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Clouds.

BY GEORGE DEWEY HALLER, '19.

AH, who has seen the stately clouds go massed in
splendor by,
Ah, who has seen the towering march of the mountains
of the sky:
When all the earth was shaken with the roaring of the
wind,
When mass on mighty mass of clouds came tumbling
up behind!
When it seemed as if the whole earth reeled
To the mad music in the skies afield.
Driven on by some eternal vengeance crashed the
armies of the air,
Hurtled down infinite depths with the shrieking of
despair,
Tossed their pure white plumage fiercely in the face
of the Lord Sun,
Careened across a mighty chasm in a work that would
be done.

Sub Pontio Pilato.

BY F. JENNINGS VURPILLAT, '18.

Prescription is often an invincible, sometimes an invincibly ignorant Devil's Advocate. Tradition has so long made Pontius Pilate the victim of *ex post facto* infamy that to say a word in his defence may seem audacious. But the spirit of broadmindedness in historical interpretation is generally dissipating the opacity of prejudice. We would have men judged not solely by their own moral make-up, but also by the standards of their times, the idiosyncrasies of their nation and the salencies of their environment. Plutarch recalls Cato's complaint: "That it was hard for him who had lived with one generation of men to plead now before another." Now it is centuries of Christian bias that the pagan Pilate must counterbalance in a plea for

a fair judgment of his character. Furthermore, it seems that the testimony the Scriptures in Pilate's case is cursorily presumed to be very much against him, whereas an equitable interpretation of the Gospels will surely disclose an extenuating attitude in his favor.

Personally the fifth procurator was a hard, practical Roman and a pagan. As such he should be judged. To him, Jesus was only a man convicted by the national supreme court, the Jewish Court of Inquisition, and relegated to him for execution. Yet he questioned their decision, he persuaded himself of the Man's innocence and of the envious motives of His persecutors, and, as St. Peter says (Acts. 4: 13.) he was determined to save him. Such spontaneous solicitude would be a credit to many Christian magistrates. But because this solicitude had a limit, a Roman limit, Pilate is branded as a coward. What were pagan morals, the Roman moral code? Its preamble was: "The state is all over all." Pilate the procurator feared the likely censure of the emperor. He yielded to moral and mob violence. But Pilate the man was relatively firm in his convictions. True, he did not brave death for them. But it is a far cry from Socrates, a pagan, who, aided by a pre-eminent intellect and trained by the most intensive devotion to philosophical research, had the moral courage to die for his convictions, to Pilate the unstudied, the worldly man, the politician, the military and civil officer.

Christian ideals, even the ideals of Judaism, were strangers to Pilate. Could he have anticipated paganism's *bouleversement* in which his fallible will was so instrumental, he might have rendered a better account of himself. Let it be kept in mind that three centuries intervened between Pilate and Constantine, nineteen between Pilate and our day with its retroactive interpretations. Pilate, above all, it seems to me, we should believe to have been included among those for whom the Saviour

prayed upon the Cross: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Pilate was of Samnite stock and of equestrian rank. He was the fifth procurator of Judea and Samaria with his seat at Caesarea. At times he came to Jerusalem where five hundred of his legionaries were stationed. Besides the financial administration, the procurator of Judea had supreme judicial authority over the natives. A large measure of self-government was tolerated, especially in the cities. The Sanhedrin, the Jewish supreme court, retained its functions, though its death sentences required confirmation and execution by the procurator.

Early in his administration Pontius encountered difficulties. Soon after his arrival in Judea, he had ordered his troops to enter Jerusalem by night that they might carry in their standards entire: in deference to the Jews it had been customary to remove from the standards the image of the emperor. Doubtless, the troops and their commander thought this custom humiliating to themselves and to their ruler. When the Jews found that the imperial regalia had profaned the Holy City, they repaired in a body to Pilate and declared their willingness to die rather than to suffer the affront. Pilate perforce yielded. Again, one Judas at the time of Augustus' census stirred a revolt in Galilee, which was suppressed by Pilate with some bloodshed. St. Matthew and St. Luke agree that Barabbas had been incarcerated for sedition, insurrection and murder. The anarchist party of the Zealots, active from A. D. 6 until the fall of Jerusalem, held that under the Mosaic law it was the Jew's duty to die rather than submit to human authority. Barabbas was probably a Sicarius, an ultra-fanatic of that sect. Lastly, when Pilate placed upon the walls of his palace certain gilt votary shields that were obnoxious to the Jews, they appealed directly to the emperor, and Pontius was constrained to remove the emblems.

Be it said in Pilate's favor that the Hebrews were one of the most restless of all the peoples of the Empire. Their continual confusion of religion and politics was very vexatious. Not only did they display an intractable disposition towards the Romans, but they were divided against themselves. Of the differences between the Jewish people and their leaders, the hypocritical Pharisees and the pretentious Scribes,

Pilate himself must have been well aware. In addition the antipathies of the Judeans and the Samaritans knew no settlement. Indeed it is not unlikely that the procurator came to Jerusalem during the Passover Feast for the purpose of maintaining order, as well as, perhaps, to show respect for the rites of his subjects. It was the anniversary of their deliverance from Egypt. Might not enthusiasts preach deliverance from Rome? Pilate was bound to be watchful and careful. All these things should enter into the consideration of Pilate's part in the tragedy of Good Friday.

Early in the morning Pilate was informed that a concourse of Jewish leaders and citizens were waiting upon him outside his court, and that they would not enter for fear of being defiled. With some condescension, no doubt, the Roman went out to them. They had brought with them a Man whom the Sanhedrin had sentenced to death, which sentence awaited the confirmation of the procurator. A law of the feast, that execution and interment be accomplished by sundown, required that the case be expedited. The priests desired and expected that Pontius would confirm the sentence unquestioned; such was probably his usual course. They were not a little ruffled when he asked the charge; they answered sharply: "Were He not guilty we would not have brought Him to you." Pilate retorted that they should go their way and deal with their Prisoner as best they might. Then they humbly admitted the necessity of his consent. Knowing that to prefer a religious charge of blasphemy would be fruitless, they charged the Prisoner on three points, each perhaps a civil offence: perverting the nation, forbidding tribute to Caesar, and declaring Himself King of the Jews. To these accusations the Prisoner said nothing. Pilate took Jesus within and asked Him if He were King of the Jews. The Captive affirmed it, explaining the peculiar nature of His kingdom and of the truth for which He had lived. Despite his skepticism, Pilate was favorably impressed. He went out to the crowd and declared the Prisoner guiltless. Thus crossed, the angry priests cried that the Accused had perverted the people from Galilee to Jerusalem. Pilate, thus informed that Jesus was a Galilean and under the jurisdiction of Herod Antipas, saw here an opportunity to resume long-severed relations with that ruler as well as to evade the responsibility of condemning an innocent man. Herod refused the juris-

diction, but, to show his contempt for the Prisoner's regal claims, returned Him clad in a gorgeous purple robe.

Pontius deliberated and then harangued the assembled Jews. He assured them that he had duly examined the Prisoner, and had found him innocent; that Herod's refusal to pass judgment confirmed his own views, and that he would chastise the Prisoner and then release Him. He thought to satisfy in this way, both the animosity of the Jews and his own conscience—a bootless compromise. To release a Prisoner at the time was a custom of the feast. Whether certain partisans of Barabbas had joined the throng and induced its leaders to call for his release, or whether it occurred to Pilate that the custom afforded a chance to free Jesus, is uncertain. But when he suggested releasing Jesus after chastising Him, the rabble clamored for Barabbas instead. That this violent anti-Roman agitator and foremost foe of law and order should be preferred to a peaceful and popular man, disgusted Pilate. He withdrew to his judgment seat to confirm the Sanhedrin's sentence. There he received a note from his wife vouching for the Captive's innocence, which had been revealed to her in a troubled dream. Now dreams were of great significance among the Romans. This one revived Pilate's resolve to save Jesus. He again confronted the multitude and offered them the choice between Barabbas and Jesus. Again rebuffed, he asked what they would have him do. Their demand for ignominious crucifixion moved the procurator to militant pity: "Why, what hath He done? I find no cause for which He should die. I will chastise Him and let Him go."

Accordingly the Prisoner was scourged, crowned with thorns and arrayed in mock purple. Pilate thought that surely the Jews would relent at the pitiful spectacle accompanied by his own statement of the innocence of the Accused. But they still insisted on His crucifixion. In exasperation Pilate cried to the blood-thirsty crowd: "Then take Him yourselves and crucify Him," reiterating, "for I can find no fault in Him."

Seeing that the procurator was determined against them, the priests brought forward their charge of blasphemy, saying that the Man was by their law worthy of death because He declared Himself the Son of God. The superstitious pagan was startled by the thought that this singular Prisoner might be the son of some

deity. So he again took Jesus into conference and questioned Him about His origin. To His irresponsiveness, Pilate vaunted his power of death. Jesus answered: "Thou couldst have no power at all over Me, except it were given thee from above; wherefore he that delivered Me unto thee hath the greater sin." The words reanimated Pilate's sympathy.

But the Jews had saved their most effective argument, an appeal to a Roman's political ambitions: "If thou let this Man go, thou art not Caesar's friend; whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Caesar." Pilate knew the favor they enjoyed with Tiberius and, Roman-like, he silenced his convictions. Pontius felt, it seems, that the life of the Prisoner had to be the price of maintaining order.

The Hebrews had a ceremony for cases of uncertain death: "If one be found slain and it be not known who hath slain him. . . . all the chiefs of that city. . . . next to the slain man. . . . shall wash their hands. . . . and say: 'Our hands have not shed this blood.' . . . So shalt thou put away innocent blood from among you" (Deut. 21, 1-9). Pilate went through something of this formula, either by his own initiative as a travesty upon the Jewish ceremony, or in good faith by the advice of the priests themselves, while the rabble loudly acclaimed his disavowal of responsibility and welcomed upon themselves and upon their children the guilt of the Prisoner's blood. They ridiculed their "king" and fawningly mouthed their allegiance to Caesar. Though yielding to them in his official capacity, Pilate expressed his personal attitude by ordering the inscription, *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*, to be posted in three languages upon the cross. The priests remonstrated, but he rebuked them sharply. When Joseph of Arimathea asked for the body, Pilate wondered, because of the natural phenomena of the afternoon, if Jesus were dead. Having been so assured, he granted the request. The great event was closed as far as concerned Pilate.

After a comparatively long term of ten years, Pilate's administration was terminated by his injudicious suppression of a peaceful movement in Samaria. Then Pilate disappears from history. There are many fine legends concerning his after-life and death, but brevity precludes even their mention. Both he and his wife, Claudia Procula, are said to have become Christians, and the latter is venerated as a saint in the

Greek Church. Pontius as well is recognized as a saint and martyr in the Coptic Church.

Had it not been for the Crucifixion, an event little heralded by the generation that witnessed it, Pilate's rule might have been numbered among the few happy ones. Though the common hue and cry of the Jews against the Romans was levied upon him, the evangelists testify that the Romans of their time were the protectors of the Jews against their domestic tyrants; that injustice and cruelty were between Jew and Jew rather than between Roman and Jew; that tribute to Caesar was a fitting price for peace and prosperity; that civil and military officers, though unbelievers and indifferents, were tolerant; that the legionaries were exemplary soldiers; and that the appeals to the emperor were welcome and given heed. Such are the facts concerning Pilate's part in the condemnation and execution of Our Lord.

Charge and Send to—?

BY WILLIAM BREEN McDONALD, '18.

The clerks in Farwell's big department store leaned listlessly against the backs of counters, or gathered in small groups, and in low tones discussed such questions as whether Mary's new beau really did make forty dollars a week, and what was likely to be the disposition of the new floorwalker. The reason for this inactivity, which, however, was never evident when one of the overlords of the store appeared, was that it was five o'clock, on a summer afternoon. Between five and a half hour later when the big bell would release these cogs of industry from their occupation there is always a dull period in Farwell's, and especially during the extreme heat of the summer, which makes shopping a thing to be dreaded, even by women, who under ordinary circumstances will stand in line for an hour waiting to buy "hair nets reduced to five cents for this day only." With the exception of the clerks and a few last-minute purchasers, therefore, the large rooms were empty.

Sadie Lamark, in the glove section, was one of those who preferred leaning on the counter to conversation. The electric fan behind her which blew loose strands of dark brown hair across her cheek not only was a grateful relief after a particularly trying day, but also brought pleasant memories into the back of Sadie's

pretty head. She was thinking of the preceding Sunday when she had gone to the beach with a number of girls for a cooling swim, and of a young man who had gone plunging by her into the surf as she was coming out upon the dry sand. Only a glimpse had she caught of him, yet the picture of an instant was retained in her memory, and she might have dreamed on to a romantic finish if she had not been rudely awakened by a voice at her side.

"Those grey ones there. May I look at them, please?"

"Two dollars," replied Sadie with a sigh as she took the gloves from the case and tossed them on the counter before the customer. Her air of nonchalance changed, however, upon a closer glance at the young man who stood before her. Sadie was not in the habit of paying much attention to the men who purchased gloves from her at Farwell's, but in idle moments speculation as to a young and good-looking man may hardly be denied to any young, observant, and equally good-looking woman. This was not the kind of man who usually buys gloves in a department store, thought Sadie as she noticed his trim business air. With a quick glance she took in all the details of his person visible above the counter, among them the neat gold chain across his vest, and the end of a memorandum book projecting from his pocket, with the name, Charles E. Brandon, stamped in gold at the top.

"I will take these. You may charge them to—" For the first time he glanced up and looked Sadie squarely in the face. "Why, Miss Lamark," he exclaimed, at the same time hastily removing his hat and extending his hand across the counter.

At once she knew him for the man at the beach, at the same time becoming aware that his eyes were blue and that his smile was very pleasing. With but a second's hesitation she extended her hand and returned his greeting.

"How do you do, Mr. Brandon?" Why she had acted so impulsively in speaking and shaking hands with a stranger even Sadie could not have explained. All that she knew was that some impishness had whispered to her, and that he appeared so cool and pleasant after the hot miserable looks of the rest of the day's customers. In fact she had acted without really giving thought as to propriety. As for the name, she had read it on the notebook and through an inherited temptation to "take a

chance" had assumed that it was his. She found that she had guessed correctly.

"I was afraid for a moment that you did not recognize me," laughed the young man, "but I see that you still remember the name."

"Oh, yes, indeed." Sadie was still trying to collect her scattered thoughts. "I recognized you the moment that I had a good look at you." Inwardly she realized that he was taking her for someone else with the same name perhaps and that she was getting deeper into the lie every minute.

"I was speaking to Jim just the other night, and was asking about you," continued Brandon. "He said that he had no idea where you were keeping yourself. Have you seen Harry lately?"

"Why, no—I haven't seen him or heard of him for ages," answered Sadie, wondering who Jim and Harry might be. Deciding that personal questions might become embarrassing, she quickly changed the conversation to a subject with which she was more familiar. "Have you been to the beach since Sunday?" she queried.

"I was there one evening. Do you ever go at night?"

"No, I really have no one to go with."

"Would you care to go with me some evening?" he asked eagerly.

"I would love to. You can see me here at the store any day and let me know when you want to go," and then looking down at her sales book: "Oh, you forgot to give me your address for delivering the gloves."

Reference to the gloves brought the conversation to an end. After giving her the necessary information, and promising to call again soon, Brandon walked away.

That night Sadie reviewed the incident again and again. At first she tried to appease her conscience by saying that maybe she had met him somewhere and had forgotten him, but the excuse did not satisfy her. She knew positively that the only times she had seen him had been that day and the preceding Sunday. What should she do? After sleeping on the problem she awoke no nearer a solution.

In the days that followed, Brandon was a frequent visitor at the glove counter, and he soon got into the habit of waiting for Sadie after the store closed. His office was not far away and as he lived within a few blocks of her boarding house, they found it very convenient to go home together. They went to the beach not only

one night, but many, and became constant companions.

The passing of fall and the coming of winter still found Brandon a faithful retainer to his queen of the glove counter. Winter passed. Brandon had accompanied Sadie to theatres, dances and the movies. With the coming of spring their desires led them to forsake their former pastimes and to seek their pleasures in the open air. Naturally the parks received many visits. For the people who have not the means to provide themselves with better, the park becomes, during the summer months, at once promenade, reception room, and summer resort. It was on the morning of the second Sunday in that much-abused month of June that Brandon called at Sadie's boarding house at exactly half past ten o'clock. In less than two minutes she was down to meet him, and shortly afterwards they were walking across town in the direction of the nearest park.

"Let us go down and watch the water," suggested Sadie. "I think that it is just wonderful, and I love to watch it when there is a little wind and the waves come in and tumble around the breakwater."

"It is beautiful," agreed Brandon. If she had said that it was going to snow he would have agreed quite as readily, no doubt.

A sheltered bench was found which lay in the warm sunlight and from which could be had a fine view of the beach and the breaking waves. The two of them relaxed with a sigh of content. All week Brandon had planned on this morning, and had decided that he would tell her that he loved her, ask her to be his wife, and then await the decision to be handed down. He knew that if he did not ask the question now there would never be a better chance and he realized that the moments were fast slipping away. With a jerk he brought himself to a sense of the promptness which was needed on his part. He turned, half fearfully, put his arm around her, and drew her toward him.

"Sadie," he murmured, "I—love you." He stopped and a red tinge crept from around his collar and mounted toward his temples. "You know that I have been crazy about you ever since I first saw you. Will you marry me?"

The girl started, but made no attempt to withdraw herself from the protecting arm. She was startled and yet had been expecting this very moment for months. Now was the time for her to tell the truth and take the

consequences, though she realized that it might mean the bursting of the bubble and the ruin of the dream which she had been constructing for nearly a year. But Sadie as a girl had been brought up in a good home, and she was not the kind to shrink before a difficulty.

"Charlie," she turned toward him after a second of hesitation. "I do love you, dear No," as he attempted to embrace her, "you must hear what I have to say first."

"If you love me nothing else in the world matters, dearest."

"You may not say that after hearing what I am about to tell you."

"If you feel that way about it, why say anything? I am willing to accept you as you are. Why spoil our happiness?"

"No, I must speak. My mother once said to me, 'Sadie, whatever happens, always tell the truth,' and I always have with one exception. I have not directly lied to you, but in a way our whole companionship has been one large lie. Do you remember last summer when you first came to the store to buy gloves?"

"I could never forget it."

"Well, I am not the girl that you thought I was. When you stopped before the counter I had seen you just once before—at the beach. I thought at first that I had possibly met you somewhere and that at the time I could not recall you, but later I was positive that I had never spoken to you before that day."

"But you called me by name," he protested.

"Yes. Your name was on a notebook which was sticking out of your vest pocket. I took a chance that it was your name. I don't know what made me do it, except that I was lonely and that you were the one bright person I had seen for days. I don't suppose that you will want me after that. I knew that some day I would have to tell the truth and I have put it off for fear that I would lose you."

"Thank God," ejaculated Brandon, and with a swoop he had her in his arms and was kissing her, oblivious to the fact that several passing couples were regarding them with amused attention.

"What?" sputtered Sadie, releasing herself.

"I said, thank God," replied Brandon. "I too have a confession to make which brings us even. The first time that I saw you was that same day at the store. I saw your name on your sales book."

A Spring Memory.

The beauties of the springtime glide
Across the earth and make it glad,
The shadow of a Spring long past
Is with me still and I am sad.

Dear youthful friend who died in Spring,
Beneath her mantle, now far-flung,
You calmly sleep. The years pass on
But you are always fair and young.

F. M.

Laughing at the Last Day.

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

The last day of one's earthly life is surely the most interesting and personal. The experience of dying, indeed, is always unpurchased and unpurchasable. The just man will laugh on that day, but how shall we fare? Most of us put to the purgation are strangely like Touchstone: 'I have trod a measure; I have been politic with my friend; I have been smooth with my enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels and like to have fought one.' We are too dull to joke with death, but if we tried to understand the meaning of life, the mystery of being, then should we laugh too, and in the way the martyrs laughed. Not that death was to the martyrs what it was to the American humorist who almost at the last moment of his life, asked that 'the lights be turned up, for he had no wish to go home in the dark.' For the martyrs darkness itself is turned into light: death is not the opening and the closing of a door, the walking out into a midnight darkness; it is the breaking on their view of the turrets of the City illumined by the Lamb, it is the beginning of life.

But what is it that should so impel the martyrs to joke death out of his seriousness? Emerson says "with thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy." But what an ideal is the martyr's; what lineage is his, who is brother to the King of Martyrs, and son to the Queen of Martyrs, the Lady of the Seven Sorrows! Divine mirth born not of the earth, nor of things under the earth must have stirred the heart of St. Cyprian, who laughingly gave twenty-five gold pieces to his executioners for the good service they did him, who himself bandaged his eyes and asked a priest and deacon

to tie his hands,—of St. Cyril who exclaimed at the stake, "I left my home gladly, for I have a greater and a better prepared for me," who hurried on the executioners in building the fire, joking with them and telling the bystanders, "You ought to laugh and rejoice, and escort me with delight, now that I am about to suffer." The story of St. Eleutherius will be recalled of the boy who was a priest at eighteen, a bishop of Venice at twenty, and a martyr not long afterward. In the amphitheatre the wild beasts licked his feet, he was miraculously preserved from death by the "gridiron." An immense boiler was erected in the amphitheatre, it was filled with oil, pitch, and resin, heated to the boiling point, the young man was thrown in, and the great lid drawn over the cauldron. After a few moments of waiting, the emperor ordered the cover to be removed. Eleutherius was unhurt, but rose from the boiling mass, laughing at his persecutors, as calm and collected, the Acts tell us, as if he were coming from his daily devotions in his own little episcopal chapel.

St. Laurence, the deacon, martyred at an early age, laughed from his gridiron at his persecutors. "Turn me over," he said, "I am roasted enough on this side," and a few moments later, "I am done enough; eat, if you will." St. James Intercisus, when his fingers and toes had been cut off by his executioners, said to them: "Now that the boughs are cropped, cut down the trunk." St. Justin Martyr chaffed good-naturedly with the pagans who were present at his martyrdom. "Do you think that you will enter heaven and be rewarded by God?" they asked. "I do not think," the martyr retorted, "I know!" Then there is St. Dorothy who was thoughtful enough to send apples and roses from the gardens of Paradise to the lawyer who had said to her on her way to death, "If your lover, Christ, is true, send me fruits from His garden." And who will forget how, out in the Roman fields along the Ostian Way, on a dull January morning, sixteen hundred years ago, two eagles, one at the head, the other at the foot, watched the body of a little girl, St. Prisca, who had laughed and joked with her persecutors until they put her to the sword.

The martyrs are the same in all ages. There was Blessed Thomas More, who "tipped" the executioner with gold, and preparing his throat for the blade, put aside his beard with

the droll observation, "This at least has committed no treason;" Ralph Sherwin, who, pointing to the sun, joked with the hangman, "I shall shortly be above you fellow;" and John Sugar, whose words have been crystallized in song, "Though I shall have sharp dinner, I trust in Christ to have a most sweet supper." In the records of the Japanese martyrs there is Paul Miki, who with his smiles won over to joy the Christians who surrounded him and wept. "Is this your way of showing your love to me?" he asked them. And there is Peter, the Christian child whose father and mother had both been martyred, and who on the day appointed for his death, dressed himself in his gayest clothes, and taking the hand of a soldier was led, light-hearted and happy to the block. Who shall ever forget Theophane Vénard, the modest boy from St. Loup near Angers, who, only in the last century, went up to Paris to the Foreign Mission Seminary, studied, was ordained priest, went as missionary to China, and thence to heaven by the way of martyrdom. In 1861 Theophane Vénard was martyred. He was taken prisoner, and confined in an immense cage, placed in a public square outside the mandarin's house. But his sweetness and goodwill won them all. The mandarin twice invited him out of his cage to dine with him, and from time to time letters written by the prisoner were smuggled out. These documents are more than ordinary leave-takings, they are literature. He wrote, "My heart is as tranquil as a lake which reflects the blue sky and I have no fear;" to his little brother he recalls the time when at nine years old "I took my pet goat to browse on the slopes of Bel-Air, and used to devour the life and death of the Venerable Charles Cornay, and say to myself 'And I too will go to Tong-King, and I, too, will be a martyr,'" and "when as a school-boy, I used to leave home for college, it was my little sister Melanie who prepared my box." At the block, the hunch-back executioner asked Father Vénard what he would give to be executed promptly and well, and the answer came, "The longer it lasts, the better it will be." This youth was proclaimed a saint in 1909, almost, one might say, within his own lifetime.

We have attempted, in these few paragraphs, to suggest the joy and light-heartedness of the martyrs. And why should not this be? The French say, "Un sainte triste est un triste saint." What are foolish swords and cauldrons

before the power of the Most High? To His children God has given, not the spirit of fear, but of power and love and holy mirth. Death to them was not the clattering monster but the dark fool of God, who, apparently comes dressed in shadow but whose real attire is light, whose face is beauteous because it is the face of Christ's Clown, who with candles and bells leads the beloved to the gardens of heaven. The martyrs dared to be glad in the face of human tyrants, for they confided in the Divine Strength. They gave the weak wine of their humanity to Christ with a light heart, remembering that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy at the sight,
They saw with their eyes the eyes of the Crucified.

Being fools for Christ's sake, they wore the blessed motley of grief and joy, recalling that in His Passion, Christ, too, was dressed in a fool's garment, that the Creator of the world was took in the side with staves, that he might perform foolish tricks and say witty things to a ring of sensual wretches, that the eyes of Divinity were veiled with the purple of mockery.

The martyrs went laughing into heaven, but, oh, shall we say there is less mirth in the world? Shall we allow ourselves to be wholly obsessed with our own dullness; is the high and holy mirth of the mystery of existence and of Love illimitable to leave us yet untouched, while every hour the common air about us is heavy with the hovering of incessant wings?

Aspirations.

(Written with apologies to Mr. Wilbur Cross, Editor of the "Yale Review," and Miss Amy Lowell, author of "Trades.")

I want to be an Amy Lowell,
To weigh half a ton on a hay-scale,
Standing on a broken hayrack
With new-mown hay twining all around my feet;
Driving a team of iron-grey mules,
With the lines running to each side of the bridles
Like the ropes from a mast.
I want to mow alfalfa,
Sitting on the mower seat, in the bright breeze.
I want my hands to have the tang of hay:
Clover, millet, alfalfa.
I want to haul the hay to the barn on a flat hayrack,
And then unload it with a hayfork,
While I see sweet-smelling clover piling up, like the
lava of a volcano.
That is the ideal.
Heigh-ho!

It is much safer than to write this parody. B. G.

A Veteran.

Dawn,—and a shower of rain
Sweeps by my window-pane,
Yet above its trembling patter
I can hear the riotous clatter
Of ten thousand marching feet
Forward down the little street.

Dusk,—and a lurid flash
Breaks, then a shrieking crash;
And dim are the shadows arching
And I hear no more the marching
Of exultant soldier-feet;
They are vanished from the street.

Night,—and I dream of Sedan
Where we vainly battled on;
And I dream Napoleon's there
Spirit-like,—his lips in prayer.

F. T. B.

Day.

Down the orient staircase of pure chrysolite
Came the young Day from the courts of heaven,
His flashing wings shook with starry light,
While from his vesture blooms that yester even
Had drunk heaven's twilight dews, now fell in showers
Of rose and amber through the morning air.
Exile of heaven, he passed the builded hours
Of Dawn, yet left those lucent courts more fair.
Noon's fiery plains were his, and deserts where
Red wars were waged, and kingdoms overthrown,—
And all the gardens of the sunset air
With red Hesperian roses overgrown

R. B.

Thoughts.

Realism is just the crag without the castle.

The snob can't see other people for himself.

When you haven't anything to say don't say it.

Conceit is a very poor substitute for real worth.

A story to be well told must seem to tell itself.

The optimist is the fellow whose birthday was his saddest.

The way to get a good education is to get a little every day.

Man will always be just as good as woman requires, and no better.

Good taste is surely not so variable as the fashions that come and go.

Read the Bible and learn of the Lord himself the best that can be learned.

Dream your dream, the dream of your manhood, and then set about to realize it.

Did you ever notice how much better looking a person is when he is in a good humor?

There are some things that are worse than war, it is true, but they are not many.

A man cannot pose successfully as an expert if he is unable to profit by experience.

The woman who has taken unto herself a "war-groom" has a very poor prospect of any permanent peace.

The most pathetic folly in the history of humanity is man's persevering effort to do without God.

If you would be a man at all, remember that you cannot afford to be unfair in the slightest way.

It is your best effort that counts. Don't waste your time and energy in doing things by halves.

The poet who perpetrates lines which not even he himself can understand surely should not publish them.

If you cannot command respect unintentionally by your personal worth, there's no use in your trying to command it at all.

In regard to pathos, Cicero enjoins: "If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself." Well might he have added, "but be sure that you have something to weep about."

The first requirement of poetry, if it is to be in the least wise a rational thing, is that it make sense.

The words of him who would convince and persuade must have the clear ring of genuine sincerity.

If you have an ambition to reform the world, the one sure way to make it better is be just a little bit better yourself.

If you would be proper in the best sense, be your natural self, and let the other fellow fret within the formal fetters of etiquette.

Is it not significant that the enemies of Christ feared that He would rise again, as He had said, while His friends feared that He would not?

The absurdity of those who call themselves Christians while denying the divinity of Christ would be highly humorous were it not so incomparably pathetic.

So many of those who have charge of the young treat them as if they were animals till they are grown and then absurdly expect them to be men and women.

Any kind of ornament is of value in speech only in so far as it helps the main purpose of the discourse. When it is employed merely for its own sake it is worse than worthless.

The man who profits nothing by the thought and experience of the past, presuming that all the people who have lived before him have lived in vain, is an *a priori* fool.

The prime requisite for a good speech is a good man. A morally small man cannot make a great speech for the simple reason that it is not in him. It is impossible to get blood from a turnip.

The polar bear according to naturalists is white because he sees nothing but snow all the time. Look all the while at the bright side of things and see what it will do for your disposition.

It is quite as possible to talk under the feet of people as it is to talk over their heads. The true art of the orator is not in lowering himself to the level of his hearers, but in leading them up to his own heights of thought and sentiment.

To the boy standing on his head everything seems reversed. It is quite the same with us when we are out of humor—except that the boy knows that it is himself, not the world, that is upside down.

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L.

APRIL 21, 1917

No. 27.

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—On Easter Monday the Bengal Boxes in the different halls were rifled by the missionaries to see what charity had given to our Foreign Missions as an Easter offering. The fine sum of \$46.79 resulted. Those who gave so willingly may never realize how much they have done to further God's work in far-off India, but God knows and He will reward. The money will be sent at once to Father Crowley, C. S. C. (A. B., '01), Vicar General of the diocese of Dacca.

The students will notice that the new cards placed over the boxes make a special appeal for the pennies. Of course other coins are not excluded. But all should realize how much can be accomplished by giving even the pennies. The children of France by their weekly penny donations have given millions of dollars to the Foreign Missions. A penny a week may mean a real sacrifice to some of them. For us it is no sacrifice, but only a matter of thinking to do it. Surely there is not a student at Notre Dame that would miss one penny a week, but there may be some who would not take the pains to drop it into the box.

Let us be mindful of this little duty, which costs us so little but means so much to those in need. Take the trouble to slip the pennies into the Mite Box. When you buy a paper, or a sandwich, or make a visit to the store, keep the pennies received in change for the Foreign

Missions and *think* to put them in. You will not feel their loss; Bengal will feel the gain and that very appreciably. Bengal is our charity, the Notre Dame charity. Then let us get the habit of putting in the pennies.

—Harvard and Yale, take down the banners of idealism from your walls, and turn your halls into factories! Princeton, be converted and do good as a civic "Efficient" Education. restaurant for the good folk of New Jersey!

Johns Hopkins, Georgetown, and Notre Dame, forget your laurels of a hundred years! Your halls of learning are to become desolate, your quadrangles will not even be drying places for nets. For the Rockefeller General Education Board with the golden trumpet (which always talks) has proclaimed: "The dead-wood and lumber tradition" is to be removed from the American system of education. An endowed school is to be opened in connection with the Teacher's College of Columbia University, and the curriculum "devised" by Dr. Abraham Flexner 'will not teach obsolete classes simply because tradition has made this sort of acquaintance a kind of good form.' The following are quotations from the Flexner system, backed by the Standard Oil: "We shall drop the study of formal grammar". . . . "Nothing is more futile than the make-believe by which children are forced to worship as 'classics' or 'standards' what in their hearts they revolt from because it is ill-chosen or ill-adjusted." . . . "Methods will not be calculated to 'train the mind.'" . . . But this is nothing new. The precocious little fellow to be developed by Dr. Flexner's system is only Rousseau's "Emile" in a new coat. . . . "Students will not be compelled to mechanically carry out certain operations in algebra, guided by arbitrary signs and models, or to learn *memoriter* a series of geometric propositions." Ernest, you shall not be required to dull your young brain with algebra or arithmetic or geometry! If you say so, two and two shall be five. Mathematics is too "hollow" for your delicate sensibilities. Instead you shall "undertake the cultivation of contacts and cross connections." You shall "have wonderful assets for educational purposes—the harbor, the Metropolitan Museum, the public library, the Weather Bureau, . . . the teeming life of Broadway, lectures, concerts, plays, etc.," But, Ernest, dear, where will you

find time amid all this for education? Seriously, here is an old, old fallacy again, an attempted discrediting of the accumulated knowledge that the best minds of the ages have been able to amass. A few years ago we heard much of vocational education; now we have the gospel of industrial efficiency. But will this sort of education really prove efficient? Not in the long run, we believe, or even in the short run, for that matter.

Notre Dame has always endeavored to hold to the right mean between abstract and practical subjects. She has not raucously insisted on the study of ancient theories and dead tongues, but she believes there is another extreme. This falsely practical education arises from a most materialistic view of life, from a wholly false conception of the nature of man. If this be not true, why does not the Rockefeller Education Board determine upon the cultivation of the intellect; why does it not lay its foundations in ideas, if it expects to raise a dependable edifice of thought? Is the true "nursery of the higher life," the life of thought, of ideas, of ideals, to be found in the institutions where "books will disappear as far as possible as means of instruction," where will be substituted in their place the teeming life of Broadway, the Weather Bureau, New York Harbor, lectures, concerts, etc.? According to their avowed principles, the Rockefeller Education Board must answer in the affirmative, and, doing so, they show themselves absurd. As for ourselves, we have no doubt that sooner or later the Flexner System, the Rockefeller Education Board, and the Standard Oil Company will all have worn out, while the great schools of the world will continue as of old and at present to lead clear-eyed and clear-brained young men to higher knowledge and truer life by much the same methods as are employed today. S. S.

Personals.

—Ray Miller (LL. B., '14) has been visiting here for a few days as the guest of his brother, Walter. Ray recently returned from nine months' service with American troops on the Mexican border.

—Among the alumni who visited with members of the Glee Club during their stay in Chicago were Timothy B. Galvin (Ph. B., '16) and James Foley (Ph. B., '16). Tim is now located in Valparaiso, Ind., and Jim in Chicago.

—Frank J. Hiss (M. E., '16) is now employed as economy engineer by the Merchants' Heat and Light Company of Indianapolis. He resides at 49 Meridian Flats, Meridian and Michigan Streets, in Indianapolis. Frank is off to a good start.

—Walter McCourt (LL. B., '16) of Akron, Ohio, spent a few days visiting friends at Notre Dame during the Easter vacation. He attended the Glee Club concert in Orchestra Hall and the St. Mary's-Notre Dame dance in the Congress on Easter Monday.

—Thomas J. Hoban, formerly a student of the University, who was forced to give up his studies in January because of illness, has recovered from a second operation in St. Joseph's Hospital, Elgin, Illinois, and is now able to be up and about. He will probably return to school next September.

—J. Clovis Smith (Ph. B., '15) will receive his degree of bachelor of laws from Columbia University in June. In October, he will receive a master's degree from the same school. From the vengeance with which Clovis did things here at Notre Dame we are sure that he will make good in whatever he undertakes.

—Attorneys Frank A. McCarthy and Lawrence M. McNerney, two graduates from the law school, were the hosts of the members of the Glee Club following the concert in Elgin, April 10th. Attorney J. V. McCarthy, brother of Frank, who received degrees here in law and literature in 1914, was chairman of the Knights of Columbus committee in charge of the concert.

—The subjoined verses hurriedly lead-penciled on the cover of the Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC were found by an N. D. detective on the desk in the office of John Corley, 'or, attorney-at-law in St. Louis, Missouri:

An ancient boat,
O'ergrown with vines and flowers of Spring.
An ancient boat,
St. Joseph's Lake 'twas wont to float.
More sweet than flowers fond memories cling,
To swell the heart and teardrops bring—
Round this ancient boat.

—The marriage of Miss Renée Marie Romdenne to John Ralph Havlin took place in Minneapolis on March 12th. Mr. and Mrs. Havlin now reside at 100 North Fairview Avenue, St. Paul. John was a student at Notre Dame from 1912 to 1915. He resided in Sorin Hall while here. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations.

E. J. M.

Obituaries.

REVEREND PETER FRANCISCUS, C. S. C.

The death of the Rev. Peter Franciscus, C. S. C., which occurred at St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Indiana, April 18th, brought deep sorrow to many at Notre Dame. It was only a few days ago that Father Franciscus was taken with a malignant form of pneumonia, and it was quickly evident that he could not survive it. The deceased was born January 26th, 1850, at Canach, Luxemburg. After completing his studies at Notre Dame, he was ordained priest October 28th, 1876. He then spent several years at Rome in the study of theology and canon law. On his return to America he began the work which has made his name known to so many both in and out of the community. Within his long years of service he occupied numerous important positions in the congregation. He was one of the founders of the Sacred Heart College at Watertown, Wisconsin, later rector of the Holy Cross College at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and for several years stationed at Rome as the procurator-general of his community. His varied and busy life was marked by exceptional ability and energy. All who came in contact with him were impressed with his religious character and sterling worth, and no one was ever able to speak an unkind word of Father Franciscus. The members of the Community House, of which he was during the last years of his life the beloved father and superior, will miss him most. In his death the community has lost a scholarly and saintly priest, but his memory is perpetuated in the work accomplished during the many years of devoted service. *R. I. P.*

SISTER MARY PASCHASIA.

The death of Sister Mary Paschasia (Elizabeth Kernan) at Holy Cross Convent, Notre Dame, Indiana, on April 7th, 1917, brought to an end an exceptionally long and beautiful life. Her death on Holy Saturday was privileged in many ways, and was quite in keeping with her peaceful and saintly life. Sister Paschasia was born in Albany, New York, in the year 1841. She received the Holy Habit in 1874 and was professed in 1877. Ever since that time she has worked in the printing

office at Notre Dame. Thoroughly competent, devoted, and self-sacrificing, she rendered an untold service to Notre Dame and to her community, and her passing has left a vacancy which cannot easily be filled. Sister Paschasia is survived by an only sister—Sister Mary De Sales,—who for many years has been Superior of St. Peter's Asylum, Wilmington, Del., and by a brother, Mr. Joseph A. Kernan, of the Emigrants' Bank, New York City.

R. I. P.

JAMES A. ERSKINE.

The sympathy and promise of prayers of the members of Holy Cross Seminary and of the students of the college are extended to the relatives of James A. Erskine, who died Easter Monday at his home in Hudson, Michigan. The deceased had been a member of the seminary for two years and was loved and esteemed by all. His loss is deeply felt by all who knew him and his memory will not soon fade. *R. I. P.*

JAMES P. R. JOLLY.

Notre Dame is sad, because Death has taken another of her sons, James P. Jolly, who passed away at St. Joseph's Hospital of Providence, Rhode Island, last Saturday afternoon. It was after a prolonged case of blood-poisoning that he was taken to the hospital from his home in Providence. Jim came to us last fall, and in a surprisingly short time we all came to know him for the princely fellow that he was. Of a personality singularly charming and unaffected, he made many fast friends during his short stay with us, and they at Notre Dame will always cherish the memory of that friendship. It was with a feeling of quick sympathy that we learned of his departure on account of ill health in November. Then we all hoped confidently to have him with us again in a short time. In him we recognized promptly those sterling qualities which are the basis of true Catholic manhood. In him we had a delightful companion and a most loyal friend. Our sorrow is a very real one and very deep. The deceased was buried on the morning of April 18th. The students of Corby Hall, among whom James Jolly was numbered during his few months here, attended Mass and received Holy Communion for the repose of his soul. To the bereaved family we of Notre Dame tender our sincerest sympathy and heartfelt condolence. *R. I. P.*

Varsity News.

—Professor John M. Cooney, dean of the school of journalism, left Tuesday night for Louisville, Ky., where he will deliver a lecture before the students of St. Xavier's College. Before his return he will also talk at St. Joseph's College in Bardstown, Ky.

—In order to make a good appearance, in the absence of uniforms, it was decided that the men in the newly-organized athletic company should wear their monogram sweaters in the military parade in South Bend today. Those in the company who are not monogram men will wear plain blue sweaters.

—The Notre Dame men responded loyally to the Easter plea of the Bengal Mission, and as a result \$46.79 was collected from the Mite Boxes in the various halls. The contributions to the Easter offering were as follows: Walsh, \$18.20; St. Edward, \$10.00; Brownson, \$5.40; Corby, \$4.71; Sorin, \$3.53; St. Joseph, \$2.90; Carroll, \$2.05.

—The moving picture presented in Washington Hall last Saturday night was not up to the standard of previous performances. The play entitled "The Coward" dealt with the worn-out theme of the Civil War. The acting was fairly good, but the action was entirely too slow to be very enjoyable. A two-reel Keystone comedy, and a Ford travelogue helped make the evening interesting.

—Final arrangements for the senior ball have been completed and were presented by the dance committee at the senior class meeting last Tuesday. Although the dinner is not to begin till six-thirty, it was requested that everyone try to be at the hotel by six o'clock. A program will be presented after the dinner and before the commencement of the dance. It was also announced Tuesday that by special permission of the faculty, the day after the dance will be a free day for the seniors.

—Editors of the 1918 DOME were selected at the meeting of the junior class last Wednesday: Delmar Edmondson, of Marion, Ohio, received the honor of being unanimously elected editor-in-chief, while the position of art editor was unanimously awarded to Columbus Conboy, of Alexandria, Indiana. As soon as possible the editors will appoint their assistants, and will make preparations for taking up the actual work as soon as the present DOME

shall have gone to press. The junior lawyers plan to call a meeting soon and elect a business manager for the year book.

—Work on the new library is being pushed as much as possible, but Father Foik, the librarian, is unable to say definitely when the new building will be open for use for the reason that some of the supplies for the book stacks are being held up through lack of transportation facilities. During the Easter holidays the greater part of the catalogued volumes were transferred, the work being done for the most part by men working in the library, under the direction of Father Foik. There now remains in the old library only some ten thousand volumes, and these will be moved as soon as conditions warrant.

—The Glee Club members narrowly escaped serious injury in returning from their concert in Elgin last week when their special car on the Chicago and Elgin Electric line crashed into a loaded coal car at a switch. Although a corner of the car was torn away it was able to proceed the few miles into Wheaton, Illinois, where the men changed cars. Although the car was traveling at high speed the men suffered nothing worse than a bad shaking up, with the exception of Bernard Voll, who was struck in the eye by a piece of flying glass. During the wait in Wheaton, Voll had his eye attended to by an oculist, and he is now recovering from the injury.

—The first annual banquet of the Latin-American Association of the University was held last Saturday evening at the Oliver Hotel with every one of its twenty-two members present. Following the dinner short talks were made by the president, C. Fabrega, the secretary, V. Usera, the treasurer, A. Castillo, Doroteo Amador, and Gonzalo Restrepo. Three honorary members, Prof. José Corona, Father Matallana, and Father Fernandez also addressed the men. Professors José Caparo, Jesse Vera and Arthur Pinò were the other honorary members of the Association in attendance. After the formal meeting a smoker was held at which things of interest to Latin-American students were discussed. It was decided to make the Association an active organization and to continue the work so well started by the banquet.

—The Poetry Society at its regular meeting last Wednesday night had for guest the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Kelley, D. D., LL. D., Presi-

dent of the Church Extension Society of the United States. Besides his activities in the missionary field, Mgr. Kelley is the author of several works and a member of the Poetry Society of America. The regular programme of the Society was carried out, Mr. George Haller acting as critic. Several poems were read and discussed. Special attention was given to the new Book of Notre Dame Verse. At the conclusion of the proceedings, Mgr. Kelley gave a delightful informal talk, describing, by request, the activities of the Mediævalists, a Catholic club of Chicago. In accordance with the customary form, the distinguished guest was received into honorary membership in the Poetry Club of Notre Dame.

—The after-Lent social season was formally opened last Wednesday night by the annual military ball, which proved quite as successful as any of the former military affairs of this kind. Thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the times and the nature of the dance, the hall was beautifully decorated with flags, sabres, shields, and other military insignia. Beneath an electric-lighted shield at the southern end of the room was an army cannon mounted on a flowery chariot. From the time that Sergeant G. A. Campbell brought his sabre to salute beneath the shield and called the seventy-five cadets present to attention till the close of the dance, the army spirit held sway. The committee in charge of the ball was composed of Sergt. Campbell and the following officers of the school regiment: Leo J. Vogel, John U. Riley, Carlton D. Beh, Jack S. Young, L. D. James, F. J. Vurpillat, L. D. Hellert, E. A. Royhans, A. A. McNichols, and E. A. Blackman. The patrons and patronesses were Professor and Mrs. William L. Benitz, Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Powers, and Professor and Mrs. F. J. Vurpillat.

—In response to the appeal of Father Walsh last Saturday about three hundred new men have signed up for military, thereby raising the total in the regiment to about six hundred. Drills are being held at the same times as previously, although a more frequent schedule may be made out, as it is desired to whip the new companies into shape as rapidly as possible. Among the new units are two full companies, one composed of the athletes and the other of upper classmen, an engineers' corps, a hospital corps, and a company composed of day students.

The company of athletes, officered temporarily by Leo Vogel and Joe Gargan, has been putting in extra hours on the drill floor and promises to be one of the banner companies. According to Sergeant Campbell it will be impossible to properly equip the new men with uniforms and rifles for the present, but he hopes to secure about a hundred more guns which will be used in turn by the different companies. The Sergeant has had a large number of inquiries from men interested in different branches of the service, chiefly the officers' reserve corps, the marines, and the regular army, and is prepared to give information to all of those who think of enlisting. Among the men who have applied for officers' commissions are Joe Gargan, John Riley, Leo Vogel, and Emmett Lenihan.

W. B. M.

Athletic Notes.

THE RELAYERS.

This afternoon at the Drake Relay Games in Des Moines, Iowa, the Notre Dame two-mile relay team will endeavor to retain its title of Western Champions which it earned at the indoor relay carnival at Illinois on March 3rd. Noonan, McDonough, Kasper, and Meehan have been training faithfully for over a month, though the weather has been anything but conducive to fast running. Each of them possesses the abundance of confidence so necessary in track work, and each was sure before the team left yesterday that he could turn in a respectable half-mile.—Purdue, Kansas, and Chicago, will again be the chief contenders.

The one-mile team, composed of Captain Miller, Kasper, McDonough and Meehan, is hoping to prove that its showing at Illinois last month was no criterion of its real ability. Laughing over the fiasco at Urbana, Captain Miller averred that, "if they let us carry our own baton out there, and keep the officials off the track, I'll guarantee you we won't finish last."

—Captain Miller, King, Mulligan and Starrett were the men selected to transport the baton in the half-mile event. Miller and King were on the team that ran such an exciting race with Wisconsin and Chicago a year ago at the same games, while today is the first appearance of Mulligan and Starrett in a relay squad.

Contingent upon a respectable showing in the Western affair this afternoon, the one-mile

and two-mile teams will be competing on Franklin Field in Philadelphia at the Penn Relay classic next Saturday.

ILLINOIS GAMES.

In the little town of Urbana, Illinois, there was a baseball game last Friday and another last Saturday. A team representing the University of Illinois, just back from a training trip through Dixie, won both games. On Friday Captain Koptik's home run with two men on bases offset the brilliant work of the opponents' pitcher who fanned thirteen men in the course of the contest. The score was 5 to 1.

On Saturday Illinois amassed seven runs in the second inning, which was one more than the visitors scored in nine. Each team made six errors. The visiting team secured ten hits to eight for Illinois. The losers had a tall blonde playing first base who was the hitting star of the series. The vanquished put up a plucky fight to overcome the big lead established by the Illini in the early innings, but when the last man was out the score stood 9 to 6. The visitors and the vanquished returned to Notre Dame early Sunday morning.

WISCONSIN GAME.

Unless the authorities at Madison relent in their determination to suspend all athletics at the University of Wisconsin, Notre Dame will have the distinction of having handed the Badgers their lone defeat of the baseball season. The men from the land of LaFollette had experienced an entirely successful training trip until they bumped into the Gold and Blue last Tuesday and were humbled 7 to 2. They can blame their defeat on poor pitching, for Brown, the starter, was wild, and Grasshorn, his successor, was erratic. Notre Dame sandwiched in enough slugging all along the line to hold the lead from the first inning.

Wisconsin started out well. After Spalding had retired the first batter on a neat catch, Cramer, the second batsman for the visitors, walked, stole second, and went all the way home when Fox cracked one down the third base line. The final Wisconsin tally came in the fourth when Fox scored from second on Snow's smash to center.

Most of the scoring activity for Notre Dame also was crowded into the first four innings. Keenan, the first man up for Notre Dame, hit through short. Dubois sacrificed him to second. Allison's hit sent Keenan to third.

Allison stole second on the first pitched ball. Meyer got himself in front of a fast one and cantered to first, filling the bases. Kline went out on an infield fly. Spalding drove a fast one through short and Keenan scored. Wolf imitated Spalding and Allison crossed the plate. Spalding was forced out at third on Philbin's slow infield roller.

In the second inning Edgren dropped a neat Texas leaguer behind second base, and the slabman scored a moment later when Allison drove one to left.

In the third round Wolf clipped a fast one and sent it into right for a single. He stole second with ease. Philbin was hit by a pitched ball. This marked the passing of Brown and the injection of Grasshorn. Wolf scored, while Keenan showed his speed in beating out an infield hit to short. Spalding scored Allison and Meyer in the fourth by hitting one to center.

Rain began to fall as Notre Dame came to bat in the fifth inning, and though it lasted for only a short time, it served to slow up the play materially. In the eighth inning "Chief" Meyers broke up the monotony by a terrific drive to right field, on which he had completed the circuit before the ball was returned to the infield. The big first baseman also contributed in the third inning the fielding sensation of the day by capturing a difficult ball on the fly just before it hit the ground inside the first base line and recovering himself soon enough to double a man at the first sack.

Edgren pitched a steady game, holding himself in reserve throughout, but at that only four hits were counted off him. Allison gathered in four flies in right. Wolf had a big day with the bat, hitting safely three times. Keenan tied the shortstop in the matter of safe bingles. Captain Kline was hitting in hard luck all afternoon, Wisconsin men seeming to have the good fortune to be camping right under his various offerings. The score:

NOTRE DAME	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Keenan cf.....	4	1	3	0	0	0
Dubois, lf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Allison, rf.....	5	2	2	4	0	0
Meyers, 1b.....	3	2	2	8	0	0
Kline, 3b.....	5	0	0	1	1	1
Spalding, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	0	0
Wolf, ss.....	4	1	3	0	0	0
Philbin, c.....	3	0	1	7	2	0
Andres, c.....	0	0	0	4	0	0
Edgren, p.....	4	1	2	1	3	0
Totals.....	35	7	14	27	6	1

WISCONSIN	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Brennan, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	5	2
Cramer, 1b.....	3	1	0	10	0	0
Cleveland, 3b.....	4	0	0	3	1	0
Fox, c.....	4	1	2	7	5	0
Simpson, ss.....	4	0	0	3	1	1
Snow, lf.....	4	0	1	0	0	0
Edler, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Langhoff, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0	1
Brown, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0
Grasshorn, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	32	2	4	24	13	4

Hits—off Brown, 6 in 2 1-3 innings; off Grasshorn, 7 in 5 2-3 innings. Double plays—Brown to Fox to Cramer, Meyers unassisted; Simpson to Fox to Cleveland. Home run—Meyer. Stolen bases—Allison (2), Keenan, Wolf, Cramer, Fox. Sacrifice hits—Keenan, Dubois. Struck out—by Edgren, 11; by Grasshorn, 3; by Brown, 1. Bases on balls—off Edgren, 2; off Brown, 2. Hit by pitcher—by Brown, Dubois, Philbin. Umpire—Schaeffer. C. W. C.

Old Students' Hall.

Subscriptions to April 21, 1917.

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

Samuel T. Murdock, '86. \$2000.00

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.

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