

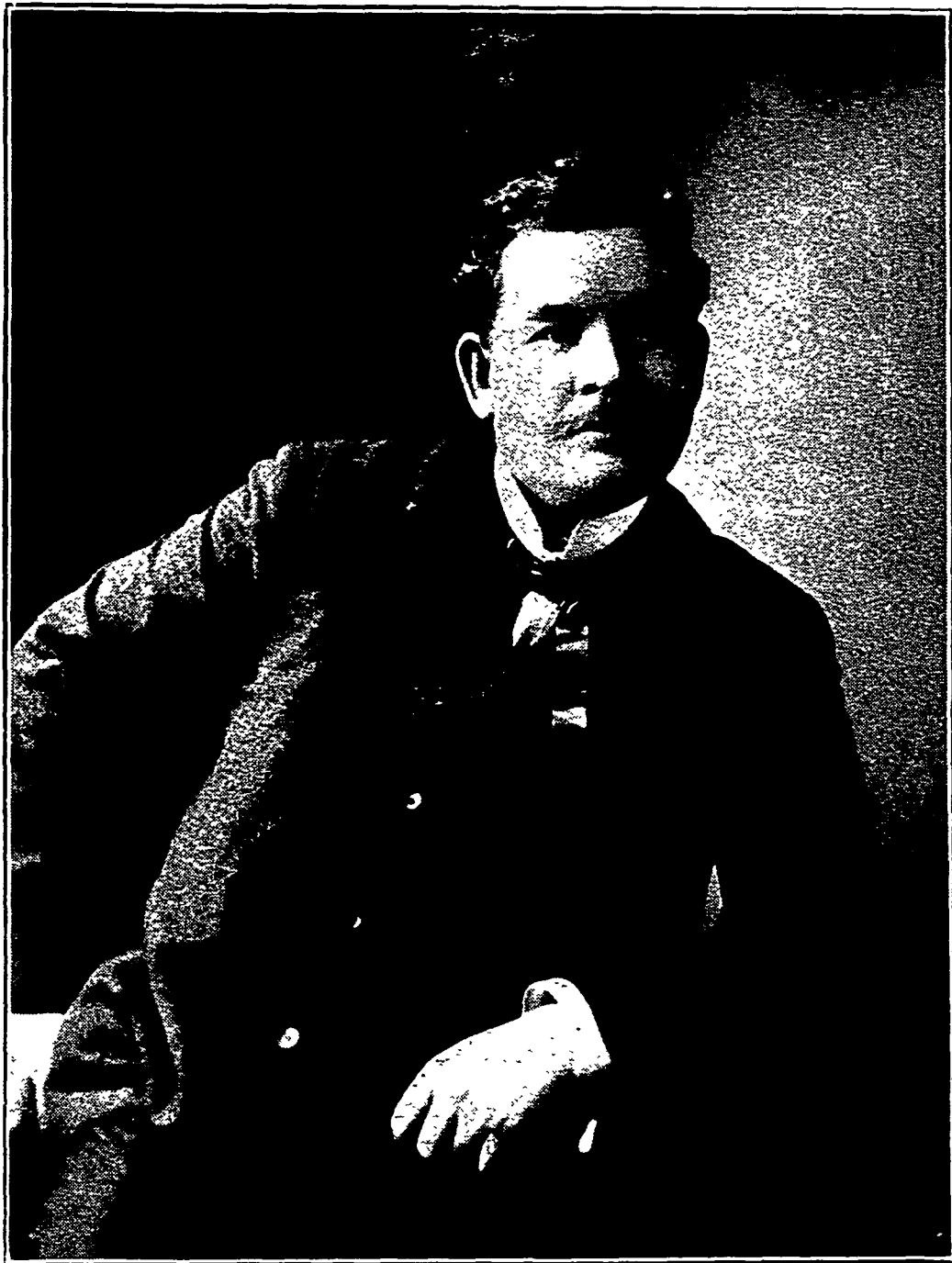
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DR. JAMES J. WALSH

Laetare Medalist, 1916

Dr. James J. Walsh.

(Laetare Medalist, 1916.)

Of the Catholic Church it has been aptly said that it recognizes no peerage save the aristocracy of merit. The University of Notre Dame, as a leading exponent of those high ideals in Christian learning which have ever inspired the only nobility to which it accords special marks of consideration, selects every year from among the millions of Catholic lay workers, some one whose markedly meritorious endeavor, has made him worthy of the Laetare Medal. This year the University's emblem of distinction is conferred upon James Joseph Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., whose services to the cause of Catholicity and Science have won for him among many other distinguished honors, that of receiving Notre Dame's most signal attestation of approval. Doctor Walsh's life and labors make him peculiarly worthy of a place in the long roster of Laetare Medalists which includes such names as those of John Gilmary Shea, historian; Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; General John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Henry W. F. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahue, pioneer publisher; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; William Rosecrans, soldier; Anna T. Sadlier, author; Thomas A. Emmett, physician; Timothy E. Howard, jurist; John Creighton, philanthropist; W. Bourke Cockran, lawyer; John B. Murphy, surgeon; Charles J. Bonaparte, statesman; Richard C. Kerens, philanthropist; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, philanthropist; Francis J. Quinlan, surgeon; Katherine E. Conway, author and journalist; Edward Douglas White, jurist, and Mary V. Merrick, Social Worker.

Doctor Walsh was born in Archibald, Pennsylvania on April 12, 1865, and received his early education at the Sisters of Mercy parochial school, at Wilkesbarre. From St. John's College, Fordham, he received the degree of A. B. in 1884 and A. M. in 1885. He prosecuted his medical studies at the University of Pennsylvania and did post graduate and original research work at the Universities of Vienna, Paris and Berlin. His scholarship and versatility soon established him in more exalted and exacting stations than a score of men might

have been expected to fill. At various times in a career of unremitting endeavor along many diversified lines, he has been Dean of the Fordham University School of Medicine and Professor of Nervous Diseases and the History of Medicine, Lecturer on Physiological Psychology at Cathedral College, New York, also at St. Xavier's College, New York, Trustee and member of the Board of Studies of the Catholic Summer School of America, editor of the New York Medical News, collaborating editor of International Clinics, consulting Neurologist, St. Agnes Hospital for Crippled and Atypical Children, consulting physician to Gabriels Sanitarium, the Adirondacks, New York, and a lecturer and author of national repute.

Briefly to summarize so remarkable an array of notable labors, is to give but scant attention to any one of them, but so eloquent of their magnitude are the honors that have been accorded to Doctor Walsh, that it may be noted that he is a contributor to every consequential Medical journal in America, a life member of the New York Historical Society, a member of the American Medical Association of New York State and County Medical Associations, a Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine and of the New York Celtic Medical Society, a member of the National Geographic Society, a Knight of Columbus and Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory.

As an author and litterateur, Doctor Walsh has achieved a reputation at once unique and exalted. His indefatigable efforts to correct erroneous historical concepts with regard to the earlier centuries of Church and secular history, perhaps more than any other influence, have succeeded in sounding the knell of that stubborn old misnomer, the "Dark Ages." Such masterpieces of his as "The Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries," "The Popes and Science" and "Catholic Churchmen in Science" constitute in themselves abundant testimony to Doctor Walsh's eminent worthiness to receive the University's insignia of approval, in the form of the Laetare Medal. His knowledge of Art, Science, Literature, and History, given utterance in splendidly timely books and magazine contributions, have been largely instrumental in correcting false impressions of Catholicity and Catholic history hitherto so widely disseminated by superficial students and biased critics. The number and variety of his works do not admit of specific

mention, but one and all are characterized by that zeal for truth, that trenchant Catholicism, that unswerving devotion to harmonious Faith and Science, that have made him one of the greatest writers of the present day.

As a man, a scholar and a writer, he typifies the Catholic ideal. Notre Dame, ever ready and eager to acclaim merit, rejoices in this opportunity and mode of acknowledging a great service to a great cause. In bestowing upon Doctor Walsh the Laetare Medal, the University sets its seal of approbation upon one of the greatest scientific and literary geniuses of the age.

The Aerial Siege of Antwerp.

BY T. C. D.

Everything was quiet and dark in Antwerp, as the guards paced back and forth on the outskirts of the city. The large clock in the Cathedral tower had already struck twelve and the people, tired and weary from fear and anxiety, had retired to their homes for a much-needed rest. They had been on guard for many days, because the enemy had been attacking Brussels, which was just South of Antwerp. However, their rest was to be interrupted, not by the enemy from Brussels, but by an unseen enemy flying over the Strait of Dover.

Just as the guards were feeling sleepy and dreary, after their long watch, a blazing rocket flying through the sky, caused them to shudder. It made a piercing, hellish shriek as it shot from the Zeppelin, into the crowded mass of humanity. Another and another followed, and soon the city was aflame. The rockets had clung to the city with that demon-like grapple which would grip until the city was no more. Yes, they had called their servant death to the scene, and he grasped many by fire, and by fright. Poor helpless women and children in sleep, were carried away by the unflinching fangs of fire, as they passed over the sleeping city leaving a smouldering pile of ashes, as a monument of their work. Bombs were also hurled from the sky, only to add to the great massacre of innocent victims. They roared as they tore, flashing and flaming into the earth.

When the gleaming sun rose over a pretty cloud of war-stained blue, it was greeted by a mass of blackness, instead of the pretty Antwerp, which it had left the preceding day.

The Vengeful Thing.

BY RAY M. HUMPHREYS.

I take it for granted that you don't believe in ghosts. I didn't either before I joined the night staff of the Springfield *Herald*. Now I suppose the cynical newspaperman is the last person in the world to give much credence to spiritualism, but if that is the rule I am the exception. The night that old Myers sent me out on a "sick man" assignment marked the beginning of my belief in the things beyond our ken.

I found him, got my interview and was preparing to leave when a peculiar thing happened. The door through which I had entered the library suddenly opened slowly, and I got to my feet expecting someone to enter. But not a sound came from the hall, not a soul appeared in the open doorway. My look of astonishment was the excuse for my host's explanation. He motioned me back to my seat and told me his story. Here it is right from the notes I took in shorthand.

"Ah," said he, "I see that you are interested in the unknown! You are wondering who it is that is opening that door so slowly and so noiselessly. Watch closely—perhaps you may see. Now,—look,—the door is wide open; see, it closes now, so softly, so gently. You saw no one? You are surprised,—yes,—but what if I should tell you that there is no other soul—human, perhaps I should say,—in this house besides ourselves? Well, it's true. Servants won't stay where things are said to be "queer," you know, and so I am alone here most of the time, and, incidentally, I might remark,—I am well used to observing the phenomenon you have just witnessed. Quite accustomed to seeing yonder doors open—hesitate—then close. Ordinarily I lie assiduously about the winds and the draughts when visitors get curious. Why I'm not to-night, I don't know. It may make things better to blurt it all out,—assuredly it can't make them worse.

"God! to think what I go through and have gone through for the last six years! Every night of my life that accursed Thing must annoy me—remind me of days I'd give my all to forget. Every night the same old opening and closing of that door,—a dozen times each night—then the heavy thump—thump—

thump—of something stalking, floundering across the floor in the room above,—my bedroom. It would drive another man crazy in a single week! But I,—I'm hardened to the Thing,—and besides I've gone through greater horrors than living with an Unseen Something. Several times a year the Thing seems to become especially vicious and I can feel its icy talons clutching my neck as though to strangle my every breath,—I curse It, and I abuse It, but I never see It—now. Often when that door opens and I strain my eyes in vain I wish I might see It—God knows I tremble when I even think of It,—yet I am getting morbidly curious enough to wonder if It looks now as It did when last I saw It—or whether It grows older and more hideous—if such a thing is possible,—with time.

"You are astonished? So am I. I've told you more to-night than I've told any living man in the past half-dozen years. Only thrice have I ever told the story,—once to a Portuguese sea captain, who blessed himself devoutly, and believed me; once to a broker, a close friend of my father's, who listened politely, then tapped his forehead significantly and hurriedly ushered me out; once to a girl in Richmond,—who refused thereupon to consider for a husband a wretch with such a past! And to-night,—when you are gone—I'll tell the Thing that I've bared the past again—to a journalist—an utter stranger! I like to mock It—to show It I'm not afraid—to goad It into invisible fury,—to—but I digress.

To begin with, you know, I graduated with my M. E. from Philbrooke in 1909. Would to Heaven I had cut away from pedagogy altogether when I finished! But no! it was the same old story. I need not elaborate. Four years of college confinement had made me afraid of the world—given me a yellow streak. When Commencement came I felt almost like a murderer about to step into eternity,—I was cuddling my brain for some reasonable excuse to continue my life at Philbrooke. Then old Keys, my physics prof. and a fanatic on archæology, made me an offer, which I immediately accepted. Briefly, the old fool believed he had a clue to some important archaic ruins on an island in the South Pacific—Duray Island, two hundred and some odd miles southwest of San Marcino,—and he planned to go there, accompanied by myself. We sailed from

'Frisco July twenty-third. And we left San Marcino in a sea-going tug on the twelfth of August. When we sighted Duray the fourth day out, Keys and I piled our duds and grub into a longboat and put off. Keys cautioned the tug skipper to be sure and return for us on the first of October,—ha—old Keys was well-rotted by that time—but I get ahead of the story.

We found Duray Island exactly as Keys said we would. Everything an entangled mass of vegetation. I can see that awful place as though I left it but yesterday. I can hear the boat grate on the sand to this day—on the white sand of the beach that met the green foliage of the jungle a scant few yards from the water's edge. A few sea-swallows, terns, and sea-gulls, hailed our sudden advent with a great flapping of wings and splashing of surf. We had barely time to beach our boat and rush our stores to the shelter of the nearest palm grove before the tropical night was upon us. We slept that night the sleep of the exhausted, and a memorable sleep it was—the last from which the Professor was ever to awaken—the last in which I was to be free from the tortures of the damned!

"Dawn found us up and busy. Keys prepared breakfast while I strung our tent rope between two giant palms and erected the little tent. After the meal we discussed our plans. Then the professor picked up his hatchet and disappeared into the undergrowth. The heat, as I remember it, was terrific. I strolled down to the beach and had a good hour's swim, being careful to keep a sharp eye out for sharks. Then I wandered back to camp. The pots and pans that I had carefully washed and stacked were scattered in all directions, and inside the tent a great commotion of some sort was in progress. I decided Keys had gone off again into one of his frequent fits of temper—probably disappointed with the island or peeved at my absence—so I stepped over to the tent and raised the flap—and out shot a black shape with the speed of a comet. I grappled with it instinctively. I thought it was a gorilla. Had not Keys arrived opportunely I don't know what would have happened. As it was we secured the Thing after a few minutes of struggling—and I recognized the thing I was wrestling with was a human—a negro to all appearances.

We bound him with the professor's scaling

tackle. He was a negro all right—perhaps a Kaffir or a Basutos, Keys didn't know which. He was as husky a brute as I've ever seen,—but apparently an imbecile. His thatch was a matted, dirty white, as was his ragged beard. His blood-shot eyes were starting from his head. His withered lips were curled up into the semblance of a wicked snarl, exposing toothless gums. His whole body was covered with coarse hair—he wore nothing. His feet were bruised and twisted, his hands scarred and misshapen. He didn't struggle any after we tied him up—just kept those bleary eyes glued on our every action. Keys tried hard to get him to talk, but he wouldn't—or couldn't. We fed him—he was ravenous. When night came I cautiously loosened the ropes a bit and threw him a spare blanket. To our amazement he tore it to pieces before our very eyes. I can remember how the Professor was duly impressed. He believed it was possible that the poor devil in front of us was the last of his tribe—or at least the only inhabitant of the island, and as either he would be useful to us. I suggested, I recollect—and I've cursed myself repeatedly for it since—that we liberate the creature and endeavor to track him to his lair, which might turn out to be the spot for which we were searching. Old Keys thought the idea excellent. We discussed the prisoner and the project from every angle that night, for neither of us batted an eye. The Professor was too excited to sleep, and to tell the truth, I was afraid too with such an ugly customer as the negro in our midst.

At daybreak we breakfasted and fed our captive. Then we got our paraphernalia together and swung on our packs. Keys carried his maps, compass, field-glasses, etc. I carried the day's supply of provisions, a heavy plate camera, and a rifle. When all was in readiness the Professor gave the word and I stooped over and cut the ropes from our friend. He sprang up and off, but to our intense surprise, travelled slowly enough for us to easily keep him in sight. "Old age," explained Keys, and I nodded assent. I'm skeptical on that point now—I wasn't then. Well, we tracked the brute all morning, never daring to stop for fear of losing sight of him. He cut through swamps and groves with the certainty of a homing pigeon. Not once did he pause or hesitate, but he glanced back over his shoulder at us every few yards. About three that afternoon Keys remarked that we must be about the

middle of the island and the words hadn't more than passed his lips when we saw our quarry spring nimbly behind a mass of volcanic rock and disappear. We shouted!—like two brazen fools—and ran up to the place where we saw him last. We knew then we were practically at the end of the trail, for in front of us frowned blackly the entrance to a narrow and seemingly small cave or cavern. Keys thought it might be the entrance to an enclosed valley, but since the bottom had a decidedly downward pitch to it, I held that it was more than likely merely a cave of the usual sort. Keys was obstinate in his theory and declared his intention of entering the sinister-looking hole. In vain I argued that night would be upon us in a couple of hours and that we should put off our investigations until the morrow—I couldn't dissuade him from his purpose. So it was agreed that I should remain outside until Keys returned or signalled me to come in. For the latter purpose he tied the end of his light scaling-rope to the end of his belt and left the coil in my hands so that I might play it out as he advanced. He said in no case would he go beyond the hundred and ten yards allowed by the rope. I suggested he take the rifle. He smiled. "I have the hatchet," he replied, "but that poor fellow of ours couldn't harm a flea,—anyway I expect he's a mile away now if there's a valley beyond. Should anything happen I'll call you or signal you by jerking the rope—then come in with the camera and the rifle." And so Keys stepped cautiously into the cavern and was almost instantly swallowed up in the gloom. I couldn't see him after he had taken a half-dozen steps, but I could hear his heavy boots crunching the dry lava as he stumbled along. We had neglected to bring lanterns or candles from camp.

Gradually I played out the rope and the Professor continued to take up the slack. I estimated I had run out seventy yards or a little more when I noticed the rope sag and I realized Keys had halted. For a few seconds nothing happened, then quick and convulsively came four jerks on the rope. I dropped the coil, seized the rifle from where it leant against the rocks, and started in—I hadn't gone ten yards in that hell-hole before I heard a terrible scream—ferocious, blood-curdling—echo through the vault. I couldn't distinguish whether the cry was human or animal—it sounded like devil. It crashed through the

black corridor with echo after echo. I could feel my heart leap to my throat—my brain whirled. Under my feet I felt the rope twitch and scrape forward a few paces. Then I heard the agonized shout of the Professor calling upon my assistance. I lurched forward and again came that unearthly shriek—blended this time with the stifled cries of Keys. It was too much for coward nerves. I held my breath, clutched the rifle tighter, turned and fled ignominiously out into the broad daylight—down the slope—through the simmering palm groves—out onto the white beach and clear into the breakers. The water brought me back to my senses. I paused,—and stood waist-deep in the sea while I collected my scattered wits. I felt myself over vaguely for wounds—I don't know why. My eyes seemed burning in my head—my throat was parched and dry—my hands were bloodless—I shook as though I had the ague. I shrank from moving, but I finally found strength enough to sneak back to the tent. Somehow or other I built a fire and brewed myself a pot of coffee—that downed, my nerves steadied and I became rational once more. Then the true and appalling ghastliness of my deed broke in upon me. I sobbed, I choked in a paroxysm of terror and remorse. I did not doubt that Keys was dead,—and through my damnable cowardice. I cursed myself, I cursed Keys, I cursed the island. I cursed heaven and earth. I rolled around on the sand like a dying cur. I shouted prayers and oaths. The perspiration rolled from me in streams. My whole body seemed torn and battered. I cannot adequately describe the extremity of my terror—I was simply insane. I remember I fired several shots before sunset, hoping that perhaps Keys had found his way, unharmed, back to God's holy sunshine. Yet I somehow knew it could not be. I knew he was dead.

* When darkness enveloped the island I grew desperate. You can imagine the dread and the fright that crushed me down. Every green stalk that sizzled in the fire sent shivers of apprehension coursing down my spine. I crept closer and closer to my puny blaze until I was almost upon it, and there I crouched. I shot madly, haphazardly at every sound from the grove. I whimpered when an insect circled the flames—I cringed at the boom of the breakers. If you've sat a tropical night through you know what a unholy calm settles

over land and sea. It was that way that night, with just the slightest of a hot breeze blowing in from the ocean. God, I falter now when I call it to mind! I believe I was a beast that night—utterly devoid of reason and of speech. I can remember only shuddering and shivering and cramming cartridges into the rifle magazine; what chance had Keys or anyone else that night had he walked into the glare of the fire?

Morning roused me from my stupor. I got to my feet, stiff and dizzy. I replenished the smouldering ashes. Then I watched the sun gild the topmost palms and crags of the inland cliffs—the cliffs beneath which my companion had found his doom; the cliffs that had brought out my yellow streak in all its vivid ugliness!

I spent the morning pacing nervously up and down the sandy beach—thinking, cursing, praying, shivering. At noon my mind was made up. I would risk the sea in the open boat in preference to another night of horror on the island. Hastily then I smashed in the top of one of our chests with an oar and threw an armful of provisions therefrom into the boat. Then I piled the water cask back in—the cask it had taken both of us to lift out two days previous. Then I threw in the blankets and the mosquito netting. Then I savagely seized the prow to drag the boat into the water—but I paused—I felt I was sneaking away from my duty. Ha, what a thought after all the evil I had accomplished! However, with an oath I caught up the rifle and urged on by mere hope I ran drunkenly up the beach and into the palm grove. The cool shade eased my feverish mind a bit and I hurried on, scrambled over the loose stones—raced across the slope—and stopped abruptly the instant I came in sight of the cavern. I merely spun on my heel and fled back towards the beach. The yellow rope lay protruding from the cavern's mouth just as I had left it—glittering and gleaming in the noonday sun like a sleeping serpent. I crashed through the undergrowth and sped back to the boat—dragged it far out into the water, pulled myself in, seized the oars and bent to my task. I didn't lift my head until the crimsoning waves heralded the approaching night,—I glanced up, the island was a mere blur rising and falling miles to the west. That was my last sight of Duray Island.

When the stars came out I was rowing resolutely on—and making excellent headway. My muscles though were sore and stiff and the

reaction from the nervous strain was beginning to have its effect. I found it hard to keep awake. But my one thought was to put as much distance as possible between myself and the scene of the tragedy, and I further knew that if I could only get out far enough I would be likely to get picked up by one of the coasting steamers plying out of San Marcino. My intentions went for naught however as I gradually fell into a fitful doze.

I woke in the middle of the night with the realization that something was amiss. I opened my eyes to stare into the distorted, shrivelled visage of a horrible, corpse-like Thing that was bending over me. Blood trickled from its nostrils and the mouth was screwed into a frightful grin. Its hands seemed raised over me in some awful benediction—or malediction! I screamed and lashed out with my arms and legs. I touched nothing; but the Thing—horrible apparition as It was—floated to the prow and squatted there, swaying in the wind like some beast of prey, boring my very soul with its fiery eyes! O God! my heart stopped beating—my blood congealed in my veins—my cries of despair froze in my throat,—my limbs became paralyzed with terror,—my teeth pierced my lower lip—my nails dug into my palms until the blood gushed forth in jets,—and still that wretched Thing hovering in the prow regarded me so fixedly that my brain swam. I felt I was slipping beneath Its charm—I became as motionless and as tense as a graven image. I couldn't withdraw my gaze from Its dire countenance. Then it was I noted that the Thing had some resemblance to Professor Keys! The glassy eyes were surely his! But the kinky hair was as certainly that of the negro! I watched and waited until the grin widened sufficiently to see the gums,—no teeth glittered there! Now I was sure I had to deal with the Black Thing from Duray Island. My breath seemed to come back, and with an imprecation I grabbed up the rifle, raised it to position, and fired once, twice,—point-blank. I couldn't have missed—yet the Thing sat there grinning as before. Then I realized my utter inability to cope with the preternatural! I felt as though I was succumbing to the spell of those devilish eyes,—and gradually I slipped into unconsciousness. When I came to it was day,—and the Thing was gone. I babbled to myself incoherently, while my whole being rebelled against my memory,—I tried to con-

vince myself that it was all a horrid nightmare—but what wealth of logic, what silly subterfuge of reasoning could outweigh facts? I found the bullet holes made by the Krag the night before—both dangerously close to the water-line—both must have passed clear through the Thing!

When the tramp "Isico" picked me up late that afternoon they thought I was a maniac from the way I carried on. They chained me up below decks until my reason returned. Then before they freed me I related my adventures to the captain, a Portuguese. He believed me. When we docked at Suva I took passage home on money lent me by the Captain. I tarried on the coast a while to make things look right, then I came on here. My friends hardly knew me—a fever I told them,—and they had no suspicion. A fever I tell them now when the Thing drives me to desperation. No, I've never seen the Thing since that night on the South Pacific, but I feel Its presence here now as much as I did then. Some day I shall see It again—we shall be together I surmise in eternity, until then I am spared the sight, although I often feel Its icy fingers on my throat. Ah! It heard me—look at the door now,—didn't It open it quietly though—and see how softly, softly, softly, It is closing it!"

He stopped talking and we both watched the door slowly swing shut. Then with my blood chilled I made haste to take my leave. The editor scowled when I reported that I had got nothing worth writing. I was afraid to write what I had heard and seen that night!

Some weeks later a report of a suicide came into police headquarters. I hurried out to cover the assignment. The number proved to be the great mansion just off Alcott Street—and the victim,—my haunted host of a few weeks previous.

I found the coroner examining the body. Decomposition had already made marked progress. I asked how the deed had been accomplished. The coroner gave me a queer look.

"I never saw a case like this before," he muttered, "the man actually strangled himself to death. See, there are the prints of his fingers on his throat! What will-power he must have had to use such a horrible means!"

I simply nodded and hurried away. Those livid finger-prints spelt more to me than they did to the coroner. That is why I believe in the things beyond our ken.

The Awakening of Spring.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

NOW are Spring's blue eyes opened wide,—
Who long has lain as dead,
Whose soul seemed past the farthest seas,
Though his lips kept faintly red.

For sudden breaks the year's gold morn;
Spring stirs, and I see new things,—
How, in the shadowed hills of night
Moulted were his white wings.

The Social Service of Charles Dickens.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

Our day is a day of social service. At no other time in the earth's history has there been so marked an application of the principles of duty and charity laid down by Christ Himself nearly two thousand years ago. The doctor, the minister, priest and settlement worker are kept constantly before us, and their work is justly lauded to the skies in every section of the world which boasts of a printing press. Every day, we read of the noble striving of some one of these devoted professional men, whose life and life's work has been given freely for the uplift of humanity in general. The men who write of their deeds are so enthusiastic in singing their praises that they forget that they themselves, who by their pen carry the work of these toilers to every responsive heart in Christendom, are among the noblest of the professions which they delight to glorify. Who is there to sing the praises of the writer who inspires them all? Who, to encourage the Journalist, Novelist or Essayist in his Godlike work of spreading the gospel of charity to all mankind?

Nearly a hundred years ago, a child of eleven struggled for his daily bread amid the stench and evil surroundings of a blacking factory in a miserable cellar in London. His father was in prison for debt, his mother struggling to keep a shelter over the heads of a family of which this infant was the eldest. Certainly, if any child of misfortune ever had reason to hate the world and all therein, that child was Charles Dickens. At a time when most children

are playing much and studying little, he was supporting himself on a few pennies a day,—wages that any modern child would spend every day for pleasure,—and helping his mother to keep his young brothers and sisters in the very necessities of life. Is it to be wondered at if such surroundings tend to produce Nihilists? Is it not to be marveled at that they gave to us the sweetest singer of human sympathy, save one, that has ever captured the hearts of men?

Dickens' day was a *laissez faire* day. Capital, private property and the upper classes were held so sacred that the very lives of the toilers were counted as nothing. Women toiled in harness with horses, in reeking mines. Men died in the struggle for a mere pittance which would keep the bare spark of life in their miserable bodies. Children, barely able to talk, worked with their mothers among the coal pickers. The cities were labyrinths of misery and degradation. In the country, landlords lived in gluttony while their tenants starved. Similar conditions in modern times gave us the morbid, hopeless tales of Dostoyevsky and the despair of Tolstoy, and through these men, anarchy and hatred of the human family. Playing upon the tender, sensitive nature of this boy of the London slums, they gave us, the Dickens that even children love, and the sweetest songs of human love and sympathy that mortal ever composed.

To-day, as we watch the children of the poorest workingman playing on their way to school, do we ever stop to picture the time when conditions were not so fair? Do we realize that, just because this same poor boy toiled in his grimy cellar, the children of to-day are allowed the preparation for life that was denied him? The pathos of "David Copperfield" and the picture that its author paints therein of his own childhood, has done more for the uplift of the children of the poor than all the social settlements which existed at the time or have come to light since then. The revolting character of Squeers and the vivid description of the cruelty that existed in private schools in England at the time, was the beginning of the school of the present day. Instead of becoming soured at the cruel buffeting of the world which he himself received, he resolved that he would pay back that world, not by morbid, hopeless essays and calls to bloody revolt, but rather by soul-stirring pathos and

constant appeal to the world to better itself, for charity's sake, so that the children of our own generation should have the rights which were denied to him. This is the true and the highest form of social service.

Dickens' whole life was actuated by the same motive which characterized his early endeavors. In "Bleak House," one of the latest of his books, he interested the whole English public in the maddening intricacies of their courts, paving the way for a modern system that is the wonder of the world. The imprisonment of his own father for debt, and all the heartburns caused to himself and family thereby, he made the means of reforming a state of affairs which legal minds had long before given up as hopeless.

Here again, his personal sufferings became the boon of all succeeding generations. Surely only the sincerest social worker will place his own misfortunes and his secret griefs on the altar of the public weal. Dickens bared his soul and told the closest secrets of his life in "David Copperfield" that the world might be the better for his own misfortunes.

But Dickens' work was not for cold reform alone. He taught a cold, synical world that it had a heart, after all, and a germ of merriment left in a hardened nature. His "Pickwick Papers" taught men to laugh and be merry, just as Paul Dombey, Little Nell and Oliver Twist taught them to weep and consider. As Gilbert K. Chesterton has so aptly put it:

"There has been no humour so robust or uproarious as that of the sentimentalists, Steele, Sterne, or Dickens. These creatures, who wept like women, were the creatures who laughed like men." All the heartrending toil of the blacking factory, all the terrors of his own personal "Dotheboys Hall" could not silence the conviction that this is a merry world where we should rejoice as well as sorrow, and that laughter is as necessary to humanity as the greatest reforms. The tears summoned up by his pen revolutionized the whole English social system and his humour was the bond that united rich and poor in the salvage of the old English liberties—the natural rights of his people, which had almost been forgotten in the greed of his times.

The community Christmas tree is now a necessary part of every Christmas celebration.

The joys and opportunities of this glad season were increased a thousandfold by the Christmas stories of Dickens. There would be no trees, nor half the charitable giving and good will that everyone now connects with Christmas if there had been no Tiny Tim, or Scrooge, or the joyful chord of "The Chimes" or the merry chirp of the "Cricket on the Hearth." It is now the aim of every social worker to make the Christmas season the biggest time for charity in the whole year. They would never have seen the opportunities of the season of the Nativity unless this modern singer of good will on earth had paved the way. Before his time, Christmas was a season for the wealthy to rejoice among themselves, and to the poor it was simply a time of added drudgery. Dickens made Christmas and the Christmas spirit the property of all mankind, and mankind is infinitely better as a result.

It was in the most famous of his Christmas tales that he left us his noblest message, a message that is to be the shibboleth of social workers until there is no need of their work. Not a handsome, dashing hero, clad in broadcloth, as is the hero of the day, but a poor, crippled child of the London slums will speak, through all the ages, his message to those who work for the uplift of humanity. In ten million charitable hearts, a thousand years from to-day, Tiny Tim shall still remark: "God bless us, every one!"

The Place of Most Honor.

BY G. D. HALLER.

A rosebush grew near a darksome cave,
Nor knew it for the Savior's grave;
But put out a bud and a blossom ope'd wide,
And a sweet petal dropped to the Savior's side.

... And in its shelter a soldier slept
And only the rosebush the vigil kept,
But it welcomed the dawn with fragrance-rare
That crept to the sense of the Savior there.

And waking, He blessed it for evermore
For guarding so sweetly His death-sealed door;
Saying, "Let My breath be thy breath, thy color be
Mine,

And ever in future, on altar or shrine,
The place of most honor unquestioned be thine."

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Board of Editors.

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—Elsewhere in this issue the SCHOLASTIC formally announces the name of Dr. James J. Walsh as the choice of the University for

the Laetare Medal this year. The selection is indeed a happy one. Dr. Walsh has given us in his learned works a vast store of useful information on scientific subjects, and there is no topic his pen has touched that it has not clarified and imbued with real living interest for thinking men. It is little short of marvelous that he has been able to do so much useful research work and present it in so fascinating a manner as to make it palatable for ordinary reading men. His "Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries," "The Popes and Science," and other works are classics of their kind and have done much to dispel the cloud of ignorance that has long hovered over a land where the text-books of the public schools have been filled with errors. Besides the time devoted to writing books and magazine articles, Dr. Walsh has been able to give a portion of the year to delivering lectures, and he has done untold good in these lecture tours for people who have had little opportunity to read. He is a staunch Catholic, a strong, vigorous Christian gentleman who has served the cause of truth and science well, and the University is to be congratulated for selecting him as the Laetare Medalist of 1916.

—Now that the bright days are come and the sun's warm rays seem to awaken sleeping

nature; now that the birds have carried the sweet melody of the South to us and the violet and rose will soon purple and crimson in the field, many a student will begin to believe that it behooves him to lie supinely on his back until Commencement Day, lest he should disturb that soft tranquil peace that is beginning to dwell within him. Study is all right, he will argue, when a fellow can't find anything else to do, but no one ever intended that a human being should be shut in a room in this beautiful weather and made to pore over old dust-covered volumes that are full of germs and microbes. He wishes in his heart that the health inspectors would come to his aid and forbid old fogie professors, who have no idea of hygiene, from forcing their unsanitary measures upon him. He has a private inspiration now that the rules of discipline are the mandates of tyrants who are desirous of crushing the last breath of joy out of humanity. He realizes only too well that to force examinations on students is like pulling up flowers to look at the roots; it may give the gardener a rather good idea of the depth of root, but it certainly does not benefit the flower to any great extent. He sees also the preposterousness of retiring at ten o'clock when so much might be learned about the mathematics of the stars, a study infinitely higher than geometry or calculus. All this is clear to him now, and as he dreams upon it his slumber is disturbed by the discordant sound of a harsh, hollow-throat bell summoning him to study. He may do violence to his poetic feelings and force himself to obey the unreasonable iron-tongue monster, or he may sweetly and contentedly follow the line of least resistance that leads to the campus or the river bank. If he follow the latter course his springtime may be a half-pleasant one despite the fact that his teachers will be continually on his trail, but you may assure yourself that he will return in September with a brown taste in his mouth and a deep frown on his face to look for the room where the condition examinations are to be held.

Obituary.

THE REV. WILLIAM MARR, C. S. C.

Many of the old boys will be grieved to learn of the death of Rev. William Marr, C. S. C., which occurred on March 19th, in Austin,

Texas, where Father Marr was pastor of St. Mary's Church. In 1901 Father Marr was stationed at Notre Dame where he had the joint duties of rector of Sacred Heart parish and Prefect of Religion to the Students of the University. His kindly sympathetic manner and his pleasing disposition made him at once a favorite with the students, and the work accomplished during the year he held this position was proof to everyone of the burning zeal that possessed him. He never forgot the students, and whenever it was possible for him in after years to do a good turn for one of them he spared himself no labor, and the students of his time never forgot him, his name being a frequent subject of conversation when the old boys returned for the Alumni reunion to talk over old times. For the repose of his soul we ask the prayers of students and alumni.

Personals.

—Henry Wurzer (LL. B., '98) made a short call at the University and met some of his old friends. Henry is president of the Notre Dame Alumni Club of Detroit.

—Mr. Edward J. Twomey, South Bend agent of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, lectured before the Insurance department of the University on Wednesday afternoon.

—"Curly" Nowers, a Varsity football man of a few years ago, visited the University on Friday and was greeted on entering the refectory by the hearty applause of the students.

—Rupe Mills, who was on the reserve list of the Newark Feds when the third league was absorbed by organized ball, has been signed by the Toronto club of the International League.

—Representative Haskins has presented the University with a ticket to the impeachment proceedings against President Johnson in 1868. This relic was promised by Mr. Haskins upon the occasion of his visit to the University at the time of Senator Shiveley's funeral.

—Rev. Michael Leo Moriarty writes as follows regarding the late Brother Bonaventure:

Just a word to join the great band of Notre Dame men who knew and loved the saintly Brother Bonaventure. We were fast friends from the time he first put the broguish roll on the r's of Moriarty. I rejoice in the blessed privilege permitting me to remember him at the altar of the Most High God.

Old Students' Hall.

The following new subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

John Eggeman, '00	\$ 250.00
Frank C. Walker, '09	100.00
Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08	100.00
Stephen H. Herr, '10	50.00
J. N. Antoine, '70	50.00

The amounts which follow were reported in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86	\$2000.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00
M. F. Healy, '89	1000.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	1000.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500.00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00
William A. McInerney, '01	500.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
Cassius McDonald, '04	500.00
William P. Breen, '77	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00
John H. Fendrich, '84	250.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00
Louis C. M. Reed, '98	200.00
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00	200.00
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02	200.00
G. A. Farabaugh, '04	200.00
Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
E. J. Maurus, '93	100.00
Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
H. G. Hogan, '04	100.00
Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00
James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Rev. Francis J. VanAntwerp, '14	100.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
Robert E. Proctor, '04	100.00
John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Henry Hess, '82	25.00
Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
James R. Devitt, '13	20.00
Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00

The Old Days.

On May 17th, 1906, the Notre Dame Debating Team journeyed to Washington, D. C., where they met and defeated Georgetown University in their discussion of the question: "Resolved that labor and capital be compelled to settle their disputes through legally constituted boards of arbitration." The following is the news notice of the event which appeared in the *Chicago Record-Herald* at the time:

NOTRE DAME DEBATERS VICTORS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S ADVICE AIDS IN
CONTEST WITH GEORGETOWN.

Washington, May 17th—Notre Dame University of South Bend, Ind., to-night vanquished Georgetown University in debate. . . Notre Dame was represented by T. B. Cosgrove of Chicago, P. M. Malloy of Iowa and G. A. Farabaugh of Pennsylvania. Georgetown was represented by a team from its Law School.

This afternoon Representative Brick of Indiana presented the members of the debating team of Notre Dame to the President and they discussed with him the question chosen for debate, the President entering into an animated argument which developed several important points which the team used to effect to-night. They had the affirmative side of the question which the President so strongly supports."

This may bring a smile to the face of some ex-Sorinite in Gary or Buenos Aires. It was sung by the University Quartette on Graduation Day 1906:

There was once a watchman named Dorin
Whose job was to watch over Sorin.

When a student came late

His plight was to wait

While Dorin in Sorin was snorin'."

A RATHER DOUBTFUL WELCOME.

From the SCHOLASTIC March 2nd, '89:—

Elkhart, Indiana

Feb. 25th, '89.

MANAGING EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:—

"We understand that the Philosophical Society of Notre Dame University will visit this place next week on the occasion of their annual celebration and eastday; and if so we would like to know when the Association will arrive, and in what numbers, in order that we may give them a more befitting welcome than we extended last year. Sincerely yours,

ELKHART WHITECAPS, Lodge 617."

February 23rd, '89:—"Maurice Francis Egan of Notre Dame University will write the text for both editions of "The Catholic Hierarchy of the United States" soon to be issued."

SCHOLASTIC, May 13th, '86:—"A number of persons from Notre Dame went to South Bend on Monday night last to see Edwin Booth's rendition of "Hamlet." On the afternoon of that day, Mr. and Mrs. Booth visited Notre Dame, and were highly pleased with what they saw. It is now some fourteen years since Mrs. Booth was here and her visit was a special pleasure to her."

Local News.

—The lakes are rising.

—Conditional examinations for Seniors were held at the University on Thursday morning.

—Father Schumacher announces that all Senior philosophers will be required to enter the Dockweiler prize essay contest.

—At the Freshman Journalist smoker on Monday evening plans were discussed for the formation of a University Press Club.

—At the senior class meeting on Friday, March 24th, committees were appointed to arrange for the Senior Ball to be held in May.

—One week from to-day the Varsity will pry open the baseball season on Cartier Field. Then it will be certain that "Spring has come."

—Everyone is invited to turn out for the Commencement Chorus. The first meeting will be held after dinner Sunday in Washington Hall.

—Walsh Hall is the first to call out its inter-hall baseball men. Father Farley is pointing his colts to win the pennant during the approaching season.

—Owing to a fire which destroyed the buildings of the Detroit Normal school, the scheduled track meet of the Day Students at Detroit has been cancelled.

—At a special meeting of the Day Students' Association on Wednesday afternoon a committee was appointed to report on the advisability of giving a formal dinner and dance.

—Sergeant Campbell has assigned his Varsity rifle artists to coach the teams representing the different companies in the battalion. Some high scores have already been hung up by the men in the ranks.

—Mr. Frank Holslag, a law student, contributed a column of clever work to *Life*. The March 23 issue contains his contribution.

—Twenty-one new candidates for admission to the Knights of Columbus will receive the first degree of their initiation soon after Easter.

—Glee Club engagements for the next fortnight include Elkhart, April 9; Ft. Wayne, April 11; Dowagiac, April 14. Arrangements for the Easter trip are practically complete.

—Louie Wolf, who has been showing up fine at short stop on the Varsity nine will be out of the game for a while on account of a sprained wrist. Corcoran has taken his place at short.

—The excavating for the new library is about finished and the laying of the foundation will be begun at once. It is expected that most of the building will be put up before September.

—Examinations for the third quarter have been set for Saturday and Monday, April 8 and 10. Which suggests still another "light occupation"—waiting until the 7th to do two months' work.

—On Friday during the regular drill period the DOME photographers took pictures of the different military companies in action. The day was somewhat cloudy, but it is thought that the photographs will be good.

—Notre Dame and environs are soon to be invaded by a squad of moving-picture photographers detailed to film historic scenes in connection with Indiana's centennial celebration. Local outdoor scenes as well as interiors are to be photographed.

—The students who have the idea that on account of the warm weather prevailing they may go to class coatless and collarless should be disillusioned with all possible speed. All the professors are requested to send any boy out of class who appears without the proper wearing apparel.

—On Thursday after dinner when the Sorinites, arrayed in their "glad rags," were arranging themselves on the steps of Sorin Hall preparatory to having their pictures snapped for the DOME, some one dampened the spirits of the assembly by throwing a pail of water from the third story window.

—"Chimmie Fadden," seen in Washington Hall, Wednesday night, March 22nd, is an excellent comedy. The star, Victor Moore, protégé of George M. Cohan, could not be

better, and gains quite as many laughs by his highly picturesque costume as by other methods. He receives splendid support from Mrs. Lewis McCort as "Mother Fadden."

—The good weather of the past week not only brought the baseball men and the campus soldiers outdoors but also coaxed forth, with the aid of a heavy rain, a fair showing of green grass. To encourage the growth of this welcome verdure, let us abandon the cowpaths of winter and cleave to the broad walks that the designers of the quadrangle long ago laid out for us.

—Wearers of the monogram have organized under the name of the Notre Dame Monogram Men's Club, their purpose being to establish a more intimate relationship between the men representing the University on the athletic field. Father Walsh is honorary president and Hugh O'Donnell is president. Harry Baujan, vice-president, and Russell Hardy, secretary and treasurer, are the other officers.

—It is gratifying to be able to announce that Father O'Donnell, of the English Department, is soon to have a volume of poems published. "The Dead Musician and Other Poems" is the title of Father O'Donnell's collection, which Mr. Laurence J. Gomme, of New York, will bring out. Other spring announcements of this firm include a volume of essays by Joyce Kilmer and a book of poems by Hilaire Belloc.

—The preparatory students had a dual track meet with South Bend High School on Thursday last and lost out because the fair rooters that the high school boys brought with them gave such able support to their team as to take the spirit out of the N. D. Preps. There is nothing in the world that takes the heart out of a runner like hearing a soprano voice reach high G in an endeavor to cheer up the other fellow." At least that's the alibi of the Preps.

—The Junior Basketball team of Holy Cross enjoyed a very successful season this year. They finished with a clean slate, having defeated many fast teams both of the college and of South Bend. Among those decisively defeated were the fast St. Joseph team of South Bend and the Carroll Hall team of the college. The men upon the squad were Thomas Brennen, captain; F. O'Hara, H. Benitz, H. Slane, G. Drey, D. McNally, J. Brice, R. Murch, W. Fogarty and T. Ford.

—The latest notice of the Military Depart-

ment states that every cadet must shoot in the rifle gallery at least once in order to receive military credit for the year. Company teams will be formed and an interhall company meet will be held. In this meet no man whose score has been sent to Washington will be eligible to compete. Coaches are appointed as follows: Co. A, Leo Vogel; Co. B, R. Hardy and R. Collen; Co. C, E. Carroll; Co. D, J. Young and A. Woods; Co. F, Father Quinlan and J. Miller; Co. G, Sergeant Campbell.

—On Sunday evening, March 19, the Holy Cross Literary Society held a short meeting. Despite the brevity of the meeting, the program numbers rendered were highly appreciated. Mr. Rieder read a splendid paper on John Marshall. A short story, by Mr. William McNamara, proved to his auditors that he is very capable of writing interesting fiction. Mr. Thomaszeki's oration, "Tecumseh" was well received, as was the essay on "Louis Pasteur" by Lambert Holsema, which concluded the program.

—"The Warrens of Virginia," presented last Saturday night, is a good picture, but very like a great number of other Civil War dramas that have been filmed and staged. The excellent cast is headed by Blanche Sweet, who, with the Gish Sisters and Mae Marsh, is one of the most prominent exponents of the Griffith reproachful eye, trembling lip school of acting. The services of the Collegian Orchestra lend a Broadway atmosphere to these bi-weekly affairs and add a great deal to the general effect.

Brownson Wins Close Meet.

By the narrow margin of one point, Brownson defeated Corby for the Interhall Championship last Thursday. The other halls were outdistanced by the first two; as Walsh which took third place, had but fifteen points, less than one third of the total piled up by Corby. The final score was: Brownson, 47; Corby, 46; Walsh, 15; Day Students, 12; St. Joseph, 6. Sorin did not enter a team.

Now Corby has many alibis telling if only something or other had happened, the meet would have been a tie; and the best of these, to our knowledge, is that Spalding made the longest jump in the broad jump but fell back, and third was the best he could get. This

event was the only one of the afternoon in which Brownson failed to place. In the shot put they got but one point, in the high hurdles and the quarter they pulled down two, in the low hurdles and the half they got three, in the forty, the mile and the 220 and the high jump, they made seven, and in the pole vault they made eight. These figures show that Brownson has a very well balanced team. Corby made many points in a few events, getting 10 out of a possible 11 in the shot put, 9 in the quarter, 7 in the broad jump, 3 in the forty, low and high hurdles, and the half, and 1 in the pole vault and the 220. Walsh collected three firsts, Starrett getting both hurdles and Casper winning the half. The Day Dodgers and St. Joe got their points without any firsts.

Tom King was the star of the meet getting a total of 15 points with but one first. This was in the broad jump; his other points were made by taking second in each of the following: the forty, the high hurdles, and the low hurdles; and taking fourth in the Pole vault. Starrett was second with a total of 11 points, made by winning both hurdles.

The dashes afforded the greatest excitement of the day; as it was impossible to tell from the stands who won either the 40 or the 220. It is even said that there was great variety of opinions among the judges in these races; but that may be the fault of the judges and not on account of the closeness of the race. In these two races the men were evenly matched and in the forty especially, the men came down the stretch almost abreast. In the 220 the distance between the men was greater, but at the same time, it was hard to tell which of the men were leading.

Meehan took the quarter in good time, but appeared tired in the half and let Casper beat him out on the last lap. With more practice he ought to be able to take both the quarter and the half in the Varsity meets of next year, as he has been sick and has not yet regained his endurance. Casper, however, deserves much credit for winning from the star Freshman, and with practice he also ought to lower this mark and be a valuable asset to next year's team.

As was expected, Noonan took the mile and did not seem to be exerting himself; winning by a small distance but giving the impression that he was not letting himself out.

McKenna took the pole vault with a vault of 11 ft. which is better than the interhall marks

of many years. Fitzgerald won the shot put with a heave of 37 ft. with two Corby Freshmen, Philbin and Ward Miller, close behind him.

The Relay was won by Corby, but the 5 points made in this event were not enough to overcome Brownson's lead of six points and the meet went to the Main Building men by the margin of a lone marker.

40-yard dash—Mulligan (B), first; King (C), second; Burke (B), third; Grant (D.S.), fourth. Time, 04 4-5.

40-yard low hurdles—Starrett (W), first; King (C), second; McKenna (B), third; Clerkin (B), fourth. Time, 05 3-5.

One mile run—Noonan (B), first; Coyle (St. J.), second; Call (B), third; Logan (C), fourth. Time, 4:48.

40-yard high hurdles—Starrett (W), first; King (C), second; McKenna (B) third; and Scheibelhut (D.S), fourth. Time 5 4-5.

220-yard dash—Burke (B), first; Grant (D.S), second; Mulligan (B), third; and Keenan (C), fourth. Time, 24 3-5.

880-yard run—Casper (W), first; Meehan (C), second; Call (B), third; and Sorenson (B), fourth. Time, 2:05.

High jump—Douglas (B), first; Conrad (B), Scheibelhut (D.S), and McGuire (D.S.) tied for second. Height 5 ft. 8 9-16 in.

Pole vault—McKenna (B), first; Douglas (B), second; King (C), fourth; and Rademacher (St. J.), third. Height 11 ft.

Shot put—Fitzgerald (C), first; Miller (C), second; Philbin (C), third; and Morales (B), fourth. Distance, 37 ft.

Broad jump—King (C), first; Grant (D.S.), second; Spaulding (C), third; and O'Shea (St.J.), fourth. Distance 20 ft. 4 in.

440 yard run—Meehan (C), first; Spaulding (C), second; McConnell (B), third; and McGaughey (C), fourth. Time 53.

Relay:—Won by Corby. Keenan, McGaughey, Spaulding, and Meehan.

Baseball.

After two months of practice it is possible to get somewhat of a line on the Varsity candidates in most of the positions, but of course no dope can be collected on the pitchers and outfielders except what they have done in the past. To date the men have had only a few days of practice outside the gymnasium, so the pitchers have not begun to let out, and the only practice the outfielders can get is loosening up their arms and the batting practice which the gym affords.

The men who look most promising in the positions so far, may not look so well when the team gets out-of-doors and the men who are

showing up poorly inside may make up the real team later on; but the dope must be given as far as it is known now.

At the backstop position, Keenan, Mottz, and Andrews look the best. Keenan is a new man and gives promise of being a good man, while Mottz is a monogram man and has more experience. Andrews has not had experience as a Varsity catcher, and looks to be a little inferior to the other two; however, the difference between them is not great and any of them may land the regular position.

Chief Meyers has been working well at first base and it appears that he will be the regular for that job. He seems right at home in the new place handling all kinds of throws with accuracy and good form. From his previous experience in the Varsity infield we know he can handle grounders, throw, and, most important of all, we know he can hit. He was one of the mainstays in the batting department when he played here two years ago and this fact alone gives him preference over the other men for the position. Gilly Ward and Hugh O'Donnell have also been working at the initial sack, and although they seem strong contenders for the regular job, they have not had the experience Chief has had.

The rest of the infield is also uncertain, but from the present indications it would appear that Tom Spalding at second, Louie Wolfe at short, and Jake Kline at third, will be the regular infield. These men have been working together on the tentative "first team," but there are also some good men to be reckoned with on the second string. Corcoran is going well and his known ability as a hitter may land him in one of the regular infield positions; for so far all that can be judged upon is the fielding. The men are so nearly equal in this department that the positions will probably be decided by the stick work. When this work starts, Corcoran has a good chance of advancing to one of the regular positions. The other men who look best on the infield are: Pat Maloney, Dunn, and Ellis who also have a good chance of making the Varsity nine.

The pitchers who are out are Capt. Sheehan, Edgren, Walsh, Dorwin, Flynn, Jerry Jones, and Murphy. The first five of these men are known to be exceedingly good, but the last two are practically unknowns. Swede Edgren is a new man, but from the ability he displayed last year on the Day-Dodgers' team there is

little doubt as to his making the team as a regular pitcher. Capt. Sheehan and Walsh are both monogram men and the rest will have to fight it out for the other position.

In the outfield, there are Lathrop, Elward, Mooney, Pender, Conboy and Jerry Jones. Lathrop and Elward are the two veterans and the other position will be filled by the best of the others. Mooney played some of the Varsity games last year and has a shade on the rest because of his experience.

Safety Valve.

ANATOMY OF A MONOCOTYL STEM.

Take a fresh corn stalk (don't let anyone see you taking it) and observe it externally. How are the internodes divided from one another? How about the epidermis? What's that for? Notice a hollow, grooved channel running down one side of the nodes. What do you think of it? Is it on the same side or on the opposite side of alternate internodes? Follow one of these grooves to the node from which it originates; what do you find there? (We'll bite, what do you find?) After studying the internal structure of the stalk, you will understand why this groove should occur on the side of an internode bearing a bud or fruit.—*Practical Botany by Andrews.*

The reigning power in Montenegro has remained in the family of Petrovic Nyegos since 1697 when Danilo Petrovic on being proclaimed Vladika, secured the liberty of the country from the Turks. (Nine rahs for Dan). He at once established himself as spiritual and temporal ruler, and the dual power descended collaterally until 1851, when Danilo I. (Kniaz and Gaspodar), who had succeeded to the throne upon the death of his father, Peter II., abandoned both the title of Vladika and the spiritual functions which were attached to it and adopted in its stead the more humble title of prince—Alas, Poor Yorrick!

—*The American Almanac, Year-Book, Cyclopaedia, and Atlas, 1904.*

ISTHMIAN SEVEN.

For Cleander and his youthful prime let someone, oh, ye youths, going to the splendid vestibule of his father, Telesarchus, raise the festal song, the glorious recompense of his toils, the reward both of his Isthmian victory, and because that which, in Nemea he gained the already victory however in the contest.—*Pindar's Odes, by D. W. Turner.*

WHAT GERMANY COULD DO.

Ireland as a free and independent nation, with Germany as her friend and ally could be made into an important industrial country. There is no hope for an industrial Ireland under English domination. The Island first of all must have capital to develop railways, mines, water power, and harbors to insure commerce. And that essential element English bankers will not supply; So long as Ireland is a West British

Agrarian Colony, no other country will furnish money for her development, and her own people are too poor to do it. . . The writer attended two German schools in Syracuse when a boy and was trained first to think in the German way" (Ah, there's the rub.)

—*The King, the Kaiser and Irish Freedom.*

GUTTERAL GLEANINGS*

Geben, gab, gegeben; gibst (giebst); gäbe, gib!

Graben, grub, gegraben; gräbst; grübe; grabe!

—*Thomas' Practical German Grammar.*

D—STRANGE.

Is it not strange that wet England produced a Shakespeare, wet Germany a Schiller, a Bismarck, wet America a Jefferson, a Washington, and a Lincoln, while prohibition Turkey never produced a single great man in all the centuries since Mohammed? (To say nothing of Niles or Oskosh).

It is a matter of history that very few really great men were total abstainers. Men of character and ability, like Gladstone, Asquith, and Salisbury; giants of intellect like Carlyle, Macaulay, Tennyson, Bismarck, Milton, Shakespeare, Luther, Bunyan, Wellington, Pitt, Socrates, Napoleon, Darwin, Dickens, and a host of others were temperate but not total abstainers. Webster, Hawthorne, and Clay were never total abstainers, nohow. Washington and Jefferson owned distilleries, and Lincoln ran a tavern in Salem at one time during his career (but there's Bryan).

—*The Anti-Prohibition Manual, 1916.*

Bacchus:—He will destroy you; for he will say, "Lost a little oil-flask." For this little oil-flask sticks to your prologues, like warts to the eye. Come by the gods, turn to his melodies!

—*Handy's Translation of Aristophanes' Frogs.*

MEAT BISCUITS.

They may be made in two ways, with or without salt as preferred. I. Wheaten flour, three lbs.; fresh lean horse-flesh, 2 lbs. The flesh is chopped as if for sausages and then thoroughly kneaded into the flour with a sparing quantity of water, only just enough to work it. (what?) The biscuits are best made thin and small for convenience of baking which should be in moderate heat only. The above are for dogs, poultry, etc. Superior articles may be got by using beef or other first-class meat. (We wouldn't dare mention No. II.)

—*Things you Ought to Know, Clearly Explained.*†

ETYMOLOGY.

"Liberty is sweet."

Is . . . is a verb; irregular, principal parts are pres. is, past was, and p. p. been.

Copulative; it is used to connect the predicate *sweet* to the subject *liberty*; indicative mode; present tense; third person, singular number, to agree with its subject *liberty*; rule XIII.

—*Harvey's English Grammar.*

(April Fool.)

*To be recited running up hill.

†We've got the book hidden.