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The Warrior.

TREMBLE, O thou my soul! Now comes the strong,
Deliberate warrior on a steed¹ milk-white,
Round whom His veterans in young vigor throng,
Their banners glorious with prevailing light.

Heavy the siege lies round my shuttered gate,
My frontiers all are leaguered with His arms;
What have I done, this God Inviolatē
So shakes my fortress with his Human charms?

The wall is breached: undone, I wait His steel,
Yet afar His armies turn, and quick depart.
Alone He enters and on bruised heel
To tread the broken ramparts of my heart.

Speer Strahan, '17.

National Financial Reform.*

THE American people have often been called a nation of business men. They are generally recognized as the monarchs of the industrial world. For more than a century the development of our business and commercial institutions has proceeded with a rapidity unrivaled in the history of the world. The cosmopolitan character of the American population has given us a distinct advantage, and in our struggle for commercial supremacy we have united the experience of foreigners with the ingenuity of the native American mind. We have had a vast, rich, and undeveloped territory awaiting the magic touch of a progressive people to transform it into a land of abundance and prosperity. And so astounding has been the industrial progress of this country that foreigners look upon the present stage of our development as an era of materialism, and upon the American people as materialists.

One would imagine that this Republic, being a nation of ingenious financiers with expert business and financial methods, a nation with

a banking system ranking with the best in the world, a nation whose history is full of successful commercial enterprises, a nation which, as the present war has shown, is destined to become the financial center of the world—one would imagine, I say, that this government would have a financial system very nearly perfect in its methods. One would expect that this country would have taken advantage of the financial experience of its citizens and of other countries. It seems natural that with our phenomenal development of business and trade we should have infused into our federal finances the fundamental principles of economy and efficiency. It would be expected, too, that the responsibility for our government's financial policy would be duly centralized.

Upon inquiry, however, we find that the very opposite is true. We find a financial scheme in striking contrast to what would naturally be expected. We find a system that would bankrupt any other nation that would be guilty of it. Our financial methods are altogether unworthy of being called a system. Instead of sound business principles we find principles that no business man would tolerate. There is no responsibility for the money that is expended, and all the dictates of economy and reason are ignored. Such an administration of finances can have no definite policy. It invites extravagance and sheer waste on a large scale. It is unsound in theory; it is vicious and un-American in its practical operation.

These confused financial methods are the result of a century of evolution. Since, in the very origin of our system, any member of the House of Representatives could introduce an appropriation bill the responsibility for expenditures was originally diffused. Alexander Hamilton dominated the financial policy of the country during the first few years of the nation's

* Oration used by Mr. Oscar J. Dorwin, '17, in the State Oratorical contest at Indianapolis February 23, 1917.

existence, but upon his retirement the power passed to the Committee on Ways and Means. Thus the responsibility was distributed still more. Since then the work of this committee has been divided and subdivided by the creation of appropriation committees, until the responsibility has been scattered to such an extent that it can hardly be said to exist at all.

With practically no responsibility for their conduct in this matter, our congressmen were free to do as they pleased in financial legislation. This led, naturally and inevitably, to the corruption of our national finances. Concurrently with the development of our financial system there has grown up a perversion of that system in the form of wholesale misappropriation of the funds of the nation. The fund that is thus improperly appropriated is vulgarly called the "Pork-barrel." It is an abuse that has grown ever greater with the division of responsibility. Some men in congress, anxious to obtain favor with their constituents, began to initiate legislation for the improvement of rivers and harbors in their respective districts. During their campaign for re-election they would point in a patriotic manner to the appropriations they had secured as an argument for their retention in office. The argument was usually successful, and the honest members of congress were forced to use the same method in order to remain in the service of their country. The abuse grew steadily; the people judged the competency of their representatives by their ability to secure appropriations, and the congressmen intrigued with one another to secure the further funds that they wished. Thus "Pork-barrel" legislation has become more and more common and appropriations more wantonly extravagant. It has been extended from river and harbor bills to bills for pensions, for army and navy posts, and for public buildings. The abuse has developed until political expediency has become the basis on which expenditures are made. It has expanded until our nation wastes, according to former Senator Aldrich, more than three hundred million dollars annually.

Our appropriations are a disgrace to the American Republic and a reflection on the personnel of congress. Evidently the primary object of a great many congressmen is to obtain as much of the federal money as possible. In their frantic endeavor to secure all they can from the public treasury they are not concerned

about the necessity of the expenditures they make. They forget entirely that their first duty is to promote the interests of the American nation, and unscrupulously demand that the treasury be opened to them. The details of our appropriation bills are positively amazing. More than two million dollars, for example, has been spent for the purpose of making the Trinity River of Texas navigable, in spite of the fact that this project was from the first obviously impossible because of the lack of water. Three years ago congress appropriated between six and seven hundred thousand dollars for the construction of a court house in each of twelve small towns where court had not been held at all recently. Congress also appropriated two hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of a post-office site in Seattle which was under seven feet of tide water. The pension roll has been lengthened until it has ceased to be a roll of honor and has lost its patriotic aspects in becoming a political list. Many of the army and navy posts that have been established defeat, by their very location, the purpose for which they were ostensibly created. River and harbor bills have become merely apparent measures for improvement. Public buildings are erected not with regard to the needs of the service but for the exigencies of politics. Congress has been regarding our appropriation bills as the inflated dividends from which all congressmen are licensed to draw their tainted share. It has been perverting one of the greatest functions of government into a means of political jobbery.

The evil of corrupt appropriations is growing. Each appropriation is larger, more reckless, and more glaringly dishonest than the preceding. The passage of each bill adds one more to the multitude of indictments against our financial system. Each additional abuse calls, and it calls imperatively, for some measure that will prevent this ruinous drain on the national treasury. Every dollar that is wasted is a plea for reform.

Shall we stand idly by while this governmental function is prostituted so shamelessly? Shall this vicious system be allowed to persist, lowering our standard of representation in congress and depraving the mind of the elector? Or shall we destroy the agencies of corruption and deception which are perverting our national government, abolish the "Pork-barrel," thus avoiding a serious menace to the well-being of

this Republic, and free ourselves from the insidious parasite which is demoralizing our financial system and retarding our progress?

There is but one answer. If we are to prove the superiority of the republican form of government; if we are to continue as a model for future governments, we must reform this evil. We must lift ourselves from the financial mire in which we are wallowing. Every dictate of moral and political conscience demands it. So long as we refuse to heed the warnings of business experience, so long shall we have inefficient financial methods. So long as there is no co-ordination of receipts and expenditures, so long will there be a lack of harmony in our system. So long as there is no responsibility for the money that is expended, so long will corruption prevail in financial legislation. We must establish a responsible form of federal budget system. Our congressmen must be chosen because of their ability as statesmen, as real representatives of the nation's interest. A national spirit of economy, efficiency, and honesty must displace the selfish sectional greed which is the dominating force in our federal appropriations. Our congress must rid itself of the notion that it is a mere convention of delegates from individual states, and acquire the national spirit of an assembly of representatives of united states, with one feeling and one patriotic purpose—the perpetuation of the American nation.

Another Day.

The other day I met a child,
She was just a little thing,
But I'll never forget the way she smiled
And the song I heard her sing.

There was a church across the street;
She must have been in there,—
For she skipped along with lightened feet,
While the wind caught up her hair.

It brought me back to another day,
When Christ first came to me,
And made my young heart light and gay;
Ah, the joy was heavenly!

So I raised my eyes to the city sky,
As I whispered a fervent prayer;
And blessed the child, who passing by,
Left a sweetness on the air.

Thomas C. Duffy, '20.

The Last Cartridge.

BY MICHAEL J. EARLY, '17.

The sun lay heavy on the desert. Sand and purple sage stretched away indefinitely over a rolling sea of barren land. The trail could barely be seen and the eyes of the lone horseman blinked in hesitation as he endeavored to follow the faint traces of those who had gone before him. Horse and rider were far gone. The animal staggered with every step and the poor dumb look in his eyes blinded with sand and heat, was a vivid contrast to the ghastly glitter in the eyes of his master. Five merciless days of hopeless wandering—and man and beast were parched with thirst.

Suddenly the inevitable happened. With a last faltering step the horse trembled and fell,—the rider was barely able to extricate himself from the saddle as the animal rolled over heavily. As he fell he felt the hot, rasping sand on his bare hands. He groaned and cursed and slowly struggled to his feet. The horse after a few useless attempts to raise itself sank hopelessly back and lay motionless. The man stood silently gazing upon his dumb friend whose eyes gave the only sign of the little life that was left.

"Poor brute!" he gasped, and his words came in jerks, for his tongue was swollen, and his mouth gritty with sand and dirt. He drew forth his gun and placed the muzzle against the head of the suffering beast. The gaunt form gave a convulsive shudder and then stretching out lay still. The sun grew hotter and the air more close, making life all but impossible in that desolate land.

He was a young man. His face was thin and narrow, and creased now, with the hardships of the last few days. His form was big-boned and powerful, but his clothes hung in loose folds on his body; his eyes were bloodshot and bleary, and he could not close them for the pain. Sand was everywhere,—in his eyes, his hair, his mouth, and no water—there had been no water for two long days, and here in this hell on earth, no water meant death. He turned his eyes slowly from the dead horse, and a dull, beaten look came into them as he saw on every side nothing but glaring sand. For a long time he stood fingering the gun in his hand, gazing with sightless eyes across the waste. He turned the weapon and looked into the chamber.

Just one cartridge left! Well,—why not?—It was only a matter of time, anyhow! Why go through this torture any longer? His horse was dead. He no longer felt the heat. "Why not I?" There was no other world. All men said that now. Then why suffer? He had tried hard for life. Men could not call him coward. But yet—self-murder! Well, why not? He had done worse . . . it would soon be over and all would be quiet and cool—no heat—no sand—no sun. "Am I like the beast?" he asked. He could barely raise the gun to his temple. Then there came a vision of his youth!

"Oh God!" he cried and threw the thing from him, and with grim eyes he saw it start a little dust cloud and half bury itself fifty feet away. He staggered and fell to the ground.

"Coward!" he muttered, "coward!"

The sun sank lower and lower, and with its last rays cast a vindictive heat wave upon the world. Even the sand felt its malevolent breath and crackled and burst through the desert. Over the eastern horizon the darkness of night came slowly on and with it a blessed coolness. The man on the ground pillowed his head on the dead horse and slept.

Time passed, and night melted into day, and again the sun rose up and its burning tongue licked the face of the sleeping man. He awoke and, as he remembered, the look of despair came into his eyes. His happy dreams were only dreams! He struggled to rise, but he could barely move his limbs. The sun rose higher and the sand grew warm, then hot. Why had he thrown away his gun? He closed his eyes, but they would not stay closed; they were raspy with sand. Suddenly he heard a whirring noise; he looked up. There, many feet in the air, swinging round and round in swaying circles, was a troop of huge, ugly birds with long claws hanging from their monstrous bodies. For a second the man gazed, not understanding; then came realization, and panic seized him. He struggled to his knees, and tried to scream out, but his scream was a croak. He fell prone again. His hands clutched the prickly stubbs of the purple sage, but he did not feel, for his hands were past feeling. He could not walk,—but—he must get that gun. He jerked himself along the ground for a few feet. His skin began to crack with the exertion; the blood came out, but immediately congealed. By a great effort he rose to his feet, and stumbled on, choking and gasping, for a few more yards. Then his

knees gave way,—his arms could not bear the fall and his face scraped along the sharp sand. He bled again and the sweat and blood and dirt formed in clots upon his face. He was almost in reach of the gun! He tried to crawl a step farther, but his strength was gone and he felt his life going. Above, the vultures swooped hungrily nearer and nearer. The man raised himself on his arms, but fell back at once into the sand.

Canyon City lay quiet in the noonday sun. All was quiet in this desert town, for the terrible heat of the day made much activity impossible. The streets were deserted save for a sleepy dog that sunned himself in front of the dilapidated post-office.

Down in the back room of the Frontier Hotel, however, there were signs of more than ordinary life. A noisy group of plainsmen, erstwhile cow boys and noted gun-men, were gathered about the long bar. They composed a posse that had come to town early that morning after a certain murderer who had been last heard of in the vicinity of Canyon City. They sang and shouted and drank while they waited for their chiefs to decide what the next step should be.

Big Bob Burham, sheriff of Snake County, was in deep conversation with his chief deputy, Maine Ralston. They were seated in a cool corner of the barroom, far enough away from the bar for their words to be unheard by any save themselves. It was hardly necessary, however, to care about secrecy, for the group around the bar were noisy enough to drown everyone but themselves. They were certainly having a time of it. Evidently something had displeased them. "Silver City" Pete, standing at the end of the shining counter, was wildly gesticulating to his companions.

"Boys," he was saying, "it's a bloomin' shame. Who saw the kid do the killing? I'll be darned if I think he did it," and he accompanied this declaration with a bang of the fist on the bar.

"Aye! aye!" cried the others in chorus, and as a proof of their sincerity ten whiskey straights went gurgling down ten dusty throats. Then ten empty glasses crashed upon the bar.

"Spike," said Pete solemnly, to the busy bar man, "fill 'em again. It's a darn dry day. By the Jumpin' Horned Toad! I wish we were back. Eh? boys?" A chorus of affirm-

atives. "This bloom' town reminds me,—"

"Pete," interrupted Larry Higgins, thirstily, "bean't you fergittin' somethin'."

"Larry," said Pete, sorrowfully, "yer right. Boy's, he's always right. Hist 'er up." Again there was silence while their great thirst was being quenched.

Over in the corner the sheriff, grizzled by the hard life of the west, sat idly drumming upon the table. Ralston was talking.

"But, Bob," he said earnestly, "we haven't very much to go by. I know the old man hated him and they had just quarreled. Fred Heminway was in love with Sally Parker and she loved him, but the old fellow had it in for the kid and forbade him the place. It's the same old story. They had a scrap Friday night; and Saturday morning Sally came crying down to Hansen's saying that her father was dead,—been killed in the night,—stabbed, not shot. Bob, that was a greaser's trick—and I know Fred. He—"

"Yes, so do I, Maine," interrupted Burham, "and I also liked the lad, but he had a yellow streak, Maine, a yellow streak! and you can never tell what that breed will do. Besides he has disappeared. He left Boise Friday night, the same night of the murder, and he hasn't been heard of since. It points that way, Maine."

For a second Maine was silent.

"Yellow? Bob, that's a hard name," he said slowly, paused a little, and then added, "but I liked him, Bob, he was a darn good sort."

"Yes, I know, Maine, but we're here to find him, and," hopelessly, "that seems to be almost impossible. Five days gone, and our only trace of him is his leaving Boise and coming to this burnt out hole, here on the desert. If everything was all right, what did he come here for? Maine, I'm afraid,—"

Ralston thoughtfully chewed his unlighted cigar.

"There was good in him, look at the boys: everyone of them liked him."

"Yes," interrupted Burham, grimly, "they like him too blame well. Look at Pete, he's leading that bunch to drinking so fast that in half an hour no one will know a horse from a bottle. Better break it off, Maine."

Ralston rose and sauntered over to the bar. "Spike," he said in a casual manner, "no more. Here you fellows, clear out. You're half-stewed now and we're in for a hard afternoon's ride. Get out and work it off!"

"All right, chief," said "Silver City," solemnly, "we're the goats. Come on, boys," and with much shouting and laughter the bunch tramped out into the hotel yard.

"Bob," said Ralston, seating himself again, "if something doesn't turn up soon, we'll have that bunch roaring on our hands. They're nervous enough now to wreck a train."

The big sheriff smiled.

"Leave 'em to me, Maine," he said quickly. "If we don't strike something soon we'll hit the trail for Idaho. By the way, where is Dave Brennen? I haven't seen him all morning."

"Oh, Dave. He left right after breakfast. I told him to be back here by one o'clock. You know he and Fred were rather thick, and I must own, it was Dave started me thinking that maybe, Fred hadn't killed old man Parker. Dave pikes out early this morning to see if he couldn't get wind of Fred 'round here." The big sheriff rose.

"Well, Maine," he said, "I hope he does. If Fred is not guilty he can prove it at the trial. I'm going up to the post-office to see if there is any news. Keep an eye on the bunch and keep them away from the booze." He took his hat, and the two men stepped out the front door.

In the shade of the hotel the boys were idly lolling about, cracking jokes, and the sounds of their laughter seemed to be waking the town. A few men were to be seen stirring about the different buildings and one or two women were marketing at the grocery across the way.

As the sheriff and his deputy came out, the patriarch of the town slowly pushed the newspaper from his face and dropped his feet from the porch railing.

"Howdy, sheriff. Heard anything of yer party, yit?" he asked.

"Nothing doing yet, Dad," answered Burham, smiling. "How's the back to-day?"

"Tol'ble, tol'ble," sighed the town seer. "Be ye goin' out to the desert today?"

"Well, Dad, that depends. If I hear from Boise and the news is right we'll go. Besides we have no news of Heminway leaving here. Nobody seems to know where he is or where he went."

The grizzled old sinner grinned.

"It's a bum town, sheriff, an' ye don't stand much chance gettin' news from the bunch 'round here. But, if he ain't in town he's hit

the sand, probably making for Fort Hall—"

"That's right, Dad; but I got word from both the Fort and from Riverside this morning, and no one has come there for a week past. We'll take a run across there today, anyhow. Well, so long, Dad. Remember, Maine, watch the boys. We don't want them fighting among themselves because they have no one else to fight with. By Jove! What's this?"

Suddenly the town had come to life. Men and women swarmed out into the street from every nook. A solitary horseman was galloping into the town at furious speed. As he passed the huge water tank at the edge of the town he was fumbling at his shirt front. Neither the sheriff nor his deputy could make him out. By this time all the boys were in the street noisily speculating as to who the rider was.

All at once "Silver City" slapped his chaps.

"By the Jumpin' Horned Toad!" he exclaimed, "it's Jim Graham!"

Burham nodded. "He's right," he remarked to Ralston. "Now we'll know what's to be done."

In a few moments Jim Graham thundered up to the porch and threw himself recklessly from the saddle.

"Bob!" he gasped, handing the sheriff an envelope, "it's from Miss Parker. They've found the skunk who killed her dad."

"What!" exclaimed Ralston, "Heminway?"

"Heminway, hell!" exploded Graham, "Fred had nothin' to do with it. It was that measely skunk from San Diego who stabbed old man Parker. Say—get me a drink, will you? I've enough sand in my mouth to pave a road." He wiped the sweat from his face and reached for the glass that Spike handed him.

For a moment all were silent. Then when the news was thoroughly understood, that wild crowd of man-hunters burst out in thundering cheers. "Silver City" danced a horn-pipe on the porch-railing and Larry Higgins waltzed across the street in the arms of Montana Joe. In the midst of the excitement Dave Brennen returned, just as Burham was asking:

"Well, if Heminway didn't do the killing, where is he?"

"Bob," said Brennen, loud enough to be heard by all, "Fred left Canyon City two days ago bound for Riverside. He seemed all in and had only one horse. He carried no extra water. Just got the news from an old cow boy who thought he was helping Fred by keeping us off.

I guess he was right then. But since Jim got here things are different."

At this unexpected information the big sheriff started. Then he drew Ralston aside and spoke earnestly with him for a few minutes. Presently he turned to the waiting crowd.

"Boys," he said seriously, "you heard what Dave said and you know what it means. Fred is out in the desert,—perhaps lost. If he has no water,—then God help him! It's up to us; shall we go for him?"

In reply the boys turned and hurried for their horses. At such times as these men feel the uselessness of demonstration. They who had hunted Heminway to bring him to justice would now search harder to bring him to safety and to his friends.

Two hours later a silent group of horsemen was moving across the desert. The heat was intense, and every now and then a rider had recourse to the canteen which hung from his saddle. The sun beat down in merciless rays, and whirls and clouds of heat could be seen ahead rising from the scorched earth. Now a horned toad, now a scorpion scurried from under the horse's feet. The men spoke little. They knew their mission and they feared the result. They knew the heartlessness of the desert to one who was helpless.

"Lord!" whispered "Silver City" to Montana Joe, "he'll be toast before we get him."

"Shet up!" answered Joe. "You'll need all yer breath before we get out of here."

Presently Burham pulled up his horse and shading his eyes gazed across the waste. The others followed his gaze. Away off to the north, a slow-moving, indistinct, swaying circle was barely visible above the earth.

The sheriff turned to his companion. "Maine," he said, "what do you say?"

Ralston did not answer immediately. A deathly pallor had come over his face.

"Vultures!" he said slowly, "vultures!" And as he spoke the circle on the skyline opened and a black streak, like some monstrous javelin, struck for the earth. With a dull oath Burham put spurs to his horse and rose into the north in quest of a friend—but the end of the quest was death.

For many hours the leader of the vultures had led the swinging circle over the prey on the desert. Food had been scarce for days, but he was an old, experienced beast at this

game. The pack behind him were restless, but the old creature in his cunning warned them again and again as they became impatient:

"Not yet, not yet! There's danger still."

From the height he could see the dim figure struggling on the ground.

"There's too much life,—too much. He must be dead first. Soon, soon!"

Lower and lower swept the circle, with each swoop coming closer to the victim.

All at once there came a little puff of smoke and a report. The old vulture chuckled. That was what he had been waiting for. He had witnessed it before. Now there would be no danger. "All right, now!" he croaked to the pack of them, and with glee he led them straight down to the motionless figure on the sand.

Varsity Verse.

THE FIRST ROBIN.

I've heard a song of summer
And, oh, 'twas wondrous sweet
When meadow-larks were trilling
And a wind was in the wheat.
But again now through my spirit
Mounts a song,—lo! now I hear it;
Spring is coming, coming after
That first robin in the street.

Francis T. Butler, '19.

THE WANDERER.

A streamlet wandered over the plains
And merrily sang the wildest strains.
It caught the smiles of blushing skies,
And held the sunrise in its eyes.

It dreamed in meads where young winds toss
Their fragile limbs, where, in thick moss
Dim bluebells felt the softest breeze,—
And poets sang beneath its trees.

G. M. Brennan.

SPRING.

I walked near a little turquoise lake,
And watched its waters play;
And saw the ripples rise and shake
Their locks at the break of day.

Over it all the morning blew;
On the wind a bird spread wing,—
A ripple, a sweet thrush-note or two,
And I heard the tread of Spring.

Thomas C. Duffy.

MISGUIDED.

Some men there be who never laugh
Except to look sarcastic;
The humorists and all their staff,
They claim are too bombastic.

Some others think a little mirth
Is all that man's alive for,
Whatever else is on the earth
They'd scarcely think to strive for.

But neither should we choose the first,
Nor the everlasting joker;
But let us choose though blest or curst,
A golden mediocre.

D. P. M., '19.

THE PUPPET KING.

Thy dying embers fade within
Their cloak of ashen gray;
The beggar wakes, 'tis his alarm
For dawning of a day—
For naught his living cerements
To keep numb death away.

A King of Dreams they say you are!
A sleepful couch your throne,
And all thy warmth a plenty thing.
But hear thy people moan
For even freezing sleep! No king
Who shares not with his own.

F. Jennings Vurpillat, '18.

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

I know a ravine
Where wild birds sing,
Where crickets chirp
In the nights o' spring.
There's a little path
'Mid grasses high,
And a tiny creek
Sings a lullaby.
There in June
I'll wait for you,
When my dreams come true,—
When my dreams come true!

J. Paul Fogarty, '17.

HIT AND MISS.

"I'm weary," moaned the farmer lad,
"The world's all gloomy now;
I aimed my gun at an oriole
And killed my father's cow."

"I'm happy now," the lad remarked,
"The chores are soft as silk.
I lost my gun,—but I'm merry still—
There's one cow less to milk."

W. McN., '17.

The Centenary of the Reformation and Christian Unity.

BY ROBERT CUSHMAN CARR, '16.

In this year of 1917, the minds of all men should ponder with unwonted vigor, and the minds of Catholics with unwonted pain, the question of the last four centuries: Why is there but one Christ and five hundred churches of Christ? why should those churches professedly one in origin and in aim, be so opposed to one another in teaching and practice? And with this pondering of the old question a new question has arisen, like the first ray of the coming dawn, arisen slowly indeed, and with great difficulty, but surely: Why should men rejoice at the centenary of the event which is responsible for five hundred churches, where before that event there existed but one?

It is as yet but a tiny ray, it is true, but one with promise of future brilliance. It displays itself partly in the good-fellowship among the members of the many churches, partly in the cross above the door of the non-Catholic church, and the stained-glass windows that are replacing the cold panes of the old-fashioned Protestantism. The cross is no longer a symbol of Romanism, as the old histories call it, for the John Endicott to cut from the English flag.

Quite naturally of course, one finds the new development in the broader field of doctrine. What was man as he was regarded by the Reformers of 1517? An animal, less than human, totally depraved, without free-will, forced hither and thither by circumstances he could not control, unable to do anything of merit, relying always on his sole hope, his power to say, "I believe." What was the Church to them? A department of the State, subject to such changes as the State might impose, an institution owned and ruled by the State. Its property was the State's, even its voice the State's, to speak now this, now that, as one ruler followed another upon the secular throne. And man, depraved as he was, was superior to this church; he interpreted difficult passages of Scripture; he settled controversies; his judgment was correct and final, the court of last appeal, for indeed he was inspired. To the reformers, what was the Church called Catholic? Popery, Romanism,

everything wicked; in short, the fulfillment of the prophecies of the Apocalypse.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen presents a contrast. The storm has passed, and the religious world is comparatively calm and peaceful. Man is no longer an animal, driven about by forces outside himself; he can do much good; his good works are pleasing to God, and worthy of merit. It is true that one still hears semi-occasionally, as I heard in a sermon about a year ago, of the old doctrine of justification by faith alone. But what is faith, I ask? It is that which necessarily results in conversion, baptism, and a good Christian life. If Faith be absent, the sermon went on to say, the result is absent; if no result, no Faith. It is the age-long question of definitions. In many matters words only now separate the non-Catholic teaching from the Catholic: Is it faith and good works, or faith which necessarily produces and includes good works?

And what is the modern view of the Church? It must be separate from the State, say non-Catholic writers, and perfectly equal to it; it must suffer no interference from the State, nor interfere with it. Each must follow its separate path in peace. The Church, they continue, is the body of all believers in Christ; it matters not by what sectarian name they go, if they but believe in Christ and Him crucified. This and this only is the requirement, but it is not mere belief without the necessity of good Christian living. Arminianism is dead, may God be thanked, and in a dishonorable grave. All divisions of Christianity non-Catholics would now fain ignore, for even though they are many members, they call themselves one body in Christ.

Yet the mind is not satisfied with a mere theoretical unity; it seeks a unity of visible organization. The cry of the mind in religion today is the cry of the mind throughout the ages: for the One, the Ultimate. It turns from the many, the proximate, to the first, the sufficient. And it requires no profound thought to see that the presence of the many in the world religious is lamentable, a stumbling block, which might, if possible, deceive even the elect.

And as it is the nature of the mind to desire unity, so is it its nature to seek it. And the non-Catholic mind of to-day is seeking unity, but with unpractised and difficult steps. We should not

say the non-Catholic mind *only*, for the Catholic mind seeks unity, the unity made by converting others to the true Faith. Non-Catholic religions no longer say with Luther that secession is the way of reformation. Prompted by inherited prejudice, they rejoice at the centenary of his revolt, but seek to repair its consequences. And continually they move nearer and nearer the realization of their aim. I speak especially of the Federated Council of the Churches of Christ. It is a body composed of representatives of thirty-six denominations, formed to promote unity among its members, and even seeks the co-operation of (to use its own terms) the Roman Catholic Church. It has, as I am informed, selected one member from each denomination to constitute a committee, which is to serve as a kind of directive board. To one who with his whole heart desires unity, a unity that may demand recognition from the world, these activities are rich with promise. Unmourned, the theory of the sufficiency of the Bible has fallen from its high estate. Far be it from me to speak with anything but the utmost respect of the inspired writings. But no one could be more happy than I to see the Bible removed from a position it was never meant to occupy. It by itself and of itself will no longer, at least in theory, be the court of final decision. The Council through the Committee has, according to report, already formulated a Creed, a Creed of the Minimizers, it is true, containing only the teaching of the Divinity of Christ, but nevertheless a Creed.

This is as far as we can go with the history of the Council. The Creed awaits the approval of the federated churches, and the future offers itself for our speculation.

Every being exercising power by right may, we are told by the ethicists, demand obedience when acting within the sphere of its rights, and may inflict punishment for disobedience. Every just rule, every demand for obedience, may have a penalty for disobedience; or, as we commonly say, it may have a sanction. And experience has shown that the turbulence of the active mind requires that every law have a sanction, and a sanction proportionate to the seriousness of the transgression.

To apply this theorizing to the present case, I ask by what right did the council through its Committee formulate its Creed? By the right given it by the federated churches. What was the extent of the right so conferred? To formu-

late a Creed acceptable to them. What if they do not care to accept? Very well, they may refuse. What is the penalty for refusal? There is none. There is the rub. The Creed of the Council has no sanction. It may be rejected at will. Why, because it is understood to be the fallible formula of thirty-six men.

Then again comes the restless activity of the mind, which of its nature seeks to believe not as little, but as much as it can, shrinking ever from doubt, begging ever for certitude. It must ask: Is this minimizing the way of Christ and His Church? Does the Council speak as Christ, as one having authority? For Christ is with the Church according to His promise, and the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, is with it. Since God is Truth, the Church, which speaks as His mouthpiece, must speak the Truth without error, or the possibility of error. The Church must be infallible.

Possibly a rebellious mind will, as happened after a similar conference in 1876, prove the powerlessness of the voice of the Council by bringing into existence a new denomination; certainly there will be some, however few, unfavorable comments upon the delusiveness of the new unity. Then the search for the only possible unity will begin again. There is but one alternative for the honest searchers for religious truth when the voice of the Council fails, as it surely will, and that is the voice of Christ in His Church. And only one organization even claims to speak as the voice of Christ, the Catholic Church. Then the Church, one in organization and one in doctrine, no longer regarded as a department of the state, nor a co-ordinate society, will take the leadership of the people, and teaching and governing them aright will conduct them along the proper pathway of life to the destiny divinely appointed.

Senior Thoughts.

Men as a rule do not realize the value of advice until it is too late to take it.

To trust one's self is as dangerous as to gamble with an expert who always wins.

There is profit in the knowledge that we can always learn more than we know.

A man who advertises his personal achievements usually needs the advertisement.

I would rather be hated by my sincerest enemy than be loved by an insincere friend.

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—Woodrow Wilson has again taken up the reins of government. In doing this he was perfectly aware of the turbulent and crucial

Wilson's

Inaugural.

days that lie before him. Probably no other president in the history of this country has faced so discouraging an outlook as the present one. The past four years have been troublesome enough to shake the courage of even the most experienced statesman. Yet, Mr. Wilson evinces even in the face of internal and disloyal opposition an equanimity that bids well for his control of this government's interests in the coming session. And it is this self-control in the country's crisis that recommends him to the confidence of his people. He has performed what he had pledged himself to do. Now he asks only the support and co-operation of a united America and re-asserts his principles in regard to America's relations with the foreign powers. We have passed beyond the stage of provincialism and have taken our place as an important adult member of the family of nations and as such can demand the respect and consideration due us. Mr. Wilson is struggling for the nation's rights as he sees them, and having been placed in the presidential chair by the will of the people, it is the duty of all true Americans to stand behind him. All partisan or petty prejudices should be set aside and a true United States support our chief executive,—not Mr. Woodrow Wilson, but the president. Then, indeed, shall we be able to lay claim to our name and in doing so can look forward to the respect and admiration of posterity.

Our Basketball
and
The Men Who Did-It.

KING
RONCHETTI
GRANT
FITZPATRICK
McKENNA

McDERMOTT
CASSIDY
MURPHY
DALEY

J. B.

From the opening game at Purdue on December 15th until the closing battle with Franklin College at Franklin on February 24th, the Notre Dame basketball team waged a winning fight against handicaps and reverses seldom suffered by an athletic troop. The number of men that answered the first call for candidates was discouragingly small and practice began with scarcely more than enough players for two teams. Ronchetti, King, Grant, Fitzpatrick, and Slackford had just completed a long, hard season on the gridiron, and were badly in need of a breathing space before taking up basketball. The pre-holiday game with Purdue made this impossible, and they all turned out promptly with a will to give the best that was left in them to the cause of the winter sport. It was lack of practice on the part of Notre Dame rather than any superiority of the opponents that gave a victory to Purdue.

After Christmas, West Virginia Wesleyan was the first team to feel the effects of improvement in the local team. The South Bend Y. M. C. A. found the collegians the better team even on the Association floor. "Dick" Daley was injured so badly in practice before the Y. M. C. A. game that it was feared he would not be able to play any more. Kalamazoo College swept down on us whilst Daley was out, and managed to nose out a victory by a single basket. We gained some sweet revenge two days later, however, beating decisively Lake Forest, a team that defeated us the two previous seasons. Kalamazoo Normal proved easy prey soon after the Lake Forest victory.

In a game remarkable for its roughness, the Michigan "Aggies" beat us at Lansing on January 27th. Neither Notre Dame nor any other team was able to defeat the Farmers in

their abbreviated playing space this season. Dubuque College cancelled a game to have been played early in February, and the "fans" missed a chance to see the proteges of Charlie Dorais, the greatest quarterback Notre Dame ever had.

St. Viator's College proved no match for Notre Dame, but the visitors were remarkable for the amount of determination and fight they put into their play. Daley had recovered from his injuries sufficiently to play part of the game against St. Viator's, but the gain was offset by the sickness of Grant, who was confined to his bed with grippe.

Wabash furnished the first big game on the home floor. The hopes of Notre Dame were dashed to pieces when Daley was carried from the court with the first half hardly begun. Stonebraker, et. al., proved too much for the disabled team. Grant put on a suit between halves and played for the first time in two weeks, but Wabash won by a comfortable margin. The Michigan "Aggies" appeared here in the week following and furnished a big disappointment to the crowd that had gathered in expectation of a battle royal—since the visitors had defeated our team at Lansing. Notre Dame nearly doubled their score.

DePauw, Wabash, and Franklin were the three teams met on the final trip of the season. DePauw and Franklin were defeated in close contests, but Wabash duplicated her previous performance at Notre Dame.

Eight games won out of thirteen is a good account. It is somewhat more than good when it is remembered that the team was deprived of the services of its two stars, Daley and Grant, a good part of the time, and was without one or the other of them nearly the whole time. These were only the outstanding handicaps. Captain McKenna, McDermott, Murphy, and Ronchetti were all slowed up by minor injuries several times even though they were able to be in the game regularly.

The dirt floor of our gymnasium is not the best footing for a basketball team, but at present it is the only available court. Some sort of temporary wooden floor might be devised, but any plan that would not conflict with track or military has not yet been conceived.

Much credit is due Coach Harper for the efforts he put forth to give Notre Dame a winning team. Grant and Daley out of the fight, when they were needed most, he had to

shift his battle front from game to game in an endeavor to find the best combination. But the Coach is long on patience and perseverance, and the strength of the team increased with every battle. He has a large number of veterans available for next year, and with an even break in the luck his coaching will be repaid with even greater success next time.

JOSEPH MCKENNA, CAPTAIN.

It is always fitting that the captain of a team should be not only a good player but a good fellow as well. Joe combines the qualifications in the right proportions. Endowed with a pleasing—and sometimes teasing accent—with which to express his strong personality, Joe is a leader, not only among the athletes, but among all the students. His guarding this year eclipsed the brilliant work that brought him into prominence as a sophomore. We understand that the U. S. is contemplating the erection of elaborate fortifications near Joe's home on Long Island, and were it not that we shall need him so urgently for next year's team, we might suggest to Congress that he would make a mighty fine guard for New York harbor or anything else.

RICHARD DALEY.

"Dick" was captain of the team a year ago, and he gave his best services again this year. The blonde ex-captain is the champion hard-luck man of Notre Dame. If he found himself without a bandage or a brace in a single game he was almost sure to need both before the final whistle. Daley has played guard, forward, and center during his three years on the team, and it was unfortunate that he could not on account of injuries reach the form of his first two seasons. Gameness is written all over him, and he was repeatedly surprising everybody by "coming back" when he was supposed to be dead. It is to be much regretted that "Dick" will be among the missing when the roll call is read for another season.

FRANK McDERMOTT.

"Mac" is the man who scored 175 points for the Gold and Blue this winter. One would suspect after watching him play that he must have had his hands on a basketball a time or two before we knew him. And one may wonder just how good he will be after two more years at Notre Dame. Goals from the field were his specialty, and therefore it would be petty to mention his preciseness from the foul line,

where according to the rules no one was allowed to bother him. No opponent could stop him—it was at best a question as to how much said opponent could hinder him. It is good to know that he will be “ringing ‘em in” for two more years.

THOMAS KING.

Most basketball enthusiasts labor under the delusion that a center should be an elongated biped. Reach is essential for a successful center, it is true, but it matters little whether you obtain it by your arms while standing flat or by having “a lot of spring in your heel.” This is not exactly fair to Tom, for he is always on his toes, and it takes a rough-and-tumble man to cope with him. Though not always able to control the tip-off, he played a good game at center, and it was his clever guarding and constant feeding to McDermott that ran up not a few big totals for Notre Dame. King has, we are glad to say, completed only two-thirds of his basketball career.

CHESTER GRANT.

“Chet” reported for the basketball team while he was yet suffering from injuries received on the gridiron. To his natural fleetness he adds a fine knowledge of the game. He is the equal of Captain McKenna as a guard, and he vies favorably with McDermott when given a chance at forward. His dribbling, pivoting, and blocking were the best seen at Notre Dame this year. Grant is a sophomore.

PETER RONCHETTI.

“Pete” was the heaviest man on the team, and that was a distinction this year. He played good ball despite his weight, and was a big factor in the winning of a good many games. His final year will see him a better player than ever before.

Baujan, Slackford, and May deserve no little credit for their part in making the team what it was. Substitutes are often lost sight of in the glamor that attaches to the regulars. It was these men that supplied most of the practice that made the team “perfect.” Baujan and May are to graduate, but Slackford will be on hand next year.

GEORGE FITZPATRICK.

“Red” played a fine game for his first year, on the team. He played in a number of the later important games. No man on the squad showed greater improvement as the season

progressed. He learned the rudiments of the game at Alpena High School, where he was a star on one of the best interscholastic teams in Michigan. Two more years will surely make him a college star.

CLIFFORD CASSIDY.

For two years “Cass” had threatened to “come through” as a basketball player, and this year he made good the threat. He played numerous games at forward and looked better with each performance. His lightness gave him great agility and he could move about with the fastest. He is in line for a degree June coming.

JEREMIAH MURPHY.

“Murph” exhibited wonderful improvement this year. At forward and at center he showed well in the few opportunities that he received. He gave the best he had at all times, and it was only after keen competition that he missed being a regular on the team. Next year will no doubt find him one of the best men on the squad.

C. W. C.

Varsity News.

—Father Foik is making a collection of the photographs of all the men who have received from Notre Dame the degree of LL. D. These pictures will be placed in a special LL. D. gallery in the new library.

—The University gratefully announces that Edwin Orin Wood (LL. D., '16) is offering a medal to the students of the Department of History. The medal is awarded to the student who submits the best essay on some question dealing with the Northwest Territory.

—“Dolly” Gray, star catcher for Notre Dame a few years ago, after spending several days at the University helping to coach this year's candidates for the catcher's position, has returned to Chicago, whence he will go south with the White Sox for spring training.

—In the shoot of the college men's division of the National Rifle Association held last week Notre Dame took fourth place. The team still retains, however, second rank in the division, with a total score of 3,697 out of a possible 4,000. The scores are as follows: Leo Vogel, 193; John Miller, 186; Jack Young, 186; Walter Navin, 184; George Reinhardt, 183; total, 932.

—Opening the Forty Hours' Devotions at St. Hedwige's Church, South Bend, Sunday

morning, March 4th, Rev. Paul Foik, C. S. C., sang the solemn high Mass, with Rev. Angus McDonald as deacon, and Rev. Joseph Burke as subdeacon. When the devotions closed on Tuesday, March 6th, Rev. Joseph McGuire was celebrant. Rev. Paul Foik deacon and Rev. Angus McDonald subdeacon.

—In the Peace Oratorical Contest held in Washington Hall last Saturday afternoon, Mr. James P. Ryan won first place and the right to represent Notre Dame in the State Contest to be held in Indianapolis some time within the last week of March. The second and third places were taken by Messrs. Michael Mulcair and Thomas Healy respectively.

—In consequence of recent legislative enactment on the subject, the question for the annual varsity debate has been changed again, so that it now reads: "Resolved, that the sale, manufacture, and importation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes be prohibited in the State of Ohio by constitutional amendment." The debate, consisting of a dual meet with the University of Cincinnati, will probably take place on April 20th. As a result of the first preliminaries thirty men were left in the fight. Of these only fifteen are to survive the second set of preliminaries now being held.

—After competitive trials in the Brownson Literary and Debating Society the following men were selected by the judges to oppose the teams of Holy Cross Seminary in the coming debates: Robert P. Galloway, J. Sinnot Meyers, Louis Finske, Lloyd Dent, Alfred Slaggert, and Louis Struhall. The question for debate is: "Resolved, that the constitution shall be amended to prohibit the manufacture, sale, and the importation of alcoholic liquors in the United States for beverage purposes."

—Fifty-four juniors and seniors, students in the school of philosophy, held their annual banquet in the Carroll refectory Wednesday, March 7th the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. Rev. Candido Fernandez, O. P., and Rev. Dominico Matallana, O. P., were guests of honor; besides the professors of philosophy were Rev. Matthew Schumacher; the other members of the faculty who attended were Rev. Matthew Walsh, Rev. J. Leonard Carrico, Rev. Michael Oswald, Rev. William Bolger and Prof. John M. Cooney. The philosophers' banquet is one of the few such occasions that are not spoiled by speeches.

S. H. C.

The Club Column.

We are taking the liberty of publishing for the edification of the various Notre Dame Clubs this recent letter from the loyal secretary of the Pittsburgh Club:

Pittsburgh, Pa., March 1, 1917.

Mr. E. J. McOsker,

Sorin Hall,

Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of February 8th has just come to my notice, because of the fact that I have been absent from the city.

I note that you are anxious to secure news of all Notre Dame Alumni Associations and Clubs for print in your SCHOLASTIC. I have taken up the matter with the officers and members of the Alumni Association of Pittsburgh, and they have all promised their support. The Notre Dame Alumni Association and Club of Pittsburgh has been somewhat dormant in the past, but they are rapidly awakening to the fact that they had better get busy, for they want to keep the Pittsburgh Alumni on the map. I assure you that I will co-operate with you in every way to make the SCHOLASTIC interesting to your readers.

You might say as a starter, that the Notre Dame Club expects to re-organize on the first Saturday of March, in a meeting to be held at the Fort Pitt Hotel, and it is desirous that all old students, whether belonging to the Alumni Association or not, will be present.

We note with especial interest, and not a little envy, the progress made by the Alumni Associations of other cities, and we feel that as we have just as good timber here in Pittsburgh, there is no reason why our organization should not keep as prominent a place as those of our sister cities. After all, it is "Notre Dame, first, last, and always." We feel that when we are negligent in our activities here, we are in a measure slighting Alma Mater.

It is interesting to note the rapid progress made by the SCHOLASTIC. I like to recall the days of the old editors, such as Hughes, O'Hara, Miltner, Wenninger, McNamee, Dimmick, and numerous others whom I could mention, who graced the "Staff" about the year 1907-1908. I am heartily in accord with your plan of securing news from outside organizations. It will have a tendency to keep the old boys in touch with each other. It will be a source of great satisfaction, for example, to know that Bill Ryan is making a million dollars in the law business, and that Art Hughes is writing stories for the South Bend *Tribune*, that George Sands and Paul Donovan are on the bench in Chicago, and that Joe Goddeyne is possibly chasing the coyotes on the prairies of Michigan, or "Herbie" Keefe, erstwhile stenographer, office-boy, and lawyer in his own office, is setting the world on fire in Sioux City.

John O'Neil has just returned from Arizona, where he had the satisfaction of watching some of his large oil-producing wells, and hearing them proclaim to him that he is henceforth a "son of rest."

This is about all the news I have at the present time, but I have instructed *our historian* to let you have something in the near future.

Thanking you for your consideration and trusting that I have bored you in no way, I am

Very truly yours,

Thos. A. Havican, '11.

P. S. We all expect to invade you in June.

CINCINNATI CLUB HAS RALLY.

Notre Dame men of Cincinnati gathered in a big rally and get-together at Cody's, Third and Scott Streets, Covington—across the river—last Monday evening. The feature of the program was an address by Captain Hill of the United States Engineers' Corps. The session was for members of the Notre Dame Club of Cincinnati and their friends. A "Dutch" lunch was served and a social evening and musical numbers enjoyed. The officers of the Cincinnati club are: Charles A. Paquette, president; Edwin C. McHugh, vice-president; W. E. Kennedy, secretary; R. E. Anderson, recording-secretary; Joseph F. Dohan, treasurer. The executive board is composed of: M. G. Burns, J. M. Manley, Hon. William Byrne, and Harry V. Crumley.

Obituaries.

John Dixon, Sr., father of John Thomas Dixon (LL. B., '11) and cousin of Brother Florian, died at his home in Connellsville, Pa., February 25th, after a very brief illness. A Connellsville journal pays this tribute to the deceased: "He was a man of excellent business capacity and strict integrity. His friends were legion." We extend our condolences to the family and promise our prayers in his behalf.

Bert Railton, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Railton of Chicago, and brother of John Railton of Brownson Hall, passed away on February 23rd at the family home in Chicago. Bert was for several years a student at Notre Dame, having resided in St. Edward's, Carroll, and Brownson Halls. Owing to impaired health he was unable to complete his course of studies. He had suffered several sieges of pneumonia and this last attack was more than he could withstand. Several of Bert's brothers have attended Notre Dame, and two of his sisters are at St. Mary's this year. The University offers its heartfelt sympathy to the family and mingles its prayers for the repose of the soul of the deceased. *R. I. P.*

Lecture by Joyce Kilmer.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Joyce Kilmer, the popular young poet of the *New York Times* and *Literary Digest*, returned to Washington Hall, lecturing to the University on "The Man Without a Country." Mr. Kilmer considered three such characters, the fictitious person of Edward Everett Hale's story; Benedict Arnold, who, in betraying the Colonies, became in truth a man without a country; and George Washington, who having no country, created one by the strength of his will. Benedict Arnold, religious bigot, and the only one of Washington's generals who expressed doubt as to his chief's ability, afterward became through ambition the arch-traitor to every sacred tie by which he was bound. The example of the first president, Mr. Kilmer showed, furnishes many lessons sorely needed in a day like this, two of which are especially to be pondered. Washington's convictions as regards religious equality, and freedom from foreign disputes and alliances. The lecturer's most intimate field is that of poetry and literature, of course, yet he brought to this subject a keen analytical knowledge of history. He puts into his spoken discourse the clear insight and peculiar charm which so distinguishes his verse. He discovers in the most ordinary things rich and unsuspected meanings. Father Walsh introduced Mr. Kilmer for what he is, not merely a poet and literary critic, but one of ourselves, an admirer of the University, a loyal friend of Notre Dame.

Athletic Notes.

CHARLES W. CALL, '18.

Four solid gold watches in the vest pockets of "Pete" Noonan, "Andy" McDonough, "Cy" Kasper, and "Eddie" Meehan, are evidence that Notre Dame played a prominent part in the First Annual Relay Carnival held at the University of Illinois last Saturday evening. The jewelry and a handsome silk shield were captured by the Notre Dame athletes in the opening event of the meet—the two-mile university relay.

Noonan was fortunate in drawing the pole in a field of six entries. Chicago, Kansas, Michigan, Purdue and Illinois were the other teams to toe the mark. Noonan did not however,

hold long the advantage he gained in the draw, and at the first two-twenty mark he was running fifth; at the quarter he had dropped back to sixth and at the end of the third two-twenty he had regained only fifth place. At this mark, Sproul, of Kansas, started a sprint that put him well in the lead. Noonan had to run around the whole field before he could set out for Sproul; but he caught the leader, however, within a hundred yards of the end of the half-mile, and then gradually drew away from him and passed the baton with a five-yard lead to McDonough, the second sprinter for Notre Dame.

McDonough immediately proceeded to multiply many times his already safe lead, and at the end of his first two-twenty he was between thirty and forty yards to the front. But it was a case of over-anxiousness and he could not maintain the pace he had set for himself. One of his old-time rivals, Campbell, of Purdue, passed him in the final two-twenty, and put seven yards between them by the end of the second relay.

Kasper lost no time in grabbing the baton from McDonough and setting out after Captain Van Aiken of Purdue. Tenney, the Chicago miler, who had outrun the famous Joie Ray at the First Regiment Games the Saturday before, also was running in the third relay. Kasper quickly drew up with Van Aiken and trailed him for a lap. Once he passed the Purdue captain, but could not hold the lead, and in the final dash, fight as best he could, Van Aiken gave the stick to Large, the last Purdue man, seven yards before Kasper could pass the Notre Dame baton to the outstretched Meehan for the final half-mile. Michigan and Illinois were distanced, and it was easy to see that Chicago, Purdue, Kansas, or Notre Dame must win.

Amid loud cries of "Keep it in the Conference! Keep it in the Conference!" Meehan took after Large. Clark, of Chicago, and Rodkey, of Kansas, were close behind him. Unfortunately two of the greatest runners at the meet, Spink, of Illinois, and Captain Carroll, of Michigan, were handicapped so heavily by the runners that preceded them that they had no opportunity of showing their ability with the rest of the anchor men. Meehan was soon on the heels of Large, but was content to follow him for the first lap. When two laps from the tape, with Clarke, of Chicago, and Rodkey of

Kansas, still within threatening distance, Meehan began to gather a sufficient lead to carry him through the trying last lap. He continued to gain thereafter, and in the finishing straightaway his long "stretch" opened thirty yards of track between Clark and himself before he threw himself against the tape for a great Notre Dame victory. Chicago finished second, and Kansas, third. The time for the two miles was 8:09 3-5.

An hour later the same team, with the exception that Captain Miller was in the place of Noonan, entered the one-mile university relay. Another victory might have been won by Notre Dame but for two unusual and stupid accidents. Captain John Miller, after starting in fourth position from the pole, brought the baton around the first quarter-mile on practically even terms with Clarke, of Chicago, and passed it cleanly to Kasper, the second runner for Notre Dame. Kasper had just got started when the second man for Northwestern by some hallucination decided that Kasper was the first Northwestern runner and immediately sprinting after Kasper, tried to take the baton away from him. Kasper naturally was nonplussed, and before he could get the Evanstonian to let him proceed he had to drag him some twenty yards along the cinders. Many costly yards were lost in this fiasco, but it remained for an official of the meet to put Notre Dame completely out of the running. McDonough was extending himself to the utmost in an effort to regain lost ground when a man wearing a badge marked "Official," who was evidently checking the laps of the different runners, stepped on the track with his back to the oncoming Notre Dame man. It was no fault of McDonough's that the official was knocked down on the track face first, but the two seconds lost could never be regained, and when Meehan took up the fourth-quarter, neither he nor any other runner could overtake the colored Chicago flyer, Binga Dismond. It was not delightful to see Michigan take second place after witnessing Notre Dame beat them by twenty yards in the same race on the Michigan track just two weeks before.

Kirkland got third in the high hurdles, and was very close to third in the low hurdles, in both of which Captain Ames, of Illinois, established new records. Mulligan beat Hoyt, the Grinnell star, in the semifinals of the seventy-yard dash, but neither placed in the finals.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to February 3, 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.

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Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, P. T. O'Sullivan, '68; Right 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.

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