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The Church.

BY BROTHER GILBERT, '19.

THE hills roll back to hide their eyes,
The snow-clad mountains droop away,
The dread seas kiss the blood-red skies,
And man bemoans his judgment day.

Beside the royal throne, behold
A bride assumes the reign of Heaven;
Her mantles sheltered and consoled
The saints. Her mantles number seven.

Beautiful, stately, she withstood
The demon in an earthly fight;
Clothed in her mantles and her hood
Now more than morning she is bright.

To those upon His left Christ turned,
One look,—they swiftly fled away;
Rightward his eyes of longing burned
And He found mighty words to say:

"Arise, make haste, my spouse, my love,
For time at last brooks no delay;
The Winter's past, my love, my dove,
This is our final nuptial day."

The Hope of Universal Peace.*

BY JOHN PATRICK RYAN, '20.

THE priceless heritage of the past is the lesson it teaches the present. The great evils of history have met their severest reverses almost at the moment when their power seemed supreme. To the scoffer at universal peace, the present, with its world war, the most terrible in history, affords a wealth of plausible argument; to the historian and the advocate of peace, however, it furnishes the unmistakable sign of the past which foreshadows the doom of this great evil which has murdered uncounted generations of mankind.

For centuries all disputes between nations have been settled on the field of battle. Bloody wars with all their wickedness, waste and horror have increased. Yet, we may believe that in the midst of all this bloodshed, a spark of hope for some better method of settlement remains alive. Today, undaunted by the mocking spectacle of a world war, and taking courage from the very lesson of it, we fondly hope and believe that the day has been hastened when difficulties between nations will be settled not by the instruments of war but by the instruments of peace.

There can be no longer any doubt, ladies and gentlemen, of the desirability of peace or of the futility of the craze for maintaining the big armaments that have been sapping the strength and exhausting the energy of the world powers. Already the statesmen of the world are beginning to realize what the folly of their mad race has brought them, and are longing for the day when some influential nation will be bold enough to take a definite step toward the peace they all desire.

Now the question naturally suggests itself: Is this peace which is so desirable at all practicable? Can we ever hope with any degree of assurance that there will come a time when all the disputes that may arise between nations will be settled by peaceful means? Will there ever be a time when the appeal to arbitration will invariably supplant the challenge of war?

The first consideration which would justify us in saying that this method of deciding international disputes is bound to come is the constant, steady growth during the past century of the desire for the peaceful settlement of international difficulties. A glance at the history of the past century shows that an extraordinary number of disagreements between the world powers have been settled by peaceful

* Oration delivered by Mr. Ryan as representative of Notre Dame in the State Peace Oratorical Contest at Franklin, Indiana, Friday evening, April 20, 1917.

means. As decade succeeded decade in recent times, we find the number of these amicable adjustments increasing. During the last century not fewer than three hundred controversies between the civilized nations of the world have been settled by arbitration.

There is but one conclusion we can draw from this—the conclusion that the constant recourse to arbitration shows that the tendency of the world is toward peace. Since so many and such important questions have been settled to the satisfaction of all countries involved, why, therefore, cannot nations be gradually brought to submit all disputes to arbitration and be induced to abide by the decision of the court established for that purpose?

It is understood that it will take longer to abolish duels between nations than it did to abolish duels between individuals; but he is blind who cannot see that, in spite of all contrary appearances, the international duel is bound to go. For if individuals can settle their differences by the decision of a judge, why cannot nations do the same? The same reasons that operated to do away with the one, will suffice sooner or later to do away with the other. Just as individuals in a civil community where laws are established and enforced do not dream of settling disputes by fighting, so, with the establishment of international law, nations can be brought to settle their differences in the same peaceful and reasonable way. In the words of Sir Edward Grey: "There is only one thing which will really affect the naval and military expenditures of the world on the wholesale scale on which they must be affected if there is to be a real and sure relief. You will not get it until nations do what individuals have done—come to regard an appeal to law as the natural course for nations instead of an appeal to force."

The chance that nations have to be fairly treated will make them more ready to submit. According to present plans, the international court is to be composed of representatives from every nation on the globe—it is to be the Parliament of the World. Can we imagine a body more eminently qualified to give a fair and unbiassed decision on a point that directly concerns only a few of its members? No, my friends, there is absolutely no reason why this state of affairs, however slow the progress toward it may be, should not be ultimately attained.

It is true that the elimination of war would

mean a great change in society, but these changes have taken place time and time again. Other equally great reforms have been effected and still others can and will be effected in the course of time. Is it not true that wars have been decreasing in number? War has come to be the exception whereas it used to be the normal state. Historians tell us of a thirty years war and a hundred years war, but it is almost impossible for us even to imagine the state of society that would promote such fighting. We are told how the "War of the Roses" began in England almost in the wake of the "Hundred Years War" and how the "Cods" and "Hooks" in Holland devoured one another for a century and a half. But at the present time, wars decrease with every succeeding generation, and if it were not for the great profits reaped by the corporations that furnish the supplies of war, it would not be long before they would cease entirely.

Moreover, individual war has been abolished altogether. In olden times, the nobles used to declare war against each other and summon all their kinsmen to help wage it, and so numerous were these combats that the very existence of society seemed threatened. But this is no longer tolerated. The day came when the needs of an advancing race required that this practice should be reformed. In like manner should the wars of nations be abolished. To quote from John Fiske: "Warfare, once regarded as the only fitting occupation for well-bred men, has come to be regarded, not only as an intolerable nuisance but even as a criminal business." This goes to show, my friends, that the tendency is more and more toward peace. Morality and conservation are the watchwords of our time. We are beginning to see that war is irrational. Everyone who knows of the activities of the Hague Court will agree that the settlements that have been made there of very important differences are far more satisfactory in every way than could be effected by any resort to arms.

The only question that remains, and it is a question that the future alone can solve, is the point at which the ancient custom of war now infesting the countries of Europe, will finally be done away with; whether from within or without, whether from its own weakness or by the reasonableness of an advancing nation. That is a problem still unsolved, but it is not impossible that some people now living may

witness its solution. In the words of Victor Hugo: "A day will come when a cannon ball will be exhibited in the public museums just as an instrument of torture is now, and people will be amazed that such a thing could ever have been. A day will come when those two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe will be seen extending the hand of permanent fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their produce, their industries, their arts, their genius, clearing the earth, peopling the desert, improving creation under the eye of the Creator."

And after all, we have overestimated the significance of the valor of the soldier. The highest triumphs are those won with peace, those which compel the resources of intelligence to serve the cause of humanity.

I once listened to a civil war veteran tell the story of a dying comrade on the battlefield of Bull Run. This soldier was cheerful enough as he lay on the hard, cold ground waiting for death to claim him because he loved his country and was willing to die for it. But grief and anguish filled his heart when he thought of his poor wife and the four small children he was leaving behind him without any means of support. No doubt he had a vision of how, some years later, the poor widow should die of a broken heart and the four unkempt, mentally untrained little ones would be left alone in the world. His grave has a large stone marker in one of the national cemeteries and on each Decoration Day a new flag is placed upon it. But the body of his poor widow found rest in some obscure corner of a country graveyard, and it is not very likely that a flag or any other decoration marks her grave. Yet I truly believe that the heroism of that woman, who struggled and toiled with the great problems of the world in an endeavor to rear her four boys, for whom she was finally a sacrifice, was far greater than that of her husband who died on the field of battle.

Nearly 400,000 bodies are gathered into the national cemeteries of this country, fully one-half of them occupying unnamed graves. The soldier has a tombstone with his name on it at the head of his grave, but his wife, who fought higher and nobler battles, is no longer remembered. And there were, and are, thousands of such women who endured that awful suffering.

Some may regret the great waste of the material resources of the world in time of war,

but most of us lament the terrible loss of human lives. Let us cry aloud to the crowned heads of Europe and to the Republics of the world to put an end to the horrible slaughter. Let us forever keep in mind the beatitudes: "Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land. Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." Let us pray that the day of universal peace is near. The triumph of Christianity should make it so. It is helped along by every sacrifice of self and every martyrdom to the cause of truth. Let us be armed with righteousness and there will be no need of guns and swords.

In Western France along that shell-swept front, where two immense armies, for months in a frightful deadlock, struggled to break each other's lines, is a desolate, ruined area where before the war there was peace and plenty and happiness. In the very storm center of this spot, surrounded with the battered and crushed ruins of a church near-by and in the midst of tombstones shattered and graves blown open in the little churchyard, stands a lone, life-size figure of the Crucified, unscathed by the fury of shell and fire that has swept all else away and left nothing but sheer desolation. What a weird contrast, this figure of peace and the terrible destruction of war,—and yet, what a hopeful vision does this lone figure of the Prince of Peace, surviving all the devastation of war, suggest to the friends of peace. May we not hope that the day is not far distant when Universal Peace, like that lone figure of the Peacemaker, will rise out of the ruin and desolation wrought by war to rule the lives of men in peace?

Sleep.

Angel, who soothes the hurts of goading cares,
Hover on magic wings about my head,
Nor bring me rest alone, but swift instead
Transport me far away from earth's affairs.
The king would give his crown to have the shares
You deal the shepherd, who, when day is dead,
Has dreams of being to some princess wed
After pilgrimage and jousts for her he dares.
The lover loves you for the dreams you bring;
The visions of the future and the past
That make the ancient young, and make youth age.
The poet's praise is yours for songs you sing,
And waking, into verse the play is cast
You set for him upon the dreamland stage.

J. U. R., '17.

When Grandpa Was not Himself.

"Bring out her chair, Lloyd, and we'll set 'round on the shady side o' the house. Can't stand settin' indoors on a day like this. Lee, son, git that thar pam-leaf fan out from under the chist for Grandpa, an' tell the women folks to come out when they gits the dishes cleaned up."

"All right, Granpda?" shouted Lee as he bounded away on his mission. It was an unusually quiet Sunday afternoon at Uncle 'Lias Mattingly's little home away back in the wilds of the penny-royal district of Central Kentucky. Uncle 'Lias, as he is called by everybody down there, is a Civil War veteran of the Rebel persuasion and a patriarch in the county in which he lives. The family tree of which he is the root numbers multitudinous twigs and buds. He boasts thirteen children, sixty-five grand-children, twenty-one great-grand-children, and anticipates the arrival of the great-greats in a short time. Every Sunday afternoon the tribe gathers from all corners of the county to spend a little while with the old folks and get all the family news. They come walking across the fields, riding in the old-time spring-wagons, on horseback, and most every way except the modern way. It looks for all the world like a county fair when they get together. Grandpa has a big, powerful voice, and he can talk to all of them while they are there and most of the way home.

On this particular Sunday, however, it happened that there wasn't anyone there but our family. The rest of them had gone to Uncle Charlie's for Lutie's weddin' dinner. We had to go to Grandpap's to see about "thrashin' on the shares—him and Pap." This was soon settled, 'cause Grandpap didn't get excited as he usually does about thrashin' time. He spent most of the time talkin' to Lee and a-pettin' him. You know Lee is my brother, what Grandpap named after the general that he served under in the war. I was named for General Jackson, but Grandpap says I ain't the boy that Lee is. Just the same I hoe corn from daylight to dark till my back is nearly broke in two all the week just so I kin go to Grandpap's house on Sunday. He's such a jolly old fellow, and I allus have so much fun with him that I forgit all about the hard work I've done, but this day he was kind o' quiet and sad like. We had been talkin' about the

war at the dinner table and it seemed to sort o' hurt him. He was tellin' us, as he does now and then, that when he was thirteen years old and the youngest of the family he kissed his old Mammy good-bye an' went off to Virginie to jine General Lee's army as a drummer boy. The general must have liked him, 'cause Grandpa is allus tellin' about how he used to find extra hard-tack in his knapsack when he thought there was no more, and how some nights he'd go to sleep on the ground an' wake up the next mornin' on the General's own cot. Grandpa has a story book about the general, an' Lee has to read some of it to him every Sunday. As Grandpap 'Lias went off to the war instead of goin' to school he never learned how to read for himself, you know.

Lee was just finishin' a chapter today on the death of General Lee, and Grandpap fell to thinkin' hard. Grandma Jane an' all of us were quiet for a long time till Pap broke the silence by askin' Grandpap if he thought we was goin' to have war agin. About that time I was feelin' disgusted an' thinkin' that the hard hoein' I had been doin' all the week was not very well paid for if they was goin' to talk serious like that all the time. Grandpap 'Lias didn't answer very quick, so Pap asked agin if we was goin' to have war.

Then Grandpap answered slow an' sad, so different from the way he allus talks: "I dunno, Lloyd; I hope not. When I was thirteen I thought war was fun, but it wasn't. You can't have no idy how bad it is. If you'd been at Antietam and Gettysburg like I was, you wouldn't want any war neither, I tell you. I don't know how, but I got out alive. Since then I've had such a long happy life in peace with my children all 'round me. Now I'm an old man. Only the sadness of another war now could take away from me the joy of a life that cannot last much longer. I hope not, Lloyd; I—hope—not!"

Grandpap's chin fell on his breast, and he said nothin' more. Grandma put her arm 'round his neck, and Pap got up and walked off towards the woods. Tears were stealin' slowly down Mammy's cheek, an' me an' Lee went out in the field to look for birds' nests. We didn't say a word till Lee was kneelin' down by the spring under the mulberry tree to git a drink, when he says, "I don't like it, when Grandpap 'Lias talks that way." And says I,

"I don't neither."

C. E. M., '20.

The Grand Army.*

BY MARION MUIR.

The bugle blows from far, so far,—
 Beyond the Continental snows,
 Beyond the desert's burning bar
 That holds the world its summons knows.

The Lord their camping ground hath set,—
 Gray heroes of the mighty host;
 Whose lips the kiss of Freedom met
 When half her sons were slain or lost.

The bugle blows again, more high,
 And utmost echoes wake and thrill:
 For those who taught men how to die
 Come trooping from the Theban hill.

From Marathon and Bannockburn,
 From awful Judah's rocky tombs;
 And icy peaks where children learn
 How Tell's immortal story blooms.

The shades of valor lead the way,
 Though Tyre is dead, and Babylon
 Among her marshes tots today,
 Such souls are clad in morning sun.

Of them the Grecian heart still sings,
 "Thou art not dead, Harmodius, No!"
 The seed of martyrs mocks at kings
 Whose purple perished long ago.

Wrapt in her mourning cloak the land
 Arising, welcomes joy to be;
 Her confidence in His command
 Who hushed the waves on Galilee.

Fear not! above the tempest's power,
 The Living God of Sabaoth reigns;
 His breath the secret of their power,
 Who break the bondman's galling chains.

Oh land whose very stones are red,
 Wrung from the furnace of despair,
 Upon thy breast, like snow, be shed
 The light of truth, is woman's prayer.

Saint Gregory the Great.

BY FRANCIS BUTLER, '19.

Almost everyone is familiar with the traditional story told of St. Gregory concerning his meeting with Angle slave-children in the Roman slave market. The story is so touching, so eminently typical of the saint, that its inherent charm is scarcely lessened, however often it is told. Gregory, so the story runs, while taking his accustomed walk, was impressed by the blue eyes and ruddy beauty of these Northern slave-children. Ardent and compassionate as he was, the Pope inquired whence they came. On being informed that they were Angles, he exclaimed, "Alas! that the author of darkness should have such fair faces, and that such beautiful forms should have no inward graces. "Angles?" he said, "Angels, rather."

This quaint story reveals the character of the man. Out of his heart as water out of a crystal spring, flowed tender sympathy and soulful yearning for the universal spread of Christianity. In him, as in all the great benefactors of mankind, was the harmonious union of spiritual and human qualities. How penetrating his spiritual and administrative insight was, may be gathered from his *Regula Pastoralis*, the handbook of every medieval bishop. But for his large human qualities we must know his everyday life and the circumstances that shaped his life-work.

Inheriting from his Roman parents patrician wealth and position at a time when the Imperial City was being stripped of its grandeur, the saint's earliest outlook on human concerns must have been many-colored. The Lombard, fiercer than Hun or Vandal, built his campfires beneath the very walls of Rome; valiant legions from the Empire on the Bosphorus made incessant warfare that the living ideals of Christ might live and triumph over the fatalism of Persian and Turk. The Occident warred against the Orient, and their armies clashed and were locked in perpetual conflict. In the West, above and around Rome, the very earth trembled beneath the marchings of barbaric warriors. Greed, lust, pillage, bloodshed, were the great sins of the time. Those warriors were wild, revengeful men who recognized no spiritual voice in the whole world. Amid such this young Roman grew to manhood. He became

* These verses may be of interest at this time as a remembrance of an old friend of Notre Dame University.

a Benedictine monk and in due time abbot of his monastery. People promptly recognized in him a man as exceptional as he was humble. On the death of Pope Pelagius II. in 590, Gregory was elected to the papal throne. Such in brief are the main facts of his early life. The events and circumstances that are to follow will give definiteness to our view of the saint, especially as regards his human qualities.

Now that he was Pope and head of Christendom, Gregory affixed to his multitudinous correspondence the sincere and humble title, *servus servorum Dei*. This title, borne by all subsequent popes, bespeaks his idea of his office and genuine feeling of responsibility. For, whether advising the Emperor Maurice or admonishing some bishop in turbulent Gaul, he was always the servant of the servants of God.

It is in his letters, however, that we are to get the most intimate acquaintance with the man. Nearly a thousand in number, most of which fortunately have been preserved for us, they are written to every kind and class of persons and deal with problems as intricate as any we have today. The whole Christian world felt their influence and guidance. And even today, when compared with the classic letters of Leo XIII., Bismarck, and Gladstone, they retain their quickening freshness and practical worth. Above all, they are intensely human as is evidenced by the following quotations, which we take as most illustrative of the saint.

Writing to Virgilius, Bishop of Arles in Gaul, in order to correct an abuse, he says, "If men in building are careful to have the walls properly dried before they put weight upon them, and sap out of the wood before they fix it in its place, why should we have unprepared men in the Church." Here his Roman ideas of order and standard of efficiency are given forceful expression.

Concerning the preachers of revealed truth, he insists that they "ought to think more of *what* they have to say than of the manner in which they may set forth the saving truths they have to instil into the minds and hearts of their hearers." And to re-enforce this reminder, he adds, "The more the tree runs to leaves, the less the fruit it bears." He was dealing with all sorts of men, educated and

uneducated, Roman and barbarian, and he would not be misunderstood.

Sometimes bishops became either self-centered or refractory. And Gregory's attitude toward all such is summed up in a letter to a bishop who had long exhausted his patience. "I am prepared to suffer death rather than allow the Church of Blessed Peter to be degraded in any way in my time. You know my disposition. I bear for a long time. But when once I have made up my mind to bear no longer. I cheerfully face every difficulty." There is evidence here of rock-like firmness and towering fortitude; and it is not at all surprising, then, that during Gregory's pontificate, the Papacy acquired that command over the youthful nations of the West which was to be exercised with so much good consequent by the great medieval popes.

Despite all the momentous duties of office that crowded his days, he found time for many and great charities. On becoming a monk he gave to the poor of Rome all his wealth and possessions. As pope his charities were as munificent as the ever-diminishing treasury of the Church would permit. And yet, they were many and mightily directed. To the Empress, in behalf of the peasants of Corsica who were oppressed beneath the iron rule of the Lombard, he pleads for help. The Corsicans in order to pay an enormous tribute were obliged to sell their children into slavery. And how intensely the fatherly heart of Gregory was stirred to pity is voiced in a letter to the Empress. "How could they suffer more cruelly at the hands of the barbarians than to be so oppressed as to be forced to sell their own children?"

Undoubtedly that medieval saying, "It is good to live under a crozier," originated on the patrimonies of Gregory. His *coloni* or tenants were to know their rights and to be furnished with copies of them. To Peter, his overseer, he writes, "You will bring me in a more profitable return if you will accumulate the reward of a good conscience than if you bring back great riches."

Nor did he deem it beneath his dignity, when leisure moments could be found, to gather around him Roman boys, rich and poor alike, and to teach them the music of the Church. Surely this happy scene reminds one of another which has been given artistic expression, where the noble Greek youths clustered together

and followed the "Reading from Homer."

Gregory often spoke of himself in a lighter vein, commenting, for example, on his suffering from the gout; and sometimes in writing to the Emperor Maurice, he would talk lightly of his growing corpulency, adding that fat men are prone to be lazy. But of all men Gregory, in truth, could give best account of his time. Humble, sincere of motive, resolute in purpose and action,—these were his more striking characteristics, in judgment of which, men of all ages have called him the Great.

Human nature is likely to look upon the saints as men and women, great indeed, but withdrawn from the ordinary concerns and anxieties of human life. But such a notion is not verified in the great St. Gregory. From our consideration of him, it is clear that while he was busy with the business of God, he was intensely human in all his dealings. When physical courage was the sole virtue among the nations of the North, he, with only moral forces at his disposal, never for a moment lost hope or trust in the ultimate goodness of man. He aroused the nobler promptings of their pliant natures, even as St. Monica had moved the heart of Augustine to repentance. He himself has written that the true bishop "must lord it, not over his brethren, but over their vices;" and St. Gregory the Great was such a bishop.

Clogs.

WILLIAM E. KENNEDY, '17.

Simon Thornridge stamped into the bare room of the little cottage, his sixty years concealed under a fine show of spirit; but when he met the searching look of his wife his acting fell from him like a mask.

"Well, Simon?" The grey old lady pulled her shawl tighter across her shoulders.

"It's no use, Mary, an old man can't get work."

"You tried the new mill?" She began to knit.

"Every place!—they all told me I couldn't do anything; that if I got work I would be cheating a younger and abler man out of a job."

He settled into a stiff chair, the only one remaining besides the low rocker his wife occupied, and stared vacantly into the low fire in the grate. His wife had dropped her knitting and appeared to be sleeping.

A knock on the door awoke them.

"It's the land collector," said Mary. "Let's pretend we're not in."

Children-like they waited, hoping against detection. The knocking became insistent. It finally stopped, and a few seconds later the collector stood in the room.

"Trying to fool me!" he looked like a judge reproving two culprits. He was more than stern. "This is my fifth trip here; if I don't get a payment now, I won't bother you any more. The next time I come the constable will be with me."

"How can we pay you? . . . You see we haven't the money."

"I can't help that. I've got to be paid."

When the collector left, the aged couple were staring helplessly at each other. They read abjection in each other's face.

Simon got up to reach for his pipe, but he remembered he had no tobacco. His wife took up her knitting. . . . She was darning mittens for her husband, but a glance at the yarn supply could tell one that the mittens would be unfinished.

A neighbor came in.

"I saw the collector leaving a minute ago. I thought you might need something."

"There's nothing—"

"Nothing you need—"

"No, Mrs. Hess, we are well fixed."

"I just got a load of cord-wood; I can send Johnny over with a sledful."

"No; I'm sorry to refuse you, Mrs. Hess, but we have a supply in that covered box. We are grateful for your sympathy."

"Well, I'd better be going. If you want anything just send for me. Cold isn't it?" she added.

Hiram was stirring the dying embers. "You wouldn't accept her charity, would you, Mary?"

"No, we've not come to that—we never will—but it's hard."

"All our neighbors would say: 'There, I told you so'—'I knew they'd come to sorrow some day.' It would be better to die."

"Yes, to die."

The ticking of the wall-clock was audible.

"Mary, I'm going down to the village."

"You're not strong, Simon; be careful."

The many people who passed Simon on his way to the village all had a greeting for the old man. Those who stopped long enough to talk to him were the recipients of his confidence. He told them that he was going on a long

journey never to return. "That's queer, said one; Simon going away! I would rather believe that the bridge over there is built of straw."

"Yes," explained another old neighbor, "little chance for him to go. Where's his money? Besides he's been here all his life and is rooted in the soil. This village is named after his ancestors. So he ought to remain to keep up his family tradition."

Simon was back to his little cottage in a few hours. His wife did not look up from her knitting when he entered. He sank into a chair for relief.

"Why, Simon, where's your coat?"

He could not look at her steadily. "Here I got this instead," showing a little package."

"That beats me. I believe you are getting foolish."

"No, only wise."

"Would you like to quit all this?" he asked.

"What! leave our home. . . the house our little Edwin used to play in? See, there's his little cap hanging on that nail. And his little mound in the garden, we would never decorate?"

"Yes, but we will see him instead."

"Why do you stare so?"

Two days later the villagers asked one another if Simon had left. No one had seen him depart, so two of the group decided to go to his cottage to find out.

They had to break in the door. On the floor before a crude altar on which a Bible lay open were the rigid forms of the aged pair. A cap was clasped by the woman. A scrawled note was on the bare table.

"There is no place in life for old age. We are gone on the long journey."

Simon and Mary Thornridge."

The Swallow Dead.

Dead at my feet the swallow lies,
The songster of the higher air,
No more he rises to the sky,
Trilling his morn and even prayer.

For God has willed to take the breath
Wherewith this happy bird did sing,
Stilling its melody in death
While the spring heavens with music ring.

T. D. F.

At the Little House on the Corner.

There was mourning in the little house on the corner. A bit of black crepe on the front door told the story. A little woman had died that night, leaving behind her a husband and four young children. Grief, which comes sooner or later to every home, had called at that little house late in the evening and had stayed all night.

When the rays of the rising sun shone through the window making everything bright, there seemed to be joy in the air. But the big man's heart in that little home was heavy. The dead wife and mother as she lay in the casket in the middle of the room seemed glad in the peace of death. The face was still young, bearing testimony of a life that had been lived in goodness and sweetness.

In the small yard behind the house the four children were playing as usual, unconscious of their great loss. Little mounds of sand and a tiny wheelbarrow made their one happy concern. The fresh morning air rang with their laughter in completest contrast to the sorrow that reigned within.

In the parlor alone with the dead sorrowed the bereaved husband. A silent manly sorrow tore his heart, but he was not disconsolate: his brawny hands fingered fervently a rosary.

Outside, the world was busy, too busy to take note of the sorrow that had fallen upon the little house on the corner. Delivery wagons rattled over the roughly paved street; a fisherman was advertising his catch to housewives of the street, and a gardener in early from the country was calling in lusty voice his fresh vegetables. On their way to work men saw the crepe, but, distracted with cares of their own, paid at most but passing heed. Women saw it and were only a bit more curious. The postman in his usual cheery mood passed it by unnoticed. Half way down the block a newsboy was calling the morning paper with the account of yesterday's battle at Verdun, an excited dog rent the air with his yelps,—but in the little house a sad quiet reigned.

Sorrow abode in the little house on the corner that morning. The candles sputtered in their sockets and the wax ran down as if it too would grieve. The noisy slam of the kitchen door broke the quiet, and a child in sobs of wounded feelings sought the caresses of its mother.

MATTHEW A. COYLE, '18.

Junior Thoughts.

Don't bark,—bite!

Death is the only sure winner.

What is so rare as a student in May?

Heaven to the unsanctified would be hell.

To know your weakness is half the battle.

Man proposes but woman makes him do it.

Modern motto: Few feathers make fine birds.

Do not fight just to be fighting, but fight to win.

If you lose, cut the cards and try another hand.

It is a stiff road up, but once up the going is good.

Would that Hymen were the idealist that Cupid is.

No rut is so deep that you can't get out, if you will.

Rest is necessary, but it should not be perpetual.

The value of time is most apparent to the dying man.

Even labor loves a cheerful giver: give it all you have.

Brains and Brawn should be better friends nowadays.

The future is uncertain: make the most of the present.

Words pay no debts, but they cost a great deal at times.

The demand for good men is always greater than the supply.

Make your mark in the world, and let it be an indelible one.

A pessimist is one who worries about his funeral expenses.

Love in not a few cases is just one "darn" girl after another.

More harm is done by insinuation than by outright revelation.

Nicholas knew that it was wiser to resign than to be deposed.

To retain the respect of man, woman must first respect herself.

Some men are like babies: they reach for everything in sight.

Filling a barrel with liquor makes it heavier: filling a man's head therewith makes it lighter.

Tell your troubles in the courtroom: the judge is paid to listen.

The true artist paints not so much with his brush as with his soul.

Opportunity is an alarm clock that rouses those who wish to rise.

Some men are measured for their clothes; all are measured by them.

Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow—there may be a railroad strike.

Men wear clothes to hide their bodies: women to display them.

There is a vast difference between knowing what to do and doing it.

Vice paints a brilliant picture, but the colors are not guaranteed.

Application is the key to the door of success, but the lock is seldom turned.

The continual fault-finder is as obnoxious as the deliberate valetudinarian.

Keep the scabbard bright, if you like, but do not neglect the blade within.

If you ever slip in the climb to success, you will get plenty of help downward.

One who merely intends is like the one who forgets: neither does anything.

If patience meant prosperity, Uncle Sam would be a veritable King Midas.

Man's being "born to trouble" is no reason why he should be always seeking it.

When opportunity knocks do no more than merely whistle "I hear you calling me."

A poor man can be an ordinary "nut," but it takes a rich chap to be a "doughnut."

To be able to take defeat with a smile is a sign that you are on the road to success.

Writing thoughts that are worth while is much harder on the brain than on the pen.

If you've tried and lost, but lost well, you have done better than he who has only lost.

To wound others by being clever at their expense is a cheap sort of sheer heartlessness.

Men call themselves fools, but are much chagrined when they are taken at their word.

It is better to remain silent and seem to be an ass than to open your mouth and prove the fact.

We preach prudence, but we all want to shake hands with the man who has taken a chance and made good.

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—"I shall go through my plant next week and if there is a man there who wants to move on a farm I'll let him go even if I have to stop a press."—*Statement of President Hardy of the Hardy Printing Co., South Bend, Indiana.*

On the 6th of April there met in South Bend a group of farmers of St. Joseph County and the Agricultural Employer. Committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Governor Goodrich had asked that meetings be held in each county on that date for the purpose of making plans for conserving the present food supply and for increasing food production. The farmers who gathered in the secretary's office were skeptical; they knew why they could not increase their product. The business men of the city who form the agricultural committee thought that they might aid the farmers. It was brought out in the meeting that there was a dearth of farm labor and that farmers would not sow large crops because they feared sufficient help would not be forthcoming to reap them. One farmer stated that manufacturers in town were, by offering large salaries, taking men from farms where they were badly needed. It was at this time in the meeting that Mr. Hardy made the statement quoted above. It is a statement which reflects credit on its author; it is a statement which, were it the slogan of every employer, would help solve the economic problem—now nation-wide—which can be solved only by the co-operation of those who live in the city with those of the rural communities. Let all of the employers search through their factories; let

them look for the man whose children have never seen the green fields nor breathed the pure air of the country. What matters it after all, if a few less automobiles be manufactured every day when that amount of labor is producing the fundamental weapon of a warring nation—food?

—President Wilson has issued a personal appeal to every citizen of this country to do his patriotic part in this time of trouble and to help husband "this opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of a great democracy." Upon the unity of our national service depends the vindication of that efficiency. The equipment of a navy and the raising of an army are, as he says, the simplest problems of war. Upon the co-operation of the many who will stay at home, upon their co-operation in backing and maintaining the fighters at the front, depends the outcome of the struggle and the realization of its purpose. And there is no person among the hundred millions of us who cannot help in some way or in many ways, if he is but willing. Our cause,—being, as we believe, an entirely just one—is worthy of the best that is in us. That cause involves our own most serious rights, and, perhaps, the security and peace of many nations. Let us bethink ourselves at once in what ways we can serve it. This present duty is a real test of our Americanism. To meet that test with anything less than the best service of which we are capable would be un-American and treasonous.

—"There are times in history when this world spins along so leisurely on its destined course that it seems for centuries to be at a standstill. There are awful times when it rushes along at a giddy pace covering the track of centuries in a year. These are the times we are living in now." So said Premier Lloyd-George recently in his remarkable speech before the American Luncheon Club in London in welcoming the entrance of America into the world war. It is a terse truth which men of today should ponder. To live in such momentous times as these entails upon most men, especially thinking men, added responsibilities. The merits of men as well as of nations are tested by their ability to respond to emergencies, and in the crises it is only the people who are

able to rise to the occasion who can escape disastrous retrogression.

We at Notre Dame have so far been only silent witnesses of the great events which are happening throughout the world today, but in many ways have we been preparing to take our part in them. The time for actual participation has now come. In a few months we may be widely scattered actors in a drama which may affect vitally our whole lives and those of our children. As students of a Catholic college our responsibilities will be graver than those of most men. No matter how small may be our part, we should in a sense be leaders. We have learned here what true devotion to God and fatherland means, and on the battlefields of life and death into which we may soon be thrust we must translate that knowledge into word and action so that all men may read what *our* faith and *our* patriotism stand for.

Obituaries.

REV. JAMES P. HEANEY.

The University lost a loyal and devoted friend when the Rev. James P. Heaney passed away on April 14 in Mendota, Illinois, where for nineteen years he has been the beloved pastor of St. Mary's Church. Father Heaney, always a heroic priest, won world-wide attention in the memorable Cherry Mine disaster when at the imminent risk of his life he descended into the mine to give the last sacraments to the men imprisoned there. *R.I.P.*

PROFESSOR JOHN P. LAUTH.

In the death of Professor John P. Lauth, at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital, Chicago, on April 22, 1917, Notre Dame has lost another friend of exceptional worth. The deceased was seventy-one years old. Born in Luxemburg, he came to America at the age of sixteen, a member of an exceptionally religious family. His four brothers, only one of whom is now living, were ordained priests of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and his two sisters joined the Holy Cross Sisters at St. Mary's. After completing a course of study at Notre Dame University he established a private school in Chicago. His exemplary Christian life, combined with the strictest application to his chosen work, soon won for him the esteem of many not only in Chicago, but in every part of the country, as a leader in educational and social

circles. In Professor Lauth the Church possessed a beautiful exponent of Christian ideals of life, and at the same time a powerful and tireless promoter of Catholic societies. He was for some years Chief Ranger of the Order of Foresters, a prominent member of the German Catholic Central-Verein, and was actively connected with several other social and charitable organizations. The last years of his life were spent almost entirely in charity work. During life he avoided publicity as much as possible, desiring only that his work might be pleasing to God, and now, after death, his body has been interred in the community cemetery at Notre Dame, removed from the highways of a materialistic world. By his splendid example, this faithful, God-fearing layman of such rare habits of life has accomplished untold good in the cause of the Church, to which he was so consistently and ardently devoted. May his great soul be admitted quickly to the reward for which he labored so long and so well.

MR. DAVID MULHOLLAND.

David Mulholland, father of Emmet P. Mulholland (LL. B., '16), and of Clement Mulholland, a freshman lawyer and a resident of Corby Hall, died at his home in Fort Dodge, Iowa, on April 9th after an illness of two weeks. Mr. Mulholland had been active in real estate circles for a number of years and was most favorably known to a large number of friends. He was a man of great business capacity and a model Christian gentleman. To Clement, Emmet, and the other members of the bereaved family we extend our profound sympathy.

MR. LAWRENCE MARONEY, SR.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Mr. Lawrence Maroney, Sr., of Denver, Colorado, on March 29th. Mr. Maroney, the father of Lawrence, Jr., of Corby Hall, was a prominent banker and lumberman of the western city. To Lawrence and to the other members of the sorrow-stricken family the SCHOLASTIC extends sincerest sympathy. *R. I. P.*

To Mr. Clement Mulholland and Mr. Lawrence Maroney, Jr.:

We, the members of the freshman law class, extend our heartfelt sympathy to you in this time of your great affliction. Words alone cannot express the full measure of our sympathy. May our heavenly Father console you, as only He can, and may His loving arm be around you in this time of your great sorrow.

(Signed)....Walter Miller, president;

Frank Caughlin, vice-pres. Lawrence Morgan, sec.

Richard Leslie, treasurer.

Varsity News.

—Those who anticipate leaving the University, for military training camps, should notify the Business Manager of the Dome regarding the address to which their "Dome" should be sent.

—Although the moving of the books from the old library to the new building is almost completed, neither place is open at present, and any urgent reference reading should be done at the South Bend library.

—On May 6th the Glee Club will give a concert at the Murat theatre in Indianapolis. Daily practice is being held and a strong effort will be made to improve upon the fine showing made by the club in that city last year when they sang before two thousand people.

—The few days of warm weather have brought forth a large number of tennis enthusiasts, and the courts are being quickly put into shape. Meantime a number of the men have been working out on the courts in the gymnasium and are rounding into condition for the contests.

—Arrangements have been completed for the sophomore cotillion to be held at the Oliver Hotel on Wednesday, May 2nd. The music will be furnished by the Rag-Picker's orchestra of South Bend. Tickets are now on sale and can be procured from members of the committee.

—Ground was broken last week for the two wings which are to be added to St. Joseph's Hall. This improvement will enhance greatly the new quadrangle of which the new library is to be the center. The St. Joseph's building is to be ready for occupation as a regular residence hall in September.

—At the regular bi-weekly meeting of the Holy Cross Literary Society last Sunday evening papers of interest were read by Messrs. R. Switalski, James H. McDonald, Joseph Muchenthaler and Arthur Caley, and an enjoyable reading was given by Mr. J. Ray Clancey. Mr. McDonald's well-written paper on universal military service was especially good.

—Vincent Giblin, of Mobile, Alabama, was elected business manager of the 1918 DOME at the meeting of the junior lawyers last Tuesday. He has appointed Clifford O'Sullivan and John Raab as his assistants. Editor-in-chief Edmondson has selected as assistant editors of the year book Thomas Kelly, John Lemmer, John

Reuss, Charles Call, and Breen McDonald

—"Manhattan Madness" presented in Washington Hall last Saturday night was probably the cleverest photo-drama seen here for some time. Douglas Fairbanks featured as the skeptical Westerner in search of excitement in New York, and as usual, he gave us more than one sensation. A Ford Educational Film and a rollicking Keystone Comedy added much to the interest of the evening.

—Competing in the tenth contest of the National Rifle Association, the Notre Dame team won seventh place with a score of 941, West Virginia University taking first with a perfect score of 1000. It is expected that Notre Dame will be ranked fourth among the teams comprising class A. The individual scores of the final match were: Leo Vogel, 190; George Reinhart, 190; Rodney Cullen, 189; William Navin, 187; Jack Young, 185.

—Notre Dame University was represented by over six hundred cadets, a Red Cross corps, a military band, and a squad of chaplains in the patriotic parade at South Bend last Saturday. The N. D. contingent led the third division of the parade, and though half of the student cadets had just organized into companies a few days before they were highly complimented for their excellent showing. The most interesting company was the one composed of our athletes, who, notwithstanding their lack of equipment, compared not unfavorably with the cadets from Culver.

—The Cincinnati-Notre Dame debate scheduled for Friday evening, April 20th, was unexpectedly cancelled at the eleventh hour by the Ohio school. The action of the University of Cincinnati was a keen disappointment to Notre Dame, especially so, since only the one inter-collegiate debate had been arranged for this year. The Notre Dame teams have been working for months on the question of state-wide prohibition for Ohio, which was the subject for debate, and were confident of their ability to put up a strong forensic fight. Whether or not Cincinnati is willing to accept Notre Dame's offer of a later date has not as yet been learned.

—Wednesday afternoon we were treated to an interesting talk by Doctor James J. Walsh of New York. Doctor Walsh is an old friend and we are always glad when he is with us. This time he essayed to talk on "Happiness," and although he maintains that this age is the

unhappiest in the history of civilization, his own happy countenance does not corroborate very well his contention. He drew, however, some very clever and timely deductions from the famous book of Sir Thomas More, "Utopia," showing that even in the sixteenth century this interesting statesman anticipated the present high standard of progress. Doctor Walsh closed his lecture by calling our attention to the number of our young national guardsmen who have spent the last six months on the Mexican border and intimating that probably many of us would be spending our vacations in a similar manner.

—Brother Alphonsus will give a talk before the Mishawaka Bird Club next Tuesday. "Our Birds of March and April" will be the subject. Brother Alphonsus is one of the best authorities on bird life in this section of the country, having been a close student of the winged varieties in Northern Indiana for the last fifteen years. At present he is conducting small classes in ornithology, and each day takes groups of students with him on his walks to observe and to study the birds. He is vice-president of the Audubon Society of Indiana, and will have an important part in the convention of that body in Michigan City, May 10, 11, and 12 of this year.

The Senior Dance.

For graceful beauty reigned that night
With twinkling feet and cheeks aflame,
With eyes where laughed the brightest light—
And all for you, old Notre Dame!

A fairy queen journeyed from mythland Monday evening, waved her mystic wand in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel, and lo, there was wonderland! The seniors who attended the dinner-dance will tell you that there was competition aplenty for the fairy queen, and our descriptive adjectives fail to marshal themselves when we attempt to picture this, the most brilliant affair in the social history of Notre Dame.

From twelve states came the sixty-five young ladies who aided in making the dance such a success. Illinois and Indiana sent the larger quotas of beauty, but Pennsylvania, North Dakota, Texas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio were also represented. When one attempts to describe these fair dancers, adjectives again become elusive,—the only word seeming to serve at all being the one most employed by the seniors, "wonderful." That the music

played by Benson's Orchestra was especially good is testified by South Benders who lingered in the street in front of the Oliver, bare-headed and in the rain, unable to tear themselves away from the merry melodies.

The "Cinderella" dance was a favorite feature of the entertainment. The men were sent into the Turkish room while the ladies each removed a slipper and placed it in the center of the floor. Each man, returning, selected a slipper, and then sought out his "Cinderella," who was to be his partner for that particular dance.

At seven o'clock began the eight-course banquet with music by the Rag-Picker's Orchestra. During the dinner John Riley, Bernard Voll, Edward McOsker and Emmett Lenihan staged a syncopated sketch in which various seniors were gently scolded for past misdeeds. The dancing began at ten o'clock with the grand march led by President Royal Bossard and Miss Vera Thompson, of Woodstock, Illinois. At a late hour the dancers stood at attention for the "Star Spangled Banner." Then three N. D.'s were shouted and the Senior dance of 1917 became a memory.

The guests from out of town were the Misses Mildred Connor, Wilmington, Ill.; Anne Dillon Connor, Wilmington, Ill.; Ann Hathaway, Ottawa, Ill.; Muriel Madigan, Lima, O.; Martina Smith, Chicago; Marie Dunham, St. Paul, Minn.; Irene Miller, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Genevieve White, Niles, Mich.; Mildred Miller, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mary Vogel, McKeesport, Pa.; Ethel Pritchard, Elgin, Ill.; Pauline Maureaux, San Antonio, Tex.; Sue Hines, Streator, Ill.; Lucile Sullivan, Langdon, N. Dakota; May Quinlan, Kankakee, Ill.; Flora Butchart, Duluth, Minn.; Florence Mohan, Streator, Illinois; Frances Stanton, Elkhart, Ind.; Margaret Smith, St. Paul, Minn.; Margaret Doyle, Sparta, Wis.; Ellen Barney, Elkhart, Ind.; Viola Ellerman, Zanesville, O.; Helen D'Arcy, Joliet, Ill.; Edna Stille, Milwaukee, Wis.; Loretta Feeney, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mary Ruth Hurley, Chicago, Ill.; Mary Fogarty, Michigan City, Ind.; Vera Thompson, Woodstock, Ill.; Marie Kelley, Ottawa, Ill.; Celia McGovern, Chicago; Cassandra Forbes, Niles, Mich.; Marjorie Bennett, Niles, Mich.; Nellie Hayes, Chicago; Mary Phelan, Michigan City, Ind.; Alma Prickard, Agnes Prickard, Margaret Edwards, Chicago.

S. H. C.

Personals.

—Simon Ercile Twining (Ph. B., '13), now of Princeton, has won the Proctor Fellowship for the next school year. The value of the fellowship is \$1,000.

—Raymond Stack of Walsh Hall recently entertained his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stack, and his sister, Miss Anna Stack, of Superior, Wisconsin.

—Ensign Keady of the Battleship *Minnesota* is a brother of Maurice Keady of Sorin Hall. The *Minnesota* is one of the biggest and best of the Navy's fighting machines.

—Prof. John M. Cooney, director of the journalism department, has returned from a trip to Kentucky, where he gave at various schools lectures on journalistic subjects.

—Edward P. Cleary, a graduate in Letters ('09) and former professor in the preparatory school, visited friends at the University last Sunday. Ed is now a prominent banker in Moline, Illinois.

—John F. Meagher left Sunday for Gilberts, Illinois, because of the death of his uncle, John Meagher, who was formerly a resident of Chicago. Jack has the sympathy of all his friends at Notre Dame.

—L. J. and P. V. Swift were called to their home in Dayton, Ohio, Monday because of the serious illness of their father, who underwent recently a serious operation. The sympathy of the faculty and students and hopes for a speedy recovery are extended.

—Jasper J. French, student 1910-1914, renewed old friendships on a visit to the University last week. Jasper hopes to obtain a commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps, and does not regret by any means his four years of military drill at the University.

—The marriage of Miss Virginia L. McQuade of Washington, D. C., to Joseph H. Kirby on Wednesday, April 18th, is announced. Mr. and Mrs. Kirby will be at their new home after May 15th, 346 North Summit Avenue, Sioux Falls, South Dakota. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations.

—A recent issue of the Grand Rapids *Herald* gives an account of the unusual activities of William Hake, 89 years of age, who resides at 246 Ransom Avenue, N. E., Grand Rapids.

According to the newspaper story, Mr. Hake was impatiently waiting for the bay at Highland Park, Grand Haven, to be cleared of ice in order that he might be among the first to plunge into the water. He is wonderfully agile for a man of his years. He enjoys swimming, goes out to dances often, and is an excellent card player. Mr. Hake attributes it all to association with young people. He is the father of fifteen children, the grandfather of thirty-seven, and the great-grandfather of two. Four of Mr. Hake's sons received their education at Notre Dame and he himself is a close friend of the University. Father Maher remembers him and his sons well and holds them among his best friends.

—Rupert Mills, erstwhile first sacker extraordinary for Notre Dame, now guardian of the initial corner for the Denver Club in the Western League, is doing much to uphold the tradition that Notre Dame is, among many other things, a notable nursery of baseball stars. After "Rupe" had made three hits in a game against Omaha, the last of which had won the game, Charles F. Carter, writing in the *Denver Times* last Saturday, was moved to poetry as follows:

Reb hit one in the ninth, he did, he did!
 Reb hit one in the ninth, he did, he did!
 He hit one in the ninth, he did!
 And safely into first he slid!
 And strong men fainted in the stand,
 And bellows roared across the land;
 They did! You bet they did!
 When Butcher, followed by his pup,
 Tripled to right and sewed it up!
 Oh, boy! Oh, joy! Some noise!
 As Rupert Mills, all choked with poise,
 Soaked the next one on the bun,
 And sent across the winning run!
 We think this pome is pretty punk;
 We'd better cut the bally junk,
 Or we'll get canned. Oh cruel twist
 If Fate should force us to enlist!

The verses which even the author terms "pretty punk" were accompanied by a very good picture of his highness, "Rupe."

Athletic Notes.

THE DRAKE GAMES.

Last Saturday afternoon at the Drake Games, in Des Moines, Iowa, Notre Dame placed first in the two-mile relay, and third in both the half-mile and mile relays. A Western Inter-collegiate record was established in the two-

mile when Noonan, McDonough, Kasper, and Meehan covered the distance in 7:55 4-5. The world's record for the two-mile relay is held by Yale at 7:53. Captain Miller, Kasper, McDonough and Meehan in the one-mile relay were beaten by both Illinois and Missouri. Northwestern and Missouri finished ahead of the Notre Dame half-mile team, composed of King, Starrett, Mulligan and Miller.

Since returning from Des Moines Coach Rockne on the advice of the faculty has forfeited the honors won at the meet. His letter to the Drake authorities is as follows:

April 23rd, 1917.

Mr. John L. Griffith,
Dean of Men,
Drake University,
Des Moines, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Griffith:

I find on my return to the University that a serious question has arisen regarding the eligibility of Mr. McDonough who ran in the two mile relay race. McDonough is eligible according to the Conference Rules. It develops, however, that he was not eligible according to the rules of the University of Notre Dame, being at the time of the race under faculty prohibition. In view of this, there is nothing to be done except to declare the race forfeited.

I greatly regret this incident, but it seems best to hold to the University regulations even at the cost of serious disappointment.

Very sincerely yours,
K. K. Rockne.

NOTRE DAME, 5; MARSHALL, 2.

Big George Murphy held Marshall College hitless until the seventh inning last Tuesday, and long before that Notre Dame had commenced a fusilade of hits which had driven one pitcher to cover, made a second look very bad, and gathered in a total of five runs, which was more than enough to win. A piercing wind blew across the diamond all afternoon, and its increasing velocity drove most of the spectators from the stands before the game was over and made it very uncomfortable for the players.

The Notre Dame attack was smashing and aggressive, but by no means so productive as would be expected. Fourteen hits, seven bases on balls, and nine stolen bases ordinarily net more than five runs. Twelve men left on bases indicates that Notre Dame was not achieving the hits when runners were waiting to score, but five runs was an elegant sufficiency since Murphy was mowing down the West Virginians with such precision.

Notre Dame scored the first run in the second inning. It came on Wolf's single to right, an error, and a Texas leaguer by Spalding. In the third round Murphy, Dubois, and Allison singled in succession, and Murphy scored on the final clout. Davis replaced Workman in the box for Marshall in the fourth inning and a fast double play saved him from trouble in that session. Notre Dame batted around in the fifth. Murphy started the proceedings by a sizzling liner to deep center and he did not hesitate until he reached second. Keenan waited and walked. Dubois hit an easy one to short, on which Keenan was forced at second, but Murphy scored on it, and Dubois went to second. Allison's single sent Dubois to third, and then "Chief" Meyers drove one between short and third on which Allison and Dubois counted. "Chief" made a magnificent slide into second base on the throw in. The pitcher took care of Kline's offering. Ward and Wolf both drew passes, filling the bases. Spalding grounded out at first. Notre Dame threatened often, but did not score after the bat-fest in the fifth.

Murphy appeared to be suffering from the cold in the seventh when he became a bit wild. A hit to center after he had filled the bases marred slightly what was otherwise a masterfully pitched game. Except in this one inning Marshall was helpless before him.

Allison was the hitting star of the game, with a total of four safe ones, while Dubois connected safely on three trips to the plate. Murphy is credited with the only extra base hit, which was a double. Keenan had an off-day with the bat but he played a fine fielding game, with three put-outs to his credit, one of which he made on a short hard hit fly over second base which he grabbed after a fast run towards the diamond. Captain Kline shook off his "jinx" and broke into the hit column with a single. The game was not started until four o'clock, and it was time for the third "square" before the last man was out. The score:

NOTRE DAME (5)	R	H	PO	A	E
Keenan, cf.....	0	0	3	0	0
Dubois, lf.....	1	3	1	0	0
Allison, c.....	1	4	3	4	0
Meyers, 1b.....	0	1	14	1	1
Kline, 3b.....	0	1	0	1	0
Ward, rf.....	0	0	0	0	1
Wolf, ss.....	1	2	2	1	0
Spalding, 2b.....	0	1	4	3	0
Murphy, p.....	2	2	0	4	1
Totals.....	5	14	27	14	3

MARSHALL (2)	R	H	PO	A	E
More, cf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Echols, p, 2b.....	1	2	7	6	1
Davison, rf.....	1	2	1	1	1
Dearien, 1b.....	0	0	15	0	1
Shannon, c.....	0	1	1	5	1
Schols, J., ss.....	0	0	0	5	0
Smith, 3b.....	0	0	0	1	0
Calloway, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Workman, p.....	0	0	0	1	0
Davis, p.....	0	0	0	3	0
Totals.....	2	5	24	20	4

Notre Dame.....0 1 1 0 3 0 0 0 *—5

Marshall.....0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2

Two base hit—Murphy. Double plays—J. Schols-D. Schols-Dearien; Davis-D. Schols-Dearien. Stolen bases—Allison, 3; Meyers, 2; Kline, 2; Murphy, Ward. Struck out—by Murphy, 3; by Davis, 2. Base on balls—off Murphy, 4; off Davis, 6; off Workman, 1. Left on bases—Notre Dame, 12; Marshall, 6. Time—2:00. Umpire—Schafer. C. W. C.

Old Students' Hall.

Subscriptions to April 28, 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. \$1000.00

Robert Sweeny, '03; C. A. Paquette, '90; Rev. John Dinnen, '65; Warren A. Cartier, '87; Stephen B. Fleming, '90; Thomas Hoban, '99; Angus D. McDonald, '00; William A. McInerney, '01; Joseph M. Byrne, '79; Cassius McDonald, '04; William P. Breen, '77; Student from Far West; Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09; C. C. Craig, '85; Frank E. Hering, '98; Peter P. McElligott, '02; James J. Conway, '85; George Cooke, '90; John Dowd, '99. \$500.00

Frank N. Mass, '77. \$300.00

Fred E. Murphy, '93; John M. Flannigan, '94; John H. Neeson, '03; Joseph B. Naughton, '97; Peter Kuntz, '98; John H. Fendrich, '84; John Eggeman, '00; A. A. McDonnell, '00; Eugene A. Delaney, '99; R. A. O'Hara, '89; M. P. Hannin, '93. \$250.00

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