in Fort Wayne and hitting a man on the head. If the man were not in the way, it would have gone more than five feet farther. He has posted a challenge to compete with Sweeney for the championship in high-jumping, and can run the mile in ten minutes flat. As manager he is a howling success, and will perhaps hold his position as head of the training table as long as there is anything to eat.

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A meeting was called for the purpose of organizing

a Brownson Hall band; Robert Kafton, cornetist, presided. Frank Bouza made a speech, and soon the band began to exist. Among the leading musicians who were present were John Mozart Bouza, Herr Kellner, Fritz Von Webber Wolfe. The following resolutions were drawn up:

WHEREAS, An aggregation known as the Squirt Band has caused much ado in our midst;

WHEREAS, This organization is composed of men of Teutonic extraction;

WHEREAS, They have rendered Heine airs until the Irish element has been driven to deeds of violence and bemoaned the day the aforesaid Heine aggregation was organized,

THEREFORE, In the name of all that is great and good (the Irish), we pledge and promise to neutralize the effect of this Heine band by blowing sound waves in opposition.

On motion of Herr Kellner the organization was called the Clan-na-Gael's Band. The following programme was prepared:

- "Irish Washerwoman" ..... O'Reilly
- "The Little Stack of Barley" .... Dermot O'Down
- "The Heavens Bless You, Pat me Bi." ..... Collins
- "Peggy in the Low Back Car" .. O'Shaughnessy
- "Na ti Loic Zelini" ..... Kreycek
- "Utike Kaco utike" ..... Bouzicek
- "Schla Naninka Dozeli" ..... Wynmceek

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The Shorts of Sorin hall won their annual game from the Longs Thursday by a score of 10 to 7. There were many new faces in the line-up, O'Malley taking "Stodie's" place as captain, while Zeigler led his men on to victory once more. Zeke sprang a surprise upon the Longs by refusing to let MacCullough play short stop for the Longs because all the Shorts were to be on his team. Mac, however, was allowed to play upon condition that he would not catch the ball, a condition which he lived up to faithfully.

Burke covered lots of ground for the Longs (he wears No. 7's) and managed to stop two of Zeigler's curves (?) with his head. When not making errors, Voigt was trying to give away samples of his new breakfast food. Maher was almost put out of the game in the third inning for catching a fly, but he proved it was a mosquito to the satisfaction of O'Mallé.

Fack was the star for the Shorts, his hitting and head-work winning the applause of the spectators time after time. Clark played or, rather, was in center field. Manier, Rayneri and T. Hammer sold lemonade, ice-cream and overcoats to the crowd when they were not busy making errors. Shea's Ready Rhyming Rooters made noise when Gardner was quiet, which was seldom.

Through the kindness of A. Ill of the annex (who was visiting friends at the Stockyards, Chicago, during the game) we are able to give the official score.

|        |                              |       |
|--------|------------------------------|-------|
| Longs  | ..... 3 0 0 2 0 0 0 2 0—7    | 3 37  |
| Shorts | ..... 0 0 0 0 0 1 6 3 0 *—10 | 19 65 |

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AN OPEN-FACED TRAGEDY.

One night a serenading Thomas cat

Tried with his lady fair to win a stroke

But some one sudden hit him with a bat

And the even tenor of his young life broke.