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## Meeting.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

SOON to your far north country shall I go  
The thought of you forever in my heart,  
While over hills the call of streams I know  
Shall lure me to the deep pine woods apart  
Where I may meditate your gracious ways,—  
Your moments of wild sweet, each thoughtful word  
And all the acquainted tenderness of days  
When Joy flew o'er us like a summer bird.  
And if by chance in those dim woods at evening  
I come upon your spirit wandering there  
Oh, may I gather roses for our dreaming  
To strew them round you in the trembling air,  
And walk with you beneath those shadowed skies,  
Feeling the ancient sweetness in your eyes.

## The Natural Right to Life and Its Relation to the Haiselden Case.

BY ARTHUR B. HUNTER, PH. B., '16.

CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.

**B**EFORE the time of the Civil War the great majority of the people of the North believed that Seward was right when he said that a "Higher Law" than the written law of the land governed the question of slavery. It was because Webster believed that the written law of the land was everywhere and always supreme that he delivered his famous Seventh of March speech and became the object of hatred for the thousands of New Englanders who had formerly supported him. Chief Justice Taney could see no other interpretation of the Dred Scott case than that afforded to him by the written law of the land. At least one reason why the North went to war was the desire to amend the Constitution for the guidance of the strict-legists in order that the courts might in the future understand that negroes also had rights

arising from the very fact that they were men. The slave had natural rights as well as his white master. His condition of servitude, whether right or wrong, did not give his master the power of life and death over him. In short, our whole political history is filled with instances where the American people have been willing to fight if need be in defense of the natural rights of men.

The industrial history of America tells a similar story. The avowed purpose of the labor organizations has been to secure better working conditions, better hours of work, and better wages for all laborers and to protect the laboring man in the exercise of his rights as a man. Too often the industrial slave has been exploited for the selfish enrichment of the man with capital. Only through combination and organization are the laborers able adequately to protect, by violence if that means becomes necessary, and defend their natural rights against the organized capitalists. The high standard of life of the American worker to-day is due in no small measure to the steady, continued campaign conducted by the labor organizations for the recognition of the rights of the working man.

In order to remain a man, a man must live. He cannot obtain the satisfaction of his wants unless the inherent dignity and worth of his manhood are recognized and acknowledged by other men. The natural law, therefore, grants to man the right to life. This right is personal and perfect, since it attaches only to the owner and is positively enjoined by law. It is con-natural and inalienable, since it is possessed independently of any human conditions and since it is a right to a thing which is also a duty, which cannot, therefore, be renounced. But above all, the right to life is a natural right, arising from man's inner nature. Being a natural right it enjoins upon every other individual, and upon the owner himself, the duty of preserving the life of the possessor. Only through the violation of some grave law of the state

or through the violation of another person's right does the possessor of the right to life ever forfeit that right. Even then he can be punished only by the state for the sake of its own preservation or for the common safety of its citizens, since the duty of promoting the public welfare and protecting the natural rights of citizens is entrusted to the state. Not even the state has the right of putting an innocent person to death. There can be no right to do that which is intrinsically evil. Some have contended that lawyers often possess the power of life and death over an individual, but it must always be remembered that at all times the lawyer is an officer of the court of the state. Hence it is only as an agent of the state, if ever, that the lawyer exercises any tiny portion of the sovereign power. Nor is the power lodged in the other professions. Doctors are often placed in positions of special trust and confidence. Here their discretionary powers are enormous. Yet no doctor is a state in himself and no doctor has the moral power to dispatch any living person. Since embryologists are agreed that the person starts on his human life at the moment of his conception, this prohibition applies to all life, fetal and non-fetal.

Moreover, the doctor's estimate of the worth of the patient's life has nothing whatever to do with the case. An invalid, as for example in the case of an advanced consumptive, may have no chance of recovery so far as the doctor can judge and may be a heavy burden and great care to his family and the state; but these facts cannot and do not give rise to the right of dispatch in the doctor. Even where, as in certain cases in fetal life, the child's life may be considered as valueless, that consideration can give the doctor no right to dispose of the child's life, no matter how worthy and noble may be his end in view. The bad means can never be justified by the good end. Nor does a physician's attack upon the principle make the question a medical one, any more than Edison's attack on it would make it an electrical question. The field of medicine is clearly marked. The field of ethics is equally clear. The solution of rights is not a matter of surgery. The study of human conduct belongs properly to the science of ethics. This question of the right to life is a question of philosophy, and whoever attempts to attack it must do so as a philosopher. It must be reiterated that not even the state can murder its innocent citizens by any right, even though

the state's very existence might seem to depend upon getting rid of a given individual. Suppose a case of an epidemic of smallpox in a community. Here the health of the whole state might be endangered, yet will any reputable doctor say that such danger would justify either himself or the state in putting the innocent unfortunate victims and sufferers out of the way? If not, it must be clear that limitation is a property of all rights, be the possessors thereof private individuals, professional men, or the state itself.

The natural law teaches that murder is always and everywhere wrong. Hence murder as a direct means to an end can never be right. This is not to say that the doctor can never use extraordinary means in his efforts to save life; but only that he cannot use a means that in itself is utterly opposed to the natural law. The defense of such a principle may seem, on first thought, to lead to narrowness and puerile quibbling, but the "hard cases are the quicksands" in the moral law as well as in the civil law. Our rulings on cases presented must be either chaotically confused, because of the laxity with which the principle is applied, or wholesomely consistent, because of the unbending truth expressed. Furthermore, our common sense tells us that when a principle appears self-evident from reason, the logical consequences of that principle must also be admitted to be self-evident. "Thou shalt not kill" applies to the doctor as well as to the man who has never studied medicine. This commandment of God, as revealed to us by the Bible, is but the clearer expression of a maxim of the natural law which is promulgated to us by our own reason. This commandment prohibits the killing of any person who has not through some positive act of his own forfeited his right to life. Certainly the newborn babe, or the child in its mother's womb, of all persons, has done nothing to forfeit this right. There is in fact, and should be in civil law, no distinction between criminal and "medical" abortion. The end and the means are the same in either case. If abortion does take place criminally the child has been murdered just as truly as if the killing had taken place after the delivery of the child. Oftentimes the doctor claims that there is a difference in kind between the taking of fetal life and the destroying of non-fetal life. No physician, however, has yet been able to point out any real distinction in culpability attaching

in the one case over the other. Were the doctor consistent he would advocate the direct killing of adults whenever there is involved the question of saving life, or honor, or convenience. Even expediency might logically drive him to kill a person. Well did Dr. Pinard write on the wall of his office: "The right over the child's life and death belongs neither to the father, nor to the mother, nor to the physician." The child has a natural right to life.

Life is a sacred thing, for life is a gift of God. Hence God alone has dominion over it. Real scientists long ago gave up the attempt to create life. They now lend their endeavors to the study of the wonderful life that has been given. Since the gift is divine, not human, the individual has an inalienable right to it, a right which all persons, including himself, are bound to respect. His right to life is an inviolable moral claim to a definite personal good.

The recognition of the reality of this right, however, falls far short of being universal. Men have been prone to reject the theory that life is sacred and to cast aside the reality of the right to life. Following the lead of Austin they have chosen to say that the state is absolutely sovereign and that the citizen has no rights whatever save only those granted to him by the state. Prominent among these self-styled reformers is Dr. Harry J. Haiselden, of Chicago. Dr. Haiselden goes a step farther than Austin and allows the doctor to determine whether or not a given person is fit to live. If the decision of the doctor be adverse to the poor victim, then medical aid must be refused him and the unfortunate fellow either left to die or put out of the way quietly. To arrive at such a conclusion Dr. Haiselden necessarily rejects all theories of inalienable rights and at the same time exaggerates and magnifies the power and the sphere of surgery. Many of the indictments that he draws against society for its sins are true bills, but the remedies that he proposes are unthinkable, leading, as they do, to graver consequences than the existing evils.

For fear that Dr. Haiselden may not be known to all readers a brief informal introduction is deemed apropos. Dr. Haiselden is the clean shaven surgeon who received national notoriety some months ago because of the stand that he took in refusing to operate on the Bollinger baby in a Chicago hospital. He was attacked by newspapers and clergy all over the country for not performing an ordinary operation that

was needed to save the life of the child. He justified his stand on the grounds that the mother of the child consented to the refusal to operate and that the baby, if it had been permitted to live, would have grown up a horrible cripple and perhaps an idiot. He did not contend that the operation needed was extraordinary or major, but said that it was "not right to prostitute surgery to prolong the life of the absolutely unfit." The learned doctor naturally makes no reference to the reception of his doctrine among his medical brothers in Chicago. The board chosen to consider Haiselden's case was composed of specialists picked from the faculties of the leading medical schools of the city and among their conclusions we find these rather uncomplimentary charges:

"We find no evidence from the physical defects that the child would have become mentally or morally defective. Several of the physical defects might have been improved by plastic operations. We believe that a prompt operation would have prolonged and perhaps saved the life of the child. We believe the doctor's highest duty is to relieve suffering and to save or prolong life."

Nor does Dr. Haiselden mention the name of Miss Catherine Walsh, a social worker, who baptized the child and pleaded with him for its life. She declares that "it was not a monster—that child. It was a beautiful baby. I saw no deformities. I patted him. Both his eyes were open, he waved his little fists and cried lustily. I knew if its mother got her eyes on it she would love it and never permit it to be left to die."

The danger is always present that the doctor may be mistaken in his individual diagnosis and conclusions. In this case Dr. Haiselden seems to have been badly mistaken. But, allowing these horrible mistakes to pass, we follow the doctor to the theories that he seeks to deduce from the facts as he saw them. It would seem that ordinarily a doctor is called into a case not merely to stand passively by and watch "nature take its course." The family of the patient can do that much. The doctor is generally called in to aid nature in its fight against disease and to advise the patient of means of staving off death. Dr. Haiselden, however, evidently conceived his duty otherwise. To prove that the child was "absolutely unfit" to live and that "nature ought to be permitted to take its course" without the intervention of

the doctor's skill in such cases, Dr. Haiselden was careful to describe in full detail the alleged pitiful physical condition of the Bollinger babe. Many of these conditions were revealed only at the time of the post mortem, but all of them are recited in his newspaper writings. To an uninitiated layman, however, not even such an array of unpleasant details, assuming all of them to be true, appears to prove the doctor's case, but leaves it as far from proof as before. The doctor should show at least an inferential connection between such details and the theories of life and rights that he proposes.

For ages past it has been an accepted proverb among the medical profession that "while there is life there is hope." The board of doctors who tried Haiselden's case reiterated their belief in the maxim. In other words, the old-fashioned doctors believed that there was really something sacred about human life and that it was their duty to preserve and prolong life as long as their knowledge and their skill could aid them. Even when all human efforts failed, and when life seemed all but gone, instances have been known in which red-blooded physicians have not been too proud to add their own petitions to the prayers of the anxious relatives and friends of the patient before the feet of the Great Healer. Dr. Haiselden does not want to be old fashioned. Evidently he is a modern materialistic utilitarian, for, although he does not pretend to know exactly what life is or what it means, he says brazenly and frankly: "To some all life is sacred; to me life somewhat near normal is sacred."

"Somewhat near normal,"—those are ambiguous words, and it would probably be impossible to discover exactly what the *learned* doctor meant by them. One is almost tempted to query whether or not the doctor himself is normal. Could a perfectly sane man, possessed of his normal faculties, come to the conclusion that some human life is not sacred? If that be possible, where is that "normal" individual going to draw the line between those persons who are not normal and himself? Surely a man in the last stages of consumption is not normal. Even heart trouble is not so prevalent as to justify the classification of those who are afflicted with it as normal individuals. How about the drunkard, the dissipated fool, and the degenerate imbecile? Is the insane man or the idiot a normal being? If the lives of none of these are sacred then the doctors may lawfully

dispatch the souls of these unfortunates to Heaven or Hell with all the authority of law and conscience. If the doctors be given this power, then why not extend it likewise to the other professions and the laity or at least to the state? But surely the *learned* doctor would not extend his doctrines to such cruel extremes. Logically it would seem that he ought to, but in fact he does not, because he advocates other measures than killing in the care of adult unfits. As for the helpless babe, though, the case is merciless.

After a hasty examination of the Bollinger child Dr. Haiselden tells us that "the question of whether it were best to perform this operation to save the life of a child hopelessly deformed arose in my mind. It occurred to me that it was an easy matter for a healthy person to buffet the world, but that for a hopelessly defective man it was nothing short of hell. . . . It had a peculiar wailing cry—the pitiful sickly whine of a young kitten—not at all the healthy bawl of a sound and normal child. It was this cry, poor and thin as it was, that later affected me so strongly, when it became my duty to judge whether or not this child was worthy, physically and mentally worthy, of life. But now it was only an added argument to convince me that the tiny body that lay before me was *outside the pale*—that it was hopelessly unfit. . . . I noted also that the femur, or thigh bones, were abnormally large. This also is the case in lower animals. In fact the skeleton that lay before me in its hunched and twisted attitude looked like the skeleton of a monkey. It told me plainer than anything that had gone before that this child was in reality a defective,—an animal lower than man. Had that baby lived, it would have been a social outcast. He would not be welcome at such a social gathering as this (a dinner club banquet), as far as physical defectiveness was concerned. Besides there were signs of almost undoubted mental inferiority." A cry and large thigh bones,—these are the doctor's chief reasons why the child was "absolutely unfit" to live. If Dr. Haiselden had officiated at the time, the great English poet Pope would certainly have had a poor chance of delivery. We wonder if he would have tried to save the consumptive Robert Louis Stevenson, to cure the stammerer Demosthenes, or to give comfort to the blind Milton. Would he have considered the lives of the consumptive mothers of Beethoven and

Lincoln to have been lived in vain by mere "Unfits"? We wonder what would have been his pronouncement concerning the worth of St. Paul? Assuming, however, all that the doctor here says to be true and assuming that he had satisfied his own conscience in the matter, it still remains for him to prove his point. The question will not be downed. What did the child do to forfeit its natural right to life? Even the doctor offers no evidence of misbehavior on the child's part. All that Dr. Haiselden does to prove his point is simply to take the eternal law of God and change it to read, "Some human life is not sacred." The mere fact that man's very nature has such an inherent dignity as to claim for itself certain undoubted and inalienable rights, among which is the natural right to life, bothers a "philosopher" of the Haiselden type not at all. Evidently he intends to strengthen his case when he says: "When I see the ease with which the unfit are allowed to propagate the epileptics, the insane, the syphilitics, the horribly deformed, the acute tubercular, the habitual drunkard, without one particle of interference on the part of the law, I am appalled. I am enough of an American to believe that every child born has the right to be born well and sound." This is true enough, but the doctor errs in assuming that if the child by some mischance is defective, such child thereby and therefor forfeits its natural right to life. "The crippled child is moulded by the hand of God as well as the most robust heir of humanity." The child has nothing whatever to say in the choosing of the kind of body that it would like to live in, but even if it did it could hardly be blamed for a mistake in its young judgment. Neither physical defect nor color of skin can deprive the child of its right to life.

It is not necessary to endeavor to show that Dr. Haiselden was in any way culpable for his action in the Bollinger case. That was but a single, isolated happening in the doctor's daily work. The real danger lurks in his doctrines and theories of life. Nor is the doctor condemned because his case is exceptional. Rather his case is only too typical of many doctors, who have not received the same free advertising as Dr. Haiselden, but who, with him, have attempted to lead in unfamiliar paths. The medical fraternity of Chicago voted to expel Dr. Haiselden, yet there are doubtless many doctors still holding membership in that

same organization who hold views similar to those for which Haiselden was condemned. Those who do are unfit to discuss the ethical questions involved in their work and sad indeed is the case of the unfit.

Dr. Haiselden has attempted to revise one of the introductory chapters in the great book of life. Professional man though he may be, still he is decidedly unprofessional in his methods of argumentation. Before attempting to establish his own case he should be kind enough to destroy the theories, and point out the fallacies in the principles, long held by worth-while doctors and laymen. He should explain away the progress that has been made by following the old idea of life and its sacredness in the medical science, especially in the way of discoveries that have been made through experiment and study that result in the great increase of the doctor's skill and efficiency. He should show that all the patient endeavors of the workers in the medical laboratories, who have ever sought new remedies for diseases now thought to be incurable and who have succeeded marvelously in their searches of the past, have been but wasted energy. He should further show that further progress is impossible without the rejection of the theory that all human life is sacred. He should show, for example, that a cure for cancer or one for tuberculosis can never be found; or that the possibilities of radium as a curative agent have been exhausted. He should prove to us that there will never be any more mechanical aids, like the x-ray, invented for the use of the medical profession. Further than this, he should point out in the doctrine that he would substitute for the natural right to life some incentive that would cause men who adopted it to continue their search for remedies for the unfit. Until he does at least this much his attempts to establish his theory must of necessity fail and the principles which do really govern the case remain in possession, continuing to hold and to bind. Bishop Carroll has put the case succinctly as follows: "No physician, no matter how well versed in the wisdom of eugenics, can foretell with certain knowledge who will be 'fit' and who 'unfit' to live. . . . Granted that such a child would become a burden to society, I answer that this is a burden that society is obliged to assume. Society assumes this burden in the case of adults who are deformed and feeble minded, and why should it be relieved

of the burden in the case of helpless infants? To the thinking mind such inconsistency is inconceivable."

The rejection of natural law and natural rights leads to a series of absurdities that cannot be countenanced. For example, one consequence of the rejection is the fact that, if morality and legality are one and the same thing, any offence against what we call morals can be made perfectly lawful by the mere process of legislative enactment. Thus adultery, rape and murder could become intrinsically indifferent if not positively good. Secondly, legality itself would, under such conditions, fall to the ground and all jurisprudence with it. What reason could be given why any person ought to obey the law? The principle that citizens of the state should obey all valid laws belongs to the natural law alone. When the natural law is rejected that principle must of course be denied. Thirdly, if legality is absolutely supreme there can be no inalienable right, no right that the majority in the state is bound to respect. Austin, strangely enough, does not shrink from this consequence for he tells us in all seriousness: "A sacred or inalienable right is truly and indeed invaluable; for seeing that it means nothing, there is nothing with which it can be measured." If, however, we suppose the extreme case of a socialistic free-love state lawfully established, we can easily imagine that even Mr. Austin, if he is as much of a man as we take him to be, would rebel nobly against any attempted deprivation of his wife and home. He would be constrained to appeal to a higher law than the unjust enactment of the state. If this law does not exist, however, then Mr. Austin will indeed be in a sorry predicament. Fourthly, if the doctrine of Hobbes and Austin be true, and if Dr. Haiselden is right in his stand that some life is not sacred, then any act of tyranny may become lawful and there can be no lawful resistance to the will of the ruler. Both Hobbes and Austin claim that the power of the sovereign is from its very nature incapable of legal limitation. The natural law is the only known limitation upon that power, and the rejection of the natural law, therefore, leads to unthinkable state absolutism.

When these two rival theories concerning right and life boldly face one another their relative merits readily appear. In the one there is death and despair, in the other there

is life and hope. In the one there is a selfish, disordered, brute-like, continuous war, in the other there is the well ordered-peace of a society whose members are not afraid to protect their own rights, but are at the same time wise enough to see the limitations of these rights. In one we have the strict legalism of Austin and the pretentious infallibility of Haiselden, in the other we have the human spirit of American institutions and the moral courage of the average American citizen. There is no tenable middle ground, no straddling of the fence. Either there are some natural rights or there are no natural rights. The choice of theories must be made. We believe that the pendulum of American thought and feeling is swinging away from the legalism of Austin back to the humanism of Aristotle and Aquinas. We believe that all men "are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." We believe that "the enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others held by the people." We believe that the gross materialism of the Austin-Haiselden school must give way before the ennobling spiritism expressed in primitive American institutions.

THE END.

### Varsity Verse.

#### EXILED.

The sea rolls restless at my feet,  
The breakers splashing spray;  
My heart is lured by the measured beat,  
Of tumbling waves at play.

The sea-weed clings to the rising crag,  
The shore is fringed with foam,  
Gray vapor wraps the crumbling scrag,  
Of my rude island home.

The waves flow slowly by my side—  
I give to them no heed,  
My thoughts on fancy's rushing tide,  
To the dead past recede.

*Jerome Miller, '17.*

#### A QUERY.

There are people always kicking,  
There are people always picking  
Out a flaw in every little thing they meet;  
There are fellows in this college  
Who display a lack of knowledge,  
In complaining of the daily food they eat.

They complain about the steaks, and  
 They complain about the flakes, and  
 They complain about the coffee and the buns,  
 Not a single meal can please them,—  
 Even chicken won't appease them,  
 And they'd feed the food as fodder to the guns.

But a question now I'd ask you,  
 Which I'm sure will never task you,  
 And 'twill serve my only argument to state,—  
 If this food that they're bewailing,  
 In its real purpose is failing,  
 Then how do these selfsame fellows gain in weight?

*J. J. W.*

#### THE FIRST-LOVE.

Is it for naught I have loved thee,  
 Now that we've each gone our way?  
 The memory of thee I will hold still  
 For thought in some future day.

In those far musings of leisure,  
 As a pearl in the chain of my past  
 'Twill be joyous to dwell on my first love  
 When I pain with the thorns of my last.

*E. J. Dundon, '18.*

#### "JIM."

I might forget to eat my meals,  
 But till my mind grows dim,  
 I'll not forget that rippling laugh  
 I heard from "Barber Jim."  
 That constant laughing makes one fat  
 Is false, for Jim is slim,  
 And his oft dissyllabic laugh  
 Has never fattened him.

I'm sure I never will forget  
 The things he asked of me:  
 To all I answered he agreed  
 Though I was wrong you see.  
 But when I told him my "exams"  
 Had only angered "pa,"  
 He slyly smiled awhile at me  
 And harshly said, "Ha, ha."

He made remarks that puzzled me  
 And once he praised my hair,  
 And judging from its bulk, said, "There's  
 No room for brains up there."  
 Now if he meant my head's all hair,  
 I'll try to pardon Jim,  
 Because, you see, I really think  
 His laugh distracted him.

*William McNamara.*

#### All but the Brave.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

One night, shortly after twelve, Maggie and her ideal were returning from a dance "up to th' hall," where, despite the fact that they attended the affairs quite frequently, Homer still received from the men a welcome of the sort accorded a cornet player in an apartment house. An almost imperceptible snow was falling, and the ground was lightly covered like the mint of a julep sprinkled with pulverized sugar.

"It's just about two months ago to-night that we met each other," remarked Homer.

"Has it been that long?" asked Maggie coyly. "Time passes so fast when your company is pleasant."

Instead of an intelligible reply Maggie heard nothing but a grunt, an outflung hand struck her on the arm, and she turned quickly to find two assailants, who had crept upon them from behind, bearing Mr. Ducey to the sidewalk. All this, while Maggie was wondering if Homer would take advantage of the opening she had given him by her last remark and become sentimental. The startled girl clutched her hands together convulsively and was about to raise her voice in a lusty scream when she reflected that perhaps it would be better to wait. She could hold herself ready until Mr. Ducey, lacking skill in the manly art as he undoubtedly did, was delightfully mangled, whereupon she could drive these ruffians off with a few of the simple tricks she taught her girls every day. Then hers would be the task of nursing poor, bruised Homer back to health; and many were the charming stories she had heard of the potency wielded over a patient's mind by the white-capped and white aproned powers that feed him when he is too weak to feed himself. Numberless romances had been inaugurated in the sick-room. To have her hovering over his bed of pain, tenderly ministering unto him, was just what Homer needed to make him speak the word she was sure he wanted to speak. What did a cut more or less matter when their lives' happiness was involved?

But while these thoughts were running through Maggie's mind, Mr. Ducey had struggled to his feet and was proceeding, wonder of wonders, to treat the attacking parties to an

unparalleled trouncing. He would knock one down and devote himself exclusively to the other, or perhaps they would come at him together, but singly or doubly he treated them with quickness, dispatch, and impartiality. And as his fists met the prominent parts of their anatomies time after time, he was uttering words that ill became the lips of a person who claimed to be what the Queen of Sheba never was, a perfect gentleman.

Maggie was astounded. It irritated her to see how foolishly the assailants exposed themselves to Homer's ready blows. She was almost tempted to jump in the fray and take their part. But instead of that, she stood to one side pounding her right fist into her left palm with a wasted vigor. When both strangers lay outstretched and unconscious Homer walked over to Maggie rubbing his knuckles gingerly. The girl looked at him with a fixed stare such as she might have bestowed on a walking delegate from the infernal regions.

"You—you," she stammered slowly, in the approved manner of stage heroines who have been disillusioned. "You can fight! And I heard you swearing. You aren't any molly-coddle!"

"Maggie," said Homer soberly, the former mincing quality entirely gone from his voice, "I'm glad this happened. It gives me a chance to tell you something I've wanted to tell you for a long time. I'm not a sissy like you think I am. I am a prize fighter. They call me 'Battling Ducey,'"

Maggie gasped. A prize fighter! Gone was her dream of a quiet future with the most peaceful man on earth. Think of having a battling infant who would be knocking the feathers out of his pillow before he was a year old!

"Oh-h-h!" she wailed reproachfully, "you've been deceiving me ever since you've known me!"

"That was the trouble. I kep' lettin' it go for so long that I got more 'fraid of tellin' you all the time."

Maggie was very near to tears. "What in the world did you do it for?"

"Lemme tell you all about it," cried Homer, anxiously wrinkling his brow and extending his hand in deprecation. "One day you went by Miller's restaurant when Mickey Donlan and I was eating in there. I asked who you were and it took him about an hour to tell me when he mighta said it all at once by jus' sayin' you

was a wonder. Anyway, I says 'that's the kind of a girl I want for my wife.'

'Fat chance you got,' Mickey says. 'Only the lad that takes to stiff collars like an ole maid takes to cats will slip the ring on Maggie's finger.'

'For a woman like that,' I tells 'im, 'I'd pose as one of them boys if I thought I could get away with it.'

"He laughs at me an' says I could get away with it all right, but he was cock sure I didn't have nerve enough to try. I was afraid I was too well known, but he told me not to be so damned 'stuck up, that nobody knew me on this side of the city. Well, to come right down to it, he took me up to the dance that night and introduced me to you. An'—an' as I kep' gettin' to like you better I got scairder to tell you about what I was. One night I almost did tell you—"

"That must've been the night I thought you was going to propose. I remember now," Maggie went on sternly, "I thought I'd seen your picture somewhere the very first night I met cha."

"It's been in the *Police Gazette* two or three times."

"Oh—well I never read that," answered she indignantly. "Where did you get that wrist watch?"

"I used to belong to the army."

"You wear it 'cause they wear 'em in the army?"

"Anything that's customary," murmured Homer sheepishly.

"You must've belonged to the navy too, didn't cha?"

"No,—why?"

"You're always drinkin' grape juice."

"My trainers won't let me drink anything stronger."

"Ah ha," cried Maggie, shaking her head as though she had made a discovery, "they make you come in early every night too, don't they?"

Homer nodded in bitter acknowledgment.

"And they're the ones that take up your time all day."

Again Homer assented.

"So you're a prize fighter," went on his inquisitor, scarcely able to believe the odious truth.

The miserable chap seized at a straw.

"Yes, but I don't fight very often," he said,



attempting to put the truth in a capsule so she could swallow it more easily. "I'm after the middle-weight championship—an' I'm gonna get it. Then I'll retire like most of the champs do."

"Well, you may be gonna get the middle-weight championship, but you're not gonna get me," Maggie informed him with a determined bob of her head, disappointment making her forget that such a remark was a trifle premature.

"Aw, Maggie, I thought maybe you wouldn't let it make any difference!—"

"Well, you estimate yourself too highly. You'd better take another invoice. I don't want you to ever speak to me again."

"Aw, Maggie—"

"You can go your way right now and I'll go mine."

"Oh, but I'm goin' to take you home," he cried in alarm.

"No, you're not. I guess I can get home alone all right."

"But Maggie, listen—"

"Don't chu dare walk with me. Go back!" And Maggie paused in the middle of the sidewalk, her fists resting on her hips. Homer saw that she meant what she said.

"An' let me tell you one other thing. Shakespeare never wrote 'Woodman, spare that tree.' Nor Longfellow didn't either. You—you ignoramus!"

With that felling blow she swung about and walked swiftly away. Homer watched her till she turned the first corner, then he went to the two prostrate forms on the sidewalk and gave each one a hearty kick. He felt not the slightest pity for them. Very shortly they would be revived by the cold stone, but feminine love killed by deceit knows no trumpet of resurrection. Slowly and sadly, apparently a direct contradiction to the soubriquet "Battling Ducey," Homer frugged off into the darkness and snow, exiled from the land of Heart's Desire.

Next morning as the brothers of the Loafa Bouta Bar fraternity were gathering for their eye-opener, Mickey Donlan was seated at a table in Tim's Place with two rather mutilated companions.

"It ain't fair," one of them was sayin' "you're givin' him two dollars more'n yuh are me."

"Listen, you," Mickey replied, shaking his forefinger emphatically, "I told you guys that I'd pay you according to the amount you got hurt. Bill here has two black eyes, a busted mitt, an' his face is all cut up. You've only

got one black eye, some skin off yer knuckles, an' a little bump on yer head that you musta got from droppin' outa yer cradle. It's been on yuh ever since I've known yuh. You can't ring that in on me as somethin' new. Black eyes was to be worth two bones apiece. Therefore an' accordin' Bill cops th' extra cash. Am I right or ain't I, Bill?"

"He's right about that, Charlie," Bill assured the grumbler, who was silenced but unconvinced.

"You guys are sure Maggie give 'im the go-by?" asked Mickey.

"Never surer of anything in m' life," cried Bill heartily. "Me an' Charlie layed there on that sidewalk till we damn near froze—that's what makes m' voice so hoarse this mornin'—but it was worth it. That girl cut him as clean an' pretty as anything I ever see. She oughta be workin' in a butcher shop."

"An' that guy Ducey wasn't satisfied with what he'd done to us already, but when the girl goes off with her nose seekin' the mountain air he had to come over an' give us each another kick. How did you come to get mixed up in this business with him, Mickey?"

"Well, I tell yuh, I thought if Maggie got acquainted with one of them sissys like she was hankerin' after she'd be so rank disgusted that she'd get the idea out of her head, an' be ready to marry—ahem—a real man. 'Stead o' that, she falls fer the kid's soft line, an' I had to get you guys to make 'im show himself up. I 'spose it was a dirty trick to play on a friend, but hell! anything goes in love an' war. Besides, it's better fer the lad as it is. If he'd a'married her first an' told her he was in the ring afterwards he'd never had a peaceful day the rest of his life. Believe me, boys, yuh can't tell about these women. Solomon was a wise ole boy, they say, an' he purformed nine hundred experiments in matrimony, but when he got through he knew less'n he did before he started. A weather-prophet has an easy job compared to analyzin' the female character. He can make a good guess an' stick out his report: 'Showers to-day and probably yesterday,' but to stand up an' say: 'She's gonna do this an' she's gonna do that' is another thing altogether. They aren't doin' it with any success this season."

"Ain't it the truth," agreed the one whose purse had fared the better at Mickey's hand, signalling the waiter to bring three more of the same.

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—With the peace parley holding the centre of the public stage and with the recent election still un-forgotten, the question of the Japanese and California is being for the time ignored. The "Jap" issue, however, cannot be disposed of except by a sensible settlement of it on the part of the United States. Japan is "bothering" the United States because the latter country is naturally able to put up with "bothering" when it is a question of housing an over-crowded family. Japan has an area one twenty-fourth as large as that of the United States, while her population is six-tenths as great as that of our country. The State of California is larger than the entire Japan, but the population of the Golden State is but one twenty-second as great as Japan's. There are 370 Japs to a square mile, 85 Americans, 18 Mexicans and 15 Californians to the same area. Thus the family has badly outgrown the home. Japan cannot contain its people. England, by a system of colonization beyond the seas, has solved the question of congestion. There are eight British colonies in Asia, twelve in Africa, seventeen in America and nine in Australia. Nearly all of the European countries maintain foreign colonies. With most of them colonization is a convenience, with Japan it is a necessity. Seemingly the only outlook for Japan, as far as America is con-

cerned, is West Mexico. The country is sparsely settled and would make an ideal home for the yellow men, provided they desire to become Mexican citizens. At any rate, Mexico is, in the opinion of Americans, at least, a better home for the Japs than California.

## Book Review.

SONGS OF WEDLOCK. By T. A. Daly. 76 pp.  
David McKay, Philadelphia. \$1.00.

From Mr. David McKay comes a volume delicately bound in dove and white, with gold lettering, and entitled "Songs of Wedlock" by T. A. Daly. Mr. Daly has long been known to a wide public through his sympathetic and whimsical poems on the Italian and Irish immigrant, three volumes of which, "Carmina," "Canzoni," and "Madrigali," are clear proof of his genuine lyrical gift. Much of this verse, tender though it was, was felt to be of perhaps an ephemeral interest, but the present volume has irrevocably placed Mr. Daly in American song. No doubt there is a temptation for many a college reviewer to marshal superlatives in speaking of this collection, but one believes that there is scarcely any critic having occasion to refer to it who will not commit himself to sincere and generous praise. With the possible exception of a few pieces of a lighter and more fanciful vein, every poem in the book is marked by poetic beauty and exquisite finish. There is so much foulness perpetrated to-day in the name of poetry, so much disgusting lewdness masqueraded under the disguise of holy love, that it seems almost an event to find a poet who sings the old and true ideals in so convincing a manner. The gentle lady to whom these verses are addressed is the inspiration of her husband's richest and, what may prove to be, his most enduring song.

Mr. Daly's work has much of the grace and tenderness of Coventry Patmore, but Patmore himself could not have sung more beautifully than Daly in "To a Thrush," the prize poem included in this volume. "Inspiration," "The Gates of Paradise," and "To a Violinist" are all deeply imaginative and tense with emotion, while "The True Vision" is as delicate, fanciful and sure as though Suckling or Lovelace had fashioned it. Lack of space forbids much quotation, but we make bold to print "Her Music." After "To a Thrush" it is perhaps more beautiful than any other single poem in the volume.

### HER MUSIC.

Thy soul was in thy fingers when they strayed

Among the keys at twilight hour to-night;

Then winging with the melody they made,

It soared, by mine companioned, to the height  
Where holy Melancholy sat, arrayed

One length in gloom and one all golden bright.

Thy soul returning, brought but shreds of shade;

Mine filched the golden light.

Then when I smiled and would not match thy mood  
With solemn speech, thou sought'st thy lonely bed.

But that was hours ago, and thou hast wooed  
 Forgetfulness with tears so softly shed.  
 But I! How swift this June-night solitude  
 Hath poured prophetic sorrow on my head.  
 Here is my soul stripped bare, Promethean food  
 For one sharp-taloned dread.

Death is a wholesome thing for inward thought,  
 But not for mutual speech, dear heart.  
 Oh! long may Azrael leave us twain unsought;  
 But when he comes, I pray, not thine the part,  
 Lorn lingerer in years with sadness fraught,  
 To scent new-broken earth with such a start  
 And pang of loss as June's sweet breezes brought  
 To me to-night, dear heart.

Such is Mr. Daly's achievement. His faith and his love are the springs of his inspiring life and his splendid art. For some years past Mr. Daly has been an annual visitor to Notre Dame and to the lecture platform in Washington Hall. So closely has he knit himself to faculty and students, that he seems to be one of ourselves: his success is a matter of personal interest to us at the University. The "Songs of Wedlock" are lyrics of exalted loveliness; they are stamped with an exquisite beauty that is born of the spirit. And after all, is not this the "*volum et rara felicitas*"?

Copies may be procured through the University book store. *Speer Strahan.*

### Notices.

The coming examinations will be held January 29th and 31st instead of 30th and 31st as stated in the catalogue. January 30th will be a holiday. This will, without doubt, be appreciated by both professor and student.

Prize Essays and Graduating Theses in all Colleges must be handed in before May 20th. This includes the Meehan English Essay and the Dockweiler Essay in Philosophy.

TO THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS:—

I have been relieved from duty at Notre Dame and ordered to duty in the Quartermaster Corps at Philadelphia.

I have had many happy experiences at Notre Dame and leave with the kindest feelings of real friendship for you all.

Sincerely,

R. R. STOGSDALL,  
 Major, U. S. A., Rtd.

THE SCHOLASTIC is in receipt of a letter from the "Maryland League for National Defense" offering prizes of \$100, \$50, \$25, and \$10 for the best essay of not more than one thousand words on "Universal Obligatory Military Training and Service."

The rules of the contest are as follows:

Essays must not exceed 1,000 words.

Only one side of the paper is to be used.

All essays are to be typewritten.

The name and address of the author must appear on the upper left-hand corner of the first page of each essay.

All essays must be received at the offices of the league, 810 Garrett Building, before February 15, 1917.

All essays are subject to use by the league.

Articles and information on the subject will be gladly furnished by the league.

It is desirable to compete for the essay by writing from one view-point rather than to present a general discussion of the subject.

### Varsity News.

—Mr. Barnes of the Civic Center of South Bend has invited the debating teams of the Brownson and the St. Joseph literary societies to hold a debate before the Civic Center in the near future.

—Arrangements are being made for the appearance of the Notre Dame Glee Club in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on the night of Easter Monday. This will be the first appearance of the club in Chicago. Since the holidays, the membership of the club has been increased, and there are now fifty voices in the chorus.

—Arthur H. Hayes, of last year's class, has resigned his place as instructor in the preparatory school of the University to accept a new and lucrative position with the *Chicago Herald*. "Art" has already made a name for himself as a fiction writer, and his new serial, which began last week, should make a big hit. While regretting to have him leave, we wish him the greatest success, confident that he will make good in his new undertaking.

—When Mary Pickford is booked to appear on the screen in Washington Hall we can always expect a good night's entertainment. Last Saturday's performance of "Hulda from Holland" eclipsed anything else presented here this scholastic year. As Hulda, the comely little Hollander, Miss Pickford more than justifies her popularity on the film stage. She is, moreover, supported by an excellent company, not the least of whom is the "wee little laddie"—who plays his part so naturally and so well. From the vigorous applause it was evident that films of this quality are appreciated.

—The Poetry Society met on Sunday last. The latest issue of the Bulletin of the Poetry

Society of America was summarized by the director, Father O'Donnell, who also introduced, in the consideration of new publications, Father P. J. Carroll's "Songs of Creelabeg," reading some selections from it. A short talk was given on the work of Robert J. Service, whose "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" is one of the most popular of "non-fiction" books in all markets. Some twenty original poems were read and discussed. A ballot taken upon these disclosed that the favorites were, "IKE," by Mr. Thomas Duffy, and "Choice," by Mr. George Haller."

—On Monday evening, Jan. 15th, the first meeting of those who are to try for the debating team was held in the Sorin recreation room. The largest number in the history of the University responded to the call. Up to date sixty-one applicants have entered for the first preliminaries, which are to begin on February 12th. Father Bolger who has charge of debating gave a short talk in which he explained the question for debate and instructed the new men in the manner of holding debates here at Notre Dame.

So far the only debate scheduled is with the University of Cincinnati, but other engagements are in prospect. Two teams will represent the University, one negative, the other affirmative. Father Foik has gathered a long shelf of the best books on Prohibition for the exclusive use of the debaters. The Library will be open each evening until 9:00 P. M. H. E. S.

### The Club Column.

#### STATE CLUBS ORGANIZE.

As plans for the big interstate banquet, to be held some time in February, progress, new state and sectional organizations are being formed almost daily. During the latter part of last week, the Wisconsin and the Indiana men organized themselves and selected officers, and the Michigan students and students from the Pacific coast followed their example this week.

#### WISCONSIN OFFICERS CHOSEN.

The following men were selected as officers of the newly organized Wisconsin Club: Oscar J. Dorwin, of Minocqua, president; Thomas Kelly, of Milwaukee, vice-president; Robert Hannon, of Milwaukee, secretary; Gilbert Hand, of Plymouth, treasurer; Joe Dorais, of Milwaukee, sergeant-at-arms.

#### INDIANA CLUB ORGANIZED.

Arthur "Dutch" Bergman of Peru, Ind., was chosen president of the Indiana club. The other officers are: Thomas King, Lebanon, vice-president; Frederick Mahaffey, of Marion, secretary; John Rabb, of South Bend, treasurer.

#### MICHIGANDERS GET TOGETHER.

At a meeting Tuesday, the Wolverines selected the following list of officers: John A. Lemmer, of Escanaba, president; Edward Dundon, of Ishpeming, vice-president; Gerald Flynn, of Negaunee, secretary; Walter Perkins, of Detroit treasurer; John Hoskins, of Calumet, sergeant-at-arms.

#### ST. LOUIS MEN ORGANIZE.

The following officers were chosen by the St. Louis club: Prof. F. X. Ackermann, honorary president; Daniel F. McGlynn, president; Valda A. Wrape, vice-president; Max G. Ziebold, secretary; Archibald D. Locke, treasurer.

#### PACIFIC COAST OFFICERS.

The Pacific Coast Club was organized Tuesday. Following are the officers: Howard R. Parker, Woodland, Cal., president; Frank M. Kirkland, Independence, Ore., vice-president; David Philbin, Portland, Ore., secretary; M. J. Phelan, Portland, Ore., treasurer; Elden Daly, Ketchikan, Alaska, sergeant-at arms.

#### CORRESPONDENTS FORM CLUB.

The Notre Dame Press Club, composed of correspondents for the daily papers, was formed in the journalism rooms last Saturday afternoon, with the election of the following members as officers for the year: Prof. John M. Cooney, director; Edward J. McOsker, Elgin, Ill., president; Stuart H. Carroll, Kansas City, Mo., secretary; Leo S. Berner, South Bend, Ind., treasurer.

#### NEW YORKERS' BANQUET.

The Notre Dame club of New York held a banquet at the Hotel McAlpin last Thursday night, according to announcements received by THE SCHOLASTIC. The invitations, which are signed by Angus McDonald, president, state that reservations were in charge of William E. Cotter. "This will be a winner," says the announcement, "surpassing even the others. Old college songs will be heard again, and the memories associated with Alma Mater renewed. Prominent theatrical artists will entertain." The invitation rings of the real N. D. spirit

which characterizes McDonald, Cotter, and the other New York alumni, and this tone, we imagine, was merely the keynote of the event itself.

The Notre Dame Club of Chicago will hold its annual banquet on the evening of January 27th, 1917, at the Hamilton Club, 20 South Dearborn Street, Chicago. The tickets are \$3.00 per plate. An interesting program has been arranged. Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., President of the University, will be the guest of honor. Coach Harper will give a résumé of the Notre Dame athletic situation and several prominent alumni will speak on subjects of interest to former sons of Notre Dame.

Tickets can be secured from the following officers of the association: Hon. M. F. Girten, Room 966 People's Gas Bldg., Chicago; Mr. Rupert D. Donovan, 1400 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago; Mr. Fred L. Steers, 1350 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago.

You should arrange to be present to meet the students of your time and renew old memories and old acquaintances.—*E. J. M.*

*EDITOR'S NOTE.*—The SCHOLASTIC will conduct hereafter a column of news notes concerning the activities of organizations at the University and among alumni. The purpose of this new column will be to encourage the organization of active clubs, to aid them in their undertakings and to furnish readers of THE SCHOLASTIC with the items of interest concerning them. Secretaries of all of the local clubs, as well as of the various alumni associations and Notre Dame city clubs, are urgently requested to send reports of their doings to the editor of THE SCHOLASTIC or to Mr. Edward J. McOsker, who will conduct this column.

### Personals.

—William Draper, star in track and football of a decade ago, called at the University on Thursday.

—Dr. Franklin B. McCarthy (B. S. Biol., '07) is devoting half his time to research work and teaching at Rush Medical College, Chicago. His address is 5536 Sheridan Road.

—Mr. Roy T. Collentine of Monroe, Wis., was at the University last week for a short visit with his cousin, Rev. J. Collentine, C. S. C., who is at the Mission House preparing himself for missionary work.

—The marriage is announced of Mr. George Emmett Attley (C. E., '10) and Miss Mary Agnes Birmingham. The ceremony took place in Chicago on January 10th. Mr. and Mrs.

Attley will be at home after March 1st, 144 South Cuyler Ave., Oak Park, Illinois.

—We are pleased to note the marriage of Mr. Harold D. Madden (LL. B., '15), of Rochester, Minn., to his "St. Mary's cousin," Miss Camille Perrung of Cincinnati. The wedding took place in Cincinnati some time in December.

—The campus was pleasantly enlivened on Wednesday and Thursday by the presence of Rev. Michael Lee Moriarty, vice-president of the Cleveland Latin School, Cleveland, Ohio. "Lee" was the most famous track man of his time and was also a member of the Varsity football team. His visit was much enjoyed.

—Professor Jesse E. Vera (M. E., '10; E. E., '11) is rapidly recovering his old health and strength at his home in Queretaro, Mexico. For a time his condition gave cause for great alarm among his friends, but a brief respite from all kinds of labor has brought about complete restoration.

—Paul V. Duffy, who was a junior in the School of Journalism last year, is now assistant advertising manager at the Emery Bird, Thayer Co., of Kansas City, Mo. In a letter to Prof. Cooney, Paul says that although "writing department store ads is very interesting," he will be with us next year, adding incidentally that he is a bit homesick for the old school.

—On December 27th, Robert Leonard Roach (Ph. B., '15) of Muscatine, President of the Class of 1915, was married to Miss Julia Ramona Schneider of Iowa City. Bob paid a brief visit to Notre Dame on the return trip to Live Oak, Fla., where he has been living for the past year and where he has built his bungalow. May the life journey of the young couple be long and happy.

—Frederick Palmer, noted European war correspondent for the Associated Press, addressed the faculty and student body of the University in Washington hall Wednesday morning. Mr. Palmer, who has been the most privileged of the American correspondents, gave us many interesting facts concerning the manner of fighting in the great conflict. His relation of his personal experience in a flight from England to France in a war aeroplane was especially interesting. Mr. Palmer has been on duty with both the Entente and the Central Powers and he is thoroughly familiar with every phase of the Great War.—*F. J. V.*

## SERMON COURSE IV.—THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

AND

DIRECTORY OF THE STUDENTS' MASS, JANUARY—JUNE, 1917.

The course of sermons which will be delivered during the coming weeks presents the Catholic Church as viewed in her relations with the world. The subject is timely. The world at the present time, when such serious questions as marriage, divorce, the unity of the family, socialism, wealth, poverty, labor, and religious duty, are receiving the attention of everyone, stands awed, hesitates, and looks for light. And the Catholic young man must realize that Holy Church is not now facing these questions for the first time, but has encountered them again and again; that her guidance in such matters is the safest and surest; and that she alone has received, by divine command, the authority "to teach all nations."

Following is the list of sermon subjects and preachers, together with the directory of the College Mass for Sundays and feast-days for the rest of the year.

DATE	SUBJECT	PREACHER	CELEBRANT
Jan. 14	"The Mission of the Church"	Fr. O'Donnell	Fr. Walsh
" 21	"The Church and Marriage"	Fr. Bolger	Fr. Maguire
" 28	"The Church and Divorce"	Fr. Hagerty	Fr. Crumley
Feb. 2	Candlemas: Explanation by Celebrant		Fr. Irving { Fr. Davis Fr. J. Burke
" 4	"The Church and the Family"	Fr. McGinn	Fr. Schumacher
" 11	"The Church and the Religious Life"	Fr. E. Burke	Fr. M. Quinlan
" 18	"The Church and Government"	Fr. Doremus	Fr. Carrico
" 21	Ash Wednesday: Explanation by Celebrant		Fr. Cavanaugh { Fr. Walsh Fr. Schumacher
" 25	"The Church and Socialism"	Fr. McElhone	Fr. McGinn
Mar. 4	"The Church and Secret Societies"	Fr. Hebert	Fr. Bolger
" 11	"The Church and Labor"	Fr. Weninger	Fr. T. Burke
" 17	"St. Patrick"	Fr. Davis	Fr. Walsh { Fr. T. Burke Fr. Devers
" 18			Fr. Lennartz
" 19	"St. Joseph"	Fr. Schumacher	Fr. Maguire { Fr. Doremus Fr. Hebert
" 25	Passion Sunday: Way of the Cross		Fr. Maloney
Apr. 1	Palm Sunday: Explanation by Celebrant		Fr. Cavanaugh { Fr. Walsh Fr. Schumacher
" 8	Easter	Fr. Cavanaugh	Very Rev. Fr. Morrissey { Fr. Carrico Fr. Lennartz
" 15	"The Church and the Child"	Fr. Ill	Fr. Foik
" 22	"The Church and Asceticism"	Fr. Lahey	Fr. Zerhusen
" 25	Solemnity of St. Joseph		Fr. Connor { Fr. O'Donnell Fr. McElhone
" 29	"The Church and Poverty"	Fr. Haggerty	Fr. O'Donnell
May 6	"The Church and Wealth"	Fr. T. Burke	Fr. Walsh
" 13	"The Church and Charity"	Fr. Lennartz	Fr. Schumacher
" 17	Ascension	Rt. Rev. Bishop	Fr. Cavanaugh { Fr. Walsh Fr. Schumacher
" 20	"The Church and History"	Fr. Walsh	Fr. Crumley
" 27	"The Church and Progress"	Fr. Carrico	Fr. M. Quinlan
June 3	"The Church and her Enemies"	Fr. Irving	Fr. McGinn
" 7	Corpus Christi: Explanation by Celebrant		Very Rev. { Fr. Walsh Fr. Morrissey { Fr. Schumacher
" 10	Baccalaureate Sunday		

## Basketball.

West Virginia Wesleyan	16	Notre Dame	37
South Bend Y. M. C. A.	16	Notre Dame	32
Kalamazoo College	32	Notre Dame	30

After doubling the score of our opponents in the first two games of the new year, Notre Dame was nosed out by two points by the speedy Kalamazoo College team last Wednesday evening.

The West Virginia team furnished the first local inter-sectional opposition of the year, and they returned to the Panhandle region after taking part in a game in which they never had a chance to win. "Dick" Daley wound up his inter-collegiate career by making seven baskets, and McDermott was close behind him with five. Daley was suffering from a painful internal injury during the game, and he has on the advice of his physician withdrawn for the season.

Last Saturday afternoon the local quintet mixed things with the South Bend Y. M. C. A. in the association gymnasium. Captain McKenna, McDermott and Grant played a good game against the "downtown" boys.

Kalamazoo College was represented here by a crowd of rooters, masculine and feminine, and a good basketball team on Wednesday. McDermott threw three baskets immediately after the initial whistle, but thereafter every advantage was on the side of Kalamazoo. The score was 17 to 10 at the half-way interval. In the last half Notre Dame showed large quantities of the "old fight" that has won fame for her teams throughout the country, and when Timekeeper "Chief" Meyers fired the gun that ended the toughest battle seen in the Notre Dame "gym" for many a year we lacked just two points of knotting the score. The lack of a capable successor to Daley at center was the real cause of the defeat. Fitzpatrick, who started the game, and Murphy, who succeeded him clearly gave the best that was in them, but neither of them could reasonably be expected to measure up to the fast pace set by the blonde ex-captain.

Interhall Relay Racing was revived between the halves of the Kalamazoo game. Corby defeated Walsh in the fast time of 1:43 3-5. Degree, Ryan, Whipple, Sjoberg, Lockard, and Keenan ran for the winners; Kenny, Moore, Wrape, Baine, Healy and McConnell carried the baton for the losers.—C. W. C.

## Scents o' Humor.

## PHUNNY PHELLOWS.

A mighty queer youngster  
Is Samuel Strive;  
He never has wandered  
To town on a skive.

Another queer fellow  
Is Gregory Glass,  
Who's always awake in  
Ontology class.

\*\*\*

## LIBERTIES OF THE PRESS:

We note by Sunday's *News-Times* that McDermott and McKenna played right field and left field respectively in the Varsity-Y. M. C. A. game last Saturday. Reminds us of the South Bend *Tribune* story of a mass meeting held in our gym last year. The esteemed *Trib.* informed us that Rev. Matthew Schumacher was the celebrant and Rev. M. Walsh was deacon at the mass meeting.

\*\*\*

## SUCH LIMERICKS MAKE US PROFE!

There was a young fellow from Me.,  
Who spent all his coin on a je.,  
But when he went broke  
She called him a joke  
And now the poor fellow's inse.

## KNOONAN KNEW!

Prof.:—"Mr. Noonan, what is an anchorite?"  
"Pete":—"It's a—a—O, yes, it's a small anchor."

\*\*\*

## THE PASSING SHOW.

Lucky:—"Say, hasn't that girl a beautiful profile?"  
Ducky:—"I didn't notice, I was looking at her face."

\*\*\*

## HIS MIXED OLOGIES.

Eddie Moran's exact words after seeing Jack Young start atticward at the Lilacs with a flashlight in his hand:

"Oh, look! There goes Aladdin looking for an honest man!"

\*\*\*

## PSALM OF STRIFE.

Lives of great men all remind us  
That we, too, should not be missed,  
And that every month shall find us  
First upon the 'dinky' list.

\*\*\*

## EASY MISQUOTATIONS.

It's a wise student that knows his own professor.

\*\*\*

## MISSING.

I sing you the dirge of the Carrollites small,  
My harp's on a willow for them.  
No more does their laughter resound in the hall  
Since Mooney has gone to the "Sem."—S. H. C.

*Notice to Contributors.*—Those who wish to submit items for the department columns of THE SCHOLASTIC should do so at the earliest possible moment. As a rule, nothing can be gotten into the current issue after the noon of Wednesday.—EDITOR.

### Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to January 20, 1917.

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

\$2000.00  
Samuel T. Murdock, '86.

\$1000.00  
Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, P. T. O'Sullivan, '68; Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75; M. F. Healy, '82; John C. Shea, '98; Clement C. Mitchell, '02; Byron V. Kanaley, '04; Daniel P. Murphy, '95; John P. Lauth '68.

\$500.00  
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