

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 27, 1915.

No. 21.

## Washington the Free.\*

BY GEORGE P. SCHUSTER.

CROON, fluttering flag, thine aged bosom's story  
Steeped in star-lit glory  
And streaked with votive blood:  
What hero furl'd thee 'gainst the foaming flood  
Death's blue-black storm rolled o'er the waking bud  
Of Freedom's promised wheat  
Till thou didst seem both birth and winding sheet?

When freedom, chafed by slavery's churlish stone,  
Pressed down by tyrant throne,  
Dared to heave it off,  
With e'en her rustic flint to strike and scoff  
At kings, he stood in her young hope's behalf—  
Washington the glorious,  
Broad-chested as a mountain, firm, victorious.

The stars dimmed, in the night-sea's blackened rills,  
Strong as the naked hills,  
Stern as the bitter snow,  
He helmed her bleeding brig's uncertain prow  
Through wind-tossed gloom, till fairer blasts could blow  
To heaven's destined bay:—  
This nation's sire, who dared to dream of day.

When cannon startled the broad-bosomed sea  
With songs of liberty,  
And over Yorktown high  
Life's scroll was blazoned on the smiling sky  
That men might melt their chains and gladly die,  
Then Washington appeared  
Bearer of hopes to human breasts endeared.

Hero, whose life is as the land thou'st sired  
And with great dreams inspired:  
Profound as ocean's floor,  
Broad as its woods, strong as its river's roar  
And lofty as its peaceful peaks that soar  
Deep into holy heaven,  
With fervid loyalty all patriots leaven!

\* Read at the Exercises in honor of Washington, February 22, 1915.

Live, O my country, live his starry vision,  
 Fulfill his trusted mission,  
 Spread God-like sympathy.  
 Break each shackle till warring earth is free,  
 Watch sturdy in the night for dawn's decree,  
 Follow thy tear-bleached banner  
 To truth's unsetting sun, for 'tis thy manor.

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Webster, Greatest of Orators.

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BY JAMES M. RIDDLE.

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**T**RUE oratory is not restricted by time or place. It is the common heritage of all nations. Long before the thrilling tones of Demosthenes reverberated among the hills of Greece, there were great orators. Long after the voices of the most eloquent speakers of the present day shall have been stilled, there will continue to exist men whose thrilling utterances will determine the destiny of nations, and direct the course of human activities.

There are some who maintain that oratory and eloquence are decadent; that we of the present generation are witnessing the passing of the true orator, and that those who come after us will know of forensic genius only as a lost art. But every great national crisis, every momentous issue, has produced its orator, and there is no good reason for believing that such will not be the case in the future. When we think of the encroachments of Philip of Macedon upon the cities of Greece, we think also of the immortal Demosthenes. When we reflect upon Hasting's misgovernment and oppression there comes to our minds the mighty arraignment of Burke. Suffering Ireland summoned forth an O'Connell, and the cause of American liberty gave enduring fame to a Henry. The conspiracy of Cataline called forth the best efforts of Cicero; fierce hatred of tyranny inspired the grandest utterances of William Pitt.

The cause of American Union, the maintenance of Constitutional powers and rights, and the venomous activities and attacks of the enemies of national solidarity called forth a champion in Webster and made his name immortal. And because his genius shaped the course of events for a whole great nation, because the legal principles he evolved and enunciated bind to-day one hundred millions

of people, because his logic was flawless, his presence and delivery superb, and his triumphs more clearly defined than any others in history, he is the greatest orator of all time.

It were idle to enumerate the requisites of true oratory with a view to showing that Webster possessed that in which the others were in part lacking. Comparison of the American with such men as Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, O'Connell and Bossuet must be in degree, and in degree only. They all moved the hearts and minds of their auditors; each achieved his end by the force of his genius and the soul-stirring eloquence of his utterances; every one of them has left to posterity words that flame with truth and beauty. All have shared alike, with Webster, the adulation of their contemporaries and the plaudits of posterity. A contrast, then, must needs be one of causes and motives, of relative achievement and comparative effect.

To a majority of people, perhaps, the attempt to elevate Webster above Demosthenes, must seem a heresy, a flagrant assault upon sacred tradition. The fact is, however, that such traditions are not infallible, and we venture upon a fair-minded comparison of the work of the two men. "It may be surmised," says Alex Johnston, "that much of the admiration professed for Demosthenes in modern times has been conventional. The clumsiest and coarsest forgeries which bear his name long received among general readers their share of eulogy." A fair and impartial contrast only serves to expose the tendency towards fulsome effusiveness in estimating the genius of the great Athenian.

Webster was admirably constituted by nature for the rôle of orator. The magnificent presence, the majestic brow, commanding stature and wonderful black glowing eyes well earned Webster the appellation of "The godlike." "Since Charlemagne," says Theodore Parker, "I think there has not been such a grand figure in all christendom." So majestic was his very marble bust, that Thorwaldsen mistook it for a sculpturing of Jupiter. Webster possessed in far greater degree than any other speaker, the natural requisites for oratorical success: graceful and commanding presence and a wonderfully sonorous voice. One could not look upon him and think of insincerity. No one could meet his flashing eyes and doubt that he spoke the truth.

The careers of Webster and Demosthenes strike many parallels. Each of them dictated for over a quarter of a century the public thought and national policy of his country. Similarly, each foresaw and foretold, alike in vain, impending calamity. Actuated by common motives, though separated by a score of centuries, they labored disinterestedly for the public welfare, crushing by the sheer weight of logic the contentions of their opponents, and charming by the majesty of their oratory all who heard. Yet singularly enough a comparison of their respective masterpieces swings the balance in favor of Webster. For the "Oration on the Crown" instead of battering down fallacy, was itself constructed to palliate an illegality. For, as regards the legal aspect, Aeschines was right and Demosthenes was wrong. Certainly Aeschines was not so completely flailed, so utterly vanquished by Demosthenes, as was Colonel Hayne by Webster. Assuredly the former must ascribe his defeat less to irrefutable logic than to oratorical artifice. Nor can it be said that the rivalry between the two great Athenians was so much a matter of abstract principle as of political preferment. The issue concerned less the national welfare than their own selfish interests. There is nothing inherent in Demosthenes' affair with Aeschines that makes it a matter of national import.

In the Webster-Hayne debate there is no clash of personal interest, no conflict of mere political antagonism. It is rather a battle of principles, a contest of antithetical theories of government whose settlement bore directly home upon the people of a great nation; a people whose number would constitute many Athens, whose territory would dwarf a score of nations the size of Greece. There is little of the personal element, little scorn, sarcasm or bitterness in Webster's reply to Hayne. Hayne and his colleagues were vanquished, not as was Aeschines, by taunt, rhetoric and bitter invective, but by the immutable superiority of sound principle. They were overmastered by the power of unassailable logic, magnificently phrased and magnificently expressed. Logic lent magic to Webster's words, but it may be truthfully argued, at least in regard to Demosthenes' oration on the crown, that words sometimes lent weight otherwise absent from his argument.

In considering the respective merits of the

delivery of Webster and Demosthenes, a verdict becomes extremely difficult, if not actually impossible. However, a just comparison of their composition can be made. Even in English translation, Demosthenes' rhetoric is flawless, forceful and sublime. Enriched by the sonorous beauty of the native Greek, the euphony of his passages may well challenge comparison with the greatest passages in literature. It is worthy of note, however, that whereas Demosthenes polished his orations for weeks ahead of their delivery, Webster's great orations were, of necessity, in some degree extemporaneous.

What Demosthenes was in Greek, Webster assuredly was in English. His sentences are without parallel for beauty of conception and majesty of construction. Every statement is a mighty frieze of intellectual sculpturing; a mighty thought from a great brain expressed in words that fit the depth and shade of meaning to a hair's breadth. Webster's thoughts and words and sentences shape themselves like the separate blocks of an expert stonecutter, each block perfectly chiselled, beautiful in itself; and the whole structure impregnable when assembled. The culminating magnificence of Webster's periods paralyzed the anticipation of his audience. "When they heard his sentences of powerful thoughts," declares Clarke, "towering in accumulative grandeur one upon the other as if the orator strove like Titan to reach the very heavens, they were giddy with apprehension that he would break down in his flight. They dared not believe that genius, learning, any intellectual endowment, however uncommon, that was simply mortal, could sustain itself long in a career seemingly so perilous; they feared an Icarian fall." But the failure they anticipated never occurred. When Webster pyramided his thoughts to a grand climax, the very apex outreached all the rest.

He was never dull, never forced, never superficial, never disappointing. He made the most abstract theme assume agreeable garb, as a lively incident. Many of his speeches, a number indeed of his greatest, are concerned with the delicate technicalities, abstruse issues, and recondite ramifications, of constitutional law. Yet artisans from New England, farmers from Ohio, and planters from Louisiana, listened for hours together, as eagerly as United States senators or judges from the supreme court.

He adjusted his words to the thought, never the thought to the words. There is discerrible no striving for effect, no subordination of thought to sentiment. There is no playing for applause, no trickery, no rhetorical deceit. In a word, his eloquence is strikingly free of insincerity, artificiality and specious reasoning. His words are paraded and marshalled like phalanxes of troops, beautiful, imposing, but always alive with purpose. Indeed they seem almost living things; it may be said of them as of Milton's expressions, "Cut them and they bleed."

Fancy was subservient to fact, yet Webster's imagination was as rich, as facile, and as colorful, as that of a poet. It graced and mellowed his figures of speech without detracting from their accuracy, and without demoralizing their appropriateness. For sheer intellectual grandeur Webster stands practically alone. Concerning him, Heyward remarks: "His amplitude of comprehension is the source of his facility of expression." He could view, he could weigh, he could comprehend; and his was the wonderful genius for tracing orally his own mental processes, so that the premises, the steps, and the conclusion, were equally clear to all. As he reasoned so he spoke, and the maturity of his intellect is mirrored in its perfect counterpart,—the flawlessness of his eloquence. Unlike Burke he had no intuitive apperception of truth; he battered down fallacy by the ponderous, implacable assault of his wonderful mind. Unlike Calhoun he did not reason solely from assumed or hypothecated premises. Before he reared his edifice of eloquence he himself built the enduring foundation of principle.

The jealous and critical scrutiny of his own and succeeding generations has exposed no flaw in the logic of his reply to Hayne; no defect in the reasoning of the Dartmouth College case; no unsoundness in his seventh of March speech; no fallacy in any of the great principles and precepts he pronounced in a score of great addresses. The dispassionate verdict of unbiased posterity, the testimony of friendly and inimical contemporaries, the silent and enduring might of the very issues he decided,—all attest his masterful eloquence, his faultless logic and his matchless genius.

An oft-remarked and unique characteristic of Webster's speeches is the seemingly tangible, physical nature of his sentences. They are solid, weighty, imposing, suggestive, an almost

literal breadth and depth—like "The granite of his own New England Hills." They stand as solidly, as unchanging in merit and purpose as the material to which they have been likened. He fought his way to his conclusion by sheer indefatigable, intellectual zeal and perseverance. "He concentrated his mind," says William Mathews, "upon a perplexing mass of facts, and they resolved themselves into luminous order, "as the Milky Way, under a powerful glass, breaks into stars."

In no other world-famed orator do we find the versatility that so characterized Webster. Each of the others was invincible in certain spheres of forensic activity, but Webster was equally able in arguing before the Supreme Court, in debating in the United States Senate, or in charming the common multitude, with the greatness of his thought and the majestic power of his words. Webster was the greatest constitutional lawyer the country has ever seen, and in civil and criminal procedure, he was also the "most convincing, resistless, terrific advocate that ever stood before a jury."

His every word is dignified, sober, and well-weighed; his orations achieve their place in the minds of men by their very power of overcoming specious reasoning and battering down the false and untrue. His thoughts and sentences muster and arrange themselves like a battle array, advancing in perfect cadence, and sweeping away all opposition. Yet in his sublimest flights of oratory, we never see him, like Fox, "foaming, screaming, choked by the rushing multitude of his words." With him at all times was a wonderful dignity,—a dignity of strong personality and grave deportment. Burke, it is said, 'had talent,' Webster had genius. Webster reasoned, and conquered with clinching logic; Burke philosophized, and routed with apt answer, and caustic satire. O'Connell charmed the mind through the heart; Webster won both, but the mind first. Chrysostom and Bossuet can hardly be admitted to the contrast, for theirs was the appeal of religious sentiment and noble passion.

Like the twin tips of the quarter moon, stand Webster and Demosthenes, yet Webster is the higher arrayed. Below them in the arc the other immortals, Cicero, Burke, Pitt, Fox, O'Connell and Henry. They have charmed parliaments, senates, judges and mobs. But Webster has done all these things and more. He reasoned out and exalted legal tenets

that bind upon scores of millions; he has defined and clearly established the principles that unite a whole great nation; he has left a memory of majestic thought, action and utterance that will live throughout the ages; his very speeches, preserved to us in entirety, charm to-day as literature, just as they charmed sixty years ago as orations. "In real intellectual strength," says the *New York Daily Times*, "it is probable that Webster rarely had his equal since the morning of time." And posterity in awarding him first place among orators witnesses the fulfillment of the wish he so magnificently expressed:

"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and union afterwards;' but everywhere spread all over is characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—'Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

#### Contrasts.

The student gaily seeks the town  
The play, the cabaret, the dance;  
A clown, a gown, a penciled glance  
Allures him up the street, and down.

The college halls look out and frown  
On factory heights in arrogance;—  
The student gaily seeks the town,  
The play, the cabaret, the dance.

The toiler, who for sustenance  
(Of fading youth is he) must fight,—  
Slaves long by light; and long at night  
In study bows his head adown.—  
The student gaily seeks the town.

M. J. P.

#### A Grafter's Cunning.

BY JOHN L. REUSS.

Have you ever seen Broadway in the evening, when the stores of the great metropolis have closed their doors to the multitude? Well, to those who have not experienced this spectacle, I must picture as best I can this pageant so common to the New Yorker and so interesting to the stranger—provided he be not in the path of that human herd. Under the glare of its white lights people of all classes surge down that famous street. Financier and pauper alike rub elbows in this moving mass. There is an unceasing babble of voices: the deliberative tone of the business man, the chatter of the shop girl, the curse of the truckster, and the lusty shout of the newsboy—all endeavor to be heard above the noise and clatter of the street.

One evening in the midst of this multitude a stalwart, neatly dressed man of middle age could be seen scrutinizing the passersby. This was no other than Jimmy Duggan, the smoothest grafter between Long Island and the Golden Gate. He was marvelling at the number of people, whom his keen judgment pronounced "victims." During this reflection his neck was jerked, and his derby knocked to the ground by a resounding whack on the back, and at the same instant he was greeted with a "Howdy, Jim, old boy?"

Turning, Jim at once recognized a pal of years ago who had helped him in his first big deal.

"Well, if it isn't old Bill Bennett," and Duggan grasped the proffered hand. "What and who are you doing here?"

"Just came in this afternoon, and was viewing the prospects of increasing my little fortune of seven thousand dollars that I just cleaned out of that sleepy hamlet Sioux Falls. Easiest graft I ever worked. I pulled the wool over their eyes so thick that they wanted to make me sheriff. I'll tell you there's very few whom little Bill Bennett can't get," spoke the newcomer.

"I guess we're both in the same boat," said Duggan. "Let's introduce ourselves to a little 'Three Star Hennessey,' and then find a room in some hotel for us and company

where I'll explain the neatest little scheme you may ever hope to hear."

Talking of old times, the two walked to the nearest saloon. Then, after quenching their thirst they strolled several blocks to C—Street where hung a sign that introduced in bold letters the "Mercer Hotel."

"Looks as if this place might be all right," ventured Bennett.

"And so it is," confirmed Duggan, who had once before been registered as a boarder.

The men entered, and after the customary procedure, were led to their room by the one bell-boy of which the hotel boasted.

Behind the closed door of their small room Duggan began to elucidate his plans.

"About that graft, Bill," said he, "I got it doped out this way. You and me work together, see, taking equal chances and sharing equal profit. We go down on H—Street and rent a little office for about forty dollars per month. Here will be the home of the Mail Order Stock and Brokerage Company."

"That's all right, but where do we get our capital? I don't quite see your point," put in Bennett.

"Capital! Why, the 'Mail Order Stock and Brokerage Company' couldn't use capital if they had it. All we need is about five little round irons to put an "ad" in a couple of papers for a few days, and we'll have so much capital we'll have to carry it home in sacks."

"Well, spill out the idea," anxiously cut in the listener. "What's our business? How do we get the money?"

"Don't get in too big a rush and I'll put you wise to how it's done. We'll put an ad in the paper that tells of the great opportunities to place a good investment with a reliable company that guarantees a monthly dividend rate of two per cent. Now if that don't get 'em, nothing will."

"But wh—" stammered Bennett.

"Now, don't get excited, let me explain. As the first week's investments come in,—which will be mostly by mail—we'll put them away as clear profit. When the second week's come in, we'll give each investor of the first week his monthly two per cent and lay the rest aside as profit. And so on with the following weeks. As the investors will receive their two per cent regularly each month, each week is bound to bring in more investments, and we will soon have enough capital set aside as

profit that we can pay our fare to Frisco and still have enough to buy out a couple of gold mines. Well, how does it sound,—pretty good?"

"Jim, you've got a brain like a clock; it works every second. The graft's a great one. We can get enough money in two months to quit the game, make a get-away, and follow the narrow path living like kings," enthusiastically exclaimed Bennett.

A month later, James Kenilworth Duggan, president of the "Mail Order Stock and Brokerage Company," sat smoking a huge havana with his feet perched up on top of the desk, as he perused the cash book in an endeavor to ascertain as near as possible the financial condition of the company.

"Receipts, \$72,500"; he mused. "Payed out: For interest, \$22,000; for rent, \$80; for light, \$8.50; for stenographers, \$230; for Stamps, \$185. Total receipts, \$72,500; total expenses, \$22,503.50; balance, \$49,996.50. Wheu! \$50,000 cold. It's a shame to take the money."

Bennett, who was glancing over the president's shoulder, chuckled as his partner read the account.

While they were still looking at the cash book, a knock was heard at the door, and a tall, very well dressed gentleman wearing a silk hat, entered. The company at once assumed its business aspect.

"Good morning, sir," greeted Bennett, while Duggan echoed the same. "What can we do for you this morning,—a little investment?"

"Good morning, gentlemen," began the stranger, "I have heard much about your great firm, and the enormous dividends your investors derive from it. I am Howard Pomelroy, president of the Summit City Bank," and handing them his card he continued, "I wish to inquire as to the remaining shares of stock you still have left in this great enterprise. I should like to buy out the entire concern."

At this Duggan calmly reached into a drawer and pulled out a journal, from whose blank pages he appeared to read, while Bennett hastily went into the stenographer's room to dictate a would-be report of the business and standing of the "Mail Order Stock and Brokerage Company."

Laying down the book, Duggan looked up at the newcomer and casually remarked, "Mr. Pomelroy, I am sorry, but we have hardly

enough for your investment. There is left but \$15,000 worth of stock."

"Very good, very good," said Pomelroy, "I had limited the margin of my investment at \$25,000; but, however, if you would allow me to view the records of your company, I will consider the proposition."

At a call from Duggan, Bennett appeared with the dictated records which he gave to Jim, who in turn passed them to the Summit City's president.

The banker scrutinized them with great care, and after a short interval, returned the accounts and said, "Very well indeed, gentlemen. I am completely satisfied with your statistics. I shall buy the stock, and, if it be convenient, I shall bring the money to-morrow morning and close up the deal."

"Just as you wish, Mr. Pomelroy," remarked Duggan. "About what time will you be here, sir?"

"About ten o'clock, gentlemen. Good day."

"Good day," replied the two in unison as Pomelroy left the office.

After the banker had left, Duggan's conscience appeared to bother him.

"Bill," he said, "let's make this deal our last, and quit as soon as we close it up."

Bennett looked surprised, but his greed overcame him and he chided: "What's the matter, old man,—getting scrupulous? Why, let's carry this easy thing on another month at the very least."

"Not for me," answered Duggan. "We break up after this deal."

"Not so fast," retorted Bennett, "I am an equal partner in this firm." Now Bennett had been thinking for the last few days of trying to get Duggan out of the concern in order to satisfy his greedy passion. With this thought uppermost in his mind he made one long shot. "I'll tell you," he said, "if you're so anxious to get out of this business I'll buy you out for \$10,000. How does that strike you?"

"Nothing doing," said Duggan. "I don't furnish the brains for \$10,000 and have you get away with about \$50,000. I can't see you at all."

"Well," said Bennett, "set your price." Duggan appeared to be in deep thought, but, eventually raising his head, he spoke: "\$20,000 cash, Bill, nothing less."

Bennett, seeing the vision of a big gain for himself, eagerly accepted, and walking to

the safe, counted out the \$20,000 and handed it to Duggan.

The next morning saw the new president at his desk waiting for Pomelroy. A few minutes later, following a rap on the door, Pomelroy entered with a "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, have a chair, Mr. Pomelroy! Let us talk over the matter. Mr. Duggan has not yet arrived, but, nevertheless we shall close the deal without him."

"May I view your records again," inquired the banker who seemed disappointed at Duggan's absence.

"Certainly!" and Bennett went to the safe to get the hastily prepared papers. As he turned back again, he was startled. He gazed into the muzzle of a Colt automatic, while his eyes were riveted to a shiny star on the banker's coat. Only too late he realized his plight.

"What! Do you intend to rob me? Put that down, or I'll call the police," commanded Bennett asserting a bold front.

"Never mind the police, follow me and we'll attend to the money, and your pal later," curtly ordered the detective.

Seeing no way of escape, Bennett did as he was told. Just as they reached the door the postman came with his usual extra bag of mail for the "Mail Order Stock and Brokerage Company," and one letter addressed personally to Mr. William Bennett which he drew from his sack and handed to that individual who stood nonchalantly at the detective's side. Covering Bennett with the Colt, the detective took care of the sack of mail while the former opened the letter which read as follows:

DEAR BILL:—

I recognized the bank president as an old friend of mine from the Burns' Agency. We weren't on very good terms at our last meeting, so I thought I might as well skin out. Am going to start a good business in a few months. Sorry, old pal, that I was one of the first "little Bill Bennett couldn't get," and the first one to squeeze him for \$20,000.

My sincere thanks,

MR. Kenilworth Duggan,  
Ex-president of the "Mail Order Stock and Brokerage Company."

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### The Shepherdess.

Cometh a shepherdess to-night,  
The Lady Moon in purest white;  
She guards the stars—her snowy sheep,  
And watches o'er them in their sleep.

*Speer Strahan.*

## Bartholome Las Casas.

BY MICHAEL MULCAIR.

A little over four hundred years ago, Cortez a soldier of fortune, was declared by universal consent the hero of Mexico. Not a single dissenting voice questioned his right to so high an honor, not a single tongue even suggested the name of an old monk whose body after ninety-two years of unrelenting toil had been consigned to a solitary grave in his native land and whose memory even at this time was held up for national execration because he denounced the infamous treatment of the Indian by the Spaniard. That old monk was Bartholome Las Casas, the philanthropist, the apostle, and the protector of the American Indian.

He was born at Seville in 1561, and, after a short career as a lawyer, was ordained to the priesthood in 1610. From early youth he was interested in the unfortunate condition of the American Indian. He watched with dismay the enormous death roll of that uncivilized people due to Spanish cruelty. He grew sad when he thought of the thousands of souls which yearly passed into eternity without ever hearing of a God. His heart was inflamed with the desire of their conversion, and he began to prepare himself for the mighty work. He was prompted by a natural commiseration for their sad lot in this world and by a spiritual consideration for their fate in the next. In 1519 his preparations were finished, and he set out for the scene of a drama in which for fifty years he would play a prominent part. His stage was the wilds of a new continent, its actors a half-barbarous, uncivilized people.

In order to understand the life work of Las Casas it is necessary to understand the relations that existed previous to his arrival in America between the Spaniard and the Indian. The few hundred Spaniards who had come to the new continent in hopes of making an easy fortune, began to help themselves to the possessions of the Indians whom they regarded as a people who did not yet belong to the human race, but were born to live and work as animals. They stole provisions, abused the Indian women and carried the young men into menial slavery. The innocent Indians soon began to regard the newcomer as the personification of wicked-

ness and cruelty. They rose up against the oppressors, but their arrows proved useless against the shields of the strangers, while the improved arms of the Spaniard worked havoc on the naked bodies of the red men.

When Las Casas landed at Venezuela he found that the Indians had already bent their necks to the yoke of slavery. He saw at once that they were unfitted for the heavy work which was allotted to them. The Indian was a child of nature. The spreading palm tree, or the cave afforded him a place of shelter, the forest supplied him with fruit, and the rivers furnished him with fish. Hence his life was spent in idleness and his body, grown delicate under the tropical sun and unfit for manual labor, soon found a grave in the mine in which he was forced to work. It was this torrent of injustice which threatened to depopulate the American continent. With the zeal of a Xavier he set to work to better the conditions of this poor unfortunate people. He freed them from slavery, he taught them the gospel, and he planted the seed of civilization amongst them, so that in a short time the Indian took his place amongst the other civilized peoples of the earth.

The perils and trials which Las Casas experienced would appall one who had not the courage and constancy of a saint. The toils and privations and even the insults and scorn of those who claimed to be his friends would have crushed the heart of the ablest man. But Las Casas was a man "whose personal virtues were only excelled by the exalted purpose to which fifty years of his noble life were exclusively devoted."

He was pre-eminently the most hated and despised missionary that ever labored in the vineyard of the Lord. He was refused food and shelter by his countrymen; he was shunned by the Spanish colonists as though he were a leper, and he was regarded as a monomaniac by the world at large.

For fifty years he labored under such adverse conditions with varying success and failure. As the outrages which were poured on him grew in number, his soul grew hot with zeal for his suffering brethren. He gained from the Spanish king concessions for his beloved Indians, and converted them by the thousands. It is said that at the time of his death he had converted more souls than had then been lost by the heresy of Luther.



Although a man of wonderful virtue and sanctity he was still a man. And as human nature is infirm and erring, we need not hesitate to admit that Las Casas did many things in his life the wisdom of which has since been questioned. His plans of colonization were entirely impracticable. His persistence in his own convictions, even when in the wrong, made him intolerable to those with whom he associated. But the one seeming paradox in his life was the favorable way in which he regarded and even urged negro slavery in North America, while his own life was spent in a bitter denunciation of that institution amongst the Indians. But in criticising Las Casas we must remember that he viewed slavery in a different light from that in which we now regard it. Four centuries have taught us that slavery is morally wrong, while in the time of Las Casas it was thought to be all right. He fought it, not because the institution of slavery was wrong in itself but because under the conditions in South America it was sacrificing thousands of human lives. The negroes had shown that they were fitted for heavy work, while under the same conditions the Indians pined away. The Indians, moreover, were his children. They had become endeared to him because of the sacrifices he endured for them, and consequently he was willing to do anything to better their condition. If he erred, therefore, he erred on the side of humanity. His were errors which add to his own greatness, because they show the great things which he did accomplish were accomplished only after he had conquered the world and the selfish instincts of his race.

His noble life came to an end in the monastery at Madrid where he had retired when old age made it impossible for him to do any active work amongst the Indians. When his body had been laid to rest, Spain rejoiced as if she had rid herself of some odious plague. Las Casas had denounced her infamous treatment of the Indian and had challenged her to answer his accusations. But his death had ended the challenge and saved Spain the humiliation of a confession. Scarcely had his tongue been silenced when a thousand charges were brought against him. His motives and his virtues were questioned. His great work was belittled and his whole life was declared a failure. But four hundred years have since gone by, and now that the storm of prejudice has subsided and the clouds of ignorance have been dispelled

history at last gives him the place to which he is justly entitled. Five hundred years have taught us to call him a hero who went forth to spend his life for the uplift of an uncivilized people.

But the time has passed when Spain can do him justice. It was left for America to portray his greatness. This, the prominent non-Catholic historian, Fisk, has done in his book "The Discovery of America." In speaking of Las Casas he says: "In contemplating such a life as that of Las Casas all words of eulogy seem weak and frivolous. The historian can only bow in reverent awe before a figure which is in some respects the most beautiful and sublime in the annals of Christianity since the Apostolic age. When now and then in the course of centuries, God's providence brings such a life into this world, the memory of it must be cherished by mankind as one of the most cherished and sacred possessions. For the thoughts, the words, the deeds of such men there is no death. The sphere of their influence goes on widening forever. They bud, they blossom, they bear fruit from age to age. That great soul for whom in life his country had nothing but insult and calumny, and who in death was heralded as a monomaniac, has now changed titles with Cortez, and to-day Las Casas is acclaimed the hero of Mexico."

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### Our Team.

MICHAEL J. EARLY.

(Air: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

Let's open up our voices, boys, and cheer our fighting crew;

They are struggling on the diamond for the honored Gold and Blue,

And are bringing fame and lustre to the flag that floats in view,

As our team goes marching on.

### CHORUS.

A- cheer on cheer for Notre Dame, boys!

A cheer on cheer for Notre Dame, boys!

A cheer on cheer for Notre Dame, boys!

As our team goes marching on.

And if perchance our fortune, boys, should not a victory hold,

We will cheer those valiant players, boys, the trusty true, and bold;

And they'll fight a doughty battle for the waving Blue and Gold

When our team goes marching on.

# The 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

XLVIII. FEBRUARY 27, 1915. NO. 21.

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—The beauty spot of any institution of learning, the memory of which lingers longest in the mind of student or visitor, is the campus.

**Preserve the Campus.** A slovenly, disordered campus, is a reproach to any institution. It presents an exterior aspect that moulds impressions just as surely and just as prejudicially, as does one's attire or one's home. Notre Dame has always had abundant reason for taking pride in her campus. Visitors of repute and renown have ranked it among the three or four best in the country. A corps of workmen is constantly employed under expert supervision in keeping it beautiful and immaculate. Why, then, the reckless disregard for its appearance that actuates so many of the students? Two paths have been worn across the grass plots in recent years. One describes a course from the church to Washington Hall. The other breaks off from the walk between Sorin and the Administration Building and defaces another portion of the lawn. Both of them, when the grass grows again, will be ugly, rusty brown scars on an otherwise perfect campus. This vandalism is utterly inexcusable. It is a reproach to the students who have assisted in defacing the campus. It makes for slovenly habits and impaired beauty. The walks at Notre Dame have not been constructed along lines of geometrical economy. They curve instead of serving as "the shortest line between two points." They do not aim to "get you

there" in the shortest possible time. But this very fact is the secret of their beauty. Most of us have plenty of time, and all of us, if we stop to think, have a loyal regard for the appearance presented by the school. Let's discontinue our "jay walking." Notre Dame has thousands of visitors annually. Let's give them an opportunity to see the old place at its best. If they are permitted to see it as it has been given us to see it, undefaced, unimpaired by carelessness, the product of decades of skilful gardening and painstaking care in design and detail they will spread the fame of Notre Dame to the four quarters of the United States. We who will go forth flaunting the prestige of a Notre Dame education should be indeed the last to mar the physical beauty of the school. Keep off the grass!

## The Exercises for Washington's Birthday.

Although the military manoeuvres were excluded from the exercises commemorative of Washington's Birthday, yet the demonstration lost none of its accustomed solemnity and fervor. The long lines of Seniors in cap and gown were highly impressive as they marched into Washington Hall to present their flag to the University. Although this ceremony is a tradition at Notre Dame, yet it has a particular meaning at this crisis in national destiny. Again, we are Catholics, a fact which, during the present tide of bigotry and fanaticism, is worth stressing. All this was treated with fervid eloquence by Mr. Emmett Lenihan, premier orator of the class of '15, in an address presenting the flag. This speech, glowingly written and delivered with characteristic polish, is given here:

REVEREND PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY  
AND FELLOW-STUDENTS:

We are again called here to celebrate the birthday of the Father of our Country. It is the usual custom on this day to eulogize Washington as a warrior, to dwell admiringly on his military exploits, and to relate in fitting terms the countless hardships he had to suffer in leading the colonists to victory and independence. But it is not my purpose on this occasion to speak of war, nor of her heroes. These have many times been extolled with far greater eloquence than is in my power to express.

George Washington was more than a soldier. It was as President of the United States that he performed the greatest service to his country. His extraordinarily sound judgment, his wisdom and integrity when fighting for a principle, enabled him to overcome the

state and party troubles and save the newly-made Union from disruption. In the early days of the Constitution, when the whole country was clamoring for an alliance with France for the purpose of war against England, it was Washington who kept us from such a dangerous alliance by issuing his proclamation of neutrality.

His advice to the people in his farewell address emphasizes his firm belief in the necessity of American neutrality. "Against the wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you, believe me, fellow citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government." This ideal, held foremost in the minds of our statesmen for a century and a quarter, has been one of the chief secrets of our present position and prosperity.

To-day, when the whole of Europe is convulsed by such a mighty conflict, the words of Washington have for us an especially grave import. Both England and Germany seem determined to embroil the United States in their death struggle. Fierce antagonisms are arising in this country because our people are beginning to take sides with the nations of our ancestors. Partisan discussions distort the truth, discard all thought of justice, and inflame the rising passions of prejudice and hate. But the time has come when such senseless and dangerous discussions must cease. "The United States is rapidly approaching the gravest crisis in its history," recently remarked a member of the President's cabinet. Loyalty to the lands of our ancestors must give way to loyalty to the country in which we live. That flag acknowledges no hyphenated citizenship; it recognizes no German-American, no Russian-American, no English-American. It demands the unqualified allegiance of the simple American citizen.

When these feelings of racial prejudices and partisan antagonisms are eradicated, when all the peoples of this nation, throwing off the ties of the Old Country, are blended into one perfect American citizenry, with all danger of internal dissension overcome, may we hope that the wise men at the head of our government will, with God's help, be able to steer us out of this sea of troubles into the harbor of permanent neutrality. And when the great conflict is over, the United States may fulfil its mission of peace, secure justice to the vanquished, and render aid to the millions of impoverished mankind.

We, students of Notre Dame, believe that we recognize our duty to our country. Influenced by the maternal solicitude of this university, we have learned to love the flag second only to the cross. If we can utilize a fractional part of the lessons of devotion and loyalty taught us with such infinite care, if we can but to a small degree live up to the ideals of patriotism and self-sacrifice held by our predecessors, our lives will not have been in vain. Out in the world are many wretched conditions clamoring for adjustment and relief: inefficient and dishonest men in office, whose very position is an insult to American intelligence; dangerous and unjust laws on the statute books, placed there by bribery and corruption; monstrous trusts, combining unlawfully to restrain trade and

harass legitimate business; spirit-broken, sweat-shop workers, degraded and robbed by parasitic industries; Socialism, with its chimerical promises of freedom to the laborers, destroying the moral vitality of family and religion, feeding on the very life-blood of the nation.

Here is the field of duty for every Catholic college man. As our forefathers fought that this land might be free from oppression, let us strive to preserve its freedom against industrial and civil tyranny. What matters it that we be insulted and calumniated because of our religion? Bigotry may vilify us and make our difficult task much more difficult and distasteful, but if we fight our battle with the courage and perseverance of those heroes who gave their lives for the nation, we cannot go wrong.

That flag stands for the very opposite of religious intolerance. Rising from the ruins of tyranny, it symbolizes, as no other emblem does, religious and civic freedom. As the protector of liberty of worship, a principle first promulgated by Baltimore in Maryland and later incorporated in the constitution of this nation, it merits of us a sacred veneration. The blood-bought legacy of freedom, handed down to us by a Barry, a Sheridan, a Meagher, and a Corby impresses us with the solemn duty of preserving the rights of liberty for which they fought, and of loving the flag for which they risked their lives.

It is with feelings of the most profound devotion that we to-day present to you, Father Cavanaugh, and to the University this flag. Treasure it with the same love and reverence with which you treasure the many others entrusted to your care. May it be to you a testimony of our veneration for this university, and of our allegiance to this land. And when it is unfurled upon the flagpole, may it float protectingly over this school, caressed only by auspicious breezes; may it inspire in us the spirit of virtue and righteousness, and bring the blessings of peace and prosperity to all beneath its dominion.

In response to these words, Father Cavanaugh, as President of the University, made an address which is regarded by many as the most eloquent and impassioned speech of his whole career. Full of sane and powerful thought, it is well worth pondering:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENIOR CLASS:

On behalf of the University I accept this flag so eloquently presented by your spokesman, Mr. Lenihan. I profess my admiration for the lofty sentiments which accompanied the presentation. I look upon them as the surest proof that the Class of 1915 is inspired and motivated by the same high principles of patriotism which have marked the men of Notre Dame in the past. The world knows with what noble disinterestedness this University responded to the call of patriotism in the hour of our country's greatest need. The professor left his class room, the student left his books, and the record of their achievements during the great Civil War is written in letters of glory upon many battlefields. The world has long since known what lofty concepts of patriotism the men of Notre Dame have carried into private

life. In thousands of cities and towns in America the lesson is daily exemplified in civic life. Be it yours to continue uninterrupted this holy tradition which links the love of country with the love of God.

There is need of teaching this lesson of high and holy patriotism anew. There have risen up in recent years men professing to be Americans, but resembling rather the frenzied and desperate Moslem in their rabid intolerance of race and religion. Not fairness, but fanaticism is their note. With a dozen screeching, raucous voices they trumpet their bigotry over the world; with diabolical invective they attack the religion which you and I love dearer than anything else in life. With lecherous and obscene rhetoric they assault the most venerable pontiffs and prelates in Christendom; with filth and fury they would dishonor the priest—the priest who in the morning of life turns away from home, sacrifices all that youth and health and talent may promise, luxury and leisure; all that money can buy, all that place may proffer, his personal freedom, the sweetness and solace of that domestic life which God and nature have made most attractive to every virile, manly man. Him they denounce as of necessity a traitor to our country, a menace to the purity of the home, the peace of society and the perpetuation of the Republic.

The consecrated nun, chosen from among the noblest and most heroic of her sex, refined by years of austere and scrupulous training, anointed by that special unction of God through her vocation by which all men call her Sister, exalted by the sacred and heroic memories of generations of God-like, patient, high, serene devotion to humanity in hospital and on battlefield, in school and in asylum, enthroned forever in the imaginations of even commonplace men as the sublimest embodiment of our best human nature—the sweet and silent and serene nun has not escaped their sacrilegious slander. And all this done in the name of America and the flag! "Patriotism," says Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel," and surely there is no deeper depth of infamy than that to which these foul calumniators have descended. The traitor's treachery seems heroic patriotism; the murderer's malice seems gentle charity; the adulterer's rottenness seems sweet and wholesome purity compared with the debauched and diabolical malice of those who clamor against us in the sacred name of patriotism.

But, Gentlemen, it is not the professed bigot that I regard with most amazement and contempt, but rather the smug and complacent religionists who are willing that their cause should profit by this un-American and un-Christian fanaticism. There are thousands of copies of these wretched sheets circulated in our neighboring town of South Bend. Has any minister of the gospel ever raised his voice in protest from the pulpit? If so I have not heard of it. Has any newspaper in South Bend had the courage to scourge with contempt and sarcasm these violators of American liberty? If so I have not read them. Have professional and business men used their power and their position to fight this real menace to American freedom and American ideals and institutions? If so I do not know about it. And yet the condition of South Bend is

better in this respect than the condition of many other communities in America. I say that the non-Catholic clergy and the secular press and the public and professional men of America have missed a golden opportunity to blazon before the world the elemental doctrines of American liberty, equality and fraternity. I say that by their failure to speak out boldly for freedom and fair play they have missed the psychological moment for earning forever the gratitude of my people. I say that the time was when a brave and manly expression of sympathy and support from these men would have warmed and won forever the loyal, loving Catholic heart, but they have passed the greatest opportunity in modern times to knit together in bonds of sympathy and charity the Catholic and non-Catholic people of America. And yet this fight is their fight as much as it is ours. If ever the liberties of my non-Catholic neighbors are threatened by bigotry, I pray that my right hand may be withered, that my tongue may cleave to my jaws, if I do not lift hand and voice against the bigots. I admonish those neighbors in the words spoken by Thomas Jefferson when he was assailed for his religion by the bigots of his time: "It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself to resist invasions of it in the case of others, or their case may by change of circumstances become his own." The lesson of the flag has still to be learned in our beloved Republic, but it is not you, young men, that have need to learn it.

A lesser menace to our country is the despicable fanaticism of race against race. At this very moment in the highest council chambers of this Republic there is waging a furious war to decide whether the gates of America shall for the first time in her history swing closed to shut out the immigrant who seeks happiness and opportunity in America. It is not merely a question as to whether we shall keep up the high standard of living among our workingmen in this country; it is something vastly deeper and more tragic than that. It is a question whether to-day America shall cease to be what from the beginning she has been, the one hope in all the great, wide world for the oppressed and downtrodden multitudes of men. And if there be a special devil of sarcasm and irony, from his place in Hell he must cleave the clouds with Satanic laughter at the thought of the immigrant of yesterday persecuting and repelling the immigrant of to-day. I know there is nothing "unreasonable" in setting up this artificial barrier; it is not unreasonable, it is merely inhuman and brutal. Let the religious bigot ponder these words of the venerable Senator Hoar, distinguished son and spokesman of Puritan Massachusetts: "If every Catholic in America were dead, Protestants would still perpetuate our American institutions; and if every non-Catholic in the country were in his grave, the flag and all it stands for would be forever safe in the hands of its Catholic citizenship." And as there is need for the religious fanatic to learn the meaning and the mission of our flag, so there is need for the political fanatic to go on his knees and beg of God the grace to learn the elemental lessons of American liberty, the lesson which the good Presbyterian poet has expressed in words of golden eloquence:

"Thou, my country, write it on thy heart,  
Thy sons are those who nobly take thy part,  
Who dedicates his manhood at thy shrine,  
Wherever born, was born a son of thine."

Gentlemen, as a token that you have mastered these elemental principles of American liberty, I accept this flag, the symbol of the highest, holiest, happiest home that liberty has ever known; the banner of the fairest, mightiest, noblest throne that justice has ever consecrated. God grant that during your lives and the lives of your children unto the third and fourth generation and forever, there may never be lifted to the clouds in this Republic the white flag of cowardice, the red flag of blood and anger and socialism, or the yellow flag which might fitly symbolize religious and racial fanaticism. But so long as time shall endure, floating high and unsullied over a nation of freemen, liberty-loving, and liberty-giving men, the Stars and the Stripes may continue to kiss and caress those free and wholesome winds of Heaven that are not more free and wholesome than the gallant citizenship that so proudly assembles under that flag.

Following Father Cavanaugh's acceptance of the flag, Mr. George P. Schuster, '15, read the ode. The task of reading Washington's Farewell Address fell upon the worthy shoulders of Mr. Rupert Mills, President of the Senior Lawyers. It was read with much ability and spirit. A rendition of the national hymn was attempted by the entire audience and herewith the program was completed.

#### The Dark Continent is Lighted Up.

It is undoubtedly correct to state that Mr. Hugh O'Donnell was never heard (and seen) to better advantage than on last Wednesday evening. The subject was Africa, a rather extensive one to be sure, but also endowed with unlimited possibilities for entertainment. Starting at Tunis, we plodded our way through stereopticon studies in the nude to the home of Cecil Rhodes. Then we went out Zulu visiting and elephant hunting, both of which induced much applause. Mr. O'Donnell displayed some very artistic slides, particularly a novel one of the Sphinx. The travelogue was indeed entertaining, and we have none but laudatory words for the lecturer.

#### A Distinctive Concert.

A visit from the Bostonia Sextette Club is not an unusual occurrence at Notre Dame, for Mr. Statts has presented his programs for several years past. Yet, if any characterization of last Saturday's entertainment were to be offered it would necessarily include a tribute

to the company's originality. The numbers were of that pleasing kind which combines the depth of classical effort with all the captivating melody inherent in more popular selections. The ensemble renditions were of uniform excellence and charm, Solman's "Poet's Dream" and Herbert's "Fortune Teller" being of particular interest and merit. Mr. Statts' clarinet instrumentations are too well-known and appreciated to need further comment. For one of the most pleasing selections, MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," we are indebted to the skill of Mr. Fabrizio, cellist. The other members of the cast were also of exceptional merit, and as a whole the company will long be remembered here. It is to be hoped that we shall see their return.

#### Wilfrid Ward.

Visits from prominent Europeans are becoming an ordinary appendage to American college education, particularly at Notre Dame. Yet, in being privileged to hear a series of lectures from the learned and eloquent editor of the *Dublin Review* we feel that England at least, has done its very best by us. The son of a great English thinker and the intimate of all the foremost minds of Victorian days, Mr. Ward is better qualified to speak on the personal traits of recent celebrities than probably any other man living. This was well exemplified in his lecture on Huxley, the Man. Although for many of us the great agnostic is a perfect stranger, the lecture met with general commendation. The following day we were treated to an address of a critical nature on the intellectual gifts of Newman. This great Catholic cardinal is universally admired for his lucid style, but is very frequently classified as a mere dilettante so far as thought is concerned. Mr. Ward showed conclusively from the writings of the great Tractarian that his life-work was guided by only one principle, the spread of religious truth. He sought to cover as many portions of this endless field as possible, and hence his books seem to lack depth. Nevertheless, in each of his fields, history, theology, and philosophy, he displays the insight of a genius and the grasp of a specialist. This lecture, coming from the author of the great "Life of Cardinal Newman" was of exceeding interest and importance. Other addresses by Mr. Ward will be heard in the near future.

### The Brownson Smoker.

The Brownson Literary Society's Annual Smoker, held last Sunday night in the Carroll refectory, was perhaps the largest affair in the history of that famous organization. For two hours members, new and old, absorbed ice-cream, cake and chocolate and then settled back in their chairs puffing on huge cigars the while, to listen to the well-chosen remarks of Father Walsh, Brother Alphonsus and Brother Hugh. Brother Alphonsus, founder of the society, rendered a very interesting appreciation of the character of Robert Louis Stevenson, with particular regard to that author's open letter written in defense of Father Damien of Molokai. Andrew MacDonough, president and toastmaster, succeeded in filling his high office gracefully. Everybody wanted to talk, and not one was disappointed. Mr. Wildman's recitation of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," brought forth salvos of applause. (Excuse me, Clovis.) At ten o'clock the ice-cream was all gone and interest waned. Realizing this fact, the president called for a motion to adjourn, the future George Schusters homeward ploughed their weary way, and the annual classic feast passed into history along with countless others of its kind.

### Local News.

—Dr. Greene's valuable library is being temporarily installed in one of the lecture rooms in Science Hall.

—Dr. Robert F. Lucas of South Bend has had published a neat schedule of the various Notre Dame track meets.

—The Day Students' basketball team played the Holy Name Seniors' aggregation at St. Patrick's gymnasium Friday night.

—Mr. William K. Lamport, advertising manager of the Ellsworth store in South Bend addressed the members of the School of Journalism last Wednesday morning.

—The Freshman Class held a meeting and elected the following officers: President Arthur Bergman; vice-president, Louis Fritch; secretary, Chas. Myers; treasurer, J. Murphy.

—Among those who took advantage of the short George Washington vacation by going home or elsewhere were "Tim" Galvin, "Tom" and "Jim" Hayes, "Lou" Keifer, "Jerry"

Miller, "Dan" Hilgartner, "Joe" Pliska, "Fig" Figelstahler and "Lesura" Finch.

—The Mechanical Engineers inspected the Dodge Manufacturing Company's plant at Mishawaka, Wednesday afternoon. Thursday the Electrical Engineers made a trip to Elkhart to visit the power plant.

—The Seniors acted remarkably natural in caps and gowns Monday, considering the fact that it was their first appearance so clad. A few torn hems, however, resulted from the climb up the Washington Hall steps.

—J. Clovis Smith and William J. Mooney, left Thursday morning for Indianapolis where Mr. Smith represented Notre Dame in the State Oratorical contest last night. Mr. Mooney is vice-president of the State Association.

### Personals

—Edwin Larney (LL. B., '14) is doing well in the practice of law in Chicago. He is located in the Stock Exchange Bank Building.

—Richard V. Blake (A. B., '13) was one of twenty-five men, out of fifty-six applicants, to pass the Connecticut bar examinations. "Dick" is practising law in Hartford, Conn., whose address is 739 Connecticut Mutual Building, 36 Pearl Street.

—William P. Breen (A. B., '77; A. M., '80; LL. D., '02) one of the best-loved Notre Dame men in the whole history of the University, has been appointed by Governor Ralston one of the representatives of Indiana at the annual conference of the American Academy of Political Social Science to be held in Philadelphia April 9th and 10th. His associates from Indiana include ex-Vice-President Fairbanks of Indianapolis and William Dudley Foulke of Richmond.

### Athletic Notes.

#### A VICTORY FOR WABASH.

For several years past Wabash College has been struggling against Notre Dame in football, in basketball and in baseball. The Crawfordsville boys have met a continuous string of defeats, but they have proved game losers, for they have always come back smiling, ready to fight hard and well against Notre Dame's powerful teams. They have never complained of our sportsmanship; they have lost, but they have died so hard that the Wabash teams have become favorites at Notre Dame. It

was inevitable that the spirit Wabash displayed should finally bring them a victory over Notre Dame. The inevitable happened last Friday night when the Little Giants defeated the Varsity basketball five, 29 to 25. We congratulate Wabash upon the victory.

The contest on the local floor earlier in the month showed that the Wabash and Notre Dame fives were evenly matched. Each team expected that last Friday's game would be a hard one and neither was disappointed. As an exhibition of basketball it was scarce equal to the game played at Notre Dame, for the clash at Crawfordsville was marred by no less than thirty called fouls. The referee who was unable to appreciate the Notre Dame style of play, called eighteen fouls on the local five and banished three of our men from the game. Twelve fouls were called on Wabash and one of her men was put out of the game.

"Rupe" Mills was benched at the end of ten minutes of play, but not before Notre Dame has secured a lead which they held during the first half. The score at the end of this period was 14 to 11 in favor of the up-state team. In the second half, Daly was also put out of the running, and the half ended with the score 24 to 24. A five-minute, overtime period, was played. The guarding was close and the best that each team could do was to register one goal from a free throw. The score still being a tie, a second overtime period of five minutes became necessary and in this final session, Wabash caged two field goals and clinched the victory. The winning baskets were thrown by Bacon and Allen, both former South Bend High School stars. Allen had gone into the game as a substitute for Dale who had played a splendid game for Wabash. At the start of this last overtime period, Fitzgerald, who had replaced Mills, was benched because four personal fouls had been called on him. Ward went in for "Fitz."

Captain Dale of Wabash and Captain Kenny led in field goals, each caging four. Dale also rang up nine free throws, making his total number of points seventeen. Fitzgerald accounted for ten points with six free throws and two baskets. The guarding of both teams was excellent. Finegan played well throughout the entire fifty minutes, while Daly and Keefe shared the honors at the other defensive post.

#### RALLY WINS LAST GAME.

One of the most successful seasons in the

history of basketball at Notre Dame was brought to a fitting close last Saturday night when the Varsity five came from behind in the last five minutes of play and snatched a victory from Rose Poly. The game was played in the Knights of Columbus Hall in Terre Haute before a large and enthusiastic crowd. The Engineers furnished much stronger opposition than might have been expected from their showing in football; in fact, Rose came very near running away with a victory. However, Notre Dame was able to deliver the final punch and finished ahead 47 to 38.

Notre Dame was completely outplayed during the first half. Rose players passed and dribbled all around the local men and the shooting of the down-state athletes was almost phenomenal. Hegarty, starred in this half, throwing seven baskets and three foul goals. Kenny tried hard to pull the Notre Dame five out of the rut but it was of no avail. The Varsity never got started in this half which ended with the score 29 to 18 in favor of Rose Poly.

The result of the first period was a surprise to both the players and the crowd. Coach Harper sent his men into the second half determined to win. Fitzgerald was substituted for Bergman at forward. However, the Engineers scored first in this period, and for several minutes it looked like a certain victory for Rose Poly. Notre Dame finally woke up and began to cut down the lead of their opponents. In the midst of a spectacular rally, Captain Kenny sprained his ankle and was forced to leave the floor. Daly was shifted from guard to forward and Keefe took Daly's place at guard. The change seemed to be a happy one. Commenting on Keefe's entrance into the game, one of the Terre Haute papers says: "This seemed to touch a button, for the Notre Dame quintet picked up steam, running circles around the Engineers. Fitzgerald registered four field goals and Mills five in quick succession, which gave the visitors a lead that the Rose players failed to overcome. During this last five minutes the Rose men were unable to find their opponents, who dropped basket after basket from all parts of the floor."

The sudden reversal of form in the game is hard to explain. It is probable that Notre Dame went into the game a little too confident; then, too, a number of new plays were tried during the first half and these did not

prove successful. During the brilliant rally which brought victory, the old, shoot, overhead passes were resorted to and these completely bewildered the Terre Haute players. Needless to say none of the Notre Dame men showed wonderful class during the first half. Kenny worked consistently, caging six baskets before he was injured. In the final spurt, Finegan and Keefe guarded splendidly and Daly played a star game both at guard and at forward. Fitzgerald scored eleven points while he was in the game and his pass-work was superb. The brightest star of the game was Mills. "Big Rupe" slammed in no less than nine baskets, and once he got started, he simply ran away from his opponents. Before the Notre Dame machine started working, the Rose Poly enthusiasts had hopes of once more putting themselves on the basketball map. But the heart-breaking was complete. Mills and Fitzgerald were the chief heart-breakers.

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## TRACK NOTES.

Coach Rockne's Varsity track men will have their first trial in an inter-collegiate track meet to-day, when they meet the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Michigan will undoubtedly put a strong team on the track, for she is said to have a number of stars in the dashes and middle distances. There will be no two-mile run and no low-hurdle races. The omission of the latter event will probably prove fortunate for Notre Dame, because Duggan, who has been showing splendid form in the hurdles, pulled a ligament during practice last week and will probably be kept out of track for the rest of the year.

A victory over Michigan would be a notable one, but in view of existing conditions it is scarcely to be hoped for. Notre Dame has only two monogram men eligible for track competition this year. They are Bergman and Henehan. The freshmen who showed up so well against the I. A. C. cannot compete in inter-collegiate meets. With very few exceptions Coach Rockne's men were "green" material at the beginning of the year. Consequently it will be a splendid achievement for "Rock" and his men if they can hold Michigan and Wisconsin to close scores.

The complete track schedule for 1915 has been announced, and it is undoubtedly the best that Notre Dame has ever had. We will enter the Drake relay games for the first time, and this

will give our runners a chance to compete with the best men in the West. Track relations will be resumed with the Michigan Aggies and an outdoor dual meet will be held at Lansing. The triangular meet between Indiana, Purdue and Notre Dame will be replaced by the Indiana State Meet in which practically all the schools in the state will compete. This meet was brought about largely through the efforts of Coach Harper, and it should definitely decide the state championship. The full schedule is as follows:

Mar. 6—University of Wisconsin at Notre Dame  
 Apr. 3—Central A. A. U. Championships at Chicago  
 Apr. 17—Drake Relay Games at Des Moines  
 Apr. 24—Pennsylvania Relay Games at Philadelphia  
 May. 8—University of Michigan at Notre Dame  
 May. 22—Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing  
 May 29—Indiana State Meet at Lafayette  
 June 5—Western Conference Meet at Champaign

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## BASEBALL PRACTICE BEGINS.

In response to Coach Harper's first call for baseball candidates, about twenty-five men, an unusually small number, reported at the gymnasium on Tuesday afternoon. Although the number of candidates has increased since the opening practice the baseball outlook is far from encouraging. The schedule which will soon be ready for publication is an exceptionally hard one and an almost entirely new team must be built up. Kelly and Gray, last year's star battery, will be sadly missed. Kelly will be found with the Pittsburgh Pirates again this year, while "Dollie" Gray is working out with the local squad at present. He will leave in a few days to join the Wichita team of the Western League.

Joe Kenny, catcher, Berger, Wells, and Sheehan, pitchers, Mills and Art Carmody, infielders, and Duggan, Lathrop, Pliska and Bergman, outfielders, are the monogram men around whom this year's team must be built. Much will depend upon the showing of last year's inter-hall men, who will be called upon to fill the vacant posts on the Varsity. Among them are Mottz, Keifer, and Shea, catchers, Walsh, Boland, Cassidy, Fitzgerald, Dorwin, and Flynn, pitchers, Burke, Ward, Kline, Cofall, Mike Carmody, Elward and Rohan, infielders, and Finegan and Mooney, outfielders. These men should put up a hard fight for positions, and a number of stars may be developed from among them. The season will open early in April.