

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 24, 1917.

No. 24.

Song of the Wanderer.

BY JOHN S. ROCHE, '19.

WOULD I were in the highlands
Among the forest trees,
Or would I were in the lowlands
In my face-the morning breeze.

O take me back to the highlands,
Beyond the storm-tossed sea,
Or take me back to the lowlands
And I will happy be.

Immigration and Labor.*

BY BERNARD J. VOLL, '17.

RISING majestically two hundred feet above the glittering waves of the Atlantic the Statue of Liberty holds forth her welcoming arms to the persecuted of all nations, to the oppressed of every clime, inviting them to seek protection and freedom beneath a flag whose honor shall forever remain, we trust, unsullied by the wrongs from which these human derelicts flee. Trampled and crushed under the feet of titled monarchs, tyrannized by a parasitic nobility and goaded to desperation by the weight of unjust taxes, millions of these people have broken the bonds of kinship, and fled the land of their birth to come to one where the rights of the masses are paramount, where equality of man is the principle upon which the ideals and institutions of the government are founded.

Once a potent factor in the early development of the country, the immigrant to-day presents a problem to the American people—a problem which involves the future prosperity of the nation. Shall his coming be restricted?

In the latter half of the nineteenth century the people of northern and western Europe,

engaged as they were in futile struggles for freedom, came to America. Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, England, and Ireland, contributed their full quota of future citizens. Staunch, sturdy, self-reliant men, they came here to establish a home where their religious and political beliefs would be respected and where they would be permitted a voice in the deliberative assemblies which governed them. Furthermore, they came at a time when the services which they rendered to the country were invaluable, and they came to stay.

There had set in an era of industrial activity unparalleled in the world's history. That vast tract of land west of the Mississippi River remained as yet unbroken. There was a great wilderness to be cleared and, taking up the gun and the axe, these immigrants razed the virgin forests, replacing them with miles and miles of fertile farms. Nor was this the extent of their labors. Fired by a zeal for industrial activity, they built our railroads and canals, our factories and workshops, contributing also the labor which was necessary to operate them. Such was the character and utility of the early immigrant. Since that time conditions have changed greatly. We are no longer a young nation but one mature in years and experience. "We have wasted much of our national heritage and the frontier has practically disappeared." Where once there stretched vast unbroken tracts of forest-land and lonesome prairie, there are now large cities and populous rural communities. Where once there existed a demand for labor and lands were untenanted, that demand has been supplied and the lands possessed.

Just as conditions have changed so has the character and tone of the immigrant changed. No longer does he come from the north and west of Europe, but from the south and east. No

* Medal oration in the Breen Oratorical Contest held in Washington Hall December 8, 1916.

longer is he that sturdy, self-reliant man possessed of initiative and indomitable courage; but the enslaved and dependent citizen of the South, bowed down beneath the heritage of years of toil and privation, his spirit broken, his self-respect gone. A few years ago two hundred and ninety-one million inhabitants of these countries of southern Europe were merely existing. To-day, their plight is far worse, engaged as they are in a great death struggle with their neighbors to the North. Ignorant and illiterate, their hopes of future prosperity blasted by the degradation of their social and economic conditions, they turn their faces toward America, through whose open door the guiding star of fortune leads them. Since 1880 when the tide of immigration changed, millions of these southern Europeans have migrated to our shores. In the four years from 1910 to 1914 five million one hundred and seventy-five thousand immigrants arrived. Uneducated and unprepared, these unfortunates were dragged into the industrial world to become the prey of the exploiting captains of industry. Victims of the sweat-shops, of the unscrupulous employer, and prisoners of the tenement, they are the authors of many of our present-day social and economic evils.

To-day every large city in the United States has a housing problem attributable directly to the congestion which exists within its limits; these same cities have the difficulty of sanitation, which an army of settlement workers has been unable to cope with successfully; and above all, there are thousands of poverty-stricken people who must be clothed and fed during periods of unemployment, the majority of whom ultimately become public charges. Nor is this latter class composed entirely of foreigners. Regrettable as the fact is, nevertheless the ranks of that pauper army are largely recruited from the native-born American. To whom can we turn and say, you are the cause of these conditions? At whose feet shall we lay the charge of encroachment, infringement, and invasion? On whose head shall we place the crown of ignominy for the despicable act of supplanting our laborers and debasing their standard of living? There can be but one answer to these questions. The vast hordes of immigrants who came to our shores in the last decade from the countries of southern Europe, have gone far beyond the bounds of hospitality; they have forced the American workman out

of the factory; they have lowered his standards of living; they have destroyed his ideals.

The immediate result of this invasion of the illiterate immigrants has been an over-supply of unskilled labor in the basic industries of the country. To such an extent is this true that every large corporation has, with the aid of charity, kept two men for each job for the work of one. Such a system, means the inevitable pauperization of the laborer. When two men are competing for the same employment they have no alternative but to accept the terms of their employer, since to refuse means to starve. A typical illustration of this is found in Youngstown, Ohio, where there are several steel mills employing great numbers of laborers. The Industrial Relations Commission investigated the riot which took place in that city January 7th. The conditions which they found were appalling. Seventy per cent of the entire force, which numbers about three hundred thousand men, were foreigners. The average wage for these people was less than five hundred dollars a year. Such a wage, it is universally agreed, is not sufficient to support a family in decent comfort. Consequently, the laborer lives in squalid, over-crowded houses with an average of nearly four persons to each sleeping room. Sanitation under such conditions is impossible, and as a result, the deaths of children under five years of age numbered forty-one per cent of the total for the entire city in 1913, deaths caused primarily by the filthy environment in which these children had to exist. So long had these conditions prevailed and so oppressive and brutalizing had been the attitude of the employers, that the protest assumed the form of a spontaneous, unorganized rebellion, the immediate causes being overshadowed by the inhuman sufferings of the past. This condition of helplessness and economic slavery was forced on these people by a giant corporation, which for eight years had paid eight per cent dividends on its capital stock, and during the last two years twelve per cent. To-day each share of that stock is worth two hundred and eighty-five dollars and yet this company and allied ones represent the manufacturers who have demanded and received protection against the competition of European goods produced by cheap labor.

From its very beginning the government erected impregnable bulwarks around these so-called infant industries, which as time went

on enabled them to increase in size and strength until they became unmanageable giants. This continued defense against the cheaper product of the foreigner has succeeded in raising up a class of multi-millionaires who look with indifference upon the industrial sufferings of the country so long as their own profits continue. Yes, it has done more. Just as the wealthy class has increased its wealth, so has the poorer class increased its poverty. Contrary to a prevalent opinion, the protection of industrial products has not brought better conditions to the laborer. On the contrary, it has served to increase his subserviency. The Steel Trust, the Rubber Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Packing Houses, and the Textile Industries represent the most highly protected concerns in the country, and yet they pay the lowest rate of wages and impose the most and the greatest hardships upon their employees. Twelve hours a day, seven days a week with less than a living wage for compensation is and has been the story of the steel industry. The other industries that have enjoyed this protection furnish a similar story. They secure aid from the government ostensibly to help the worker, but in reality they promote the migration of very undesirable and pernicious foreigners.

Shall we then refuse to restrict immigration and protect our laborer against a competition indescribably worse and more far-reaching in its injurious effects than the competition of foreign-made goods? Shall we remain indifferent to the toilers plea for protection against the ruthless destruction of his only means of livelihood, his labor power? Shall we place the assumed rights of property before the real rights of humanity? Shall we forever subject our American workmen to the conditions of servitude under which he is to-day laboring? Shall we compel him to house his family in an environment which reeks with crime and disease? Shall we have his children, the life and blood of the nation, become physical and moral degenerates? With most inevitable certainty we are bringing these conditions about, because the immigrant has become the cudgel with which the decent toiler is crushed.

We have listened to statesmen plead the sentimental doctrine of Feticism, that this is the crucible of the nations, while they ignore the feeble outcry of labor against oppression. When we refuse to stay the rush of that oncoming horde we are blinded by dividends.

"I appeal to history! Tell them, thou reverend chronicler of the grave," of Washington and his ragged patriots sacrificed on the altar of Liberty; of the bloody feet which stained the snow at Valley Forge. As noble blood as ever pulsed in the veins of man drenched the battlefields of the Revolution for the cause of humanity. Shall we now betray that cause? No! as they fought for justice, so shall we fight for justice. We shall fight for justice to ourselves, that we may not dishonor our citizenship; justice to our fellowman which will secure to him that to which he has a right by every law divine and human—a decent livelihood. Finally, justice to our country which shall make us a nation of one people and not a conglomeration of all races; a nation which will no longer impose the pangs of abject poverty upon its laborers; which will no longer compel him to cheat his children of their childhood in order to supply them with daily bread; but a nation which shall lead the world in its progress for humanity and which shall attain the end for which it was established, the height of civilization and of happiness.

Thoughts.

Great opposition is the lot of great men.

Saints are not born saints, they are made.

None of us knows everything about anything.

Lean on your oars and you will drift down stream.

The worst cheat is the one who deceives himself.

Inconsistency is a characteristic of many religions.

A good fight is sometimes the prelude to a firm friendship.

Make the best of the present moment; it's your only chance at it.

Virtue is precious. Like money, it is hard to acquire and easy to lose.

The farther we wander into the fields of knowledge the larger our vision becomes.

Popularity is pleasant, but it is often unreasonable in its demands.

There is a sympathetic chord in every heart, if we can but touch it at the right time.

An optimistic face is like the sun: it radiates heat and light into the lives of others.

Lack of originality is the reason why most of us never do anything of consequence.

Advice is cheap—if it does not emanate from a doctor or a lawyer.

Varsity Verse.

PERPLEXED NEUTRAL.

Alas for all the readers of the news!
Such varied tales the papers tell,
It makes an honest neutral get the blues;
- Yet news is news, and news will sell.

Today, they say, "John Bull has turned the foe."
The morrow brings us the reverse;
Nine times they sunk the "23," and lo!
Next day she proved a cruiser's curse.

One day the Germans claim they've taken Lille;
The French say, "*Les Boches* they do deceive";
And Russia: "Foes retreat at point of steel,"—
Poor Neutral, which of them do you believe?

B. G., '20.

EDGAR THE IMPRUDENT.

There was a young man named Ned,
Who, just before going to bed,
Ate very much
Of a cheese that was Dutch,
And when he awoke he was dead.

W. J. C., '20.

IN BOMBAY.

There was a young man from Bombay,
Who'd sit around idly all day,
But at night he would steal
Enough food for a meal
And repeat the performance next day.

R. H. McA., '19.

LANDED.

There was a Hibernian from Cork,
Who landed one day in New York;
He saw the sky-scrappers
And shouted "Bejapers,
I pity the immigrant stork."

J. S. R., '19.

MARY'S BROTHER.

Willie had a little lamb
Its fleece was soft as butter,
He took it by the neck one day
And laid it in the gutter.
The lamb then died,
And Willie cried
And turned it on its other side.

J. S. R., '19.

ENIGMAS.

The mouth of a river,
The arm of a sea,
The foot of a mountain
Are puzzles to me.

J. S. R., '19.

The Girl at the Tollgate.

BY J. RAY CLANCY, '19.

Jack Hamilton, who was in his third year of medicine at Harvard, was spending the two months of his summer vacation with his uncle and family at the Hamilton dwelling on the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario, near the prosperous and picturesque little town of Cobourg.

Mr. James Hamilton had made his fortune in the manufacture of farm implements, and he and his family were very popular in the vicinity. Any friends of the Hamiltons were welcome at the homes of the élite of Cobourg. Jack, being the favorite nephew of the great manufacturer, was to be given the best that Cobourg could offer. His father had died the summer before, leaving the boy an orphan, but incidentally the heir to a large fortune, including a magnificent mansion on the banks of the Charles River, near the city of Boston.

The morning after the arrival of Jack, his cousin, Miss Ethel Hamilton, suggested a canter through the park and up the road. It was a fine bright morning in early July and the couple nattily attired, started for a long ride. When they had traversed the roads in the park of the Hamilton domains, they galloped out on the highway.

"It is a dandy morning, Jack," said Ethel, "and we might take a ride through the Tollgate and down the road a few miles."

"Fine suggestion, Cousin Ethel," agreed the ever-ready Jack.

"You know, Jack, our Canada is not so fast as the States," observed the girl, "and you will see that even in this enlightened twentieth century the people here haven't done away with the old tollgates."

"Now, dear Cousin Ethel,"—he was very affectionate to Ethel, as he had no sisters and his mother being dead since he was a very young lad—"you don't mean to tell me they have tollgates in Canada. Why when I was in my academic course I read that in ancient times such devices were the only means they had of collecting taxes, but to think that here in Canada at this late day there are such institutions is beyond my imagination. Why, it is preposterous. You must be joking, Ethel."

"No, Jack, I am not joking, and if you do

not have your dime ready in a few moments you will see that it is anything but a joke, for right around this bend there is a real toll—why there it is now," said she as they rounded the bend and came into full view of the gate not two hundred yards away.

Jack burst into laughter at the sight, for there it was squarely across the road, just such a gate as might be seen at a roadway leading to any farm house. "Why Ethel," said he, "Beauty here," patting the horse on its glossy black neck, "could clear that by an easy spring."

"Quite so, Jack, but old 'Mother Hubbard,' as we call her, who guards that gate with military strictness would have her gun out before you had landed on the other side, and Beauty or yourself would wake up in the next world. No one ever thinks of trying to get by without paying the toll."

"Well, well," said good-natured Jack, handing out his dime, "I didn't know I was going back to medieval England when I decided to spend my vacation with Uncle James."

As they passed on, Jack turned around to take another look at the gate, and beside old "Mother Hubbard" there was now a young lady in a plain frock, and a rich riot of beautiful black hair underneath a pretty blue sun-bonnet. He said nothing to Ethel of the momentary vision, but he made up his mind to get further particulars at the first opportunity.

That afternoon found Jack sauntering towards the tollgate. As he rounded the bend an automobile stopped at the gate and the driver handed the toll to the young lady. The machine passed on and Jack proceeded to the gate.

The young lady had locked the gate and was turning to go into the cottage when she overheard Jack say to himself, "By Joye! she is a classical education in herself."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the young lady, "but did you say something?"

"Oh, I—I—I—beg your pardon, Miss—er—er I guess I was thinking out loud."

"Oh! was that all?" I thought you wanted to get through the gate."

"No, I think this is as far as I shall go. I am a stranger here, and I was struck by the quaintness of the place as I was riding through here this morning. I am visiting my uncle, Mr. James Hamilton, so I decided to come back and see the place at more leisure. I suppose you are the daughter of the house here, because,

if I don't err, I think I saw you here with your mother when I passed by this morning."

The young lady colored too slightly for Jack to notice it, and said with a graceful little bow, "I—I—I hope sir, you will enjoy the scenery."

"Well there is something in the quaintness of the place that brings one back to it a second time and I am sure you could tell me a few interesting things about it, if you would care to."

"Indeed, I should be glad to tell you all I know about the gate. For me it is always picturesque and interesting. However, it is just as you see it; four strips of wood crossed by another strip and held together by two pieces at either end. It swings on hinges, and the chain around the post and the upright keeps it locked. It is a government affair and was first instituted for the up-keep of the road, but I am sure they are just keeping old Mother here now because she has been in the service so long; she lived in this little cottage long before I was born."

Jack thought she seemed a bit embarrassed, and he thought, too, what a pretty girl she was, with her bright eyes, her long bushy-black hair and her simple little frock. "Well, I am surely thankful to you," said he, "for your information and I would like to hear more about the place some other time. Won't you let me come down again, Miss er—er—?"

"My name is Marie," the young lady quickly informed him, "and I should be very glad to have you come down here as often as you wish, but surely such a big person as yourself would find it irksome coming to this old gate."

Marie and Jack met almost every day during the following month. Marie acquainted Jack with all the stories connected with the gate and he in turn told her about his college course at Harvard and about the big city of Boston.

One morning a letter came to the Hamilton family inviting them and their guest to be present at the engagement supper of the daughter of Senator Letellier. The Senator lived at the chateau just beyond the tollgate, and he and Mr. Hamilton were fast friends. The two families were intimate in fact, for Madame Letellier and Mrs. Hamilton had been school-mates and Mademoiselle Olive and Miss Ethel had entered society together.

On the evening of the great supper Jack was uneasy. He had planned a walk with Marie. It was imperative, however, that he attend Mademoiselle Letellier's engagement supper.

The invitation had made it explicit that Mr. Hamilton's guest attend, and as it was customary for his uncle's visitors to go where they were invited, Jack found it necessary to dispatch a messenger to Marie telling her that much against his inclination he must dine out that evening, which duty would prevent his seeing her as usual.

In the limousine that evening Jack was not jubilant. When they passed the tollgate he sought eagerly for a glimpse of the girl of his heart. The gate was opened by the old woman, however, and they rode past so quickly that he could see nothing but the lamp burning in the little cottage.

Arriving at the chateau, the Hamilton party was met by the Senator and Madame and ushered into the large reception room.

Jack was angry at himself and everybody else, and more than once wished that all the French had stayed in France. His thoughts continually drifted back to the tollgate and to Marie. Although she was but a humble little country maiden, she had certainly got a firm hold of Jack's heartstrings. Try as he would, he could not be himself or get into the spirit of the company. It was after some time that, as he was gazing absent-mindedly about the parlor, his attention was arrested by a dark-haired young lady standing in the archway talking to the Senator.

"Now, Dad, it is pretty near time," he heard her say. Again he looked at her. She reminded him vividly of some one—he could not for the second say just whom.

"Why, why that's Mar—can it really be Marie?" he asked himself. "It surely must be—her eyes, her hair, her smile." He hurried over to where the two were talking, and interrupted them excitedly, "Marie! is this you?"

The Senator wondered, but explained quickly and courteously, "Ah, yes, Mr. Hamilton; I forgot, this is my daughter Mademoiselle Letellier."

"Mademoiselle Letellier," repeated Jack in complete surprise, "why I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mademoiselle."

After the Senator had moved away, Jack didn't know what to say or do. "Why, didn't you tell me, Mademoiselle?" he asked, finally. "You will certainly have to pardon me, but why—why did you not tell me that your engagement was to be announced tonight? I

thought you were just simple, free-hearted Marie of the tollgate."

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton, I thought you knew."

"Why, Miss Letellier, how could I know? You have been having a lot of fun at my expense."

"Now, Mr. Hamilton, you know there is some one back in Boston, some one for whom you care, and I didn't suppose it made any difference who I am," she said teasingly.

"No, Miss Letellier, you are the first and only one I have ever cared for. I—I, O it is best unsaid. I am sorry it happened."

"Come, now Marie," called the Senator, coming back into the room, "the supper is ready. Mr. Hamilton, will you be good enough to escort Marie to the banquet room?"

"But the fiancé!" faltered Jack, "will he not be here?"

"Never mind the fiancé," said Marie, laughing, "my sister Olive will look after him."

"Marie!" was all that Jack could say.

Barry the Patriot.

BY B. MATTHEW, '17.

Without doubt the life of every great man has its characteristic incidents, incidents or actions in trying circumstances, that reveal better than volumes of biography the true character of the man. In any of the great lives with which we are familiar we might put our finger on a single dramatic event, and from it draw strictly accurate conclusions of the greatness of the man we are considering.

Commodore Barry, the naval hero of the Revolution, is no exception to this proposition. In 1776 Lord Howe, the commander-in-chief of the British land forces operating in America, victoriously entered Philadelphia. Everywhere the British were gaining ground. Many of the colonists had entered the conflict with the mother country with little or no enthusiasm; others positively discountenanced the idea of revolution, and the few that had given heart and soul to the cause of independence under the courageous and persevering leadership of General Washington, when they saw how critical their position was, would gladly have fought under more favorable circumstances. Nearly all the important coast towns and harbors were in the hands of the enemy; the country had at best a nominal navy, with few seamen

experienced enough to man it, and then too, Congress had neither time nor money to provide adequate sea defence.

It was at this gloomy stage in the country's struggle for independence that there occurred a notable incident in the life of the gallant Barry, who was then practically head of the small American Navy, that reveals the staunch patriotism and undying love for the country of his adoption, which lived in the heart of our first commodore. When Howe took Philadelphia, Barry was in command of the American frigate "Effingham," but the vessel was then ice-bound in the Delaware. Howe, recognizing what it would mean to the Royalist cause to gain over the vessel and her captain, sent a treacherous but very tempting bribe to Barry—a purse of eighty thousand dollars and the assurance of a high position in the British navy if he would deliver up himself and his ship. The old commodore, with characteristic steadiness of purpose, did not hesitate to reply that "he had devoted himself to the cause of his country and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it."

Here was indeed tested patriotism. A man who in the first place had given up "the finest ship and the first employ in America and entered into the service of his country," again refused to prove false to the land which had adopted him as her own. Barry, be it remembered, was receiving little reward for his commission in the navy, and seeing the rather gloomy aspect which the war was assuming, we cannot doubt that he had anything to lose personally by accepting Howe's offer. On the other hand he was one of the ablest seamen, if not the ablest, of his day, and a commission in the long famous navy of England could not have failed to bring him honor and much wealth. But he flatly refused to take a hand in such a selfish enterprise, and spurned the idea as unworthy and despicable in view of his own high ideal of patriotism. Commodore Barry's action on this occasion is more than a proof of his patriotism; it is a revelation of the unselfish motives which directed him in the brilliant course he had taken in favor of the American colonies.

Did Barry abandon his prosperous position as a ship captain of an English merchantman in 1775 to better his condition financially? Assuredly not, for this line of action was contradictory to his motives. Supposing we grant

this point for the sake of argument, we are at a loss to know why a year later, when wealth would have literally overwhelmed him, he did not better his position when he might have done so with little difficulty. But it may still be urged that Barry took a prominent part in the naval operations of the country, because there he saw his opportunity for notoriety. He was an experienced seaman, and it might be that he dreamed of the authority of a navy vested in himself. However, such a view is irreconcilable with the fact that our hero abandoned all prospect of a prominent position in the British Navy in 1775, and later repelled the advances of fortune from that direction in 1776 when he rejected Howe's proposal.

The policy of Barry in the "Effingham" case was a life policy with him. It was only a reflection of the sterling devotion to America that directed all the activities of his singular career. Patriotism prompted the vigorous and successful campaign he directed against the English commerce raiders which for years had paralyzed American trade; patriotism made him bold in the memorable clashes with the enemy at sea; patriotism inspired him in the invaluable service he rendered his country by creating and developing a powerful and respected navy, and in his beneficial influence in shaping the policy of the navy.

Barry, whom we have come to honor and love as "The Father of the American Navy," was every inch an American; he proved it in a thousand ways; he embodied the American characteristic in his heroic career, and noblest of all, he was a patriot, a model for all who have a spark of devotion to country, a model for him who would be a true citizen of our Republic.

Earth and Sky.

Lord, give me humble sight that I
 May treasure all Thy daily sky;
 That I may see the fair-browed night
 Go garmented in starry light;
 Glimpse the white clouds that at anchor gleam
 Upon each shadowy autumn stream;
 See the young spring shake out her hair
 In the pure guest-chambers of the air;
 Feel when the April morn is up
 That the bending sky is a sweet wine cup,
 And know in each vineyard's purple flood
 Redeeming chalices of Blood. S. S., '17.

One Moment, Please!

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

It is with great pleasure, not to say jubilation, that we announce our new correspondence course in Lying. The Art of Prevarication taught with neatness and dispatch at a price not so reasonable as to be plebeian. Lies to fit every occasion compounded right in our own laboratory, everything from mere hyperbole and kindred figures of speech to the downright, unvarnished, unmistakable falsehood. None genuine without this trade-mark: A-I (Argumentum ad Ignorantiam). We have assembled the greatest corps of accomplished liars, whether taken individually or collectively, ever gathered together—campaign managers, press-agents, office-seekers, tax assessors, honest politicians, war correspondents, philanderers and divers other varieties. Many of our best men have been personally recommended by the founder of the Ananias Club, than whom there is a no more discriminating judge of a well-told and thoroughly praiseworthy lie.

We can make you as graceful of tongue as a mountain canary; we can make your wit as nimble as the gazelle that leaps from precipice to precipice with never a quaver in its constant bleat. To be skilled in sophistry and equivocation is to be in accord with the *Zeitgeist*. Truth is mighty and all very well in its place, but diplomacy is more serviceable.

Are you weary of the old round of daily events? Does it grate upon you to keep whirling about in the hands of Fate like a human roller towel, without even an occasional attack of appendicitis to make things interesting? Are you meeting from day to day the same butlers, the same unreasonable traffic policemen, the same judges, the same chorus girls, the same waiters, the same brokers, the same numerous and trying friends? Do you long to frequent places where the likelihood of being caught keeps one in constant readiness to effect a *sauve-qui-peut* retreat? Does your imagination run from stalemate to scul mates? Is it fear of the reproving "Tut-tut" of shocked society that holds you in check, dampening the spirit of Risque Romance like the odor of ham and cabbage? Are you fond of the ladies in general, a wife in particular to the contrary notwithstanding? Does your heart act after the manner of a cheap motor on a cold day at the sight of

unattached feminine loveliness? Then confide in us! We can teach you how to forget you ever uttered the words "I do"; how to throw your shoulders back and your chest out and demean yourself as one who is free and merry. We can take your family tree and ingraft thereon as a niece or cousin any pretty girl toward whom your fancy lightly turns. Does Freund Frau object to your coming home late at night happier by far than when you left? Does she frown upon your practice of dropping empty bottles inside the Baby Grand, and singing, "Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine" to the goldfish? When you arrive home at the hour the submerged tenth is arising and the Four Hundred retiring, does it act on her disposition as hot weather acts on milk? Does she give you permission to go out at night with all the alacrity of a criminal being led to the noose? Does she refuse credence to the senile stand-bys: a sick friend, an extra burden of work at the office and such? Believe us, brothers, we have some lies at hand whose very finesse makes us weep joyously. Your wife will listen with bated breath and demand more; she will sit up till you come home just to hear what work of mercy her magnanimous husband has been performing, or to what distinguished assemblage of workers in Charity, Finance, Prohibition, or What-not, he has been lending his presence. No longer is there necessity for your standing abashed at the foot of the steps, mumbling things that sound like the inscriptions on an Egyptian monument or a Chinese laundry sign, striving to conceal a hard breath beneath soft words. You will be able, with our help, to tell a story that would make Baron Munchausen's countenance take on the verdant hue of envy, and then, assuming a *sans-peur-et-sans-reproche* expression, to proceed haughtily upstairs while your wife plays a triumphal march on her ivory comb.

Are you troubled with the annoying habit of picking up loose articles and carrying them off with pathetic absent-mindedness? Write us before continuing activities. We offer the greatest kleptomania yarn that human ingenuity ever concocted. It will make the most hard-hearted policeman pity you as one of Nature's many mistakes, and he will permit you to weep over your affliction upon his shoulder, tarnishing his brass buttons with salty tears as you deftly filch his watch.

Do your children ask obscure questions? We

can give you the knack of answering them more obscurely. You will be able to tell the little ones things about electricity, for instance, that Edison himself would not believe.

Do you lie just for the sheer pleasure of it, shunning all utilitarian motives? We can teach you how to become noted in post-prandial circles as a person of wide and unique experiences. Our exhaustive catalogue includes such headings as these: Adventures in Strange Lands; Fights with Wild Animals; Tales of Ghosts, Domestic and Foreign; Anecdotes of Precocious Children for Doting Parents; Operations, How to Discuss Them (any variety of operation desired); Fish Stories Never Told Before, and innumerable others.

Are you a college student who finds the old hackneyed excuses rejected with increasing frequency and coldness by professors? Are you an after-dinner speaker who is tired of the stock introduction, used since the time Socrates made the "Unaccustomed-as-I-am" remark before quaffing the hemlock? Are you a person whose standing is so unquestionable that one knows instinctively that your cards are engraved without running one's finger over them; or do you know nothing about cards beyond what pinochle teaches you? Are you a high-brow in every sense of the word; or are you laboring under the impression that Nietzsche is a fashionable skin disease? No matter what may be your walk in life, give our Flawless Fabrications a trial and you will never be without them. If you are full of pocket and empty of head write us and we will relieve both disorders with a swiftness that will take your breath away.

Between Decks.

BY HARRY E. SCOTT, '17.

"Say, nigger! the next time you get a job fo' me you'll know it!"

"You's all de time crabbin'. Heah I gets you a job in de best navy dis country h-a-s got an' you is kickin'. Look 'round you on dis boat; ain't it some big boat?"

"I guess I ought to know dat it is some boat! Don't I have to wash ebry deck on it twict ebry day?"

"Dere you all go, kickin' bout work. Why you don't have to work much."

"Much? It couldn't be much mucher with

"these heah days only twenty foah hours long."

"Yo' work is dee-vided into three shifts."

"Yes, an' each shift is eight hours long. An' heah we are a thousan' miles from de shoah. Why, if we was ten miles nearer, I'd get out an' swim."

"Yes, an' a shark u'd eat you up."

"Well, I might as well die one way as another. No wonder you lak yo' job. You's a back admirable, dat's what you is."

"You don't know how to work it. When you captane comin', run an' hide in de magazine."

"In de what?"

"In de magazine!"

"You all know I cain't read."

"Why, di'n't I speak to de captane an' have him promote you to de stokin' room? Why, boy, dat was a hot job!"

"Hot? Whewy! I'll say it was hot. I sweat so much dat dey got out de pumps thinkin' dat de boat had sprung a leak."

"You oughten't to mind dat. Why boy, you got ape blood in you. Yes sah, you got ape blood in you."

"Now you quit dat monkey business, or I'll run you till yo' feet 'er round as apples."

"Say, it hain't been so verra long since yo' ancestors hung by all foahs."

"Nope, an' ain't verra long since yo' ancestors hung by de neck."

"Why nigger, think; if war would break out, you'd be in de thick ob de battle."

"Yes."

"Why you'd be 'on de front ob de deck."

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"Say, ain't dat fine!"

"Why, you all u'd be ahead of ebrybody, in front ob dem all!"

"Why, I ain't got such a bad job after all, have I?"

"—An' when you fall, yo' body riddled wif bullets!"

"Why, sho' thing!"

"How much did you say I get a month?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"I ain't worth dat much. I'm overpaid. Boy, I resign."

Our words are the index of what we know. If we realized this we would use them more sparingly.

There is nothing new under the sun, but there do be many ways of refurbishing the old.

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 24, 1917 No. 24.

BOARD OF EDITORS

HOWARD R. PARKER, '17	SPEER STRAHAN, '17
EDWARD J. McOSKER, '17	HARRY E. SCOTT, '17
MICHAEL J. EARLY, '17	JOHN A. LEMMER, '18
STUART H. CARROLL, '17	CHARLES W. CALL, '18
DELMAR J. EDMONDSON, '18	THOMAS F. HEALY, '19
F. JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '18	JOHN URBAN RILEY, '17

—It is a remarkable fact that only a few of the students at Notre Dame make a practice of visiting the Blessed Sacrament privately each day. Probably at no other time in our lives will there be so few obstacles to the practice of religion as there are here. Never shall we have again such an easy opportunity to cultivate that intimacy with the tabernacled Christ which is the foundation of pious living. Only the soul that has never felt the inflation of God's grace can remain indifferent to His service. For the devout worshipper in the darkened chapel the imprisoned Christ becomes a most loving friend to whom he carries his little trials in hope of solace. There is special reason why young men in a Catholic boarding college should cultivate this intimacy with Christ in the sanctuary. Here at Notre Dame we live in a distinctly religious atmosphere. The way is made straight for us; religious exercises are prescribed as regularly as are any of our ordinary collegiate duties. For this very reason, however, there is a great danger that our worship, being of obligation and public, may become a matter of mere routine, to be discontinued as soon as we are no longer under the paternal guidance of superiors. Yet if we should form here the habit of frequently visiting the Blessed Sacrament privately, we should easily acquire that living faith in the Eucharistic God which would fortify us against indifference in the days of danger that surely await us. Let us think this matter over, and see if we cannot make, at least a short visit to our Great Friend each day till June.

—It is generally conceded that the European war is operating to the advantage of American industry. Indeed, militarists are wont in their bitterness to picture

See America First. Uncle Sam as fattening upon profits that cowardice alone makes possible. But there is another advantage which America, and particularly these United States, is gleaning from the great embroilment. Until this disagreement is settled, Europe will not be an enticing place for travelers. The thought of having a limb shot off to make a German holiday is far from pleasing.

Now the American is a born traveler, one who is restless to a high degree, who must see all there is to be seen. But under the circumstances existing now, when depredatory submarines are as numerous as minnows, the American will be constrained to take his sojourns in his fatherland. And praise God for it!

Too many of our citizens think the injunction to "See America First" applies simply to being born in that country. So, despite the fact that man has little or no part in choosing his birthplace, they feel that nothing more is required of them because they have condescended to first open their infant eyes to an awesome world somewhere within the limits of orange grove and oyster bed.

There are thousands of our countrymen who rant about the artificial excellence of the palace of Versailles and know nothing about the natural splendors of the Yosemite Valley; who have traveled the entire length of the Rhine and have never viewed the majestic Mississippi; who give florid descriptions of the Alps and still do not know whether the Rockies are located in Alaska or Mexico.

But now, thanks to Mars, America and Americans are going to become better acquainted. These native wonders of ours have been doing business at the same old stands for a long time, and at last the cosmopolite of the land is going to pay them a visit, if travel he must. And he is going to have his eyes opened to undreamed-of beauties, the like of which no other continent can boast. Further than that, he is going to spend his money at home, which will afford him an immeasurably greater opportunity to get it back. Probably this circumstance will have more influence upon him than any other.

—When it seems that the United States, the only great nation not yet engaged in the world war, is on the verge of plunging into the struggle,

it is worth our while to stop a moment **Why?** to think not upon what is, but upon what might be. If the passion for power could be put aside, and nations would, as men have come to do, regard themselves as brothers and not as enemies, the good resulting would be more than pen could describe.

Not to question the necessity of the recent preparedness appropriation under prevailing conditions, we may well pause a moment to consider other ways of spending eight hundred million dollars, were nations not enemies, but friends—for the establishment of a national unemployment insurance, to which the government would contribute a reasonable share; for the rehabilitation of the slums of great cities; for the building of good roads from Boston to Washington, from New Orleans to Chicago, or from Atlanta to San Francisco; for the building of playgrounds for shut-in children; for scientific investigation for the eradication of dangerous bacilli; for the proper state aid to the poor in goods and in mind; for the elimination of the loan-shark by government loan agencies; for the endowment of psychopathic institutions, and for numberless other good and great purposes that will surely go begging. Thus we may well ask not simply whither are we tending, but *why?*

—A heart-rending appeal is again being made in behalf of war-stricken Poland, a land where suffering is more widespread and more intense than in Belgium, a **Poland's Appeal.** country cruelly persecuted in the past, and, even now, the unoffending and helpless victim of vast ravaging armies. Poland has become one immense stretch of desolation and death, one large cemetery in which fourteen million people have been buried since the great war began. Poland, the fatherland of Sobieski, Pulaski, Kosciusko, Copernicus, Chopin, and Paderewski, but a few years ago the home of twenty millions, now fails to give sustenance to the eleven million homeless that survive. Poland presents a picture of indescribable horror; her people raise a cry for aid that cannot be ignored. May it find a generous response in the charity of sympathetic Americans, and, particularly, in the love the Catholic American bears his fellow Catholic.

The Finals in Debate.

Debating has for many years been a prominent and most successful activity at Notre Dame. Every year there has turned out for the competition a large number of embryonic orators. This year was no exception. At the first call for the candidates for the team there was present, probably the largest number that ever attended such a meeting, and this, notwithstanding the fact that only two men were missing from the team of last year. As a consequence, when the preliminaries were scheduled it was found that seventy-one candidates were asking for dates in the elimination contests. This fact certainly speaks well for the earnestness of those who tried for the team. For every one the odds were strongly against success, but each aspirant realized that making the team was only a small part of the benefit that could result from the practice. The preliminaries, according to Father Bolger who has had charge of the debating at Notre Dame for a number of years, were the liveliest and most interesting that have taken place in a long time.

The final debate was held in Washington Hall on Thursday evening, March 15th, with Messrs. Voll, Hurley, and Ryan upholding the affirmative side of the Prohibition question, and Messrs. Mulcair, Lemmer, Dorwin, Boland and Havey defending the negative. The debate was presided over by Father Bolger with Mr. Lewis Hammond and Senator Charles Hagerty of South Bend, and Father Donahue of the University as the judges. The contest was for the award of the money prizes of twenty-five, fifteen and ten dollars awarded annually by the University to the three best debaters. It was understood the results would not determine ultimately the personnel of the team.

The preliminaries had shown that the struggle would be a hard one, and the event justified expectations. Notre Dame has been the scene of many hard-fought debates, and we still have vivid recollections of the evening when Clovis Smith, Emmet Lenihan, George Shuster and Timothy Galvin fought it out for first honors; those were real, first-class contests, and the battle of last Thursday night was as royal as any we have witnessed. Mr. Frank Boland was the surprise of the evening in winning contrary to all expectations first place over his more experienced competitors. Mr. Hurley

and Mr. Lemmer received second and third places respectively.

When we consider the caliber of the men who took part in the final contest, and the seriousness and enthusiasm with which they have done their work through a succession of preliminaries, we cannot help expressing our regret that we have only one school on the schedule for this year, the University of Cincinnati. The subject for the debate will be the question of Prohibition in the State of Ohio. The meet is to be a dual, one contest to be held here and the other at Cincinnati on the evening of April 24th. Next year we hope that several colleges will be willing to receive favorably Notre Dame's overtures for a contest. We should like to see at least three debates every year. M. J. E.

Varsity News.

—Spring was strictly on time the 21st, but we are pessimistic enough to wonder how long it will last.

—Miss Susan Christoph, Notre Dame's favorite soprano, gives a concert in Washington Hall this evening.

—Professor Lenihan gave several readings at the meeting of the Sinai Society held in the Oliver Hotel last Sunday afternoon.

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will not appear until the Tuesday or Wednesday of Holy Week. It will be as usual the Editors' special and also the number commemorative of the golden jubilee of the SCHOLASTIC.

—It is announced that the work upon Chemistry Hall will begin the latter part of this month. Toward the end of this week it will be known where the new hall will be situated, and who will receive the contract for the work.

—The St. Joseph day services consisted of a solemn high Mass, of which Father Maguire was the celebrant and Fathers Doremus and Davis the assistants. The sermon on St. Joseph was preached by Father Schumacher.

—In the rifle meet at Culver, Wednesday, the 14th, the local team was easily the victor. The results were: Notre Dame, 890; Culver, 838. The individual scores were: Watters, 187; Reinhardt, 182; Vogel, 181; W. Lavin, 177; Heinrich, 171.

—The tradition of presenting some form of entertainment by local talent in Washington

Hall on St. Patrick's Day was broken this year. The celebrant of the solemn high Mass on the morning of the 17th was Father Eugene Burke, Fathers Irving and Bolger assisting as deacon and subdeacon. A sermon on the Irish patron was given by Father Davis.

—Not a few of the students took advantage of the recent holidays, March 17th and 19th with Sunday between, to spend the time with the folks at home. Those who could not go home enjoyed easy permissions to visit the city. Never before have these mid-Lent holidays been more appreciated or the students more gentlemanly in their conduct.

—At the banquet given in the Oliver Hotel, South Bend, Sunday night, by the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Ladies' Auxiliary, Father Thomas Burke, C. S. C., addressed the guests on "The Day We Celebrate." Father Burke eulogized the Irish race as the champion not only of Catholicism, but "of all that is good and fine and noble wherever they have seen it."

—Brother Florian has just been presented with an heirloom of a family of the Irish nobility, a green silk flag, sent over from Dublin. The flag is the gift of Mr. John S. Hart, who was a student at the University some twelve years ago, and is now connected with the First National Bank of Dublin. Brother Florian will add the flag to the Irish collection in the new library.

—Arrangements have been completed for the formal dinner and dance to be given by the senior class at the Oliver Hotel, April 23rd, at 6:00 P. M. The occasion will be for seniors and alumni only. Benson's orchestra of Chicago has been engaged for the event. The price of the tickets will be seven dollars, which price will include both dinner and dance. Those of the alumni who wish to attend will please notify at once Mr. R. H. Bosshard, president of the senior class.

—Two noteworthy contributions to the new library were received this week: a large and valuable volume, being a collection of all the best portraits of William Shakespeare, presented by the Honorable William J. Onahan (LL. D., '76) of Chicago; and the other, the Letters of Pope Benedict XIV., in three volumes printed in London in 1777, donated by Monsignor James Coyle (LL. D., '10), of Taunton,

Massachusetts. For both of these the University is very grateful.

—The observation class has now twenty enthusiastic members. Morning and afternoon trips are taken around the lakes or along the St. Joseph's River. So far the following species of birds, nineteen in all, have been identified: the snowbird, the bronzed grackle, the tree sparrow, the downy woodpecker, the song sparrow, the chickadee, the herring gull, the crow, the blue jay, the white-breasted nuthatch, the goldfinch, the bluebird, the robin, the meadow lark, the killdeer, the red-winged blackbird, the cowbird, the purple finch, and the red-shouldered hawk.

—Last Wednesday afternoon we really thought for a moment that war had been declared when the campus was suddenly invaded by a numerous host from the West. We retreated without the slightest show of resistance—even the boldest of us fleeing ignominiously to the nearest hall for refuge. Those who recovered sufficient courage to take a timid peep at the retiring cohorts all but swear they have not seen such a reckless riot of color since Brownson Hall first appeared in their track suits,—from which testimony we are venturing the tentative surmise that the enemy could have been none other than our fair cousins from the Palace beyond the Gate. We are hoping that the next time they wander hitherward we may be more valiant.

—The students of St. Joseph's Hall celebrated their patron's day with exercises and a luncheon, Monday night. The program was opened by Mr. Richard Dunn. Mr. Frank Carey sketched the life of St. Joseph, and an address "Behind the Censor in Ireland" was given by Mr. Stephen McGonigle. Mr. John Doyle spoke on "Preparedness and Neutrality," Mr. Louis Wagner on "Christianity and Civilization," Paul Conaghan on "Our Duty in Mexico," and Frank Farrington on "St. John of Nepomuc." The guests of honor were Fathers Schumacher, Walsh, Burke, and Maguire, all of whom gave short talks. Father Burke made the important announcement that this is the last year of St. Joseph's Hall as it is now constituted. During the summer two wings will be added to the building, and at the opening of the next term it will be used only as a residence hall. During the evening the St. Joseph's Hall orchestra furnished the music for the program.

—We have seen two of America's greatest actors, Nat Goodwin and Dustin Farnum, in their motion pictures, and we are inclined to favor the latter. But to tell the truth, neither of them has had a suitable vehicle in which to do himself justice. Mr. Farnum has appeared before us twice: first as the "Squaw Man," and last Saturday night as Dennis O'Hara, in "A Son of Erin." In both cases he seems to have been very unfortunate in his director, and as a consequence the St. Patrick's Day picture was a disappointment. Mr. Farnum is a splendid actor, but this play is not one in which he can perform to the best advantage. Those who direct pictures with Irish settings should have more knowledge about things as they really are in Ireland than can be acquired from reading fifteenth century novels. The pig and the overbearing landlord are no longer important figures in Irish life, and those pictures of Ireland that are taken in the hills of Carolina, or in the mountains of California, or in the back yard of New York, should have more verisimilitude than is shown in "A Son of Erin." The presence of several members of the University Orchestra with their instruments added very much to the pleasure of the occasion.

D. J. E.

Foreign Mission Item.

The entrance of a parish priest from the Philadelphia Archdiocese into the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, followed by the publication of a book dedicated to Maryknoll by another parish priest in San Francisco, indicates the growing popularity of the American Foreign Mission Seminary,—a body organized, directed, and largely sustained by secular priests.

The San Francisco priest is Rev. Joseph McQuade, Ph. D., rector of the Sacred Heart Church, and widely known, not only in San Francisco, but along the Pacific coast, as elsewhere in this country. Father McQuade has seen the Orient. He served as a chaplain in China during the Boxer Movement, and his interest in the possibilities of American Catholic Missionary enterprise is intense.

His book, "With Christ in China," will undoubtedly find a large circle of readers, and win many Catholic hearts to the foreign mission cause, which as yet has hardly affected the Catholic conscience of this country.

Obituary.

WILLIAM STEINER.

Word has been received of the death of William Steiner, father of Mr. Thomas Steiner, C. S. C., (C. E. '99), former student and professor at Notre Dame and now attending Catholic University at Washington. The deceased was eighty-two years old and was for many years engaged in business in Monroe, Michigan. To the bereaved son and other relatives, Notre Dame extends her heartfelt sympathy. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—Among the old students who expect to return for the festivities this June is William A. Walsh, prominent attorney of Yonkers, N. Y. He has written that New York State expects to send the largest delegation to be present from any single state.

—Thomas A. Dockweiler, (A. B., '12) has begun practicing law in Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Dockweiler came to Notre Dame in September, 1912, with his brother Henry, and both completed their college courses here. Afterwards they did postgraduate work in law at the University of California.

—Mr. Martin Emmett Walter (LL. B., '16) recently passed the bar examination in the State of Illinois. He was one of the fifty-seven successful ones out of a class of one hundred and thirty. This is no surprise to those who knew Mr. Walter, and they simply feel it is just the beginning of a career worth while.

—John V. Diener (LL. B., '09) has begun the practice of law at Green Bay, Wis., in partnership with Thomas F. Konop, member of Congress from his district. Mr. Diener was a lively politician while here, taking a prominent part in all class functions, and particularly in the proceedings of the St. Joseph's literary and debating society.

—A letter from Thomas A. Steiner, C. S. C., who is studying theology at Holy Cross College, Washington, relates that his brother Arthur Steiner has taken over their father's business at Monroe, Mich. Both of the Steiners are N. D. monogram men, Arthur having played on the football teams of 1902-'03, and Thomas

on the basketball team of '97-'98. The latter left Notre Dame in 1914 after a year in the Novitiate. He was solo cornetist in the band in the days of Professor Petersen.

—Charles Crowley writes from Dallas, Tex., where he is athletic coach at Dallas University, that he has strong hopes of attending the Jubilee celebration in June. Mr. Crowley is remembered here as one of the most vigilant ends that ever guarded a Notre Dame flank. He finished his college days in 1913, taking an LL. B. home with him to Cambridge, Mass.

—From Mrs. Thomas C. McInerny and children, of South Bend, we received yesterday the following:

"Feeling a deep appreciation for the kindnesses bestowed and considering the columns of the school magazine the best medium for conveying our thanks, we would deem it a great favor if you would make it known to our friends at Notre Dame, that their kind expressions of sympathy in our recent bereavement were thankfully received and are most gratefully acknowledged."

—Rupert F. Mills, who ended a busy athletic career and earned a law degree in 1915, was a visitor during the week, *en route* from his home at Newark to Denver, where he will play baseball in the Western League. He has just passed the New Jersey bar examination. "Rupe" during his last year shared honors with Al Bergman in representing the University on each of the four athletic teams. Upper classmen remember also his stage prowess, especially when teamed with the redoubtable Ray Eichenlaub, with whom "Rupe" made a home of the tower room at 201 Sorin Hall.

H. R. P.

Athletic Notes.

McDermott, star forward of the Notre Dame quintet during the basketball season, has been given a position on the All-Indiana team picked by the *Bachelor*, the official publication of Wabash College.

Concerning McDermott, the article which accompanies the selection has the following: "The fast, elusive, and accurate McDermott, of Notre Dame, is given the other forward position. He is to the Notre Dame quintet what Stonebreaker and Smith are to their teams. Against Wabash, McDermott made

over half the points marked up by the Irish. He has an eye for the basket that makes him dangerous against any guards."

The team picked by the *Bachelor* is as follows: Smith of Purdue and McDermott of Notre Dame, forwards; Stonebreaker of Wabash, center; Bacon and Caldwell of Wabash, guards.

Fair weather enabled Coach Harper to put his baseball candidates through a hard workout on the Brownson campus last Tuesday afternoon. The players, with the spirit of spring in their bones, displayed unusual energy for so early in the season and romped through the long drill of fielding and batting practice with a vim that indicates good condition.

The coach is anxious to take his men out of doors every day in order that they may be in tip-top shape by the time the schedule opens, which is now less than a month away. Although he has been sending them through some hard training in the gymnasium, he is eager to put the candidates, especially the new material, "under fire," and he will undoubtedly stage a practice game as soon as the ground dries sufficiently to permit it. The outfielders have been able to get but little practice in fielding thus far because there has been so little chance to get out of doors, and the pitchers have opened up but slightly in batting practice.

The two holidays, last Saturday and Monday, gave Harper an opportunity to send his charges through long drills. He had the squad working in the gymnasium all Saturday morning, and morning and afternoon practices were held Monday.

Among the sophomores, the work of two pitchers especially is attracting the attention of the coach. Murray, a southpaw, who pitched for Brownson last season, and Locke, a tall, right-hander from Corby, have both been showing good form, and Harper hopes that they may be developed into valuable members of the twirling staff.

Daily spring football practices are being held on the Carroll campus and they will continue until well along in April, according to Assistant Coach Rockne, who is in charge of the work of drilling the men. The squad includes all candidates for next year's team who are not at present members of the track or baseball squads. The work of the men has been improving steadily and it is probable that a game will be staged before the spring practice is termi-

nated. Coach Rockne is also giving the men classroom instructions daily.

All of the runners and weight men are now taking outdoor workouts. Rockne is anxious for spring to open up, so that all his track men will be able to work outside of the gymnasium. The hurdlers, jumpers, and pole vaulters will continue indoor work for the present.

Though football as a current topic is confined chiefly to spring practice among the more prominent universities, an article appearing in an exchange—provoked, no doubt, by the sensational charges made over the removal of Gilmour Dobie as coach at the University of Washington—may prove of more than passing interest to the followers of Notre Dame. It runs as follows:

The record of the football team representing the University of Washington at Seattle, coached by Gilmour Dobie, the famous Minnesota star, has been broadly spoken of as being a record at which all other college teams may in future shoot. The distinction of passing through nine consecutive seasons without a defeat is unique—no parallel in the history of American football can be found.

The record pales somewhat when compared with the records of Nebraska and Notre Dame. Outside of contests during the last two years with the University of California, and a New Year's day contest a year ago at Pasadena with Brown University of Providence, R. I., the Dobieites have secured their enviable record by playing teams in their immediate vicinity.

For a period of five years Nebraska has established her supremacy in the Missouri valley by defeating all comers, until the games with Kansas and Notre Dame this year. It is true that Nebraska has also largely confined her contests to teams in the neighboring states, but there is little question but that the competition offered her teams was stronger than that against which Washington teams have played.

Both of the above records can hardly be compared with that of the University of Notre Dame. During the past ten years the team from Indiana has met all comers. No team was refused a place on its schedule because it was too strong. During the last ten years Notre Dame has met such teams as West Point, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Carlisle Indians, South Dakota, Purdue, Indiana, Michigan Agricultural College, Penn State, Michigan, Yale, Nebraska, Texas, and a score of others.

Since 1907 six games have been lost. Michigan, Michigan Aggies, Yale, Nebraska, have each on one occasion defeated Notre Dame. Twice during this period West Point has sent the Hoosiers home defeated.

When one considers that Notre Dame has travelled from the Canadian line to Texas and all through the East, meeting but six defeats in ten years, it is fair to suppose that they are entitled to receive some consideration at the hands of the dopesters.

Keen competition is expected in the final interhall track meet which will be held in the varsity gymnasium tomorrow morning. Athletes who won places in the various events in the two preliminaries are eligible to compete in the finals.

Thirty-four Brownson men, seven Walshites and three athletes from St. Joseph's Hall qualified for the finals in the first preliminary meet Sunday afternoon, March 11. Brownson took all places in the 40-yard high hurdles, the mile-run, the broad jump and the shot-put. Van Worterghem of Brownson made good time in the mile and half-mile; McGinnis, his teammate, won the 40-yard dash and the shot-put, and Sugrue of the same hall, took the high and low hurdles. Moore and Fusick starred for Walsh, while Smith, Rademacher and O'Shea were stellar performers for St. Joseph's.

Gilfillan, a freshman, was the individual star in the second preliminary, which Corby won easily from the Day Students, Thursday, March 15. This athlete scored twenty-four of Corby's points, taking firsts in both hurdle races, the shot-put and the broad jump, and tying for first place in the high jump. He broke the interhall record of "Cy" Williams in the broad jump with a leap of 21 feet, 7 inches, and tied Forrest Fletcher's mark of 5 1-5 seconds in the 40-yard low hurdles. Sweeney, Smith, and Scheibelhut of the Day Students, and Malinski and Lockard of Corby were the other stars of the meet.

E. J. M.

Book Reviews.

As Passion-time approaches, aids to the devotions appropriate for that season are coming in. The latest is "The Way of the Cross" (15c.) from Benziger Brothers, a neatly bound booklet which is printed in larger type than is usually seen. Besides suitable prayers, there are small prints of each station.

GARCIA MORENO'S DEATH: A Modern Tragedy. Adapted by Frederick Lynk, S. V. D. The Mission Press, Techny, Ill. pp. 78. \$0.25.

Catholic dramas, as a rule, are extremely difficult to write or to produce. Oftentimes, where the author wishes to express the Catholic point of view, he succeeds only in antagonizing both Catholic and non-Catholic alike. The Catholic drama is no more benefited by the addition of the cheap play than the American stage is bettered by the fifteen-cent drama sold to amateur dra-

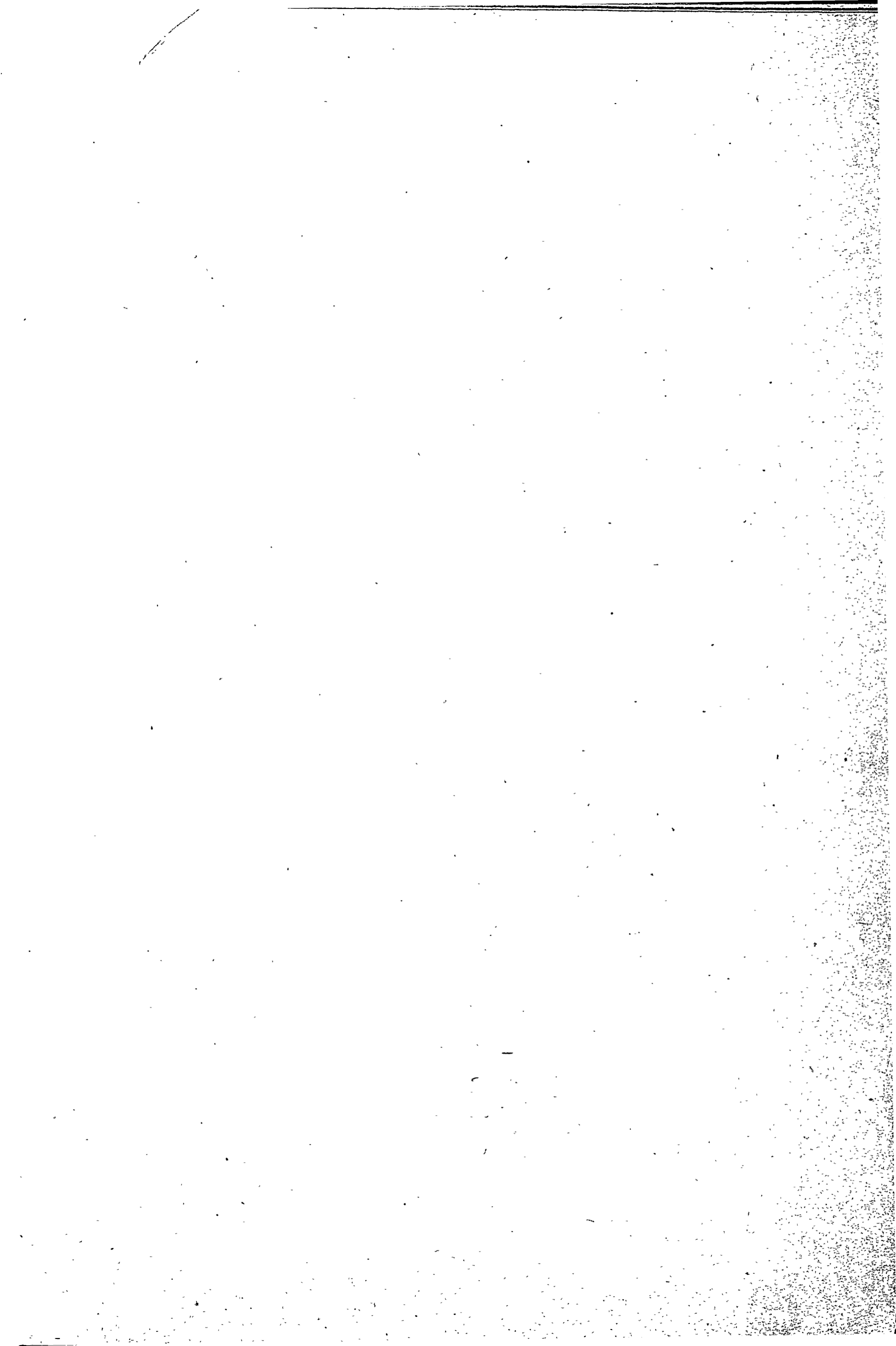
matic clubs. The true Catholic drama does not necessitate obtrusive piety on the part of the leading characters or equally obtrusive dastardliness on the part of the villains—who in this particular case happen to be the Masons. Father Lynk, of the Society of the Divine Word, is endeavoring to help a very worthy cause, and must be given due credit. His adaptation of the above tragedy is very good, but we do not see the necessity of introducing a new scene every time a character enters or goes out. We would take exception to the title also; it sounds more like a newspaper heading than the name of a play. Imagine, "Lord Macbeth's Ambition;" or "Julius Caesar's Death." If the present play is published with a view to bettering the stage, the intention is most laudable, even if the tragedy in question does not warrant a favorable prophecy.

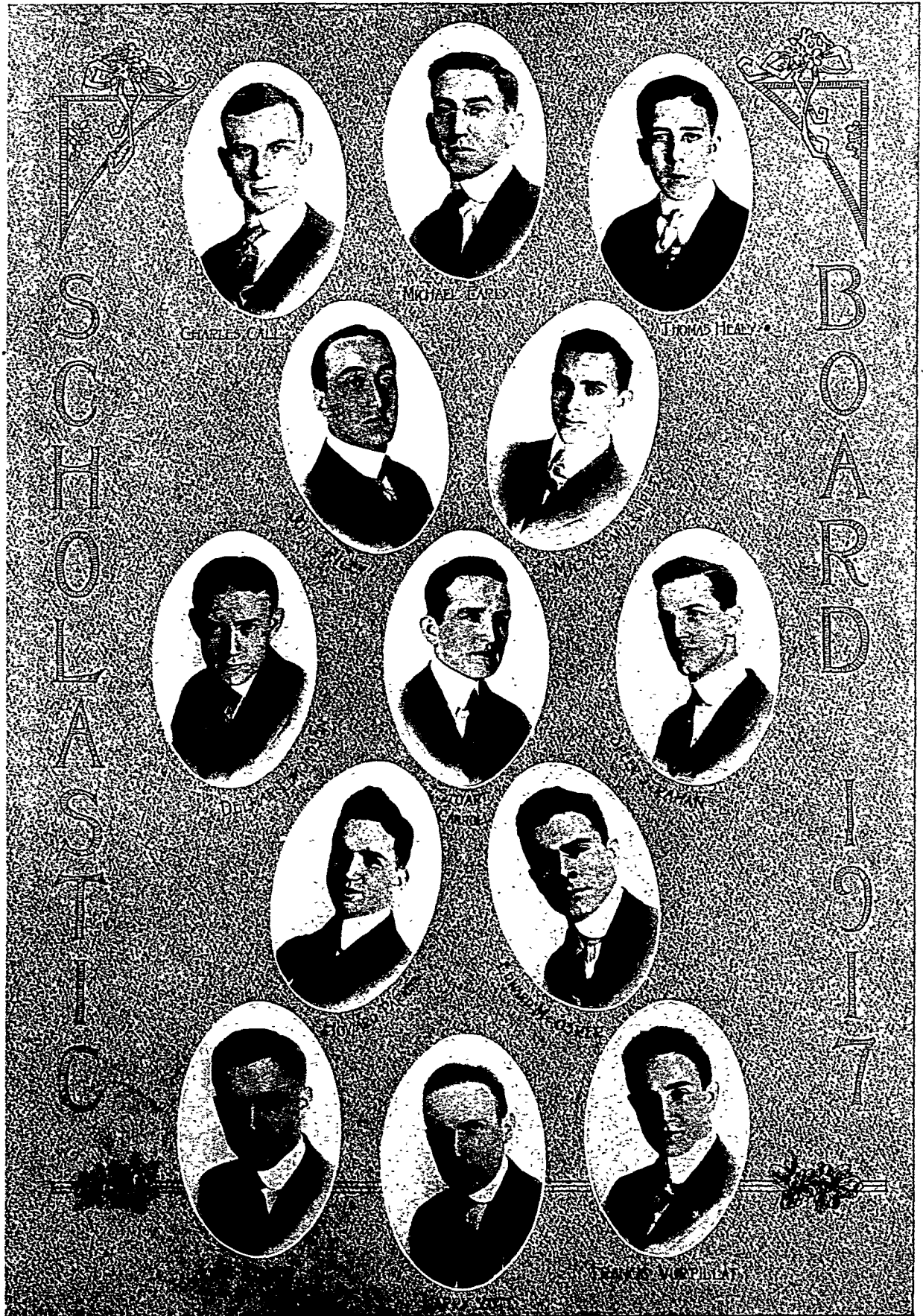
SHAKESPEARE QUESTIONS. By Odell Shepard. pp. 214. The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 50 cts.

The author's aim in this little volume of analytical questions on eighteen of Shakespeare's most popular plays is, he says, "to steer a middle course between the Scylla of aestheticism and the Charybdis of pedantry," and in doing so to offer to the student the most useful and at the same time an interesting study of the great poet. The aim is achieved with a degree of success. The provocation to repeated reading of the plays and the comparison of one with another to which the book incites is a very helpful way of getting a thorough and practical acquaintance with the great plays of the master. The author happily avoids, as a rule, those intangible and insignificant details which receive so much undeserved attention in most books of this kind. He very sensibly recommends the text of the plays themselves and the student's own mind as the best source of information. Indeed the book's greatest merit is the value it sets on the student's own judgment in answering most of the innumerable questions that the plays suggest.

Besides being a study of the dramas, it is also a study of the poet himself, and of his times, and of the development of his art. The questions on each play are ordered according to the acts and scenes. It may well be questioned, however, whether it is better to have the general study of a play precede the study of detail as is done in the present case. It seems to us that the latter would be a preparation for the former in helping to give that more thorough acquaintance with the play which is needed for the answering of the more general questions. We should say, too, that in numerous instances the queries are rather too catechetical, that the author steers a bit too close to his Charybdis. For any other than the tyro Shakespearean many of the questions are such as any intelligent student might easily ask himself. Again, the wording of the questions might have been more careful and more precise in many instances. The book may be very helpful, however, to teachers chiefly by way of suggestion, but it is to be doubted whether it would be worth while to put it into the hands of students.

J. W. P.





S
C
H
O
O
L
A
S
S
I
C

B
O
A
R
D

1
9
1
7

CHARLES W. L...

THOMAS HEAD...