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No. I.

Ode: for "Indiana Day," Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

PRELUDE—TO CALIFORNIA.

Who saw thy sunrise, Woman of the West?
For, Empress of the lands of dying day,
With all time's sunsets buried in thy breast,
Thou hadst such dawn as can not pass away;
To sing of that fair hour is there not one,
O Mistress of the mansions of the sun?
Not all unwarranted I come this day
Which sees far-sundered strands
In their united waters joining hands,
And cheek to cheek Atlantic to Pacific lay.
I of a State that has for tide
The coming and the going of the corn,
Some borrowings of pride
Bring to this jocund morn.
When down thy washen flanks the daylight broke
Through ancient night, a newer life and law,
Barefooted men in brown—
And earlier the blackgown—
The promise of a day that would not set
For thee bespoke,
And their life saw—
A glory that the world can not forget—
The flowering and the fruitage of a toil
Whose harvest was of hearts not less than wine and
oil.
O Feet that tread the purple grapes of day
Until that wine
Thy seas a thousand leagues incarnadine;
Thou that hast kept, how many ages old,
The toll-gates of the sun, and toll and gate are gold;
Arms that thou holdest, prophet-like, on high
Till in thy daily sky
A victory for the sun is writ in conquest flame,—
Seek not my passing name
But know
That even as those sons of long ago,
Thine earliest-born, the vanward of thy sires,
Who found and kept thy wilderness a rose,

Far-blushing to Sierra's silvering snows,—
That so am I,
Moulded and quickened by the selfsame fires.
Minstrel and pilgrim of the sky,
Whose singing were the night winds in the grass
Which no one heeds,
Except it were of more than mortal deeds,
And memories that shall not pass,
And men that can not die.

ODE: PANAMA, THE MASTERY OF MAN.

Text of the rolling years that who shall scan!
Handwriting of a day that knew no sun,
Rich palimpsest, through whose full lines appear
The records of an earlier day fordone:
Writing in stone, a future deed God wrought
And folded it away until the year
When, counting all our yesterdays as naught,
His creature, Man, partaking of His power,
Should read that purpose, and set free the hour
Which marks completion of His ancient plan.

For there has been a Workman great and good;
Fathom on fathom laid He in the slime
The unbreached links that chain the world in one.
He made, and swung, the pendulum of time;
White magic at His word grew gathered light,—
What golden jungle could have laired the sun?
He saw the Day upon the brow of Night
Lay the first kiss that trembled into stars:—
Here-opening pleasancess, there setting bars,
The Worker in His power's plenitude.

What lesser Being could have sired the sea
Whose waters prove him nursling of the sky,
Finding his cradle in the various earth,
The ocean's hollow or the cowslip's eye,
But ever passing up and down a stair—
Procession of continual rebirth—
The silken ladder of the sunbeam's hair:

Behold the sea, how hath the mothering moon
Some lullaby for him that she doth croon
While slumbering his breast heaves peacefully.

Who zoned the worlds with greater worlds of air,
A trackless footing where the lightnings run,
The day's broad rampart and its rendezvous
Since chaos first was raided by the sun,—

Titanic battles that have left no scar
On all the frontier of its quiet blue
Where soar our winged ships: the sentry star
That sees them sudden rise, then disappear,
To all their challenging but answers, "Here
Is empery that God may not forswear."

Not from the star-veined heavens comes our gold,
Nor in the flashing skies is struck our fire.
Doth any field of sunset give us bread?
Swollen with pride and loud with vain desire,
Of old, men were who vowed assault on heaven,
To reach with trowelled hand the dayspring's head
And Babel's very tongue is perished even,
The sun shines down a mockery of their pain
And there is laughter of them in the rain,—
The earth is our inheritance, behold!

The earth that is the sister of the sea,
The earth that is the daughter of the stars,
The mother of the myriad-race of men:
Gaze with Columbus over ocean bars,
Drink with Balboa in thy thirsting eye
The waters that he quaffed on Darien,
With them turn homeward, loaded with new sky:
Catch, if thou mayst, the lightning of the gleam
That crowns their brow of continents a-dream,
And thou hast neighbored immortality.

Thy conquest is the taking of the world,
The world that is and can not be but good
Since God first looked upon His labors done.
Canst thou forget Whose awful Feet have stood
Even as Man upon the strand of time?
The Orient He, but till the West is won,
The furthest footing of the utmost clime,
His message has a meaning and His law
Compulsion of obedience and awe
In Whom the racial destiny is furled.

Westward and farther west till west is east,
The oar, the spur, the spade, the axe, the cross,
Humanity and Christ move onward one.
And be it counted to mankind for loss
If on this day no word be said or sung

For him who took the highways of the sun,
A pilgrim scrip about his shoulders flung,
Glad robber of the roads that lead to death,
Who stole men's souls, unto his latest breath,
Conquistador for God, the mission priest.

Ye men for whom our bannered song is flung,
Whose muscles have a magic that the sea
And earth obey, yours is the conqueror's mind.
Ye are the sons of olden chivalry,
Yea, ye are sons of that high lineage
Whose records written in the rock ye find;
Ye are the sons of Him, the Primal Mage,
Whose might in yours has wrought till Panama
Outrolls the latest workings of the Law
Whose earliest deeds the stars of morning sung.

Then let the morning and the night as one,
Let East and West and all the lands between,
North worlds and south together find a voice
Acclaiming what this day our eyes have seen.
Until the heavens are folded like a tent
Will all the thoughts of coming time rejoice
Our swords were into yeoman plowshares bent,
And while this year on half the nations fell
The lightnings and the cursing rains of hell,
The last great wonder of the world was done.

POSTLUDE:

TO INDIANA'S POET, JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Lo, o'er the fields at home now sinks the sun,
And with the crickets' hum
The tinkling bells of cattle homeward come
Familiar tell
The dim, tired land another day is done.
And my song pauses for a last farewell
To you, and greeting unto one
Whose ears
Have caught, how many happy years,
The murmurs of the music of our speech,
Whose tongue
Our simple days with kindred art has sung,
And kept a silence where no word could reach.
Him by whose Brandywine
First strayed in childhood days these feet of mine,
Brother and friend,
I hail him as our State's sufficient pride
And give him part—
Whose words, deep-springing from a people's heart,
Home-gathered there abide—
In glories of a day that has its end,
As has at length the lingering song of one
Who brought his dreams to thee, O City of the Sun!

In Fancy's Realm.

BY A. W. S.

WHEN we were younger and, mayhap, lighter hearted, we took a peculiar delight in what we called "making believe." We "made believe" that we were horses, coachmen, kings, soldiers, actors, or firemen without a thought of the incongruity of our lightning-like changes in individuality. When we became a little older we changed into pirates, Indians, or captains of hay-rack schooners. Later on we became Knights of the Round Table, or crusaders. We fought the turbaned infidel in many a glorious battle. After that our desires became more materialistic, and we longed for wealth rather than for fame. We became bankers in our day-dreams. At school, when studying our lessons in geography, we spent our time in tracing out the voyages we would take when our ship came in. Then we found that wealth could not be gained by dreams. We discovered that life was real. We began to take a more practical view of things, and the dreams of childhood were over.

But are the dreams of childhood ever really over? It is true that we do not always indulge in the fantastic dreams of our younger days; but do we never dream? Do we never see images in the fire, or air-castles in the smoke curling up from our pipes? When we idly look at the falling snow on a wintry day, do not the flurrying flakes whirl into shapes as fanciful as those of bygone days? We say that the fancies of childhood are past, that fairy tales and "make believe" are things of the long ago. But fairy tales are only the novels of childhood; "make believe" is the acting of childhood, and fancying never becomes wearisome. We laugh at the interest the child finds in Cinderella, yet in the utmost seriousness we devote hours, to following out the adventures of the heroine of some novel. We deride the children in their innocent "make believe," yet we pay a couple of dollars for the privilege of seeing an actor go through his "make believe." We try to tell ourselves that we have outgrown the amusements of childhood, but the amusement we find in the creations of the imagination is perennial; we can never outgrow it.

We may let our imagination lie dormant for

a time after our childhood has passed, but it is only dormant. It is awakened very easily, and its sleep is never very sound. It is not so active as in earlier years; it is more passive. We allow it to be acted upon by others, and use it in following out the fancies of others, but we seldom create new images with it. We become so lazy that while we will follow the lead of others for hours we rarely shake off our lethargy and venture to take the lead ourselves.

The difference between the writer and the reader lies very much in the difference in their powers of imagination. Every man has an imagination, but it is differently developed in different individuals. Some have very little of it; others have such an abundance that there is room for nothing else in their brains. Others have it in just the right proportion, and keep it always under the power of the will. From the ranks of these happy persons come our poets, artists, musicians and story-writers. Most of us have imagination enough, but we either lack the powers of expression, or we prefer to enjoy the labors of others, and so the world has not yet heard of us. We are content to travel into the worlds created by others, but we give no new worlds to our fellowmen.

When we read a story it is like being driven in a carriage through beautiful scenery; while when we see a story in our own imagination it is like traveling on a bicycle. We go through the same scenery, but it seems more beautiful, the air is fresher, and we do not feel cramped or tired. We go along faster and with a deal more of pleasure.

Just as a true-hearted wheelman desires to give to others the delights which he enjoys, so, too, does the man of strong imagination feel impelled to give the fruit of his fancy to others that they may also enjoy it. The more cultivated, the more vivid, and the more original the imagination is the more does it urge its possessor to give its product for the benefit of those less favored. And happy should we be that it is so. What a barren world would this be if Homer, Dante, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Mozart, Beethoven and Shakespeare had kept their sublime creations selfishly to themselves. How would we spend the long idle summer hours, if our favorite novelists had kept their characters to themselves without giving us a glimpse of them? Yes, it was a wise Providence that made the men of large imagination gener-

ous. It is through this generosity that we are able to go back thousands of years and fight old battles over again. Our own experience is small, but this generosity gives us the benefit of the experience of men of all times and all places. Through it we can battle with Achilles under the walls of Troy. We can hasten to the aid of the insurgents in Cuba. We can sing pastorals with the shepherds of classic Greece, and leave them to climb on board a modern locomotive and whirl away on an observation tour through the Rocky Mountains. One minute we can seek adventures with the brave Sir Galahad, and in the next laugh at the droll adventures of an up-to-date newsboy. In our hurried busy lives what time would we have to take part in the thousands and thousands of different actions which go to make up the history of a single hour, not to mention the history of six thousand years? But our own imagination, coupled with the generous fancy of others, enables us to live a life filled with a wonderful variety of events, which would never come to our experience if men of large imagination were not of a generous mold.

We are often inclined to pity Adam and Eve for all they missed in literature and art. They had no Homer, no Dante, no Shakespeare. Their imagination could only feed upon the fruit of their own experience. But when we come to think about it, what need had Adam and Eve for the imagination of others? Their faculties were fresh from the hand of their Maker. Their imagination was strong and vivid. Homer, Dante, or any poet or artist, never had the food with which to whet their imaginations that our first parents did. They held direct intercourse with God, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the Author of all, the one sublime Being.

Even after the fall the remembrance of what had been, and the promises for the future, were enough to occupy the imaginations of our forefathers during the hundreds of years they spent upon this earth. Their immediate descendants fed their imaginations upon tradition, and after tradition began to die out literature took its place. Moreover, in the days of old, men had more time to indulge their own imaginations, and were not obliged to call upon the imaginations of others. They were not surrounded by the ultra-materialistic which encompasses us at the present day. They gave full play to their fancies, and combined

tradition and imagination in a remarkable manner. The result was mythology among the Greeks and Romans and the strange religions of Egypt and other Eastern countries. The gods of the Greeks and Romans, being the creations of the imagination of men, were endowed with the vices of their orators; hence the tales of the gods, which to a Christian would seem almost blasphemous.

The kingdom over which fancy holds the sway embraces literature, painting, sculpture, music, and, in fact, all of the fine arts. A poem is but the exposition of the poet's fancy. The artist puts the creation of his mind upon his canvas. The sculptor works over his marble until the shape in his imagination is impressed there. The composer shows his inmost self in a burst of harmony. All are ruled by the imagination.

At the present day we most frequently become acquainted with the dream-worlds of others through the medium of the novel. The novelist starts out his story with only the skeleton of his plot. Then he picks his characters, and puts them in to fill out the skeleton. If he is a novelist in the strict sense of the word he makes his plot subservient to the characters. If he is a romanticist he makes the plot supreme. The imagination is the architect who draws the plans and oversees the work. In order to turn out a finished story the imagination must have skilled helpers. Therefore, the author must possess a good knowledge of his native tongue, a large number of words at his command, a good style, good judgment, and skill in turning out polished sentences. If the overseer is competent, and if his assistants do good work, a work of literature is the result. But if either the workman or the director is incompetent their labor is in vain. This is why an amanuensis is frequently employed, and this is also the reason why an amanuensis is nothing but an amanuensis and not the author of the book.

Even in an historical novel the imagination plays an important part. If Scott had not put imagination into his romances would they have the same interest that they now possess? It is because Stanley Weyman possesses such a brilliant imagination that his novels are of such thrilling interest. It is to be regretted that Macaulay did not write historical novels instead of his history. He had too much imagination to write a reliable history, but his imagination

and style could have produced a successful novel.

In the realistic novel as well, the imagination must have its part or the story loses interest. William Dean Howells is realistic to an extreme degree, and in consequence some of his novels are too dry to be read. They are of the newspaper style, although written in better language than is found in most newspapers. French novels are also too realistic. Most French novels do not make a pretence of following out a plot. They are but narrations of facts, and too frequently the facts are of the sensational, newspaper style. The reading of a French novel is like paddling around in a cesspool, which is rank with noisome odors. We get splattered with mud, are sickened by the stench, disgusted, and finally land at the same point from which we set out. We are no better for the trip, and we are very much the worse for it. On the other hand the reading of a decent novel is like an excursion on a beautiful river. We have wholesome air to breathe, beauty is all around us. We are benefited in health both of mind and body.

The novel produces the same effect upon us that the original work of the imagination had on the novelist. We enjoy what he enjoyed, though perhaps in a lesser degree. I have often envied the authors of my favorite books for the imagination which they possess. Often when forced to wait for hours in a dingy railway station, with nothing to interest me, I have ardently wished that I was a novelist. Why, I could write a book during those idle hours, which would give pleasure to hundreds besides myself and at the same time amuse me. But alas, fortune has not so decided.

But while most of us are incapable of conceiving a novel, nevertheless, we are all of us capable of spending many pleasant hours when led by our own fancy. Take, for instance, a cool evening in November, when the cold sleet is dashing against the windows and a bright fire is burning in the open fireplace; then we love to draw up our easy-chair before the fire and indulge in vagaries of the mind. We forget our cares and troubles and live only in the future with its brilliant hopes and glittering air-castles. We muse for hours in calm enjoyment, and would not exchange places with a king. Perchance we smoke a pipe. Then images appear in the curling smoke which awaken the imagination and set it running at full speed. Then we become the authors of unwritten

novels; we dream poems, and the smoke forms itself into pictures worthy of a Titian's brush.

But there is a serious danger in the excessive use of the imagination. We may use it so much that the other powers of the mind become jealous and refuse to do their work. Or, again, the imagination may take the bit between its teeth and run away with us. It may get entirely beyond our control, and then horrible fancies take possession of us. An overwrought imagination leads directly to insanity. Can we wonder, then, that so many actors end their days in insane asylums? Most great actors live the parts they play. When they play Hamlet, they are Hamlet; when they play Othello, they are Othello; when they play King Lear, they are Lear. Can an actor who plays these three parts regularly stand the combined sufferings of Hamlet, Othello and Lear for a long time? He may be able to play the parts for years, but sooner or later his mind is affected, and another great artist is lost to the stage.

It is sad that this great instrument of pleasure should be debased and abused. But a debased and abused imagination is a terrible weapon to punish its abuser. It strikes him at a most vulnerable spot, and the wound that it inflicts is deadly. It makes him mad, and is not madness the greatest punishment that can come upon a man? Beware of abusing the imagination; fancy's picture may become terribly real to those who dare to harm this gift of the Just One.

An imagination not too sensitive and not too callous, not too slow and not too quick, will give its possessor the greatest joys he will find in this life. It will even give him glimpses of the world to come. Possession on earth is not so full of joy as anticipation, for the imagination is a great joy-magnifier; but in the world to come possession will be as far superior to anticipation as things of heaven are to things of earth. Imagination can not magnify the joys of the world to come; it is incapable of even doing them strict justice, so that when we arrive in the other world we shall leave behind forever the material world, and live only in the world which we see now but through the medium of our faithful servant,—fancy.

Caution.

Did you weep when the captain left you?

"Oh no!" she made reply,

For all good warriors to their men

Say: 'Keep your powder dry.' E. C. B.

The Last Raid of the "Four."

BY J. L. C.

Away back in the "good old days" of primitive Kentucky, when the people lived only here and there, petty thievery was so common in some parts of the state that it should have been set down in history long before now as one of the prevalent customs of that period. Indeed the corn-cribs, the meat-houses and the chicken-coops opened nearly as often to the midnight depredator as to the masters themselves.

Outrages of this kind are very seldom practised now, and "getting in" is more or less a lost art. Whether the change is to be attributed to the fact that the out-houses are more strongly built and better secured now than they were then, or to the more probable explanation that there is less of the marauding disposition among the present inhabitants, we do not claim to know, but we do know how this raiding tendency was checked, and checked permanently, in one particular locality.

Colonel Jack Colston was the wealthiest citizen of that section, and, as it so naturally followed, the gentleman of the community.

The Colonel kept a meat-house that was somewhat more tempting than the ordinary, and many were the furtive inspections it received from the "breaker," as he moped along the public road in front of the house. Still the very fact that it was the property of a Colston had always rendered it rather unapproachable even in the late hours of the darkest night—a prerogative that most of the meat-houses of the neighborhood certainly did not enjoy.

There dwelt back in woods and hills some three miles away a band of the "rough and ready" sort, known among themselves as "The Four," but by the people of the country around as Sted Grinnel, Dick Critten, Sim Woods and "Middling" Mark Hardy.

This gang had done something more than justice to most of the farmers within many miles around, and had always prided themselves in showing how much they scorned the ordinary methods of thieving, such as moulding a key, "boring the lock," or "springing the hinges." Grinnel and Critten had long been regarded

with some suspicion by their neighbors, for it was generally observed that they did "about everything but work and pray," but they had always performed their tricks so neatly that they had invariably escaped detection.

In one of the business meetings of "The Four," Captain Grinnel pronounced it a reflection upon their profession—an injustice to the rest of the community—that a certain meat-house not many miles away should remain forever unmolested; whereupon it was unanimously agreed that some of Colonel Colston's hams should be brought to "camp." The details of the raid were arranged with a business-like deliberation that would have been worthy of a more honorable resolution.

"Now boys," observed the captain, "if we don't turn that meat-house wrong side out, it'll be because it can't be turned. But you know it's risky business sticking our noses into Colston's meat-box—somethin' that has never been done before, and we may get more gray lead than red ham. When the Colonel goes up to E—— town for December court we are going to the meat-house, but remember, that son of his is about as dangerous as the old man hisself. Still it will be easier dodging the bullets of one of them than both, and I don't guess the kid can shoot more than one of us at a time."

Some three weeks later Col. Colston went to E—— town, as "The Four" had anticipated, to serve on a jury. As he would not return until Saturday, he gave Fred various instructions as to how he was to care for things while he was gone, cautioning him especially not to forget to lock up everything at night. Fred could be depended upon, for he was a young colonel himself.

Everything went on as well as usual during the first days of the Colonel's absence, but not so well on Friday night. About one o'clock four men climbed noiselessly over the backyard fence and proceeded over toward the meat-house, pausing every few steps to assure themselves that their way was clear. Three of them were walking in line and bearing on their shoulders a long and heavy black oak sapling, while the fourth carried a large block of poplar. These were laid down quietly beside the meat-house, and after another general pause of some seconds, Sted Grinnel spoke in hurried whispers to his companions.

"Boys, we want to do this thing quick.

Mark, you and Sim will hold the house up while me and Dick here dive under. If there's any sign of trouble stick to the pole if you can; but if you have to run, light out, and me and Dick will do the best we can."

"That's a go," replied Mark Hardy, "but remember, I want at least two of the best middlings in there." (It is to be remembered that the meat-houses of that time were built of logs, in rail-pen fashion with nothing but the earth for a floor.)

They took the pole, two of them on either side, and, holding it nearly perpendicular, by united effort plunged the large end into the ground and beneath the bottom log, placed the block under and prized up the side of the house enough to allow a man to crawl beneath with tolerable ease. It was found that one man's weight was sufficient to hold down the end of the black oak, so Hardy performed this office while the other three crawled inside. A number of fine hams, sides, shoulders and sausages were fast being dislodged from the cross-beams overhead; the three were congratulating themselves and each other in low tones, but none the less "loquently" on the rich haul they were making.

But in the meantime, some other people were not sleeping as soundly as had been thought. Mrs. Colston, always wakeful when the Colonel was away, was aroused by the growls, and low, but quick and significant barks of the dog, which for safety's sake, it is to be supposed, had been allowed to remain in the house. She awakened Fred and told him that she believed "some one was about." Fred arose, took the rifle from the corner at the head of his bed and went to the front door. He paused on the step outside, but could see and hear nothing. He then tipped around to the end of the house to find out if anything were going on in the rear. Listening a moment, he thought he heard a faint sound that seemed to come from the meat-house. He peered around the corner and soon satisfied himself that he perceived what might be a man, though it was too dark to tell what he was doing; but whatever he might be about, Fred knew that he had no business there. "I'll find out whether there is anybody there or not," he said to himself as he raised the rifle to his shoulder; "there are forty chances to none I'll miss, so I'll hit as close as I can."

Meanwhile the work in the meat-house was nearly finished. The captain was still busy among the cross-beams, but Sim Woods was shoving meat of every kind through the opening to the outside, while Dick Critten had stretched himself upon the ground and was making his exit. Just as he got his head and shoulders beyond the sill he rested a second, observing to the man outside: "Mark this is the first time I ever saw a man on one end of a pole and a meat-house on the—" he saw the flash of a rifle and heard the sharp crack, but too late. Hardy fell from the pole with a shriek of pain; the peg flew up, and the house settled down upon his body. Wood's arm too was caught beneath the wall; the captain made a prisoner within. There was such a commingling of voices, groans, yells and oaths that Fred could not imagine what he had done. Was it possible that he could have shot more than one? He went for his lantern. He quickly grasped the situation on his return. There was the pole; beside it lay a man wounded, he knew not how badly, by the bullet; he saw the half of another mashed and half-buried beneath the house, and near him the hand and forearm of a third, who was yelling with agony on the inside, while he heard a fourth vainly trying to soothe the third, and release the caught arm.

Mark Hardy recovered from the wound of that "fatal night," but never sufficiently to hold a meat-house on a pole again. Sim Woods lived to an old age, though he carried but one arm; poor Dick Critten was buried two days after the attempted raid; Captain Grinnel alone was able to serve his term.

My Food.

All the summer fields are mine
Spread out like a feasting cloth,
And my fancy flits about
Like the powdered twilight moth.

Here the Tiger-lily frail
Stretches from its leafy home
As a naiad of the sea
Rising from the feathery foam.

Every blossom has its word,
Casts its beauty to the skies,
Gives itself a sacrifice
To the hunger of my eyes.

B. E.

Death of Bishop Linneborn, C. S. C.

On July 22nd we learned with regret of the death of Right Reverend Frederick Linneborn, D. D., who passed away quite suddenly at Dacca, Eastern Bengal, India,—the diocese over which the good bishop presided for the last six years. His death was a sad shock to the community of which Bishop Linneborn

Bishop Linneborn was born at Huesten, Germany, on May 27, 1864, and came to America while still a young man. He entered the community at Notre Dame and made his profession on August 8th, 1886. He was ordained priest in 1889 and filled several offices of importance in the Congregation, having been rector of the Seminary, Procurator General in Rome, and having been finally appointed to the charge



RIGHT REVEREND FREDERICK LINNEBORN, D. D.
BISHOP OF DACCA, EASTERN BENGAL, INDIA.

has been a member since 1884, and for which he put forth his untiring efforts in whatever capacity it was his lot to labor. Only a short time ago he left us, a strong vigorous man with the promise of many years of fruitful labor in the Lord's vineyard, and to-day his many friends are grieved by a cablegram from Father Crowley, the bishop's assistant, announcing the prelate's death and attributing the cause to heart disease.

of the Holy Cross Indian Mission in 1909. He was consecrated bishop in Rome on April 11, 1909, and after a short visit to the various houses of the Community, from which the mission band in India is recruited, he went to that vast mission field in the far East where he labored steadfastly and heroically until the end.

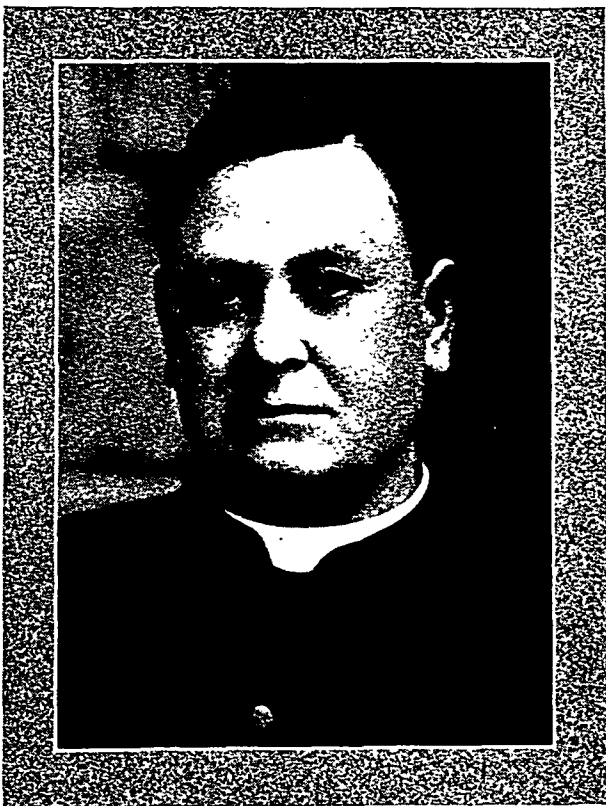
Bishop Linneborn will be remembered by

the older students who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance when he was rector of the Seminary, and by others whose good fortune it was to have been instructed by him during the years he was a professor at the University. He was a lovable man, with a kindly disposition that made many friends for him, and his willingness to labor unceasingly and to spare himself no trouble or difficulty to accomplish the work given him to do will be long remembered by his many friends at Notre Dame and elsewhere. While remembering his labors and striving to imitate his virtues, let us not forget to pray for the repose of his soul.

Obituary.

BROTHER JUST, C. S. C.

The death of Brother Just which occurred at Notre Dame, June 30th, brought grief to all the community with whom he was intimately associated and was widely lamented by students scattered throughout the country whose privi-



lege it had been to have come under his strong influence and to have known his kind affectionate solicitude. For more than twelve years Brother Just was in charge of Carroll Hall at the University, and during that time had under his care more than fifteen hundred boys. He ruled them with a fatherly hand, tempering severity with sweetness, and the love and admiration of all the Carrollites for

his strong manly character is ample proof of his singular success as a director of boys and of the great good he accomplished during these years of his rectorship.

In 1913 he was appointed by the provincial chapter of his order to be one of the directors of the Brothers' house of formation at Watertown, Wisconsin, but shortly after taking upon himself these new duties a serious form of heart disease threatened him which gradually developed until he was obliged to leave his work and retire to the infirmary. After more than a year of sickness, he passed away during the annual retreat of the Congregation of Holy Cross on Wednesday, June 30th, and was buried on Friday, the entire community being present at his funeral.

Brother Just came to the community more than twenty years ago, and most of his time during that period was given to prefect work at Notre Dame. He was engaged for four or five years as a teacher in St. Columbkille's School in Chicago, where he made a host of friends and where he nurtured several vocations to the priesthood. With boys his influence was irresistible, so attractive were his ways, and many a one was led onward to a goal far above what he had dreamed of. He was a strong man but his strength was in his kindness, and students obeyed him for love rather than fear.

His death brought sorrow to all who knew him, but he will be missed especially at Notre Dame where his life work was done, and where many of his devoted friends still reside. We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul!

MR. FRED WOLFERD.

On July 2nd Fred Wolferd (Student, '07-'08) died at Las Vegas, N. Mex., where he had gone in search of health. He was buried at Plymouth, Ind., his home. Only pleasant memories remain to the students and teachers of his college days. Sincerest sympathy is extended to his family, one of whom is a Sister of Holy Cross. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Paul R. Byrne, (Ph. B., '13) has just been graduated from the Library School of the State University of New York at Albany.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Grace E. Mehlem to Mr. Harry J. Hebner (Student, '11, '12), in Chicago, on July 3rd. Mr. and

Mrs. Hebner will be at home at 4900 Sheridan Road, Chicago, after September 1st.

—"Joe" Kenny's splendid record as a catcher at Notre Dame has attracted the attention of the big leagues. He reports to Pittsburgh next week, and if he performs as he has this year there is no doubt about his making good.

—The marriage is announced of Bernice Ryckman to Mr. Henry J. Kuhle, Jr. (Ph. B., '12). The ceremony took place on June 28th at Woonsocket, South Dakota. Mr. and Mrs. Kuhle will take up their residence at Salem, South Dakota.

—Rev. Michael Quinlan, C. S. C., delivered the Commencement address at the Central Catholic High School in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Rev. Peter Hebert, C. S. C., spoke at the Commencement of St. Mary's Academy in the same city.

—Mr. William A. Kelleher, a member of last year's football team, has been appointed athletic coach at Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio. Bill is one of the most dependable men among our alumni and he is sure to make good. We wish him all success.

—In a letter just received at the University, Herbert Kelly, the brilliant Varsity pitcher of two seasons ago, says: "I have been at Atlanta, Georgia, in the Southern League for nearly two months and so far I have been doing nicely, having won eight and lost four games."

—Rev. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., Director of Studies at the University, is at present delivering a series of lectures on the "Immortality of the Soul," at the American Catholic Summer School in Cliff Haven, N. Y. Dr. Schumacher is president of the college department of the Catholic Educational Association.

—Rev. William Bolger, C. S. C., professor of Economics at the University, recently addressed the State Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies at Cleveland, O. His subject dealt with the "Minimum Wage." He also delivered a lecture in Grand Rapids, Michigan, before the Michigan State Convention.

—Mr. Francis J. Kilkenny, well-known student of fifteen years ago, contributes to the *National Banker* an interesting article of "Government Supervision of Banking." Mr.

Kilkenny served as confidential clerk under three former Comptrollers of the Currency, and is very much at home with the subject of banking. His words are of real value.

—Robert Sweeney (LL. B., '03) was one of the Alumni most enthusiastically welcomed at the reunion. At great personal sacrifice he left his work in Los Angeles and travelled all the way from California to be present at the Commencement. This was the first opportunity he has had since graduation to be at Notre Dame. Bob is one of the most highly esteemed lawyers in Los Angeles.

—The Reverend John R. Quinlan, beloved pastor of the Cathedral at Fort Wayne, was presented with an automobile recently on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee as a Priest. The spokesmen on the occasion were: Honorable Wm. P. Breen (A. B., '77; A. M., '80; LL. D., '02); Byron Hayes (LL. B., '13) and Charles M. Neizer, a student at the University during the year 1898.

—Otto Schmid (Ph. B., '09) is a lawyer with offices at 1204 Grand Avenue Temple, Kansas City, Mo. In a letter never intended for publication Otto confesses:

I have had some success in my line of work and am quite busy this summer. Times and business prospects here seem to be improving. With enough work to keep me out of mischief, with health and the finest little wife in the world (and a ten-days-old Irish-German daughter) I am happy and hopeful for the future.

—On behalf of the officials of the Faculty of the University, the SCHOLASTIC expresses pleasure at the appointment of the Reverend John H. Bleckmann, of Michigan City, Ind., as the first pastor of the new parish formed at Mishawaka. Father Bleckmann, is a nephew of the noble priest of the same name whose memory is associated forever with Michigan City, and who was one of the most beloved and respected alumni of Notre Dame. We are glad to say that Father Bleckmann will be a more frequent visitor at the University on account of his nearness to us.

—Mr. Joseph Scott (LL. D., '15) is after winning a thirty thousand dollar suit against the *Los Angeles Times* after a week of hard fighting. Joe refused to have his character slandered by a newspaper owner who, because he differed from him in politics and had personal grievances, wished to ruin his name in Los Angeles. He sued the *Times* for thirty

thousand dollars and the verdict reached on Tuesday of last week awarded him the damages. His address to the jury was one of the most eloquent, according to the newspaper reports, ever delivered in a court in this country.

—From among the complimentary notices Father O'Donnell's Ode received, and they are legion, we copy the following from the *Indiana Daily Times* of Indianapolis:

Charles L. O'Donnell, Indiana's singer of most recent renown in American literature, rose to sublime heights in his great ode for Indiana Day at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The work was entirely worthy of Indiana's best literary ideals and very properly has attracted worldwide attention and praise.

As the *Literary Digest* says: "Some of the greatest poems have been written at a sovereign's command or to commemorate an important event." The *Digest* points out that American poetry always has been deficient in formal poems of occasion. A revival of this form of expression, however, seems to have been brought about by the Exposition. The O'Donnell Ode is quoted extensively as one of the two best poems written for exposition events. Says the *Digest* critic: "The poet from Indiana suggests Francis Thompson in the rich imagery of his lines as well as in their religious spirit. But there is something distinctively American and original about this splendid ode."

Once more Indiana triumphs in letters. Again the voice of Indiana charms the world. Another real poet is added to the golden roll of Hoosier bards. The spirit of song yet lives in its Indiana home.

—From the *Weekly Dispatch*, London, we copy the following interesting account of Frank Holslag's experiences in the present war. Frank was a student here in 1913.

PRISONER OF WAR WITH FOUR NATIONS ESCAPE FROM GERMAN ARMIES IN THE WEST AND RECAPTURE.

BY AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

I don't suppose there is another man in Europe who can say, like myself, that he has been a prisoner of war with each of the four armies fighting on the western front—the English, the French, the German, and the Belgian. Some adventure!

Leaving New York as soon as I learned that war was probable, I was in France in the first days of August. I went to seek a relative who I was anxious should be in safe keeping before the flood should burst, and arrived just when France was responding as one man to the call to arms.

It was not a time to let one's wits go wool gathering though, and as soon as my papers were signed I got a ticket for Brussels, and after standing all the way in a crowded first-class compartment, got to the Belgian capital on the fatal August 19 at midnight. It was just my luck! I had caught the very last train

that got into Brussels. As I passed down the boulevards the whole population seemed to be frantic. The Germans had been victorious, and were marching on the city.

ASLEEP AMID UHLANS.

I could not get a bed for love or money, and as I could not speak more than a few words of French, and had lost nearly every cent I possessed, all I could do was to find my way to a park, where I lay down to sleep.

When I awoke, about 4 a. m., I found there were Uhlans all round me, feeding their horses. For five nights and five days the troops poured through the city—the most wonderful sight I have ever seen.

At once the Germans took possession of every single department of civil life. I had to explain my presence to the German authorities, who, of course, eyed me suspiciously because I spoke English, although I showed my papers as an American citizen.

A DASH IN THE DARK.

Now I had a small Red Cross outfit with me, intending to do some ambulance work if I could, but they evidently thought this was a "bluff" on my part, and they put me to all kinds of tests, trying to "mix me up." They brought me wounded to bandage, asked me a host of questions all at once and watched how I worked.

They did not catch me tripping. I knew my work and they saw it; all the same, they did not believe in my bona fides, and I was told off to be guarded by some artillerymen, with the gentle advice that if I stirred more than fifty yards from their battery I should be shot without further trial.

They did not treat me badly—I can say that—but I can't say I felt exactly comfortable; especially when the Belgians unexpectedly opened the dykes and flooded the whole country side, for that put the Germans in rather a snappy humor. So when the battery went south with about 170,000 troops, making for Lille, I made a dash for the Belgian lines under-cover of the darkness at the first opportunity that offered.

THE LAST CARTRIDGE.

Having escaped from the Germans, I thought I should be received with open arms by the Belgians, but I found they were just as much on the alert as the others. I opened my heart to the first Belgian I met. Probably that made him suspicious, for he took me with him, saying he would get me clothes and food and help. We got in a boat to cross a canal, and at once the banks were crowded with Belgians, all shouting at us. When we had crossed, my guide and I were taken to a little café. Just as we were about to drink, the door was opened and there were six soldiers with rifles aimed at me. They took me to the authorities, and I soon put matters right. I stayed with them quite a time.

Poor little Belgium! The soldiers had no stores, no horses, no carts, and there they were, falling back, back, back, but they never seemed downhearted—never. They were buoyed up with just two hopes—in God and in you English. Heavens! how they trusted you!

It was then a matter of hours, or days at most,

but I have seen the little tired battalions suddenly stiffen with hope when an officer would bring the news that the English had been sighted on the horizon.

When with them I saw a fine example of patriotic selfishness. A Belgian soldier who had only a few cartridges left, was asked by a comrade to share them. The little man refused; he knew how bad a shot his comrade was. "I'm sorry," was his reply, "each one must pick off a German. You go off." He calmly stayed in his trench, picking off Germans until he too was picked off. He had used his last cartridge, and it was the lack of ammunition that lost him.

A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

Unfortunately, I fell out of the frying-pan into the fire, for I got into the hands of the Germans again. I simply had to make a clean breast of it, and, like sportsmen, they said they would give me one more chance—more than I expected, and, according to the rules of war, more than I deserved. I could see that as I was an American they did not dare carry out their threats.

It was while I was with them that I had most occasion to admire British pluck. We were lining up on one side of a long road, and the sun was just sinking. Everything seemed still, when, without a word of warning, there was a crash, followed by a long droning sound. It was a British airman coming over our lines. Instantly it seemed as if every single German had begun to fire. Rifles everywhere went automatically to the shoulder, throwing up lines of lead into the sky. This did not deter the airman. He made straight for us, as cool as a cucumber, circled twice around, as if to make perfectly certain of our positions, and then just as coolly flew off.

THE CONFIDENT GERMANS.

One thing that struck me among the Germans—and the same thing applied to the other armies—was their singular confidence. Over-confidence seemed to me to be blinding each country's army. But the Germans at least had some cause for "swank." What I saw makes me despise all those cock and bull stories of "German being broke." I saw more fine motor-cars in a fortnight in the German army than I would see in six months in New York. The same applied to munitions and foodstuffs. These rolled up in one continuous stream in motors, railway trains, barges, trams, carriages, wheelbarrows, day and night.

After a time I wanted to get to the French lines, and so I escaped again. I know it may seem strange that I was able to get away, but you have no idea how hard it is to try and guard a man who is determined to escape.

A CRAWL BETWEEN THE LINES.

It was no easy matter though, I can assure you, to pierce a hundred mile line of firing trenches such as the French presented before us. I shall never forget the sense of relief I experienced when, under pretence of succouring an outlying German officer who had fallen some hundred yards ahead of us, I crawled forward in the early hours of the morning and got across that terrible "no man's land" in safety. Luckily, I had my Red Cross badge and kit, and the sentry at once lowered his rifle as I advanced. When I was

taken before an officer he could hardly understand that a "neutral" should have dared to venture into an open battlefield. He seemed to be rather struck by the fact, and after cross-questioning me took me off to get something to eat.

It was now light, and the Germans had begun firing again, and we had to crawl along the hastily constructed trenches in order to get to the back. As we did so I saw fifty or sixty of the French soldiers picked off by the terrible hail of lead that swept the open field from the German Maxim guns. We managed to get to shelter, and in an old barn found several of the staff officers. They gave me a change of clothes, for I was wet through with the rain, and we had some meat and wine—how good it was!

I think the Germans must have discovered my escape by this time and meant to have their revenge, for their guns were blazing away all the time. They had always suspected I was an English spy, and I suppose they thought this escape proved it. And they nearly had their revenge, for in the midst of our feast a huge "Jack Johnson" crashed into the barn, killing eighteen of the soldiers under my eyes.

IN A FRENCH "BLACK MARIA."

It was now the turn of the French to look upon me with suspicion. On the first night I was sent off to the local jail, ostensibly because it was about the only place in which they could accommodate me, and they explained that I should probably be asked to tend the wounded. I had as a matter of fact about fifty cases to look after, but while I was busy the authorities found in my kit an aluminum canteen of the very latest type used by the French, and I told them I had been given a new outfit by the Germans and that this was among it, but my explanation did not "go down," and I was treated as a prisoner.

Then happened the strangest experience of all. One day a huge wagon turned up with a kind of cage of steel on it—something like your "Black Marias," only open. Into this the prisoners were huddled helter-skelter through a long file of armed guards—spies, deserters, and suspected civilians, and "l'Américain," myself. Over the whole quaint concern, once it was full, a huge tarpaulin was thrown, making it look like a hearse, and we were driven off, travelling all day.

At the court martial they did not appear to believe a word I said, but they did not condemn me, and finally released me, with instructions to leave the country.

I then came up to the English base, but as soon as I stated my reasons for being at the front at all they got suspicious and would not accept me for Red Cross work. I did not know what to do, as I had no money, my clothes were in rags, and I was half-starved. I looked like ending up with a spy's death.

I made my way to the nearest port, hoping to be able to get off on an English boat as a stowaway, but as soon as I was found near the docks I was taken to the port authorities, who told me if I did not clear out I should be put in irons.

Finally I got to London penniless, but I can say that the past year has given me a series of adventures which I would not have missed for anything.

Dr. Greene and the Botanical Course.

The opportunity offered to students of Notre Dame this year in botanical study, will surpass, perhaps, that of any other University in this country. While always maintaining a very high standard in this course, which is under the direction of Rev. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., Ph. D., the University has added this year to her staff one of the most eminent botanists now living, Edward Lee Greene, lately of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

Professor Greene has had a long and distinguished career and is known in this country and in Europe as foremost among the scholars of botany. It is almost impossible, in this country, to do any substantial work along botanical lines without a knowledge of his works which are numerous and scholarly, and no student can hope to have a thorough knowledge of our Western plants who has not consulted the many specimens in his herbarium.

A New Englander by birth, Dr. Greene has travelled on foot over nearly every state in the Union collecting specimens, and perhaps no one speaks with greater authority and is listened to with more eager atten-

tion by botanists than this quiet unassuming gentleman who has been engaged since the year 1904 by the United States Government as the man best fitted to build up the great national institute.

He was born in Hopkinton, Rhode Island, August 20, 1843. Some few years after his birth his parents moved west and settled on the Sangamon river in Illinois. After a short stay in Illinois he went to Wisconsin where he received his Ph. B. degree in Albion in 1866. From 1871 to 1885 he was an Episcopal minister but gave up his ministry to enter the Catholic Church, and since then he

has been a most intense student of botany.

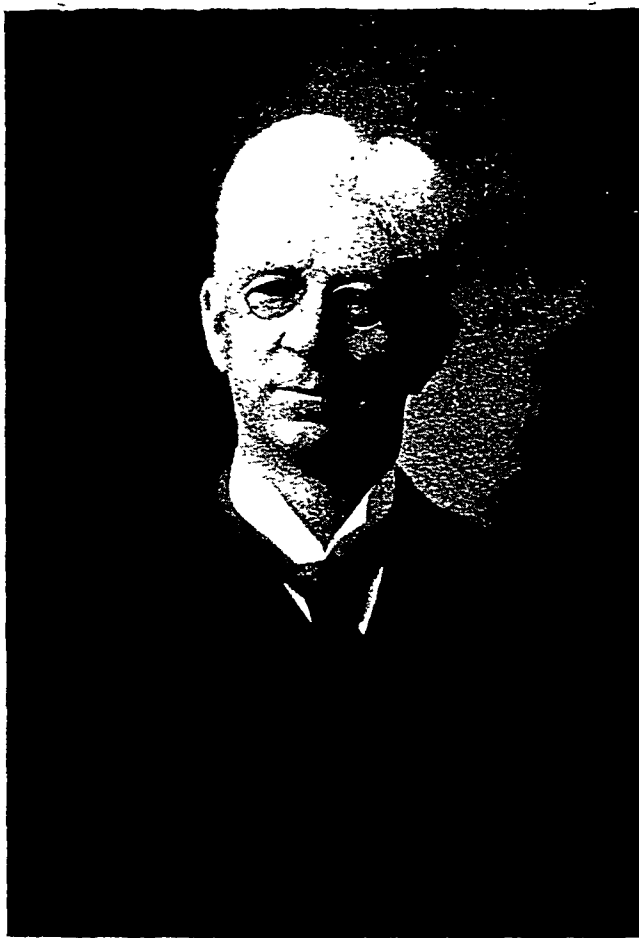
In 1895 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Notre Dame and in the same year left the University of California where he had been engaged as professor since 1885 to become instructor in the Catholic University in Washington. He was chosen in 1893 as president of the International Congress of Botanists at the Chicago Exposition, and has since then filled many positions of high rank, in his department, for the government. He left Washington, D. C. where he had been engaged for many years and came to Notre Dame during the past winter to take up his permanent residence.

Besides delivering a regular course of lectures, Dr. Greene will be of invaluable assistance in consultation and in the direction of thesis work. He will contribute articles to the *American Midland Naturalist*, the University botanical publication, edited by Dr. J. A. Nieuwland, C. S. C., Ph. D., and widely known and esteemed among botanists for its very high standard.

Dr. Greene on his coming to Notre Dame, presented to the University his splendid library and herbarium. The one consisting of 4,000 volumes, many of them old and rare and having no duplicates, the other totaling

over one hundred thousand specimens and owning no superior in the United States. All these plants have been systematically arranged in cases and placed in Science Hall.

Professor Greene is now completing the second volume of "Landmarks of Botanical History" which will take its place beside his other well-known works: "Manual of Botany for the Region of San Francisco," "West American Oaks," "Flora Franciscana," "Plantae Bokereanae," "Pittoma" (5 vols.), "Leaflets of Botanical Observation" (2 vols.), "Cybele Columbine," and numerous magazine articles in scientific journals.



DR. EDWARD LEE GREENE.

DIED IN OCT.

Death of a Noble Priest.

The death of Rev. William F. Dooley, S. J., President of Detroit University, creates a void that will not soon be filled. Father Dooley was a noble priest, an enthusiastic and successful educator, a student of ripe scholarship, a gentleman of distinguished manner and most amiable character. A splendid illustration of his quality was the exquisite kindness he showed the members of our debating team when they went to meet his boys at Detroit University. They came home full of enthusiasm for Father Dooley, and many a time his name was mentioned with affection by them. What he was to his own brethren and to the men of his own school may well be imagined. His life was all too short, but it was exceptionally beautiful and rich in service both to God and humanity. The Faculty and students of Notre Dame assure his brethren and his boys of heartfelt sympathy and prayers.

The Ave Maria's Golden Jubilee.

—From the *Catholic Register and Canadian Extension* we copy the following words of the well-known author, Anna T. Sadlier, apropos of the Golden Jubilee of the *Ave Maria*:

This spring of 1915 was to have seen the Golden Jubilee of *The Ave Maria*. Needless to say that the postponement of that celebration, to the period, practically indefinite of its Diamond Jubilee, is a disappointment to countless readers, some of whom have followed the fortunes of Our Lady's magazine since its inception. There is a note of sadness in the announcement of the deferred Jubilee, "because of the great war and other causes." For, as it says, the magazine, when that anniversary falls, will be "in worthier, if not more willing hands." The sadness would be both real and deep, but that the generation that have known and loved both editor and periodical, will have likewise passed into the great Beyond before that epoch. And may it be permitted to say that, however willing may be those hypothetical hands of the future, can they well be worthier? Let those answer who have known through all these years the dignified, consistent course of the *Ave Maria* under the editor's fostering care, always sounding the right note, always standing for high ideals and setting up a high standard for Catholic literature. Always true as steel to Catholic instinct, and with all its courtesy, minimizing no truth, suppressing no useful information, the magazine, in its "Notes and Remarks," gives news of the Catholic world in brief, clearly, pointedly and concisely. It supplies fiction, both adult and juvenile, by the leading Catholic writers, English and American. Its articles, whether doctrinal, historical or biographical, are up to the best standard and are a mine of good reading in themselves.

Book Review.

THE POPES AND SCIENCE. By Dr. James Walsh. Notre Dame Edition. Fordham University Press. New York.

It is now seven years since the first edition (2000 copies) of this very notable work appeared. Two years later the Knights of Columbus edition (45,000 copies) appeared, and two years after that there was an edition for England of two thousand copies. This fourth edition, just issued from the press is the Notre Dame edition, and bears the following introductory words in the Preface:

A new edition of this volume being called for, I take the occasion to place it under the aegis of the University of Notre Dame as a slight token of gratitude for the formal recognition of the work by the faculty of that institution, and bind this Notre Dame edition in the University colors, blue and gold.

Of the merits of the work, it ought to be unnecessary to speak at this late day. It is widely talked of wherever educated Catholics foregather. It is found in every reasonably complete Catholic library. Its thesis is that not only has the Church not been unfriendly to science, but that Papal universities have been the great promoters of science, and Papal physicians the greatest heirarchy of scientists the world has known. As a distinguished non-Catholic scholar has observed, the Galileo case seems to be the one instance which critics of the Church are able to advance to embarrass the Catholic apologists, and even that case is innocent enough when properly understood. The book therefore amounts to a turning of the tables against the swash-buckling enemies of the Church who would represent her as opposed to science and progress. In view of the thesis of the book it is interesting to note the words of Dr. Pagel, Professor of History in the University of Berlin: "This book represents the most serious contribution to the history of medicine that has ever come out of America." Professor Allbutt of Cambridge University says: "The book as a whole is a fair as well as a scholarly argument." Professor Welch of Johns Hopkins writes: "It is pleasant indeed to drink at the living fountain-heads of knowledge after previously having had only the stagnant pools of second-hand authority." Similarly, the leading newspapers of the country bestowed unstinted praise on its learning as well as its spirit.

This particular edition is of special and peculiar value. In the first place it is illustrated with thirteen very interesting cuts. It also contains nearly one hundred and fifty pages of perfectly fresh material and among them are some of the most interesting pages in the volume. It is for this reason that the University of Notre Dame accepted this edition of "The Popes and Science" as Dr. Walsh's thesis for the degree of Doctor of Science conferred on him in June, 1911.

We hope Notre Dame men will favor this edition of a superb work and that another printing of it may be necessary. The cost of the volume is \$3.50.

Local News.

—The Second Annual Meeting of the Notre Dame Club of Cincinnati took place at "Cody's" Third and Scott Streets, Covington, Ky., on Monday evening, June 28th. A large number of alumni were present and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Dinner was served at 8:15.

—For the last few weeks men have been at work in Walsh Hall covering the walls with burlap and the cosy appearance of the rooms has been greatly increased. All these rooms will be in splendid condition for the students in September and will be more neat and comfortable than ever before.

—Several shower baths are to be installed next to the minim's play hall so that the little fellows will be able to take a bath every day after leaving the campus. There is nothing that is more conducive to colds in the fall than going into the class room from the campus perspiring. A shower takes but a few minutes, and the little fellows will go into the class room feeling refreshed and recreated. Up to this the minim department was the only hall at the University not equipped with campus shower baths.

—The Alumnae reunion at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, which took place from June 11 to June 15 was the most successful meeting ever held at the Academy. The large number of graduates who returned for Commencement was evidence of the undying devotion and strong loyalty of the old students for their Alma Mater. All who attended this year resolved never to miss another alumnae reunion, for there is nothing, they vowed, that so stirs the heart and lifts the spirit of a graduate as visiting old scenes, awaking old memories and gazing into the old familiar faces of our childhood.

—The Rev. John C. McGinn, C. S. C., has recently been appointed head of the Sociological Department of the University, and a thorough course in all sociological questions will be offered to the students during the coming year.

Father McGinn has been engaged in active work along these lines ever since leaving the Catholic University, where he made his course under Dr. William Kerby, and has had more practical experience, perhaps, than most teachers

of this subject, having worked hand in hand with several large charitable organizations for many years.

During the past year he gave weekly lectures to societies in South Bend and Chicago, and made a thorough study of the Juvenile Court, the Morals Court and other like institutions that have to do with social reform. He is at present on an extended trip in the East where he will discuss the question of feeble-mindedness with the foremost Eastern judges.

We venture to say that Father McGinn's course will be one of the most popular at the University this year, and his close touch with the Societies in South Bend will make it easy for him to furnish laboratory work for his pupils.

Our 1915 Team.

The outlook for the football season 1915 seems to be most favorable from every point of view, and though the Varsity will be pitted against some of the very best teams in this country, the material on hand this year and the exceptional clever staff of coaches seems to augur a most successful season.

True, the Varsity lost last year by graduation such brilliant players as Eichenlaub, Finegan, Jones, Pliska, Kelleher and others, but it has been compensated by the most sturdy aggregation of ex-Freshmen ever seen at the University.

Ryan is an end who has proved his worth time and time again while on the Freshmen team. He is fast and heady, tackles like a demon and very few of the Varsity men got past him during last season. Wolf who also played end is a stocky player with football brains, who can stand the grind with little fatigue, and who is able to get down on punts, as few Freshmen we have seen. Rydzewski, the big Freshman fullback smashed the Varsity line to pulp in the early part of the season but received an injury that laid him up during the latter half of the year. He is in fine form again from all indications and will start hard work in September. Whalen a halfback with a lightning start and a low drive was pointed out last year as a sure comer. He is exceedingly shrewd in out-guessing his opponents, can see an opening in the line in an instant and is never down till on his back. Jones of Brownson Hall, although practically new at the game,

demonstrated in the spring practice that the old guard couldn't hold him and with the private lessons and daily practice he has received since, bids fair to become a tackle equal to any ever seen here. He has the weight and the build, and the tricks of the game are coming to him fast. Degree, as a punter, is the best man that has donned a Notre Dame suit since the days of Angus McDonald and his toe is expected to aid the team materially. His punts are long and high, giving the ends ample time to get down under them and thus worrying the opponent who is receiving. Walter Miller, though not so heavy as many of the others, has a nerve that carries him down the football field in spite of heavy opposition. He broke up plays time after time in the fall practice and though run over by Eich and Bachman daily he was never obliged to call for time out. He has all the push of his red-headed brother who tore the Michigan line to shreds in 1909.

We had almost forgotten to speak of Callahan, the Freshman centre of last year, because we consider him a regular even before the season starts. No player on the Varsity last year had the edge on Callahan and few players could have stood the brunt of the mass plays that were directed against him, and that he effectively broke up, without severe injury. Cal is a born football player and has that little bump of knowledge in the back of his head that tells him what to do in a play without his having to worry about it. McInerny weighed over two hundred pounds and used his weight to advantage. Malone is built on the ground and doesn't leave it easily, while Dixon, Franz, Phelan and Dorais are all good men. Add to these such stars as Captain Fitzgerald, Ralph Lathrop, Stan Cofall, Emmett Keefe, Bachman and the other regulars and you have an aggregation hard to beat. All the Freshmen mentioned have been put through a stiff spring practice and have had chart work in football during the winter months so that they are not strangers to the game. They will start practice early in September under Coach Harper who will be assisted by Coaches Rockne and Jones and possibly ex-Captain Edwards.

After a practice game with Alma on October second, the Varsity will be prepared to meet the strong Haskell Indian team that put up such a wonderful fight last year, causing the rooters almost to lose heart, till Bergman

opened up the play and got away for ninety yards on a triple pass. Every inch of that game was fiercely contested and though we finished ahead every one admitted that it took the best that was in us to do it. The Haskell team was superior to the Carlisle team that we played in Chicago last year and we are informed that they have just as good a team this year.

On October twentieth we meet the University of Nebraska, one of the very best teams in the West. No one who has followed football closely would think of passing up Nebraska when the subject of Western Championship is to be considered, for although she has not played the schools that give the best basis for comparison of teams, she has demolished every school that has been opposed to her and many of them were represented by first-class teams.

South Dakota comes to Notre Dame on October thirtieth, and, needless to say, she will be in her old fighting trim. Anyone who witnessed the game on Cartier Field two years ago when the Coyotes swept down upon us like an avalanche making a touchdown in the first three minutes of play, and remembers how Dorais with his wonderful forward passes brought heart to the rooters again by sending men over for three touchdowns, will agree that he was present at a real football game, a game that was not over till the whistle blew.

Needless to say, the Army at West Point on November sixth will give us a good game as she has in the past. By the Army game we can judge rather accurately the strength of our team as compared with Eastern teams. Two years ago we defeated the Army by the largest margin ever made on a West Point team in ten years, rolling up thirty-five scores against her; last year the tables changed and she won from us by two touchdowns. Creighton University always has a good team and when we go after their scalps on November thirteenth we expect a fight-to-the-finish battle, while the University of Texas and Rice Institute at Houston need no introduction to football enthusiasts. Their records are written in large letters and are known not only in the South but wherever football scores are followed.

All in all the season will be one of the most remarkable ever witnessed at Notre Dame, and we feel confident that our men will give a good account of themselves and bring home the bacon though they have difficulty in doing so.

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*Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you!
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can desert you:
Your pleasures may still be in fancy possess'd.*

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