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## Ireland.

By Speer Strahan.

THE druid daemon of the Gael  
Trode gray fields in Inisfail,  
Her brow was as the mountains bare,  
A wind of dreams troubled her hair;  
A harp she touched, and its stern strings  
Trembled with new and dreadful things.

"Footing it o'er the sunrise sea  
Comes a travelling fool to me,—  
Bells and cap and shaven head  
And April's green in his vesture spread!"

In the dim hills Patrick praying long  
Heard the fear of her stricken song,  
Sudden he stood and faced the sky  
And said, "Yea, God, Thy fool am I!"

He left behind the Irish foam,  
Years to spend in cloistered Rome  
Ere his eyes again her hills should greet,  
Come from afar on peace-shod feet.

A pontiff, then, on the yellow strand  
He blessed her with a chrismed hand,  
And shod with Christ's brave clemencies  
He walked beneath the Irish trees.

The snow and sleet as seraphim  
On wings of silver followed him;  
Lights out of heaven upon him shone  
Like stoles the angel-hosts have on.

He wedded Ireland to Christ  
Virgin ever to be,  
On hallowed Croagh he gained that she  
Might be as her Lord eternally;  
And for her everlasting tryst  
He clothed her like the violet morn  
And crowned her with a naked thorn.

In her delicate hands and feet and side  
Grew the red flowers of the Crucified,  
Blooms Christ plucked when he went to die  
In the rose-garden of Calvary.

And now wherever the virgin goes  
Whatever dawn-way sweet  
The dark earth colors like a rose  
Beneath her wounded feet.  
Forever she goes sacrificed  
In blood and tears for her Lord Christ.

## The History of the American Canal.

BY EDWARD P. PEIL.

**A**T A TIME when canal building is assuming the importance that it possessed a century ago, it may be interesting to know the history of American Canal Building. The general industrial importance of the canal is best established by a general glance at these artificial waterways as they are operated in the United States and Europe. Europe is literally a network of canals. Tourists in Sweden are amazed to see rather small, but well-constructed steel steamers travelling apparently through fields of wheat and rye. They are astounded to learn that these steamers, perfect miniatures of ocean-going vessels, with state-rooms, elaborate dining saloons, etc., travel quite literally "over land" on an elaborate system of government canals. Indeed Sweden probably utilizes the canals in a slightly different manner than most other countries. Germany, Holland, France and England boast scores of canals. Fast steamers and barges on German canals carry much freight and passenger traffic. German canals are operated with customary German care. The fixed depth is carefully maintained, locks are made of uniform size, traffic regulations are thorough, and no depreciation in equipment is allowed to take place. England, France, Scotland and Holland are less given to fast traffic on their canals. Freight is really the object of their existence. With the coming of gasoline power, however, there has been a marked tendency to install passengers and "perishable freight" on canal boats on all of these waterways. In fact, the French, with their usual mechanical ingenuity, are experimenting on air propellers, after the style of aeroplanes, that will insure good speed for large flat bottomed boats on the shallower canals. Everywhere in Europe the canal is a very important factor in commercial and industrial activities.

It is a well-known fact that Europe, for its population, does not have railroad facilities that merit comparison with the United States. This fact, coupled with the abundance of lowlands, the shorter distances to be travelled, the more leisurely way of doing business on the continent, the greater expense of coal burning

agencies of travel and transportation, and the great impetus given to European canal building even before steam had acquired great prominence, accounts, in a large measure, for the extreme industrial importance of the European canal as a trade factor. Europe's thirteen thousand miles of artificial waterways, carry annually, in times of peace, more than a billion dollars worth of freight and merchandise. The revenue from canals meets the fiscal expenditures of whole districts. Employment on and industries near canals, support thousands of thriving villages and towns. The canal as a factor in European industrial activity, cannot well be overestimated.

The history of canals in the United States, which this paper proposes to treat in small detail, falls into three rather distinct periods, which will be first enumerated and then treated in order. The first period began with the building of the famous Erie canal, and continued over a score or more of years, before the natural and, for that matter, artificial advantages of steam transportation had been borne upon the public mind. The Erie and the canals that succeeded in justifying the claims of its builders for this period included the Ohio canal and its feeders, total length 328 miles, the Miami and Erie canal, total length 285 miles, the Chesapeake and Ohio, total length 180 miles, the Morris canal, total length 103 miles, and the Illinois and Michigan canals representing about 130 miles of artificial waterways.

The canals here enumerated, with but one exception, were begun before 1830, and in the period between 1817 and 1830, the heyday of American canal construction. The pioneer canal, the largest and most pretentious of the first series of "water arteries" for the American industrial body, was begun in 1817. Agitation for its construction had begun some ten or twelve years earlier, and was occasioned by the necessity of establishing some form of communication between the settled seaboard cities, and a pioneer civilization, whose westward aggression was carrying beyond the scope of convenient connection by wagon. The usual objection was heard from all sources. Contemporary newspapers voiced the usual negative sentiment, claiming that the task would be unprofitable, that it would never be finished, that it was an engineering impossibility, that it would be a constant burden on the taxpayers, etc. Three hundred and eighty-seven

miles of territory must be traversed. The prohibitive typography of the country crossed made the calculations for a single level canal look ridiculous.

The Lock, which had been invented in Europe in the fifteenth century, and whose invention is claimed alike by Hollanders and Italians, was accordingly employed. Thousands of men with picks, shovels and other implements of excavation were thrown into the "titanic task." The scheme was fathered by Governor Clinton in the face of rather determined opposition. His enemies contemptuously alluded to it as "Clinton's Big Ditch," the Governor's "hog wallow," etc. The two cities to be connected by this artificial marine highway were Albany and Buffalo. The course prescribed was as nearly straight as the circumstances of settlement and soil would permit. West of Albany the general course for some eighty miles is in a northwesterly direction. Thence it curves to the southward, describes a shallow arc and turns northward, after which it turns rather abruptly southward for the last twenty or thirty miles.

The length of the canal and the cost of construction are represented by varying figures. Several small "taps" or "feeders," notable among which was the Oswego canal, were added from time to time. Where the estimated cost varies by several millions of dollars, it must be assumed that some statisticians are reckoning, while others are ignoring these subsequent additions. Henry W. Ruoff's canal statistics set the length of the canal at 387 miles, and the cost of constructing same at \$52,540,800. The number of locks is set at 72, and the fixed depth at 7 feet. Edmund J. James has it that the length of the canal is 350 miles and the cost only \$5,700,000. The great difference in cost as cited by these two men, inclines one to the belief that a typographical error had been made in one of the two books. That a canal over 300 miles in length, with numerous locks and many natural disadvantages should be completed for less than \$6,000,000 in view of all the well-known wastefulness of public construction work, is almost inconceivable.

Ruoff's figures sets the cost of the Erie canal at over \$52,000,000. His work contains a table citing the above mentioned figures. Encyclopedias also cite Ruoff's figures, but include under the total, not only the original

cost of construction, but all expenses for extensions, tap canals and maintenance from date of opening to 1903. These figures are substantiated by Alonzo Barton Hepburn, in his splendid treatment of "Artificial Waterways and Commercial Development." Hepburn's brief history of the Erie canal is well worth sketching for at least two reasons. In the first place, the Erie is not only America's pioneer canal, but it is one of the largest and most used of all American artificial waterways. In the second place, by virtue of the development of industrial trade lanes, it is again beginning to assume something of the importance that it formerly possessed.

To-day, as is beginning to be well known, it is the skeleton, so to speak, of a canal system through New York that is calculated to defeat Canada's ambitious project to steal from the United States its own supremacy in the matter of Great Lakes to Atlantic shipments. The facts which tended to promote the building of the Erie, was tedious and slow methods of freight transportation, demand of western settlers for better connections, and agitation by Governor Morris and Governor Clinton. It was proposed that the United States government undertake the task, but while the loose and strict constructionists were arguing the matter, war broke out in England, and the expenses incurred in the conflict of 1812, definitely removed the Federal government, as any factor in the building of the proposed canal.

The state legislature accordingly created a canal commission, which in turn created a canal fund, and attended to the preliminary surveys, estimates, etc. The canal when completed represented an outlay of \$7,143,789, or approximately \$2,000,000 more than the original estimates called for. The Erie and Champlain Canals together cost the state \$9,048,963, and additional construction work in 1837 saw the grand total carried over \$10,000,000. From the traffic standpoint, the canal was an assured success from the first. By 1830, the million dollar mark in toll collections had already been passed. By 1837 freight payments had passed the sum of fifteen million dollars and the work of developing Western New York was expedited in an immeasurable degree. The effect upon freight rates was extremely significant. In 1820 it cost \$12 per ton to carry freight from Albany

to New York. If the goods were consigned to Buffalo, an additional charge of \$90 was levied for the second and longer stage of the journey. By 1825 the Buffalo-Albany freight quotations had dropped to \$22 per ton, and only ten years later was down to \$4 per ton. Subsequently it dropped by slow degrees to less than \$0.84 per ton.

The canal was in some respects the source of dissatisfaction and complaint from the first. The largest boats it admitted were only 80 feet long, 15 feet beam, and of three and one-half foot draught. The maximum burden of these craft was 75 tons. The carrying capacity was approximately 1000 bushels of bulk freight such as wheat or corn. The demand for an enlargement of the canal grew insistent, and paved the way for one of the most disgraceful civic scandals in the history of the state.

A general widening of the canal was ordered by the legislature, a "canal ring" was formed and a wasteful and dishonest administration of the work caused a loss to the taxpayers of \$12,000,000 without any appreciable improvement in the canal. In 1831 the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad was opened from Albany to Schenectady, 17 miles away. The Erie Railroad was already launched and received state aid to the extent of \$3,000,000. The Erie which was expected to benefit the southern tier" of counties failed in the panic of 1837. By 1841 Albany and Buffalo had been connected by railroad, but singularly enough, the records of the canal from 1838 to 1847 show almost no effect from railroad competition. A New York and Albany rail connection was next effected, and then the reorganized Erie finally reached the rapidly growing Lake Erie City.

The 1838-47 period, the "golden age" of the Erie canal, reveals some interesting figures. During this period, 17,300,000 tons of freight had been handled. Its value was set at \$893,000,000, and of this amount of freight, \$348,000,000 was consigned to New York. The actual rate for down-bound freight from Buffalo to Albany fell as low as \$2.65 per ton. Tolls averaged \$3.28. Up-bound tolls were considerably higher, as was up-bound freight rates. Hepburn sets the latter at \$9.53 to \$5.00 per ton and the former at \$6. Agitation for canal improvement that would really get results was carried on with increasing vigor. By 1849 canals between Buffalo and Albany

could accommodate vessels of 100 tons burden, and 14 years later after expenditures of about \$5,000,000 boats registering 200 tons were in actual operation. The ensuing 6 years saw an additional twelve millions of dollars spent in repairs and construction, and by 1862 the work on the Erie canal was finally considered completed. A period of twenty-seven years and an expenditure of \$33,000,000 were required to attain what should have been done when the canal construction work was first opened up. The results of 1862 could have been achieved by 1830, and the total cost would have been less than \$25,000,000. The Erie canal at its maximum of development, had a surface width of seventy feet, a bottom width of fifty-two, and a mean depth of seven feet. Boats with a thirty-two foot beam, a six foot draft and a carrying capacity of 9,000 bushels of grain could be accommodated. The value of freight carried in the period intervening between 1848 and 1857, while it eclipsed the period between 1838-47 in actual tonnage, did not hold its own proportionately. In all, \$1,765,000,000 worth of goods were carried. \$29,000,000 in tolls were collected, although the average levy per ton was only \$0.83. Freight charges yielded boat owning companies \$30,000,000 the average charge per ton being only one and one-half cents in excess of toll charges. Tolls were abolished by popular vote in 1882, and henceforth travel on the decadent Erie canal was free, so far as that phase of former expense was concerned.

#### OTHER CANALS.

The period that saw so many changes and improvements in the veteran Erie canal, saw a wonderful canal-building craze obsess all portions of the United States then owning any considerable population. People started canals like they started banks and other enterprises, with almost hysterical enthusiasm. Private and public capital alike succumbed to the lure of canals. Many were undertaken, many indeed were completed and served good purpose for many years. Some of them, like the firstone, are still in use. Others fell into two classes—those that lingered along and were never finished, and those whose usefulness ended sooner or later after the work of construction was completed.

The Champlain Canal was completed even before the Erie, although started later. It was

81 miles in length, ran through a very prosperous agricultural region, and enjoyed heavy traffic for over half a century. It extended from Whitehall, New York, to West Troy in the same state, had a mean depth of six feet at time of construction, was equipped with 32 locks, and cost \$4,045,000.

A canal constructed through low and marshy wastes, extending between Chesapeake Bay and Albemarle Sound, and known as the "Dismal Swamp" canal, was 22 miles in length, had a mean depth of 6 feet and required seven locks for operation. It was first proposed to make this a straight sea level canal, but expense considerations caused this to be discarded. Even as it was the canal caused an outlay of almost \$3,000,000.

The famous Chesapeake and Delaware project completed at a cost of \$3,730,000, extending between Chesapeake City, Maryland, and Delaware City, Delaware, which was completed in 1829, was 14 miles in length and had a depth of 9 feet. Three locks were required for its traffic handling. The Delaware Division waterway, completed in 1829, was sixty miles in length, average a lock per mile, and was for a time an important artery of transportation between Easton and Bristol, Pennsylvania.

The Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company's private project completed in 1831, and constructed at a cost of \$4,500,000, was one of the largest private capital ventures. It was 108 miles in length, required 57 locks, and boasted the conventional six foot depth. Here again Easton, Penn., was one terminal. The other end terminated at Coalsport. Both for the handling of the company's coal shipments, and for general transportation, it proved a paying investment. It fell into decline, however, along with hosts of others when the railroads began to take the lead in matters of transportation.

Of far greater importance than any of the foregoing, excepting the Erie canal, was the Chesapeake and Ohio, for its own era, one of the most ambitious artificial waterways in existence. It traversed the region between Cumberland, Maryland and Washington, D. C., and was 184 miles in length. It cost \$11,000,000 and boasted 73 locks. Its rated depth—not always maintained in days of railroad domination—was the usual six feet. Traffic on it was probably at times as heavy as the tonnage of the Erie Canal. The Railroad system of the same name dominated it in later

years, and although it no doubt paid for itself amply, its lease of practical usefulness was not long extended. It is still in use, however, and is even progressing annually in recorded tonnage.

Ohio, too, bade fair to become a watery network of canals. In fact, Ohio is probably the foremost canal state of the Union. Its pride and pet possession was the Ohio canal, between Cleveland and Portsmouth in the same state. This waterway caused the very rapid growth and settlement of a considerable portion of the state. Its length is three hundred and seventeen miles. Over four and one-half million dollars were expended in its construction. The canal was completed in 1835, and was generally accounted as too shallow for its length and importance. However, a type of craft adapted to its four-foot depth was evolved that could carry heavy cargoes. The Delaware and Raritan, another feeder to the Delaware traffic, was completed in 1838 at a cost of \$4,888,749, required 14 locks and covered 66 miles of territory.

Another New York project of note was the Cayuga and Seneca "ditch" connecting the Cayuga and Seneca lakes with Montezuma, New York. It was only 25 miles in length, was 7 feet in depth, and had 11 locks. It cost \$2,232,632.

(Conclusion next week.)

### A Spray of Shamrock.

'Tis only a spray of shamrock:  
That sprang from the Irish sod;  
With three little leaves emblematic  
Of faith in the triune God.

'Tis only a spray of shamrock.  
Its leaves are turning gold;  
What though they are drooping and withered,  
A message of love they enfold.

'Tis only a spray of shamrock:  
A flower of humble mien;  
When it grew in the valleys of Ireland,  
Its petals were emerald green.

'Tis only a spray of shamrock;  
I shall treasure it through the years;  
It was warmed by Irish sunshine,  
And watered by Ireland's tears.

B. Matthew

## One Kind of Love.

BY A. MOYNIHAN.

A calm had settled over everything. A hot sun shone down cruelly, and was reflected by the slightly-moving water. There were no signs of life, except where a man, looking pitifully small, struggled feebly to retain his hold on a large timber. When he had climbed on the wood, everything was again quiet. It was a scene maddening in its very stillness.

The man in the water was Peter Simms, better known as "Rum" by his friends and shipmates. He was a brutal, domineering fellow, a seaman of the lower order. His hair fell down over his face, hiding a broad forehead and bloodshot eyes. The effects of drink had portrayed themselves clearly on his face as well as on his soul.

As a seaman, Simms had been first mate on the "Siglo"—a freighter which derived its name from its old age—and was very capable though erratic. But on land, Simms was a derelict, a victim of drink. He was very slowly killing himself, but he did not stop. It was too late, he thought. He had shipped with the "Siglo" on her last voyage. She had been sunk, and he alone escaped. It did not matter to him. He did not thank God for his life.

"Whoever thought I'd die of too much water," he laughed hysterically.

The inhabitants of the Island of Kyma, a very small but thickly populated island in the vast Pacific, were dozing contentedly in the early morning of this particular day. Only a few were out of their thatched huts at 5:20 A. M. At 5:25 A. M. every man, woman child, and dog, was viewing a half-dead white man, who lay unconscious on the sand. The chief ordered his men to bring him food and drink, and to bring him to the village. Then the chief mentally ate fricasseed yankee, and rubbed his brown arm across his mouth, presumably to remove the gravy.

As the reader has already guessed, the man was Simms. He awoke, and looked up at two, black, smiling natives. They were not armed, and when he made a vicious kick at one, they both retreated, minus honor and dignity. But when "Rum" left the hut, he was brought before the chief, a fat and grinning individual, who eyed him speculatively. Simms here dis-

played prudence, and spoke in one of the many dialects he had picked up.

He said: "I stand before you, O chief," where he would have naturally said, "Shoot, you low-down nigger."

"Who are you and where are you from?" asked the black sovereign.

The white man then went on to tell how he had been shipwrecked, but added that a searching party was after him, and would soon arrive on the island. The chief looked puzzled, and Simms smiled inwardly. He was soon dismissed, but a close watch was kept over him. Several natives followed him about, and brown-skinned coquettes sought vainly to catch his eye. But Simms was busy planning escape.

To top the climax of his woes, a half-drunk savage destroyed the only supply of Sani—the native beverage—on the island. For the next few days he did nothing, spending most of the time in his hut. He was sick, being unable to satisfy his craving for drink. But as time wore on, he learned to do without it. Still the chief made no move, until one day there was a council held, and it was decided to adopt Simms into the tribe. He was to marry the chief's daughter, and later on he should take his father-in-law's place at the head of the tribe. Here Peter rebelled. He would live on the island, drink water, eat snakes, but love a black, and very ugly maiden—never. He would die first, he told himself.

The maiden did not like his actions, but no matter how she acted Simms would not go near her. The chief seeing his attitude had his warriors called together.

The next morning Simms awoke, but did not move. He was tied securely in his hut, and vicious countenances leered at him through the door. He did not even swear. About one half of his shirt was tied in his mouth.

Soon he was carried to the center of the village and tied to an immense post. He resolved to die bravely. The least one could say of him was that he was "game." They did not offer to let him marry the girl now. They just started the fire around his feet, when the girl he had turned down burst into the center of the circle.

"O father," she cried, turning to the chief, and big tears rolled down her face, "please, don't fry him. I'd love him much better, were—were he—he cooked some other way. I don't like men fried."



## Where Peace Is.

Oh, I left her asleep on the ocean's breast  
 Beneath the half-ring moon,  
 As the shadows crawled from the mountain crest  
 In the early days of June,  
 And I dreamed that she would come to me  
 Love's lullaby to croon.

But with misty eyes each day I peer  
 Out over the vasty sea,  
 And never the sight of a sail is near  
 To lift the heart in me.  
 And on the tide move side by side  
 My heart and misery.

For the days are long and full of pain  
 And sad are the black-robed nights,  
 And my soul is wet with the constant rain,  
 A rain that spoils and blights—  
 The rain of need on which I feed  
 To quench love's stronger lights.

Out over the roar of the rolling deep  
 In the soft sweet summer sun,  
 There is gentle peace and silent sleep  
 And fast the hours run,  
 For she is there and like a prayer,  
 Her smallest deeds are done.

## Paris in War Time.\*

BY FRANK W. HOLSLAG.

A country involved in war is usually the very opposite of one that is at peace. This is especially true when it is the scene of actual military operations. Fear replaces confidence; sorrow supplants joy; and all that is fair and tranquil becomes foul, fierce and savage. Peaceful peasants become antagonistic and sleeping communities awake with astounding activity. But if you would know the fevered heat of a whole country, if you would feel its throbbing pulse or know the pressure of its heart's blood, go to its capital city, for it is there that all its sentiment is portrayed. There has never been a more interesting example of this than Paris during the very first days of the present war. For two weeks previous to the beginning of hostilities Germany's attitude had created a feeling of uneasiness upon the Parisian population.

Let us enter the city at this time and observe

its sentiment. Every man, woman and child discusses the topic seriously and they all seem affected by an atmosphere foreboding a sinister ordeal, yet there are no alarms or unusual scenes. Then suddenly, like the bursting of a sea mine, war is declared! And the entire population of the grandest city of the world breaks into a fanatic demonstration of unbridled passion.

Immense crowds block the thoroughfares, flags shoot from every window, and rolls of national colored bunting with their ends fastened to the roofs of buildings are hurled toward the streets to unroll and float as streamers above the heads of the cheering crowds below.

Up the boulevards and down the avenues an endless throng of excited humanity sweeps with increasing frenzy. The gendarmes are reinforced, but in their attempts to control the mob they are swept before it like pebbles before an avalanche, and after a few futile efforts they stand meekly aside with that helpless look of the conquered. Men and women news venders rush from the mouths of alleys and side streets crying their extra journals at the top of their harsh voices. Cafe chairs and tables are swept from the broad sidewalks and are smashed and broken beneath the feet of the trampling, stumbling mob. Nothing stops the mad stampede, and by midnight the great tide of humanity swings backward and forward screaming the "Marseillaise" and crying "Vive la France! Vive la France!! Vive la France!!!"

A favorite citizen is seen in the crowd, someone calls out his name, and immediately there are cries of "Speech! Speech!" He hesitates a moment, then the mob rushes him and a second later he is lifted on a great truck from which the horses have been unhitched and he begins to speak. His first few words are calm, but he scarcely finishes his first sentence when he is overcome by his own feelings and shaking his clenched fists, he cries out vehemently, "Down with the Germans! Down with the Germans! Down with them! Vive la France! Vive la France!! Vive la France!!!"

It is the kindling spark, for instantly from all sides there is a wild re-echoing chorus screaming "Vive la France! Down with the Germans!"

\*The first of a series of three articles depicting the life, scenes and sentiment of Paris, Brussels and London during critical periods of the present conflict.

And in one mad, compact mass the mob rushes down the boulevard smashing, cursing and destroying everything German that comes in its way. Plate windows are broken into millions of pieces, restaurants are pillaged and their contents are so completely destroyed that not even a single butter-chip remains whole. Cafes, shops, stores, stands, signs and everything German meet a like fate. Such are the scenes until daylight, at which time nothing that suggests the faintest association with that country is to be found in all Paris.

With dawn the immense crowds diminish and a few hours later the city seems to have recovered from its first great frenzy, for it has now taken on an entirely new appearance. Thousands of people are purchasing special editions of the journals that are appearing every few minutes, and at every doorway, cafe and corner, groups of gesticulating men discuss the exciting issue. Cavalry, artillery, ambulances, loads of barbed-wire and all the other requisites of war are being rushed through the streets by every available means, for Paris within a few hours has been transformed from a city of mad humanity into the business hub of a great military power.

Officers and soldiers in their bright red and blue uniforms rush everywhere and military physicians, in their beautiful gold-trimmed costumes, push in and out of the crowd preparing for hurried departures.

Such is Paris at the beginning of the war. As the mobilization goes on the sights change continuously. Autos, horses, foodstuff and supplies are hired and disappear immediately. The railroads are taken over by the government and they are forced to their utmost capacity to accommodate military traffic only. Crowds of panic-stricken foreigners rush to the great railroad stations and attempt to procure transportation to ports from which they might sail to foreign safety. Millionaires push, parley and plead with the officials, offering fabulous sums for permission to ride on transport trains, but for once their wealth is not all-powerful, and they are ignored like the common paupers with similar desires.

We see women and children weeping bitterly as they tell of loved ones who have hurriedly departed. We see sweethearts in the embrace of their soldier lovers as they say farewell, and aged mothers extending first one cheek and then

the other for the last kisses they will receive from their beloved sons. One kiss does not mean true love in France.

The days and nights are filled with the rush, rumble and roar of enforced military traffic, and each morning draws its inevitable quota of troops from the male population of the capital. Everything within the city and all that comes from the south, east and west is rushed out in a constant stream, and always to the north. Trainload after trainload of uncovered supplies and munitions follow slowly and closely upon each other. Drove of horses taken from trucks while at their daily work are having battery or troop numbers burned in the front of their hoofs and every square and park is filled with autos and other vehicles.

Endless columns of arriving troops are madly cheered as they march through the crowded streets emotionally singing the glorious "Marseillaise" in one tremendous chorus. Flowers, flags and souvenirs are thrown at them by the fevered multitude. They are given wine, money, kisses and tears, but they never halt, for the call of "War!" incites the nation, and all rush on to meet death on the battlefields of their beloved France.

The trees and shrubbery are cleared from about the foot of the Eiffel Tower, so that they may not screen any person bent on destroying that valuable wireless station. Restricted districts are marked off, barriers are constructed and trenches are dug around the outer walls of old Paris. Armed soldiers do constant guard duty at all places of military importance. Railroad bridges, tunnels, switch yards and signal towers, all have their armed guards, and everywhere the military power is conspicuous and dominant.

The days and nights rush by and then the thunder of cannon sounds in the distance. German aeroplanes dot the sky, and certain sections of Paris are thrown into fear and consternation through the effects of their terrible bombs. No authentic news is obtainable, and many people prepare to flee, for wild rumors of a crushing German advance circulate among the population. The employees of every factory and the occupants of all buildings within a radius of five miles from the outskirts of the city are given only forty minutes in which to vacate these structures and they are then leveled to the ground by French cannons and



explosives, so that the advancing German hordes might be met on cleared ground.

All visible indications support these rumors, for the government moves to Marseilles, the art treasures of Paris are being rushed out and the wounded are arriving in large numbers at the hastily constructed hospitals of the city. The rumble of battle continues for a short time and then becomes inaudible. At this juncture the public is officially informed that the enemy has been checked about thirty miles from Paris and that they are now being driven back toward the north. There is a faint demonstration of enthusiasm, but it is only temporary, for blood has begun to flow and Paris no longer remains the gay city of the past. The theatres and places of amusement close for the people know of the dreadful sacrifice they are about to make, and they do not desire to indulge in frivolity and pleasure.

Shops and stores, once attractive for the most brilliant displays, now draw those dreary steel blinds down before their great glass windows, making them look for all the world like closed tombs.

The sale of absinthe is prohibited and unoccupied chairs and tables stand on the broad sidewalks in front of the empty cafes. Only an occasional taxi-cab is to be seen, and all the numerous omnibuses that once handled the downtown traffic are now missing, for these have all been taken for army transports. At night complete darkness reigns over the entire city, for no light shall be a guide to hostile air craft.

A cloud of gloom seems to settle over the city and almost a complete absence of men is noticeable at every turn. Women street-car conductors are to be seen on the few lines still in operation and the streets are being cleaned by the coarser women of the lower class. The better classes of women remain almost entirely in seclusion, scarcely ever venturing forth from their homes unless it is to visit the official military information office which supplies the only news of the dead and wounded. If you can prove that you are a relative of the soldier about whom you inquire, you are informed of his condition by receiving one of three different answers. If he is well, you are briefly told that "He is upholding the honor of France," If he is wounded, you are informed of the extent, by just one of the three following words: "Slightly, Seriously, or Mortally." If he is

dead you are told that "He died on the field of honor." No further information regarding how, when, or where is divulged; neither are you informed of what territory he was; or is in; or in what hospital he might be.

The only institutions that seem to be prospering are those stores that sell garments of mourning. These have always been numerous in France, but never in their history have they been so busy as during the present war. Every female from the age of six to the very oldest is heavily veiled and clad in deep mourning, for there is scarcely a single family that has not lost some members or close relatives in the conflict.

And so the days go by, until Paris becomes dull, dead and empty. The few people to be seen wander silently about with bowed heads, morosely brooding for those who went away. The God of War seems to have smitten every household in the huge metropolis, yet Death in his gloomy way still demands his relentless toll from the most deplorable misery of the great city.

It was late one cloudy afternoon that I beheld a heartrending scene as I passed through a poverty-stricken quarter. The shadows of night were already settling in the narrow, deserted streets as a dismal funeral cortege crept slowly over the crude stones of the re-echoing pavement. A lone woman clad in deepest mourning walked wearily behind an open hearse that bore the body of her only daughter to the grave. There were no other mourners, no friends, no carriages, but only the dull, disinterested driver who urged along a single black horse that drew the vehicle. My heart went out to the poor old creature trudging behind the sombre carriage, and as I stood with bowed head and raised hat as she passed, I wondered if she too had not also given her share to the God of War.

Upon investigation I learned that she was an aged widow with an only son and that "he died on the field of honor." Men can stand the screech of shells and the horrors of the battlefields, but such sombre sights as these rob one of sleep.

Such are the sights of Paris,—once the gayest, grandest and happiest city of all the world. Such are its scenes since the gloom of war has settled over the land and the rivers of the north run red with blood.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## Board of Editors.

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—No college affords a more coveted distinction than that of wearing its athletic monogram. To wear it is to attest that in the athletic contests waged with other

**The N. D. Monogram.** schools, the wearer has borne a conspicuous part in upholding the honor and prestige of his university. It is a coat of arms dedicated to the aristocracy of brain and brawn and courage, whose achievements have upheld the best traditions of their alma mater. The man who sports the big gold and blue monogram of the University of Notre Dame has earned the privilege. He has battled on many fields, that the athletic record of the school may be upheld, that the student body at large may share the reflected glory of Notre Dame's proud place in athletic history. The monogram attests that he has been, and is, an exponent of clean sports, fair contests and stainless standards of chivalry. It bespeaks for the wearer physical courage that has enabled him to bear the arduous grind of training without complaint, that has kept him in the game when every nerve in his bruised and battered body protested, that has spurred him on in defeat as in victory. It represents moral stamina, clean living, honorable endeavor and signal accomplishment.

Why then mar the heraldry of college athletics with the bar sinister of vapid ridicule? Why indulge in the reprehensible practice of "kidding" the men who have fairly earned the right of wearing the Notre Dame monogram? It is a

practice among some at Notre Dame, and is compounded of equal parts of jealousy and idiocy. The man who ridicules the monogram wearer is in all vital respects akin to the cockroach in the consomme. He cannot be exactly ignored, but his presence and activities are quite as nauseating as those of the species *cucaracha*. He has contributed nothing to college life but the dubious blessing of his presence. His own athletic endeavors are strictly confined to climbing a stool at some down-town lunch counter. Before the exactions of football, baseball or track training, his microscopic soul would shrivel into the seeming and substance of a defunct amoeba. If he has ever done anything deserving of recognition, it is of a nature and variety ordinarily treated in the SAFETY VALVE. But when a Varsity athlete has what he chooses to regard as the temerity to wear his monogram, his pervert wit is called into play to forge ponderous shafts of abortive humor. And his colleagues and confreres—distinguishable by virtue of a chest expansion of one millimeter, and a cranial index that achieves the metaphysical miracle of absolute nothingness—titter with regular gosh-darn-it abandon, and add their feeble mite to the imposing potpourri of unclassified abominations. Aren't they loyal to the old school? Oh yes,—after a fashion. When the butt of their strabysmic wit is making a touchdown, poling out a homer in the ninth, or winning the deciding points in a track meet, they will heroically discard their chewing gum, and shriek their encouragement. But when the party of the first part dons the monogram won by virtue of such accomplishment, the pumpkin circuit humorists just can't forego the Stonehenge repartee. And some of the Varsity monogram wearers of the past and the present make the fatal concession to such abysmal witticism by wearing their monogram sweaters inside out. They seem to feel that they are not even permitted an honest pride in what the monogram stands for and in the sterling courage, courtesy and integrity it attests. All of which, of course, is a mistake. The men whose opinion is really worth while, endorse the wearing of the monogram, whenever the possessor sees fit to don it. And some of the others are possibly not entirely responsible. Heredity and association and bad ventilation and lots of other things help to ruin a fellow's temperament.

—It is a reflection on our intelligence that so many among us look upon the persistent use of the dictionary as sheer nonsense. For the majority of us a dictionary is a useful piece of furniture, but no more. Every well-stocked bookshelf should have one, to be sure, but it is to be used sparingly; as a sort of emergency bureau, when we collide with a preponderous word. This is a mistake. The dictionary is a reference book for every class, and consequently should ever be at our elbow. Not so many years ago the study of it was part of the curriculum. Would that more of the relics of this discarded study remained! Mr. Frank Spearman, in a lecture delivered in Washington Hall a few years ago, told his audience that if any of them ever thought about becoming novelists the one important thing for them to do was to study the dictionary. The point was, perhaps, exaggerated for the sake of emphasis, but every student is aware that it is impossible for a person to become a novelist of distinction or a literary man of any reputation unless he is acquainted with the different shades of meaning words express. Only with the aid of such knowledge will he be able to portray his thoughts exactly. Reading the masters of English and observing their choice of words will help one to use words correctly, but even to read intelligently requires some intimacy with the dictionary. The sooner students get over the idea that a dictionary is a book that should be used only for finding the correct spelling of words and that an educated man ought never to consult one, the sooner will he be on the path to a true education.

#### Bostonian Sextette Returns.

The University would welcome no returning concert company more heartily than the Bostonian Sextette Club. This organization has a personnel of accomplished artists, and their music is always delightful. In the selections of the Monday afternoon recital there was a grateful absence of hackneyed numbers, such as "Humoresque," and "Minuet in G." "Evening Breeze" was exquisitely rendered by the string quintette, and the selections from "Romeo and Juliet," and "Tarantella" by the Club were executed with brilliance and manifest technique. Mr. Staats gave several

selections on the clarinet that showed he has lost none of his skill with the instrument. The soprano solos of the Club's assistant were, to say the least, a welcome addition.

#### The Man from Home.

Jesse L. Laskey's popular picturization of Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson's "The Man from Home," in which William Hodge starred on the stage, pleased the students highly, Saturday night, March 4th. The play is especially appropriate for an audience of persons that hail from Indiana, or are even residing there temporarily. Charles Richman and Theodore Roberts, the featured players, are seen at their best in this picture, although the former is not exactly the most satisfactory type for the title-role.

#### Lecture by Mr. Wetmore.

The second notable literary lecture which the University has been fortunate enough to hear within a week's time was given by Mr. Louis H. Wetmore on Wednesday evening, March 8th. Mr. Wetmore was formerly Literary Editor of the *New York Times*, and is a catholic leader, an extensive traveller, and a deep thinker. His talk touched on the lives and works of five of the modern leaders of thought, with all of whom the speaker was personally acquainted. Mr. Wetmore upset the popular fallacy concerning the egotism of George Bernard Shaw, who is, he declares, a modest, reserved man. The great Irish playwright is not assertive, but listens attentively to what others have to say, picking up the wisdom they let fall. It is rather to Mr. H. G. Wells that the charge of conceit must be laid. Wells has, according to Mr. Wetmore, a deep respect for, and a great confidence in, the present-day Utopias which he outlines. Hillaire Belloc, probably the most brilliant contemporary Catholic writer, is remarkable chiefly because of the amount of work he has accomplished in his forty-four years of life, there being scarcely a single branch of activity which he has not touched upon and bettered by his touching. Mr. Wetmore concluded with stories of Gilbert K. Chesterton and the late Monsignor Benson; illustrating the boyishness, absent-mindedness, and physical and mental greatness of the

former; and the unequalled energy of the latter.

Mr. Wetmore's subject was handled excellently, and his lecture might be criticised on only one point. It lacked that qualification which Shakespeare declares to be "the soul of wit."

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### Personals.

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—Married on March 1st in Chicago, Joseph Barlow Morrison (student '02-'04) and Helen Rosemary Ryan.

—Married on February 22nd at Franksville, Wisconsin, Raymond S. Sieber (Litt. B., '13) and Ruth Louise French.

—The following letter from the creator of "The Birth of a Nation" is so good that we must share it with our readers:

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

Through a confusion of my mail your letter and souvenir only reached me recently but were nevertheless most welcome.

I feel the sincerity of your fine expression of appreciation of what I attempted to do in the work which you refer to. Likewise believe me sincere when I say that your praise holds for me a peculiar gratification. I have long since known Notre Dame as one of the peaks that stand out across our country for real culture, learning and, perhaps what is more, breadth of thought and heart. I have always considered your publication, *The Ave Maria*, one of the best examples of English as it should be written current in our country to-day.

In a personal way I want to say that among my very pleasantest memories of my experience with "The Birth of a Nation" in the east, have been the associations with your good and learned friend, Father John Talbot Smith. When you write to him, please, if you will, say a word of greeting to him for me.

I shall treasure the token from your University. Somehow the things that come from the hands of the young bring to us something of the freshness and goodness of their days.

Sincerely,

(Signed) D. W. GRIFFITH.

—The following letter will be of interest to readers not only on account of the writer but for the sake of the splendid boys of whom the beloved Father Marin, O. P., writes:

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

I am going to tell you to-day of a most splendid surprise which I have had and which prompted me to pass a whole day speaking in conversation about Notre Dame.

I was at Shreveport to see the Archbishop (of New Orleans), who was there resting in a sanitarium, and passing one day along the street I suddenly and

unexpectedly found myself face to face with—whom do you think? Evidently you who are familiar with the homes of the students of Notre Dame have already divined whom I mean, but for me who was absolutely unaware that there was in Shreveport any old companion of Notre Dame, the surprise was as great as it was pleasing.

Briefly, I found myself in the street face to face with Mr. Mike Carmody. We looked at each other for a second with almost immediate recognition. Mike at once called me by name, astonished at finding me in his town. I do not know whether you remember that both Mike and his brother Arthur were in my Spanish class.

Like it or not, they obliged me to go to their home and to stay in Shreveport a day more than I had calculated on, dedicated completely to reminiscences with these two brothers about the old days at Notre Dame.

How much you would have enjoyed hearing our conversation as we strolled about or viewed the sights of the city from an auto, or sat quietly at the Carmody home surrounded by all the family. We spoke of nothing but Notre Dame, and with what affection, with what tenderness, with what homesickness did these two young men speak of all at the University and whatever refers to it—the place, their old chums, the professors and the prefects. The two seemed like exiles or expatriates looking back with affection on their fatherland, or two ancients going over the sweet days of their youth. It would be hard for Notre Dame to point to two alumni so enthusiastic as the Carmodys of Shreveport. I wonder what it is about Notre Dame that inspires such sweet memories as these? I have met it before, for a year ago I met it in Henry and Thomas Dockweiler of Los Angeles, but to-day I saw it again in a very special manner in the Carmodys who cannot cease recalling memories of Notre Dame. They were cheered by the hope of attending Commencement at Notre Dame this year, and the coming year they hope to send one of their younger brothers to the University. In brief, I spent a most happy day, not only on account of having met unexpectedly such sympathetic friends, but above all for having encountered young men so enthusiastic about you and all connected with Notre Dame.

Father Marin's old friends are cherishing the hope that before the end of the school year he may be able to come to us for a little visit. No one could be welcomer than he.

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### Obituaries.

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MRS. JOHN B. BEARDSLEE.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. John B. Beardslee, who passed away recently in Chicago. She was an old pupil of St. Mary's and a devoted friend of the University. Her son Louis ('95, '98) and George ('96, '97) were students of Notre Dame.

## Book Review.

CLERICAL COLLOQUIES. By the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill. University Press, Notre Dame, Indiana

The sub-title of this volume, "Essays and Dialogues on Subjects Sacerdotal," may serve as a general characterization of the contents, but it would convey no adequate idea of the variety and practicality of the subjects treated, the vivacious spirit in which the work is done, nor the grave, yet withal human mood, that pervades all these essays. It is a proof of Father O'Neill's fertility of mind, breadth and habit of observation and reflection that he has been able to produce a second volume so like his "Priestly Practice" in subject and in spirit, yet so utterly fresh and free from repetition. There are in both volumes the same richness of literary allusion, apt quotation and human reminiscence. There are the same qualities of high seriousness, inexorable logic and sane appreciation of values and human possibilities and limitations. We can readily believe the author's humble protestation that these two precious volumes exist because in his best moments Father O'Neill looked into his heart and wrote.

The author of "Clerical Colloquies" is no peevish or puritanical pedagogue. His spirit is bright and genial as yellow sunshine. His eyes are on the stars, yet not so abstractedly that he does not see the stones and pitfalls that lie in the path before his feet. His idealism is of a practical kind, and he never suggests anything that every priest in his morning meditation or spiritual reading would not approve as practical and within the range of ordinary priestly virtue.

Two things seem to us specially worthy of praise in this volume; one is a noble, robust loyalty to the Church—most seemly of virtues in a priest. The other is a touching tenderness and devotion to our Blessed Lady. A writer of less perception and sincerity might have thought the chapter on Our Queen and Mother a little old-fashioned for such a volume as this. Personally, we consider that paper one of the best Father O'Neill has written.

We earnestly recommend this book to priests for spiritual reading and to retreat masters for public reading during meals. We have had in the past books that were clever and books that were edifying. Father O'Neill's books are both clever and edifying.

## In the Old Days.

"Notre Dame in 1845" is the subject of a rather lengthy article in the SCHOLASTIC for October 18, 1879. It is reprinted here in part:

"The College in 1845 consisted of a four-story building about eighty feet long by thirty-six in width, without any pretensions to architectural beauty. It was surmounted by a tower on which stood an iron cross eighteen feet high. In the tower was a fine clock, on the

dial of which might be read: "Tempus Fugit!" Along the entire front and two ends of the building ran a brick wall ten feet wide, flanked by a wooden wall four feet high, which was built to keep out the sandy soil thrown up during the excavation of the foundation. The basement of the College consisted of four divisions, paved with red brick. The western part was the refectory. It contained a reading-stand and tables, with benches for the accommodation of thirty or forty boys. Next to it was the kitchen, under the care of Mr. Coffee; then the furnace room, for an attempt was made to heat the college with hot air (a total failure). Then came the study room, which was furnished in the most primitive manner, with desks about twelve feet long to which were attached seats without backs. Monks could not wish for more penitential stools. . . . The second story consisted of a main entrance and a hall about twelve feet square, to the right of which was the parlor, and next to it Father Sorin's room. The third story contained the professor's rooms, the Infirmary and the Library. The fourth story had the dormitories, which were neatly fitted up with wooden bunks and screened by curtains. . . . The yard in front of the College contained about half an acre with here and there a fine oak, while thence to South Bend, where now you see the grand avenue, was a dense forest. The front yard fence was flanked by two one-story cottages—one occupied by Mr. Steber, as a little furnishing store for the boys; the other by the good old porter Brother Cyprian, who was the shoemaker of the community. All around reigned the primeval forest. There were not thirty acres of clearance on the whole section of land belonging to the College. Lakes St. Joseph and St. Mary then had direct water communication between them; and on what was then known as "The Island," stood the Brothers' Novitiate.

From the Locals of September 20th, '79—"Ed Moran (Commercial '75) can be found at his father's commission house, 107-109 Water Street, Chicago."

—"Harry Scott, of '76, is still engaged in the large and popular dry-goods establishment of his father in Burlington, Iowa."

"The SCHOLASTIC is the cheapest college paper in the United States," is the somewhat ambiguous statement of the Locals for October 4th, '79.

## Local News.

—During Lent the general Thursday and Saturday masses will be celebrated at 6:20 instead of 7:45.

—Sergeant Campbell's rifle-club room served as the polling place of the local precinct at the primary election last Tuesday.

—Forty-five junior and senior philosophy students observed the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas last Tuesday with a full holiday and a banquet.

—Father Schumacher has announced that the Catholic Educational Association, of which he is president in the college division, will hold its next annual meeting in Baltimore on June 26.

—"The Marriage of Kitty," a very successful comedy is announced as the St. Patrick's Day offering to Washington Hall theatre-goers. Prof. Emmett Lenihan is directing the work of the campus thespians.

—A good trial lawyer desiring to locate in a county seat of about 2,000 people with a good surrounding territory may find an opening in a middle western state, provided he can satisfy inquiries as to integrity, ability and energy. Interested persons may address the President of the University.

—Examinations will be held on May 6 for the Catholic University scholarships offered by the Knights of Columbus. Those eligible are laymen who have received the degrees of bachelor of arts, science, or degrees of similar rank. Holders of the bachelor of law degree must also have obtained the arts degree. Seniors in these courses may take the examination but must receive their degree before becoming eligible for the scholarship.

—Notre Dame's rifle team ranks first in the Class B intercollegiate contest, as reported in a bulletin issued during the week. Thirteen colleges were in competition including Yale, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Nebraska. The local target men are to have their annual tussle with Culver next month.

—The Glee Club journeyed to St. Joseph, Michigan, Tuesday night, to give a concert under the auspices of the parish priest, Father Esper. The men were enthusiastically received. Following the concert they were the guests of Father Esper at a supper and dance. Last Friday the gleemen appeared at Mishawaka.

The sponsors of the event were the members of the Tri Kappa Sorority.

## "THE OTHER ONE WAS BOOTH."

Mr. Herbert Quick writing in the *Saturday Evening Post* of March 4th on the subject of "The Average American and the Army," speaks of the West Point boys as follows:

These cadets acquire this soldierly proficiency while carrying on a very different course of study. They go to classes all through their cadetship, just as students do at Harvard, Yale, Princeton or Notre Dame.

Oh, very well Mr. Quick,—but why drag in Yale and Princeton?

—The Sophomore dance, which was given on Friday evening, March 3rd, in the ball-room of the Oliver Hotel, was one of the best social events of the year. A large number of guests were present so that the ball-room was filled to its capacity. Never, perhaps, was a more enjoyable evening spent by the students and their lady friends, and all agreed at the close that the class of '18 are the same leaders in social affairs that they have been in intellectual pursuits.

—On Sunday evening, March 5th, the Holy Cross Literary Society convened for its regular bi-weekly meeting. The program submitted was rendered in an unusually pleasing manner. Mr. Phillip Beaghan's paper, on the great Irish statesman, Daniel O'Connell, was well written and not less pleasingly read. An essay on St. Thomas Aquinas by James Brennan proved very interesting. "Notre Dame in 1925," by Charles Jones afforded much pleasure, eliciting several rounds of applause. Mr. Richards read a paper on the life of Montalembert, the French Catholic leader, in which he told of the remarkable self-sacrifice of this marvelous man.

Following the regular program, a secretary was elected. Mr. Matthew A. Coyle was chosen for that position.

—A concert is to be given by the Glee Club in Michigan City on the night of the 17th of this month. The proposed entertainment which was to have been given in South Bend on that date was called off at the last minute and the Michigan City date was signed up immediately. This concert is to be given under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, who have kindly invited the members of the Glee Club to attend a banquet and dance after their performance. The Club will leave the University on the Special which starts at 6 o'clock.



## Wisconsin Has a Track Meet.

One glance at the score or at the summaries of the Wisconsin Track Meet tells the whole story. The final score was 61 1-2 to 24 1-2 with Notre Dame completely eliminated from the first place winners. We got two ties for first; and this was the best we could do during the evening. "Swede" Edgren tied for first in the pole vault at 11 ft. 6 in., and Hardy tied for first in the 40-yard dash, which was run in :04 4-5. The feature of the meet was the result of the shot put. Mucks of Wisconsin took the event and broke the world's indoor record, heaving the weight 49 ft. 4 1-4 in. In the half mile and some of the other events gymnasium records were broken; but of course all the glory went to the Wisconsin men.

The strange track and gym is our only alibi, and that one has been worked to death; so there is little use using it again. In the 40-yard dash, Dutch Bergman was penalized for jumping the gun and did not place. He was thought to be a sure winner in this event; but a small penalty is impossible to overcome in so short a race. Hardy made 7 points by tying in the 40-yard dash for first and by taking second in the quarter. He was the only man to make more than 4 points for the gold and blue. Edgren made 4 by tying for first in the pole vault and Cap. Bachman made 3 1-2 by taking second in the shot put and tying for third in the high-jump. These were the only men who got more than 3 points.

The pole vault was the only thing on the program in which we could compare at all with the Badgers. By Edgren's tying for first and Yeager's taking third, Notre Dame made 5 points to Wisconsin's 4. In all the rest of the events, the Badgers took a majority of the points and in the high hurdles, the high jump and the two mile, they took at least 8 points.

To add insult to injury, the Wisconsin men took the Relay shutting us out from the first place column. We had heard that the Badgers had a good team this year and that they expected to win the Conference Championship; but we really didn't think it was as strong as it really is. We have no doubt now about it; we are sure they will take the championship of the Conference and also any other meets they choose to enter. The Summary:

Shot put—Won by Mucks, Wisconsin; Bachman, Notre Dame, second; Becker, Wisconsin, third. Distance, 49 feet 4 1-4 inches (world's indoor record).

40-yard dash—Hardy, Notre Dame, and Smith, Wisconsin, tied for first; Casey, Wisconsin, third. Time, :04 4-5.

Mile run—Won by Schardt, Wisconsin; Waage, Notre Dame, second; Merrill, Wisconsin, third. Time, 4:35.

40-yard high hurdles—Won by Heintzer, Wisconsin; Albright, Wisconsin, second; Kirkland, Notre Dame, third. Time, :05 3-5.

440-yard dash—Won by Williams, Wisconsin; Hardy, Notre Dame, second; Voelkers, Notre Dame, third. Time, :54 1-5.

Half mile run—Won by Harvey, Wisconsin; McDonough, Notre Dame, second; Forsberg, Wisconsin, third. Time, 2:00.

High jump—C. Nelson and VanAugen, Wisconsin, tied for first; R. Nelson, Wisconsin and Bachman, Notre Dame, tied for third. Height, 5 feet 8 inches.

Two mile run—Won by Felton, Wisconsin; Benish, Wisconsin, second; Reynolds, Notre Dame, third. Time, 9:53 3-5.

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

Relay—Won by Wisconsin. Time, 3:39 1-5.

\*\*\*

Following close upon the last echo of the 1915 season came the first news concerning football in 1916. Coach Harper announced the schedule of games which he has arranged for next fall. It is as follows:

Sept. 30—	Case at Notre Dame
Oct. 7—	Western Reserve at Oberlin
Oct. 14—	Haskell at Notre Dame
Oct. 21—	Open
Oct. 28—	Wabash at Notre Dame
Nov. 4—	Army at West Point
Nov. 11—	South Dakota at Sioux Falls
Nov. 18—	Michigan Aggies at Lansing
Nov. 25—	Alma at Notre Dame
Nov. 30—	Nebraska at Lincoln

Although there will be some disappointment that one more big Eastern or Conference schools could not be scheduled, the chart as a whole will satisfy the rooters. Coach Harper cannot of course arrange the schedule to suit himself as many of the coaches in larger schools do. If a good strong team can be booked it is likely that the open date will be filled, but unless a first-rate team can be secured it will be left open for scrimmage with the Freshmen.

Case and Western Reserve are new teams on the schedule and will likely furnish good competition for the opening of the season. Haskell has appeared on the local gridiron the past two seasons. Wabash returns to the

schedule after an absence of three years, and the "Little Giants" must be regarded as the "dark horse" on next year's schedule. Wabash was strong this year and the prospects for next year are even better. Coach Skeeks, a South Dakota man, has been very successful at Crawfordsville and may turn a very strong team next year. If Wabash can defeat Purdue on October 14th, the battle on Cartier Field two weeks later will be for the State Championship and should attract widespread attention.

The Army game will, as usual, feature the schedule. We now have two victories to one for the Cadets, and the West Point men can be depended upon to make a desperate effort to even the count. South Dakota expects a stronger team next year than that of 1915 and Notre Dame must be prepared to put up a real battle against the Coyotes. The return of the Michigan Aggies to the schedule is especially welcome. The Aggies defeated Notre Dame in 1911 by a score of 17 to 0, and the question of superiority of the teams has since been a mooted one, though the teams have not met for five years. The trip to Lansing is not a long one and it will be possible for many of the students to see the game. An excursion may be arranged.

The Alma game will give the team a chance to relax after the Aggie contest and should leave the men in good condition for the season's wind-up against Nebraska. Coach Harper is wise in booking the Cornhuskers for the close of the season. The Notre Dame team is always at its best on Thanksgiving Day, and every Notre Dame man is anxious that the team should be at its best the next time Nebraska is met, so that the Lincolmites may be shown that the result of the 1915 battle is no indication of the real strength of the two teams.

### Safety Valve.

And after all these years of deep study in the laboratory and the machine shop, science has been able to invent no engine of war more destructive to human life than the safety razor.

\*\*\*

It's just as impossible to keep a rector and his students on good terms all the time as it is to keep two brothers who are sleeping together from fighting about the bed clothes.

\*\*\*

### GERMAN ATROCITIES.

We know of no more harrowing experience than to

sit beside Vogel in the refectory and watch him carve the meat.

\*\*\*

A student who doesn't know that he should remove his hat when entering a private room would probably have to be told that a carving knife or a plumber's file is not a manicuring set, and that a chiffonier is not an automobile driver.

\*\*\*

### HE'S A THREE-STAR JUDGE.

With Brandies on the bench the wets ought to win out.

\*\*\*

### ONE WAY TO PREPARE.

When President Wilson lectured on preparedness in Milwaukee the citizens began at once to enlarge their ice boxes.

\*\*\*

Two heads are better than one, especially when a person is looking for billiard balls.

\*\*\*

"These big leather chairs are certainly easy and comfortable, but where is a fellow to stick his gum?"

\*\*\*

When the students saw the large headline in the Monday Evening *American*: "N. D. Baker Appointed Secretary of War," they almost wilted, for they felt sure that their Sunday buns would be used for ammunition.

### ELECTION RETURN.

South Bend *News*, headline:—"Devine leads strong race at N. D."—He always did, he has the gym record in the 880.

\*\*\*

### CAMPAIGN STOGIES.

Now that the primaries are over we'll have to smoke Prince Albert again.

\*\*\*

A student who has pulled two night skives and has been discovered feels about as comfortable as a boy who has taken his father's watch apart and can't get it together again.

\*\*\*

What's the use of putting illuminated signs to mark the exits of Washington Hall when the Prefect of Discipline won't let you out when you've found the exit.

\*\*\*

It is reported that three out of every four shells made in this country for the Russian government were filled with cornflakes instead of powder. They seem to be just as effective, however, as real shells.

\*\*\*

### FAMOUS COMEBACKS.

Lent.

"You missed morning prayers."

The Bostonia Sextette.

All are required to attend.

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"IT WERE BETTER THAT A MILLSTONE BE TIED, ETC., The "boob" who comes to the gym once a week, puts on tennis shoes, blockades the doorway, and then breathlessly stumbles into the coach's office and brays "Towels for the trackmen in yet?"