

# ~ Che ~ Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTURVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITURVS ·

VOL. XLIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 26, 1916.

No. 22.

## Ode to Washington.\*

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

WAKE! silent land, thy day of days has come.

Speak! fife and drum,

In honor of our Chief.

Bring, grateful State, thy tributary leaf

To deck the shrine of him whose firm belief

In Liberty and Right,

Guided thee safely through thy natal night.

When burst from hostile Concord town,

To ring the ages down,

The shot by freemen hurled,

When direful War his blood-red flag unfurled,

'Twas then he took thy hand, though all the world,

In kingly thrall,

Swore that thy infant cause, ere born, should fall.

In thy devoted band's despair,

By the wild Delaware,

When very hope seemed dead,

And Treason reared her ignominious head,

'Twas then he blazed, alone, the path that led,

Through hopes forlorn,

Unto the roseate daybreak; Freedom's morn!

When ended war and war's mad toil,

And on our native soil,

Bless'd peace alighted,

Men hailed him king o'er all a land benighted,

Then did he not forget the trust he'd plighted,

And in humility,

Renounced a crown to save his land to liberty.

Father! long weary years have trudged to rest

Into the west.

Thy bones are clay;

Still do we keep thy God-sent natal day,

Still bring to thee our crown of fairest bay.

Washington!

Among a patriot horde, thou art the chosen one!

Teach us thine own courageous paths to tread,

While war-clouds overhead

Darken our native sun.

Teach war-mad Teuton, Saxon, Gaul and Hun,

Thy spirit moves the land thy valor won;

And that thy flag, though furled,

Defies to-day the wrath of all the world!

\* Read at the Memorial Exercises in the University Theatre.

### The Story of the Douay Bible.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

The story of the Douay Bible is almost one with that of the English college at Douay. When in England, the recusancy laws went into effect, Catholics, anxious to retain their faith, turned to the continent and founded there among other religious institutions, a seminary where English priests might be trained to return as missionaries to their native land. Dr. William Allen (later Cardinal Allen), and formerly a fellow of Oriel was responsible for the selection of Douay, where, aided by the generosity of a few friends, he at length founded a seminary which was so successful in its labors that in the space of five years, one hundred priests were sent into England. When the persecutions had subsided, Douay's records boasted one hundred and sixty martyrs, and a far greater number of exiles. On account of political disturbances, removal was made to Rheims in 1578, but in 1593 all returned to Douay, where they labored at the preparation of a new translation of the ancient Vulgate.

The reasons for the new version were quaintly set forth in the preface to the New Testament (which was the first volume to appear): "Now since Luther's revolt also, diverse learned Catholics for the more speedy abolishing of a number of false and impious translations put forth by sundry sects, and for the better preservation or reclaim of many good souls endangered thereby, have published the Bible in the several languages of almost all the principal provinces of the Latin Church. . . . We, therefore, having compassion to see our beloved countrymen, with extreme danger of their souls, to use only such profane translations and erroneous men's mere fantasies, for the pure and blessed worth of truth . . . have set forth, for you, benign readers, the New Testament to begin withal, trusting it may give occasion to you, after diligent persons thereof, to lay away at least such of their impure versions as hitherto you have been forced to occupy."

The preface to the whole Bible is about the same in effect: "Now since Luther and his followers have pretended that the Catholic Roman faith and doctrine should be contrary to God's written word, and that the Scriptures were not suffered in vulgar languages . . . we

have for one especial remedy set forth true and sincere translations as have done Catholic pastors in most languages of the Latin Church."

Of all English Catholics, those at Douay were the only ones having sufficient security to carry on the work, and had it not been for this refuge, the appearance of an improved version of the Scriptures would have been delayed indefinitely. Dr. Gregory Martin, an old Oxonian, being chosen for the office of translator, chose as his co-laborers Doctors Allen; Bristow (of Christchurch); Reynolds (a fellow of New College); while after Allen's death in 1594, Dr. Worthington, third president of Douay assisted. Of the three Martin did the real translation, the others acting as revisors and annotators. Each day he rendered into the vernacular one or two chapters, which formed the basis of labor on the next day for his assistant.

The first fruits appeared in 1582,—the New Testament handsomely printed in quarto, carrying the approbation of four doctors of divinity, but in that hour of success, Dr. Martin, overcome by privation and sickness, died of consumption. Nevertheless, before his death he had translated the Old Testament, but this was not published till later "owing to the lack of means in our poor estate in banishment to publish the whole in such sort as a work of so great charge and importance required." In fact the English scholars and seminarians at Douay dwelt in almost apostolic poverty, subsisting entirely on the kindness of friends and the charity of neighboring monasteries, until the attention of Rome being attracted, the foundation was awarded a regular pension of 100 gold crowns each month. It was only after this good fortune that the thought could be at all entertained of the new Bible.

In 1609 the first volume of the Old Testament appeared, and was followed by the second in 1610. In 1621 a third edition of the New Testament was put out at Antwerp as a small pocket volume,—an advantage surely, over the more bulky and expensive quartos.

In 1635 both Old and New Testaments were combined in an expensive quarto of two volumes, published at Rouen, and this was the last complete edition until Dr. Challoner began his work of revision in 1749-50. Challoner, generally known by his translation of the "Imitation of Christ," was a gifted convert, was ordained at Douay, and later consecrated

coadjutor to Bishop Petre, the London Vicar-Apostolic. His work consisted mainly in the removal of obsolete phrases, and giving us very generally our present readings. Since his time many revisors and connotators have appeared, numbering among them, Dr. Lingard, the historian; Archbishop Kenrick, and the late John Gilmary Shea. Cardinal Newman himself began a new translation, but unfortunately abandoned it that Kenrick might do the work instead. Had the great Cardinal carried out his original intention, English-speaking Catholics would undoubtedly have one of the most perfect translations ever made, not only from the viewpoint of sound doctrine, but on the score of literary excellence as well.

The religious adherence to the Latin text by the early translators resulted in many inelegant and idiomatic phrases found in the first editions. In many cases technical words, such as *pasch*, *parasceve*, and *azymes*, which had no exact equivalent in English, were retained in the original, but now so far has revision gone in removing these roughnesses that to-day "scarcely any verse remains as it was originally published."

The Douay Version is the accepted Catholic Bible. Newman says of it: "This version comes to us on the authority of certain Divines of the Cathedral and College of Rheims and of the University of Douay, confirmed by the subsequent indirect recognition of English, Scotch and Irish bishops, and by its general reception by the faithful. It never has had any episcopal imprimatur, much less has it received any formal approbation from the Holy See."

### Spring On the Hills.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

Oh! that that day upon the April hills  
May come with soft tread and vesture of gray rain  
In through the arbor where the brown vine thrills  
With future vintage like the wines of Spain.

And linger a little space that I may hear,  
Troubled with dreams and sleeping, the gold note  
Of the first thrush; trilled in that day o' the year  
Like a poet's harp in joy and beauty smote.

And then pass onward with her peace-shod feet,—  
Telling all men the gospel of the spring,  
Told first to me,—the winds and waters sweet,  
And all the wild birds northward journeying.

### Lucid Intervals.

BY S. BECK.

Where was I? What had happened to me that I should be lying here in bed, helpless and with such a splitting pain in my head? And above all who was the beautiful woman who insisted upon calling me her husband? Why was she so tender to me?

I glanced about the neat and richly furnished room. Not a familiar object met my gaze. To say I was stupefied is putting it mildly. Through the opened window I could see the rising sun, so I knew it was morning. If only my poor head would stop throbbing, then perhaps I could think more clearly and make something out of this puzzle.

At last! I could hear her footsteps outside. She, I knew not her name, was returning, probably to bestow more of her misdirected affection upon me. She entered smilingly and coming over seated herself on the edge of my bed. Then I put the question to her.

"Who are you?" She smiled sadly and replied:

"Poor dear! don't you know me yet? Why I'm Mary, your wife."

"But you're mistaken! I don't know you. I never saw you before to-day."

She shook her head pityingly and stroking my hair several times left the room. Good heavens! Was I her husband? Had she lost her mind or had I? Shortly after that, slumber erased my worries.

When I awoke my head felt better. It seemed to me that I must have slept a long time. My mind worked slowly, but after pondering for a while memory returned. Piece by piece I put together my recent history.

My name is Hartley Stevens. I reside in the town of Hornton, forty-five miles from Chicago. Long ago had the confines of the village become irksome. I had been casting wistful eyes toward the metropolis of the west, the goal of my ambitions, where a thousand opportunities seemed to await the aspiring youth of twenty. I have none but distant relatives living, so I had been free to leave any time I desired. The night before this morning on which my story starts, my half-formed plans had come to a sudden maturity. I would leave that very night for Chicago.

Having made this resolution I had started toward the railroad yards with a light heart. My intention was to ride a freight train all the way to the city.

It was indeed close onto midnight when I had arrived at the yards. I intended to take No. 25 which left at 12:15. As I stumbled along in the dark, I thought I heard a noise in front of me; then the sound of whispering voices. It flashed through my mind instantly that someone was attempting to rob a freight car. Just as I stopped to formulate a plan of action, I heard a step behind me. I turned quickly, just in time to receive a savage blow over the temple and fell to the ground unconscious.

Probably some good Samaritan had heard the noise of the encounter, and finding me in my pitiable condition had removed me to his home. But why did their hospitality give this woman the license to call me husband? I had the facts now and could speedily disillusion her.

When she came in again I persuaded her to listen to my story. Several times she opened her mouth as though to interrupt me, but did not. When I had completed my pathetic tale she looked at me with troubled eyes and said: "That's some foolish dream you've had, John dear. In the first place you are in Chicago, now!"

"John dear! Chicago!" What next, I wondered miserably. In vain I protested that my name was not John. She merely threw her arms about my neck and asked me to rest quietly, and not to think. After she had left I fell to speculating on the question of whether or not such a course of action was customary with Chicago women. I must confess that my conscience was troubling me with regard to this women's caresses. I crawled out of it by consoling myself in having no hand in deceiving her. She was deceiving herself despite my efforts.

The next morning when the doctor came, I insisted upon my story to him as well. He listened gravely and when I had finished pondered in silence for a few moments. Finally I said: "And now, just who do you think I am?"

For a time he looked at me incredulously, as though doubting my sincerity. At last, seeming to be convinced that I was not making sport of him, he gave me the following outlandish biography.

I was supposed to be John Sargent, a well-to-do Chicago broker. He placed my age at

thirty-five. I had worked my way through the various steps of promotion till I had been taken into the firm of Coonley and Corcoran, ten years before. I had been married eight years, and was a highly respected member of the suburban community of Lake Park.

Then to my gratification, he explained how I had been hurt. The day of the accident I had left for Pittsburgh on a business trip. The train which carried me had collided with an unscheduled freight, and I was removed from the wreckage unconscious, having struck my head against a seat in falling, when the shock of the impact had thrown me to the floor. I had not regained the use of my senses till the next day, when the first sight of my beautiful nurse, my newly acquired wife, had so astounded me. That brought me down to the present time. Needless to say, this interesting personal history annoyed me greatly and I told the doctor so. He seemed worried and did not encourage me much.

"What did you say was the name of your home town?" he inquired.

When I told him he nodded absent-mindedly to himself and said: "Yes, there is a town of that name east of here."

Before he and my pseudo-wife left, they held a consultation part of which I caught, although their words were not meant for me.

"At least it will do no harm," I heard the woman (Mary by name) remark.

"This may be a case of transmission of identity, for the psychologists and alienists to solve," said the doctor as he went from the room.

As for me, I was still wondering how in the world I ever got to Chicago, as the physician had testified to the truth of the statement that I was undeniably in that city.

After a time, I grew more reconciled to my lot. I ceased to object to the woman's caresses and no longer complained against her endearing names. Why not accept her as my wife?

I had absolutely nothing to lose, and everything to gain as the richness of the house furnishings proclaimed. Then I put the temptation from me as unworthy, and I resolved to leave that house and its inmates as soon as I was able.

One morning, after they had taken the bandage from my head and I had been sitting up about a week, the doctor and the woman helped me downstairs. Both seemed unusually downcast and once I caught the glitter of a tear in the latter's eye.

When they had conducted me into a well-furnished drawing-room, I perceived for the first time that their primary purpose in bringing me on the little trip was not connected with my convalescence.

"Helen Miller!" I cried as I saw an old Horton friend seated in the room. I seized her hands and held them, as though their frail strength could keep me safe. Helen had been one of the chief reasons for my dallying in Hornton as long as I had.

"Yes," said the doctor, "we communicated with Hornton and Mrs. Russell came in response to our enquiries."

"Mrs. Russell? Helen! Are you married?" She had been looking at me strangely all this time, and in response to my question, merely nodded.

"But how did you keep it from all of us?" How long have you been married?"

She looked at the doctor and then replied quietly, "Ten years."

I did not stop to think over her answer then. I was busy examining her face. Strange to say, it was changed in a remarkable way. She looked so much older, that I found myself wondering how I had recognized her.

Then all minor issues fled before the one important thing. I called upon Miss Miller, or, I should say, Mrs. Russell, to identify me as Hartley Stevens and prove my statements. She verified everything I had said without hesitation. I looked at my wife (wife for convenience).

"But could you tell me how I got to Chicago?" I asked.

"Yes," my old friend replied, "the man who struck you down was George Price. He and the other members of the Shanley gang were robbing a freight car when you interrupted them. They were all caught later on, and testified that being afraid they had killed you, they had picked up your body and thrown it inside an empty car. That night the train carried you to Chicago. The people of Hornton supposed you had been murdered and each member of the gang was sentenced to a long imprisonment."

At last! A happy solution. Dead in my home town. I laughed at the idea. Well, the only thing that remained for me to do now was to thank my benefactors who, despite their queer actions due probably to mistaken identity, had undeniably been kind to me, and start out to

make my way in the city. Later on I could repay them more substantially for their beneficence. I looked at the doctor and his accomplice triumphantly. To my surprise the latter was in tears and the physician was supporting her. I turned again to Miss Russell—Mrs. Miller—or whatever her name was. She, too, was crying.

"What is it?" I implored wildly. "Tell me! What has happened! Is anything wrong?"

"There is one thing I have not told you," she faltered, "the things we have been speaking of happened, not a week before last, but exactly fifteen years ago!"

Even now there are times when my old self grips me once more and my mind reverts to the hallucination of young manhood. My chief remedy in such a moment is my mirror. I gaze on my face on which time has used his chisel none too sparingly. I understand that those well-defined lines of worry do not belong to the visage of a youth of twenty. Where did I get the name of John Sargent which I had adopted in the early moments of partial recovery from my first accident? Probably it was a name which I had heard at some past time and which had clung in my subconscious memory. The brokerage business I conduct very profitably, although at first it was very strange to me.

Would I live my life over again if I could have my youth unblighted again? No! So dear has my wife become to me, so helpful was she in my efforts to regain manhood's estate, once lost to the mind but never to the body, that I could not even, if I were able to do so, take the risk of never finding her in another life.

### "Old Metamorphosis."

BY RAY M. HUMPHREYS.

To look at Nicholas Bingham handing out orders for coal to the poor, one might never suspect that this old gentleman had ever been anything other than a philanthropist. To read of him and his deeds in the daily press one might get the impression that not only was Nicholas Bingham the angel of the poor now, but that he always had been. But if one could find the "Annals of Limon," which hasn't been written, one might read therein quite a different story. Bingham's earlier life, if read, might lessen

our regard for him. Frontierdom holds that story sacred in her forgotten history.

Long before the steel ribbons of the Union Pacific began to thread their serpentine way westward, Nicholas Bingham had established himself securely at Limon. First he came into the Big Hills as an out and out cattleman and as such his name and fame spread like wildfire up and down the Platte. No horse could pitch hard enough or buck bad enough or "sun-fish" long enough to dislodge Bingham from the saddle. The nearest, wildest steer on the range had no logical objections to being branded when Bingham was manipulating the ropes. And no herd ever "got away" from him when he was sober. When he was drunk he ceased to be a cattleman entirely, and never attempted to mount even a chair while intoxicated.

Gradually "Bud" Bingham built up a big bunch of cattle. His brands began to be noticed from the Platte away down to the headwaters of the Kearney, and his cowboys formed an important factor in the life of mountain and plain. Then in '62 came the Indian outbreak. A thousand dusky Utes and a hundred Pawnees swept down from the upland mesas and overwhelmed the plainsmen. Forts, garrisoned for the most part with raw recruits, went down before the tide. Pioneer settlements and trading posts fled into memory in fierce, black clouds of smoke. Herds disappeared from the grassy slopes as if by magic. Horses vanished into thin air. Bingham's herd went with the rest, and Bingham's town, Limon, sorrowed in its ashes. The redskins had made a clean sweep, and the infant cattle industry of the section had been nipped in the bud.

For a year or so Indian raids were frequent. The pioneers were discouraged. None dared venture far afield for fear of meeting Utes or Pawnees or Sioux or Apaches; only the constant tribal fighting of the redmen gave the whites any chance at all. Women and horses were carried off from the outskirts of civilization with surprising regularity. Cattle wandered into the blue haze of the mountains never to return. Cowmen packed their outfits and rode away to safer grazing grounds. Bingham, however, stayed. He seemed to be part of the very atmosphere of Limon. Then when the gold rush began and the hordes of adventurers poured in from the four corners of the globe the Indians were beaten back to their mountain

fastnesses, and Limon and Aurora and Wray began to take on new life. About this time "Bud" Bingham forswore the chaps and the lariat, and opened up a crude sort of trading post near Creede,—in the very heart of the gold district.

A year or so sufficed to make Bingham famous—or infamous, rather—in this line of endeavor. His establishment specialized in selling provisions to the miners and accepting gold dust in lieu of cash. A bar was added, with all its attractions, and ere long the sheriffs of a dozen counties held a sore spot in their hearts for the place. A few who had dared to voice their sentiments held leaden pellets in their hands and slept peacefully in the little cemetery at Florence. Miners complained that they were cheated in groceries, at cards, and in gold dust transactions. Others claimed to have been drugged, robbed, slugged, and manhandled. Some few disappeared from sight as if swallowed up by the mountain freshets. But with abandoned mine shafts and Indians and wild animals all around the blame couldn't be placed on Bingham's Place and left there very long. Bingham and his cronies were too cute to be caught napping.

When the Civil War was over men began to flock in in great numbers, some with fortunes to invest, most with fortunes yet to make. The hills swarmed with prospectors and miners. Men who hadn't an iota of an idea of what gold ore looked like, went nervously through the gullies and canyons looking high and low for the precious metal. Others more wise, perhaps, sat in the bar at Bingham's and drank and gambled until the news of some rich strike filtered in, whereupon they would hurry out and jump the claim, or if that was unprofitable, buy it at one-tenth its value. Really good mines, undeveloped, changed hands for a few dollars, or a saddle, or a ticket back home. It was this bait that lured men with money into the mountains with the hope of trebling their piles in a summer. Ranstetter and Keefe were among the latter who stepped from the interior of Sowder's Stage to the platform of Bingham's Place one gray day in March.

It didn't take long for the crowd to get the dope on them. Ranstetter was furnishing the money, Keefe the brains. They were looking for a promising property. In vain the adventurers and con men tried to unload their "salted" holdings on the pair. Keefe, with an

engineer's instinct, refused to be victimized, and Ranstetter was impossible. When they finally bought old man Child's holdings on Gopher Ridge the crowd laughed,—for everyone within ten miles of Bingham's knew that Gopher Ridge held no gold. In July, however, the unexpected happened. A Mexican from the Ranstetter-Keefe outfit wandered into Bingham's bar. By midnight he was sufficiently soused to be communicative, and after he had said a few paragraphs the crowd of loungers sat up in their chairs and took notice. The fellow swore that the pair from the East had struck it rich and that all Gopher was apparently lined with the precious stuff.

Bingham and Conway thereupon made for the drunken wretch and dragged him off to an inner room. By one o'clock they had his story, and the Mexican himself lay under guard in the back room of the saloon.

Had a stranger entered Bingham's that night he would have found only a half dozen dead drunks scattered around the room. All the crooks and gun-men, even the bartender himself, were absent. Had the same stranger happened along the cattle trail to Gopher he might have met a cavalcade of some twenty odd horsemen winding its way up through the pines. Had the same stranger had good hearing, and been near enough, he might have heard an hour later a fusillade of rifle shots,—then a solo of revolver cracks,—followed by another fusillade of rifle snarls. But there were no strangers at Bingham's or on the trail or within earshot of Ranstetter's and Keefe's that night.

At noon next day a Mexican on a pinto pony rode furiously into Limon. He explained in broken English that a big war party of Indians had attacked the mine on Gopher Ridge the preceding night and killed every man on the place except himself. When questioned further he only shook his head and refused to understand. Whereupon the townsmen, remembering the affair of five years before, hastily caught up arms and prepared to defend the town against the savages. When the third morning didn't bring them, a small posse started for Bingham's and Gopher Ridge. To their surprise they found Bingham's safe. The Indians had not come that far, said the owner. Yes, it was true, Gopher Ridge had been raided, Ranstetter and Keefe and their half-dozen laborers killed. It was particularly sad, said Bingham, since Ranstetter and Keefe had intended hiking for

the East the next morning, as he, Bingham, had bought their mine. He showed the agreement signed and witnessed. The surviving Mexican swore his masters had sold their property to the saloon-keeper. A quiet funeral was accorded the slain men and an appeal went to Washington for more troops and adequate protection against the reds. Life again became monotonous along the frontier.

Soon after that the railroad came and with it better shipping facilities. Several of the best mines changed hands then. Bingham and Conway sold their Gopher Ridge property to a New York syndicate for a cool two million. Then Conway went back to England, a certain extremely prosperous Mexican returned rich to his native land, and Nicholas Bingham came back here.

That's why I say to look at him you'd never suspect he had an interesting past. If the history of Gopher Ridge was known, nobody would be so poor as to take his coal.

### The Sacred Epistle.

MY DEAR SWEET GIRL:

I hope you see  
 The pains I take to write to thee  
 The nifty looking cards I choose  
 The swell gold-tinseled A I use,  
 The classy, pure-white envelope,  
 The stamp, the ink, and all that dope  
 This stationery cost some dough  
 'Bout thirty cents a box or so.  
 But anyhow that matters not,  
 The cost of things and all that rot,  
 'Cause I am writing you to say  
 That I received your note to-day.  
 I read it over every part  
 Until I knew the thing by heart.  
 The picture that you sent me, dear,  
 I kissed it on the nose and ear,  
 The eyes, the hair, the mouth and cheek,  
 And I shall kiss it all this week.  
 Each time I see that picture, gee!  
 I wonder just how long 'twill be  
 Before I'll see your beaming eyes  
 Or listen to you heave love sighs.  
 Before I'll cool and feed you soup  
 Before to tie your shoes I'll stoop  
 Before your finger nails I'll bite,  
 Or hear you blow your nose, you sprite.  
 I look up at the moon so bright—  
 That's if the moon is out that night—  
 And think I see you 'way up there  
 Your eyes so bright, your face so fair  
 But I must not rave on like this  
 So here's a hug and here's a kiss  
 And bye-bye girlie for to-day,  
 Your faithful lover, Barrett, J.



# 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

XLIX. FEBRUARY 26, 1916 No. 22.

## Board of Editors.

TIMOTHY GALVIN, '16	SPEER STRAHAN, '17
RAY HUMPHREYS, '16	LOUIS KEIFER, '16
EUGENE MCBRIDE, '16	D. EDMONDSON, '18
HOWARD PARKER, '17	ARTHUR HUNTER, '16
HARRY SCOTT, '18	

—Unusual interest attaches to the appearance at Notre Dame next Monday night of Mr. Joyce Kilmer, of New York. One writes it New York,

**Look Who's Coming.** because that is where Mr. Kilmer works, but he really lives at—no, not in Brook-

lyn—Mahwah, New Jersey. Just what else Mahwah is famous for we do not know. We know it is connected with Jersey City by some railroad or other, and connected with Olympus, Arcady, Indiana, and all the other haunts of the muses by "The Twelve-Forty-Five" and some two dozen similar pieces in Mr. Kilmer's "Trees, and Other Poems," published in 1914. The more astute of our readers will be about to begin to surmise that the man from Mahwah is a poet. One moment please. Mr. Kilmer is a poet, there is no denying it; but that is only half the secret, albeit by far the larger and more important half. This Mahwah citizen is a mere youth, though a married man and the father of a family for whom he makes a living by the most level-headed newspaper and lecturing work in the field of literary criticism, done east of the Pacific ocean. My dear, you should read him. You ought to see the pink-tea poets squirm when he gets his gaff into them. This erstwhile athlete of a famous salt-water university won't sit in at the literary bunk game—too much *mens sana* for that. That's what it is, sound mind; even as a poet, Joyce Kilmer refuses to be mad, with the result that the wise man of the street follows his star and worships at the shrine of this very human and very divine man-poet. There; that's about our limit. One word more. Mr. Kilmer and all his house came into the

Church a few years ago as soon as he and they found it the right place to be. Finally, we haven't, at this writing, any idea what Mahwah's pride is going to talk about Monday night. But it doesn't make any difference to us; we have laid out a pair of fresh cuffs, laid by a little candle to do our night work, and are going to be right there when the ladies remove their hats.

## Washington's Birthday Exercises.

The annual ceremonies in honor of Washington's anniversary were performed last Tuesday with a new and welcome touch of military pomp and splendor. Dignified caps and gowns mingled with the martial blue; Seniors and Cadets especially united to pay tribute to the Father of our Country.

After the celebration of Mass, the faculty, students, and guests assembled in Washington Hall where the Class of '16 presented its flag to the University. Mr. Timothy Galvin represented his classmates and made the presentation. His address which follows was delivered with feeling:

The Class of 1916 comes here this morning to present our country's flag to the University. In doing this we are perpetuating an old distinctive tradition of our school. The annual recurrence of Washington's Birthday has been for many years the occasion of a flag presentation similar to that in which we are now participating.

But though the custom is old and the exercises are always much the same, the presentation of the flag seems to have a new meaning, a new suggestion, for the members of each succeeding class of graduates. Two years ago to-day, the men of '14 looked out upon a world at peace and to them the flag suggested duties of patriotism in the realization of Christian principles in statesmanship, in business, in law and in other great and noble pursuits of peace. The minds of last year's graduates turned in another direction. The heavy war-cloud had overspread Europe; hence the men of '15 saw a great field of patriotic duty before them in the preservation of the neutrality of this nation. Now we men of '16 are no less peaceful than our predecessors of '14; we value the neutrality of our country as highly as did the men who graduated last year. But the happenings of the last twelve months have made us realize that no matter how much we may love peace, nor how zealously we may strive to be neutral, we may still be drawn into the vortex of struggling nations, there to experience all the horrors of war.

We assure you, friends, that we have not become militarists, nor have we been misled by any bellowing. It is the reasoned conclusion of a large number,—I dare say, of a great majority,—of the calm, conservative, thinking men of our country that the United



States may be forced into war at no far distant date. Less than a month ago, President Wilson came to the Middle West to tell us that the sparks from the European conflict might at any time ignite a war-flame in this country.

There are many who believe that this nation enjoys a sort of immunity from this terrible scourge of war. Indeed that was the prevailing impression a year or two ago. But now that our eyes have been opened by the European conflict, it is easy to see that there are many forces constantly tending to draw our nation into war. The American citizen is found in every clime and our government is bound to protect him wherever he may be. Our ships are scattered all over the world; more than once before this has mistreatment of them been the whole or the partial cause of a war. Who knows how soon the protection of them may involve us in another struggle? Thousands of miles out in the Pacific lie the Philippines, abounding in wealth that is a constant temptation to ambitious Japan. Who knows when we may be called upon to defend those islands? Here on the American continent we have numerous difficult obligations to fulfil if we are to carry out the principles of the Monroe Doctrine. Above all these considerations there is the national honor that must be defended at all times and at any cost, so that the stars and stripes may command the respect of all peoples. It is our hope and our prayer that the present administration and all future administrations may be able to uphold the dignity of the United States without war. But if that be impossible and we must choose between allowing our flag to be trampled in the dust and going to war, then every true American knows that this country should and must fight.

Once the probability of war is recognized, it is evident that we must prepare to fight. War is no mere game of chance; it has become a wonderful science. The nation that plays the game without first having mastered the science, plays with death. It is a generally recognized fact that American volunteers, no matter how enthusiastic and brave they might be, would be but dust before the attack of the veterans of Europe. It is not only trained men that we need; we must have also the modern engines of warfare,—ships, coast defenses, submarines, aeroplanes, guns and munitions. The military and the naval experts of the country are one in declaring that the United States is not prepared for war. Hence if our country is to fulfil her duties toward herself and toward the world, if the national honor is to be upheld, we must prepare and that at once.

The possibility that this country may soon be involved in war and the consequent necessity of preparation for war are the thoughts that are uppermost in our minds as we present this flag to-day. If, as we fervently hope, our days shall be spent in peace, this flag shall be a pledge to Notre Dame that the men of '16 will do their best to carry out her teachings and to fulfil their duties to Church and State and Home. But if before the twilight of our lives, that dread day should come wherein the clarion call of the trumpets and the martial roll of drums shall tell that Columbia is once more calling her sons to the battlefield, this

flag shall be a pledge that in that dark hour we shall not shirk the patriotic duty that Notre Dame has ever sought to teach us.

Because we have spent these past years at Notre Dame, we should be well-fitted to discharge the duties of patriotic citizens. The spirit of the Notre Dame man is this,—ever to be peace-loving, ever to seek to avoid an unnecessary fight, yet ever ready to defend home, country, church, school, brother and friend against all unjust aggression. No true Notre Dame man will ever refuse to buckle on the armor of a just cause. No true Notre Dame man will ever hesitate to wield the sword of righteousness. It is an assurance that in the battles of peace and in the battles of war, we men of '16, like loyal sons of Notre Dame, shall ever be found in the thick of the fight with our faces toward the enemy, that we present this flag to-day. Take it from our hands this morning, Father Cavanaugh, as a pledge of our loyalty. May we who give it be ever able and ever willing to keep the faith that we plight in it this morning. May you, who receive it and your successors, ever cherish this emblem and the principles which it proclaims as we shall cherish the lessons and the memories of Notre Dame.

Father Cavanaugh then accepted the flag in behalf of the University.

#### GENTLEMEN OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

On behalf of the University I accept this beautiful flag so eloquently presented by your orator. It has already received its baptism of patriotic utterance; it is already consecrated by your young vows of loyalty and devotion.

The spectacle of Europe desolated by war, steeped in blood and trembling under the tread of millions of armed men, is indeed heart-breaking. Exquisite cathedrals have become the prey of vandals; universities have been despoiled; homes destroyed; women and children doomed to death, or a fate worse than death. It would seem that civilization had gone mad, that Christianity had been dethroned, that humanity had fallen back into barbarism. He must, indeed, be an optimist who can discern cause for hope in that universal desolation.

And yet, there are worse things than war:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

War is savage; war is brutal; but the evils arising out of the accumulation of wealth and the decay of manhood are greater than the evils of war. Oppression glutting itself on the misery of the poor; power wreaking itself on the dependent and the helpless; corruption enthroned in high place; justice made a mockery; religion desecrated; womanhood debased—these are worse evils than war. The sin, the misery, the evil wrought by war are torture to the imagination, and yet a just war is the grandest act of a nation. Men who do evil will be judged and punished for it after they die, but nations do not survive as nations, and in the justice of God, they must be punished for their evil deeds in this world. Providence often makes use of war to scourge a guilty people for its crimes. There is no spectacle in human life so sublime as when a great people, burning with indignation at injustice or

oppression, rises in its might and flings itself in a holy fury against the violator of freedom and of justice.

And hence, while Christianity inculcates meekness and long-suffering in the individual, Christianity has always been a good fighting faith. If it were not so, Christianity would long since have succumbed to the fanaticism of the Turk and the Moslem. The most spiritual peoples are the most warlike. It is the ethical nations that fight. When Europe was most profoundly religious Europe was most given to war. During this great cataclysm, in which millions of men are engaged in the savage business of killing each other, the religious sentiment has had a rebirth in the hearts of multitudes to whom it had long been a stranger. The moral qualities which religion inculcates—patience, self-restraint, endurance, discipline—are the very stuff and substance of human courage. I have read of saintly bishops, who, in times of famine, broke up their golden chalices to assuage the hunger of the poor. I can imagine these same saintly figures in time of their country's crisis selling the sacred vessels, gentle symbols of the redeeming Blood and the divine compassion, to buy guns and ammunition for the defense of liberty and right—so sacred a thing is patriotism! Patriotism is a virtue that flourishes best among primitive peoples. Sophistication is likely to kill it; prosperity often chloroforms it. It thrives best in the rude hut of the mountaineer. Its blood is sacrifice, its very life is pain, or banishment, or death. After the great sacramental words of religion, no words of human speech are so mighty; none have such power to thrill the human heart as the words of the great patriots of all times. Nathan Hale's immortal utterance as he stood bound before his executioners: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country;" Sarsfield's impassioned words as he lay dying under a foreign sky on the battlefield of Landen, when he gathered into his hand the life-blood that was gushing from his heart: "Oh, that this had been shed for Ireland." Such sentiments as these are a part of the priceless inheritance of the human race. After religion, no power has done so much for civilization as patriotism. Patriotism is of no time and of no clime. The spectacle of thousands of recent immigrants turning back from these hospitable shores, where liberty had welcomed them and given them home and opportunity—returning to the old land to fight the battles of their kings and their people—is a proof that the virtue of patriotism is as universal as humanity. It flourishes in the weakest monarchy of Europe as well as in the mightiest republic of the New World; but surely it is fair to hope that the fires of patriotism burn brightest on those altars where liberty is most sacredly worshipped. It is no exaggeration to say that Americans, who, in spite of their devotion to material civilization, are nevertheless essentially idealists, cherish their country with a patriotism that is almost idolatry. I do not believe that any part or division of my fellow-countrymen are wanting in loyalty to America. Hot spirits here and there may be taunted into foolish utterance or wild declamation, but I believe that Americans of whatever blood or whatever birth would, in the moment of trial, gladly fling their

lives upon the altar of American liberty and shed the last drop of blood in its defense. I believe that every American citizen, of whatever antecedents, would, in the hour of crisis, say to the world: "I love the land of my fathers, but I am for America first, last and always. I give no divided allegiance to the land of my adoption. Royal as is the vast domain of America; majestic as are her rivers sweeping from the mountains to the sea, broad as is her imperial bosom, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, there is no room in America for two flags. Neither the red flag of socialism nor the yellow flag of treason must ever be permitted to pollute the breezes that kiss and caress the folds of Old Glory."

But patriotism must be enlightened as well as fervent. Vain would be the hope, idle would be the dream, that America, in her hour of trial will have power to defend her liberties and vindicate justice unless she disciplines and strengthens herself in her hour of comfort and prosperity. For that flabby optimism which believes that our country can vanquish the world without preparation the history books used in our schools are largely responsible. American history, as it has hitherto been written, has been jingoistic rather than scientific, and the ways of war have changed since the embattled farmers stood at Lexington and fired the shot heard around the world. "For Zion's sake," cried the Prophet, "I will not hold my peace." It is the duty of every patriotic American to clamor for such efficient preparation as shall secure American honor in the present and transmit American liberty to posterity. Let no one say that preparation is itself a menace. It is not the sturdy athlete who is quarrelsome, but the peevish-minded, cigarette-smoking weakling, whose little mind plots the blow his feeble energies cannot deliver. There is a passive treason, as well as an active one, and a man need not take up arms against his country in order to be a traitor. The opposite of love is not hatred, but indifference. Hatred is itself a proof of interest in the object of its hate; indifference is an expression of contempt. Hence, to remain passive in a matter which concerns the vital interests of our country is an act of treason.

But remember that military preparedness itself is not enough. "Thrice is he armed that hath his cause just." Goliath with his armour, his giant muscles and his great weapon was a good example of preparedness. The shepherd boy, David, with his pebble and his sling was an instrument in the hands of God to vanquish his monstrous power. If ever we are called upon to go into battle let us see to it that we go with clean hands and clean consciences. Preparedness will be no guarantee of victory if God does not smile upon our cause.

Gentlemen of the Senior Class, on Baccalaureate Sunday this beautiful flag, symbolizing all our faith, our hope and our love, for you and for America, will be gathered by reverential hands and brought into the sanctuary and spread before the altar of God. Religion will bless it with prayer and chant, and sprinkle it with holy water. It will be a mute figure of the consecration of your sentiments of patriotism

and devotion to country. It will take its place for a moment beside the Cross in the house of God before it goes to be lifted up to its place in the heavens as a token of your devotion alike to faith and fatherland. May that flag never go anywhere where the Cross may not appropriately bear it company; may that flag share with the Cross of Christ your love, your loyalty and your allegiance.

Following Father Cavanaugh's excellent discourse, Mr. Eugene McBride read with feeling the "Ode to Washington," which is published elsewhere in this number. In conclusion, the First President's Farewell Address was delivered by Mr. William Henry. The concerted singing of "Notre Dame" and several patriotic songs, we have passed over, for these, like the poor, we have always with us, but they were none the less inspiring because familiar.

The assemblage next repaired to the gymnasium where an interesting military program was given. The cadet organization proved itself efficient and well-trained in an extensive array of manoeuvres and tactics. The spectators were treated to a display of company drill, bayonet exercises, semaphore signalling and calisthenics, all of which were executed with a snap and precision that would have been an honor to an avowed military school.

The University Club of South Bend attended the exercises in a body. Dr. Stoeckly voiced the Club's approval of the exhibition, and made public their generous intention of honoring with a bronze shield the company which at the end of the year shows itself to be most skilled in bayonet drill.

---

#### Mr. Delaney's Visit.

---

—From the *Chicago American* we copy the following interesting account of Mr. Delaney's visit to Notre Dame:

One often hears the statement made that athletics are only for the few. This is as erroneous as it would be to assume that education is only for a small percentage of our population. Athletics carry a spirit of the multitude and generally the multitude is present and derives great benefit whenever athletics are indulged in.

A striking example of this came to me last Saturday when I refereed the meet between the University of Illinois and Notre Dame at South Bend. The meet had proceeded to a point where Illinois had a large lead over its rival that clearly indicated the final count would be in favor of the Illinoisans. During a lull I sat down beside a red-faced Notre Dame youth. He was hoarse from cheering. I soon learned that he was Jack Butler of East St. Louis, a nephew of Ed Butler, famous St. Louis politician, whom I had known very well when I was in St. Louis many years

ago. I had not seen Jack since he was eighteen months old.

#### BEATEN, STILL CHEERED.

Banteringly I said: "What are you cheering for? Illinois has you beaten by a mile."

"I know it," he replied, "but we still have hopes of winning."

The spirit of athletics could not be defined better than that. There is no such word as fail in athletics. What a man cannot do in a track suit he never loses the ambition to try. He knows by experience that he has learned and become proficient in many things simply through training and everlastingly keeping at them. If he starts out to be a pole vaulter he may not be able to get over four feet at first try. As he keeps at it he may become very proficient, even though he doesn't become a world's champion.

But there was another phase of athletics that I met with at the meet. I noticed an absence of the wasted yelling. Instead the committee in charge had substituted an orchestra that played popular songs. As the orchestra played the entire crowd sang.

#### SINGING BENEFICIAL.

Now you are wondering what benefit the multitude could get out of athletics with an orchestra. As the boys and girls sang they unconsciously indulged in the finest deep breathing exercises one could find.

Besides, the singing kept them in a better humor. I noticed that whenever a good feat was executed the applause was as great whether the man who performed it was an Illinoisan or a student at Notre Dame. It was a new spirit in athletics—not new either, because it has existed since athletics started. It probably was the stripping of the jealous college partisanship, which for years partially covered it, that made it seem like new. It was the multitude coming to its own in athletics.

---

#### Personals.

---

—The Rev. Patrick A. Barry (A. B., '12), who was ordained recently, has been assigned to duty at Immaculate Conception Cathedral, Burlington, Vermont.

—The Rev. Edward Howard (A. B., '12), ordained at the same time, is now assistant at St. Peter's Church, Rutland, Vermont.

—Wilbur Sim, student in the biological department, who is also an instructor of physical geography in the South Bend High School, delivered a stereopticon lecture on Puget Sound and Mt. Rainier before the Perley Club Friday night.

—Mr. Edwin Lynch (LL. B., '10) one-time manager of athletics at Notre Dame and the center on the championship football team of 1909, visited the University this week. Mr. Lynch, whose home is in Toledo, is now a state senator in the Ohio Assembly.

### The Old Days.

#### A WORLD'S RECORD.

News item from the SCHOLASTIC for May 21, '81:—"Joel Taylor, the oldest letter-carrier in the United States, died on May 8th at Manchester, New Hampshire, at the age of 63 years. He began to carry letters in 1849, and, with the exception of four years, carried them continuously until his death."

Same issue:—"Challenges to play our Varsity Eleven have been received from Purdue, Albion, Olivet, Chicago Athletic Association and Champaign. Hillsdale and Chicago University are yet to be heard from."

April 23rd is "Fire Day" at the University. On that date in the year 1879 occurred the historic fire which destroyed most of the school buildings. The following excerpts are from the South Bend *Tribune*, reprinted in the SCHOLASTIC for April 23, '83:—"The University building is entirely destroyed. Of its former six magnificent stories and grand proportion there remains at this writing only great stretches of blackened walls. All the rest is tumbled into one great pile of smoking, glowing debris, which makes one heart-sick to see. The Infirmary, the Old Men's Home, the Music Hall, and Minims' play hall were also destroyed.

"The scene at the University grounds at night was one which will not soon be forgotten. As dusk approached, the glowing embers and occasional spurts of flame from the different ruins threw a fitful glare over the surroundings, making a picture so weird, so supernatural in its appearance, as to throw an indelible impression on the memory. In front of the ruins for hundreds of feet down the lawn which flanks both sides of the avenue, the students were gathered in groups discussing the desolating situation. Some were seated on their trunks, others lay prone upon the greensward, while yet others walked listlessly to and fro.

... Brother Stanislaus and Father Hudson were conducting the affairs of their respective publications with as much nonchalance as if the grand old University loomed in front of their printing office as usual; instead of lying there, a smouldering mass. Still farther in the rear, were the Sisters, yet busy assorting beds, bedding and pillows, and sending such as were fit for use to Washington Hall where the students were to spend the night, and whose

commodious rooms looked for all the world like hastily improvised hospital wards."

"While the *Tribune* reporter was conversing with President Corby, an attaché of the University brought to him an old steel-clasped leather purse. Father Corby grasped it eagerly "There's no money in it," said he, "but it was with me all through the war, and I think more of it than any pocketbook I ever had."

... Professor Edwards left Wednesday night for Montreal to break the news of the disaster to Father Sorin. A good share of the students have gone home and those remaining are well provided for."

#### Local News.

—Brother Alphonsus reports that the first robins and the first bluebirds were seen at Notre Dame on Washington's Birthday.

—A campaign for funds for Old Students' Hall was begun this week. A general letter announcing the project was sent to all former students.

—The Notre Dame rifle team won its fifth intercollegiate meet by a score of 986 to 976. The highest score of any member of the Princeton team was 196. Our low men shot 196.

—The Freshmen Journalists have organized as the Cooney Club. Officers for the year are as follows: president, Charles A. Grimes; vice-president, Robert McAuliffe; financial secretary, Paul Berger; treasurer, Maurice Keady; moderator, Prof. John M. Cooney.

—The list of students who received an average of 90% or more in the last examinations gives the names of fifty-five students, distributed as follows: Brownson, seventeen; Corby, eleven; Day Students, eight; Sorin, eight; St. Joseph, six; Walsh, three; and Carroll, two.

—At the suggestion of Coach Rockne, who believes that music tends to add "pepper" to track athletics, the Collegians' Orchestra was on hand at the Illinois track meet last Saturday night and the crowd was kept in happy spirits. The stunt will be repeated in the gym this evening.

—Prof. Leonard C. VanNoppen, Queen Wilhemina lecturer at Columbia University, will give a series of lectures at the University on April tenth, eleventh and twelfth. Prof. VanNoppen has translated much of the work of Vondel, one of the greatest of Catholic

poets, and his lectures will deal largely with Vondel's writings and the Dutch Renaissance.

#### EMPLOYMENT

The Drafting Department of the Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan, can offer temporary employment (for possibly two or four months) to graduate students who can do tool designing or jig and fixture work. Letters of application must be sent direct to C. E. Martin, and should be accompanied by a sample finished pencil sketch.

—The South Bend *News-Times* editorial "boosting" the Notre Dame journalists who covered the recent revival campaign for that paper was reprinted in the last issue of the *Editor and Publisher*, a New York weekly which ranks as the foremost newspaper man's journal in the United States. The *Editor and Publisher* regards the work of the Notre Dame scribes as a further evidence of the growing efficiency of schools for teaching journalism.

—The University within the last few days has received from Mr. Arthur S. Carruthers of Chicago a valuable collection known as the "Naturalist Library," bound in green Morocco and containing the following inscription: "From an old library to the University of Notre Dame in memory of Margaretta E. Carruthers, who died January 15, 1916."

The collection besides having some beautiful color prints and engravings contains authoritative works on natural history. It comprises forty volumes in uniform size. There are thirteen volumes on Mamalia, fourteen on Ornithology, six on Ichthyology and seven on Entomology.

—Fifty of the first-year lawyers gathered at the Hotel Mishawaka Wednesday evening for the class banquet. Apart from the important business of enjoying the seven courses, the young barristers listened to a most interesting program, which follows: "Our Class," Thomas F. Healy, president of the class; "Justification of Judicial Legislation," Prof. J. F. Tiernan; "Politics and Law," J. C. Cook; "Legal Ethics," Thomas J. Hoban; "Anything, Everything, Nothing," Prof. F. J. Vurpillat; "Fraternity," J. T. Riley; reading, "The Vampire," K. R. Berkey; "Res Ipsa Loquitur," F. J. Clohessy; "The Future," Frank Holslag. A special feature of the evening was the presence of William P. O'Neill, lieutenant-governor of Indiana, who gave a

splendid address. The men in charge of the banquet were Richard J. Dunn, John R. Dennison, John M. Rabb, Daniel F. McGlynn, and Paul J. Ryan.

—The following letter is being sent to all the old students by the building committee of Old Students' Hall.

#### FELLOW ALUMNUS:

Has it ever occurred to you that the old students of Notre Dame have done little or nothing to help her, and has it ever occurred to you that she might need our help? For nearly seventy-five years our old college has struggled to a growth unparalleled under similar conditions. From the scant savings laid by from tuition fees from year to year she has put up magnificent buildings and added to her equipment; her savings have been scant because she has in every year of her history taken in needy students and has fed and sheltered and taught them, and as the number of students grew, so too, grew the number of those who could be benefited by her generosity. Now is a time when we old students can co-operate with her in this noble work, and now is the very time when our assistance will be greatly appreciated.

For several years past, plans of giving assistance to Alma Mater have been discussed at the annual gatherings of the old boys at Commencement, but nothing has been done. Last June, after consultation with the officials of the University, it was decided that the best way to meet the present immediate needs and at the same time to co-operate in helping deserving students of limited means, is the erection of a new residence hall, sadly needed now. The University cannot undertake this because she is engaged in the erection of a separate library building to cost two hundred thousand dollars (\$200,000.00), which has been needed for years. And at the present writing there is not a single vacant place in the three residence halls; the dormitories for the older students are overfilled and many are accommodated in the dormitories, study-halls, and lavatories on the side where the younger boys live; and more students are boarding in town now than ever in the history of Notre Dame. Now is the time to show our loyalty in a practical way.

The plan adopted contemplates the erection of a residence hall, to be called Old Students' Hall, to accommodate one hundred and fifty students and to provide rooms for old students when they come to visit their college. The cost of the building is estimated at one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars (\$125,000.00). The money derived from rental of rooms to students is to be placed in a fund, the income of which is to be devoted towards paying the cost of board and tuition for worthy students who have no means to go to college. Do you know how much of this our old school is doing every year? We did not. We were amazed to learn from the Secretary of the University that the allowances made to poor students this year amount to sixty-two thousand dollars (\$62,000.00). Last year the amount was nearly the same, and the year before, and so on for all the years back to her very beginning, the amount decreasing

only as we find the total number of students smaller. Notre Dame has always told those who plead for an education and have no means, "Come and I shall help you as much as I can." But the bills of butchers and bakers and coal-dealers and others must be paid, and her means are limited to the tuition fees of more fortunate students. She is obliged to refuse scores upon scores every year. The income from Old Students' Hall which we will erect will help her to extend her noble work. Not a cent will be wasted, but every penny devoted toward building fine manhood.

Those of us who have followed Notre Dame closely know that she has broadened the field of her instruction and struck deep the roots of her courses of study. She is shoulder to shoulder with the best universities in our country. All the old students are proud of the history of our Alma Mater, proud of her record, proud of her achievements.

Let us exhibit our affection and pride by sending generous contributions toward the plan to assist her. Don't put this off to a more favorable day or. Old Students' Hall will never be built. We have waited too long. Determine on your contribution and let it be as generous as your means allow. If you cannot give the full amount at once, send part of it and give your notes payable at intervals for the balance. All contributions in checks and notes should be sent to WARREN A. CARTIER, TREASURER, LUDINGTON, MICHIGAN. Let no one be off the list. If we all work together now, Old Students' Hall will be finished a year from next June, the Seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Notre Dame, when you are coming back to meet the old boys of your time, to live in the hall your money has helped to build and to be with Alma Mater celebrating her diamond jubilee.

Yours sincerely,

BYRON V. KANALEY	WARREN A. CARTIER
P. T. O'SULLIVAN	WM. P. O'NEILL
J. W. EGGEMAN	WILLIAM P. HIGGINS
W. A. MCINERNY	JOHN F. O'CONNELL

### The Notre Dame-Illini Meet.

Although Notre Dame lost her first meet of the season to Illinois University by the score of 49 to 32 in the local gym last Saturday night, coaches and students are not downhearted over the track prospects for the coming year. The Gold and Blue did themselves justice. Illinois' advantage lay in their experience and in Notre Dame's weakness in the jumps.

The feature of the meet was the race by Andy McDonough in the half-mile. Pitted against Spink, who has set records in the conference, McDonough used his brain as well as his feet and finished first by a good margin. Ames, of Illinois, equalled a world's record in the forty-yard high hurdles when he cleared all the

sticks in five and one-fifth seconds, one-fifth of a second under the former gym record which was held jointly by Forrest Fletcher, J. J. Scales and Forest Smithson—all of Notre Dame—and T. N. Richards, of Purdue.

Illinois jumped into the lead at the start by grabbing two places in the high hurdles, Ames stepping over the tape first in world's record time. Fritch, of Notre Dame, finished third. Notre Dame came back strong in the finals of the forty-yard dash, tying the standing. Hohman beat Bergman in the first heat, but little Dutch came back in the finals, winning the race in four and three-fifth seconds. Hardy sprinted over the tape in second place.

Mason beat Waage in the mile in 4:31, the latter runner covering the distance in the fast time of 4:32 3-5. Voelkers had hard luck in the quarter and O'Meara copped the race in 54 flat, a mark which Voelkers ran under 54 last week in the red and blue meet. In the 880 McDonough led Mason, who finished second, all the way and crossed the line a good distance ahead of all the rest.

The performance of Edgren and Yeager, in the pole vault predicts that these two are going to be heard from in the coming meets of the year. Edgren tied Culp, the Illini star, for first place, clearing the bar at 11 feet six inches. Yeager went out on his third attempt and took third. The shot put was easy. Capt. Bachman heaved the heavy pill 42 ft. 9 3-5 in., easily pulling down a first place, while Frantz took third.

It was in the jumps that Notre Dame was completely out-classed, Illini taking all but one point in these events. Webster and Caldwell tied for first in the high jump, each going 5 feet, 7 inches. Pogue, the Illini half-back star, won the broad jump, covering 22 feet, 6 9-10 inches. John Miller got third.

An unfortunate accident terminated one of the best events of the evening, O'Meara, of Illinois, being knocked unconscious when a spectator ran into him on the last lap of the relay. Bergman, Spaulding and Welch had given Voelkers practically even terms with O'Meara when the last lap of the race started. Voelkers was gaining a bigger lead all the time when the Illini man disappeared around the north turn of the bleachers. A spectator who thought the race had ended dropped from the top row of the bleachers and started across the track as the runner approached. The two



collided, and the Illini athlete was knocked to the ground unconscious.

Referee Delaney, physical director of the Chicago Athletic Association, saw the accident and awarded the race to Notre Dame, but Coach Rockne refused to take the five points involved. Summary:

40-yard dash—Bergman, Notre Dame, first; Hardy, Notre Dame, second; Pogue, Illinois, third. Time—0:04 3-5.

40-yard high hurdles—Ames, Illinois, first; Bush, Illinois, second; Fritch, Notre Dame, third. Time—0:05 1-5.

One-mile run—Mason, Illinois, first; Waage, Notre Dame, second; Knox, Illinois, third. Time—4:31.

440-yard run—O'Meara, Illinois, first; Voelkers, Notre Dame, second; Pendarvis, Illinois, third. Time—0:54.

880-yard run—McDonough, Notre Dame, first; Mason, Illinois, second; Spink, Illinois, third. Time—3:02 3-5.

Pole vault—Culp, Illinois, and Edgren, Notre Dame, tied for first; Yeager, Notre Dame, third. Height—11 feet 6 inches.

Running high jump—Webster, Illinois, and Caldwell, Illinois, tied; Bush, Illinois, third. Height—5 ft. 7 in.

Shot put—Bachman, Notre Dame, first; Husted, Illinois, second; Frantz, Notre Dame, third. Distance—42 feet, 9 3-5 inches.

Running broad jump—Pogue, Illinois, first; Coster, Illinois, second; J. Miller, Notre Dame, third. Distance—22 feet 6 9-10 inches.

### Notre Dame Gymnasium Records.

#### 40 YARDS RUN.

Wasson (N. D.), 4 2-5 sec., March 19, 1910.

#### 40 YARDS LOW HURDLES.

Smithson (N. D.) 5 sec., March 16, 1907.

#### 40 YARDS HIGH HURDLES.

Ames (Illinois) 5 1-5 sec., February 19, 1916.

#### 220 YARDS RUN.

Corcoran (N. D.) 23 1-5 sec., March 9, 1901.

#### 440 YARDS RUN.

Devine (N. D.) 52 1-5 sec., February 18, 1911.

#### 880 YARDS RUN.

Devine (N. D.) 1 min. 57 3-5 sec., February 25, 1911.

#### ONE MILE RUN.

Baker (Oberlin) 4 min. 26 2-5 sec., April 9, 1910.

#### TWO MILES RUN.

Ray (I. A. C.) 9 min. 40 3-5 sec., February 21, 1914.

#### RUNNING HIGH JUMP.

Fletcher (N. D.) 5 ft. 11 1-2 in., February 26, 1910.

#### RUNNING BROAD JUMP.

Irons (C. A. A.) 22 ft. 7 1-4 in., March 13, 1909.

#### POLE VAULT.

Kenourck (I. A. C.) 12 ft. 1 3-4 in., February 21, 1914.

#### 16LB. SHOT PUT.

Philbrook (N. D.) 45 ft. 2 in., March 2, 1912.

#### ONE MILE RELAY.

Belote, Ward, Blair, Lindberg (C. A. A.), 3 min.

34 sec., March 7, 1913.

### Safety Valve.

There is nothing that makes a chill run up the ordinary man's back like sitting down to a banquet where he finds three or four different sized knives and forks placed beside his plate.

\*\*\*

#### BAND LOGIC.

Kind hearts may be more than cornets, but the bass drum can't be overlooked.

\*\*\*

#### "LIGHT OCCUPATIONS."

Counting the Seniors at Military Drill.

Keeping track of the beefsteak breakfasts.

Looking for Post-Graduates at Vespers.

Making the acquaintance of Brownsonites who don't smoke.

Rounding up the Carrollites who don't eat between meals.

\*\*\*

#### THE NEW G. WASHINGTON.

MR. WASHINGTON—George, did you cut down that fine cherry tree in the front yard?

GEORGE—No, Father, I really didn't know there was a cherry tree in the front yard, and if I did how could I cut it down?

MR. W.—It seems to me I saw you in the front yard with your little hatchet this morning.

GEORGE—You're getting old, daddy, and your eyesight isn't good. I haven't used that hatchet in a week, besides it's so dull that it couldn't cut a tree and—well, I lent it to Harry Roy and he's had it for over a month now.

MRS. W.—Surely, George, I saw you at that tree this morning, didn't I?

GEORGE—You certainly didn't, Ma. I cross my heart black and blue and swear on a stack of bibles that I never saw that tree, or thought about that tree or went within a mile of that tree.

MR. W.—But Willie Jones says he was with you and saw you cut it down.

GEORGE—Willie is a liar and he's going to get a good wallop the first time I meet him. And as for you and Ma—well, I should worry whether you believe me or not. I've about made up my mind to run away from home anyway, and go somewhere where I'll be treated decent and won't be balled out for cutting down an old cherry tree that was no good. How is a fellow to get exercise if he doesn't do something like that? What did you give me the hatchet for if you didn't want me to use it?

MRS. W.—(folding George in her arms)—You dear, sweet boy! (to Mr. Washington) How cleverly our son talks.

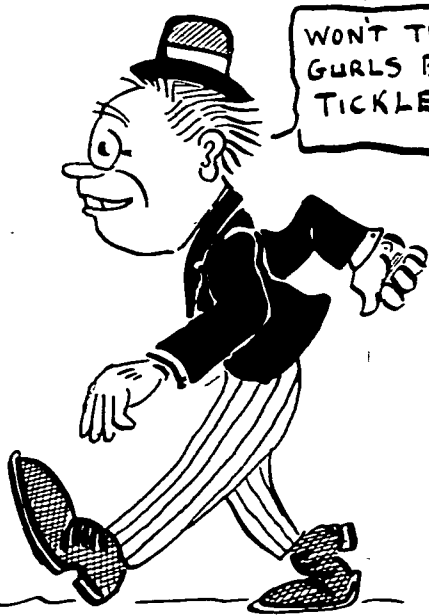
MR. W.—Well, George, if you want to use the car this afternoon you may, because I was going to walk to town anyway.

GEORGE—(aside)—It's about time I'm being appreciated by these old fogies.

CURTAIN.

# • THEY GROW AT NOTRE DAME •

PEN SKETCHES OF SOME OF THE PECAN CROP



THE SPECIMEN THAT PERSISTS IN CROWNING ITSELF WITH AN UNDERSIZED DERBY



THE SENIOR THAT WEARS HIS CAP A LA SHORTY GUINLAN



THE ZERO WHO CAN'T KEEP OUT OF THE WAY AT A TRACK MEET



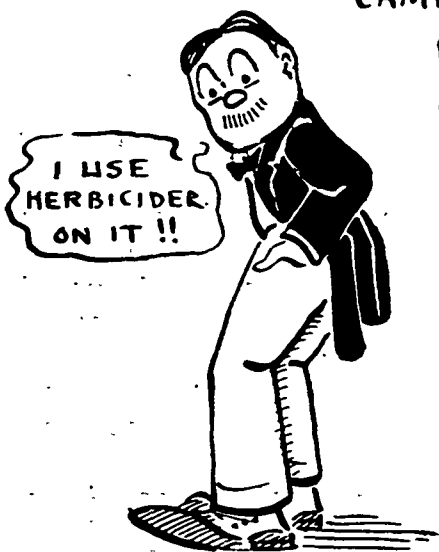
THE PRIMATE WHO CUTS HIS OWN PATHS ON THE CAMPUS



THE MELODIOUS-LESS CARROLL BANDSTER



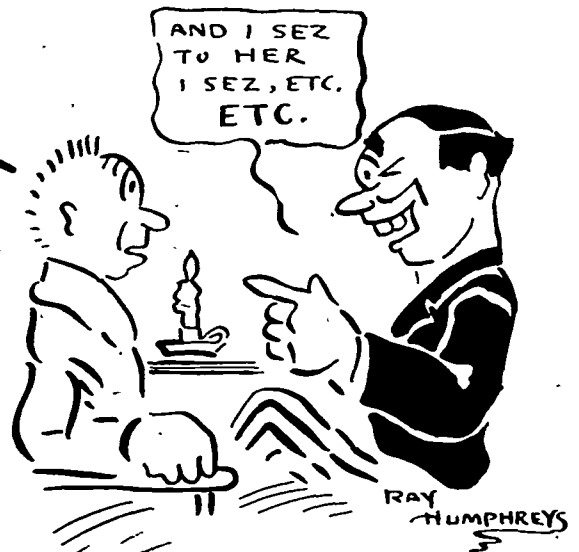
THE CHRONIC YODLER OF NOCTURNAL TENDENCIES



THE GUY WHO CULTIVATES A HOPELESS MUSTACHE AND TRIES TO LOOK RATIONAL



THE PERPETUAL BORROWER



THE GOOF WHO KEEPS YOU AWAKE HALF THE NIGHT WITH HIS BEAR STORIES.

RAY HUMPHREYS