

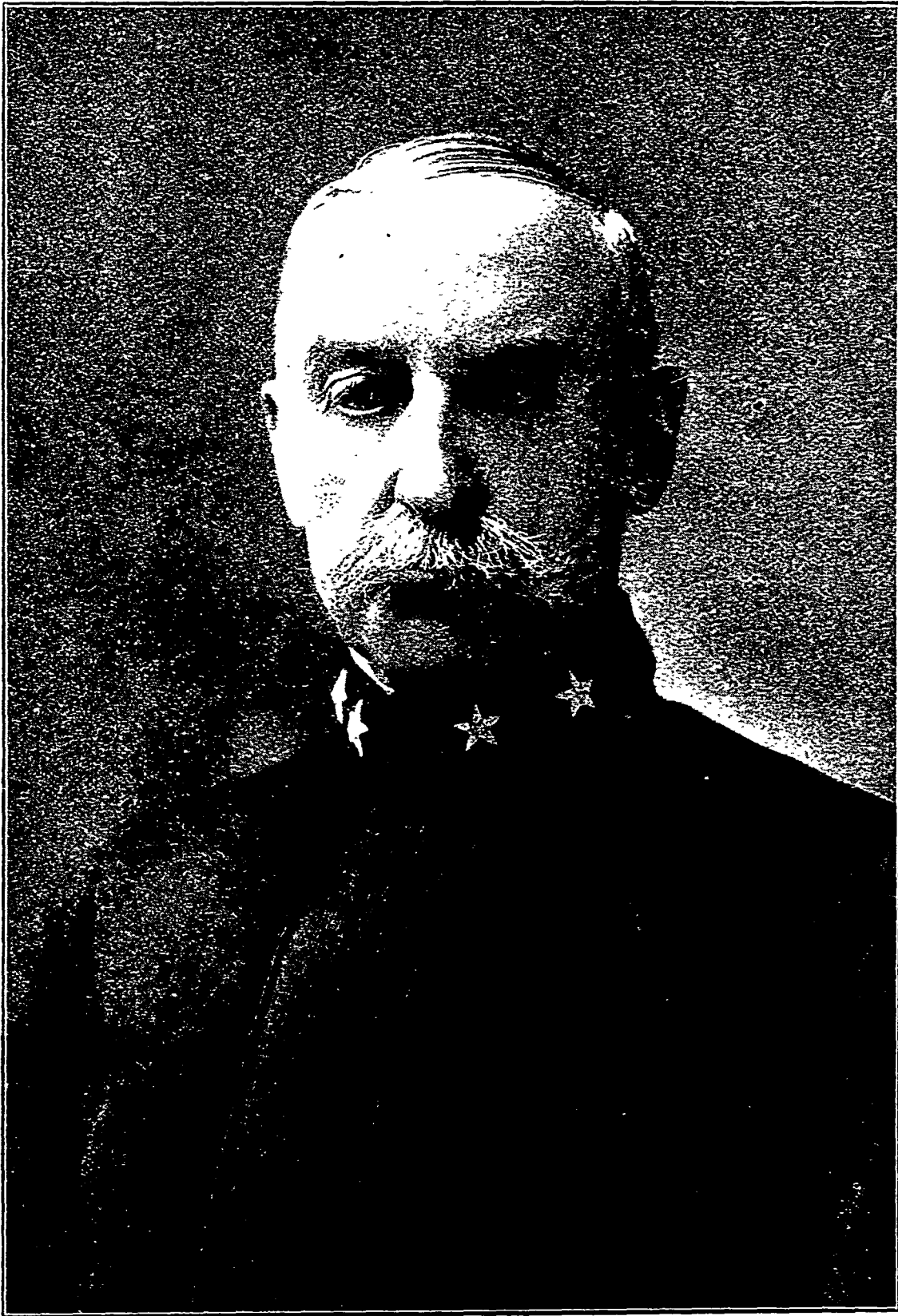
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Notre Dame Scholastic

· DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

Vol. L.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 17, 1917.

No. 23.



Admiral William Shepherd Benson
Lactare Medalist, 1917

Admiral William S. Benson.

Nobility, save that of merit, is not acknowledged by the Catholic Church. Lineage higher than the blood of kings she holds in her veins: earthly aristocracy is aristocracy to her only when it means nobility of mind, aristocracy of character expressed in action. The University of Notre Dame, as a leading exponent of those high ideals in Christian character which have ever inspired the only nobility to which it affords special marks of consideration, selects every year from among the millions of Catholic lay workers, some one whose extraordinary character and achievement have made him worthy of the Laetare Medal. This year the University's emblem of distinction is conferred upon William Shepherd Benson, ranking-admiral of the United States Navy, whose sterling character and long years of service to the nation have not allowed his name to pass unnoticed. Admiral Benson's life and labors make him eminently worthy of this distinction, and it is particularly fitting that he receive it this year when, entering upon new duties, his services should be promptly recognized by those of his own faith. It is scarcely two months since he became ranking-admiral of the Navy; it is only six months since he was made chief of naval operations; but it is forty years since, as a young "middy," he was graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and entered upon active service in the United States Navy. During all these years the country has not heard profusely of the future Admiral, but navy officials have constantly kept his work in mind. Admiral Benson has worked his long way up to the top in the quietest way, but now the country and those of his own faith will know and appreciate his worth. Thus it is most fitting this year that the University, at one in judgment with the hierarchy, consider Admiral Benson worthy of a place among the Laetare Medalists.

William Shepherd Benson, was born in Georgia, September 25th, 1855. His father was Richard A. Benson and his mother Catherine E. Benson. The former was a graduate of Randolph Macon College and the latter the first woman to receive a diploma from a college for women, the one in Macon, Georgia. Admiral Benson's paternal grandfather went to Georgia, with his slaves and belongings from Isle of

Wight County on the James River in Virginia, in 1818.

Admiral Benson graduated at the United States Naval Academy in 1877, has served twenty-two years at sea and has occupied virtually every position on land and sea that his rank would justify. In the year 1877 he was ordered to the "Hartford," Flagship of the South Atlantic Station, and remained attached to her on that station until January 1st, 1879, when he was ordered to the "Essex," on the same station. He was detached from the "Essex" in May, 1879, and in October of the same year went to the "Constitution" at Norfolk. After serving for two years on that famous old warship on her last cruise, he was ordered, in July 1881, to duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The following year he was ordered to the "Alliance" on the home station, and the year after that he was transferred to the "Yantic," on which he cruised to Littleton Island, in the Arctic regions, in the summer of 1883 as convoy to the Greeley relief steamer "Proteus." Later he was on duty under the Naval Advisory Board at South Boston until March, 1885, when he was ordered to the Branch Hydrographic Office at Baltimore.

After nearly a year's duty at the Branch Hydrographic Office at Baltimore, he was ordered to the Fish Commission Steamer "Albatross," where he spent practically two years, being engaged most of the time in deep-sea soundings and investigation of marine life off the eastern coast of the United States and in the Bahama Group. In January, 1888, he was ordered to the "Dolphin" and made a cruise around the world on her, returning to New York, October 1, 1889. In 1890 he was ordered to the United States Naval Academy as instructor in seamanship, naval architecture and naval tactics. He remained at the Naval Academy for three years and after a couple of months devoted to special instruction in torpedoes and ordnance he was detailed to duty in the Coast and Geodetic Survey. In August, 1896, he returned to duty at the Naval Academy as instructor in the same department as during his previous duty there. In 1898 he was ordered to the U. S. S. "Chicago," and after the close of the Spanish War he made a cruise on this vessel through the Mediterranean and Red Seas and around Africa, returning to the United States via Rio Janeiro and the West Indies. In October, 1899, he was ordered to

duty as flag-lieutenant on the staff of the Commander in Chief of the Atlantic Squadron, where he served until June, 1901. After a few months spent at the Branch Hydrographic Office in New York, he returned to the Naval Academy for duty as Senior Assistant to the Commandant of Midshipmen; continued on this duty until 1903, when he was detailed as Executive Officer of the U. S. S. "Iowa," and remained there until August, 1905, having been promoted to the grade of Commander on July 1st of that year; was detached and ordered as Lighthouse Inspector of the Fifth District; detached from this duty in 1907 and went again to the Naval Academy, this time as Commandant of Midshipmen. In 1908 he was ordered to command the U. S. S. "Olympia," and the practice squadron, consisting of five vessels. In September of the same year he was detached from this duty and ordered to command the U. S. S. "Albany" on the Pacific Station. In July, 1909, was promoted to the grade of Captain and ordered as Chief of Staff of the Pacific Fleet. The latter part of February, 1910, after having cruised throughout the Pacific, he was detached and ordered to command the battleship "Missouri." In October, 1910, he was ordered to duty in connection with the U. S. S. "Utah" and upon her completion placed her in commission and commanded her until June 25, 1913. During the latter part of the time that he commanded the "Utah," he was for several months in command of the First Division of the Atlantic Fleet.

In August, 1913, he was ordered to duty as Commandant of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, and on May 11, 1915, he was detailed to duty as Chief of Naval Operations, Navy Department, the position which he now holds.

While in command of the "Utah" he created a spirit of marked co-operation and contentment in his ship to such an extent that it was famous throughout the battle fleet as "the 'Utah' spirit." While he was Commandant of the Philadelphia Yard he succeeded in creating the same spirit of *esprit de corps* and contentment among the employees of the Yard.

Speaking of the appointment of Captain Benson to the post of Chief of Naval Operations in 1915, Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels said: "Captain Benson comes to this position after a ripe experience of varied character and of comparatively recent acquirement; namely, the command of one of the most

modern battleships, the command of a division of the Atlantic Fleet, and finally the command of one of the greatest and most important navy yards at a time when it was rapidly developing and fitting out to do shipbuilding on a large scale, and where he proved himself to be an administrator of the highest type."

Admiral Benson held the position of Chief of Naval Operations with the rank of Rear Admiral until August 29th, 1916, at which time he was promoted to Admiral by the Act of Congress of that date, and he is now the ranking naval officer of the Service.

But Admiral Benson is not only a trusted chief of the Navy, he is a fervent practical Catholic as well. When in charge of the Naval Academy, he was a daily communicant, and though now imperfect health and distance from the church prevent his daily reception of the Holy Eucharist, he still goes to the altar once a week. The chief pleasure he derives from having reached his present position, he says, is the thought that it reflects credit on the Faith. All Washington speaks of him in terms of utmost eulogy.

Admiral Benson's character and services make him especially worthy of a place among the Laetare Medalists, the list of which follows:

- 1883 John Gilmary Shea, the saintly and scholarly chronicler of the Church in America;
- 1884 Patrick J. Keeley, ecclesiastical architect;
- 1885 Eliza Allen Starr who did so much to educate the people of her day to the beauties of Christian art;
- 1886 General John Newton, the great army engineer, who, during the Civil War, constructed the defenses about the city of Washington;
- 1887 Edward Pruess, a great journalist and a man of unquestioned leadership;
- 1888 Patrick V. Hickey, founder of the *Catholic Review*;
- 1889 Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist;
- 1890 William J. Onahan, organizer of the first American Catholic Congress;
- 1891 Daniel Dougherty, the greatest orator of his time;
- 1892 Henry F. Brownson, author and philosopher;
- 1893 Patrick Donahue, founder of the *Boston Pilot*;
- 1894 Augustin Daly, theatrical manager and promoter of high ideals in the drama;
- 1895 Mrs. James Sadlier, writer of Catholic fiction;
- 1896 General William S. Rosecrans, the leader of the Army of the Cumberland;
- 1897 Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, distinguished surgeon and grand-nephew of Robert Emmet.
- 1898 Timothy E. Howard, noted jurist, member of the Supreme Court of Indiana, and counsellor of our Founders;

(Continued on page 370.)

Conn of Ballylin.

(A St. Patrick's Day Revery.)

TO-DAY shall I go back with memory
 To an ash-strewn hearth, where embers long are
 cold
 Nor ever, ever shall rekindled be:
 Where songs were sung at night and stories told,
 How Milad's sons sailed up the Northern Sea
 Seeking their long-loved Isle of Destiny.

Ah, the memory of you, Conn of Ballylin,
 Is set in swish of rain and Banshee wailing!
 Cold was the world without, but warm within,
 When, freighted with dreams, your fancy ships came
 sailing
 From sea-lapped coasts, where on fields forever green
 The black-eyed fairies danced before their queen.

The turf fire blazed and made the kitchen bright,
 Expectant faces felt the warming glow;
 Then heard we of Cuchulain's last good-fight,
 Lir's lonely daughters, all the ancient woe
 Of Usna's banished sons, pining forlorn
 For their waste fields and all their loves forsworn!

How rich that lowly roof when your dream voice
 Crooned of dead warriors on De Danann forts!
 Bemoaned like regal bard in language choice
 The Spanish ships that never reached our ports!
 The bard is dead and dead the fireside gleams:
 But thanks be to God this day—I have his dreams!

And so I keep my pact with memory,
 And I shall follow where it leads: among
 The wan dead, may be, back in Athery
 Where the hurrying Deel makes every reed a tongue
 For low lamenting; where 'tis many the day
 I've watched the gulls go screeching down the bay!

And so the fire yet burns, the sea-wind flings
 The rain with pattering feet against the door.
 The oak, new-sinewed down these hundred springs,
 Still grieves lone winter nights, as grieved of yore
 Micha's good Knights when their tall queen was slain,
 And happy days were banished from Emain.

Nor shall I lonesome grow with the growing old
 Who've brought with me the wine of dreams for
 drinking.
 I'm rich enough, thank God! Great Ossin's gold
 Of song will last my day till the sun's sinking.
 And time for all the frets has dealt well with me,
 To leave, against gray days, the memory

Of happy childhood: fields flush grown with clover,
 Sheep tracks through hoary dew of summer morn,
 Honking wild geese, home flying when day was
 over,
 The early winter dark, the post-boy's horn,
 The lifted latch, the salt-wind bursting in,
 And bless him, good man—Conn of Ballylin!

Alan Seeger.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, 19.

On the island of Scyros there is a grave.
 Amid the whitened, crumbling marble of the
 Isle, hidden beneath the abounding poppies,
 near the murmuring sea, it lies. In it rest the
 ashes of England's great soldier-poet, Rupert
 Brooke.

In France too there is a grave: On the sloping
 hill at Belloy-en-Santerre, amid the black smoke
 and bursting shell, where the red rivers of blood

are running, there sleeps America's great
 soldier-poet, Alan Seeger.

The present war has produced its poetry
 and its poets. With the first notes of the reveille
 in 1914 our war poetry came into being. Poets
 the world over have sung of the horrors and
 hates and shames of strife, and their songs have
 gone to every heart. They have stood above
 the battle smoke and have seen the awful

melée in the distance. But how common they seem in comparison with the soldier poets who have been in the very thick of the fight. These have buried themselves in the soul of war and have seen not only its horrors but its glories as well. Theirs is the true singing, the true interpretation. Their poetry breathes the very breath of war; it shows what they themselves have seen and felt. And foremost among these is the late Alan Seeger.

Seeger was as much a soldier as a poet. It is well to know the facts of his romantic career; for his life was a beautiful one. Before he can be fully appreciated as a poet we must see the man himself—for the man is at least as important as his work. He entered Harvard University at an early age, and in his college days was regarded as a very peculiar fellow. Not many understood his mind and ways or the noble ideals he held before him, so far was he above the common run of men. Unassuming and sincere in everything, he lived his quiet life aloof from the trivial things around him, preparing himself for the great cause to come. He reminds one very much of Keats—gentle in disposition, refined and introspective in nature, remote from his fellows and devoted to music and books. He wrote much, but never sought publicity: for he destroyed most of his writings and kept the rest to himself. In 1912 he went to Paris, where, he says, he was supremely happy. Everyone he met there was impressed with the silent young American.

When the war came upon France in 1914 Seeger promptly offered himself for service. His mind was filled with eagerness for the cause and his heart thirsted to drink this cup of experience. He was enrolled in one of the bravest regiments of France—the Foreign Legion. With all the fiery impulse of youth he marched away to fight, because he loved France and had now “espoused a cause dearer than all else to his heart.” He had found himself at last, and all toward which he had been rather hopelessly groping for years. War now engaged his body, his mind and his spirit. Into the depths of it he threw himself with all the courage and young idealism of his being.

Rupert Brooke in his characteristic way had said, “Well, if Armageddon’s on, one should be there, I suppose,” and forthwith threw himself into the conflict. Seeger’s mood was different. “At last,” he says, “my dream has come true.” He was filled with a strange

exultation that he alone was capable of feeling. Through two long years his courage and energy never decreased with the strain. At the Marne and at Champagne he volunteered for the most dangerous reconnoitring; he wrote poems by night in the trenches, pouring out his soul in longing for the moment when he could sacrifice himself in the cause of liberty.

This longing grew more intense as time went on. He had just one fear,—that he survive the great hour and live to know anything less glorious than war. From such a spirit sprang the masterpiece of war song, “I have a Rendezvous with Death.” No poem of the war has more enchanting lines than this one. Glowing with imagination and pulsating with feeling as quiet as it is powerful, it reveals the soul of the poet hidden in the soul of war.

Take the opening stanza:—

I have a rendezvous with Death,
At some disputed barricade
When spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air,
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

How vivid these lines! The second stanza contains the strangely prophetic lines:—

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into this dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him, still
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarréd slope of battered hill,
And when spring comes round again this year,
And the first meadow flowers appear.

And the closing lines, wherein he reveals his longing to meet death as his fellow-poet, Rupert Brooke had said,

Proud, then, clear-eyed and laughing go to greet
Death as a friend.

And the last lines maintain the poetic intensity of the first:—

God knows ’twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath
Where hushed awakenings are so dear,
But I’ve a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Here in simple beauty is portrayed the sincerity of his spirit.

At Champagne under heavy fire Seeger wrote the splendid war poem, “Champagne 1915.” It is flowing with feeling for the dead

French soldiers and breathes out a delightful freshness which belonged to its author alone. A few lines will show sufficiently the beauty of its thought and diction.

In glad revels, in the happy fêtes
When cheeks are flushed, and glasses gilt and
pearled
With the sweet wine of France that concentrates
The sunshine and the beauty of the world.

Drink sometimes you whose footsteps yet may
tread

The undisturbed, delightful paths of Earth,
To those whose blood in pious duty shed,
Hallows the soil where that same wine had birth.

And again,

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonored that his flag might float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat.

Or,

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy fields in bloom,
And Autumn yellow with maturing vines.

After seven or eight more stanzas of the same beauty, the poet ends:—

Drink to them—amorous of dear Earth as well,
They asked no tribute lovelier than this—
And in the wine that ripened when they fell,
Oh, frame your lips as though it were a kiss.

He cannot forego his love for the dead heroes of France. Yet he soars even higher in his appeal to his own people. The last poem of his life is his famous ode to the American Volunteers who have fallen for France. The proud title is "America and France." He was to have read the ode at Paris, but he was taken off before the occasion. In it his patriotism and faith broke their chrysalis completely, and many the American hearts in which it found an echo. The poem widens in its theme to a glorious vindication of the few Americans whose blood was shed for France. The first lines are in the poet's characteristic strain, quiet and powerful:

Ay, it is fitting on this holiday,
Commemorative of our soldier dead,
When with sweet flowers of our New England
May
Hiding the lichened stone by fifty years made gray,
Their graves in every town are garlanded
That pious tribute should be given, too,
To our intrepid few
Obscurely fallen here beyond the seas.

Then he praises France who gave to him and his fellow Americans:

That chance to live the life most free from strain
And that rare privilege of dying well.

Representative of the quality and spirit of true war poems is the following:

And on those furthest rims of hallowed ground
Where the forlorn, the gallant charge expires,
Where the slain bugler has long ceased to sound,
And on the tangles wires
The last wild rally staggers, crumbles, stops,
Withered beneath the shrapnel's iron showers
Now heaven be thanked, we gave a few brave
drops,
Now heaven be thanked, a few brave drops
were ours!

Best of all the last lines. They are full of dignity expressed in real poetic diction, and marked by a ceremonial stateliness that makes them the finest the war has evoked.

In them we behold Alan Seeger in his real mood—majestically calm, grand, noble and sincere, believing in the glory and high exaltation of the soldier's life:

There holding still in frozen steadfastness
Their bayonets toward the beckoning frontiers,
They lie—our comrades—lie among their peers,
Clad in the glory of fallen warriors,
Grim clusters under thorny trellises,
Dry, furthest foam upon disastrous shores,
Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn
Even as they fell unchanged, beneath the
changing moon,
And Earth in her divine indifference
Rolls on, and many paltry things and mean
Prate to be heard and caper to be seen.
But they are silent, calm; their eloquence
Is that incomparable attitude;
No human presences their witness are,
But summer cloud and sunset crimson hued,
And showers and night winds and the northern
star.
Nay even our salutations seem profane,
Opposed to their Elysian quietude;
Our salutations calling from afar.

A few days after writing this Seeger met the end he had longed for and fell bravely in a bayonet charge on "some scarred slope of battle hill."

On those red fields where blow with furious blow
Was countered.

Seeger's poetry shows his exceptional personality. It is marked by a buoyancy and flow that is almost perfect; it excels in construction; it is rich in imagery and allusion; it has a feeling for contrast; it is musical; and it is peculiar for its imaginative beauty and nobility of expression. Above all, his poetry is intense in its sincerity, and with all its distinguishing qualities, it is most beautiful in its simplicity. Blending all these virtues, we have a fair picture of the soldier-poet himself; and they

are his legacy to the world he left after him.

The gallant young American had for twenty-seven years lived his poem as well as sung it. His great soul had seen below the surface beauty of things; and he loved the glory and breathing spirit of war as only he could love. Always he pursued the nobler things. It is true that his passion has left its undying record, but it is also true unfortunately that he had followed in such a promising path such a little way when the hand of death took him.

The war made Alan Seeger a soldier and a poet, yet impaired not in the least his fundamental gentleness, the beauty of his spirit. The war held him up to the world as the embodiment of all that binds in love the two great republics—America and France. For the latter country he had in full measure all of that grateful, hereditary love that sprang into being in 1776. We shall always see him as a brave soldier-poet, everlastingly, divinely young; his short life made poetry and his death has made poetry, too. The tragedy of his death is offset by the pure beauty of it. The loss is ours, not his. We have lost a poet, while Alan Seeger has found his glorious end at last.

A poet is dead, and in the words of his own epitaph,—

Under the little crosses where they rise,
The soldier rests.

Junior Thoughts.

"Peace at any price," is the slogan of the degenerate who is bankrupt in courage and manhood.

It's as easy for a rich man to get through college as it would be for a poor man to buy out the Standard Oil.

Small wonder a woman's reputation is so fragile: what a man accomplishes in the way of feminine conquest he always publishes, and when he fails he is only too willing to lie about it.

Nothing is more contagious than joviality of crowds. Had Shakespeare sent Othello out to mingle with merry-makers Desdemona might have died of old age.

Happy is he who rises with a song upon his lips! There's a boon that all the take-before-retiring tonics in the world cannot give. It is the prerogative of the one who is young, and clean of life, and clear of conscience.

Varsity Verse.

ST. PATRICK.

He walked with God a vision land,
Loud with a nation's plea,
And with the crosier in his hand
He crossed the western sea.

His harp—the kingdom of the Celt—
He tuned to newer refrains,
And every age since then has felt
The splendor of its strains.

He planted wide the fertile sod
Of pagan Inisfail,
And gathered to the barns of God
A harvest of the Gael.

B. M., '17.

PURITY.

It is the voice of envy ever raised to tell the dead—
It is the tongue of evil that speaks of virtue fled—
It is the whisper of the dark that cries of darker hearts
They say that chastity is cold, nor loveliness imparts.

In white we have the rainbow, each color fair to see,
Its absence is the shadow upon the pleasantry.
In purity are graces new, are depths so fair we doubt
All loveliness is there to view, nor can be, if without.

G. D. H., '19.

BLINDNESS FORSAKEN.

Tottering, touching my cane as I go
With my hands that are stretched out still,
They feel not the guide they once did know
Now in the grave on the hill.

G. D. H., '19.

CONQUEROR.

Drive the stubborn Irish to the fields of Donegal,
And let those barren, stony hills become their funeral
pall.—SPENSER.

Ah, well he knew, through centuries, if the cruel word
were done,
That Irish blood would paint those hills more red than
autumn sun,
And every drop of blood that fell would turn those
rocks to clay,
And fruits would spring out of the ground where Irish
heroes lay.

R. M. M.

APRIL.

I am the laughing daisy's soul,
I am the violet's opening;
I am the sweetness of God's breath,—
I am the Spring.

J. H. McD., '19.

MARCH EVENINGS.

Across the brown fields tonight the sun was sinking
and I, glad of the evening air, walked toward it.
Just beyond the earth's dewy edge the sunset was
unfurled.

Like a radiant garden, filled with crimson, and yellow,
and white roses.

Thought I: "What glories shall I see this evening
when the Day is dead,

When the winds of God arise, making the foundations
of the sea to tremble;—

Scattering those roses on that unsubstantial earth;
Those white clouds will then be strewn with rose-
petals."

Before me each bough was lined with gold: afar the depths
of the sky were clothed in apocalyptic beauty.

At the edge of the wood I stopped, and looked

For there my path turned,

Going beneath gaunt maples and elms back to a
cheerful fireside.

And I thought: "I will forego the glories of the dying
day,—

Give up the sight of rose-petals scattered on snowy
clouds,

And hope

That in God's evening meadows in the soft skies of
heaven

Are hoarded for me earthly sunsets."

Down the hill I went into the shadows,

And felt

The sweetness of young Night's breath in my face.

When I reached home, I turned and looked.

Of all that sunset garden, only one pink rose remained,
Hanging, trembling, upon a cloud-like stem.

And I was glad,

But it was not alone because of the rose-gardens of the
sunset,

But as I paused, returning,

A wind of dreams shook my heart.

Richard Byrne.

A PRAYER.

Like cloudy incense from sweet censers;

Of lilies fragranting the air;

Like nothing mortal tongue can speak

Is God's fair masterpiece,—a prayer.

F. L., '19.

LIMERICK.

A student in history class

Proved himself a permanent ass,

When he states that Rome

Was the original home

Of the famous Thermopylæ pass. *T. B., '20.*

The Banker's Husband: A Scenario.

BY HOWARD R. PARKER, '17.

Our Scene I. gives a "close-up" of Mr. Henry Coleman, president and cashier of the Golconda Desert Bank. The face of Mr. Coleman shows a very thoughtful expression. He has reason to be pensive, as you may understand in hearing his history.

Borrowing for our purpose the wondrous power of the scenario-writer, who of all men is able to turn back Old Time in his flight, let us look upon Mr. Coleman as he appeared ten years ago. We must remove his tailored suit of Urquhart plaid and clothe him in the dusty raiment of a desert rider, a man wearing spacious corduroy trousers, a black soft hat, and an olive-colored flannel shirt, gray with sage dust. From the pocket of this shirt there hangs a string, on the end of which is a white, round tag, indicating that the man "rolls his own." Having next provided our chief actor with a good riding-horse and a ready revolver, let us place him against a background of flat country marked by low hills devoid of vegetation. Now we shall get the action going at once, for our man is a western bandit, and ten years is a short time for even a man with a film-camera to evolve a full-blooded "bad man" into a respectable bank president.

Although three neighboring sheriffs had advertised large rewards for his capture, "Terry" Colton showed no sign of trepidation as he rested his horse on the road two miles out of Golconda, the most flourishing of Nevada's northern mining towns. As he looked toward the town spreading itself unmethodically over the desert below him and then coolly rolled a cigarette, you would scarcely have suspected for a minute that Terry was about to make a big draw on the only bank in the place. He was cool and clever. If he hadn't been, perhaps one of those nearby peace officers would have already visited the Frisco Fair on that reward money.

Colton remained in this attitude of easy deliberation until his watch showed the time of day to be just eleven-forty. Then with a cheery word to his horse he set off toward the town. Leisurely riding brought him to the edge of Golconda soon after twelve. This was just right, he thought to himself. Most people

are busy* between noon and twelve-thirty, and men of Colton's profession are bored by spectators.

The horseman rode up to the bank which stood on the Main Street, half a block from the hotel and general store. He climbed down from his horse and entered the bank. From then until horse and rider were speeding out of town westward, there was quick action. True to Colton's plan, only one man was on duty in the bank. This one was placing some documents in the one vault owned by the establishment. The rest you can readily supply for yourself. When thirteen miles out of Golconda, Terry the Wise stopped to examine his loot; he found that he had lifted nearly half of the town's total resources.

James Morrison, head of the Golconda Desert Bank, very properly tore his hair when, on returning to the bank after dinner, he found his teller bound and gagged on the floor and the vault of the bank all but empty. Upon further investigation he realized that he had been made a comparatively poor man by the unknown marauder, for half the money intrusted to a bank is a big sum to lose.

Morrison was the father of a lovely daughter of twelve, and he shuddered to think what a difference this misfortune would make in her position. So much did he think of the blow that had befallen him and his family that it was but a few years until he had left his daughter Maud fatherless, and not comfortably far from penniless.

Maud soon made up her mind to go forth in quest of employment. Hearing that Reno held forth the best opportunities, she took the Humboldt and Western for that notorious town. Sadly enough, she experienced great difficulty in securing employment there. Every store in the town was well supplied with clerks, and not an answer did she receive from her advertisement for a position as a servant girl. But the Odeon dance-hall needed serving-girls. They were paying six dollars a week and board.

Miss Morrison thought about this job a long time before accepting it. On the second day of her employment a husky person happened into the place, and ordered beer. Someone greeted him as "Terry." "Terry" was palpably pained to see such a refined-looking girl carrying beer to rude men in a public

place. He determined to win her confidence and to learn her story, for he was sure she must have one. "Terry" was human and even straight in everything except his manner of earning a living.

Maud did tell him her story, and it had not unfolded far before her new friend felt as uncomfortable as any man could possibly feel. Then he told his end of the story.

They went back to Golconda, the two of them, and Colton paid back to the last penny the money he had "lifted" from the town bank. He had enjoyed a lucrative business during his days as a "stick-up" man, and he had carefully saved his money since his retirement from the game a few years after the Golconda job. By restoring the stolen money he escaped prosecution, for most people had forgotten the robbery, anyway. The West does not remember such incidents as does the East.

Maud could not forget the decency of the man who had taken her from the dance-hall in Reno, even though he had ruined her father. So it was not long after becoming president of the bank in pursuance of her father's rights that she accepted Colton's proposal of marriage, which brings us to the first scene of the narrative; namely, that of Mr. "Terry" Colton, now known as Henry Coleman, gazing pensively across the Nevada desert from his office in the Golconda Desert Bank. You see, Mrs. Coleman found her duties at the bank too much of a burden, in view of the more womanly tasks that required her at home. So it is that Mr. Coleman, although president of the bank, is in reality "the banker's husband." Thus the title of our story is explained—and now the whole fiction is ready for cinematic visualization.

Thoughts.

Many a cub reporter has turned out to be a bear.

A year in the big league's worth two in the bush.

The balm of friendship has soothed many pains.

Consider the hod-carrier—he seldom lets his burden slip.

We call them *hard* drinkers, but many of them are *easy* ones.

Dimples, like human nature, show up best when one is smiling.

S. H. C.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter.

Published every Saturday during the School Term at
THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

Terms: \$1:50 per Annum. Postpaid

Address: THE EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
Notre Dame, Indiana

L. MARCH 17, 1917 No. 23.

BOARD OF EDITORS

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—“In March, 1915, the J. P. Morgan interests, the steel, ship building, and powder interests, and their subsidiary organizations, got together twelve men

Arnolds
of the Press.

high up in the newspaper world and employed them to select the most influential newspapers in the United States and a sufficient number of them to control generally the policy of the daily press of the United States. . . . They found it was only necessary to purchase the control of twenty-five of the greatest papers. . . . an agreement was reached; the policy of the papers was bought. . . . This contract is in existence at the present time. . . .”—*From a speech made in the House of Representatives on February 9th, by Congressman Galloway, of Texas.*

If these facts mentioned by the representative from Texas be true—and we have read no denial of them in any of the big journals of the country—there are newspaper men in this country who are guilty of prostituting their great trust, who are guilty of treason to their readers, to their country, and to a profession which glories in the memory of a Greeley and a Dana, a Nelson of our own time, and which names among its present leaders a James Keeley and a Henry Watterson.

The greatest asset a newspaper can possess is the confidence of its readers, and any act which tends to lessen this trust is a commercial as well as an ethical mistake. The duty of a newspaper, as we conceive it, is to mold and direct public opinion, and every newspaper, no matter how large its subscription list, no matter how fortunate its finances, is bound by

all the laws of morality to perform this duty as best it can. There is no excuse for a newspaper to sell its policy or to misrepresent conditions. No one can mitigate the seriousness of the offense charged by Representative Galloway, and before public confidence can be restored it will be necessary for the real newspapers in the United States to root out from newspaperdom those who have put the stain of treason on the honor of journalism. We have enough faith in the big men of the press of our nation to believe that they stand ready and willing to punish the misconduct of their contemporaries and to deal summarily with the traitors, the Arnolds of our press.

(Continued from page 362.)

- 1899 Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, whose benefactions made possible the beginnings of the Catholic University;
- 1900 John A. Creighton, philanthropist, and founder of Creighton University;
- 1901 William Bourke Cockran, the stirring orator;
- 1902 Dr. John B. Murphy, America's greatest surgeon;
- 1903 Charles J. Bonaparte, noted lawyer and attorney-general under President Roosevelt;
- 1904 Richard C. Kerens, a kindly philanthropist and former ambassador to Austria;
- 1905 Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, prominent business man of Boston and known as a friend of the poor;
- 1906 Dr. Francis B. Quinlan, a medical specialist of international fame;
- 1907 Katherine E. Conway, one of the makers of the *Pilot* and the *Republic*;
- 1908 James C. Monaghan, noted lecturer and leader in the consular service of the United States;
- 1909 Frances Tiernan (Christian Reid), a leader in Catholic literary circles;
- 1910 Maurice Francis Egan, noted professor and author, at present the American minister to Denmark;
- 1911 Agnes Repplier, distinguished essayist;
- 1912 Thomas B. Mulry, prominent charity worker, and head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society;
- 1913 Charles B. Herbermann, the blind scholar, and editor-in-chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia;
- 1914 Edward Douglas White, chief-justice of the United States;
- 1915 Miss Mary V. Merrick, who though heavily burdened with bodily afflictions, founded and still supervises the work of the Christ Child Society;
- 1916 Dr. James J. Walsh, physician, historian, littérateur of world-wide reputation.

At the ceremony of the conferring of the Golden Rose, of which the Laetare Medal is an adaptation, the prelate bestowing the honor prays: “Receive from our hands this rose

beloved son, who, according to the world art noble, valiant, and endowed with great powers, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ, as a rose planted near the streams of many waters." Again and again this prayer has been realized in the recipients of the Laetare Medal, but never more fully, we believe, than in the medalist of the present year, Admiral William S. Benson. s. s.

Obituaries.

GERVASE AUGUSTINE IRVING.

The sympathy and prayers of the faculty and students of the University are tendered Rev. Father Irving, C. S. C., in the loss of his brother, Gervase Augustine Irving, who died at his home in Watertown, Wisconsin, March 8th, 1917. He was nineteen years of age and was in the years 1912 and 1914 a member of Holy Cross Seminary, but was forced to leave on account of ill health, from which he never fully recovered. He will be greatly missed by his family and by those who knew him when he was here at Notre Dame.

The funeral took place from Sacred Heart Church, Watertown, Saturday, March 10th. The Solemn Mass was sung by Rev. Father Irving, assisted by Rev. J. Burke, C. S. C., as deacon, and Rev. Father Warin, C. S. C., as subdeacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Schumacher, C. S. C.

A LOSS TO MARYKNOLL.

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of Maryknoll has lost a valuable worker by the death of Mary Louise Wholean. Miss Wholean was the first of a group of women-helpers who attached themselves some five years ago to the work at Maryknoll. These women now number nineteen and are formed into a society approved by the Church, to help in the foreign mission activities of this country. The deceased was born in St. Mary's parish, Westfield, Mass., in 1882. During her course at Wellesley College she won the Durant scholarship and was graduated with high honors. After several years of teaching in various schools, she decided to devote her life to the cause of the foreign missions, and accordingly offered her services to the society at Maryknoll. It is to be hoped that there will be many volunteers to take her place in this great work. M. J. E.

Book Review.

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE: A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1915-16. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind, Ph. D., with an Introduction by William S. Braithwaite. pp. 147. The Stratford Co., Boston. \$1.00.

Beyond the degree of doctor of philosophy, we do not know what qualifications Mr. Henry T. Schnittkind brought to this work of selecting and editing "the best poems written by American university students during the past college year," but had a reasonable degree of merit, rather than the exclusion of no important colleges been the standard of inclusion, the collection might have been just as large, and would certainly have been far more important. The volume is bound in red cloth, perhaps to indicate that here is the royal blood of song: the European war is no doubt to blame for the inferior quality of the paper.

Some sixty colleges are represented in the book, and while it would be violent to force the conclusion that poetry must confine its bloom to the gardens of three or four universities, yet is not the presumption against indiscriminate gathering? Obviously there is too little good work in "The Poets of the Future," and too much of the most ordinary student-verse. Hence it will not command the interest that an American college anthology should command, while its admirers will be limited in the main to those contributors who to procure copies of the great book have mortgaged the family clothes-wringer and flat-irons. It is to be hoped that this work will not in any sense be considered representative of American universities.

The boy destined to intone his "Gloria" before the consecrated altars of song rarely "finds" himself in college. Rossetti, it is true, wrote the "Blessed Damozel" at nineteen, but Shelley, who in this book is said to have done his best work at the college age, was twenty-nine when he wrote "To a Skylark." The college boy destined for song is usually too young to realize fully the sweet seriousness of his divine gift. Coleridge, Francis Thompson, and Keats are examples that will be recalled. But comparatively late as poets usually are in laying hold of the kingdom within themselves, many of these poets have already found the new fashions in verse. Some of them have also found their own back-yards, and think these are poetry, though on the whole the traditions of English verse receive the homage of obedience. The best poems in the book are "The Hemp," a long ballad by Stephen Vincent Benet (Yale); "The Song of Our Lady," by Joseph W. Singleton (Campion); "Our Lady's Mite" by Joseph L. Sadler (Holy Cross); "Victory," by J. T. Rogers (Harvard), and "Songs to His Lady," by John McClure (Oklahoma). It is gratifying to note that even in this anthology Catholic colleges form an honorable fifth of the entire representation. The sonnet reproduced from the SCHOLASTIC is copyrighted, and is here reprinted without permission of either the author of the verses or the editor of the SCHOLASTIC.

• Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite contributes an

evasive introduction, in which he hopes that 'in the poetry world it (this anthology, to be published annually) may serve as the yearly Spring of Song.' If that be true, then we may expect in American poetry a windy summer. This statement and certain other features about the "The Poets of the Future," make us suspect that Edith Rubright assisted the editor in his arduous labor of selection. Edith, it is to be explained, is fulsomely described on p. 46, and has cousins in Spoon River. The really serious thing about the failure of Mr. Henry T. Schmittkind, Ph. D., to make up a creditable collection of verse from American college magazines, is that "The Poets of the Future" may in some quarters be considered representative of the best that American colleges can produce. It is very much to be hoped that in justice to our schools, the selection for the next volume will, in so far as it can, correct the impression which must inevitably be given by this first, or else that the project of annual publication may promptly collapse.

VERSES FOR THIRTY YEARS. By Rev. Michael V. McDonough. Angel Guardian Press. Jamaica Plains, Boston, Mass. pp. 91.

In content and cover this latest contribution of a clerical poet to Catholic literature is more of a prayer book than a volume of verse. In the introduction, the author modestly states that the enclosed pieces are not poetry, but merely verse. We hardly think the caution necessary. Obviously the majority of poems within the volume were written during the author's college days. Books of this kind do not help very much the cause of religious poetry, and one should remember that not all published pieces are worthy of book form. The volume is dedicated to the Brothers of Charity.

M. J. E.

Personals.

—Phillip Armstrong spent Sunday and Monday at Notre Dame visiting his old friends in Walsh Hall where he was a student during the years 1913 and 1915. His home is in Chicago.

—Frank Centlivre heard that Jerry Miller was to sing at St. Mary's last Sunday evening and left his home in Fort Wayne to enjoy the treat. The late Prohibition measure has not dimmed the cheery smile of our happy Hoosier.

—Rev. Brother Michael, S. M., Visitor-General of the schools of the Society of Mary, and the Rev. Louis A. Tragesser, Provincial of the St. Louis Province of the same Community, visited Notre Dame during the week.

—The Milford *Daily News*, of Milford, Mass., February 23rd, contains the announcement that the George E. Stacy School was formally opened. The architects were Messrs. Phillips and Collins. Wendell Phillips, who is a graduate from the College of Architecture, '12, has been doing splendid work in his chosen profession.

Varsity News.

—The meeting of the Poetry Society has been postponed until Sunday evening, March 25th.

—After April 2nd, 1918, the State song of Indiana will be "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water," instead of "Mighty Like a Rose."

—"Great Inspirers," the latest book from the pen of Rev. Dr. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., recently published by the D. Appleton Company, is receiving much favorable comment.

—It has been announced that Archbishop Mundelein of Chicago will be present at the graduation exercises of the University, and that he will also address the students on June 10.

—At the St. Patrick's Day celebration in Lafayette, Indiana, to be held under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Father Walsh will be the principal speaker.

—Very Reverend Father Theisseling, the head of the Dominican Order, will leave Rome for America in a few weeks. Father Theisseling will attend the diamond jubilee celebration in June before making his visitation tour of this continent.

—For the information of students who have been inquiring whether or not the Auditorium Theatre will show Marie Dressler in the famous five-reel comedy, "Tillie Woke Up," the management wishes to announce that the play will be presented on Friday, March 23rd.

—On last Tuesday evening the preliminaries were held in the Holy Cross Debating Society. The following men were chosen to represent the society in two debates with St. Joseph's and Brownson Halls: William C. Havey, Leo Ward, James H. Brennan, Raymond Switalski, Arthur Hope and Thomas C. Duffy.

—The first bust to be moved from the Main Building to the new library was that of Cardinal Gibbons. The thirty busts transferred on Monday have already been put in place. The books will be moved from the old library to their new shelves during the Easter vacation, and the building will be opened for use some time next month.

—The motion picture shown in Washington Hall last Saturday night was one of the best given here this year. Valentine Grant as the brave little Jean in "The Daughter of Mac-Gregor," has all the grace and winsomeness of Mary Pickford. The acting of "Lady," the famous Scotch collie, surpasses anything

of its kind ever shown at the college and certainly was a surprise to all. Besides the regular film, there was an animated cartoon from the Bray Studio, an educational reel, and the Ford illustrated travelogue. The entire performance was greatly appreciated by those present.

—Arrangements are being completed for the Glee Club's concert in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, on Easter Monday. Mr. T. H. Bradley, prominent official of the Texas & Pacific Railroad, has invited the members of the club to be his guests in Chicago on Easter Sunday afternoon. Mr. Bradley was a visitor at Notre Dame last Tuesday.

—The Polish students of Holy Cross Hall have organized a Henry Sienkiewicz Circle for the study of Polish literature. Father Truszynski, of the St. Hedwige parish, South Bend, who has donated some valuable books to the circle, has been made Moderator. Max Kazus and Alexander Szczepanik will address the organization in the near future.

—The Glee Club gave a concert in St. Angela's Hall at St. Mary's last Sunday night. A number of guests from Notre Dame and South Bend were present to enjoy what the club officials declare was one of the most successful concerts that have been given by their organization. After the programme an excellent lunch was served to the Gleemen.

—An oil painting of Archbishop Feehan has been presented to the University by Rev. F. J. Callahan, of Chicago, and will take its place with other works of art in the new library. Archbishop Feehan was for many years head of the Chicago archdiocese, and the rare likeness presented by Father Callahan will enhance the great collection which is one of the treasures of Notre Dame.

—The standing of the three schools leading in college rifle clubs competing under the auspices of the National Rifle Association was recently announced at Washington as follows: M. A. C., 5764; W. Virginia, 5598; Notre Dame, 5558. The men who made the annual trip to Culver with Sergeant Campbell were Leo Vogel, John Miller, George Rinehart, Humbert Rivas, and Jack Young.

—For any of the students or graduates in mining engineering that may be interested we publish this note from the Johnston City Coal Company: "We are in need of one or two mining engineers. If you know of any place

where we could get one or two young graduates, we shall be glad to take the matter up with them in reference to position." Address 1700 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

—The singers and instrumentalists in the Glee Club of the University of Chicago will appear in a joint concert with the Notre Dame club in Washington Hall Sunday evening, March 25th. Arrangements for the affair were completed last week. The two clubs will divide the evening's program. The Chicago club will appear here and in South Bend on a trip through Northern Indiana.

—At the suggestion of Father Crumley, a course in ornithology is to be added to the curriculum of the University. The new course, which will begin about April 1st, is to be in charge of Brother Alphonsus. Two trips will be made daily into the regions about the University and South Bend to observe and study the birds. Brother Alphonsus is an associate-editor of the *Midland Naturalist*, and an eminent authority in ornithological matters.

—The Reverend Father Morrissey, C. S. C., represented Notre Dame and was one of the speakers at the investiture of Father Daniel Riordan as domestic prelate in Chicago last Sunday. The Monsignor is a brother of our distinguished alumnus, the late Archbishop of San Francisco, and has always been one of the staunchest friends of Notre Dame. The University extends its heartiest congratulations to the Monsignor, and hopes that he may enjoy his new honors for many years.

—The Mite Boxes in the various halls were emptied last week and the gratifying sum of \$46.51 was collected. The halls contributed as follows: Corby, \$10.75; Walsh, \$9.05; St. Edward's, \$7.00; Brownson, \$6.47; Carroll, \$6.46; Sorin, \$5.48; St. Joseph, \$1.30. This money will be forwarded to Bengal at once. Through the SCHOLASTIC, Father French wishes to thank the students most heartily for their generosity. We trust that when the boxes are opened at Easter even a larger sum will be found.

—Attorney Twomey M. Clifford, graduate of Notre Dame with the class of 1914, is chairman of the general committee in charge of the forty-seventh St. Patrick's Day observance at Indianapolis, Saturday. Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., assistant-editor of the

Ave-Maria, will be the orator of the day. The celebration, which is under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Marion County, will consist of a parade in the early afternoon, a patriotic meeting in Tomlinson Hall at 3:00 o'clock, at which Father O'Donnell will speak, and an entertainment in the evening.

Replies such as that received from President Twomey M. Clifford of the Indianapolis Notre Dame Club are highly appreciated by the editors of the SCHOLASTIC. Mr. Clifford's willingness to co-operate with the board in making the SCHOLASTIC more interesting to students and alumni is an example for the other alumni associations.

—Douglas Fairbanks needs no introduction to the motion picture public. Last Wednesday night he made his first appearance in Washington Hall as Lo, the picturesque half-breed, in Brete Hart's famous story of that name. As a rule we do not favor Triangle productions, but this one was an exception. The story of the gold rush to California has been told many times, but no one has told it with clearer insight than the California writer, and his theme is admirably interpreted by Alan Dwan, who directed the production. Mr. Dwan, by the way, is a graduate of Notre Dame, having received his degree in 1907. Naturally therefore we had more than an ordinary interest in the picture. The feature film was preceded by a Keystone comedy, "Madcap Ambrose." Bashful Ambrose of the herculean strength is always funny and this time more than usual. The entertainment was attended by a full house.

—The first business discharged by the religious society at its meeting last Sunday night was to settle upon its name. The Eucharistic Union was the name chosen. The society voted a resolution to set a good example by reverence in church, specifically, to kneel properly and to make use of prayer book or beads. In recognition of an appeal from a neighboring institution of charity for good reading material, a committee composed of representatives in each hall was appointed to collect magazines and books. A discussion of a suitable time for the meetings resulted in the selection, tentatively, of every other Tuesday night, counting from the next meeting, which will be March 20th, at 7:30 P. M., room 222, Main Building.

D. J. E.

Athletic Notes.

Brother Casimir, sponsor for the athletics in Brownson Hall, calls attention to the enviable record made by the Main Building boys during the winter season. They captured interhall championships in both basketball and relay racing.

Captain Schmidt, Zoia, Gipp, McGrain, W. Eigelsbach, Flaherty, King, Glynn, and Dent were the basketball men that outplayed the representatives of the other halls. They base their claim to the campus championship on the following record:

St. Joseph	17	Brownson	45
Day Students	forfeited	Brownson	
Corby	15	Brownson	31
Walsh	14	Brownson	13
Sorin	15	Brownson	25
Walsh	10	Brownson	18

Not only was the Brownson Hall relay team never defeated during the season, but on their last appearance they hung up a new gymnasium record of 1:36 4-5 for the half-mile. On the record-breaking sprint Walter Miller ran a lap in 17 1-5; Maguire, 16 1-5; McGinnis, 16; Hoerr, 15 2-5; Conrad, 16; Barry, 16.

Carroll Hall won its opening dual meet of the year against the Y. M. C. A. Intermediates, 54 to 32, in the Notre Dame gymnasium on Thursday evening, March 8th. Led by Joe Wood, who gathered twenty-five points all by himself, the Carrollites were never in danger throughout the clash with the Association boys. Welsh ran two pretty races for Carroll. His time of 59 1-5 seconds in the quarter-mile was excellent, while he looked far from bad in the half-mile, which Miller, of the Y. M. C. A., won in 2:15 1-5. The meet was officered by several Varsity athletes, and it proceeded with all the exactness of a major attraction. Father Quinlan and Coach Lydon are arranging further competition for their team.

CARROLL HALL, 54; Y. M. C. A. INTERMEDIATES, 32.
 40-yard dash—Beroth, M. Y. C. A., first; Wood, Carroll, second; Olson, Y. M. C. A., third. Time :05.
 220-yard dash—Olson, Y. M. C. A., first; Rokosz, Carroll, second; Vaquie, Carroll, third. Time :27 3-5.
 440-yard dash—Welsh, Carroll, first; Miller, Y. M. C. A., second; Wolf, Carroll, third. Time 59: 1-5.
 880-yard run—Miller, Y. M. C. A., first; Welsh, Carroll, second; Wolf, Carroll, third. Time 2:15 1-5.
 40-yard low hurdles—Wood, Carroll, first; Bailey, Carroll, second; Olson, Y. M. C. A., third. Time :06 1-5.

High jump—Wood, Carroll, and Schutt, Y. M. C. A., tied for first; Beroth, Y. M. C. A., and Smith, Y. M. C. A., tied for second. Height 4 feet, 10 inches.

Broad jump—Wood, Carroll, first; Olson, Y. M. C. A., second; Schutt, Y. M. C. A., third. Distance 17 feet, 7 inches.

Pole vault—Early, Carroll, first; Wood, Carroll, and Goodenough, Y. M. C. A., tied for second. Height, 8 feet, 7 inches.

Shot put—Wood, Carroll, first; Bailey, Carroll, second; Zilky, Y. M. C. A., third. Distance 32 feet, 1-4 inches.

Relay—Won by Carroll (Vaquie, Rokosz, Welsh, and Bailey). Time 1:11. C. W. C.

Scents o' Humor.

These highly invigorating mornings, when the air is filled with scents of spring, find our respective professors taking after-breakfast constitutentials. On one of these aforesaid mornings a certain dignified professor of philosophy and a widely-known doctor of science were passing the Sorin Rest. The porch was strewn with an unusually large number of those who do not believe the female of the species is more deadly through the mail (with apologies to Woodyard Kindling). They were draped about the pillars and hung in festoons over the railings. The above-mentioned prof. of ph. feeling particularly jocular over the turn in the weather, asked of one of the porch-climbers, "Pray, may this be the Sorin Inn?" Whereupon the questioned one replied, "It is." "Ah, but above in a third floor window I see a man with a book! I prithee, how comes it?" Whereupon the howed-one ere replying cavorted to the end of the promenade to investigate, fearing the reputation of the Senior Sanatorium to be in dire danger. He came back with a sigh of relief and the retort: "Be not alarmed; the one you see is but a visitor in our midst."

Rumor has it that the M. E.'s have adopted a slogan with which they are to greet each other when meeting in after years:—"What a fine oil can you turned out to be."

Oh, Bill and I were old-time pals;
We shared both joy and sorrow.
All mine was Bill's, all Bill's was mine,—
What wasn't ours we'd borrow.

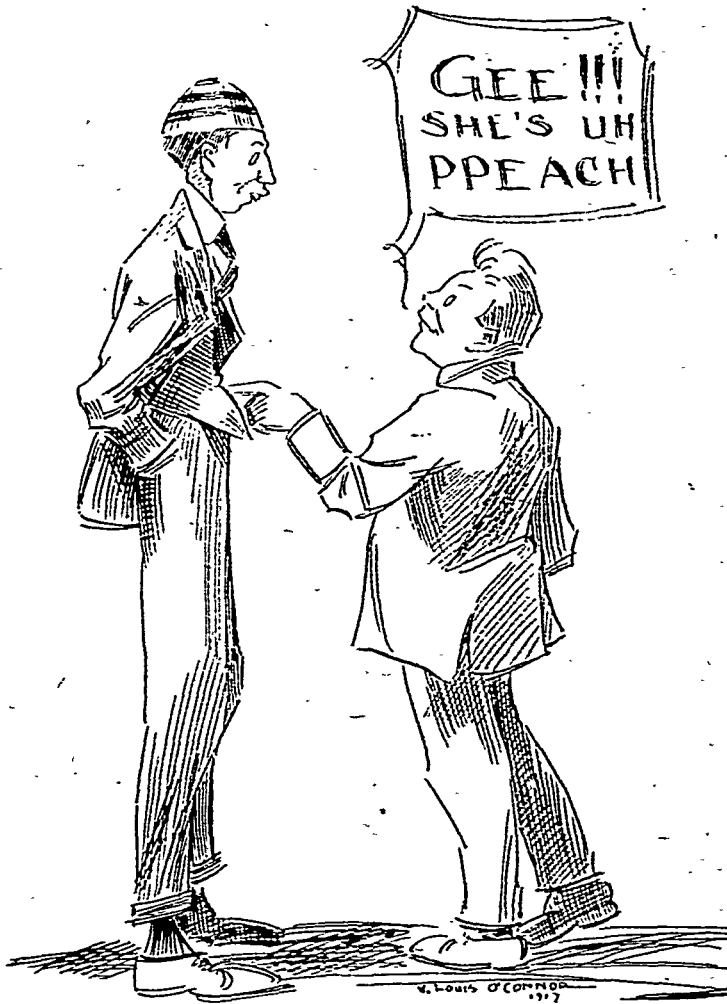
Then one day Bill came up to me,
With slap and greeting hearty;
"I've found a peach, and now you must
Attend the Junior party."

"My girl is going to have guests—
I knew you'd think it jolly
To have her for a partner, and
Thus help me on with Dolly."

I manicured my map and hair,
Invested in a "cady,"
Bedecked myself like Francis X.,
In honor of the lady.

I ordered up a swell bouquet,
And planned to give a dinner,—
Although the jingle in my jeans,
Was ever growing thinner.

Well, Bill and I are strangers now,
As thick as Cain and Abel—
That beauty dope Bill handed me,
Turned out to be a fable.



The "peach" wore great big spectacles,
With non-skid tire rims;
She climbed my pumps and danced the way
A dying sea-cow swims.

And when her finger bowl was passed,
She drained it with a swallow;
Her conversation proved that from
The neck up she was hollow.

Oh, I suppose I shouldn't rave
And make a roarin' racket,
Because old Bill, my one-time pal,
Slipped me a lemon packet.

For Caesar had his "Brute," they say,
And Woodrow had his Bryan,
But that poor gal Bill wished on me,
Will haunt me till I'm dyin'.

J. P. F.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to March 17, 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; 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; James D. Callery, '73.

\$500.00

Robert Sweeny, '03; C. A. Paquette, '90; Rev. John Dinneen, '65; Warren A. Cartier, '87; Stephen B. Fleming, '90; Thomas Hoban, '99; Angus D. McDonald, '00; William A. McInerney, '01; Joseph M. Byrne, '79; Cassius McDonald, '04; William P. Breen, '77; Student from Far West; Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09; C. C. Craig, '85; Frank E. Hering, '98; Peter P. McElligott, '02; James J. Conway, '85; George Cooke, '90. John Dowd, '99.

\$300.00

Frank N. Maas, '77.

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\$200.00

W. G. Uffendell, '01; John O'Shea, '11; James F. Kennedy, '94; Louis C. M. Reed, '98; Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00; Joseph J. Sullivan, '02; G. A. Farabaugh, '04; Robert Anderson, '83; Joseph Lantry, '07; Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp, '14; L. J. Keach, '08; Rt. Rev. Thos. F. Hickey, '03; Christopher C. Fitzgerald, '94. F. A. Kaul, '97; William Hoynes, '77; Edwin J. Lynch, '10; T. D. Mott, '95; F. Henry Wurzer, '98; Paul R. Martin, '13; Timothy V. Ansberry, '93; John M. Quinlan, '04; Daniel Madden, '06; Fred J. Kasper, '04; J. S. Corby, '98; Thomas Steiner, '99; John F. Cushing, '06.

\$150.00

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\$120.00

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